

I hit the ground in the turn lane about 30 feet down range and black out for a few seconds. I have on an old road warrior style jacket, jeans, old Alpinstar boots proper gloves and a Bell Star helmet. I open my eyes and im face down in intense pain from my right leg. I look at my right hand...I'm holding the throttle grip..and it was saftey wired on. I roll over on my back just as Sean steps into my field of vision which is graying in and out. I'm in shock. Sean has his helmet off and he's frantically asking me if I am ok? He is waving his arms around trying to explain to me what just happened and how far I flew through the air. His right arm is broken and flopping around in a sickening way. I get my visor open and say" Sean for Christ sakes your fucking arm is broken!" He looks at it..gasps and dissappears. A gigantic man from the gas station across the street picks me up and gets me to the side of the road...heavy traffic streams by rubbernecking. I get my first view of the accident scene. Both motorcycles lay in a crumpled heap together admist a large and widening pool of engine oil. The pickup is totaled. An ambulance arrives and takes me to ..I think it was Stevens Hospital in Lynwood where the ER staff treats me like garbage. I get xrays and a cast on my right leg up to the knee. 10 hours later it seems like, as I am leaving the hospital on crutches the cast breaks off and falls apart.. at this point I am admitted. I eventually get a proper full size cast the next day. So.. some months go by and just after Chistmas there is a knock at the door. Here is your a typical, rather unkempt Insurance company rep/adjuster. We chat briefly and foolishly I accept his offer of Ten Grand in cash and I get the salavage on the motorcycle, which is unheard of these days. The motorcycle is delivered to a shop in in Seattle. Back then it was fairly well known around Seattle Raceway and WMRRA. (Washington Motorcycle Road Racing Assoc) a place called "WASCO". Owned and operated by Mr. Dick Washer. Yes that was his real name. He was a local Clubracer and GP Frame builder. The motorcycle was there for 13months. Now let me detail some of this motorcycles modifications. It started out life as 1982 CB750F in Silver and blue. These are the juicy bits you resto mod guys have been waiting for... The Frame/swingarm: These bits were fully stripped to bare metal, square tube braces were added in the down tubes (that was the tech back then) Steering head was gusseted, and subrame braced. Swing arm was braced. Special stops were fabricated in the swing arm near the lower engine mount to eliminate flex. The outboard oil cooler bracket was fabricated and everything was Painted red deltron. S and G frame in Seattle did the work, Fella named Gary. The engine: I believe Gary at S and G did the Engine as well. It was fitted with a Yoshimura 878cc Big bore kit. I dont know if the Con rods were upgrade or not. The transmission gears dogs and slots were undercut to combat the 750's tendancy to fly out of gear under heavy accleration. The clutch

basket was modified for strength and heavy duty steels and frictions were sourced from Mike Velasco. This was before he was MVR racing.

The cylinder head: This was heavily ported and flowed by either Gary Or Mike Velasko to an ungodly 13k RPM's. Ontario Stainless valves, their springs and keepers, cam chain and tensioner and Ontario racing profile cams. Mike Velasko fab'd up the beautiful Exhaust system personally. A set of 29mm Mikuni Smooth bore carbs and individual filters...Racing coils, wires from Ontario and Mike fabricated the Oil catch system vent from the valve cover to one of his bottles. Both crankcase covers were hard surfaced essentially, meaning aluminum plates were welded on to protect the cases from slide damage if the bike crashed. It retained a Stator, Rotor and rectifier. I remember with the undercut transmission it was impossible to get Neutral from first gear and you had to get it coming down from second gear or you'd be holding the clutch at the traffic lights or shutting off the engine to get neutral. The engine was painted in special black case paint and baked in an oven. Suspension: Prostroker twin rear shocks and some fork springs and Gary did some valving mods but the front forks were only adjustable for Preload. Brakes were stock with braided lines. It was fitted with an Earls oil cooler outboard under the Head Light just like Freddie's race bike with Russel fittings and braided lines to a thermostat fitting between the downtubes. Spencer sticker kit was sourced and it replicated Freddie's or Mike Baldwin's race bike quite nicely. Mike V scooped and modified the seat fitted the proper set of superbike bars the racing grips and levers. The wheels were stock Comstars painted or powder coated gold and the stock foot pegs remained. These were quite dangerous and I don't know how it was raced like this, I could easily drag the pegs badly to the point of levering the bike off its line and scaring the hell out ya. Pirelli bias ply tires Demons or Dragons I can't remember. New ring chain and proper street gears were added as we know. What was it like to ride? Well up to this point I don't recall riding it really. I only had for about two weeks a day or so before it ended up at WASCO. Finally one day I received a phone call from Dick that the bike was straightend out and repaired and I could come get it. Cost me a thousand dollars. I never saw it except briefly at the crash scene and it looked pretty bad. Turns out that the oil cooler and mount took most of the hit. The forks were bent but Dick was able to straighten them. The left side crank case cover was destroyed, both the small round one and the main cover. The head light gauges and triple clamps survived due to the oil cooler. The tank was dented from my crotch. Dick straightend out the cooler mount and replaced the cooler. The left side foot peg was destroyed as was the clutch lever and perch, mirror and turn indicators left side. Sean's GS750ES was completely totaled. The Toyota truck: Left front fender smashed to the frame. Left upper control arm and upper ball joint were shoved up

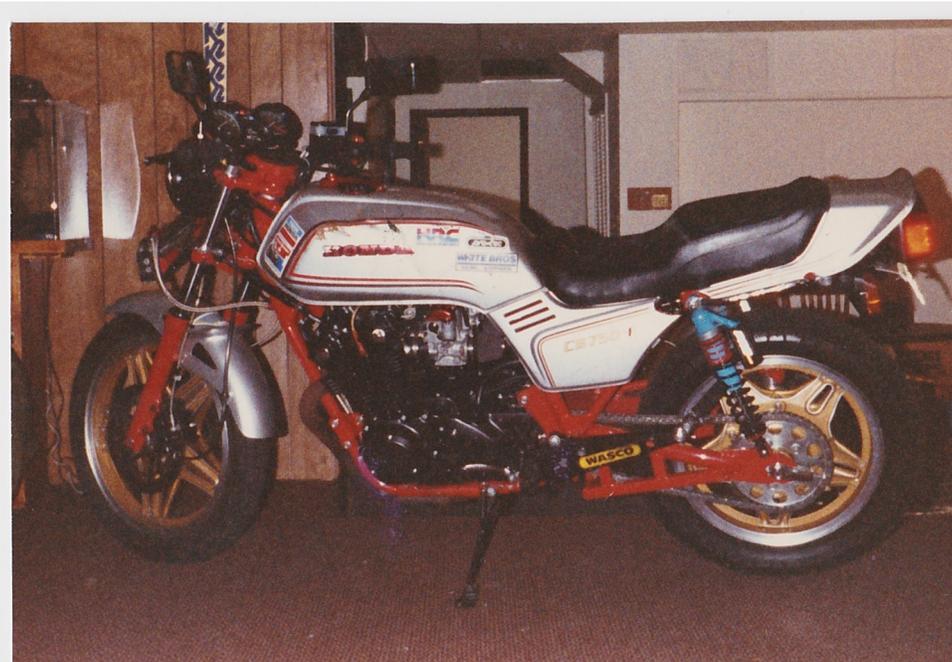
through the battery box shoving the battery into the hood buckling it. Seans bike caved in the drivers door badly and buckled the roof line. Every window was broken out of the truck on impact.

Upon getting the bike home I slowly replaced the parts, lights and bits from my friends at Bent bike and waited out the cold winter months. Soon spring arrived of 1988. I was finishing up the repairs and eager to ride it. This is where things get completely fucking off the hook. I would like to share with you all the level of experience I had under my belt at this point in my life. I had grown up with dirt bikes. I learned to ride on a early 70s kawasaki 125 two stroke of some kind when I was ten, for Christmas that year I got a brand new 1975 YZ80 under the tree and raced it for two seasons at Delta Park in Portland OR. My uncle was friends with Brad Lackey and got me one of his backup 1975 KX125s when I was 13. I jumped into street bikes at the age of 18 with a 1974 Suzuki GT550 two stroke triple. Then a 1976 CB750F then a 900F then the replica.. age 23. Didn't know shit and had no business with this Replica. Sadly. On to the insanity... I had taken the bulk of the insurance money and bought a pretty nice 1971 Mach 1. White with black racing stripes and a lightly built 351 c automatic with a trac lock rear axle. Fun car to drive, nice car.. blew the engine in a month racing a Trans Am and had it parked at my apartment Complex in Lake City just north of Seattle. I lived there with my room mate. Jeff. Total jerk, but he had a cool old 455 GTO. One day the landlord lady came by and complained to Jeff and I that she was having the apartment parking lot resurfaced and paint striped and we had better not spill any oil or leak a drop on her new lot with our stupid muscle cars. "Sure" we said. She just glared at us then stormed away. The parking lot was freshened up a few days later and looked wonderful. This event just happened to coincide with the return of the old Spencer replica from WASCO. I got the new crankcase covers installed and screwed on the nice new little round one.. you know the one.. three screws says honda left side of engine. I installed the new superbike bars.. and all the switches and levers and started the engine. It started up but was running poorly due the stale AV gas in the tank. Jeff was watching me and visiting as I hastily threw on a white cotton jacket, no helmet or gloves mind you and yelled over the exhaust noise to Jeff that I was gonna run down to the gas station for fresh gas and I would be right back. Which I did. The staion was visible from our parking lot and as I rode down there and fueled up the bike I was aware Jeff was keeping an eye on me. I headed back. Now the parking lot was probably 150 feet long as you entered it from the street. My Mach 1 was nose parked in at the end in a row with other cars. It was broke down of course and just sitting there parked. As you enter the lot it has a lower section then 100 feet in or so it raises up a foot or two in a slightly abrupt way and continues to where the cars are parked my Mustang and Jeffs GTO

included. The bike is now on fresh fuel and running remarkably better. I enter the parking lot... Jeffs eyes glued to me..the replica burbling out of that beautiful but extremely loud Custom made Mike Velasko 4 into one racing header. I decide “yep” I am gonna wheelie this thing in front of Jeff and be a big dumb 23 year old show off...no helmet, no gloves, no protective gear of any kind. Keep in mind I have barely any seat time on this thing as well. I go for it. I clutch it up into a wheelie. Now things start to morph into slow motion.. the front end lifts up into a monster wheelie and the engine is building big power, Im hanging on.. then ... the worst possible thing that could happen ...happens...the throttle sticks WIDE OPEN. I am in an out of control wheelie... on a heavily breathed on Open superbike, I have on no protective gear what so ever. Out of the corner of my eye I see Jeff standing on the stairs to our apartment, his jaw is basically on the floor, his eyes wide with fear. I am headed directly for my Mach 1 in our parking lot that I have been directly warned by the landlord to not even spill one drop of oil on or else! A lot of things go run through ones mind, when one is 23 years old and at deaths door. One of those thoughts is “gee whiz” I guess I should have drilled the hole in my new superbike bars to accommodate the locating pin in the throttle assembly. I surmized that that little tiny hole and that little tiny locating pin had conspired against me. It had joined forces with my stupidity, impatience and braggadocios behavior. The replica, in first gear, on fresh fuel, throttle stuck wide open, is in an out of control wheelie ... I have to make a decision and I have one and half seconds.... I am approaching the little rise in the lot ... 50 feet give or take to go, before I slam into the back of my mustang. I make my choice. I throw the motorcycle to the ground in that depression between upper and lower lots. I am thrown violantly off to the left and hit the pavement in a tuck and roll essentially known as a PLF. Parachute Landing Fall. A skill I learned and became highly proficient at in my 4 years as a Paratrooper in the 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne division. 407SNS Battalion Delta Detachment Fort Bragg North Carolina. The bike slams down hard on the left side tearing off the newly installed round crank case cover. Miraculously, I come to my feet. The replica urps up 4.5 quarts of fresh 10w30 onto the parking lot as it comes to a grinding halt. The round cover continues to roll on its edge in a ever tightening circle around me dolliping large blobs of oil on every rotation until it comes to rest at my feet. I ... am un injured. I slowly raise my eyes up and across the lot... my eyes meet Jeffs. His expression is really undescrivable.. shock I guess, would be reasonably accurate. We..are frozen in place. I become aware of the exhaust shreik echo, from the surrounding apartment buildings, fade away into deathly silence. The replica is gravely wounded. My hearing returns a few moments later and I listen. Tick Tick Tick Tick.. the engine cooling down. I glance down slowly at the travesty before me. The traffic sounds

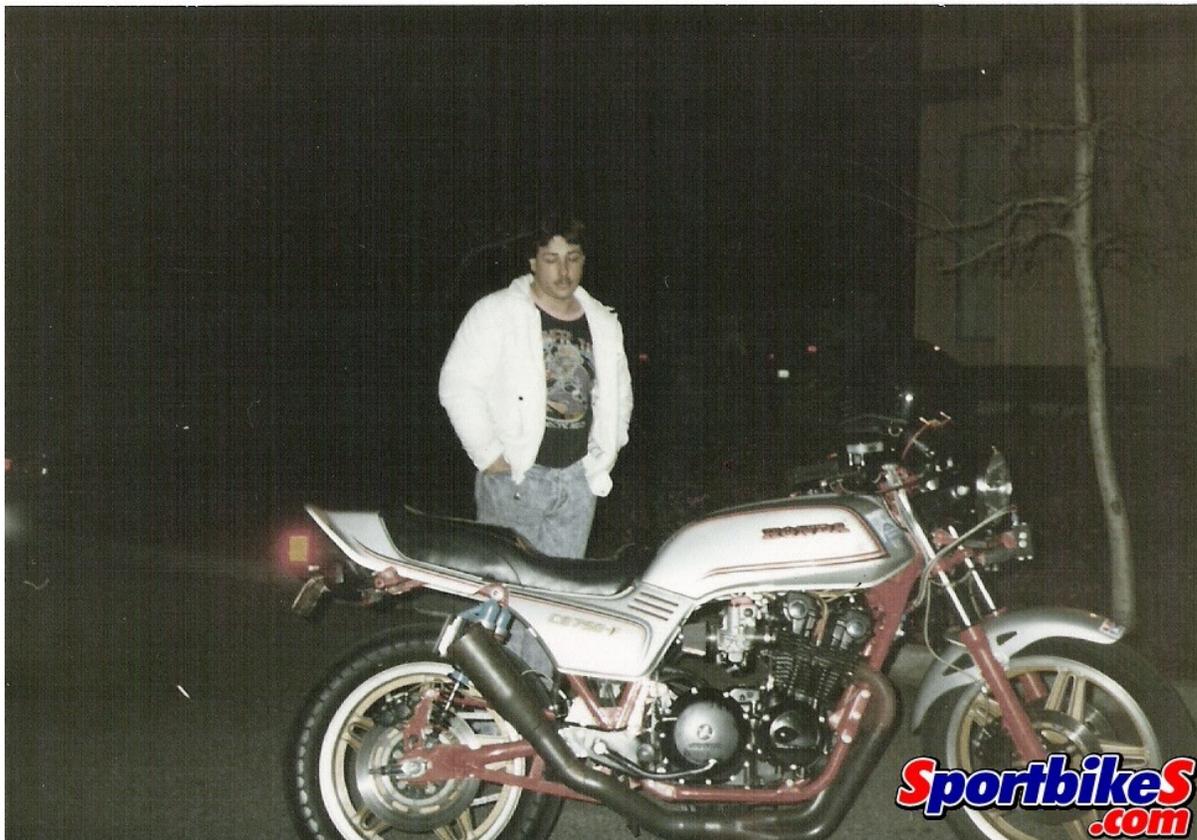
of Lake city way creep back into an audible tone.. I glance back at Jeff. His head is down and slowly moving side to side. I am unable to remember with any clarity what would transpire after this. I do recall someone coming to buy my mustang and tow it away. I recall the replica being loaded into an old chevy pick up and sent back to WASCO. Jeff and I were no longer roomates or friends and gone were the days of driving his 69 big block GTO. The landlord?? The oil? The parking lot? Absolutly no memory of any of that. Two years roll by... I am living in a very large home with several roomates in Lynwood Washington. I receive a message on my door that someone named Dick has called and that my motorcycle is ready to be picked up. Unbelievably Dick has repaired almost all of the damage from this second crash. I pay him \$1100 and bring the bike home. I roll it into the finished basement of the house and spend a year puttring it back together. Below is a photo of it after the second crash and ready to ride for the summer.

Notice the damage to the tank. The dent in the center is my nuts from the first crash and the damage to the left of the tank is from the



second crash. You can see the smooth bore carbs, The steering dampener just under the tank The WASCO sticker, the oil cooler.

This next image is actually interesting. This photo was snapped just moments before crash number two. If you zoom in on the image you can admire that gorgeous Velasko exhaust and the scooped seat, the oil cooler the square bracing on the swing arm. If you look really close you can see my Black Simpson Bandit helmet on the left side of the handle bars.



So the first image I posted is after crash two as well and these are the only three surviving pics. Three and a half years or so have passed since I bought this bike and I have have no recollection of the one and only day I was able to enjoy it before I had crash one. I now have it ready to ride and begin my first season on it. As I begin riding it to school in Kirkland and getting some miles on it I realize a few things. It is an absolute beast. Big power, very loud. Super Quick light to light. I start to notice my jaw aching everytime I ride it. WTF? Why is this happening. I decide to make conscience effort to figure out why my jaw is aching but I get on it and I forget... then I get home or whatever and my god damn jaw hurts. Well I finally figured out what the hell was happening. The motorcycle was so loud especially with the angle Mike made the Muffler end. This was a design decision with race track safety in mind. The pipe is angled up like this in the very likely event the bike decided to blow the silencer or its packing out of the pipe. Despite the pipes internals being saftey wired in it could easily blow out the guts and if it wasn't directed up it could seriously injure a rider behind you. This unfortunalty directed the exhaust howl directly into ones helmet. Futhermore the bike accelerated violantly when shifted at or near redline. My jaw was aching because every time I gave it the willy, which was often, I was screaming at the top of my lungs and stretching my mouth open as wide as I could to keep my helmet strap from choking me as the helmet wanted to rotate back which also blocked my vision. I was unable to hear my own screams, at the top of my lungs inside my helmet! Thats how loud this thing was. The simpson bandit helmet by the way is a terrible street helmet due to its very narrow drag racing style eye port. I was able

to enjoy the bike for a few months that summer but racked a number of tickets for speed ... displays of horsepower.. wheelies... lost my license actually. One day I was pulling a sick long wheelie through an intersection and a Police officer flipped a bitch a tried to pull me over. I easily out ran him. The next day he was waiting for me. He pulled me over. He couldnt site me for the elude or the wheelie so he made me push my bike home which was about a mile while he crept along behind me with his Red and blues on. So the motorcycle was just to much for me being so young and irresponsible. I sold it to a friend who owned Evergreen Carb. He had been in love with it and was much older. He had it for a few years and fixed a lot of the cosmetic damage. He eventually sold it years later and lost track of it. One day several years later I was at Green Lake on a nice summer day. I was then riding a 1989 FZR 1000. I heard a bike in the distance pulling into GreenLake. I immediately re3cognized the exhaust as the old Spence Replica. I rode over to the north parking lot and sure enough there it was. A very tall black dude was dismounting it. The bike was in terrible condition, and I was too appalled to even talk to this dumb ass. I rode away and never saw it again. Now thirty years later I always hope I would run into some day so I could maybe buy it back but I have never been able to locate any trace of it.....I currently own and ride an unrestricted 2008 Zx1400.

