

## **Jackson Run**

Well thank the weather gods big time. They gave us a great day. A little cool in the morning with a sky solidly filled with high, thin clouds and a little muggy in the afternoon. We had fourteen bikes show up with regulars John Bourassa, Ed Buckner, Gary and Beth Helm, Stan Hitchcock, Greg Leopold, Mark McCoy, John Melquist, James Mickens, George Schjelderup, Frank White, Steve Wright, and my granddaughter Trinity Todd on the back of my bike. New to the group was Ron Harvey. And returning after a long absence were Jeff and Sara Long. Stan covered the tail gunner spot -- thank you. And along with Steve, they had FRS radios so we had good communication going. I gotta get one of those radios.

The day can be summed up as 'Curses! Foiled again.', with all the problems playing Snidely Whiplash and we riders playing Dudley Do-Right. The ride out Hwy 12 was steady at speed limit -- the whacked, slow limit -- just staring at the back of semi-trailer -- erg. I pulled the group over at Hwy 160 and checked all were doing fine. Then we headed up through Isleton keeping a mellow pace. I didn't want to lose anyone when we started our detour around the Twin Cities Bridge -- which is closed until further notice.

We went on the east side of the river up to Walnut Grove and crossed the tiny bridge and got onto Walnut Grove-Thorton Rd. The road is mostly straight, but we had new sights to see. A short jaunt up Hwy 5 got us back onto the normal route of E13/104. The gentle, soft, rolling hills were in their finest spring greens. I could really tell it was once an inland sea. This run was at the speed limit again due to traffic, but they were steady, mellow.

We stopped in Ione to get gas and rest our butts. Someone was going to find out how to properly pronounce the city's name, but didn't -- next time. While there someone found out that Jackson was having their Daffodil Days. Heck that would be downtown and not affect us at all -- wrong. When we got into Jackson and up into Mel and Faye's parking lot, it was full. That huge parking has never been full. I was at a loss when George suggested we run up to Plymouth to a diner he knew was good. I hollered to the group and got a round of 'Uh ok'. So off we rode with Frank and his GPS leading.

The route was actually quite simple -- just go up Hwy 49 -- but there were a few turns to stay on Hwy 49. The diner's parking lot was pretty full, but we all found places to park. When I got in Frank, George, Gary, and Beth were already sitting at the counter. There was a bunch of tables together waiting to be cleared that looked able to seat most of us, but not all. As we sat down, the table right next to us said "We're done. Here take this one.". That allowed the rest of us to sit down. The food was good, tasty, and greasy -- and good sized helpings. Frank, George, Gary, Beth, and others decided to take off while we were still eating.

Once done eating, we had eight bikes. While we were donning our gear, we were told there was an accident on the south side of town and the road was closed and going to be for a while. They suggested going out Main St. More diversions -- so much for my great planning skills. So through downtown Plymouth we went and out onto Old Plymouth-Sacto Pinn Ranch Rd (say that three times fast).

It was slightly rough, but had some nice twists to compensate. We finally got to Hwy 16 and aimed for Sacramento. Ron waved goodbye and took off down Hwy 16 for home. I was just about settled in to Sac as the goal when I saw the sign for Ione Rd. Great, we can get back on course. Now I was thinking this was Hwy 124 -- but was soon put straight. New road to explore -- I can handle it. It led us to Hwy 104 where I saw the sign say 3 miles (to the left) Ione and 23 miles (to the right) Galt. I wasn't sure where everyone was gas wise, so I chose to back track to Ione and be sure.

The candy bar was needed. Again, no one found out how to pronounce Ione. Somewhere along the way we got down to just five riders. I know they waved and all, but I just don't remember where they split off. I was too much into just riding mellow, I guess. Then we headed back onto Hwy 104 and through the mellow green

flat hills. Again we took Hwy 5 to get us around the bridge closure. Then onto Walnut Grove-Thorton Rd. Just mellow riding and sight seeing.

Once in Walnut Grove we were down to just four bikes: James, Ed, Jeff, and me. I took Race Track Rd (Where's the race track?) and planned to turn onto Tyler Island Rd in .8 miles. Oops. That was a dirt road. Hmm. Oh, just keep going. I can laugh it off later if we have to turn around. But a mile or so later I saw Tyler Island Rd and was back on course. We crossed over the little bridge and was in Isleton. A short ride later we made it to Rio Vista and the last stop. Lo and behold, there were three of our riders. Their route was also foiled and they had to make changes. After another candy bar, Trinity and I waved goodbye and headed back up Hwy 160 so I could drop her off. Oh gee, I got to ride Hwy 160 up and back. What a shame. Hee hee. By the end of the day, my windshield was bug spattered thoroughly.