

SPOKEHEADS CORNER

by Al Greefs

Back in the 60's me and best buddy (who shall be known forever as Carphed) used to ride through Sapperton and New Westminster on our way to the Terminal Hotel Beer Parlour. Back in those days there was two entrances, one for men, and one for ladies and escorts. I used to dress up kind of funny and would pass myself of as Carp-head's old lady.

One night we was dragging off the light near the Post Office at Columbia and 6th street. We used to do this all the time with the loser to buy the first two rounds at the Terminal. I had the old Matchless topped out in high gear (45 mph) when Carphed roars by me and turns around to jeer with a stupid grin on his face, (the sly bastard must have just had a tune-up), and waves goodbye. Meanwhile I spot this car backing out on to Columbia so I have this real stoke of genius and pull to the left and miss him, I must have been doing at least 35 as I went by. Carphed still has the silly grin on his face as he slams into the back of the car. I circle the block and stop at the accident. Carphed is in real bad shape and is screaming with pain as I reach into his jeans and take out the money for the 2 beers he owes me. I also ruin my best shirt as Carp-heads blood stains it real bad.

As I'm downing my 2 free beers, I think to myself about what an a**h*** Carphed is - he should be more alert when riding. Next week I go to the funeral; Carphed's widow (the cheap ~~KICK~~) won't spring for the 50 cents to get my shirt cleaned. I often ask myself why no-one wants to ride with me anymore.

P.S. I took my bike off the road in 1962 to change the plug and set the points, with a little bit of luck it'll be back on the road this next summer.



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