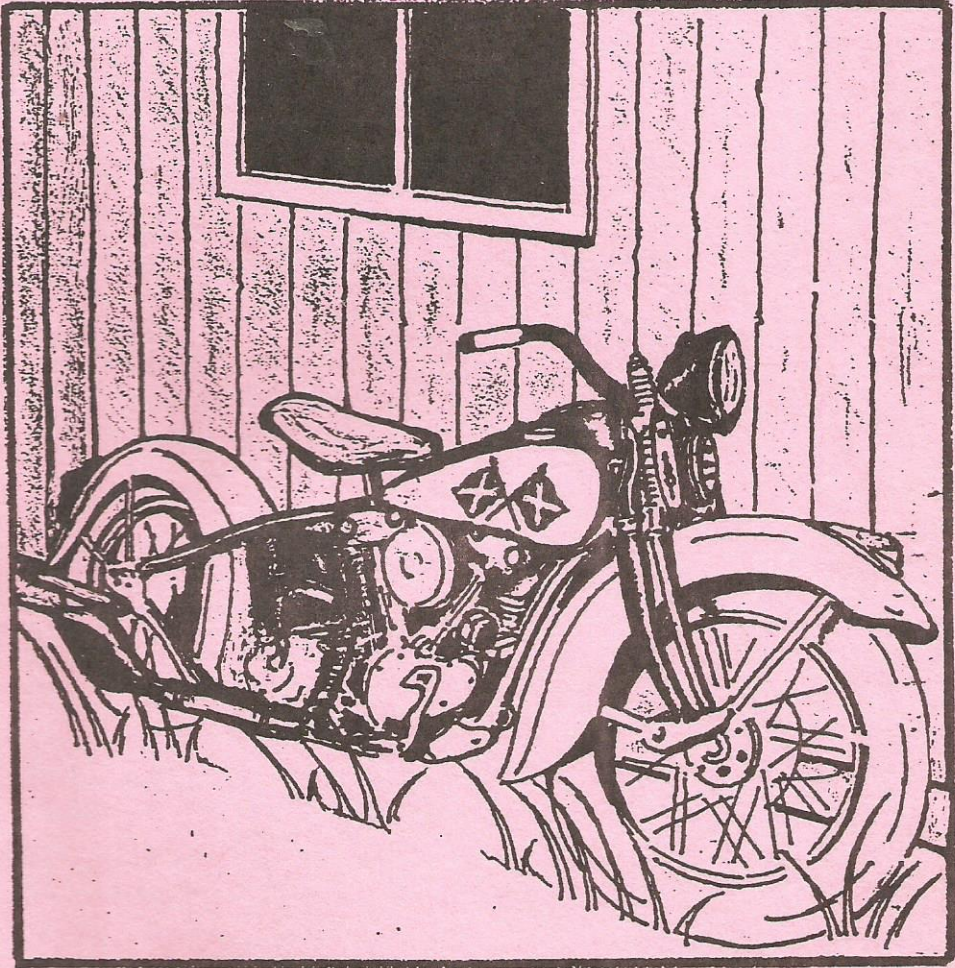


Fall 1996

THE RUSTY REBEL



A PUBLICATION OF THE CONFEDERATE CHAPTER OF
THE ANTIQUE MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF AMERICA

Rusty Rebel

Rusty Rebel Newsletter

FALL 1996

CONFEDERATE CHAPTER 1996 OFFICERS

President

Calvin Burnett
2169 Vinton Avenue
Memphis, TN 38104

Vice President

John Ragan
4114 Misty Forrest Cv
Memphis, TN 38125

Treasurer

Lee Rudd
4077 Reenie Avenue
Memphis, TN 38128

Secretary

Kaye Ragan
4114 Misty Forrest Cv
Memphis, TN 38125

Director

Gilbert Cagle
6430 Southbridge Cr
Horn Lake, MS 38637

Director

Clark Bennett
152 Pleasant Plains
Jackson, TN 38305

Deputy Judge

Fleming Horne
7645 Memphis-Arlington
Bartlett, TN 38134

Editor

Jeanie Tidwell
8200 Scruggs Drive
Germantown, TN 38138

The Rusty Rebel is published quarterly or when information warrants and is distributed to chapter members and selected others.

Confederate Chapter AMCA
P. O. Box 41844
Memphis, Tn 38104

THE COLONEL SPEAKS

The Confederate Chapter is off and running on our 1997 Roadrun in Hot Springs. It's hard to believe you have to be this busy a year prior to the run.

It's a good thing Peter and Dossie Heintz retired from coordinating roadruns or there wouldn't be anything left for the rest of us to do. We owe them a special thanks for their guidance on the many tasks that have to be performed and laying out the routes for the three days. Laying out the routes is both time consuming and expensive.

We had great participation from the chapter during a prerun of the routes that Peter and Dossie mapped out for the '97 roadrun. The participants in the prerun were Billy and Jeanie Tidwell, Lee Rudd, Gilbert and Doris Cagel and myself. I'm sure this will be a tremendous benefit to have multiple members familiar with the route and the logistics. We have some great rides to look forward to.

We have a couple of events to look forward to later this year. The MOTAA group has invited us to participate in their annual fall car show. We have also been invited by the National Harley Owner's Group to set up a display of antique Harleys for the national HOG convention to be held in Memphis. We should get a lot of good exposure at both events.

Of course one of the highlights of the year will be the annual trek to the Davenport meet. This has turned out to be a big event for our chapter. In case you are not aware, the chapter is purchasing a booth. Any chapter member that wants to sell any parts or bikes is welcome to use the space. In addition the Chapter has purchased a tent to shelter us and our parts. The Chapter booth is next to the Super Cycle booth. If you have not had a chance to make Davenport, you need to find a way. It is quite a spectacle.

We will very soon be looking for volunteers for the various duties associated with the roadrun. If there is a particular job you would like to help with, please let me know. Remember, it is always better to volunteer than to get drafted.

Regards

Calvin Burnett

THE GRAPEVINE --

It seems like only yesterday that we were all looking forward to summer - getting all the old bikes out and shining them up for the many events that were ahead. Now, we're wondering where all the summer went. Time really flies when you are having fun.

Several club members made the trip to Hot Springs in June (exactly one year prior to the run) to trace our route for the Confederate Chapter National Roadrun. We had a most enjoyable weekend and are looking forward to the run in '97.

Bobby and Lee have made several military events this summer with their military bikes. Lee is in the process of restoring one now and we all hope to see it in our roadrun.

Billy and I went to Colorado for the Rocky Mountain Roadrun. We made a slight detour at Fort Smith, AR., not to look at old motorcycles but an old Wayne 515 visible gas pump of all things. After about an hour or so, we were both smiling and on our way again, but vacation funds had really shrunk and we decided there would be no more detours.

The Rocky Mountain Chapter had done their homework for the roadrun. They provided a large tent on the hotel grounds which was used as a gathering place as well as providing shelter and security for the bikes.

Since Monday was a route that was mostly rural, I talked Billy into riding without helmets (something that we can't do here in Tennessee). It was really a nice treat UNTIL it started to rain shortly after lunch. The rainsuits kept us dry from the neck down but, needless to say, our heads got wet and I'm still hearing about it from Billy.

Tuesday, we visited and actually road out bike across Royal Gorge Bridge (the highest suspension bridge in the world at 1,200 feet above the Arkansas River). The bridge is surfaced with wooden boards which creak a little as the bridge sways in the breeze. We arrived in Salida in mid afternoon and displayed the bikes at the city park for the local town folks to view.

Wednesday carried us over a hundred miles of very scenic terrain on our return to Colorado Springs. Billy and I took a side trip to Cripple Creek and stayed a little too long -- we got wet again. I understand some of the group made the Pikes Peak run on Wednesday afternoon and were in snow while we were in rain. Apparently, it was about 30 plus degrees at the very top.

On the last day, Thursday, an optional ride up Pikes Peak was planned. We left the hotel early along with Craig Brown and Kris Thompson from Lincoln, NE. and started our ride to the top. The old Ariel made it up without a hitch, however, I think we were all glad to get back down to lower elevations. It was a spectacular sight to see the old motorcycles ahead of and behind you winding along the twisting road.

Peter and Dossie Heinz made the "Rim of Fire" Roadrun. With luck, I'll get an article from them telling us all about the run.

Davenport 1996 was another great event. It just seems to get bigger and better each year. It's also beginning to be a Confederate Chapter event since so many of our club members attend. Our chapter rented a space adjacent to spaces rented by Super Cycle and several members brought items to sell. Those attending from our chapter were Clark B., Calvin B., Gilbert and Doris C., Lew E., Ron E., Tina S., Byrl F., Peter G., Peter and Dossie H., Fleming and Mary H., Don M., Doug and John M., Jerry and Charlotte P., Lee R., Robert S. and Billy and Jeanie T.

THE PARTS CHASE

No trip would be complete without a wild goose chase trying to find that pot at the end of the rainbow full of NOS parts (or even nice rusty ones). Well, our recent expedition to Arkansas to check out the roadrun was no exception.

It all started with Billy Tidwell recommending that we should conduct our expedition on the same weekend as the big Petit Jean car show and swap meet. Super idea! You never know when you might find an old M/C part mixed in with the car parts. Well sure enough I did manage to find a few desirable pieces mixed in with all the junk (meaning most anything that I don't have any need for). But the best part was that I got a lead on an early H-D Servicar box!

As most of you know I'm pretty heavily involved with '39 H-D's. My '39 Servicar has been in need of a correct box for several years so I was very excited at the lead. The problem was the guy with box is in Yellville, Ark. Yep, that's right Yellville ... home of the world famous turkey drop. Actually they used to throw them out of airplanes just before Thanksgiving. Of course some animal rights group got hold of the story and pitched a fit. They were going to drop frozen ones the next year but I think OSHA may have stopped that. (Sound like some great Jeff Foxworthy material). Wow did I get off on a tangent ... anyway I'm in central Arkansas headed to Hot Springs in southwest Arkansas and the part is in Yellville which is north central Arkansas. Starting to sound like a long trip, ain't it.

So I call before I leave Petit Jean to maybe save a few miles but of course I can't reach anyone. Oh well, maybe I can get it on the way home. It will only be 400 miles out of the way! So I head to Hot Springs wondering if I'll ever capitalize on the lead. But before I manage to put this lead to bed I wind up chasing another lead....

Anyone who doesn't know me might think that I'm lucky to turn up all of these leads. But anyone that has been around me knows that I'm not bashful and will ask most anyone I come in contact with about old motorcycles.

Anyway, I volunteered to take the long route on Saturday to Wilhemena State Park. This is almost to Oklahoma. Of course along the way you have to stop and check out all of the junk shops to see if there might be a treasure lurking. But no luck for first 170 miles. Shucks. But then I hit. I'm talking to a really neat old couple that are volunteers at the Welcome Station at the entrance to the State Park. We discuss the roadrun and the associated logistics. Of course, as I am leaving, I have to ask them if they know the whereabouts of any old motorcycles. The lady mentions that they saw a whole bunch of old bikes at a junk yard just a couple of days before. They came to a consensus on where they thought they saw them and gave me directions. So what's an extra 30 miles when you are already 300 miles from home? Of course the visions of ancient Harleys and Indians at 50 bucks each are dancing through my head (if you are going to dream, dream big).

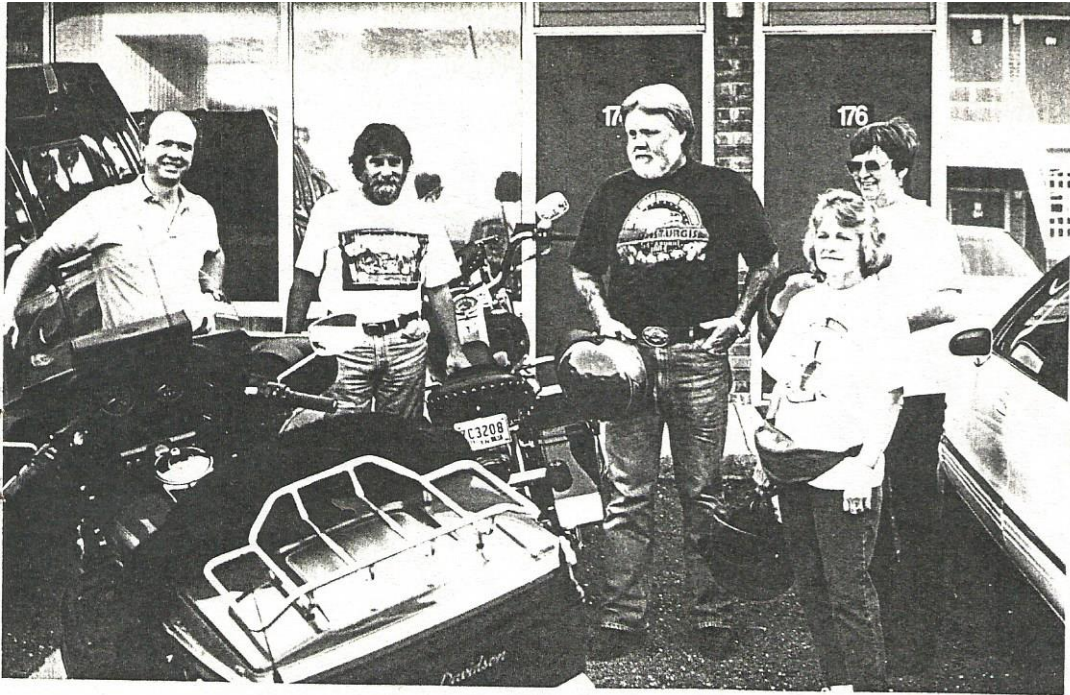
Well the dream soon turned to reality. There really was an acre of motorcycles. If anyone wants to know where all of those dirt bikes from the late '70s wound up, give me a call. I know where dirt bike heaven is. Oh well, so much for that lead ... but hey, there's a flea market down the road ... bound to be something there that I can't live without. If parts could only talk. Laying in all the garbage at this flea market was a set of '52 H-D "K" model cases! You just never know where the goodies might turn up.

Anyway it's getting late and I've still got a long way to go to get back to Hot Springs. As soon as I get back to the motel I try to call Yellville. Bingo! I get the guy on the first try. He has the Servicar box and is interested in selling. Great, but the parts are at a friend's house. (I'm guessing Oregon or Maine at this point) But the parts god finally gave me a break. His friend was in Little Rock. Wow, on the way home ... must be too good to be true. Well, to make a long story short ... it was too good to be true. The Servicar box was a disaster and was much later than the one I was looking for. Oh well the chase was a heck of a lot of fun.

And it was definitely not a total loss. His friend turned out to be an old Harley racer. He still campaigns a twin carb "KR". We had a fantastic time talking old motorcycles.

Who knows what the next great rainbow chase will bring?

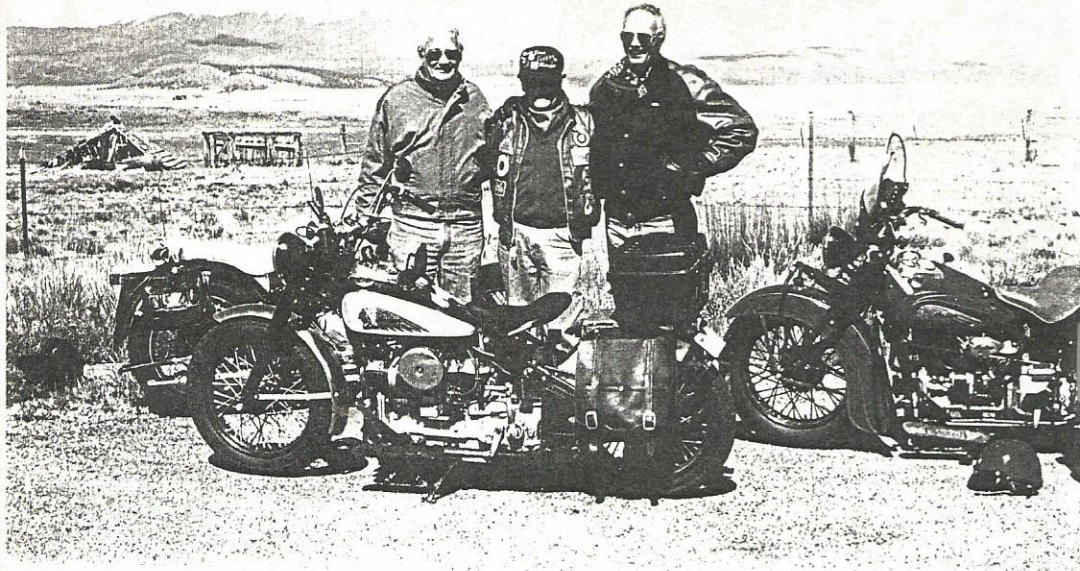
Regards,
Calvin Burnett



Confederate Chapter members in Hot Springs.

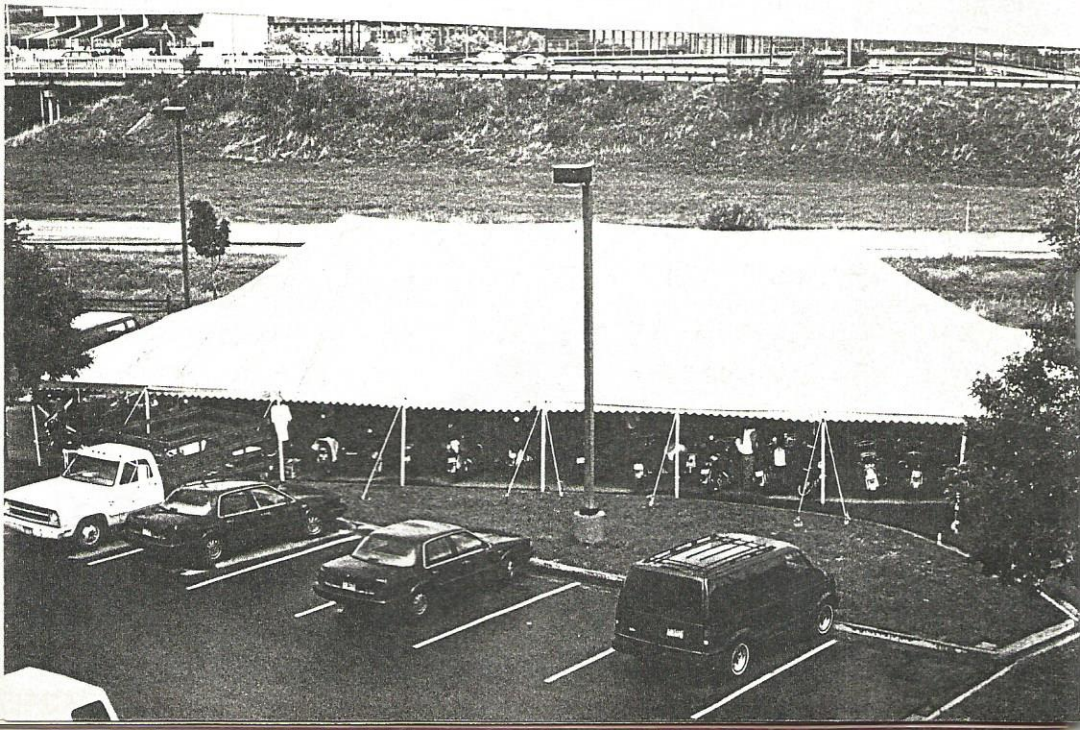
A stop for picture taking during the Colorado Roadrun.

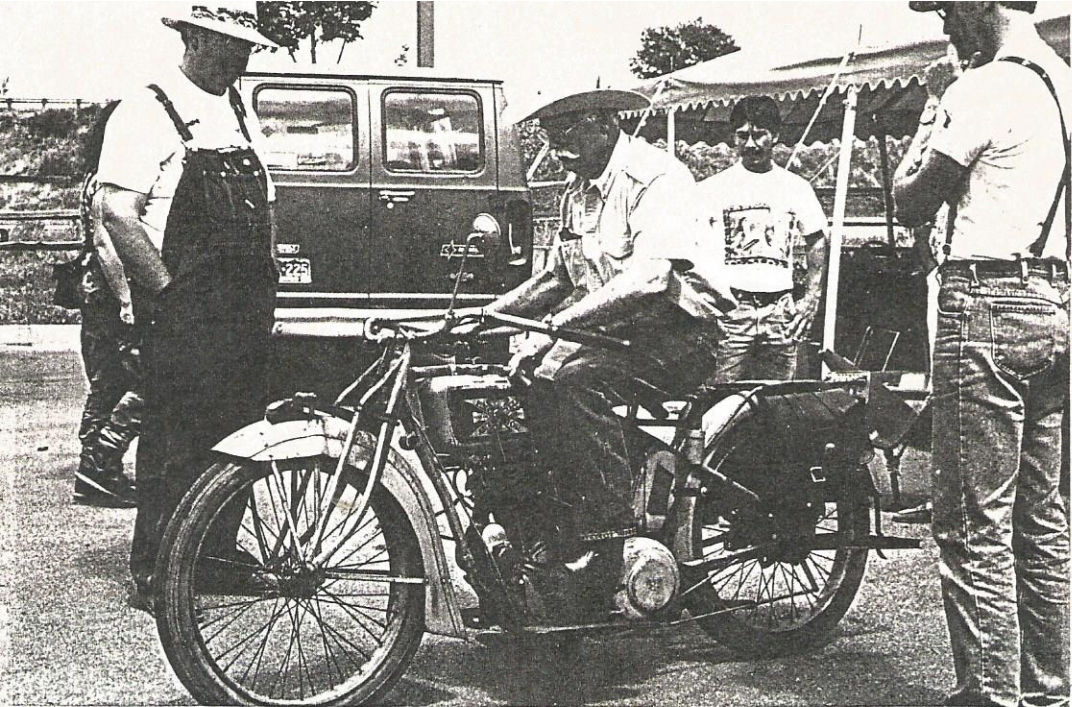




Billy Tidwell, Max Bubeck and Al Orahod with Max's 1939 Indian Four in foreground.

Rocky Mountain Roadrun tent -- Lot's of dollars under that big top.





Charles Carter on his 1916 Excelsior leaving for Pikes Peak.

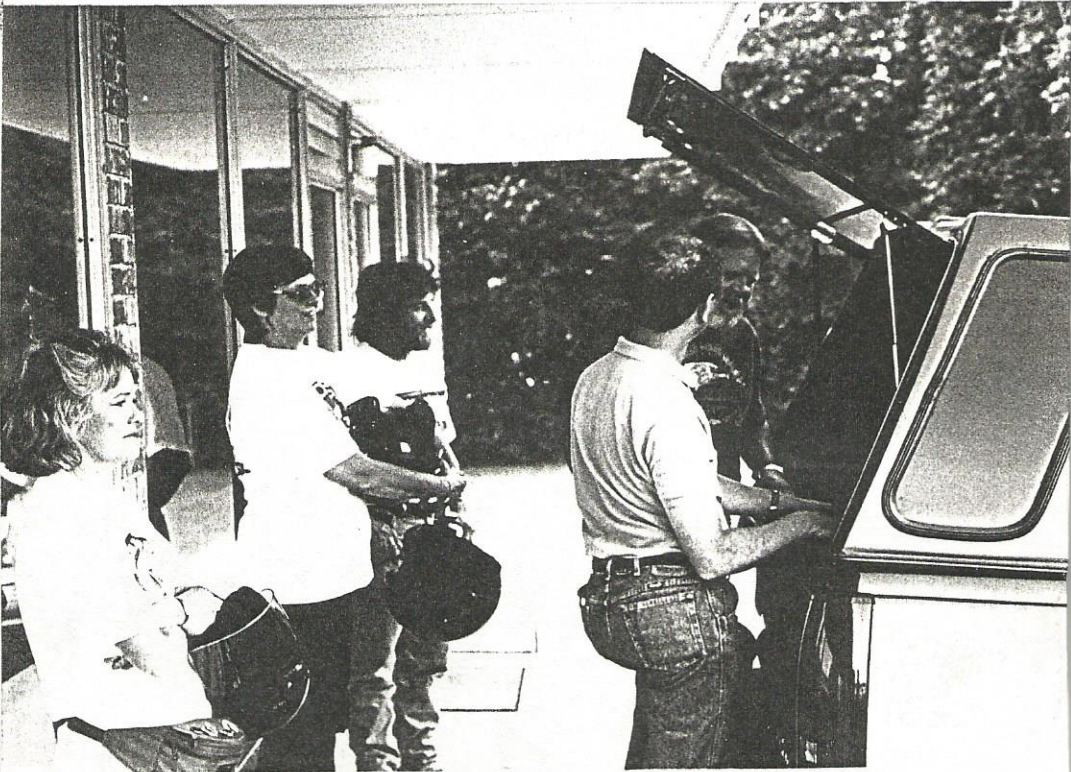
Jeanie and Billy Tidwell on summit of Pikes Peak with their 1958 Ariel SQ4.



THE CONFEDERATE CHAPTER AMCA MEETS AT --

ZINNIE'S EAST RESTAURANT
1718 MADISON AVENUE
MEMPHIS, TN

7:30 P.M.
2ND THURSDAY OF EACH MONTH



Jeanie, Doris, Lee, Calvin and Gilbert in Hot Springs. Gilbert just can't believe that Calvin found all those ole motorcycle horns at Petit Jean.