

# BREAKFAST RIDERS

**Stewarts Point 2009** The weather report was finally beyond sweet for a ride. It was going to be maybe a bit cool at the coast and maybe a bit warm

inland later in the day and clear skies. We had a great group show up at the start with three picked up enroute for a total of 17 bikes. The regulars included Cecile Adams (who was gracious enough to be tail gunner -- thank you), Ed Buckner, Gary and Beth Helm, Jaurdan DeJolibois, James Mickens, Skip Moffatt, George Schjelderup, Victor Tibbs and his wife Barbara, Tom Van Zuiden, Frank White, Spenser Gordon (its been a while) and his lovely lady, and myself. New to the group were Mike Prawicki, Robert Beaty, and Darwin Coil. There were a couple that did not sign in so I don't have their names. Jaurdan was going to split off very early and aim for Clear Lake so we planned to have me drop back and point him where to divert from us. We left the start with 13 bikes and Jaurdan's trike and got split by the light right off. We gathered at the stop sign before we got onto Hwy 80. I kept the group in the slow lane to try and avoid any lost riders early. It worked well enough that we got onto Hwy 12 with everyone. We made the right onto Hwy 12/29 and got caught by the light at the split. When it turned green, I dropped back to catch Jaurdan. I slowed to a crawl and pulled off to the shoulder...but he was not there! I will find out later what happened. I pulled the throttle and caught the gang just as they made the turn onto Hwy 12/121 -- the light was just turning yellow. This is where we got caught behind a truck hauling a very large, full grown palm tree. The root sack was 10 to 15 feet wide. We finally left it behind when the second lane comes in on the hill passed Duhig Rd. Traffic, that would normally be a bear, was mellow and going at reasonable speeds -- mostly. The few folks that were slow either turned off or pulled over -- sweet! As we pulled up to Big Bend where Hwy 116 joins in, we spotted the Sonoma Co gang waiting. I stopped the group at the stop sign for a very brief moment and they pulled in with the back of the pack. We were now 16 strong -- a real nice snake of bikes! Traffic continued to be cool -- until we turned onto Adobe Rd at Frates Rd. Here we got caught behind a pale ugly green Prius that was beyond slow. I pulled the group over in Pengrove to make sure we had everyone and to give that Prius a chance to get gone. We had every one, so we started off again after a couple minutes... Only to catch that Prius way too soon. We pulled into the gas station at Hwy 101 where we got gas, drinks, etc. After about 10-15 minutes we started off towards Pepper Rd. No Prius. Nice traffic. The fields and hills were still green. If I looked close I saw the first signs of the dry flaxen colors. Near Bodega Bay, we caught some slow traffic -- which included that dang Prius. I have to say, he wasn't the slowest. We only had to endure this for a few miles before we pulled into the gas station there where most of us got gas. Leaving there we had fairly clear traffic only to hit the one lane road work. After about 5 minutes we got the green and the one car in front of us pulled over quickly enough. Wow! Hwy 1 with no traffic. Sweet! The views of the ocean were spectacular with glorious translucent blues and sharp white wave tops. Well we did catch some slow pokes near Hwy 116, but they kept on Hwy 1 as we aimed for Duncans Mills and lunch. In Duncans Mills, some of us opted for the deli while others hit the restaurant. Good food was had by all. We gathered and aimed back for Hwy 1. We got on Hwy 1 where traffic was again either gracious enough to pull over or just not there! We had a

long stretch of the road to ourselves. I can not remember when a ride on Hwy 1 had that much free road. Just north of Meyers Grade Rd a few very, very fast sport bikes blew by us -- must have been doing near 100. I flinched, but not too bad. We caught a little bit of traffic right at Stewarts Point. The group made the turn off Hwy 1 and parked as I waited and directed the back riders in. After a brief rest, I read a gentle riot act to the group to remind them how to handle the very technical road ahead - -safety safety safety. I pulled the group over at Tin Barn Rd to gather everyone up and again at Annapolis Rd. From there the sport bikes left out first and were quickly out of sight. I pulled out behind a pickup and thought fudge...only to have the truck get going fast. I was able to see glimpses of it from time to time. I had a group of about 4 or 5 bikes right behind me keeping up -- cool. I almost felt I was holding them up. But they said I was rolling a nice pace. As we got to the Rockpile Rd intersection, we spotted our sport bikers waiting for us. When all were there, we made our way to the park and the restrooms! We then headed for the Dry Creek General Store for drinks, snacks, etc. Here the group splintered with many aiming for home via Hwy 101. Others split for Hwy 101 after getting gas. By the time we got onto Alexander Valley Rd, we were just 4 bikes: Ed, Steve, Skip, and me. Again traffic did not deter us much on Hwy 128 into Calistoga. We caught a few cars and passed them fairly soon. In Calistoga, Steve peeled off leaving three. Ed kept straight as Skip and I turned off Silverado Trail onto Hwy 128 and more twisties. We had one more stop at the corners for more fluids, then on to home. Still little or no traffic. Over all, this was one of the best rides traffic wise. It was close to one where we splattered the most bugs on our face, face shields, and wind shields.

