



Ken Witt Bio

The Witt family settled the town of Sweetwater, Texas. My father and grandfather grew up in the Victorville and southern California areas. When we were kids, my Pa (grandpa) knocked down a giant oak tree. He then attached it to a huge farm truck and had all the kids climb in the fallen tree. He proceeded to drag us all over town including right down Main Street. I think the adventuring started around there.

An uncle bought my cousins and me a YZ80 when we were about 10. Before that we were avid dirt bicyclists. Picture the kids in ET. Well, we received no instruction on that motorcycle and were so frustrated for about 3 months. Sometimes it would go, sometimes not, sometimes fast, sometimes slow. Sometime later, an older cousin came over to the ranch and showed us the gears and clutch. The light bulb went on and within weeks we had the uncle building tracks in the cow pasture and by the end of summer we cracked the frame in half just airing the thing out. That started the motocross.

Eventually, my friend Patrick brought over a Marin mountain bike which we thought was the most ridiculous thing we had seen. We all wanted one once we rode it. That started the mountain biking. Ask me about mountain biking by full moon in the San Gabriel Mountains during tarantula mating season. Yikes.

Growing up in So Cal, exposes its citizens to all sorts of adventure options. I have scuba night dived and spear fished, captained sailboats, and have been part owner in a bungee jumping business. I have surfed the Bonzai Pipeline and the Northshore of Hawaii, been a life guard, have a brown belt in Aikido and black in Taekwondo. My friends and I were some of the first people to ever ride jet skis in the surf. We also invented a bicycle towing sport where you pull someone on a skim-board through the shore breakers.

Some of my best motocross events have been the sand cliffs of the Sea of Cortes and just trail blazing across the Mojave Desert in the middle of summer.

I started snow skiing at about 15 and eventually worked my way up to ski patrol. My perfect day of skiing actually starts with a couple of snow-boarding hours and then I go get the skis for the rest of the day.

I was a first class scout and patrol leader with the BSA. I then joined the Explorers which was an organization run by the BSA where I learned mountaineering, ocean life-saving, wilderness survival and basic first aid. I once drove my 4x4 truck the length of the jeep portions of the John Muir Trail and have 1000s of miles of backpacking under my belt including the Desolations Wilderness, Yosemite, Owens River Valley, Mt Rainier, Mt St Helens and Mt Whitney. This last summer (2015), my daughter and I connected Snoqualmie and Stevens Passes in the Cascades where there were no trails to speak of.

In college I studied electrical engineering but I found cooking. I started as a busboy in a steak and seafood restaurant on the Pacific Ocean. I eventually held all the service





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positions and cooking positions including head waiter, chef, broiler and fish cutter. I waited on the Nixon's and made food for the Princess of Hungary to name just a couple.

I finally moved my family to the northwest for an opportunity to have Alaska, Idaho, Montana, Oregon and Washington as my territory.

I fell in love with the land. I have participated in the Baja 1000 and supercross, but I feel the start of the Desert 100 in Odessa Washington has to be one of the most incredible starts to a motocross race anywhere. I race it every year. To all you stumpjumpers and D100 fans, I think you will like our base camp and dirt riding in Hells Canyon. Picture the D100 only with desert and alpine too and minus the 4,000,000 whoops. There are also plenty of bodies of water to swim if you get too hot. There are trails for 4x4 enthusiasts, snow-mobiling, quads and horses too. There is even a barn and pasture for our furrier or farrier friends.

I have spent most of my spare time and family time exploring, hunting, fishing and dirt biking the northwest. I have successfully hunted all the animals I desired and have made clothing, hats, bows, arrows, holsters, scabbards, and knives from all their parts. I dragged my kids everywhere with me. It was so fun. Just ask them. They all motocross. I don't think they would trade it for anything. Incidentally, my dirt bike has a spot to carry my bow.

I have decided that the Hells Canyon area of Idaho has the most adventure to offer at the perfect climate range for those activities in my opinion and from personal experience. This area is minutes away from and right between the Snake and Salmon rivers. From exploring mines, historical sites and geological formations, to hunting all forms of wildlife with cameras or other, fishing salmon and steelhead, epic fly fishing or just some back country driving to the hot springs, this location has it all and it is all so close to the lodge. There are not many places to stay in the area let alone find a good place to eat. I have learned how to butcher and cook most forms of wild game and can cook just about anything else. I love sharing my skills and adventures with people and challenge you to bring yours to us. This is an excellent base camp for any activity you have planned in the Hells Canyon, Nez Pierce or Sawtooth wildernesses of Idaho. We can help you arrange travel down the snake by taxi jet boat or rent mules and acquire other mountain services including helicopter rides. The sky is the limit. As iron sharpens iron, one man sharpens another.

