

HOG LOG

El Cajon, California Harley Owners Group



NOV. 2003 - Chapter #0211

WE RIDE!

Volume 1 No 11

2003 Officers

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Debbie Barnes

Denice Sims



Director's Corner

Exciting times coming at the next meeting on Nov 7th.

This is the meeting where we find out who will be the primary officers for the 2004 Year of the HOG. Stan has told me that the little box in his office is overflowing with volunteer/nomination forms! It will be very interesting to see who has stepped up to the plate, and has offered to donate their time for the next year! The cut off date for the forms to be delivered to the dealership is Oct 31st. This will give Stan the opportunity to contact these people to see who will do what.

For those of you who forgot, or don't know how our HOG charter works, I'll go over it again.....briefly!

"The sponsoring dealer may assume any, or all, officer positions including their respective responsibilities and may remove any officer from office at the dealer's sole discretion. The dealer may determine how chapter officers are selected and the length of their terms in office."

"The sponsoring dealer has the authority to require the chapter to perform to the dealer's standards and is to assure H.O.G. that the chapter abides by this Charter and the Operating Policies."

That, my friends, is how National HOG

would LIKE chapters to be operated, and not all HOG chapters do this, in fact WE are in the minority! National HOG has commended us at their regional meetings for keeping close to the charter, a close working relationship with the dealership, and keeping our goal of "Ride and Have Fun"!

We have tried hard to keep the "fun" factor in our events these past few years, but, I think now is the time to get some "new blood" up front and take our club into 5th gear! I have thought about past events we have set up, and hope everyone has had as much fun attending them as we had planning them!

I have some personal projects I hope to finish up this next year, but, will be as active as I can helping out wherever I can. It is hard to imagine that our club has grown to over 750 members, from the dozen I can remember years ago (ask Cliff!). I am looking forward to the New Year, and looking for new rides, and new scenery! I am sure whoever is at the front will be able to give us a little more variety this next year, and I hope some of our "regular" rides will be repeated!

Don't forget to check your calendar for the remaining months of this year, there are still some fun rides scheduled, and, of course our big blowout end-of-the-year

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Next Meeting: Nov. 7th at 7 PM

Continued from page 1

Christmas party!! Tickets are still available at the meetings, or at the dealership (see Tina). We have a larger place this year, and more dance floor (Cliff). A live band will get everyone on their feet, and the food menu looks killer.

As usual, we have the normal monthly disclaimer and reminders:

If you have any problems with receiving the newsletter let one of the officers know about it, or email me, and I'll get the problem solved one way or another.


A **BIG** El Cajon HOG welcome to the new members!! We hope to see you all on the rides soon.

If you would like to be added or removed from the official El Cajon email list please let me know. Also, if you would like your newsletter sent via email, let me know THAT too!!

As always, check the ride line, your calendar, and email for the latest information about upcoming rides.

Ride safe,
Mike

El Cajon HOG
MT. SIGNAL
TACO RUN
Sunday Nov. 23rd
Leave El Cajon
Harley Davidson
at 10:00 am

 **Monthly Minutes**
by Karyl Kading

The meeting was called to order at 7:00pm by our Director, Mike. Mike talked about where dinner would be after the meeting. Antique Row Café did a wonderful buffet again.

Mike thanked Jo Ricker (LOH Officer) for all that she has done for the chapter as the LOH officer. Jo made an announcement that she is moving to Arizona in two weeks, she thanked everyone that helped with LOH during 2003 and encouraged everyone to keep LOH alive.

We had 9 new members join our HOG family this month. Welcome to you all!

If you aren't getting the monthly newsletter please let Mike or Dave Barnes know and they will make sure that you get on the distribution list. Mike lost all of his data on his computer so he is re-building it. He hopes to have it all restored very soon.

Forms for Officer Nominations were included in your Oct. Newsletter. The dealership also has the nomination forms. Stan will be reviewing all the nominations and speaking with the nominees. If you have time and would like to become one of the officers or if you would like more information you can ask any of the officers to review the HOG chapter book regarding the club.

Cliff just celebrated his 25th anniversary with the El Cajon dealership. Congratulations from all your HOG friends. Mike presented Cliff with his very own name tag. "Cliff the Flamer"

El Cajon HOG's annual Christmas party is just around the corner. Flyers are available at the dealership. Tickets are \$25.00 per person for the 1st 300. After that the tickets are \$50.00 per person. The party is on Dec. 13th at the Red Lion Hanalei Hotel in Mission Valley. Rooms are available for the night on the 7th and 8th floor. Tickets will be on sale at all upcoming events.

Up coming Rides:

- Idyllwild Overnighter Oct. 4
- Annual Fall Classic Oct. 9 to Oct. 12
- Palm Springs Weekend Oct. 18 & 19
- Inaugural U.S. Border Patrol Fallen Officers' Scholarship & Benefit Ride Nov. 1st leaves from the Dealership.
- Love Ride Nov. 9th, largest Charity ride in Southern Ca.

Up coming Events:

- Rider Zone Oct. 14 (guest speaker Calif. Highway Patrol)
- Shoot yur Scout and chili cook-of on Oct. 19 at the dealership
- Dealership Open house Oct. 25 11:00-3:00 (Invitations mailed to all members)

Cliff and the Sales team unveiled some of the fall line for this month Harleymercial.

50/50 drawing was held then the meeting was adjourned.

Ride Line



(619) 464-6758

Calendar Look Ahead

- Nov 1 U.S. Border Patrol Fallen Officers' Poker Run.
Sign-up 8-10 AM El Cajon H-D \$25
- Nov 2 Annual Cherry Valley Ride
Leaves ECHD at 9:00 AM
- Nov 7 El Cajon H.O.G. Meeting 7:00 PM
- Nov 8 Props & Pipes Poker Run
Sponsored by Air Group One
Sign up 9-10 AM at El Cajon H-D
- Nov 15 "Adopt A Hiway" Leaves ECHD
at 10:00 AM
- Nov 11 "RiderZone" at the Clubhouse 6:00 PM
- Nov 20 Newsletter Deadline
- Nov 23 Mt. Signal Taco Run
Leaves ECHD at 10:00 AM

- Dec 5 El Cajon H.O.G. Meeting 7:00 PM
- Dec 9 "RiderZone" at the Clubhouse 6:00 PM
- Dec 13 Annual EC HOG Christmas Party!!!
Cocktails 5 PM - Dinner 6 PM
- Dec 20 Newsletter Deadline
- Dec 21 EC HOG Fast Food Ride
Leaves ECHD at 10:00 AM

Dates subject to change
Always check the ride line, or ask one of the officers

Ladies of Harley by: Jo Ricker

This won't be a regular article – just a very heartfelt **THANK YOU** note. For the past year, you have allowed me to be your LOH Officer and I loved every minute of it. We made some great progress and had a lot of fun. We have all made some new friends and helped each other become better acquainted with one another, our club, our Officers and the meaning of HOG and LOH. Good job! We've done a great job of creating more excitement for rides and encouraging lots more ladies to get involved whether on the front or the back. Now, keep it going! You have also been a wonderful family to me personally this last year especially through the loss of Chris – and for that I am extremely grateful. You truly made the difference in *many* days....But most of all, you all have proven that there is a desire in this group for LOH and that you can make it a fun addition to our Chapter. **So I encourage some of you to think seriously about taking over the helm of LOH and keeping it thriving.** Now that I'm moving to Arizona – tag, you're it! Please know that you are the best family and friends and HOG members I've personally ever known.....*thank you.*

Take good care of one another. Ride safe and feel free to keep those emails comin'. Thanks for the good times.....

Love to you all, Jo Ricker

Inaugural U.S. Border Patrol Fallen Officers' Scholarship & Benefit Ride

**Where: El Cajon HOG Club House,
821 El Cajon Blvd**

**When: Sat, November 1st
Sign-in 8am to 10am**

**Why: To build a scholarship fund
for the children of agents who have died in the line of duty**

Cost: \$25.00 per person

Includes: Poker hand and
BBQ dinner

\$10.00 each additional hand

Open to all makes, models,
and riders.

Come one, come all and
have a good time.

For more info contact:

Kyle Krall @ 619-726-3777
or sdbpa298@hotmail.com

Debra Dockendorf @
dadockster@msn.com

Gil Mendoza @
pinchigil@cox.net

*50-50
raffle prizes
high hand / low hand
BBQ with all the fixin's*

Sponsored by San Diego Sector Welfare and Rec

Monetary contributions may be sent to Cabrillo Credit Union, 10075 Carroll Canyon Rd, Suite 200, San Diego, CA 92131, c/o U.S. Border Patrol Fallen Officers' Scholarship Fund, Acct # 179538.

New members introduced at September 5th meeting were:

Bernardo Rodriguez
Peter Bedrosian
Gary Hudson
Paul Robinson
Bill Brehler
Jim Patterson
Craig Labrum
Mark Gunner
Scott Melligan

WELCOME

2003 Calif. State HOG Rally by: Vick McIntyre

Having never gone on a long trip on a motorcycle, I wasn't sure how much I could bring and exactly what to bring, so one of the people I was traveling with gave me the liner to the saddlebag and said I could bring what would fit in that bag along with a bag of toiletries I had shown him a few days ago. I'm thinking swell – I can make do with only that much room. How silly of me!!

The trip started on Thursday, October 2nd when Neal and Bill Albrektsen came to my house to pick me up at 6:45 am! I thought I was doing a good thing by having everything ready and waiting at the curb but when the fellas pulled up and Neal saw how "expanded" the saddlebag had become and how much more I added to the toiletry bag...well let's just say I thought we might have to call 911. Thank goodness for Bill who said, "She's a girl...she thinks she needs all that stuff!" We removed an item or two, performed CPR on Neal and off we went to meet up with Don and Maria Shingledecker at the Original Pancake House. We got there first and, me being me, I ordered a Pepsi; "no Pepsi" I'm told; make it a Coke I say; "no soda drinks whatsoever sold here"....Holy smokes, bat girl! No Pepsi or Coke for Vicki first thing in the morning? I thought the windows might break from my shriek of dismay and disappointment! So I settled for water (water over Pepsi – please!), everyone finished their breakfast and off we went.

Our first "big" stop was at West Coast Choppers in Long Beach. The group was pretty excited about this as Neal had e-mailed them about two weeks earlier asking if we might meet the famous Jesse James and when we received no response from that, I faxed them the day before we left once again asking if we might meet the famous Jesse James. No response from that either but we arrive with our hopes up only to learn he is not in. We spend some time looking around, a shirt or two was purchased, then as we were leaving the famous Jesse James showed up but by then we were somewhat disillusioned with the whole place so we went over to the Queen Mary to meet up with Ed (Neal and Bill's brother from AZ). He trailered his bike to Long Beach and then rode the rest of the way from there. Took care of that business and then it was off again up the coast towards Santa Maria. The ride up the coast went from overcast to very sunny to overcast.

Our first stop that night was the town of Santa Maria. Not much to say about that town except we came, we conquered, we left!

Next morning it was up bright and early to head out for our final destination, Walnut Creek. We did make a stop in Gilroy for lunch and can you believe this? The restaurant that a local woman recommended to us was out of cola products!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I'm sure a conspiracy was going on across California as everyone who knows me knows I must have my Pepsi! Gilroy was a nice little town and a good resting spot for a bit. The weather traveling up got to be very warm, so much in fact that I actually dozed off on the back of Neal's bike. As we were eating lunch he asked why my helmet kept bumping the back of his and I had to confess my terrible secret; but hey, Maria said she felt herself almost dozing off as well. Thank goodness I didn't fall off – huh?

We pulled into the Hilton Friday afternoon around 3:30 pm for

registration. We were lucky to get rooms at the Hilton because everything started and pretty much ended there.

We had time to unpack the bikes, take a shower and then we had to meet at 5 pm in the lobby for an escorted ride to the Cadillac Ranch for the opening ceremony – talk about great timing! Neal had done some checking on the internet prior to us leaving so as we were riding along we were thinking we would be going to the Cadillac Ranch where all the Cadillacs are buried halfway in the ground. Turns out we went to a bar called the Cadillac Ranch that was about 1-1/2 miles from the hotel.

We were served bar-b-que and all the fixins and then we sat there waiting for something to happen and nothing was happening so I thought I'd get up on the stage and liven things up a bit. Don't ask me where that came from because if you know me at all, you know I have somewhat of a difficult time just getting up in front of everyone at the monthly HOG meeting. I go and ask where the manager is. The manager (who turns out to be the owner) asks who I am so I introduce myself as Vicki McIntyre, Volunteer Coordinator for El Cajon HOG. He seems to think I'm someone and calls to this guy, "Danny she's with the show, give her what she needs". So Danny gets the lights turned down and right before he hands me the microphone I tell him I'm not really anyone important, I just wanted to liven things up a bit. He rethinks giving me the microphone but by then it's too late, I'm on stage, the crowd is thinking something is going to happen so I say, "Give me the mic, baby" and off he goes.

I give a hello to the crowd, ask how everyone is, introduce myself and then I tell a joke or two. You will be happy to know I did not embarrass our chapter, I did not say even one cuss word and you know that's saying something. I may have embarrassed the people I rode with but they survived as well. A guy came up on stage and said it was time for the opening ceremony so I gave up my spotlight and the ceremony got under way.

After this guy thanks the sponsors and thanks everyone for coming, a local radio personality comes up and it turns out he's a comedian who is going to entertain us for a bit. He tells some jokes, livens up the crowd with a few funnies but then starts telling a joke that sounds similar to one the crowd heard just a few minutes ago from yours truly. He tells his a little different but it doesn't take the crowd too long to realize they've just heard the joke. No one really laughs and he can't figure out why.

Saturday we gathered in the lobby for an escorted ride to the Golden Gate Bridge. What a spectacular ride that turned out to be! My gosh...we rode through downtown San Francisco, through China Town, through the Golden Gate Park and over the Golden Gate Bridge. It was so totally awesome that words cannot describe it; at least for me. Something I definitely want to go back and do again. The ride ended at a park where the main events of the day were being held. As much as I hate to say it, we were pretty disappointed with the events here. But let me say the ride that day and having a good time with good friends more than made up for any disappointment I might have felt that afternoon in the park. That evening was the closing ceremony and raffles and dancing. We made it an early evening as we decided to head back home Sunday morning instead of Monday as we originally intended.

I'm told next year's rally will be held in Temecula. You can bet I'll be a volunteer and I'll do my best to make the event more memorable, even if it means getting on stage again!

Idyllwild Overnighter by: Joe LaCombe

We left the dealership at about 10:15 AM on our way to the Tahquitz Inn in Idyllwild. There were about 50 bikes on the run. Mike Scott lead the way as we made our way up the 67 through Ramona and then North on the 78 to our first stop at Dudley's in Santa Isabel. The weather was on the cool side when we left the dealership but when we arrived at Dudley's it started to warm up and people began to pull off some of the layers. After about 15 minutes we started up again North on the 79 through Warner Springs to the 371 toward Anza. There we made our second stop at a Mobil station. Most of us filled up and then it was over to Dairy Queen, next door, for some ice cream. According to Mike, Robert Stoner insisted we go to the DQ. Then we took off for the San Jacinto Mountains and Idyllwild. We continued on the 371 to the 74. The 74 was a nice ride as we made our way to the 243 up the mountain. You could definitely smell the pine trees. It's a shame so many are infected with that bark beetle. When we arrived at the Inn it seemed about half the group was heading back that day, they were just doing the ride as a day trip. The weather was perfect in the low 80's. The first order of business for those of us who were staying was to get our rooms. Somehow Mike managed to get his room first which coincidentally had a brand new mattress. The hotel people were very nice. They even supplied us with towels to wipe down the bikes.



We then went in several different groups for lunch. Idyllwild is a small mountain town with lots of shops. The evening began with a trip to the jacuzzi area and a few cold beverages. Things really began to pick up from there. Kathy a.k.a. "Princess" organized a Toga party in one room and Susie Scott had a poker game going in her room. The two groups mixed together at one point as a group of toga partiers had a conga line going through Susie's room. John and Judy clearly had the best togas. John Dunican has the pictures to prove it. John was firing off pictures of the entire evening. Later that night Susie arranged for a local guitar player to come to the hotel and play for us. It was a great way to top off the night.

Sunday morning was beautiful as people began showing up around 7:30 AM. Susie and Carol had already started working

on the breakfast. John and Mike had three grills going cooking ham, sausage and steak. We had scrambled eggs, coffee, orange juice and potatoes to go with the meat. Susie made sure everyone had plenty to eat. After some discussion about the ride home some people decided to go into town to check out the shops, others went toward Hemet and we decided to head back the same way we came. Thanks to everyone who went on the ride it was a great way to spend the weekend.

Remarkable Friends by: Dennis Kohmescher

I'm writing this to acknowledge some of the remarkable people that belong to El Cajon HOG. Little did I know how exciting this year's Fall Classic was going to be. All of us who share a love for things with two wheels realize that there is an inherent danger and uncertainty that accompanies what we do. That uncertainty quickly took me from riding north with fifty or so of my closest friends, to a slide down the 215 on my back while my beautiful machine scraped and bumped ahead of me. Not exactly what I had planned.

The trip would have been over had it not been for Joel and Linda Frayer, who happened to be trailering Joel's bike in "Joel's Hog Hauler." Without any hesitation Joel and Ed Spring loaded my bike into Joel's trailer. Linda and other's gave me first aid and away we went with me now riding the back seat of Joel's truck. (I would have been happy in the trailer, but admit, I was more comfortable up front.)

Upon arrival in Kernville, I assessed the damage to my bike; convinced that I could still ride it. (Apparently I was the only one with such high hopes). "You can't ride that." more than one person said. (I must admit the lack of brakes did some what concern me.) About the time I accepted that I would be sitting out the rest of the ride, another kindness came my way. Judy Wiegand offered to let me ride her bike. (A definite show of faith, considering I had just wrecked my own.) She would ride two up with John Crane. (I don't think he was particularly unhappy about the new arrangement.)

The trip claimed another bike our second day out. One more ECHOG member gave up his bike: this time to the mountain roads. Joel and Linda came to the rescue again, waiting hours for a tow truck from town to lift the bike up the hill and back on the road. Joel unloaded his own bike and let our newly dismantled rider take it. With the latest wounded Harley on the trailer in place of their bike Joel and Linda finished the weekend and finally drug both wrecked bikes back to San Diego.

I would like to publicly thank both Joel and Linda, and Judy for saving my weekend and showing me what true friends are. Thank you.

My New FXCR by: Doug Deane

My beautiful (and fast) red Fatboy was stolen at the beginning of June from in front of the Hungry Stick in Clairemont Mesa at 2:30 in the afternoon. If I ever find the scumbag who stole it, what do you think I'd do?

- A) Drop something very heavy on him.
- B) Call the police.
- C) Send him a thank you note.

The correct answer is "C". I'm having more fun than I can imagine building my new bike using the insurance settlement (plus additional \$\$\$). I ordered an FXDX Dyna Sport and it came in mid-August. My first H-D was a '74 Sportster that I bought new from Chuck Holenda, and being the ex-road racer that I am, I was always in love with the 1977 XLCR Cafe Racer. That was a one-off Sportster road racer that H-D manufactured in very limited quantities. You can see one at the dealership. It's positioned directly above the coffee maker. I wish it was mine.

I decided that I would create a 2003 version of that machine, but unlike the original XLCR, my "FXCR" would be able to hold its own against ANY sportbike. My goal is to produce a 525 pound H-D sportbike, having a 95 inch powerplant that produces 125 rear wheel HP and 120 ft-lbs of torque, and having a chassis that can corner with the best of them. My target is the new Yamaha FJR1300 which is being touted as the best sport touring bike on the market. Not coincidentally, it is 550 lbs., with 125 HP and just 92 ft-lbs of torque at the rear wheel. Yee-haw! My FXCR should easily do a mid to high 10 second quarter mile, and will eat V-Rods (and FJR's) for lunch.

There are four stages to the construction process:

1. Fit up all of the chassis components in order to ensure that there are no interference or fitment problems.
2. Completely disassemble it, and send the frame out for powdercoating and the sheet metal for painting.
3. While the chassis and paint are being done, build the engine.
4. When everything is back, do the final assembly.

I'm currently at the end of Step 1. The picture shown is what the bike will look like, but it of course has not yet been painted. I want the bike to look as though it was a limited edition H-D, so it will have the Anniversary Deuce paint scheme (black/gold) but the tank emblem will be airbrushed to resemble the 1977 XLCR badge. I will have the (imaginary) model number ("FXCR") placed on the air cleaner cover.

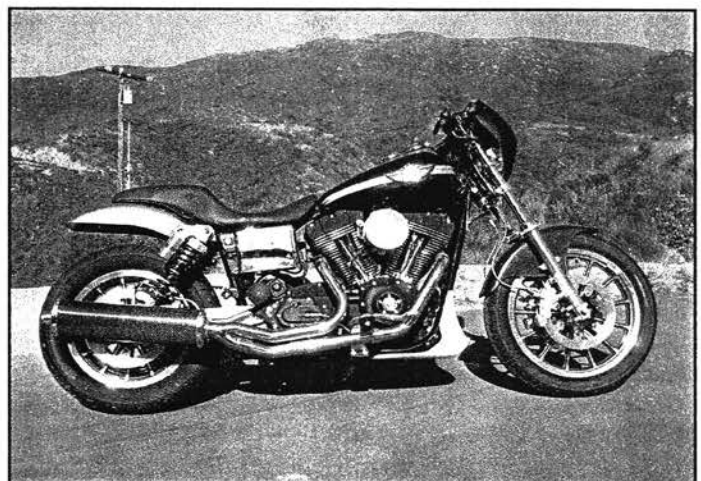
The chassis will benefit from dual 6 piston PM brakes up front (Can you say "stoppie?"), GP racing rotors, a lightweight Ness road racing fender, and the stock fully adjustable front forks have been lowered by 2 inches. In back, the Dunlop 160 will be supported by a polished aluminum JMC road racing swingarm, dual Ohlins piggy-back shocks, and a lightweight aluminum pulley. The rear fender is custom made, and will use a V-Rod taillight with an LED bulb, LED turn signals, and the license plate support assembly from a Deuce. The chassis has been strengthened and lightened substantially. Sorry, no passengers.

The engine will be a roughly 12.5:1 powerplant, using ported HTCC heads that I'll modify for 7,000 RPM, a Mikuni 48 mm carb, European Shark stainless steel exhaust with a carbon fiber muffler, an S&S IST ignition system, Andrews gear drive cams, a Delkron cam support plate and rocker support plates, compression releases, a hydraulic primary chain tensioner, and an adjustable racing clutch with a hydraulic actuator.

I believe that oil is the key to long life in an air-cooled H-D motor, so my hot rod will have a high capacity Feuling pump, and it will be fitted with an S&S reed valve crankcase vent, and a Lockhart superbike oil cooler, hidden in the chin spoiler. I'll switch over to the new H-D synthetic oil once the bottom end has been broken in.

The fairing will house the stock instruments, as well as PIAA driving lights which I've modified for street use, an LED shift light, and a momentary engine kill switch for full power upshifts without the clutch. The tranny will have a Baker ball bearing shifter drum, and Baker bronze selector forks for click-click shifting (instead of clunk-clunk).

By the time you read this, the bike will have been disassembled and sent out for painting, and I'll be building the engine. I'll keep you posted.



Sierra Safari Curves, did you get enough? by: Kim Wallace

Curves were promised and curves were delivered, as this was by far the most challenging E.C.E.T.S. ride to date. The day that was planned months in advance finally arrived and the enthusiastic crowd that left El Cajon was the largest ever. A big thanks to all that were lucky enough to go. Getting out of town did not seem too difficult even though it was through rush hour traffic. Of course the North County people waiting at the Arco station didn't get the pleasure until we headed into Riverside. All was going well and we even made it down Box Springs Canyon, however, the transition from the 215 to the 60 almost proved fatal for Dennis Kohmescher as he had to lay his bike down at 65 mph. Thank God that someone (Trish) was driving behind us, because of a wrist injury, saw what happened and was able to block traffic so others were able clear the road.

This is where the unsung hero of the trip earned the first half of his halo. Joel and Linda Frayer, unable to ride the entire distance due to a severe leg injury Joel suffered on the job, decided to tow their trailer and ride when possible. Joel and Linda pulled over immediately, and with the help of people riding in the back, loaded Dennis' bike onto Joel's tricked out "Hog Hauler" trailer. Dennis, miraculously enough, seemed unscathed. Being at the front of the pack I often don't know about these things until we stop. I can, however, trust in the level headedness of my fellow H.O.G.'s to do the right thing, and of course you did. I'll be getting back to Joel a little later.

Breakfast in Devore went about as well as you could expect, yes we overwhelmed the I-HOP and Denny's and yes some of us bailed out to the Golden Starches. Meeting up again at the prearranged spot the trip continued up Cajon Pass to 395 north. There's desert and then there is stinking desert, and boy it doesn't get much better than the joyless expanse to Kramer junction. At least it wasn't 118 degrees like the last time I was through there with Joanie. The 58 into Mojave was under construction and instead of going right into town we had to do a little detour. Dave Barnes gave me a heads up and it posed no problem. Mike's "Road House" was a great little stop but we had more riding to do, so off we went westward ho to cattle country. The ride up and down the Tehachapis was beautiful, but the turn off came up quicker than I remembered, and after pissing off some truckers we all made it to Walkers Basin via Caliente. Immediately, you step back into time as the gentle turns take you through steep canyons past streambeds and sparse settlements. Just for good measure the occasional cow would make an appearance along the road and maybe if you were lucky a calf would be ever present with its mom. A quick old west potty stop at Twin-Oaks, plus the need to document the adventure with pictures, (always a must), and we were on our way. The trip through the valley gave solace to the soul. To see such beauty and witness the careful custodial ranches I'm sure that future generations will be able to enjoy what we saw without an admission price. The first goat trail took us up and up and just when you thought the road went on forever, Lake Isabella bursts into view. Although we were spread out a little I knew the dinner bell would bring us all together. The people at Ewings Restaurant were fantastic and the food was wonderful. I could only give them a rough

estimate as to the number of people and I guessed at 50 plus.

The "on the road time" was 9 am the next morning, and everyone made it. I was especially pleased to see that Dennis was able to ride thanks to the generous offer of Judy (we're working on her nickname, how's "Gidget" sound?) Anyway, Dennis gets the "more balls than brains" award. Just joking! Approximately 19 miles up the Kern River canyon a wide spot opens up with a great view of the water and an old bridge that is perfect for, you guessed it, a group photo shot. Once again Joel with his High-Tech gear took pictures with his digital camera and printed them on the photo printer he brought on the trip. I wonder what other goodies he has in there.

The scenery soon changes to conifer pines and before you know it, tree canyons are all you see. The road gets pretty twisty real fast and the speeds get low even faster. If Montezuma grade is a challenge then the road to Camp Nelson is insane. I heard more than one person sharpening their floorboards. Three miles from the next stop I saw a site that made my blood run cold. All I could see was a very recognizable red helmet on the road and people standing along the edge looking down. Not, I repeat not, a good sign. There was no way I could stop with so many riders behind me and I believe it was Joe who said to keep going and so I did. At the Pierpoint Café it was confirmed that one of the most experienced and one of the most respected riders I know went over the edge. Yes it was Jordan Couch and it came as quite a shock. Eventually more details emerged and the one I wanted to hear most was is he OK, to my great relief he was. Well, I don't have to tell you it made everyone think about their own riding.

Our director, Mike, and Susie beat it down to the nearest fire station and told them of the accident. A tow truck was dispatched and the bike was winched up from over the edge. This is where Joel earned the other half of his halo. Not only did he put Jordan's bike in his trailer, but also he had to pull his own bike out to fit the damaged Ultra in. Now this is where a great leap of faith comes in because the only way every one was coming down the mountain was for Jordan to ride Joel's bike. "More balls than brains" second award of the trip goes to Jordan. Although earned through default it was with great relief to be able to see him ride. Joel was extremely calm and it would not go with out saying he got his wings on that one. I'm sure that any one of us would do the same with the same circumstances but I wouldn't want to put it to a test. Joel and Linda: you have my gratitude for being gracious under fire.

Without further incidents we made it to the next turn-off and decided it was time to peel off some leather. The glorified goat trail that is the J37 was a continuation of the land that time forgot. Gently rolling hills with wide expanses and few or no houses or ranches to be seen. The time was still early when we entered the outskirts of Visalia and it felt good to be able to put up the feet on the highway pegs. The 198 took us straight to the Holiday Inn but, as usual, I missed the turn-off. Recovering nicely, I used the ruse of going to the Harley shop in Visalia to cover my mistake. It only cost me a hundred plus bucks in the shopping department but it fell somewhere into the general plan of going there anyway. The Holiday Inn proved to be the perfect spot for the road weary, the hot-tub provided the necessary relief that everyone needed and if that didn't do it, Happy-Hour, did the rest. No one will ever accuse us of not having a good time. The great thing about our rides is the availability to talk and get to know one another on a more personal level, plus staying in one spot means you'll

(Continued on page 8)

(Continued from page 7)

never be far from the action, whatever it might be. The laughter roared throughout the hotel.

As promised, the Sequoia National Park was the featured event for Saturday. All riders were present and after a few words of caution and a reminder that Joel's trailer was full, we headed out for the big trees. The way up took us through Three Rivers and around Lake Kaweah, which was noticeable low. It was time to take out our wallets as we entered the park and as we waited for every one to enter we were entertained by the "forest service helicopter" as it swooped in for water to battle the many fires started by lightning. It doesn't get much curvier than the way up the mountain and after the last couple of days we were paying closer attention to the conditions. At the first stop for pictures it became evident that Kyle wasn't paying attention to the condition of his rear tire. With no other option, and the cord showing through, Kyle and Trish had to ride it the rest of the way out of the mountains. This was the first husband and wife "more balls than brains" award of the trip, just joking. Fortune smiled and there wasn't a flat, thank God. So on to the sites and the first one was the museum and visitor center close to Moro Rock. After some enlightenment it was time to test our finely tuned bodies and climb Moro Rock, nothing says preparation like biker boots and leather for getting to the summit. The view was spectacular and not for anyone with vertigo. Time, as it always does, started to slip away and with so much to still see we headed to the General Sherman tree the largest living thing on earth. Imposing and serene the General stood apart from the others, but was not the most majestic, that would be reserved for Grant.

I said lunch would be at 12:30 and we made it on the dot. Linda Kyle gets special attention here for doing an outstanding job of handling the picnic. Of course it was all made possible by Linda's sister and brother in-law: Barbara and Sam who own "Mo's To Go" and are quite popular in the Visalia area. I know it took a lot of effort for Linda, seeing as she is working on her doctoral dissertation in nursing, and you thought she was just good at first-aid. Lunch was great but it was time to see more big trees, so off it was to see the nations Christmas tree and only living monument: The General Grant. Sitting in a secluded grove with the light hitting it just right, the General provided a staggering backdrop for another group photo. We must have been equally impressive because others not in our group started taking our picture. Imagine what people from other countries must think. Well as beautiful as the park is it never seems like there is enough time to do it justice, and so sadly it was time to get down the mountain, but not before the obligatory visit to the gift shop. The 180 proved to be a lot of fun and Kent Kyle was just the man to get us home. Knowing the back roads as he does it was no wonder that we got back to the Holiday Inn with plenty of daylight left.

The last night of an E.C.E.T.S. ride usually ends with a party in some ones room, but with the large group it would be impossible so the hotel lounge would have to do. It was extremely satisfying to see the smiles on all the riders and knowing that every one had a good time. Best of all was the fact that new friends were made and old friends were getting into the wind once again. There were many special moments, mostly shared in smaller groups, and I hope that the memories you take away with you are what I see as the true nature of the motorcycling experience: Freedom, Friends and Fun.

Sunday: woke-up, ate, hauled ass home. See you in April for L.A.1X

**El Cajon HOG
Christmas Party**
December 13th

Cocktails at 5:00pm - Dinner at 6:00pm

Red Lion Hanalei Hotel
2270 Hotel Circle North
San Diego, CA 92108
(619) 297-1101

\$25 per person, includes buffet dinner
Mention El Cajon HOG for special room rate of \$89
(ask for 7th & 8th floors) plus \$8 for overnight parking.
Buy your tickets early!
300 tickets at \$25 ea., after that the price is \$50 ea.

Dinner Music by DJ
Dancing After Dinner
to Live Band
The Cat-illacs



Dress up
or dress down,
your choice!



Lots of Prizes
& Giveaways
Giant 50/50 Drawing

**You won't want to miss the
El Cajon HOG
Christmas Party!**

**Purchase tickets at any El Cajon HOG
event before the party date or from the
El Cajon Dealership.**



El Cajon HOG Adopt A Hi-Way Run

Saturday November 15th

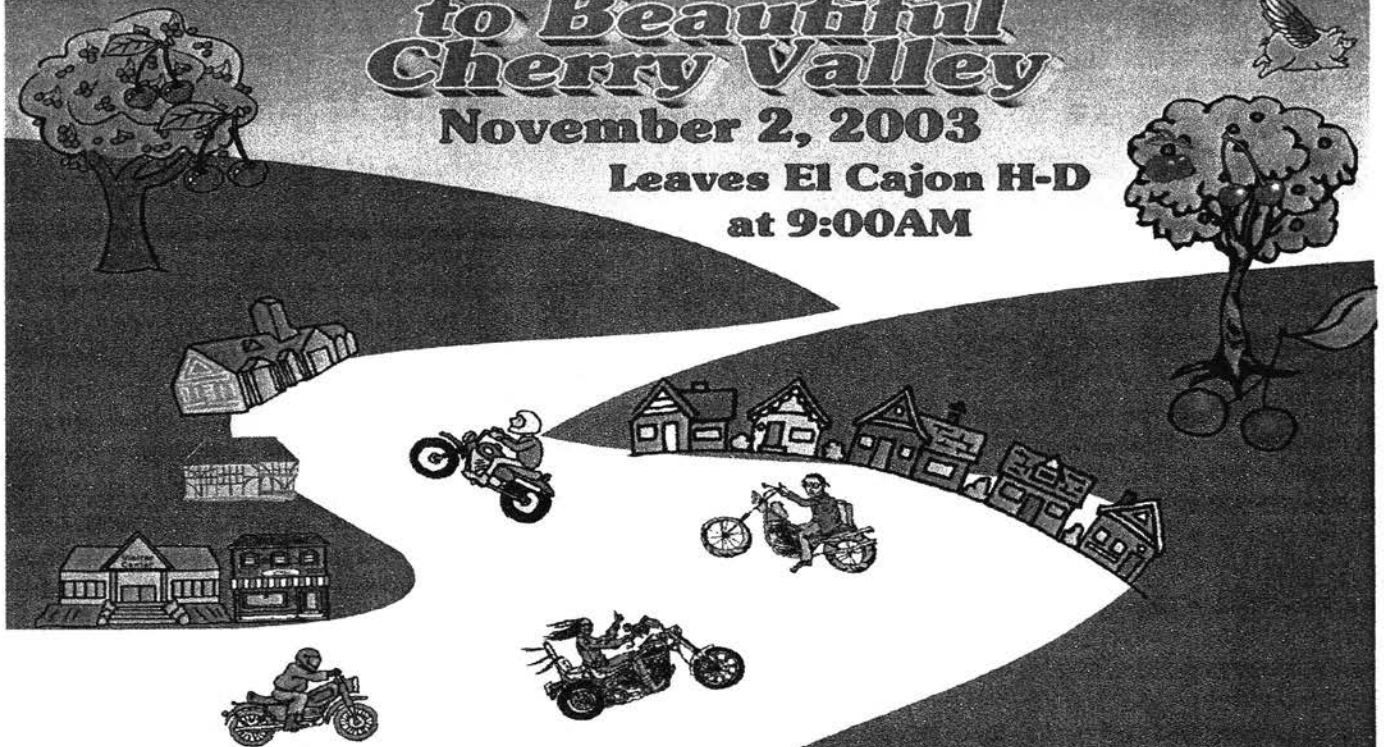
You never know what
treasures you'll find on
the roadside

Leaves El Cajon
Harley at 10 am

El Cajon HOG Ride to Beautiful Cherry Valley


November 2, 2003

Leaves El Cajon H-D
at 9:00AM





NOVEMBER 2003

EL CAJON H.O.G. MONTHLY PLANNER

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY																																																																						
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DECEMBER 2003

EL CAJON H.O.G. MONTHLY PLANNER

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 Dan Syson - Trivia Game from El Cajon Harley
 Rick Purpuard - El Cajon Speedway Tickets
 Bob Richardson - El Cajon Speedway Tickets

Sam Cedilla - \$110.00 Cash
 Gladys Whittington - \$100.00 Cash
 Cliff - Picture Frame from El Cajon Harley
 Andy Gillum - El Cajon Speedway Tickets



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