

SOUL SMOKE NEWS LETTER

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VOLUME 14

APRIL 2008

A few quotes:

"Catching a yellow jacket in your shirt @ 70 mph can double your vocabulary."

"Harleys don't leak oil, they mark their territory."
(Both from the www.idaholegionriders.com)

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FALLEN BROTHERS RUN—A WHIRLWIND LUNCHEON

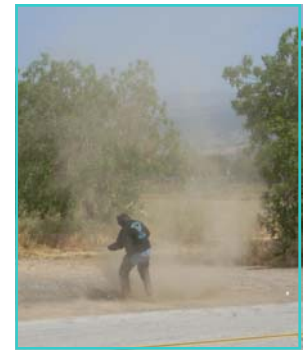
The Fallen Brothers Run, which some say is the start of the summers activities, was held on April 19th, 2008. It was another well orchestrated event. After a very early cleanup of the ISMC section of freeway, a large group of club members wives and guests met at Carrows Restaurant to start out for San Juan Bautista. The group had to be split into two sets of riders because of the size and for riding comfort. Before the staging took place, Breakaway informed the two new hopefully overworked prospects to get Ali's signature for their books if they could, as they may not get another chance. Even Jessie "Chuey" Gonzalez was happily received at the luncheon.

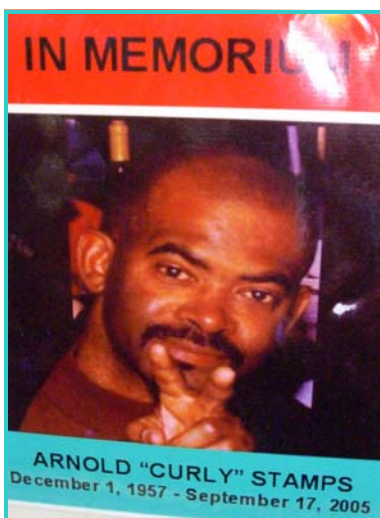
This set the mood of the day and the regard for our fallen brothers was shown as fellow riders who had not been seen in sometime came to pay their respects. The halfway stop for gas was just an excuse for more hugs and hand shakes for those of us that don't get to as many rides as life allows.



A fine showing of the ISMC brotherhood. (Photo above courtesy of Roadrunner)

Not one to avoid the whirlwinds of life, EZC proves it by pulling his hood over his head and jumping right into the center of yet another dust devil. He seemed to stop it in its tracks, or so we thought, until it snuck up behind us to pull Negotiator's hat off and throw it straight up high into the air. It was as if the fallen riders were here and they had come to play.





FALLEN BROTHERS RUN (CONT.)

We arrived at our destination, the Dona Esther Restaurant at 25 Franklin Street, and found the manager Tina waiting for us on the roof, saying how she loved to see us all come down the street. This was my first time at this event and I was surprised how big the restaurant was on the inside. They had several large dining areas with room inside large enough for us all. The buffet style lunch was ready for us with chips, salsa, and great guacamole. Most of us stopped by to pick up a tasty beverage from Donnie at the bar. The handcrafted bloody-marys were sampled by some, but the Cadillac margaritas were the big hit with the ladies. After a nice meal, the highlight of the luncheon was the heartfelt talk and remembrance of our fallen brothers Chili, Curly, and Diamond Ken. As Nodoz lovingly put it, we should appreciate each other every day. We are a group for as fast and long as we ride. We are a group that takes safety first and foremost out of respect for our fallen brothers.

A group shot taken from the roof of the restaurant was the starting gun for some of the ladies shopping. A hat box was seen later, along with an explanation of, "I bought less than last year dear," as we gathered up for the ride home. I left this run with a pride of belonging to something stronger together than apart, a pride of belonging to a family.



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BACA 100 MILE RUN

My weekends are pretty booked up in the summer, as I am sure everyone's is. I had already planned to go to the Dream Machines show on April 27 in Half Moon Bay. This year it happened to fall on my birthday, thus my sweetheart (a tentative rider at best) said she would like to go along as well. Yeah! So for rides this was all I had planned until I read Richie Rich's call to arms in the form of a small email sent to all. To be honest, I did remember something about BACA (Bikers Against Child Abuse) being voiced by Richie Rich at the last club meeting in Sacramento. However, only the Half Moon Bay thing stuck. When I read Richie Rich's email, everything changed. Without going into detail, as I did not get permission, I was taken by the openness and honesty of it. I was compelled to show my support. My personal plans seemed unimportant after reading what was important to Richie Rich and BACA. I regrouped and, although I met with a yell from Rifleman, "About time you got here," I still managed to arrive just as the sign-in began. I was impressed with the number of other club colors I saw (page 4). Even Richie Rich was sporting the BACA colors. I was a little taken aback though, on what seemed a small crew from BACA that commanded such a large turnout. This was well run event, and with the help of ISMCs fill-in Road Captains (Red, Rifleman, Breakaway, and X-man) it was a safe one. ISMC could not be prouder of Richie Rich for putting himself out there promoting a safer life for children. I am sorry to say I was not able to stay for the whole event and broke off early to obtain a necessary new rear tire before the ride to be held the next day that would have me carrying precious cargo (my sweetheart, Kimberley). Richie Rich was understanding and explained they had my money so I could go ;-). That is Richie speak for 'Love you bro, thanks for showing your support.' I look forward to learning more about BACA in the future. Their mission statement is included below, along with the web address in hopes you may feel the same. With things coming to an end with other charities, this may be something we can all support without any holdups or obstacles in our way. Children have a right to live without fear.



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BACA 100 MILE RUN (CONT.)

~BACA Mission Statement ~

Bikers Against Child Abuse exists with the intent to create a safer environment for abused children. We exist as a body of bikers to empower children to not feel afraid of the world in which they live. We stand ready to lend support to our wounded friends by involving them with an established, united organization. We work in conjunction with local and state officials who are already in place to protect children. We desire to send a clear message to all involved with the abused child that this child is part of our organization, and that we are prepared to lend our physical and emotional support to them by affiliation, and our physical presence. We stand at the ready to shield these children from further abuse. We do not condone the use of violence or physical force in any manner, however, if circumstances arise such that we are the only obstacle preventing a child from further abuse, we stand ready to be that obstacle.

Find out more at www.BACAUUSA.com



LEADER OF THE PACK

I found myself right behind Richie Rich, Mr. Bling Bling, on the return ride back from San Juan Bautista. The Fallen Brothers Run, as a rule, brings out riders that are not seen on a regular basis. This event was a perfect example. It was a large enough group that it was set up by the road captains in two packs.

On the way up I was comfortably set in the center of the first pack. Being a life long rider and being raised on the old television series CHIPS, I have always been a fan of precision riding, not the bear on a bike circus rider precision however, and was proud to be riding with ISMC. I know what to expect from my brother riders. You can always be more comfortable when you know the rider behind you will never cross the invisible line behind your back tire when in a staggered formation. This confidence in your fellow riders, this comfort zone, has not



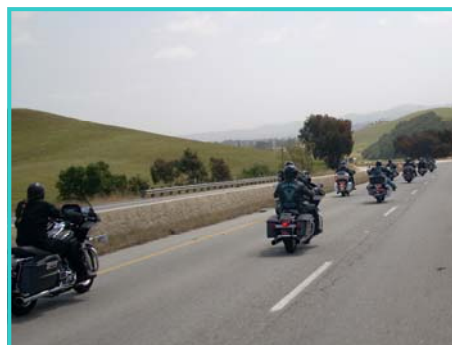
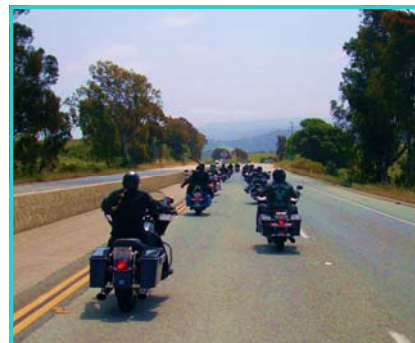
LEADER OF THE PACK (CONT.)

Been with me since right out of high school with my best friend, where a feeling of synchronicity came over me. The last ten or so pack rides I have noticed this comfort level grow, and especially in the last run up to the Sacramento club meeting.

I received the run information via email for where and when. I picked my spot along the way that the Oakland riders would pass by through the Napa area. Waiting for no more than ten minutes, here the ISMC group came up the freeway. I pulled up next to the rear road captain, who waived me into the pack. Everyone adjusted their position without any wasted motion. This comfort zone or confidence in your fellow rider really jelled with me and became clear in leaving a Fairfield pit stop on the long way back from the Sacramento meeting. I found myself with three other riders, Negotiator, TC, and Heavy-K. Never riding with Heavy-K before, it became very apparent to me that the comfort level I had been looking for had been found, found in a different way than I had been hoping for...found with a group of riders rather than a single rider.

I cannot speak for other clubs, nor do I think I need to. Our club has riders that are self leveling when it comes where they will find themselves in the pack.

The rules of the road in the ISMC by-laws start with safety first, then formation. There are four pages of information on where, when and how you should ride. So if the moons are aligned and any of the E-board members are present, most patch holders don't normally find themselves right behind the lead road captain as I did. This spot in the pack at first threw up no red flags in my mind. There should be no less attention to safety in any position in the formation. That being said, and knowing not all road captains are created equal, or maybe that I found myself on my former sponsors six for the first official club ride..."Damn." My already high level of respect for all of our road captains was raised even higher. The RCs look in their rear view mirrors and see so many riders looking to them to keep the formation tight and moving. To avoid the slinky action to take place so that the whole group can keep a steady speed. This keeps the riders in the rear from playing high speed catch up. This was, as it turned out, only first time position jitters. I looked forward to growing up to be a road captain someday, but there is no big hurry, and years away! Riding with Richie Rich, side by side, up to the last Street Vibrations, not being passed by anyone, if you know what I mean, is a whole different animal. My helmet is off to all of our fine road captains, D, EZC, Bassman, Bro, Mr. Big, and a shout out to who I believe may soon be another, Heavy-K.



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