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IronWorks®

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



JIMS
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*