

## Nevada City

It was a great day for riding. We had fourteen bikes show up. The regulars were Bruce Campbell, Jean & Charles McPeck, Ed Buckner, Frank White, George Schjelderup, James Mickens, Larry Jackson, Robert Bell, Skip Moffatt, Steve Dodini, and myself. New to the group were Kory Rivera, Wayne Lewan, and Sachim Brahme (who joined in flight on Hwy 113).

We started out 13 strong with Charles and Jean covering the tail gunner spot (thank you). The ride up Hwy 80 was mild. Sachim joined us on Hwy 113 and we made it to Hwy 5/113 interchange. I stopped the group there to make sure everyone was doing fine, before continuing. From here the roads were two lane with the rare, occasional turn. The greens of spring were interrupted by the dark browns of the plowed fields. Very mild and bucolic. We stopped for gas and the first break in Yuba City.

Just before we got saddled up, someone noticed Larry's back tire was seriously bald -- a big patch of the cords showing. He said goodbye and headed for home keeping it at or under 55. He made it just fine. The rest of us continued on into the Marysville muck. There is no easy way through the town and we had to pull over to gather the group a couple times. Finally we were on Hwy 20 and the hills were just ahead.

Finally we hit the hills and the road started to twist ever so gently. The hill sides were glorious shades of green. Other than Marysville, we did not have any traffic to speak of. We safely made the turn onto Penn Valley Rd through a good bit of grit and gravel. This section was planned to get us away from traffic -- and we ran into a slow truck. Soon he turned off and we had the sweet, windy road to ourselves. I held myself at a mild pace to make sure we stayed together through the various turns.

We got back to Hwy 20 and got stuck at the left turn light onto Hwy 49/20. Some of us made it through the green light, but not all. I waved to the group to move to the side to wait, and it almost caused Frank to crash into a truck at his right. I did not see the truck back there. Obviously he didn't either. Not good, but all were safe. Sorry, Frank.

Once everyone was rolling we made the ride up 49/20 to Nevada City smooth and easy. We pulled into the parking lot and it was almost full. It's never full. As I was pondering what to do, Steve was making a u-turn at dead slow speed and laid his bike down -- almost under control and real easy. I helped him right the bike. He was just fine and the bike only showed a small scratch on his forward foot peg. I then saw that the green, short term parking at the top of the lot was four hour limit. Sheesh, Plenty of time and thus plenty of room to park.

We got parked and I hollered for the group photo, but folks were already walking up the hill towards food. I got a couple of photos before we all headed uphill. Skip, Jean, Charles, and me hit Fred's Chinese. A nice, dim ambience and the food was tasty. The prices very mild. After lunch, Jean and Charles headed back to the bike for a early run home.

Skip and I wandered the town and eventually hit a small bakery for a cookie and ice cream. I stepped into the hat store looking for a bright colored fisherman's style hat. No luck. We meandered back to the bikes and found a few bikes had already left. We had a total of 7 remaining. We rode up through town (so much easier riding than walking). We got onto Hwy 49 and I was looking for the sign for Newtown Rd, but I spotted it just as we got to it. So I rolled on by, slowed the group, and we did a u-turn.

The road is just sweet here. Up, down, left, right. The only problem was trying to read my instructions, do the adjustments between my odometer's mileage and the directions' mileage -- and still ride safely myself. Then we came to the turn for Mooney Flat Rd and again there was a little debris. This road starts off with a strong, cheese grater-like vibration, but it mellows out within a short time to just mildly rough. It is narrow, twisty, and has great views. Then it turns into super sweet, ultra paved, glorious road, before dropping us back on Hwy 20. The roll down the hill provided a few mild twisties before getting us to Marysville.

James waved goodbye and we six continued to the gas station. We took a nice rest here and rested our tired butts. Of course I got a soda and candy bar. I took a couple more photos and then we saddled up. The ride back on Hwy 113 to Woodland was mild. And again the spring time greenery added a nice, pleasing touch for the eyes. All too soon, we got on freeways aimed for home. My windshield ended the day with a full and even spread of dead bugs.