

On Sale Until 05/23/2011

WWW.IRONWORKSMAG.COM

MAY/JUNE 2011

Volume 21 Number 4

IronWorks®

**DON HOTOP'S OLD 33
SUPER CLEAN
FROM FT. MADISON**



JIMS
SHARE THEIR PROCESS

SHADLEY BROS. SPOTLIGHT
EAST COAST COOL

IW GARAGE
ANDREWS ON GEARING

**STEVED'S PAN • PROJECT XR • DEI PIPE WRAP • TPJ MINI-SPOTLIGHT • BUELL BROS.
TOM'S BLACK SHOVEL • RACE TECH REFRESH • E-FAB • REVISION EYEWEAR • KLOCK FXR
JD PACKAGE TRUCK • VISITING VANSON • BIKETRONICS INTEGRATION • BERT BAKER**





ON THE COVER

Volume 21 • Number 4 • Our 174th Issue

Don Hotop has spent some time around V-twins during his three-plus decades in business and this bike reflects that deep understanding of what it takes to craft a clean, no nonsense, classically styled musclebike—a bike Don calls Old 33.

A cold, crisp morning in Fort Madison provided the setting, the parking lot right outside of Don's shop, the backdrop for our Editor Stephen Berner to capture this lean, mean machine in repose.



FEATURE BIKES

Klock's Kwiksilver	8
<i>This FXR shows effort</i>	
One Pretty 1958 Pan	20
<i>And a long road to refurbishment</i>	
A Classy Black Shovel	36
<i>From basket case to beauty</i>	
Old 33	44
<i>Hotop knows how to celebrate</i>	



FEATURE STORIES

Kafton and the Cannonball	32
<i>Coast-to-coast on a 1912 H-D</i>	
Revision Eyewear Tested	40
<i>The eyes have it</i>	
DEI pipe wrap	54
<i>Looks vs. performance</i>	
Vanson Riding Jacket	56
<i>A classic cut</i>	



IW GARAGE

Focus on	58
<i>Andrews evaluates engine mods</i>	
JIMS Tool Tech	60
<i>Systematic steps to quality</i>	
Metal	62
<i>Mounting your custom-built tank</i>	
All About	64
<i>Vanson: crafted with pride</i>	
Race Tech Upgrade	66
<i>The results are shocking</i>	
Demystifying Audio	68
<i>Getting it all together</i>	
Project XR1200	70
<i>FTF Cycles has the cure</i>	
Buell Brothers	73
<i>Jetting theory</i>	



DEPARTMENTS

Buyer's Guide	74
<i>Drivetrain</i>	

REGULARS

Steve B	6
<i>Numbers</i>	
Sam Kanish	12
<i>Where are you going?</i>	
Brian Klock	14
<i>Creating a hybrid FXRT</i>	
Marilyn Bragg	16
<i>Some of my favorite things</i>	
Bert Baker	18
<i>The Harley mystique</i>	
Margie Siegal	78
<i>1929 JD Package Truck</i>	
IW Eye	82
<i>Worth a thousand words</i>	

SPOTLIGHT

Shadley Brothers

When push comes to shove and it's time to make things happen, who can you count on more than family? Mark and Paul Shadley know this lesson well and they've been counting on each other for decades to design and build both two-wheeled and four-wheeled customs in their Whitman, Massachusetts shop. And though looks are important to the brothers, performance is, too, and their work proves it. Stroll around the Shadley's shop with us, staring on page 24.



TPJ Customs

When an injury sidelined TPJ's Bryan Schimke, he discovered that things don't always go as planned. And that's not necessarily a bad thing. Turning from active riding to active building has proven a boon both to Bryan's career path and to motorcycling's fresh new attitude. We got a closer look at some of TPJ's recent builds, bikes that clearly exhibit Bryan's firm belief that rideability is as important as artistry.



Numbers

Numbers can be pretty interesting and a few observances lately have forced me to take note of the multiplicity of functions that numbers perform—and their ability to inform, persuade, document, divide and annoy.

So first off, the economy: its all about the numbers, right? I mean, this is a topic that is in all of our faces. It has deeply affected all Americans and in addition it's spanked the rest of the world. I've been hearing about an economic recovery, as if we really (and be honest now) think our economy will ever *recover* back to its inflated, bloated, "it can't be sustained" level. So what is driving this outbound messaging from the news media and government spokes-pundits telling us how good things are and how much better they are going to get? Well numbers are driving this flurry of positive news of course, in this instance wrapped in the near intellectually impenetrable cloak of statistics.

So when I listen to the news I hear: ***Don't wa-da-tah to the shama cow... 'cause that's a cama cama leepa-chaiii, dig?****

... if, that is, I can get past the distracting non-stop bombardment of broadcast graphics and logo animations. Honestly, who needs Pootie Tang giving you the news that your house is on fire and that you've got a problem? Not me. Not only can I smell the smoke, I am pretty much blinded by it, thank you very much.

So another interesting aspect of the role that numbers provide is one of documentation. Numbers give the ranking of things and events and tell you what is important; they direct your attention. When you hold the number one spot, in I don't care what endeavor, you are going to want to let people know and people are going to hold you in high regard. And if you are last, well, you suck and should be dismissed, right?

Weee!!!... maybe...if you strictly go by the numbers that is. But as life has shown, if we dig past the numbers we learn that sometimes the best races are those held mid-pack and the best stories in competition come from the "losers." Sometimes the numbers don't tell the "whole truth," whatever that might be.

Numbers also help you assign credibility and allocate your attention. If the guy next



Brian Klock and Stephen Berner, December 2010

to you is telling you about how he put 50,000 miles on his two-wheeler in two years, you are going to respect his efforts and are going to want to hear his story. I mean, how could you *not*? This is opposed to the joker in stiff Korean pleathers who's cornered you in an adult beverage establishment, pursuing you (Hey, bro) to lecture about his special take on the "lifestyle" after 16 light beers. The numbers act as signposts in these instances, indications on the trail, turn left here.

Like a moneyed guy who has no experience and compensates (or so he thinks,) by flashing his Presidential in your face, some folks use their numbers as a way to demonstrate they are cool and to put up the "hand," to assert themselves in a conversation.

When I hear someone rambling on about how many years they've been riding and how many bikes they've owned and how many pins they've bought and how many rallies they've attended (you getting the picture yet?) as way of asserting themselves in a dialogue, I know it's time to turn tail and run. I see this happen when gray hairs meet hipsters, and I feel bad that they feel the need to get all pompous, when in fact they should be using their own personal numbers to engender the support of these younger guys and harness some of their good energy.

So now you might think that I am a hatin' on numbers and being a big old doggie-downer. But numbers do some spectacularly good things, too. They inform us two-wheeler folks of just how powerful we could be if we could collectively get our act in order; we do have some powerful numbers when looked at en masse. But again, numbers. We are so terribly fractionated

as a group, so splintered, there is little hope of us pulling together unless something dramatically changes the way we look at the numbers ourselves. I think legislation might be a catalyst for such a thing. We are collectively getting fed up.

Numbers tell us that the investment we made in motor work not only feels good, but quantifiably works well, too—and conversely informs us when we've erred. Could be that carb was too big, the compression too high, the timing too far advanced.

Numbers also inform our advertisers when they've made the right decision in spending their dollars with *IronWorks*. Helping make those numbers look attractive, we can thank our "pay to play" readers, subscribers, and newsstand purchasers – (*not* the slugs who stand at the newsstand and read *IronWorks*.) who buy *IronWorks* and buy our advertisers' products. We appreciate your support folks, really we do.

There is one group of numbers I'd like to see transformed though, and that is the number of folks who regularly consume our digital content and *don't* bother purchasing our print. If we could get our digital friends and fans to sign up and support *IW* we'd be rock steady in these times of "numerical distress."

So if you are not a subscriber to *IW*'s print magazine and like what you see, I'd like to ask you to support us by signing up for a subscription. Finding us on the newsstand is tough due to the shrinking amount of space stores are willing to allocate to magazines, so if you want to get an uninterrupted stream of *IW* and support our cause, subscribe today. Our numbers thank you!

Stephen Berner

Steveb@steveb.biz

* Quoted from Chris Rock's movie *Pootie Tang*



Don Hotop's 33

One super sanitary serious anniversary bike

Story and photos by Stephen Berner

Don Hotop titled this machine as a 2009. But with an engine swap, it could as easily be recognized as a late 80's model given whose hands have crafted it. The machines that Don has been building consistently, over the course of years in his simple shop, are clean, well done, detailed and timeless in their purposeful, muscular simplicity. There I said it: purposeful muscular sim-

plicity. Chew on that. Under "clean machine" in the Pictionary, you'll see Don Hotop's likeness.

Hotop's resume' is as storied as the day is long and history will identify him as a Hamster as well as a founding father in terms of the V-twin custom empire. The number of years he has been in the business? Well, they numbered 33 at the time this machine was built in '08. Now you understand the significance of 33—and here you were thinking "Latrobe." With that out

of the way, let's get down to what's really happening here in sleepy Fort Madison, home of the Iowa State Penitentiary, across the street from the HyVee, where Hotop has his purposefully placed his shop.

But first, the bike. Addressing the bits, pieces and parts, we have a clean, flawless Daytec frame holding a tough, pretty, and very purposeful 121 TP Engineering V-twin engine. The pipes are cut up V&H units, the bike inhales through an S&S G, (Don's carb of choice,) and the tank and





fenders are courtesy of Russ Wernimont. So far the pedigree is right where you'd want it—solid.

The wheels are Drag Specialties units that were striped and fitted with stainless spokes. Perse provides the front-end lower legs and the trees are 41mm Ness units that were in the back of the shop, long out of production, and waiting all these years for a home. Fork guts are all H-D. Base paint was provided by Gary Barnes, with embellishing art by Mike Robbins.

The front "fork brace from hell," as Don refers to it, is a simply executed but extremely complex multi-part unit, which allows the front end to perform great, keeps the fender off the tire, and looks killer. Lots of parts and pieces were required to pull off this super sanitary, simple looking unit and needless to say you will not be finding this design in production anywhere soon, it is just too much work to execute.

This, as much as any other part typifies what we'd expect from a genuine OG like Hotop. The brace had to work perfectly, and of course no weaseling tricks, no slotting to make it easy, no slop—it fits, and it fits perfectly, got it? You'd better be holding the smart end of the measuring stick if you are going to try and pull this off at home—it's not easy. This integral tweak bar does not bind the front-end one smidgen and the front fender is suspended perfectly. It works because Don knows not only *how* to measure but also *what* to measure and then he builds to that measure—using hand tools. There are no hulking CNC machining centers in Hotop's shop.

The handlebars with their integral shift light are another example of seeing things through a performance lens. Appreciating clean lines and design it is obvious that Don's hands have touched every part, smoothing, finessing, until

they worked in a greater context. Little touches that pull the bike together—like the axle covers—abound.

An open belt is currently in place to help transport locomotive force, but that just might change given some free time. The belt drives a light piece and the ratios seem appropriate, but the functionality of the unit is in question given the way Don rides the bike—aggressively. Don sees a chain drive wet clutch in the bike's future, no big challenge there. Cleaning up the oil tank so it fit perfectly was not a big deal; the fittings were thoughtfully installed and relieved in terms of vibration mounts.

A super clean GMA integrated rear pulley/brake helps bring 33 down from speed in a safe and efficient manner. Danny Gray, a friend of Don's, covered the supplied metal pan. Like everything else about this bike, it is *just* right. It fits perfectly, both personality wise and aesthetically. *continued*





This is the kind of bike that Don likes to build and, more importantly, likes to ride: simple, super clean, and to the point. Obviously some bling is appropriate. Don is a hot rodder and the parts he buffs tend to be the muscle bits. Case in point, the gorgeous TP mill—oooh lala.

So, what's Don been doing these days, from his clean, tooled up, quiet place in Fort Madison? Well, no news here folks, he's doing the same damn thing he's been doing for the past 35 years; going to work every day and knocking out a few killer customs every year, all the while customizing customer bikes, providing service to local riders, and designing parts in the background for industry luminaries.

Just another typical year at Hotop's Speed & Custom. Dig it; we can't wait to see number 35! **IV**

