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MAY/JUNE 2011

Volume 21 Number 4

IronWorks®

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



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SHARE THEIR PROCESS

SHADLEY BROS. SPOTLIGHT
EAST COAST COOL

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**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.



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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

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



Kwiksilver: an FXR of Note

Team Klock's high tech functional hot-rod

Story and photos by Stephen Berner

Looking at a machine as clean as this 1991 vintage H-D FXR, fondly named Kwiksilver, a super-sano, clean as a whistle, hyper-customized machine from Brian Klock and his team at Klock Werks, it's hard to believe that it had such a down and dirty beginning. Really, I am serious when I say "dirty" be-

cause, as it turns out, this bike was borne out of the chaos and wreckage of a flood that damn near made it impossible for Team Klock to keep on doing business—forget about going forward with a plan that ended with this bike being shown at Michael Lichter's Eternal Combustion show during 2010's Sturgis festivities.

Looking back and telling the story of how this bike came to be built in this con-

figuration, with these parts, is a small bit of magic as there were so many twists, turns, and events happening during its gestation. It basically took a bit of magic to make the bike appear on time when the curtain was pulled back.

The more you study the machine you'll see that Brian truly understands the essence of the FXR and isn't asking it to be anything it isn't. It's a sporting platform





and this build accentuates the best parts of what an FXR brings to the table. All the right parts were retained to keep the visual equity of the FXR line intact and apparent. The distinctive FXR oil tank was retained due to its design equity but had its ugly center seam and sight glass removed, and the aesthetically burdensome oil lines were relocated to the rear of the bag; small but important touches that opened up that visually crowded area of the machine. ("Stuffed in the ass," as DougZ would say.) Relocating the rear master cylinder and stretching the swingarm slightly also gave Team Klock another chance to visually lighten the rear and accentuate the distinctive FXR triangle. They wanted the machine to look like an FXR and so kept the distinctive kidney

side cover—brilliant. The tank was modified slightly but still references OEM design equities.

The slick as snot fender rails are homage to Donnie Smith's influence. The rear of the machine was widened to accommodate 180 meat comfortably. Race influenced shock angle adjustments were built into the swing arm, more for looks I suspect due to the fact that the machine's stance is spot on perfect if you look at the fender to rim lines.

The lower slider for the front end is all H-D with a bit of Klock machine and welding trickery. Tim Bindert in Yankton, SD, machined the forward leading axle fork ears and with a ton of work. The shop made it look as smooth as an OEM unit would. This is the level of craft and detail

that separates a world-class custom like Kwiksilver from the pack.

During the subtle raking and major cleanup of the H-D frame, the team split cases and ran through the engine. Doug Coffey contributed heads and cam, Bert Baker contributed the Function Formed 6-speed trans end cover. Then there is the Trifecta Block—now this is a cool idea so pay attention FXR freaks—the webbed plate you see located at the swingarm pivot. On a "normal" rubber mount FXR this piece is a two-bolt design, a diamond shape. This piece can and does flex in high torque applications and we've all seen the various struts and fixes that most always look like bolted on "leg braces" for helping fix that mistake.

Bon vivant Skeeter Todd suggested that





this “diamond” piece with two attachment points be triangulated due to the fact that a triangulated shape wouldn't be as prone to flex. With some welding, forming, and fabrication that very solution was implemented and there ya have it: the Trifecta Block. Thanks Skeeter.

The exhaust was fabbed by in house rock stars Dan Cheesman and Joe Mielke, the look brutal, clearly speaking a performance language, the springs holding the Burns stainless collector firmly to header—icing on the hot rod cake. A little aggro from Mitchell, if you will. The roughness is a clear counterpoint to the slick and smooth appearance everywhere else, a bit of contrast, a smart touch, a design flourish.

The Behringer brakes, oh boy. What beautiful pieces of aluminum trickery.

Brian had all the fancy bits anodized red at the same time so all parts matched from the outset, being that anodizing is a fickle and delicate finish, tricky to match. Lots of machining was required to fit all of this extremely fancy and pricey hardware into a functional package. Alas, this is not a bolt on kit and each solution to fit a specific part created a need to adjust somewhere else. So a lot of planning and thought went into making it work as it was designed to and look as it does, slick and finished.

Soft side brushed rims were made for this machine using H-D rims. In case you were wondering, these super rims are wrapped in Pirelli Night Dragon tires (sponsor of the Klock Werks race team.) Fitting the machined hub unit to the rims was not a straightforward affair by any

stretch. When it came down to it, the shop needed a mid glide to make this setup work. “Swap Meet Louie,” as Brian is referred to by friends and family, went to his parts stash and came up with gold; a box from Sullivan's (remember them?) with a brand new set of beautiful Sullivan mid-glide trees from the 90's. Bingo!

Risers from Todd's Cycles, a kickstand from Jesse James, a sprinkling of Ness parts. Elvis, the used FXR parts maven, even contributed parts to the build. The monochromatic color scheme required that all of the parts have flawless finishes. This subtle complexity also requires that the parts and pieces flow from axle to axle. Everything had to be right, everything had to look perfect. The color also offsets the beefy and burly parts. Big and beefy compliments clean and elegant, a





little visual tension if you will.

Textures abound: knurls next to satin, smooth next to brushed, polished next to matte—beautiful! Russ Wernimont rolled the fenders for this bike, one tin-man helping another. Check out the creased lines of these fenders. They perfectly reference the stock H-D pieces with their curves, bends, and lines. That front wheel is a work of art if you take the time to appreciate just how much work it took to make it look as simple as it appears.

Assembling the bike was a series of tests and trials too numerous to detail here, but suffice it to say the bike was finished, friends chipped in, and stories will flow from their travails and shared experiences for years to come. And so Kwiksilver made its debut in Sturgis, barely finished and not yet ridden, there just hadn't

been time. In a way this turn of events turned out to be a blessing because now that the heat is off Brian can take the time to enjoy applying the finishing touches. And when it rolls off the lift next it will be ready for action, and I have a feeling it will see quite a bit of thrashing.

In looking at the finished machine, Brian sees the influence of the people he admires and his friends: Arlen, Donnie, Russ, Skeeter, Fred Kruegger, Dan and Joe, Grady, Jim B. He is proud to reference their styles and work and furthermore he found a way to make them all play nice together in a way that is uniquely Klock but pays tribute to Henry Korelec and the style of all those that have paved the way.

It couldn't have happened without the selfless and tireless contribution of Team

Klock and that, in and of itself, makes Kwiksilver a testament to just what a team of talented and focused folks can do when they set their minds to it. **IW**



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