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DADDIO'S RED HOT ROAD KING • TRIED & TESTED WESCO BOOTS • BUELL BROS.**





ON THE COVER

Volume 21 • Number 2 • Our 172nd Issue

Walt Siegl Motorcycles, tucked away in the wilds of New Hampshire, builds some of the most sanitary machines this side of the Great Divide. Say hello to this issue's cover bike, Sordillo Salt Flat, a hand-wrought piece of long stroke, functional, V-Twin go-fast machinery that is simply stunning to see in person. Check out more of this great bike at Ironworksmag.com, on the BUMP.

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SPOTLIGHT

Walt Siegl Motorcycles

Taking the time to carefully view the machines built by Walt Siegl, you can't help but appreciate that a lot of effort and focus went into defining his unmistakably clean and classic style. Walt's talented take on the modern urban custom is flavored by time riding the bad streets of NYC, tempered by time spent on the racetrack flogging state-of-the-art Ducatis. Enjoy Walt's work, and get down on one knee with us to take a closer look.



Diagnosis

I was reminded recently about the salient differences between hearing, listening, and of the importance of being able to take a step back and diagnose a situation.

My workshop is a crowded space with two bikes, two workbenches, four sewing machines, two rollaways, machine tools, a spare parts stash taking up one wall, buckets, ladders, rolls of leather... it's basically 10 pounds in a five-pound bag. Where there isn't stuff, there are stickers covering every exposed surface. The inexperienced walking among us might say it is cluttered, but I like to think of it as an efficient, comfortable, and productive workspace, and since it's all I have (and believe you me, I am *not* complaining in the least), I cope.

Bringing a new tool into my shop requires I get rid of something, and this time my object of affection is an important new tool for my leatherworking endeavors—it's a sewing machine. I sold a machine I wasn't using to make room and fund the purchase of this new one.

Setting up a hand-powered sewing machine is similar to setting up a new computer or a new machine tool, in that all the adjustments that you've used in the past on prior equipment is meaningless. You are, for all intents and purposes, starting from scratch, creating new baseline adjustments and settings from feel, experience, and intuition. So you have to pay attention to what is happening based on your inputs and observed changes. In essence, you are calibrating both yourself and the machine to work together harmoniously.

Well, harmony is not always easily achieved and the critical calibrations are not easily identified and implemented unless you are darn good at listening, observing, and diagnosing what is happening. Most of us, myself included, are not so good at this and we fumble and bumble. We read the instructions 50 times and for the life of us can't figure out what the hell is going on, trying to determine if the issue at hand is based on operator error, lame-assedness, or a machine fault. It can get frustrating and after a while you find yourself looping back on the efforts that netted you nothing the first go-round. In a word, ugh.

I've been there a few times—at the crossroads of hair pulling, crying, and getting a can of gas and a book of matches and ending it right there. One of the most memorable of these meltdowns was trying to dial in the then groundbreaking innovation of the S&S Super E. This was around 1993, as I recall. I had my FXR all prepped for what I thought would be an easy morning of wrench twirling and afternoon riding. Well, that was not to be the case and after eight solid hours of losing my mind trying to get the bike to run properly, I threw up my hands and ran to the fridge for an adult beverage to wash down the sour taste of failure. Eventually, I figured it out. Between intake leaks, a stuck float, and improper accelerator pump adjustment, I finally got the carb dialed in. Then I found out the problem was a broken coil wire. Pfah.

Sitting in my shop last week with my spanking new, made in America, hand-powered sewing machine, I commenced to get some hands on experience and feel where the settings needed to be—time to test, to learn, and to listen!

Six hours later, my knees were locked solid; I was up to my arse in thread, leather scraps, and snips. I had tried everything I knew to get a passable result ending with nada, nothing, junk, and plain old, "it ain't gonna happen." About 2:00 a.m. I finally gave in—after a near complete disassembly and then reassembly of the machine—and still nothing. It was clearly time for a Woodford.

Calling the manufacturer helpline or tech desk for a clue is like stopping and asking for directions when you are hopelessly lost on a road trip with your family. It's the last resort; I am not wired to do it naturally. So with tail between legs, I called the manufacturer and asked for help.

Tony picked up the phone with a cheery, "How are ya, Steve? How's the machine working for ya?" I felt like I was confessing; "It's not going so good, Tony. I am not worthy and maybe it wasn't meant to be. I think this thing hates me." (Sniff, sniff.)

"Nonsense," he said, and then he began his virtual diagnosis. I call them the "didyas." Didya check your top tension? Where is it set? Didya check your bobbin tension? How is the machine's timing? Is the needle cocked? Do you have the right



needle? What thread are you using? Is it bonded, left or right twist? What material are you sewing? It went on like this for half an hour. I had checked, adjusted, and done everything perfectly to spec and it still didn't work. We were stumped; my ear was hot from being on the phone for so long. Then he said, "Turn the cone of thread over; what is the thread made of? What's on the label?" I complied and said, "Polyester," like every other cone of thread I have in my cabinet.

"Aha," Tony said, "that's it. Seems this machine—because of the way it pulls the thread through its mechanism—doesn't like polyester, it likes *nylon*. (Because of the inherent elasticity in the material, it pulls back quickly after being stretched.) Well, as it turns out, every other machine in my arsenal *likes* polyester. How was I to know that'd be the culprit? Well, had I had more experience with a wider array of machines and materials, I'd have just "known," as Tony said. My experience was in a very narrow band of the entire picture. I only knew what I knew—and in this case, it simply wasn't enough. (Although I do kill at Jeopardy, so am not a total loser.) I'd have never figured it out on my own; someone needed to hit me with the clue by four.

This is one of the reasons I have come to rely on knowledgeable people to help me get my work done, as they know how to "diagnose." My listening skills and experience, as good as they might be, can't compete with the trained and skilled eye/ear/hand of someone who knows how to listen, observe, diagnose, and fix things for a living. That is an unusual and increasingly rare skill set in the age of "replacement over repair," and one to be held in high regard.

Please, check in with us on Facebook or Ironworksmag.com. We'd like to hear from you.

Stephen Berner
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Fall Foliage Run

Seeing the Cape, Cycle Fab style

Story and photos by Stephen Berner

I have to admit, my crew (including myself) isn't real big on events or group rides. We tried doing them some years back, but we get itchy and impatient and generally want to go-go-go. We don't do a lot of Poker Runs; we don't go to a lot of bike organization parties. I wouldn't call us haters; on the contrary, we love to ride and we get along with people. But we would generally prefer to spend the little time we have going places

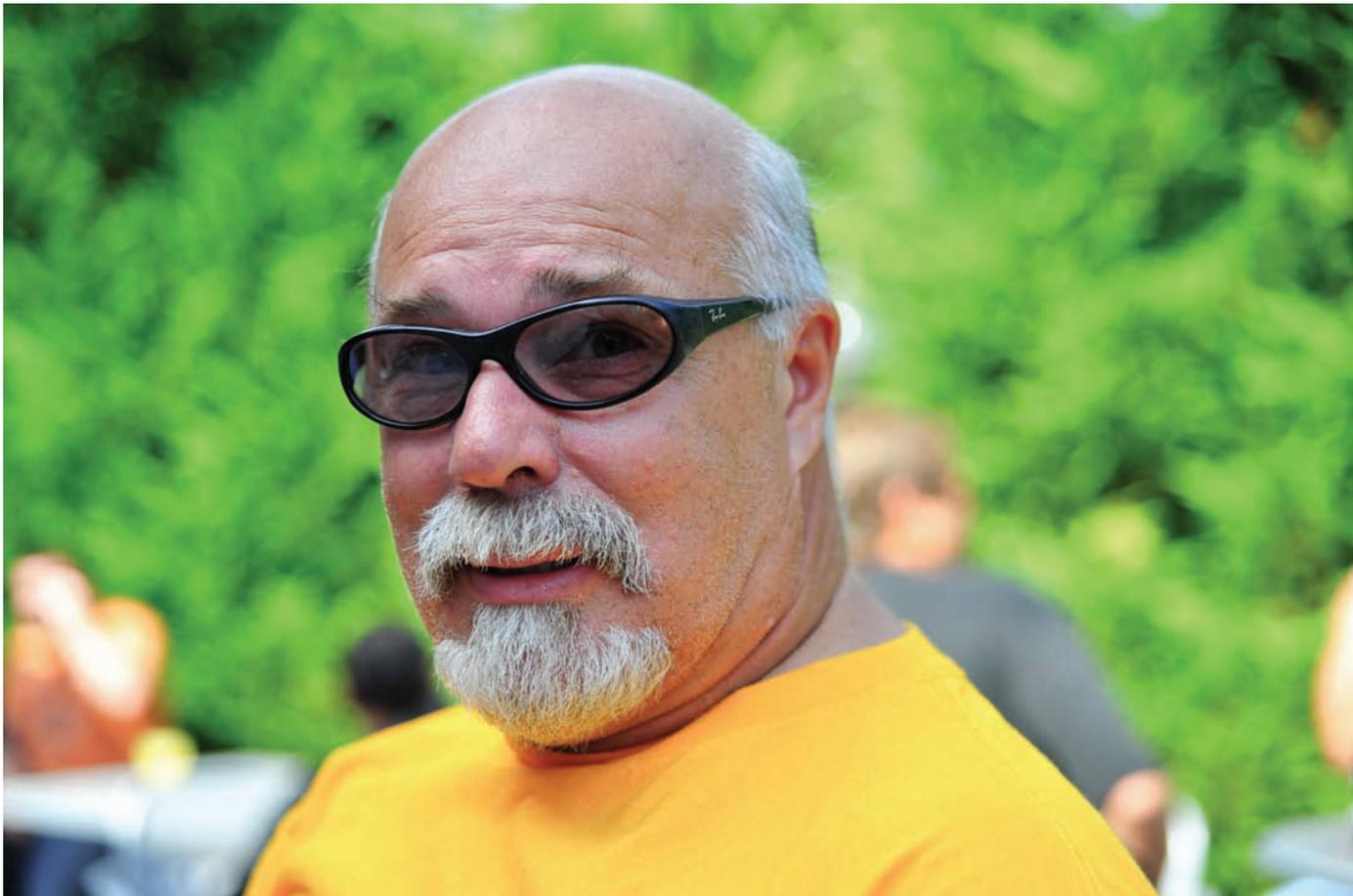
and trying to wear out our machines. There are a few exceptions to the group ride thing, a notable one being the Independent Bikers Toys For Tots Run in Queens, NYC. That's a no-miss event and has been for 20 years, unless of course a family thing comes up.

So when Dave Perewitz called, inviting me on his annual Fall Foliage Run held on Cape Cod. I was a bit hesitant to just jump in without a bit of info. I know Dave has a lot of friends; he's associated big time with the Hamsters, he's a successful busi-

nessman, and his shop knocks out some great work. I tend to not spend my free time hobnobbing with hoi polloi and wanted a sense of the crowd that goes on Dave's ride before I committed.

"Steve, this is a great bunch of folks. We have all kinds of people coming in for this ride. You'll love it, these are good people." And then Dave said the magic words... "And we put out a great spread every night, the seafood is crazy good, and we get to do some great riding on the





Cape. You'll have a great time."

Seafood? Did he say *seafood*? Well when I hear the word seafood, followed by the qualifier "lobster," I think of one person right off the bat—Pupkin. The man has been known to decimate whole schools of the undersea bug at one sitting. I sh*t thee not, lobsters flee to the abyss when they hear Pupkin's coming to the table. I asked Dave if it'd be cool to bring my most favorite of wingmen and Dave, being the consummate gentleman and host with the most, said "Yah, sounds good, Steve. See you two Friday at one, at the shop."

Okay, quick call to my better half to beg off some plans we had and then a call to Pupkin to inform him of the plans I made for the weekend. To which he started to squirm on the phone giving me the third degree...Who? Where? What? I was get-

ting tired of it so I mentioned the magic word: seafood, followed by the ultra powerful descriptor, lobster. Deal done. He'd follow me off a cliff if I were waving a lobster. So we made plans to hookup Friday AM for the 3.5-hour ride to Cycle Fab HQ.

The ride to Cycle Fab was no big deal; nothing broke and nothing fell off our bikes (which was just fine with us), while we hauled to Bridgewater, MA. This was the first chance I'd had to really let the DD7 that I had installed the week before in my FLHX run for an extended period of time, and it felt good, folks. What a nice piece of engineering from Baker, installed by Rosa's Cycle. The Alloy Art Stabilizer, another new addition to my machine, gave me a degree of confidence that had been lacking in the deep sweepers. Pupkin was in the process of putting miles on his new Road Glide and

was thrilled to have a good hi-speed drone to break in his new machine. The weather was good, iPod shuffle was dishing up some good segues, the way was clear; there were just a few "speed checks" on the road (thanks yet again, Adaptive TPX!) so we made time, like we like to do, expeditiously.

Of course, we arrived punctually at Dave's shop. Only to wait, and wait some more, and then some more. (I kept hearing about Hamster time.) And then folks started showing up. I was expecting a collection of machines, but was surprised at the variety of customs that were being ridden—all manner of machine. Big customs, small customs, baggers, diggers, fat tire bikes, drop seat frames, "choppahs and bobbahs"—you name it, it was there. Even a VW powered trike, just for good measure, was part of the rolling collection.





The crowd was made up of a great crew of guys and gals. Status (life and money) means little in these instances, with nothing to prove. Gray hairs, young guys, high rollers, and worker bees all get along like brothers, ride together—and newcomers are welcomed. This was turning out to be a really nice group of knowledgeable enthusiasts with a deep appreciation for fine machines, riding, and hanging out. Pupkin and I both commented, “So far, so good.” About 75 two-wheeled machines met at Cycle Fab along with a few four-wheelers and, as a group, we made our way to Hyannis from Bridgewater, over the Saginaw Bridge and onto Cape Cod.

We stashed our bikes and gear at the Cape Codder Motel (base camp) then spent the remainder of the afternoon hanging around outside, bench racing, talking bikes,

and scoping the machines that were filling the parking lot. Dinnertime rolled around and what shows up? A yellow school bus or two to take the revelers the .25 miles down the street to the restaurant Dave had rented for dinner; a very classy and thoughtful move. It was great to be able to drink, eat, and be merry with no worry of getting on a machine in an altered state. Steamers, lobsters, adult beverages, and all manner of seafood was consumed in massive quantities, and before we knew it we were back on the bus and laid out in our rooms, wiped. It had been a long day.

Now weather in New England can be a crapshoot this time of year, but our luck held and the next day was a stunner; sunny, warm, and a beautiful light breeze—perfect. The crowd woke slowly, a tasty breakfast was served in the parking

lot, cooked on hot plates in the bed of a pickup. Like I said, pretense was in short supply. Bacon crisp, please! Coffee black.

The crowd stirred from their rooms and by late morning the sound of bikes starting filled the air. We were off for a ride around Cape Cod—easily 150+ bikes. Stop signs and red lights be damned, this line of bikes worked its way through town after town as if we were a parade of royalty. Stops were made throughout the day at fantastic beachside and seaside restaurants where we could eat, drink refreshing beverages, lie to each other, and tell stories. Being that this was a bit off tourist season, traffic was light and parking was easy. What a great day. We made a few planned stops throughout the day, ate some good food at the places we visited, and by late afternoon we found ourselves back at the Cape Cod-





der in time to get ready for dinner.

Now riding with this crowd was a pleasure. No hot-rodding, no show offs, no chicken heads spewing you with chunks o'rubber whilst they perform a burnout in front of your shiny pride and joy at a red light. It was a good, safe, time. Screwing around in a pack often leads to problems and misery but there was none of that dumb stuff. It was, in a word, chill.

Dinner was an event that was equal parts fun and poignant. Money was raised for good causes through auctions, fallen brothers were remembered, and it was obvious to this first-timer that these folks really dig each other's company; there is a lot of razzing going on. The Hamsters are a pretty welcoming bunch of characters and Pupkin and I commented to each other and to Dave at the close of the

evening's festivities that we were honored to be invited and glad we'd come. It was a good day and we made some friends.

The next morning we roused a bit slower than usual, packed our bags, loaded the bikes, and said our goodbyes to those who had escaped the magnetic pull of the pillow and were up early, wandering the parking lot like *Day of the Dead* extras. Once gassed up, we decided to eschew the slab, opting rather to take the real long way home and enjoy some of the great scenic byways our state has available. Five hours later we were home, another successful and fun mission completed.

In closing I'd like to thank Dave and Jody Perewitz and the Hamsters for being great hosts and showing two strangers a real good time. You guys are classy. Thanks again for having us. **ITW**



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