

# AMCA Zia Chapter

2019 Tiddler run report



We had a beautiful morning for the big tiddler run. Eleven riders showed up on a little bit of everything. Bultaco, Harley, Moto Guzzi Suzuki, and of course Honda. We even had a Cushman stoker show up, first time I've ever heard the words "damn, that little Cushman hauls ass!" ....and it did! Steve being the tiddler maestro actually brought a couple of bikes for members to ride, Thanks Steve! Craig led us on a great route, and spread the 2 stroke perfume for all to enjoy. Only had one breakdown, but Clint

got the little '48 Harley 125 going again, and had a trouble free ride the rest of the day. Thanks to everyone that showed up, it was a great day tiddling.

## President's Corner

### Tiddler Fois Deux

Tiddler-lee dee, Tiddler-lee dum, look out baby 'cause here we come! So get ready, get ready, 'cause here we come! I never met a two-stroke that makes me feel the way that you do. It's alright. Whenever I'm asked who makes my dreams real, I say that you do. You're outta sight!

Many of you ol' gray beards will recognize the artistic plagiarism of the lyrics by the famous group: The Temptations, later made popular in the rock scene by Rare Earth. Yes, the Zia Chapter of the AMCA made history again with an eclectic group of ten riders on 35 years or older 250 cc or less Tiddler motorcycles. The 2<sup>nd</sup> Annual Tiddler Ride took place October 6<sup>th</sup> on a beautiful New Mexican fall day in and around the south valley of Belen, New Mexico. The event was not without some drama and angst as gremlins were sneaking around, even the day before as my trusty steed refused to start. Ah, but leave it to the mighty gremlin slayer, Sam. The problem was solved and the gremlin summarily dispatched. Bad plug, even though it had some spark. So get ready, get ready, 'cause here I come.

With hearty meet and greet, hugs and kisses all-around with scrumpdillyicious donuts provided by Steve, it was time to attack the arduous 60 mile figure-eight route laid by the Google Mapmeister Craig. But atlas, another gremlin laid siege to Jimmy's mount. I suppose it was revenge for the day before. Sam, are you sure that you truly and properly dispatched that gremlin? Was it something along the Billy Crystal line in the Princess Bride, *It just so happens that your friend here is only mostly dead?* Or maybe it was a long-lost cousin from Belen who had heard about his demise and wanted retribution. One thing for sure about being in a group like this is that everyone will lend a hand and their knowledge of vintage motorcycles will dispatch any gremlins in short order. And so it was; all is good! J Tom circled his hand over his head reminiscent of a true road warrior and the group was off. Well, not exactly. Having started my trusty steed and bringing up the rear, the motor dies! Wait guys, come back, come back! I am being attacked by another gremlin. His sister! No luck, the group is gone. Several kicks and the bike roars to life and then dies. Repeat. Repeat. Darn it, it is time to load the Tiddler on the chase truck trailer. Wait! Maybe the gas cap vent is not working properly. Remove the cap and the little Tiddler purrs like a feral cat. One last look at the oil-measuring cup in the cap revealed the problem. Quick fix and the gremlin was dispatched. Oh well, it is a good day for a ride.

It was a solace sort of ride with me in front of the chase truck driven by Charlie. A beautiful ride nonetheless. No hurry, it was about 35 to 40 mph speed max. That pretty good for a 1948 125cc Harley with a heavy ol' guy aboard. Charlie and I finally caught up with the group about half-way into the ride after they took a long and much-needed potty break. Then off they go again. It was truly the children's modern day Tiddler story of the tortoise and the hares. Yes, there was even a stroked Cushman in the pack. You got to love it! Having completed the course (dead last of course), with all the

gang awaiting my return with bated breath, it was time to savor the event and tell tall tales over lunch at Fat Sats. So get ready, get ready so here I come. Feed me!