

Twas the Night Before the Run
by Ron Kelly
December 2009

Twas the night before the run
And in the garage,
There sat an air cooled
Or was it a mirage.

It was real enough all right
And I tweaked on it all night
I wanted it to run
My motto is "gitter done"!

Air cooled are a remarkable breed
In the winter they never freeze
In the summer they never boil
Just tweak them some and add oil.

Like everything else life's not easy,
At least the fan worked strong & breezy.
Oil dribbled from the cooler like water from a spout
My work was cut out for me, there was no doubt.

With two tiny oil seals
It was time to get real
And removing only one large bolt,
It was loose with just a little jolt.

Now to the carb that looked like a riddle
No time to fit and fiddle
I grabbed a rebuilt in a flash
Installed it quickly, gotta dash

The night is passing really quick
Daylight will be here in just a lick.
Got the battery charged up
Time to grab a quick cup.

With the moon on the new fallen snow
I realized only one thing left to go
Get the timing just right,
Or the mixture in the cylinders will not ignite.

The timing marks were set by the book
But let's take one last look.
Set the points just so, so
Turn the key and give it a go.

It comes to life with a roar
Ready to go out the door

There it was sittin' pretty
While I took time to write this ditty.

Now as we go on the run
I cruise by and give her the gun
With my foot to the firewall on the fly,
I pass the other and wave goodbye.

To all gathered here
Have a "Happy Yule"!
And remember this:
AIR COOLED RULES!!