



SMOKEY'S CORNER #5

Al Greaves

"HECTOR"

When I worked at the mill, I became friendly with an older man. One day he announced that his son, Hector, just out of school was coming to work at the Mill. When I met Hector, he was all fired up about motorcycles. Next thing I know he's out to my place riding an old, rough 250 BSA. "Let's see how fast this bike can go." he exclaimed. I took him out to a deserted stretch of road. There he was flat out on the seat and tank with his legs sticking out the back, wide open, doing 45 M.P.H. I was cruising along on my 500 A.J.S. in third gear, I shifted into 4th and pulled away (couldn't resist it). I could see that Hector was disappointed as he headed home.

A short time later he rode over to show me his new 650 Matchless twin. At about this time I acquired my 650 A.J.S. twin and joined the Royal City Rockets M.C. Club. One Sunday I invited Hector on a Club road ride to Alloutte Lake Park. Eight of us rode from New Westminster, out Dewdney Trunk, through Haney, where Hector just about buys it passing a car on the left as it decided to turn left (looked familiar to me). At that time the road to Alloutte Lake was hard packed gravel! There was not much to see as we cruised along.

I had brought my friend Bill along on my bike. On the return trip we all decided to leave the rest of the group and take off at 60 M.P.H. Hector was in front of me as we tore down the road. Suddenly, to my astonishment, I see Hector and his bike simply doing a 180-degree roll and landed on his backside in front of his bike which then hit him and pinned him by the legs. With Bill on the back, I'm desperately trying to stop. I damn near ran over Hector in the process. Hector was screaming "My legs are burning!". Bill leaped off my bike and pulled Hector's bike off him. Poor Hector, jeans smoking, ass torn out and bleeding.

We surveyed the damage. The left footrest was snapped off and the handlebars were bent. "That's all!" I said "Hector, what happened?" He said "I dunno, all of a sudden the bike just fell over!" I went back and looked. All that I could see was a gouge in the hard packed gravel surface, nothing else! Bill rode Hector's bike and Hector rode on the back of mine (in pain no doubt). The next time Hector visited me; he's driving a car that he traded for his bike.