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APRIL 2011

Volume 21 Number 3

IronWorks®

LAURA KLOCK'S MEMPHIS CHOPPER



SPIFF YOUR RIDE
BAGGER GEAR BUYER'S GUIDE

WWII INDIAN 841
SEASONED CITIZENS

IW GARAGE
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**JULIE'S RED SHOVEL • FLHX SHOCK SWAP • POSIE ON CAMS • FIRST LOOK HOPPE SHIELD
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RICHIE'S TURBO FXR • CAO SADDLEBAG INSTALL • BIKETRONICS BAGGER AUDIO**





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ON THE COVER

Volume 21 • Number 3 • Our 173rd Issue

Credit for Laura Klock's jewe-like Memphis Chopper goes to everyone who punches the clock at Mitchell, South Dakota's Klock Werks. It was an "all hands on deck" build, finished in the race to get to Michael Lichter's Eternal Combustion Show in Sturgis last year. The bike's graceful lines and striking paintwork exemplify the type of bikes Klock Werks has produced for almost a decade and a half. Turn to page 24 to go behind the scenes on its genesis.



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IW GARAGE

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SPOTLIGHT

Germany's Bike Farm

Oh give me a home, where the hogs like to roam... but this one is across the pond! In Germany, actually, a country of craftsmen and engineers who know a thing or two about the mechanical arts. Gerhard Remmert has taken his countrymen's passion to heart, turning out remarkable hand-built machines over several decades and garnering worldwide accolades in the process. Come on and look around the Bike Farm with IW.



Investment

Meddling Editor Paul Holdsworth and I took a road trip in December on behalf of *IronWorks*. Our agenda was partially editorial, partially business. There were people and machines I wanted to get close to with camera and recorder, and Holdsworth wanted to do some ad sales missionary work.

Why did we travel at what is a pretty miserable time of the year, a time of the year most sensible folk would hole up in their nice warm crib and call it a season? I mean, this is December we are talking about and one never knows what one will find once they leave the safety of their abode. I brought the iPod for amusement during long hours of travel time. Shuffle never let us down once, and an expansive/diverse music collection kept us entertained, amused, sane, and filled in the gaps between rants and conversation.

As is our habit, we had a packed agenda that took us to visit a whole bunch of people over the course of a cold-as-hell, snowy seven days. Memorable visits were with Ron and Mike at Chicago Harley where we got a grand tour of a very well stocked and tooled-up dealership. This is a monster facility and has some tremendous capability and talent within its walls. As an aside, I saw what has got to be the largest single room of stored customer HDs ever. Far underground, this crypt holds an ungodly number of machines—750+ and room for 500 more—all sleeping with their siblings until spring. It was a cool visual of something you just don't get to see that often, if at all.

Visiting Andrews Performance in Mt. Prospect, IL, was cool. You interested in spotless automated manufacturing environments? In CNC tooling centers as big as a shed? In a company that has embraced innovation, technology and diversity? Well if these things interest you, check out Andrews. They have it going on. I am hopeful our visit with Mike and Gary results in some good info coming our way, because these folks have some mad knowledge locked up in their walls that I am itching to tap for *IronWorks*.

Hoppe Industries in Kenosha was up



next. Visiting with John is a treat. What a good guy and a smart inventor. You'll see some of his new thinking in this issue in the products section. We talked business, had a good meal, a few adult beverages, and then all too quickly our visit was over. John's a good guy, a great host, a bundle of enthusiastic energy—and his products are rock solid. It was cool to see his place.

Working our way up to urban Milwaukee, we spent a full day with the crew at Cook Customs where I got to do what I like to do best—shoot bikes, listen to stories, and ask questions of smart and talented people with opinions. It was great, really a wonderful visit where we got to spend some quality time with Dave Cook, JP, Colleen Swartz, and Warren Heir. What a talented, swell bunch of people. We got to know each other a bit and I came away with a deep appreciation for the work that Dave Cook is doing. No real surprise there; Dave is an AMD champ. It was also excellent to become acquainted with Warren Heir of JR's Cycle Products to learn about the machines he builds—traditional '60's and 70's era chops—and his products, which include slick hubs for customs. We needed to beat feet after my shoot was done, so I will have to take this crew up on their offer of a down and dirty Milwaukee tour next summer. It should be...brilliant!

Fort Madison, Iowa, home of Don Hotop, was next. The local HyVee serves a mean breakfast special and we didn't want to miss it. The sticky buns are killer. The bikes coming out of Hotop's shop are also killer and you'll see one of them in the next issue as a result of me crawling around in

the dirt during a 25-degree morning. The visit was special. Here is a man with 35 years in the V-twin business that couldn't be easier to talk to and spend time with. He's knowledgeable but not a know it all, he's mellow and easy going yet the bikes he builds and the parts he designs are anything but—they are stunning showcases of tasteful, bold detail and exemplify the essence of the hot rodder's art. Quiet, understated muscle and purpose is a theme through all of Don's two-wheeled work.

Mitchell, South Dakota was a planned stop. We spent a solid day with Brian and Laura Klock and their team of welcoming and warm associates. Both Holdsworth and I commented to ourselves as we left, "What a nice bunch of people." That kind of sums up our visit to Klock Werks: nice and very productive. You are getting one of the bikes in this issue, Laura's Memphis chop, and there's another Klock machine on the way in a following issue. This is a business that has persevered through some pretty challenging times and they look to be clearly focused on the future—and it looks pretty good when seen through a clear and tough Klock Billboard Flare windshield!

Leaving the Klocks to head further west put us squarely in the middle of a nasty blizzard with gale force winds on I-90. This was at night only to make it more interesting. After peeling my fingers off the steering wheel, I consulted the Nuvi 660 for lodging options. GPS rules in these situations and we'd located and paid for two rooms (from the car) within 10 minutes of realizing that there was just no way we'd make it to Sturgis. We made it as far as Wall that night and felt real fortunate to have snagged our rooms whilst cruising at

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A Mile a Minute

STEPHEN BERNER

an aggressive 5mph on 90 west because by the time we'd gotten off the road, the state had closed it and there was a bit of confusion with people hunting for lodging on this evil night. Holdsworth and I found a tavern close by, ordered beverages and some bison burgers, and felt fortunate to be seated inside in the warm. We needed GPS to find our way back the two blocks to our motel, the whiteout was that bad.

The next day saw us slide our way West to Sturgis on the icy highway. We had a great lunch at the Knuckle Saloon with Tom of Drag Specialties, visited the Sturgis Museum, got a good cup of joe at the Sturgis Coffee Company, took some pictures of Sturgis in the off season, and worked our way to Rapid City, where I was to fly out of the next day. Holdsworth would continue on for another two days. Holdsworth dropped me off and we said our goodbyes. It had been good travelling with him. We are, luckily, simpatico road tripping partners.

I caught up with Dan, friend and manager of the Prairie's Edge in Rapid, and had a few beverages and some fine grub at the Firehouse with him. Man, what a treat to be able to just sit and talk normally, something we can never do during Bike Week. I crashed hard at the Hotel Alex Johnson, a great old rehabbed Rapid City landmark, and the next morning left for home, which was a whole 'nother adventure.

So we'd invested seven days away from our families, two flights, a week's worth of motels and mediocre meals. We'd travelled many miles by car and seen many people. I'd shot some great bikes, grabbed some video, and felt good about what we'd accomplished. We'd shown respect to people by coming to visit them, to leave our comfy chairs and see how they make it happen. It was an excellent investment of time, money, and effort, to be able to see people outside the usual Cincy/Daytona/Sturgis cycle. To be able to just hang out and talk about what makes us tick and how we can work together.

If you don't make the investment, you don't get the good stuff. And life's too short to settle for anything but the good stuff, don't you agree?

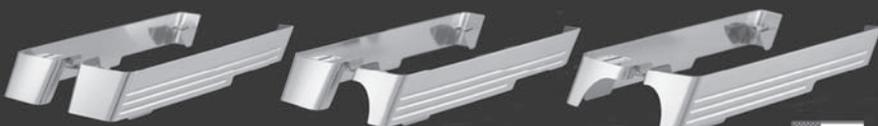
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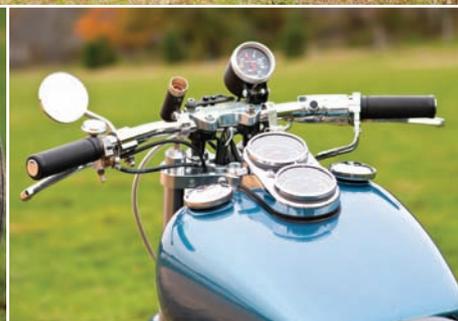
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Richie's Heavy-Breathing FXR Street Monster

A singular purpose is a beautiful thing

Story and photos by Stephen Berner

Richie Rey's FXR came to my attention if for only a minute when I was standing at the gate of the Independent Toys for Tots Run in Queens NYC, this past November. There I was, standing off to the side, stalking riders with my camera, and this bike blows through my viewfinder then poof, it was gone. All I had was a blurry image and a burning curiosity about what had just passed me.

Later in the day—after Pupkin, the Greek, Jeb, and I had done our charitable good deeds—we decided to stop by an old neighborhood establishment, Fuzzy's, to meet up for a beverage before hard charging our way through Sunday traffic to get ourselves home before night fell. Well,

as we park our machines in front of Fuzzy's, I spy the FXR that had captivated my attention earlier. Small world that it is, it figures my childhood bud SteveD knows the owner and introduces me to Richie. We swapped cards and made a date to connect at Alley Pond Park, a childhood haunt of ours in the 'hood, to shoot the machine. Small world. Ya got to love it.

Richie has three very nice bikes in his modest collection; this earth scorching rocket, a 1990 FLHS bought new that has 130K on the original motor and clutch, and a Sportster for knocking around town and quick urban assault runs.

This bike, a 1990 FXR, a basket of a Super Glide, came to Richie through the previous owner's need for cash, plain and simple. The bike, when he picked it up, was

literally in boxes, pieces, and parts, none of them in particularly fine shape. Even in boxes the machine was a rat. It didn't matter though, he had a plan and this bucket of bolts was the perfect place to start. It would have been a shame (and a hell of a lot more expensive) to buy a functional FXR and do what he planned to do.

Richie always had bikes in his life. Triumphs back in the day then graduated to Harleys as money allowed. Riding as a youth on the street in his hometown of Queens, NYC, totally illegally was the beginning of Richie's unrepentant go-fast ways.

Prior to this machine, Richie had an EVO engine stuffed into an FX, 4-speed frame. It was a special construction bike that he raced on the street. It was a big Evo, had big compression, and as nice a



bike as it was, (and it was *not* a nice bike, it was really a race bike,) Richie wanted something a bit more streetable than the FX. It was an unforgiving machine and beat him to death each time he piloted it.

Nearly all the pieces found on this bike, with some degree of modification, are from that FX donor. The PMFR goodies are beautiful super lightweight bits of machined beauteousness. The swingarm is extended 4" to help keep locomotive force focused on the all-important contact patch, its effect on handling, regrettable, but necessary.

Why the turbo and not just go his usual route of big inches? Heat, short engine life, and the idea that there was a better way led him to the turbo. With 9 to 1, it's a low compression motor and the turbo puts less stress on the engine than a supercharger, which is one of the reasons it sits in that specially reserved spot.

How to get smart with all of this science when you've never dealt with this stuff before? Lots of Internet searching

and lots of patient and pleading phone calls. He homed in on a company that could help. American Turbocharger provided the basic pieces and parts including the Barrett turbocharger. All of the parts supplied needed to be tweaked and refit to mate up to this engine that has benefitted mightily from a ton of headwork and port reshaping courtesy of Mega Flo.

The system came with a Mikuni carb; Richie swapped it for an S&S G, his personal preference. The exhaust came from American Turbocharging. Mike Magaro of Magaro Racing Engines in PA acted as consultant when he came to some of the stickier, mechanically oriented, decision-making crossroads. Mega Flo worked their magic on the heads, Carillo supplied the rods, add to the mix 5" stroke flywheels, a JIMS crank pin – and you can see that good stuff went into baking this cake. All final assembly of both engine and bike was handled by Richie in his private, well-equipped shop.

The bike is a daily commuter missile,

and yes it is an all out street racer. The extended swingarm has affected handling when compared to a stock configuration, but then again, this bike is not designed to be a canyon carver—unless, of course, the canyons are straight urban roadways and the trail made of clean, unbroken pavement.

So what's it like riding this ballistically enhanced FXR? Richie says the power is always on and it is super fun attacking Hayabusas on the road, as long as he sneaks up on their right. There was a ton of tweaking to set the bike up correctly. Timing was a critical factor and a challenge from the start, but it got sorted. The rev limiter on this machine comes on at 6500rpm. Richie knows the bike runs low 10's and has timing slips to prove it. No need to dyno this machine, it makes "enough" power.

Primo clutch with a lockup plate running through an oil bath keep primary issues well under control. 2004 GTO Barbados Blue is the color; super subtle on a machine that is



anything but. The build took about a year in his backyard shop, not too bad since half the time he was in uncharted territory.

So, standing in the parking lot after we were done trespassing on the NYC Parks Department's finest ball fields for our photo session, shooting the bull, Richie started the machine and asked if I wanted to give it a go. Of course I said yes and hopped on.

The bike is all business; the stance low, the bars are elbow-lockers, vibration modest for what is in the engine room. Pulling away I immediately felt the altered geometry as compared to a stock FXR. This bike is much more sluggish, it drives like a race bike. Out of the corner, with the bike straightened out, I run through first, second, barely into third, and then I am at the end of the big parking lot before I know it, testing the brakes, a big smile on my face.

Smooth, linear and unstoppable—this is a fun machine. I know it is immature and wrong, but I have the urge to go hunt some Hayabusas.

Can I Richie? Please? **IW**