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# American Iron

## MAGAZINE

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READER'S RIDE BY SAM WHITEHEAD

# LITTLE CHIEF RIDES AGAIN

*Darrell Henigman's  
triumphant Indian*



# ASIDE FROM UNDYING LOVE AND devotion, we here at *American Iron Magazine* ask very little of our readers.

All we want is for you to pick up a copy of the mag, kick back, and enjoy. And if you feel so inclined, send in a Snap, and we'll make sure that you don't get evicted. Seriously, it's not a bid to bid. But now we're going to demand something extra.

Imagine that you are Darrell Herbigman, the owner of this ill-fated 2000 Indian Scout. You bought it on a whim, wanting nothing more than to be a part of something bigger than yourself, a proud (albeit recently resurrected) American motorcycle heritage as old as the hills, or, at least, a lot older than you. You lived with the new sled for a couple of years, getting the attention your stock Scout got every time you tooted down the road to get an ice cream. Life was good, but it could've been better, if only your ride would more accurately reflect its namesake. Restless nights led to furtive days as you silently pondered the best way to address your problem, then it hit you: Why not chrome everything up and embellish its entire machine with Native American designs? And there! Load up on custom hand-tooled leather also sporting native American motifs. Beautiful. Genius, in fact.

And so, after much research, many dollars, and a handful of old craftsmen going blind to achieve your eye-popping fix to North America's original inhabitants, your ride is done. Almost. You're only missing a pulley to match your 80-bike American Wire wheels and rotors. So, you hop on your

two-wheeled work of art and head down to the local shop to get that pulley, your final piece of bling.

You're in the left lane, enjoying the admiration being heaped on your Scout, when, all of a sudden, a cager next to you unexpectedly hangs across your lane. You jam on the brakes, but it's too late. The driver gets served up a T-bone with all the fixings, and you get a nicely stunked sled. What's next? It's safe to say that

most riders wouldn't be offering a peace pipe at this point. Darrell Herbigman, however, isn't like most riders. "The accident wasn't actually that disheartening for me," says the 50-year-old Calgary, Alberta, Canada, businessman. "To be honest, I was quite relieved. It could have been worse."

To fully understand Darrell's reaction, you need to go back 20 years to a little incident he had while riding (a Yamaha) on the twisty Highway to the Sun in Montana's Glacier National Park. Darrell came across a bunch of cars stopped in the middle of the road and decided to see what was happening. He realized they were viewing an immense gully at the same moment he realized the bear was making fast tracks toward him — not good when you're on a bike. Darrell gunned it around the stopped vehicles and then blew the next turn at speed. "I flew right over the edge and 140' into the trees," Darrell remembers. As a result, he almost bled to death and spent the next two months in a hospital.

Determined to ride again, Darrell cobbled his Yamaha back together and tried to attack the open road once more. "I wasn't afraid of riding," he claims. "But every time I got on the bike after that Montana crash, my body would start shaking uncontrollably." No fool, Darrell decided to sell the bike and hang up his helmet. Time passed. Several years later, Darrell caught wind that Indian was back in the game and decided that



perhaps he should be, too. "I'd always dreamed of owning an Indian, and I've long been inspired by traditional Native art," Darrell says. He'd also lost his fear of riding. However, he soon realized that his new Scout wasn't what it was cracked up to be. "It had a lot of handling and reliability issues, and it seemed to always be in the shop," he says. "So I bought another bike to ride while we made the Indian safe and sound, and a little more powerful." Seeking advice, Darrell turned to the pages of this very magazine. "The articles in *American Iron* gave me a real understanding of the drivetrain — how a bike functions. The guys helped me make the right choices." Does that mean we're responsible for Darrell stuffing his stock 88" S&S engine with such mods as a Woods W&H Knight Proxler camshaft, ported and polished heads, and a DaVinci Booster? Could be. And he probably also blames us for his upgrading to Progressive Suspension and Brembo four-piston caliper brakes, front and rear. It's really a shame when people take our advice.

The one thing Darrell can't pin on us is the overall appearance of what he calls Little Chief. Oh, no... as thorough as our mag is, we fall woefully short when it comes to tips on decorative engraving and leatherwork. For that, Darrell was forced to go elsewhere. Eager to hire the right people for the job, our man did his homework, eventually deciding on Jason Striner of Stanjo Engraving in Las Vegas, Nevada, and Advanced Custom Design Leather in Lake Villa, Illinois. The paint was handled closer to home by Cyclomania Arrasoko in Okotoks, Alberta, Canada. The list of secondary craftsmen could easily occupy a page itself! That's how much sweat went into the appearance of

Little Chief. Darrell was quick to point out that after he wrecked Little Chief many of these talents were ready to redo their work for free. Darrell thanked them but didn't accept their gracious offers.

Once Little Chief was finally complete (for the second time), Darrell worried (some would say a bit after the fact) that his ride might be offensive to the people he was trying to honor. Apparently, concerns were assuaged during a chance encounter with a group of Native Americans on a Calgary street corner. "I didn't know how they'd feel when I rolled up to the stop sign," Darrell says, "but they started whistling and applauding and waving me over. I spent some time talking with them. They loved the bike and invited me back to their reservation."

A relief for Darrell. A coup for Little Chief. It could have been worse. **AIM**

