

CARPHEAD'S CORNER

Spokehead stops at the traffic lights in his brand new Porsche. Elbo Grease on his old British motorcycle, pulls up alongside, sticks his head in the window.

"Wow, some car" says Elbo.

"Yep, sure is" replies Spokehead "This beauty will really burn the rubber"

"I bet my old Matchless here would give you a good run for your money - just had a tune up ya know" Elbo proclaims, knowing his Matchless is good for about 45 MPH flat out (he did that, pushing it down a steep hill).

The Porsche driver revs the potent engine and steams away the moment the traffic light turns green. He hits the ton, and is amazed to see the Matchless overtake him at least another 10 mph faster and then come back down the other lane just as fast. Spokehead looks in rear view mirror and sees the Matchless coming up behind him again, with Elbo hanging on, with the look of a possessed fighter pilot on his face.

This time Spokehead, floors the pedal and hits 130 mph. Would you believe it, the old Matchless passes again, going even faster and then sure enough, back down the other lane. He can't believe it. He waits a minute or two and the Matchless comes up behind again. This time the Porsche stops. The bedraggled motorcycle rider pulls up alongside, "Thanks for stopping", says Elbo "You had my braces caught in your door!"

*Do ya know why Fred will not wear a digital watch?
Because it has no hands. !*

Since Fred stepped down from being the BMOC president, he has had to find other ways of fulfilling his passion. He was recently spotted wandering aimlessly on main street amongst the second hand stores !

CARPHEAD'S CORNER - JUST THE TICKET

It was one of those dark wet winter weekends, and the Seattle Motorcycle Swapmeet was in full swing. Carphhead, being slightly thrifty, figured on taking the train down to Seattle with Spokehead instead of riding the Matchless in the rain. At the station, they meet up with Bevin and Fred, making the same trip. Time to buy tickets - Bevin and Fred buy one ticket each and Carphhead buys only one ticket for both himself and Spokehead. "How come you guys only got one ticket" asked Fred "you'll never get past the conductor". "Wait and see" says Carphhead. So off they go, down the platform and onto the train and take their seats in the 3rd class section (they're all a bunch of cheapies). The train leaves and shortly thereafter they hear the conductor coming down the car "ticket please". Carphhead and Spokehead jump up and make their way to the washroom. They both cram into the tiny space and wait. Soon the conductor comes along, knock knock on the door "ticket please" Carphhead cracks open the door and pushes out the ticket to the conductor. A few moments later Carphhead and Spokehead are back in their seats. "That's a neat trick" says Fred, "we'll try that on the way back."

After the swapmeet, which was really a bust, only a few over priced BSA parts (that didn't deter Bevin who managed to wangle a NOS Victor silencer for slightly more than retail), the boys are patiently waiting for the train. Fred and Bevin have purchased only one ticket and have quite a smug look on their faces.

Carphhead and Spokehead on the other hand haven't even purchased a ticket. Fred comments "You'll not get far without a ticket" Carphhead replies: "just watch me"

The train leaves and shortly after which Carphhead says "Spokehead, I think it's time to head for the washroom" at which point Bevin and Fred jump up and fire into the first washroom, leaving Carphhead & Spokehead to make their way to the washroom in the next carriage. Shortly after, Carphhead sneaks out and heads back up to the washroom where Bevin and Fred are waiting. Carphhead, knock knock's on the door "ticket please" with a foreign accent - Fred cracks open the door and pushes out his ticket into Carphhead's hand. Carphhead heads back to the second carriage and takes his position with Spokehead and waits for the conductor.

- GV April 1998