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- ★ LEROY THOMPSON ROCK-A-BILLY DELUXE
- ★ RICHIE PAN ART INSIDE THIS ISSUE
- ★ FIRST RIDE ON A 2008 H.D FAT BOB



PLUS: ENGINES AND HOP-UP KIT BUYER'S GUIDE

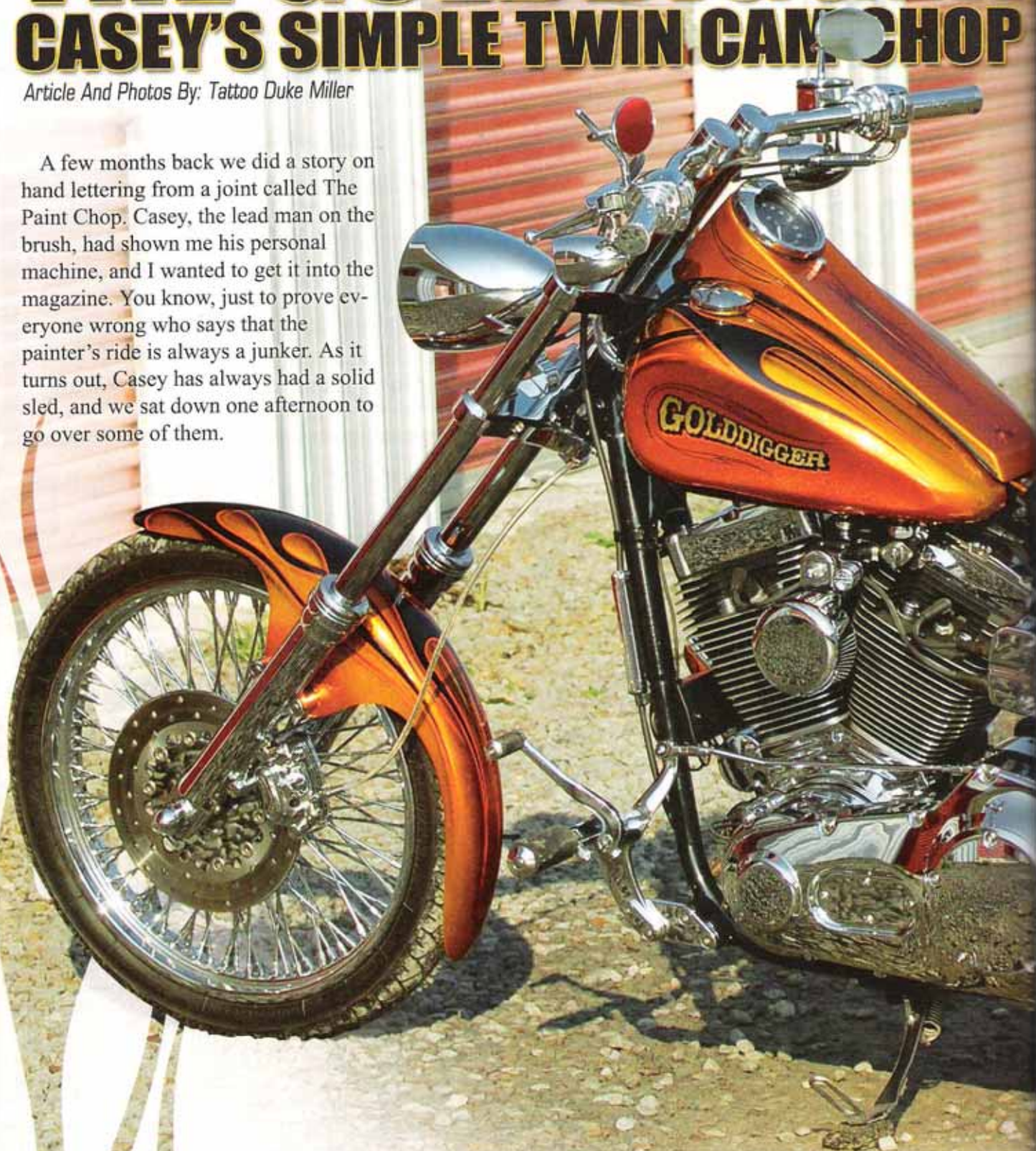
Still Choppin' After All These Years

THE GOLDDIGGER

CASEY'S SIMPLE TWIN CAN CHOP

Article And Photos By: Tattoo Duke Miller

A few months back we did a story on hand lettering from a joint called The Paint Chop. Casey, the lead man on the brush, had shown me his personal machine, and I wanted to get it into the magazine. You know, just to prove everyone wrong who says that the painter's ride is always a junker. As it turns out, Casey has always had a solid sled, and we sat down one afternoon to go over some of them.





Casey has been building bikes since '68 when he chopped his first Benelli. It was a 200cc four stroke, and the cost plus the paint didn't add up to a hundred bucks. An hour after he hit the streets, he had racked up more than that in fines. In '69 he went to work at a local Triumph shop where he set to the task of choppin' BSAs, Trumpets and Harleys. Casey remembers havin' more springers and girders in the back of the shop at one point than they had room to stack them. This was around the time that Casey unveiled his masterpiece, Black Beard The Pirate. It was a laid out Triumph chopper that swept all the shows and really put him on the map. While all this was going on, Casey raced flat track, 1/4 mile drags and hill climb events

THE GOLDDIGGER TECH SHEET

GENERAL

Owner: Casey Kennell
City: Somerset, PA
Fab. By: Highland H-D/The Paint Chop
Year: 2002
Model: H-D Low Rider
Time: 1 Year

ENGINE

Year: 2002
Model: Twin Cam
Builder: Harley-Davidson
Ignition: Stock H-D
Displacement: 1450cc
Pistons: Stock H-D
Heads: Stock H-D
Cam(s): Stock H-D
Carb: Stock H-D
Air Cleaner: Stock H-D
Exhaust: Vance & Hines

TRANSMISSION

Year: 2002
Make: Harley-Davidson
Shifting: 5 Speed
Primary: H-D

FRAME

Make: Harley-Davidson
Rake: 7 Degrees
Swingarm: H-D Fat Tire

FORKS

Builder: H-D
Extension: 6 Over
Triple Trees: Accutronix

WHEELS, TIRES, BRAKES

Front Wheel: Landmark 80 Spoke
Size: 21"
Tire: Metzler
Brakes: Stock
Rear Wheel: Landmark 80 Spoke
Size: 240
Tire: Metzler
Brakes: Stock

PAINTING

Painter: The Paint Chop-Dave/Casey
Color: Pagan Gold Tangerine Metal Flake
Type: House of Kolor
Special Paint: Hand Pinstripes

ACCESSORIES

Bars: Ness
Risers: Ness
Controls: Custom Chrome
Gas Tank(s): Custom Nate Phillips
Front Fender: Sumax
Rear Fender: RWD/Pan by Nate
Seat: High Rollers/Nate
Foot Controls: Kuryakyn
License Plate Mount: Joker Machine
Head Light: H-D
Grips: Custom Chrome
Mirrors: Custom Chrome
Speedo: Stock

PHOTOS

Photography By: Tattoo Duke Miller



on Triumphs. This cat was a full on motorcycle nut.

In 1975, Casey hung up his wrenches to pursue his true passion; painting and stripping. He had achieved a certain level of recognition for his work, and was able to just focus on the best part for him. Oh, I guess that brings us to this bike. It's not that this isn't a cool lookin' chop, but it's just a basic Twin Cam with a few tricks Casey threw in that make it stand out from the crowd. The sunken gas tank, the thick rich metal flake and unmistakable flames and pinstriping, all modeled after his Black Beard Pirate, just on a more dependable, rideable platform now. Now some 37 years later, Casey and his bike are probably cooler than they ever were. **CYCLE SOURCE**

Cycle Re-sources:
The Paint Chop
Custom Paint & Pinstriping
Somerset, PA
814-443-2903

And Then One Day Duke Just Had Enough 24 HOUR PAINT JOB THE END OF THE BLACK AND WHITE DELUXE

Article And Photos By Tattoo Duke Miller



I usually try to maintain a laid back, mellow life, but sometimes I just can't let comments not mess with my karma.

I was at a rally the other weekend and as I'm getting my camera together to do my thing, these two cats are eyeballing me. I give them the nod, hand them a magazine, and introduce myself. Meanwhile, I'm getting sick in my stomach from the smell of new leather. I excuse myself and head off to do my job. The smarter one asks what year my bike is? "It's a 2005 dude," I say. As I continue on, I hear him tell his only friend how he knows by the age of my bike and its clean appearance, that I never ride much. I was going to walk back and tell the morons that it had 43,000 miles on the speedo and that it's been ridden back and forth across the country many times. No matter what the weather throws on it, all you got to do is wash and wax your shit, and it stays nice. But again, the stench of new leather was making me foam at the mouth and I didn't want to freak these experts out. This screwed my calmness up for the entire day. My apologies to anyone I bit; I've had my

shots.

It's a week later, and my biorhythms are still tripped out. I've got to do something! I'm pissed at myself for not walking back and giving these dudes a "how not to be a pig with your shit" lesson, but it just wasn't my day to piss on someone's leg. So, I get up the other morning, call Wild Man and War Child, and tell them I'm on a mission today to make a statement with my bike and need their help. I know they don't want any part of it, but it's easier than wasting their time trying to talk me out of it than to just get jacked up and help. (Jack Daniels that is!) I have them help me strip the sheet metal off my bike, sand it, squirt it flat black, bolt it back together, and I ride off leaving them standing in the garage shaking their heads and asking, "What was the statement of sanding a perfectly good factory paint job and flat blacking the bike?" I don't know either, but my karma

is back on track! Riding is good medicine, so get out and get ya some!

OK, so that was Duke's take on this crazy day, now let me lay the time line on ya'. Somewhere around 8pm the night before, Duke calls me and War Child to tell us his plan. The Child tells him that he has the paint and was down for the project and he'd be over to my joint right after work.

About 2:30 the next day, Duke leaves his shed with the bike gleaming in better than factory condition to head off for a





Around 4pm, Duke is at the house, and we get the Deluxe up on the lift, and tear it down. This is around the same time he calls War Child who tells him he'll be home at 5:30 or so and has to get some stuff together for the task before he heads over.



Sprrt, Sprrt, Sprrt and the black and white starts to fade away. War Child is taking his time with the first couple of coats to make sure that he gets good coverage. The fumes fill the little garage, and pretty soon we all start acting up. It's good fun and a welcome break from the stress of the mag.



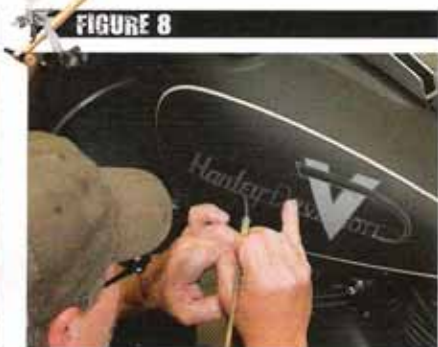
As I knock off the dust and fingerprints, Duke gets on the phone to Casey at the Paint Chop. He tells him he'll be down in like an hour, and needs some quick lines and lettering. It's around 3pm when he leaves my place, the bike's looking good but I can't wait to see it after the stripes.



By 6:30 War Child shows up but has bad news for Duke. The paint he was supposed to have was missing and the parts store was closed. This was originally supposed to be done with some tough pro-series shit. So, I send Duke off to K-mart for some Krylon while we start scuffin'.



Around midnight, War Child is three coats in and Duke is steadily shakin' cans so that they're ready when one goes down. We were pretty lucky in that only one or two of the dozen actually fizzled out before it was empty. As you can see, Duke's karma is coming back to the proper alignment. It's close to 2am by the time we pack it in.



As soon as Duke gets to the Paint Chop, Casey goes to it. Duke has a picture of a 1952 tank badge, the year he was born, and that's what he wants to replace the 2005 emblems with. In addition to this, he lets Casey free form some cool Von Dutch style designs on the horn and fenders.



It's around 8:00 or so when Duke gets back with like a dozen cans of Bar-B-Que black and some Scotch Brite pads. We have the majority of the prep work done, and all except the last wipe down with prep-sol, it's ready to go; no turning back now. I get the fan propped up in the door way and we're off.



The next morning, Duke and I get up early and park the new painted sheet metal out in the sun. As it bakes on, we take some Scotch-Brites to the chrome trim that will go back on the fenders. This makes a nice brushed aluminum look, and around noon we start to reassemble the bike. A short few hours later, we're pulling it out of the garage.



It's around 6pm when Duke rolls out of the Paint Chop; not officially 24 hours, but damn close to it. Duke's had hot rods and trick bikes forever so most of us were waiting to see how long this would take anyway. Thanks to Casey and War Child for helping to switch Duke's bad karma to good.