Merry Christmas to all,

Twas the night before Christmas and all through the marina, not a creature was stirring, because of social distancing and this latest variant, Omicron. The ignition testing equipment was hung by the test – tank with care in hopes that the motor of everyone’s dreams soon would be there. The children, with their face masks, were nestled all snug in their runabouts and Hydros, but maintaining 6 feet of distance or one boat length while visions of a National Championships danced in their heads. While Mama in her shop apron, face mask and protective eye goggles and I, also with a protective face mask had just settled our brains for a long winter of rebuilding, porting and polishing. When out on the race coarse pit area there arose such a clatter, I sprang from the workbench to see if wind & white caps on the water was the matter. Away to the window I flew like a 1929 Caille dual carburetor class B Flash racer, and tore open the shutters and threw up the sash. The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow, gave a luster like midday to the new bearings, rings and lower unit gears & shafts below. But what to my wondering eyes did appear, even though it was through a face mask and steamed up glasses, but a new DeSilva runabout powered by a rotary valve Johnson and aftermarket Hubbell B55 racing lower unit. With a little old driver so lively and quick, I knew in a moment it must be (insert your driver of choice here) More rapid than a mark 55H racer his coursers they came and he whistled and shouted, and called them out by name. As I drew in my head and was turning around, down the straightaway the driver came with a megaphone exhaust roar type sound. He was dressed in a driver’s suit from his head to his foot, and maintained a distance of 6 feet or 1 boat length and also had on a face mask under his helmet. His clothes were all tarnished with castor oil soot and a bundle of all the best aftermarket parts he had flung on his back, and he looked like a peddler just opening his pack. He spoke not a word but went straight to his work, and ported my cylinders and fit new pistons. And laying a finger aside his nose, He sprang into his runabout and his team gave a whistle, and away they flew down the straightaway. But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight— ” Everyone take care of yourselves so we can get back to normal and Happy Christmas to Everyone in AOMCI land tonight”