



SMOKEY'S CORNER #3 Al Greaves

"Stupid Bike Tricks, Stupid Car Tricks".

TRICK #1 (How to kill your kid). The year is 1959. I'm riding West on Columbia Street just off the Puttullo bridge. It's a 20mph zone. I'm doing the limit when a '54 Ford passes me on the right! Me and my 650 AJS say "He can't do that". So, I pass him on the left and pull in front. The next light is red. He pulls up beside me and screams "You do that again and will knock you right off that goddam bike", to which I replied "One. You were speeding. Two. You passed on the right." Noticing a child of 4 or 5 standing up on the front seat I said "And Three. Driving like that. you could kill your kid." He yells back at me. "It's none of your goddam business if I kill my kid or not!".

The light changes to green and I pull out in front of him, I was looking over my shoulder with one eye and down the street with the other. As we drove down Columbia Street, we hit 50MPH. He was right behind me trying to squeeze some more go out of that flathead V8, but I made sure that I stayed ahead.

At the next intersection. the light was red Two cars were already stopped so I slipped in beside the curbside car, made a right turn and was gone.

TRICK #2 (Winter Driving). I left my girlfriend's place at dusk- The first snow of the season was falling gently. An oncoming car stopped. The driver got out waved his arms and stopped me. It was an RCMP in full winter gear (fur coat: and hat). He said, "Where are you going?". I replied. "Home". He said, "But it's snowing". I said- 'I know.'" He says again "Where are you going?'. I reply again. "Home." He repeats himself once more to which. I reply, "I know that". To which he says "OK", gets in his car and drives off.

TRICK #3 One night I was heading home across Mud Bay flats on Highway 99. I was doing 80 mph when I caught up to three cars. As I pulled out to pass, my headlight picked up something on the highway. A ROCK, the size of a loaf of bread. The first thing that flashed through my mind was "This is it, I'm dead". I snapped the throttle shut, locked my wrists, and closed my eyes. Bang bang. I bit the rock. I opened my eyes and saw two things, sparks flying off my front rim where it's hitting the fork leg and my speedo reading 55 mph. I was still passing the cars! Everything seemed O.K., so I headed home.

The next morning, I went out to the shed to have a look at the rim. It was bent so bad on one side that I could almost touch the inner tube with my finger. I got a sledgehammer and straightened the rim. It rode great.

The next weekend I was out riding when my rear tire developed a slow leak. I put the bike up on its stand at a gas station to see what was wrong. I spun the rear wheel and found it bent just like the front one! The impact had driven one of the spokes about 1/8" through the nipple. After a few days it wore through the liner and tube. I filed the spoke, patched the tube, and straightened the rim with a sledgehammer. I reassembled everything and rode the bike for three more years that way.

TRICK #4 My friend Dick, invited me to his grandparents for Christmas dinner. We both went on my 500 single AJS, taking a roundabout way. After dinner, about dusk, we took the most direct route back. We came down 200th Avenue near Fraser Highway at about 60 mph. Not having been that way' before, I was unaware of the railway crossing (now gone) until! we became airborne (a good 4 feet). I can still

visualize the look of amazement on the face of the oncoming car driver as we cleared the tracks and landed a good 20 feet further down the road. All that I had time to do was close the throttle as we left the road surface and open it as we landed. It was very smooth, like I'd been doing it for years.

TRICK #5 One Saturday, I was "in a rush to get home to go partying. I was riding my '58 650 AJS into the 30mph zone of Newton from the North. I slowed down (never speed in your home turf). As I approached the railway crossing, I caught up to four cars doing 15-20 mph. Looking down the road, I could see an old pickup causing the delay. I said to myself "As soon as I cross the tracks, I'll pass these slowpokes". When I was beside the pickup he made a left turn, right into me. A glance at the speedo said 50 mph. The bike and I sort of carried along beside the truck into the driveway of the animal hospital. The driver stopped. I carried along the side of the pickup leaving a scrape on his fender with my front brake lever. I did a "U" turn in the parking lot and passed the startled driver. He yelled out "You OK?" as I took off down the highway.

TRICK #6 Riding through Whalley, I'd see a young chap riding a Triumph. Casual waves were often exchanged. One day he pulled up beside me, where Surrey Place is now and said, "Hi what ya doing?". I said, "Not much". He said "See ya" and pulled out right into the side of a passing car. He wobbled a little but seemed OK, so I continued my way. A few weeks later he pulled up beside me again. Looking rather angry he said "Why didn't you stop. I hurt my leg.". I said "sorry" while thinking to myself, what a careless rider, changing lanes without looking.