

SOUL SMOKE NEWS LETTER

EDITOR: MACGYVER



VOLUME 15

MAY 2008

- Four wheels move the body, two wheels move the soul.
- Never try to race an old geezer, he may have one more gear than you.

(Both from the www.idaholegionriders.com)

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MAY CLUB MEETING

(Photo courtesy of Roadrunner)

NUTS!!! Wouldn't you know it. One of the best turnouts for a monthly meeting fell on a day I had to work. I was only able to do a drive by. I was only there to drop off a package to a club member.

Then I had to get to work. So my view was limited by time constraints. What I did see was logistically good for all members, plus the men could smoke. As Maleman says, the Sacramento crew comes down to Oakland almost always, and when we go up to Sacramento, it is not always in numbers that show our respect for all the extra miles they travel. This location could be a way to split that difference.

The most important thing to me is the food of course. However, there was a buffet set up rather than a menu, so that part of the review will have to wait. I did notice a rather small seating area available for such a large member turnout. None of



that seemed to matter to those members present. All were just happy to be there, and although I could have done without the wasted round trip from Hayward and back, it did give me a smile knowing there were all having fun for me.

Brother "KC" put it well in his email dated 5/16/08, "I want tell all of you that the last meeting was one of the best I have ever been to since I have been an Iron Soul. The BRU was evident the entire meeting. Brother Beaver Doctor we all love you, welcome back.

*Love for the Brother.
BRU always.
KC"*



(Photo courtesy of KC)



(Photo from www.crimelibrary.com)

LUCKY MEN

We talk about it at our meetings. We show it to one another by the Brotherhood, Respect and Unity we demonstrate for each other. Do we really truly understand how lucky we are though? How much freedom we have? I am not saying to the level of understanding a near death experience will bring you. Somewhere between the daily life duties we must all try to keep up with, to appreciate how lucky we are. To appreciate that we can feed, clothe and put a roof over our families heads. The freedom to do the everyday things we all take for granted like taking your

kids out for ice cream, kiss your lady on the back of the neck for no reason, or jump on your

Harley and go wherever you like with your brothers. The day to day grind can wear on anyone, even the rare person that knows to appreciate what they have because they have lost something before. I am speaking now of lost love and friends. We all hope to learn from our mistakes. We all have the freedom to decide which roads to travel. We all must look to do the right thing, without being pushed into decisions that take us down a road where freedom is lost.

The point I am getting to here, or why I have felt even luckier than usual, is simply that I have found myself working in prison for the last few months...San Quentin State Prison to be exact. Once I had gotten over the "Oh, poor me, look where I have to work," cry baby attitude, I found myself to be around an outstanding group of people. The two I look toward to tell me what not to do in prison, Officer W. Halybee, a twenty-five year veteran of the prison, along with Annette Randle, a twenty-nine year veteran of the California state correctional institution. For the months that I was in San Quentin, Officer Halybee taught me that you wait for problems to come to you and not go looking for them. I turned down a road with their help, learning that freedom is more precious than I ever imagined. I can't, nor would I pretend to know what it is like to be incarcerated. My view is limited to that seen from the upper gun rail of the South block, Alpine side. You can watch the National Geographic series *Lockdown*, but until you pass the West gate, sign in at the main entry and feel the sallyport steel door clank shut...I say feel rather than hear because it shakes through your entire being...until you pass that gate you really cannot begin to conceive in any real way. You walk with your escorts down and around the armed watch towers, to the entry into South block. Upon entry into the South block, you are hit by a wall of smells that are in no way as nice as the smells described in *Apocalypto Now* by Robert Duvall when they drop the napalm. There is nothing here you could describe as victory.



(Photo from www.caps.ucsf.edu/projects)



San Quentin

(Photo from gov.ca.gov/images)

As I walk the upper gun tower rails, setting up my air pumps, it is impossible to not look down into the cells. That would be harder than not looking at a train wreck. I don't need to go into what I saw. I don't need to describe how I felt. I am nowhere close to having the ability to describe any of it.

LUCKY MEN (CONT.)

I admit the first try getting into the prison was 100% failure. I was given no real information on what to expect. Rather the opposite, all I could get out of a fellow worker who had been there for a while was his mantra of “You’ll see, you’ll see,” to all my inquiries...that, and don’t wear blue jeans or blue shirts.

My first morning there was a Friday, arriving at 4:45 am. I had to get past the West gate by hitching a ride with a cleaning crew van. I climbed inside the van and the steamed up windows seemed to go on forever as I was motioned to the rear to have a seat. The mostly non-English speaking crew was no more awake than I

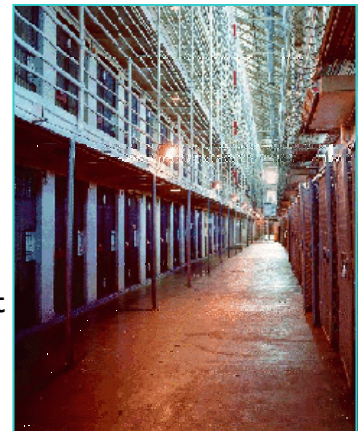


(Photo from static.howstuffworks.com)

was. As they scurried out of the van when we arrived, I found myself standing alone in front of the court gate in the dark. Seeing most of them and the guards going inside, I approached with caution and heard the first of many steel doors slam shut. Overhearing the passing guards say that there was a statewide lockdown, I learned two sergeants at a southern prison had their throats cut. (This sort of lockdown meaning that a hit had been put out on the guards, and thus could occur in any of the prisons.) This is the point where I heard the first voice in my head say, “Damn!” The voice in one’s head you hear when you’re watching a very scary movie or when people are doing something innately stupid. You know the kind I mean. The idiot that is walking into obvious danger, but goes anyway. Well, by the time my fellow workers found me, there were a chorus of voices saying the same thing, “Run away, run away.” I returned to my office where they not so politely explained there would be no other work available to me, so either show up Monday or stay home. I can’t explain why I balked at that. I have never had an anxiety attack, so I cannot say for sure I had one or not. It could have been as simple a thing as fear of losing my freedom, even for a moment. In any case, I cowboied up and got it done the following Monday.

Through the coming days I found the eleven hour shifts gave me pause, to really understand how lucky we are. I found myself thinking of things that are really important, people not things really. Now every day I step out the court gate under the gun tower #1, I say a little prayer for my loved ones and my brothers. I pray to help us all appreciate how lucky we are and to have the strength to make the right decisions, securing our freedom of choice.

I think sometimes the pride I have in being an Iron Soul verges on a sin. I was told by Officer Annette Randle that everything happens for a reason, that life put me here for a reason. I need to be here...like when Negotiator asked me to come by and meet the club. Then I found out about Mother Wright. Life seems challenging at times, but for those of us with our freedom we can always choose how to handle it. We can always have the choice to make our life as wonderful or as sorry as we want. We have the choice to make our days more or less, and take with us to the next day what we learned on the prior. I feel so honored and blessed to have found the friends I have with the Iron Souls, and look forward to many blessed days ahead.



(Photo from thedagger.com)

(Photos on this page courtesy of Roadrunner)

BLESSINGS

Well, the adventure began as I had to hear bad news about a good friend who was a neighbor, minister, and confidant. John Watts was one of my first contacts in 1970 as I settled into a new job and home in Vallejo, CA. John recommended me to the city manager for the position of Director of Community Relations, and from that day on we had a bond that spanned 37 years. Some of you brothers will remember my wedding was held in Alameda on the waterfront several years ago. John was that minister. During the difficult years after that unsuccessful marriage, John was always there for me. Sometimes I made calls in the middle of the night, on Sundays, and even on Christmas day once.

John said to me that one day he would ride up to my home on the finest Harley-Davidson I ever saw, and we would ride to Tahoe for the weekend. Well John never did get that bike before I moved to Tampa but he said that he loved the look of the new Road Glides and I should keep our dream of riding together alive. Well, I got a call from my son who lives in Martinez, CA, that John had passed away on April 28th, in the middle of the night. I was stunned to find out that John had a war going on against prostate cancer for ten years and was a little over weight. His heart just stopped that night and his wife said it was a loud gasp and he was gone. Life is so short, especially when you are on the up side of fifty, and you realize each day is a blessing. I began to think about not riding anymore since I couldn't find the kind of ISMC guys in this area. Then I knew that John put off his dreams and never got that H-D he loved to talk about. As the days passed after John's Funeral, I said to Voodoo, "You get your ass up, and go to the dealers in this area, trade in that 'old' Road King and get that '08 Road Glide and RIDE your ass off til you can't get that leg up over that seat anymore." Life is short and you better make everyday a good one. I'm learning to enjoy so many things, including softball, classes at the U. of South Florida and



travel all over the Caribbean and the Florida Keys.

My new Black Pearl FLTRI 6 speed will always remind me of John and I know he rides with me each time I crank up that new 96 ci V-Twin. I wish I could get every brother to dream big, pray more, love and laugh more often, and never go to bed with an evil thought. Sometimes it's good to listen to that inner voice, it could be the GOOD LORD talking.... Health and a good woman to you all.

~Article written by Voodoo~

END

PROSPECT "V"

Well brothers this is my attempt to put into the written word my experience and the pleaser in my prospect period. You know some things can't be put into words. You have to go through them. That's how a lot of my prospect period was. First and foremost to be even considered to become a prospect at the September 8th 2007 meeting. I have seen the IRON SOULS MC around off and on for the past year and a half, I've attended the MOTHER WRIGHT RUN, and the XMAS party (2006). I've talked with Blues at a lot of different fundraiser, I've seen Bassman, Won Ton and TKO around town, (Oakland) at different times and talked with them and got nothing but positive feed back. Which peaked my interest even more in this ISMC. For me it was hard to get in touch with the club because I had no idea where the IRON SOULS held their mettings. It was a stroke of luck that at BOB DRONES HD I meet and talked to a guy who knew about the prospect period for the ISMC meeting being held at the Buttercup restaurant in Oakland. So I went, not knowing what to expect but just wanting to be a part of. There was three others, which are my brothers (now)also there. C-LOW, who was the guy who told my about the meeting, Bro. Macgyver and Bro. T-Bone. I had a great time with these guys, but that's another story at a later time. Sitting in the Buttercup I meet Bo-Dean and X-Man. After a thirty minute what do you know about the ISMC, I was ask if I would like to be considered as a PROSPECT ? This was my big chances, (smile). Of course I said. So with that said Bo-Dean and X-Man became my sponsors. T-Bone and Macgyver were also sponsored. Throes two guys and I became immediate friends. Right off the bat I know the ISMC was going to be a good thing. What a great day that was. I don't want to live out my Bro. C-Low who tried very hard to become an IRON SOUL. I feel he would've been a good IRON SOUL and a great brother to all. With his type of likestyle and the s ome what demanding schedule of the club. He decided to step down. But I have to thank my Bro. C-Low, if it wasn't for him I would not be with you, my brothers, today. GODS SPEED. I believe the prospect period works well. It gives a person a chance to evaluate himself and the club. As for me, I really wanted to be apart of the brotherhood, apart of the community, apart of the best motorcycle club in California. If not the earth. (smile). I wanted a chance to be able to express myself in a way that was different from anything I've ever done. Especially if it was for the good of others. So their I was ,a PROSPECT for the ISMC. Another wish come true. Now I have a chance to step up to the plate too see what I'm made of. I hope I'm worthy of the respect from Thurs great ISMC members. The thing I liked the best besides riding my motorcycle with the ISMC was making thou's phone calls. I enjoyed talking with the brothers and hearing some of the stories and history about the ISMC. And the tips on surviving my prospect period. T-Bone, Macgyver and I stayed in constant contact during and even after our prospect period, bonding even that much closer. I really liked making those calls, What a great idea. Thanks fellows for all your help and the new perspective it gave me on the club. Now I'm not going to get long winded for my first time in our SOUL SMOKE NEWSLETTER but, I'd like to give a special thanks to my sponsor BO-Dean and X-Man, thanks brothers for everything, your the best. Bro. TKO, Sister Linda, Thank you for having our Initiation ceremony in your home. What a great place. Pres. Tee, VP. KC, Road Captain Ritchie Rich, The Male Man, Won Ton, I can go on and on, you know who you are, thanks brothers for your support and words of encouragement. Oh yes, Bro. Gil. (smile). Thank you for your hard line and keeping me in the center of the road. Your a good man and have a great style and hummer wh en it comes to the PROSPECTS. Brotherhood, Respect, Unity.

~Article written by Iron Soul " V " ~



END

SOUL SMOKE NEWS LETTER

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Brotherhood, Respect Unity

JUNE RUN SCHEDULE

Please make sure to call the club hotline to confirm dates and times prior to all rides. Last minute changes/questions can be directed toward the road captains assigned to each club ride.

Sun 1	ISMC E-Board Meeting	TBA	TBA	n/a
Fri 6 > Sun 8	ISMC Brotherhood Run -Departures -ISMC Club Meeting -Dinner	South Lake Tahoe Depart Lyons	8:00 AM	TBD
Sat 14	Isleton Crawdad Festival	Pittsburg Starbucks	10am	all
Sat 21	Big Bash and Bike Show	Manteca	TBA	TBD
Fri 27 > Sun 29	Monterey Blues Festival	FYI only	n/a	n/a



A WORD FROM YOUR EDITOR

Many thanks to Voodoo and "V" for submitting their fine articles, and a reminder to my other brothers that many more are wanted and needed. Topic ideas can be anything... an ISMC baseball game, a ride (club or not), write about another brother as T-Bone did. There are so many interesting things that occur in our brothers lives everyday, and we know only a small part of you all. We welcome you all to share a little.

Please submit your articles in the body of your email as text, not an image, and make sure to include pictures if you have some.

THERE ARE NO DEADLINES! If I can put something in a current months issue, it is best to receive it by around the 20th of the month. However, each month will need articles and I would love to get ahead a bit...so send them all in that you want and they will be saved for a future issue. Also...if anyone would like to volunteer an article and pictures for the Harley Anniversary event on the East coast, as I will not be going all the way.

SPECIAL NOTE: When I am wrong I admit it. All women are beautiful, but don't appear the same to their husbands...as noted by the comments received for the insertion of the wrong photo in last months article about Nas-D. In my own defense, my newly formed database of photos does not have names attached with them and I have not gotten to know everyone well yet. As you probably read, NoDoz was kind enough to send me an email, copied to all that his lovely wife does not have a twin. So a retraction on that photo of Nas-D, who is not kissing his wife. I await good natured fines.

