



SMOKEY'S CORNER #10

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More Bike Tricks

In the summer of 1960, there was an announcement over the radio that the largest aircraft carrier in the world, The USS Coral Sea would be paying a visit to Vancouver and would sail under the First Narrows Bridge at precisely 1:30pm, because the tide was right otherwise the ship wouldn't fit!

I decided to ride over to Stanley Park to see if it indeed did fit. Shortly before the appointed time I arrived at the entrance to the park, along with a lot of cars, and I mean a lot of cars! I barely got into the park where the cars are shoulder to shoulder and bumper to bumper! Lucky I'm on my trusty 1968 A.J.S. 650 twin. I thread my way between the cars till I got just about to Brockton Oval, where people realizing that the cars ahead are not going to move just shut off their engines, jump out of their cars and take off on foot!

Now this is nowhere near Prospect Point, the best viewpoint to see the Ship pass under the Bridge. This situation forces me to ride along the inside edge of the road, when I reach the road that cuts across Brockton Point it is also jammed with cars, this forces me to ride in the bush!

When I get back onto the main road again, I cannot believe my eyes, there are no cars at all! To this day I cannot understand why a person would abandon their vehicle to continue on foot with a mile and a half or more to go! I look at my watch, just one minute to go to get to Prospect Point so off I go - as I pass the parking lot at Lumberman's Arch, I see a very tall policeman amongst the cars, no wonder he's tall he's on a horse! The noise from my bike causes the animal to shy, the rider has a bit of a problem keeping control as he yells "Hold it right there!" yeah, right, what are you going to do chase me on your horse? I crack the throttle and I'm gone leaving the cop hanging onto his horse. I get right to the Prospect Point parking area, 4 or 5 cars are parked there, I can't believe it. I jump off and rush up to the viewpoint, the carrier isn't here yet, I look seaward, there it is, about a quarter mile away. Minutes later the ship passes under the bridge with about 15 feet to spare. The next thought in my mind is the officer of the law flailing along on his horse determined to get his man! So I'm out of here.

One of the local clubs was having a field meet at Point Roberts on a Sunday with a road ride down on the Saturday and a campout Sat. night. It sounded like a good idea according to some of my club's members description of last year's event. Sheriff Tex (the local law) rode a Harley and was a real nice guy, why he had even come over to Blaine to see how the fellows who got thrown in jail Sat. night were doing, on Sunday, no less and on his own time! Tue border closed at midnight so if you didn't leave in time you were stuck!

The field was located a short distance from the Breakers, (the local tavern) so a lot of time was spent on this warm sunny Sat. afternoon and evening going for beer, sitting around telling lies, going for beer and food, telling more lies.

The call went out "Let's go get more beer "those that could did, me included. The Breakers closed, now what? the border closes in ten min., I make the decision, head for home, I stop at the Canadian border, real service in those days, the customs man comes out to you! "Anything to declare?" "No." says I. making a motion with his arm like you would if you were swinging a dead cat by the tail he says "let er rip!!" Which I did! Went back down to the Point to watch the field meet on Sunday. The events consisted of "The Dizzy Digout", "Ride the Plank", "The Slow Race", "The Circle Race" and Drag Racing. There were always ten or twelve participants and was fun to watch.



When I joined the Rockets the first Club activity, I got involved in was helping to lay out the Ralph Pearson Memoria! Cross Country Run. Ralph had fallen off his M/C at a field meet and landed in such a manner that the impact pulled a artery out of his heart and he bled to death instantly!

The run was a blanked-out speedometer, no watch, four section timed event. Everyone who rode met at the appointed time and location, were given a number, and shown the type and color of arrows to follow. the arrows were stapled onto telephone poles along the route, an up arrow meant follow, a down arrow meant you had passed a turn, a left or right pointing arrow meant turn left or right. the rider was given a speed to ride, (which he had to judge for himself) and was sent off by himself or in a team if desired, at intervals.

Along the route were checkpoints, where the rider stopped and had his arrival and departure times recorded. These times were compiled at the end of the event, the rider who came closest to the speeds given was the winner. At the end of the run chili and hot dogs and refreshments were served to all riders and checkers. If I can get help from members to man the checkpoints, and someone to help me lay out a similar run I will schedule "THE B.M.O.C. VALLEY RALLYE" for a Sunday in June 1996.