

March 3rd 2013 – IMC Ride Day and AGM

Swansea

Beautiful clear windless day. About 60 people at Salamanca for chin wag and coffees - including interlopers from the British Club.



After discussions, arguments and friendly banter we were off and away we went, out into the wild blue yonder by way of the Tasman Bridge and on to Cambridge then Richmond, where we gathered to count heads. (Dangerous in Tasmania). Left not long after to pursue our fortunes along the Fingerpost Road. Pleasing to see decent roadworks here and elsewhere. At last!

Out on to the wide open road to Orford. We all spread apart but kept up a rapid pace (what else?) till we gathered forces once more at Orford. Some grabbed coffees, some grabbed the chance to head for the toilet but most grabbed the chance for further discussions and idle banter. Then we were off to Swansea. Pushed a little harder from here on in. It was hard not to be distracted by the amazing coastal views and cloudless skies. I think we passed a few

tourists who'd been lulled into an East Coast coma! Thankfully not too many Winnebagos today. Or at least any that held us up too much.



Arrived in Swansea around lunchtime and caught up with our northern brethren (damned Yankees) so we could conduct our AGM and then lunch (thank you IMC). Obligations over, discussions had, drinks imbibed and all done we set off to return home. Two cops were having lunch at a table nearby but wished us well and waved goodbye, not to be seen again. See, there is a god. A dreamrun!

Latched onto Steve Holliday and Tony Dykes on the way home and had a very pleasant quick, but not mad, ride all the way back. We stopped at Richmond for a quick catch up and drink with a few others, then it was a sedate ride through Grass Tree Hill before home - cleaning all those bloody bugs off the bike who'd obviously been enjoying the weather too till they got splattered all over us.

If this is autumn, we want more!

Perfect end to a perfect day.

Rod Taylor