

Ride to San Antonio

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The clouds parted, Fay departed, and the Crystal River HOG group hurried to get in our first ride without rain. We were in pursuit of the best Mexican food in San Antonio. A tall order, but one that we felt was worthy. So off we headed to Pancho's Villa.

The day was pristine with only a few scattered clouds as opposed to the last month of sunless days. We gathered at the Harley Shop and told tall stories for half an hour. I cannot begin to suggest who was prevaricating and pontificating, but their initials are Roger ?. Rather I think it was Roger, could have been Robert? Anyway, all in fun, the stories were great. After a short safety discussion and information on the route, we headed for Mexican Food.

Ten bikes rumbled to a start at 10 am on a glorious Sunday morning led by Skip Coolbach. As we headed south, we rode two lane highways that were strewn with leaves and moss from the recent rains. The air was still a little crisp and my jacket felt pretty good. The shadows cast over the highway by the moss covered trees gave just the right amount of shade and sun. Ralph Trowbridge kept us from falling behind by whipping us into shape.

Over small hills and through shallow swamps we twisted and turned our way to San Antonio. I have no idea what route we traveled, just that we arrived about an hour and a half later. That is the beauty of riding the rocking chair. You don't have to worry so much about the route, just that you don't get left behind.

Pancho's Villa is located at 32804 Pennsylvania Avenue in San Antonio Florida. It is open 7 days a week, and seems to enjoy a good crowd for lunch. The place is not too large, with individual tables and a cozy atmosphere. The standard Spanish music is played, and it helps set the atmosphere. Someone must have made a reservation (pre-planning is good). We were seated immediately, and munched on chips and salsa while the conversation moved from motorcycles to motorcycle rides, to gossip about motorcycles.

Our waitress was efficient and spoke fluent Floridian (I doubt she spoke Spanish), and our orders were placed without error or delay. Drinks were delivered, followed by more chips and salsa. Lunch was served piping hot at just the right time. Everyone at our table agreed that the food was very good and might well be the best in San Antonio. I had no trouble cleaning my plate and noticed none of my fellow diners were in need of 'to go' bags either. That is a pretty good indication that everyone's meal was delicious.

With no room for desert, we paid the reasonable tab and gathered in the parking lot for more worldly discussion of the day. All of us agreed that we had in fact found the best Mexican Food in San Antonio. The ride home was equally as pleasant as the mornings' journey. The day had been a complete success and I really hated to see it end. It left me wondering.....would the best Italian food be found in Florence?