



SMOKEY'S CORNER #9

Al Greaves

Smokey V/S The Smokeys:

Late one Saturday afternoon I discovered my cars fuel pump had died - check the time - 4:20. I have to get to New Westminster from Newton for a new fuel pump! I jump on my '68 A.J.S. 650 twin and head for town, careful Al, its raining slightly, doing 60 m.p.h. down King George Highway, this car pulls out in front of me, he's doing 15 m.p.h., can't pass on the left, a car is coming, so I pass on the right. I glance across this guy's hood as I pass, oh, great! It's an unmarked police car! Off I go, the gears are turning, I look back, yes, he's turning around! At the first crossroad I come to, I turn onto it still heading in the direction of town. At next crossroad, I look back, he's just turning the corner and sees which way I turn, I tear off to the next corner, look back, there he is again! Next corner, he's still there. Oh well, I can't shake him, so I do 30 m.p.h. I hear him behind me, he honks his horn, I look back, he motions me to stop. He gets out of his car and says "You were speeding back there." I say "Back where?" He replies "Back on the highway." I reply "I was only doing 50 m.p.h." He exclaims "What do you mean, you were going like the hubs of hell!! and you passed a car on the right. "Yes" I replied, "that's true, he pulled right out in front of me at 15 m.p.h. I couldn't pass on the left because there was a car coming, I couldn't risk using my brakes because of the rain, so I passed on the right." "Well" he says "Give me your license" I thought, a ticket for sure. He says, "I'm going to write your name down in my notebook and next time I'll ticket you, now watch your speed!" "Yes Sir!" is my reply, on the bike and into town, yes, I did make it with two minutes to closing time. Smokey-one Smokeys-zero.

One day driving up the hill on the King Geo. Highway into Whalley, weaving in and out of traffic, (as was my usual style) I pulled into the left-hand turn lane, where I have to wait for the light to change, I feel a tap on my shoulder, I look, there's a R.C.M.P. standing there! He says, "Give me your license and pull over to the side of the road after you go through the light." He goes back to his own car, six vehicles behind me! (It's a good thing there was no one else in the left turn lane ahead of me, my solution for that was to ride up on the traffic divider to the front of the left turn lane.) The officer gets out of his car and says, "That's a fast bike you've got there, weaving through the traffic like that, you're going to startle some old guy and give him a heart attack!" He took my license and said "I'm going to write your name down in my note book and next time I'll give you a ticket, now watch your speed. Smokey- two, Smokeys-zero.

The Royal City Rockets M/C that I belong to, met in the Royal City (Where else?) EVERY Sunday evening, this would find me on my way around 6:30 to the meeting. There used to be an intersection at Scott Rd. and King George Highway, (To the West of the Turf Hotel at the beginning of the Patullo Bridge approach). This intersection was controlled by traffic lights. Just past the intersection, on the right, used to be a scale house about 5 meters by 15 meters in size located at the edge of the Highway. Quite often a Police car would be parked behind the scale house. My riding style in those days, when approaching a red light was to "split the lanes", that is to ride down between the two lanes and pull up to the white line ready for the green light! This way I was gone before the cars had moved.

I was talking to a acquaintance, friendly with the R.C.M.P., he said "They told me about this motorcycle rider on a white motorcycle, who every Sunday nite, came out of that Scott Rd. light and sped off across the Bridge, and that they were going to catch him!" Geez, I wondered if they meant me? The answer was not long in coming. Next Sunday, there I am at the light, parked behind the scale house was a 1960 Pontiac the chase car of choice for that year! Green light! we're off, as I pass the scale house the officer runs out and jumps in his car! I throttle back to 35m.p.h. halfway across the bridge he catches up to me. Over his P.A. (modem what?) he says, "You on the motorcycle, pull over at the end of the bridge!" End of the Bridge, I

keep on going, he turns on his siren, I look back, "Who me?" He motions me over. We stop near the turn off to Royal Ave. He gets out of his car and says, "Didn't you hear me tell you to stop?" I said, "What for?" He says, "You were speeding back there on the bridge." I replied, "Just doing 35 m.p.h." He says, "You were speeding, I had to do 60 m.p.h. to catch you!" I said, "Well if you did that only proves I was doing 35 m.p.h. because you didn't get on the road until I was a quarter way up the bridge, and you didn't catch up to me until I was halfway across, so YOU had to do 60 m.p.h. to catch up, so you were speeding not me!" Well, he just looked at me, completely taken aback by my logic???. He glanced around and suddenly exclaimed "You don't have a rear-view mirror!" Whereupon he triumphantly writes me up a ticket, \$5.00! Smokey-two Smokeys-one!

While all this was going on I had noticed someone standing on the side of the road about 250 meters away, looking in our direction. Ticket in hand I rode up the street to be flagged down by this person. He exclaimed, "Did he give you a ticket for speeding?" I said "no, for no mirror". This fellow replies, "I would have gone to court to testify that you weren't speeding!" I thanked him and continued on to my meeting, to be greeted with "Why are you late?" I replied "well o..." laughter from the members. Strange thing though, there never was a police car parked at the scale house after that!