



# AMOC TIMES

The voice of reason? Certainly not, Old Bean

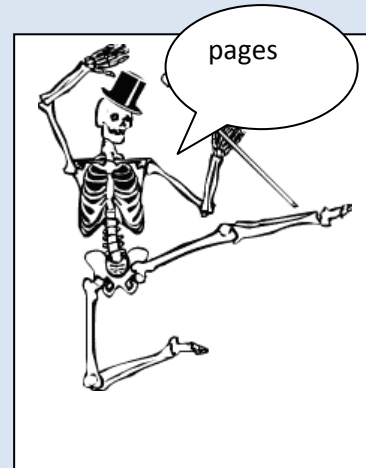


XMAS  
2012  
EDITION

Till Death Do Us Party



## Inconsistents



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## Editors Reasoned Ramble

Well, howdy Fellow Amocians and a warm welcome to the annual Festival of Conspicuous Consumption, often referred to as Christmas by us common consumers.

What, I hear you ask, does Xmas mean to me? Never mind, I'll tell you anyhow.

First and foremost of course it's a time for families....yep bleedin families, most of whom just don't understand bikers.

Like many of you, I have over the years developed strategies to cope with THE FAMILY XMAS. First step is of course to be well bladdered by Xmas Eve. This avoids a) any attempt to engage in meaningful conversation with/by/about great aunt Ethel and b) any suggestion that you can be trusted to do various household duties.

If you make yourself especially loud and pissed you might be able to wangle a trip down the pub till it's all over.

And that, Dear Friends, is the nub of my problem.

### **THEY SHUT MY PUB.**

Have these inhuman fiends no pity? What kind of bestial society are we living in which condemns an innocent (well at least until the jury gets back) man to an entire

season of Only Fools and Horses and re-runs of The Great Escape?

And while we're on the subject of said 'great' escape, what's all the fuss about Steve McQueen being so bloody cool an all that? Listen Man, where I come from (that's The Gorbals for all you little children out there) just having a surname with 'Queen' in it would mark you (literally) as being either some sort of Nancy boy or from a family that supported the baddies during the last Jacobite rebellion. In either or both eventualities you'd be looking at some expensive dentistry before the night was out.

But I digress.

This year I'm looking forward to being sat in the bosom of my nearest and most expensive, wearing a sweater that only a sadist could have designed and a blind quadriplegic have knitted.

Oh, and I'm a grand dad this year for the first time-at least I'll have something to wear that won't show the baby puke, eh?

Who knows I may even be observed enjoying myself despite the odds.

Al

**Correspondence-hey someone wrote to us-shame it's a loopy, but it's a letter to the edamoctimes in box-AI**

Hello there Hollanders, you cannot imagine how pleased we were to discover that there is an Edam Overseas Company Times newspaper. This is what we have been here waiting for in Dartford.

We have anxiously scanned through the pages of your latest issue and noticed that while there appeared to be many photos of cheese makers in their happy outfits and protective clothings and even many pictures of the machinery for making the cheeses round and for inserting the holes in the middles, there were sadly no pictures of the cheeses themselves. Perhaps you do not know that here in England the full frontal pictures are allowed these days. NO, yes!

As you can guess from our email address, we are the Dartford Society for healthy wind from the nether region. To this end, we know a thing or two about cheeses, particularly yours which is solid and not like the slimey French variety which slithers its way onto a plate. So hopefully in the next issue you will have more pics of those delicious fine skinned creatures from the back streets and bordellos of Amsterdam. Just what the doctor is ordering, yes.

Arfur Bunn

## **Correspondence our man In Tunbridge Wells writes:**

The Chief Tax Officer

Her Majesty's Revenue & Customs Office

High Holborn

London

EC1 2EDB

Dear Sirs

After having assiduously read the tabloids, I really can't see what all the fuss is about.

I mean, whatever can Starbucks have done to deserve the opprobrium heaped upon their heads by our 'so called' free press. It stands to reason ,or so my good wife Doris, says that the whole idea behind the free market operation if our economy is to maximise profit and minimise expenditure. In the words of Dickens great protagonist, Mr Pickwick 'Income 19/6 ,Expenditure 20/- result ? Misery'.

Anyhow, the point is that Doris and I have decided to 'franchise' ourselves for the obvious tax benefits this simple step seems to bring.

With immediate effect we are claiming 205% tax relief.

We will both be routing our pension via a parent company in the Netherlands. Although Doris may actually continue to do her weekly shopping, as before, at Asda, she will in fact be paying her uncle Ernest in Amsterdam for the intellectual property rights to operate our Ford Fiesta .Our income will now be sent in the first instance to uncle Ernest, who will pop it in an envelope and send it to us by post- incidentally charging us a nominal £456 for each first class stamp. We will not therefore

need to pay income tax in the UK as we no longer have a UK sourced income- and certainly not once uncle Ernest's deductions and franchises have been taken into account.

Doris also lists some incidental expenses which we deem necessary for the safe conduct of her weekly shopping trip-viz.1 set of brass knuckledusters (she tells me the checkout queue is a sod to negotiate at times). She also lists under 'medical supplies' 2x1 litre bottles of 'Wee Sleekit Beastie, Scotch Whisky'.

She tells me too that she is also intending to sell her domestic services to myself. Naturally I will expect tax relief on these expenses too, or if you prefer you can simply send me one of those Filipino maids who, I hear, are so helpful to have about the house. The choice is yours.

We'd like to start this arrangement as soon as practicable so I'm enclosing Uncle Ernest's Dutch address -if you pass this letter to the Ministry of Pensions they might just as well get on with it immediately, so far as I'm concerned.

I'm also sending you a stamped addressed envelope (and hence it's tax deductible, natch) so you can send me a cheque for the money you owe me.

Yours sincerely

Des Gussett

Tunbridge Wells



**‘NOW IS THE WINTER...**



**OF OUR DISCONTENT’.....**



**ON TOUR WITH THE POOR-OR,**  
what makes for good motorcycle touring then?

If you go by those stupid poseurs on the telly (y'know the Long Way Down...just me and my mate ...oh and a backup truck, camera crew and a hospitality wagon) it has to be one of those awful BMW things...you see them all the time at traffic lights ...big tall bug eyed trailie with the obligatory set of extra spotlights, and alloy boxes hung off the side. You can spot the riders too....Gore-Tex and cordura and a full face hat that could get you a walk on part in a star wars movie.

You can see them too on the motorway....usually about 70-80 (why? I borrowed one of these things once and it was good for three figure cruising...but Jeez, so boring).....Oh well, WTF? It's their life....

Anyhow glad I got that whinge out my system...but, frankly I'm well sick of magazines telling me what I need to 'go touring'

What's that mean anyhow- 'go touring'.

For some of us touring will mean a trip to the seaside with a tent on the back whilst others won't consider that they've left home till they see the ferry mooring opposite the Blue Mosque or similar

So, for the purposes of this article, let's define 'touring' as being anywhere you go to with your bike that you don't come back from that same day.

Now I'd always thought you might need a reasonable amount of gear to tour with...that is till I read one day about a middle aged chap who set off to run from North America to the southernmost point of South America wearing a £5 anorak and a pair of brogues. I'm fairly certain he was also wearing something to cover the gap in between, but you get the idea. See, this chappie reckoned that the last thing he wanted to do in rough and ready foreign climes was to look threatening or wealthy.

So he topped of his ensemble with what he thought might be a suitable 'sickle.

Viz-a Honda 125.....yep the humble single cylinder beloved of pizza pilots everywhere. Can't fault his logic-see, not only would no one want to nick it, or even envy him his lot in life but, he reckoned, if he needed any, spares were likely to be cheap and easily obtainable.

You see where I'm going with all this, don't you?

That's right- you can tour on just about anything wot runs-hell there was even one guy who did a round the worlder on an NSU Quickly (look it up, young 'uns...It's a moped).

Then there was my mate Les(of whom more in 'Tales Of Townsend') who used to tour on an MZ 250....whilst even my own ex managed to embarrass the rest of us Badass Bikers by keeping up with our bigger bikes on her MZ...and believe me folks , few things puncture your street cred more than cruising up Main Street at the

end of a hard days ride whilst trying to look cool in your mirror shades to the accompanying 'ring a ding ding' of a Schopau Stinkwheel on your tail.

Now then, this matter of 'gear' also intrigues me mightily. What do *you* take with you as a minimum?

Seems to vary from one rider to the next.....some folks being happy with a sleeping bag on the cissy bar whilst others won't leave home without their satnav+ a cup holder or three on the Goldwing.

Me, I tend to over pack then chuck most of it back in the cupboard....happy if I end up with a tent, bag and sleeping mat.....and even that's more than I used to need- indeed way back in the olden days Larry and I would merely roll a blanket on our bars and, if we were really pushing the boat out , we'd buy a plastic sheet from Halfords to stick between the bikes when we parked up- chances were anyhow that we were about to spend the intervening hours pissed and stoned so why worry about a little rain?

And waterproofs were for woosies too- though I also remember one agonising run back from Cornwall when it peed prodigiously and my good self, Larry and Dodgy Doug of Dartford copped out en route and bought some black bin liners. We punched in the necessary holes for head and arms and luxuriated in relatively dry conditions- at least from the waist up anyhow. Our unalloyed joy though being slightly tinged with the growing suspicion that we must resemble a scene from some sort of iffy X rated movie- sort of 'Three Musketeers' meets the 'PVC Pervs' WTF?

These days even *I* have a set of corduras for winter-though don't get me wrong...they cost £75 for the lot from LIDL's and the colours still go on over the top of them.

Guess I'm getting old, eh?

And where do *you* choose to moor the barge for the night when you get there?

Again in 'Daze of Old' we'd probably avoid designated camp sites -mainly 'cos they often wouldn't let us in, in the first place -maybe in case we scared the children. But then again, we'd not really want to draw attention to ourselves by mixing it with Joe Normal and his Missus anyhow so that system seemed to work quite well.

We had a list of favourite places...here's a few choice ones

1. St Just Cornwall- quaint little village with a track going down to the sea-just large enough to get the bikes down and with just enough room at the end to pitch a few tents- walk to local ( and very tolerant) pub=5 minutes stroll.

2. Wells Somerset. Ignore the town and head up the little road to the hill behind it to the abandoned quarry at the top -a bit rocky but what do you expect from a quarry?

For the fastidious it was even possible to sneak down the other side of the hill and over the wall into the loos/showers of the Wookey Hole camp site.

3. Llangennith, Gower. South Wales. I'm not sharing details of this one as I still go there and I don't want everyone else doing the same. Suffice to say it's handy for the pub. There's a decent camp site too and I

tend to head for this mostly these days- the other place is my reserve for when this is full up.

And finally to Tents.

Yes I have one now – it's the same one I've had for 15 years or so and it's pretty old fashioned...but at a cost of £15 its long since paid its dues and, being old fashioned, it's big enough to sit up properly inside it. Plus I can put it up in the rain, dark, snow, plagues of locusts or whatever.....and if I can't be fuffed with it one day, I'll just leave it up and ride off into the sunrise, as it were.

So please don't tell me I really need to spend £300 on some piece of kit that can allegedly be put up by a gnome in a gale on the north face of the Eiger in only 15 minutes....not my thing, gnomes and all that.

See that's the problem with kids today

(You can insert anything you want in this next paragraph, Dear Reader...it's here to allow me the luxury of a good old rant)

They're just too susceptible to advertising...or in fact to anything that they see on a screen. And that includes what they wear, look like , use to make a phone call with or almost anything in fact that some slick git in an advertising agency can persuade them they 'need ' to be a truly happy little cog in the machine.

By George, I needed that.

Al

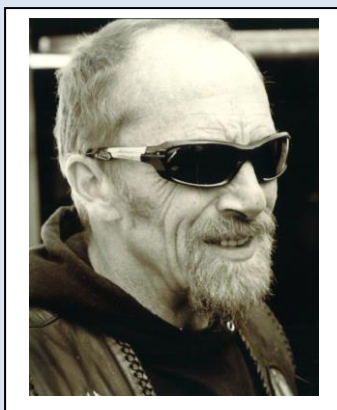


**'Now is the winter of our discount tents'-Shakespeare.**



## THE VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE

This edition it's time for some words of wisdom from Gus.....



'Ok folks.....I'd like you all to imagine it's this time next year – and that we're looking back at 2013 and weighing up what sort of a year it's been for AMOC.

So let's take it for granted that 2013 was a good year for us, and ask ourselves a few questions.....

### **1 What did 2013 look like to AMOC? And what made it so good?**

Well we patched up at least 10 new members in 2013 for a start. So we have new blood in the club. That means that, when we asked for a club turnout at runs or events, people have responded. Those all important bonds of friendship have been well and truly cemented. In particular the links between the chapters have been good and proved that AMOC is here for good.

### **2. Ok. So how did we get to this happy state of affairs then?**

Simple really. With strong leadership and open club communication. This year we said what we meant and we meant what we said. We improved our communication by, among other things, advance notice of

big events which gave everyone the opportunity to make these events their priority and to show their loyalty and commitment.

### **3. So, looking back at 2013, what obstacles did we have to overcome to get there as a club?**

The usual ones in getting bums off seats and getting people to turn out. This year we got the message through to people that AMOC is not a club where you just put on your colours to go to the occasional show or run-you earn the patch then you maintain your right to wear it by your actions to support the club.

### **4. How did we overcome the obstacles?**

We drove home the message above. We learned to talk to each other more ...to be honest about problems and to look at ways to solve them. Again, it's down to open communication at all levels in the club. We didn't bitch behind backs about any problems; we said it straight but with respect to one another. That allowed the officers the space to work up solutions that worked for us.

So....let's remember this page when we get to the end of next year, people, and compare what we did with this here template for success.

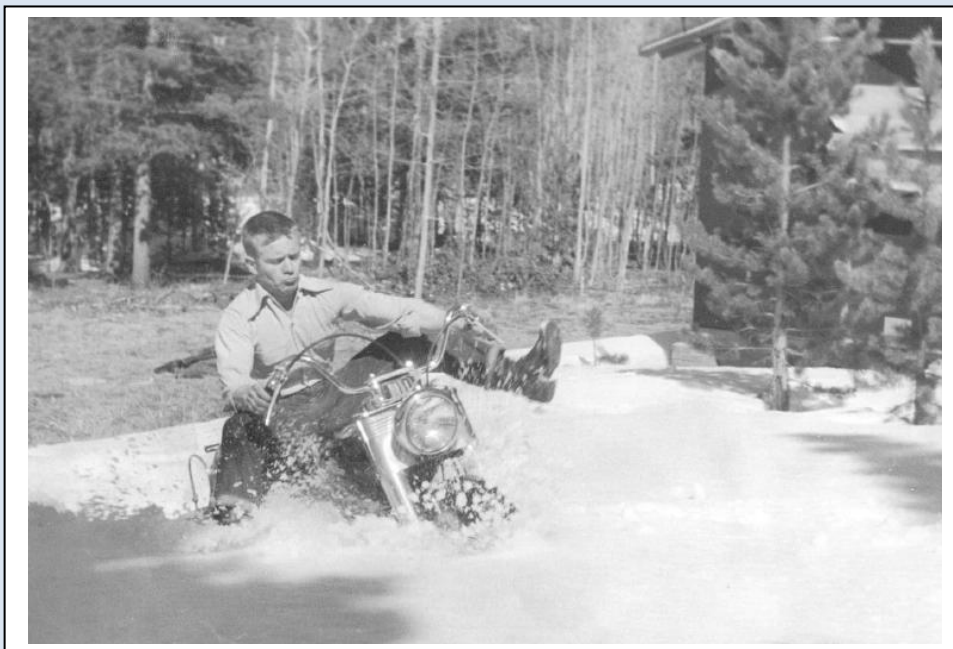
Oh yeah, I almost forgot ...we had great weather too in 2013.....

**Ride Hard, Ride often**

**Gus**



Erm, ride hard, ride often?



Lone Ranger and Tonto walked into a saloon and sat down to drink a Beer. After a few minutes, a big tall cowboy walked in and said "Who Owns the big white horse outside?" The Lone Ranger stood up, hitched his gun belt, and said, "I do....Why?" The cowboy looked at the Lone Ranger and said, "I just thought you'd like to know that your horse is about dead outside!" The Lone Ranger and Tonto rushed outside and sure enough Silver was ready to die from heat exhaustion. The Lone Ranger got the horse water and soon Silver was starting to feel a little better. The Lone Ranger turned to Tonto and said, "Tonto, I want you to run around Silver and see if you can create enough of a breeze to make him start to feel better." Tonto said, "Sure, Kemosabe" and took off running circles around Silver. Not able to do anything else but wait, the Lone Ranger returned to the saloon to finish his drink. A few minutes later, another cowboy struts into the bar and asks, "Who owns that big white horse outside?" The Lone Ranger stands again, and claims, "I do, what's wrong with him this time?" The cowboy looks him in the eye and says, "Nothing, but you left your injun runnin".

Duck goes into a bar and asks the bartender, 'Got any Grapes?', bartender replies, 'This is a bar, not a grocery store, so no we ain't got any f'n grapes' This repeats every day for about a week, when the bartender finally tells the duck that if he ever asks for grapes again he will nail the duck's feet to the f'n floor.

The next day the duck comes in and asks the bartender "Got any Nails?" Bartender replies "no, we ain't got any f'n nails" so the duck asks, "Well then, got any grapes?"....



## TALES OF TOWNSEND

### PACKHAM'S PINT



To be perfectly honest neither Larry nor I could really explain why Les was a friend of ours.

It wasn't that he wasn't a decent enough guy (he was ...as it turned out) but it was the image, y'see. In the days when anyone with a shred of cool to his character was sporting long hair and facial fungus, Les remained resolutely clean shaven. Where we all wore the obligatory cut off and leather biker jacket, les wore – a Belstaff. And where we rode bikes with varying degrees of customisation Les had puttered into our life and into our seedy bar (The Crook Log in Bexleyheath-now a soddin steak house) on a BSA bantam.

He'd just turned up one Friday evening when we were much the better for a few pints and puffs, riding his bantam- the aroma of gently wafting two stroke oil announcing his arrival in the pubic bar.

Then there was the accent. Ok so Larry himself carried a fair old Oxbridge twang, but you only had to look at Larry to know he wasn't taking prisoners...whereas Les's opening gambit asked if any 'of you chaps might have a drop of two stroke oil to spare'

But we were relaxed as newts by then and welcomed the stranger into our nefarious hold, plying him with strong ale and mimicry.

Turned out he lad was one his way home to Mum and Dad , having just been chucked out of teacher training college in Newcastle on account of an unquantifiable amount of whisky , 8 pints of Broon Ale and the candid expression of his opinions about the Dean of the college's parentage.

Oh and 2 days in hospital with acute alcohol poisoning.

Needless to say he didn't get home that night and thereafter Les became a fixture at the Crook log.

As time went by the bantam was replaced with an equally vile MZ 250. And we accepted that this was just the way he was.

Until I bought the sportster.

This was 1986, see, and it was one of the first evo sporty's in the country- not that Les was the least bit interested in it-but he did, it seems, covet the bike I had been riding- an old BMW which I'd been scabbing around on for years till I was persuaded but the Late Maz Harris that this 'ere new generation of Harleys was actually reliable.....so I bought one and Les immediately pounced on my BMWobblyou.

Now that Les had a 'big bike' there was no keeping him from joining us on runs and weekend mayhem....though till the end of his days Les still cut an incongruous figure, by this time mounted on and FXR, but still wearing the trade mark Belstaff.

Which, Gentle Reader, is where you join us now, for the story of 'Packhams Pint'- as it became justly known.- Packham being his surname, see.

So there we were heading for a weekend at the Plume of Feathers on Dartmoor.

'We' being my good self, my ex wife Sue, Larry, Les and Dodgy Doug of Dartford....me on the sporty, Larry on his tatty XS650, Dodgy Doug aboard a 750/4 ...and Les on the BMW.

If you don't know the Plume of Feathers, you should....at least once. It's still there in Princetown, right in the middle of the moor, just a file's throw from the prison itself.

It still advertises its own campsite in the back garden and also some bunk rooms + a selection of rooms for the slightly better heeled clientele.

It's hard to adequately describe the Plume- if you've read Lord of The Rings, picture the Inn at Bree.....home to a selection of travellers miscreants and rogues all passing through with a commodious bar and huge open fire.

Well, the Plume was a bit like that in those days....the clientele consisting of walkers with anoraks and sensible boots, locals with webbed fingers and jobs as prison guards together with squaddies supposedly on manoeuvres on the moors ...and us. There were always a few bikers there, but all in all an easy going atmosphere of booze fuelled bonhomie prevailed despite the disparate mix.

Anyhow on this occasion Les had been a right pain all the way down there. He was obsessed see with fuel consumption on every bike he'd ever owned. And he was delighted with his newly acquired BM....each fag stop being accompanied by his latest calculation obtained by a dipstick in the tank ('and on the saddle too' I remember thinking) and a careful check on mileage covered.

'Gosh, chaps' I'm getting 47mpg at present. How much did you used to get, Al?'

'Dunno, Duncare, Dumbwit' was all he got from me.

And of course we had every opportunity to check Les's mileage, as the sporty could barely make 80 miles between fills- meaning plenty of petrol stops, natch. Indeed I hadn't even managed to get from Bexleyheath to the M3 without leaving the motorway for fuel.

But Les was loving it, sitting smugly behind his 4.5 gallon tank whilst us mere mortals stopped yet again at the pumps.

And I wasn't the only one getting bored with hearing just how much ,or rather, how little the BM was using- Larry was staring to mutter darkly about Les's bike outlasting its rider if this kept up.

But we got there in the end, set up tents and started downing pints with the expertise born of long hours of practice.

It was about 9pm I got the idea.

Les was still prattling on about how cheaply and easily and comfortably he'd done the run when I tugged Larry into a corner.

'Get him pissed, Larry, and I mean good and proper- here's £20..... I'll be back soon'

At the bar I asked a friendly looking barman if he had an empty milk bottle I could borrow.

(Actually that was a bit of a misjudgement on my part as the 'friendly barman' I noticed had a death head tattoo on his arm...oh Well WTF?)

Once I'd pointed to Les and outlined my plan he produced the bottle, having assured himself that I wasn't intending to lob it at Les.

Out back at the bike, I took the fuel line off Les's bike and drained a pint into the bottle, neatly transferring the contents into my echoing sporty tank. And again. And again and once more in fact until in fact my tank 'runneth over', as the Good Book Sayeth.

Back inside and Les was settling into a fair old stride, downing mixes of beer and Southern comfort in a truly heroic manner.

Yes, the man had truly won the admiration of all in the Plume, raising a final glass and grin as he fell in a comatose heap on the floor.

As always Larry managed a useful quote from MacBeth, announcing that 'Ahll lug the guts intae a neighbour room'...though he didn't, in the end, instead dumping the corpse unceremoniously outside the back door.

We carried on drinking, perhaps a little more wisely than Les, whilst I told my fellow travellers about the evening's entertainment.

Next morning, though somewhat hungover, the whole pub turned out to see us off.

Most of us had managed a decent fry up to absorb what it could of the evenings drink, but not Les.

Oh no. Les just slumped against the wall looking like he might well prefer to die if that wasn't too much trouble to anyone. It was, so I suggested instead that he help himself to a congealed cream and cod liver oil sandwich.

He threw up.

Twice-so we helped him into the saddle and we set off for the 250 mile trip home.

Down the road a bit Les pulled over....' You chaps go on ...I think I'll just take a nap before I make the journey.'

'No les, one for all and all for one etc' quoth Larry' I wouldn't miss this trip for the world' and we set off again.

Ten miles later Les ground to a halt. 'I think it's probably gone onto reserve' he tells us 'which's odd as I didn't think it would need filling for a while yet.'

'Very odd' I told him as 'even my sporty wont need filling for another 70 miles or so.'

We found a petrol station and les filled up....4.5 gallons worth. 'Good heavens' he muttered 'I don't think I'm getting quite the same mpg as on the way down.' And he headed off to the loo for another chuck, ably assisted by Larry.

Whilst I drained 3 gallons out of his tank and distributed it amongst the rest of us.

And I continued to do the same every few miles when, inevitably, Les went onto reserve yet again.

It wasn't until we hit Wandsworth that Les felt well enough to calculate his mpg

'Oh Good Lord' he wailed 'I'm getting no more than 17 to the gallon'

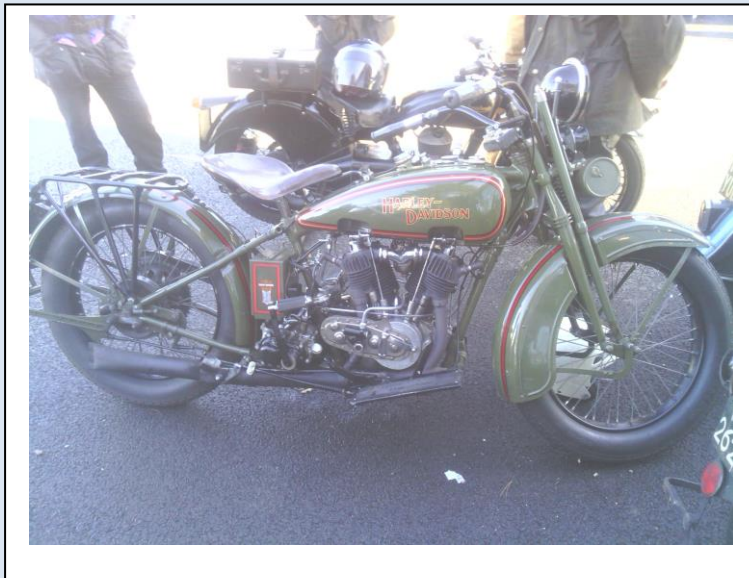
'That's odd' I told him....the sporty just seems to be getting better and better fuel consumption these days. Must be run in by now'

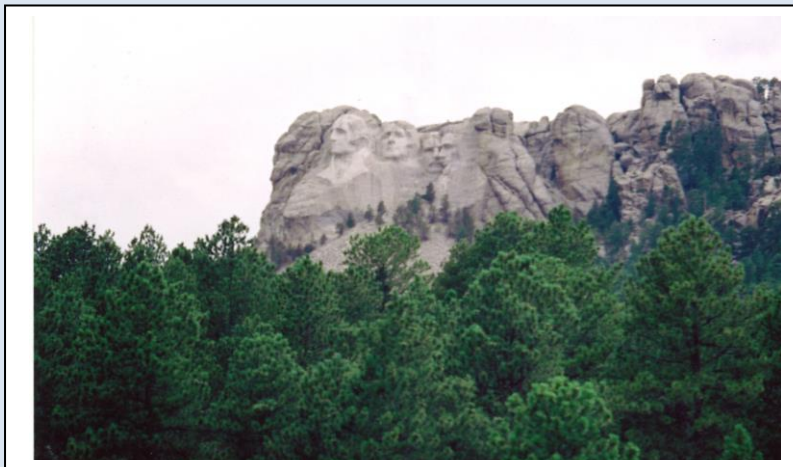
When he got home Les put the BMW in the shed and never rode it again. Two weeks later he bought a Harley and, until the day he died nobody ever told him the truth.

Al

**Caption Competition...entries to  
edamoctimes@gmail.com.**







## PAULS BIG TRIP

## PAULS BIG TRIP- YEP, HE'S STILL THERE



1217 miles so far –South Dakota

After all the excitement of Sturgis the day before we thought it would be only fair to see the visual delights of the surrounding natural scenes-and try some of the roads around the Black Hills at full crack.

So it was off to Custer first, a smallish town originally made by miners arriving to take advantage of the gold found by general Custer's first expedition of 1874 and purloining something that the Sioux tribe couldn't "eat, burn or build with" .to their own considerable advantage-with only a threat of an arrow or two in the back from the indigenous people who were having the treaty about it being their land broken day by day.

There were quite a few other bikes doing the same thing as we so the town was quite busy with even a 'cowboy' greeting people in the middle of main street-complete with period Ray ban Wayfarers on. After we had explored the main street and met a Bassett hound with a waistcoat saying "I rode mine to Sturgis 2005,2006,2007 'etc we visited the old bank, now a Starbucks for a coffee before resuming our trip up to Custer State Park passing Custer's camp site of the 1874 expedition on the way.

After having paid a nominal fee of 5 Dollars as entrance, we embarked on a superb scenic visit of unspoilt and untouched areas for about 20 miles. A little way further we met 'Buffalo Bob'-an amateur historian who sets up a small exhibition under some trees during the tourist season. He showed up several of his exhibits, such as buffalo hides, Indian tools and his collection of Buffalo rifles which were unfortunately de-activated(I checked) and he turned out to be fascinating despite probably having to answer the same questions every day.

The weather started to get a bit cloudy at this point so we found a small eating area by the side of the park road and stopped to see if rain would develop. We decided to continue and about 2miles further we were in a traffic jam. A large herd of buffalo had decided that the grazing was better on the other side so were ambling across the road-and they are big! So nobody was arguing.

Then it started to rain.

Twenty minutes later we were on our way to Mt Rushmore as the weather improved but the faces of the presidents in the rock had blended into the mountains tone(no contrast, you see) for the more visual amongst you-so the photos weren't that inspiring.

As we headed back to Rapid City we stopped off at Black Hills HD dealership where they had a week long 'Open Day' with the usual stalls etc. but, like many other places w visited during the trip, space in the saddlebags and hold luggage didn't permit many purchases like souvenir t shirts!

Next time – we leave Sturgis and move into Wyoming (eventually).

Paul





## OTHER AMERICAN MOTORCYCLES- THETRAUB

Go on admit it, you've never heard of it.

Me neither.

Found hidden in a bricked-up wall in a Chicago suburb 40 years ago, the 1916 Traub motorcycle is still a mystery today. Pulled from its dark, secretive hiding place of 50 years, this Traub is the only example ever found. Since its discovery, the Traub has provoked more questions than it has provided answers. But one thing is for sure; this is a unique, one-of-a-kind classic American motorcycle. And with all attempts to reveal its true identity leading only to frustrating dead ends, at this time we have to be content with the hard facts that have been collected by its current owner, Dale Walksler.

As the man who owns the world famous [Wheels Through Time classic motorcycle museum in Maggie Valley, N.C.](#), Walksler has been riding, working on and collecting rare and classic American motorcycles for nearly 40 years. And in all his years around American classics, he has never seen anything quite like the Traub.

### **Hidden origins**

Found in 1968, the Traub was bought in 1972 by Bud Ekins, famous as Steve McQueen's stuntman. Ekins later sold the Traub to collector Richard Morris, who then sold it to Walksler in the mid-1990s.

The Traub is now one of the "crown jewels" in Walksler's collection of 240 classic American motorcycles. And believe it or not, it actually gets ridden on a fairly regular basis: Dale has even had the engine apart to cure a knocking noise that turned out to be a worn out connecting rod bushing.

Ask him about the components inside the engine, and he'll tell you with great enthusiasm that "everything inside the engine is just magnificent. The pistons are handmade, and they have gap-less cast iron rings. The engineering and machining are simply years ahead of their time."

During the reassembly process, the only parts Dale had to fabricate were the base gaskets. The bike doesn't use any other gasket anywhere in the engine, as it is so perfectly machined. This is one significant indicator that this was not a mass-production machine.

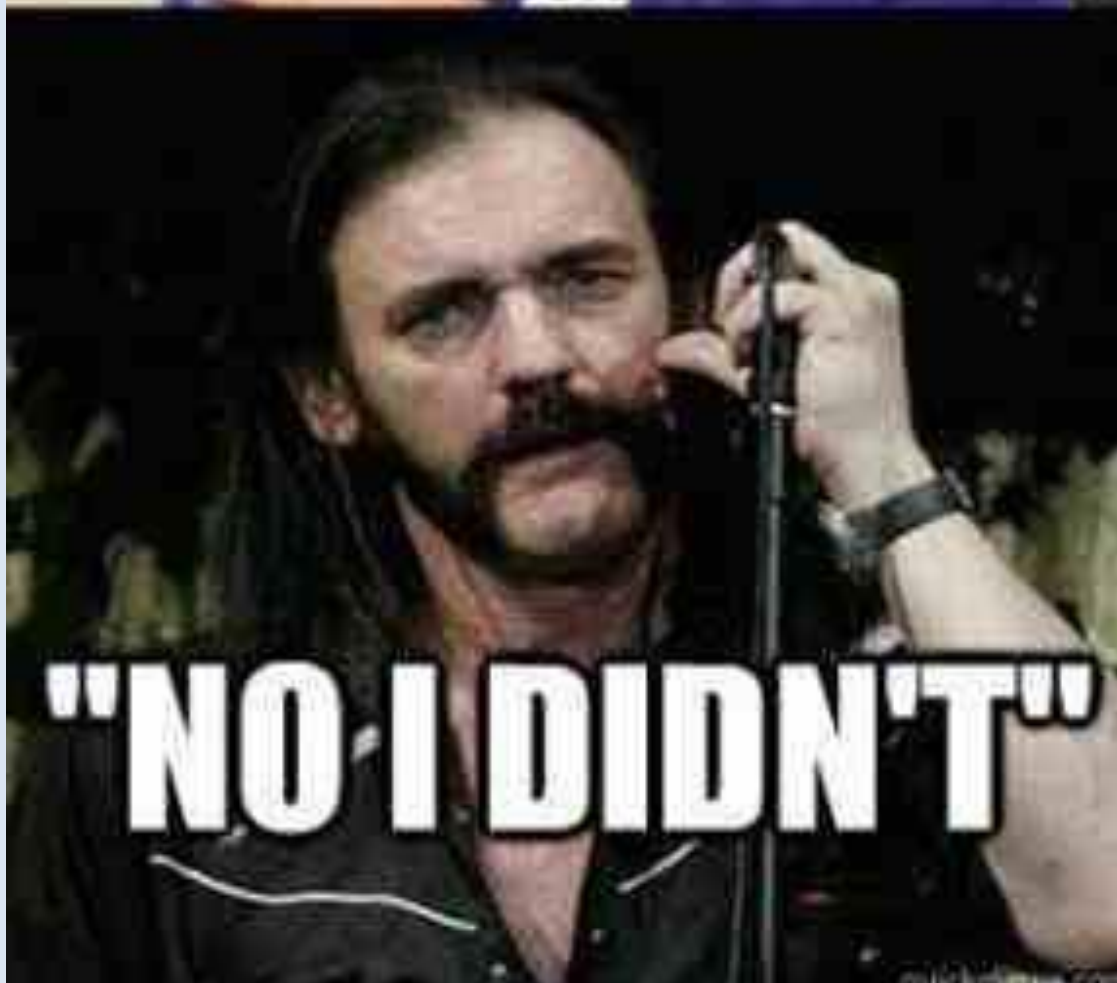
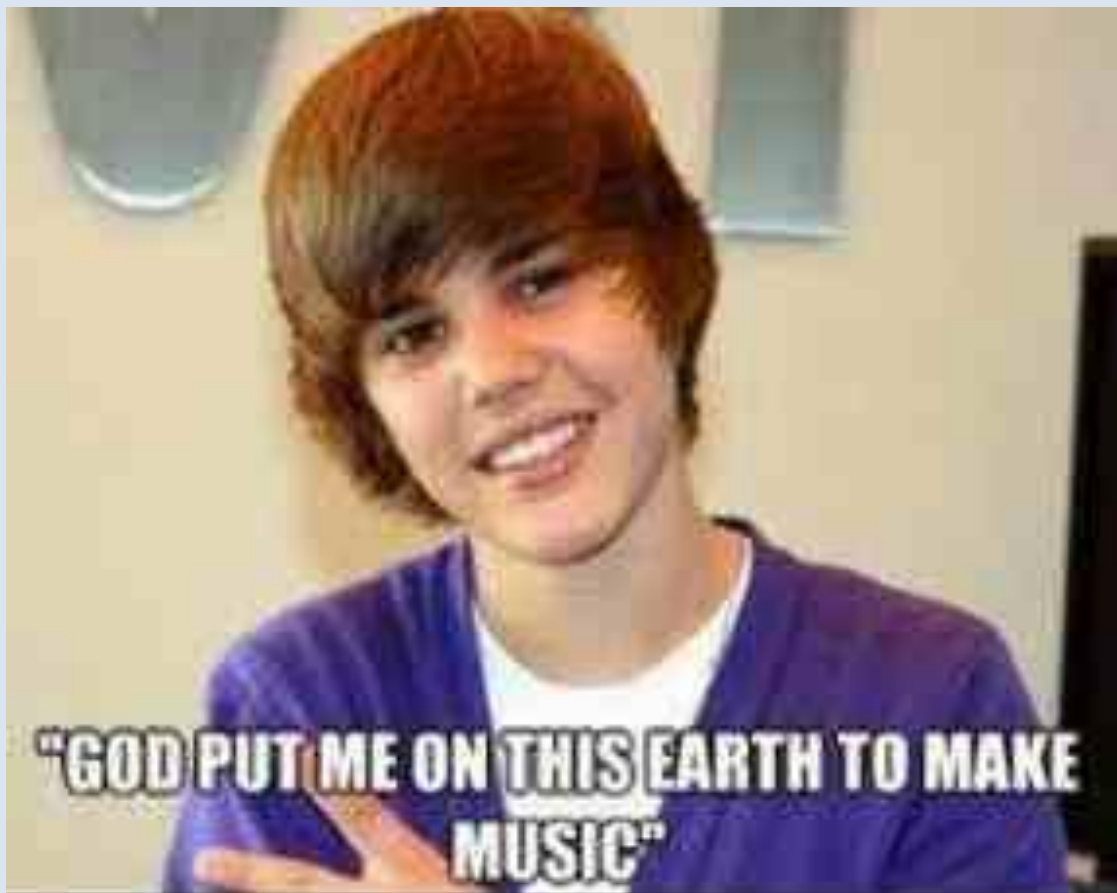
While the majority of the components on the bike are handmade, it is the "off-the-shelf" parts that have enabled Walksler to determine an approximate date of 1916 for the Traub. Equipped as it is with a Schebler carburetor, a Bosch magneto, a Troxel Jumbo seat and period wheel rims, the bike's creator left some concrete clues behind as to the age of the machine.

The rest of the bike is unique. For example, a close inspection of the rear brake reveals a dual-acting system with a

single cam responsible for pushing an internal set of expanding shoes, while pulling an external set of contracting shoes. As far as Dale knows, this single-cam/twin-brake system has never been used on any other American motorcycle. Stepping around the left side of the bike, the careful observer will notice two clutch levers. There is a conventional foot-operated mechanism, and also a hand lever that sits alongside the fuel tank on the left-hand side. The lever gate for the shifter is also unique, operating what could have been the first three-speed gearbox on an American motorcycle. Even more, the tranny also features two separate neutral positions, which are marked on the shift mechanism with a zero. These are found between first and second gear, and between second and third gear. Power is provided by a beautifully crafted 78ci V-twin engine with a 4in stroke and a 3-7/16in bore, yielding an engine capacity of 1,278cc, which was large for the time. The majority of big displacement motorcycle engines from the Traub's era were around 1,000cc (61ci). Using a side-valve arrangement, the top of the cylinders feature a gas primer valve, although Dale notes this is not really an unusual feature. What is unusual, however, is the adjustable crankcase breather and the engine fasteners, which are unique to the Traub and whoever built it.

As one of the highlights of any tour through the Wheels Through Time Museum, the Traub is enjoyed by thousands of people every year, some of whom are lucky enough to hear it run and see it riding around the museum grounds. Shrouded in mystery, the Traub motorcycle was without a doubt many, many years ahead of its time. With its wonderful innovations, intricate machining and impressive attention to detail, you may never see an American motorcycle this rare again.

With no photographs, no documentation, nor anyone claiming to have any knowledge of its origin, it appears for now that the mystery of the Traub motorcycle will remain. Maybe someday the full story behind this unique motorcycle will be unearthed, but in the mean time it serves as an interesting chapter in the history of American motorcycle design.



## CAPTION COMP WINNER



We have a winner, folks

Peter May from Sussex says

: That aint what I meant when I said to get the wheels balanced!

Peter, Sussex

Enjoy your miserably small bottle of Jack Daniels, Peter...bah, humbug etc-ED



