

# SOUL SMOKE NEWS LETTER

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"Most motorcycle problems are caused by the nut that connects the handlebars to the saddle."

(From the [www.idaholegionriders.com](http://www.idaholegionriders.com))

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## THE BROTHERHOOD RUN

*The Brotherhood Run started for me on Thursday morning at 8:00 am, as I sat in some of the worst traffic this year. I found myself projecting what I would be doing at the exact time Friday morning...double check what I packed and head over to the toll plaza in Vallejo where I would wait for the Oakland crew to pass by. This was the only thing that kept me from playing bumper cars in the stop and go, and stop again, that was the start of a downward spiral work day.*

*Even when I was let go from my job later that morning as the company downsized, I couldn't get mad. All I was thinking was, "Cool, I have time to wash the bike before I leave." Then, just like that it was 9:20 am on Friday, and here they came. The Oakland crew paid their tolls at the bridge...apparently not having read the article about Fastrak. Two more stops later we had grown to two packs of fourteen each and were heading out of Sacramento. All of the customary handshakes and 'glad to see you' were*



(Photos on this page courtesy of Roadrunner)

*different this time. The smiles were wider, as an anticipation of actually getting to ride with our brothers was becoming infectious. There was a cure for this infection, and a fast acting one at that. I found myself in what is becoming my favorite spot, front pack on the left side and third back.*

*(continued on next page)*



(Top two photos on this page courtesy of Roadrunner, rest by MacGyver)



## THE BROTHERHOOD RUN (CONT. FROM PG. 1)

*I can't even remember if we stopped for gas after Sacramento. The ride up was a fast paced affair, the quickest ride for me yet.*

*T C was on my right all the way. When I say on my right, I mean it. We rode side by side for what seemed to me the whole way up Highway 50 to Tahoe. I can't speak for everyone, but for myself, I can say I had a great ride up. The view I saw was a tight, well placed group of riders held together by centrifugal force and the love of riding. Mr. Bling Bling set the pace, and I could not help thinking about the first time I saw ISMC riders as they passed me atop another*

Mountain top some years ago. I wondered how many people we were passing who were thinking the same thing I did back then..."Who the hell are those guys?"

Once we all arrived at the Roadway Inn in Tahoe and dropped off our things, it was off for lunch. I thought we would go to a steakhouse or a casino eatery. So you can understand my surprise when we found ourselves all negotiating a loose rock and dirt parking lot adjacent to a very small restaurant called Izzy's Burger Spa with outside dining. It was good they had outside dining, as the inside of Izzy's was so small we had to order in shifts. This left the first prospect to ISMC looking through a window wondering, "Where's the respect?" The staff at Izzy's was happy to see us all and quickly turned the non-believers into happy customers with the big smiles and fast service of some great burgers at what would be the most reasonably priced meal of our stay.

Regrouping back at the hotel happily fed on this t-shirt riding first day, everyone seemed to gravitate to Harrah's main floor bar. There was a liberal exchange of libation and donations to a wide variety of machines. A watering hole had been found that was a great spot to watch everyone as they started the weekend in earnest. The brothers would wander by for refreshments and tips from Won Ton on slot play. There was only one prospect that wished he hadn't strolled by our group. Almost in unison we called him on his obvious lack of a vest. The only thing sadder was his attempt to come up with an explanation why he wasn't wearing his prospect patch. "Who is his sponsor," rang out above all the noisy slot machines and clatter of bar glasses. The word was passed around that an open house condo, which was generously provided by RG, was set up for the brotherhood to stop by.

*(continued on next page)*

## THE BOTHERHOOD RUN (CONT. FROM PG.2)

Most if not all members stopped by at least once during the weekend. The good natured fines at the meeting early next morning would attest to the fact that fun was had by all who did stop by. A genuine bonding experience of riding, fun and assorted merriment was just what the brotherhood run was all about, and just what the doctor ordered if bringing us all together was the thing we needed.

The end of our first day found some of us atop Harrahs for the \$32 plate of seafood buffet, which in hind site I should have gone with. Their mini food court was not much more inexpensive and left much to be desired, and was far inferior to anything we had that weekend. Most members found themselves wondering back to the hotel later after dinner. For those of them that didn't only one did not make the ride to Sparks after the meeting the next day due to the late night brotherhood get together at the condo and casino floor. Altogether though, a pretty impressive percentage considering.

The second day started clear and crisp. The early meeting was very well set up by Richie Rich and Bassman at the Embassy Suites, where a very presentable buffet breakfast was waiting for us along with VIP parking in front along the street sidewalk. Everyone was early or right on time, except for one lone prospect. The meeting was called to order and Tree brought up the point we were all thinking...what a great job all the road captains did putting this all together.. Later in the meeting, Richie Rich and the other road captains got the only standing ovation I have ever seen for all their outstanding work, not only for this event for all their constant care for our safety and wellbeing. Other highlights were X-Mans update on the upcoming Mother Wright Run. The tickets are on there way.

For those of you not making the meeting, we are all being given 150 tickets to sell...which is to mean we are all committed to at least \$150 donation per member. This was a highly discussed and voted on decision. Not to say that X-Man's over the top hard work should be limited to minimum sales goals. An information packet has already been sent out for those of you like myself that seem to have better luck with something in hand that has all the information needed. The Mother Wright Run flyers have also been sent out via email, along with handouts to be given at the July 12th meeting at the Red Caboose in Antioch, where there will be a ready to serve buffet at 8:30am followed by the meeting at 9:30am. (continued on next page)



(Photos on pages 4 & 5 courtesy of MacGyver)



## THE BOTHERHOOD RUN (CONT. FROM PG.3)

The best part of the second day meeting for myself was expressed by some brothers on the meaning of Brotherhood, Respect and Unity. Negotiator may have said it best by saying, its all icing on the cake being with his brothers, Tree states, "It's not about the E-Board or anyone in the club as a whole." Heavy K tells everyone, "Sometimes you need to leave your family to appreciate what a great family you have." He also agreed with X-Man and Tree, that we need to strike a balance between charity and riding. We are after all a motorcycle club, and the best way to know your brothers is to ride together. The better we know each other, the better we can serve our community.



After the meeting, we found ourselves back at the Embassy Suites for a group photo shot. We rode over to Sparks first after that. Then a small group, myself included, took a run out to Pyramid Lake Indian Reservoir for the ride and the Coo Feather. This easy ride over Highway 50 was an extra bonus for me. I found myself riding next to our club president Tree. I don't know why it tickles me like it does, every time I find myself next to someone new. To be side by side with Tree on such a beautiful day is such a great place really brought Negotiator's comment into focus. It's all icing on the cake being with you brothers.



Arriving at the mini Street Vibrations in Sparks, no one really knew what to expect. The day had warmed up and at first I could not understand the reason to stop. I was perfectly happy riding.

After a few minutes though, it turned out pretty nice. The setup, crowd size and vendors were all much more civilized and low key, more like a mini street vibrations. Plenty of room for all. You could talk to one another without being pushed around, and even hear the music.



A group of riders saddled up and headed off to Pyramid Lake while the rest stayed in Sparks, having found a good spot between the cabanas, where a nice jazz group was playing, and the beer and bratwurst vendor was sending his come hither smell from the grill to the soon to be patrons. Red was in charge of the small expedition to Pyramid Lake, having been there before, and Richie Rich helped lead on his right. I had no worries about where to go. I could enjoy with my former prospect brother V by my side. That being said, after we got out of town and had been riding for a while in the high desert, it could easily be described as...well, you know how some people exercise on a treadmill and buy those scenery dvds to watch as they do...it was just like that. I am sure we put miles on the bikes, but it just didn't seem we went anywhere. I could see it in V's eyes too, we were in

## THE BOTHERHOOD RUN (CONT. FROM PG.4)

the middle of nowhere. Then, we came to another rolling hill to suddenly find Pyramid Lake. It was a stunning sight of deep blue water, only punctuated by a natural rock formation shaped like a pyramid. We made a quick photo opt stop to document we were really there. Then another quick stop at the local watering hole, the Crosbys Lodge General Store & Bar. This is where Red's description of the coldest beer in Nevada was served, and oh so true it was. We picked up the rest of our crew on the way to the Atlantis for the club lunch, which turned out to be the best



meal of the trip. What a spread they have there, and I don't just mean the volume of it all...although it was immense. The quality of the various cuisine presented was outstanding. The combinations on the plates brought back to the table were as varied as our brotherhood is diverse. Yes, I was one of the last ones out from the culinary carnage left behind by the ISMC crew. I admit I only left when I did to ride back with the pack. I am sad and glad of my decision to leave the Atlantis. Riding back over Highway 50, I was once again side by side with Tree. The road captains slowed the pace down and took over both lanes as we started up the incline to Tahoe. What an end to a perfect day of riding.

The thundering herd was on their way as the Harleys comfortably lugged through the winding hills. You could hear the echoes come back to us as we passed through little valleys and hillsides. All too soon it was over. Most found themselves happy to stay around the hotel talking and telling stories, spending a quiet moment with their brothers. Listening to Richie Rich described the beating he saw a female passenger give her boyfriend. A rider who had mistakenly thought that the crowd was cheering for his motorcycle burnout. The crowd was, in fact, yelling for him to stop dragging his girlfriend down the street.

Other brothers mustered up the strength for one more go at lady luck. One brother was brought up to date on the days activities after a needed nap after the meeting. Recovery time takes longer as we get older. The 9:00am be gassed up and ready call came down, and seeing how I resembled the prior remark, I threw on my tour pack and loaded up my gear for what I knew would seem to be an early departure Sunday morning. After two vente mochas in at a nearby Starbucks, V and I started to say our goodbyes as a mini pack was leaving early. Red, Blues and Rifleman headed off for a more scenic photo opt ride. Still others took a long, long way home. Too soon for everyone, our last stop for gas in Sacramento saw the last of the goodbyes. Before I was ready I waved off at Highway 12 to Napa, as the remaining group headed to Oakland.

I started with a new company Monday...talk about full circle, stuck back in traffic. The only visual difference being the odd dark sun tan that my half gloves left on the top of both hands. When people ask me how I got such a strange tan on my hands. I just say I got them riding with my brothers.

~Article written by MacGyver~

END



## NOT ANOTHER ONE!

Please, not another bike show! Can't we just ride? We are in one of the most beautiful and rider friendly spots in the universe. I don't mean to say I uphold with the Harley cry..."I live to ride, I ride to live." My philosophy is more like, "I live to ride, I ride to eat," as Glen, the owner of Odyssey Leathers, would attest to since he was asked to give me some breathing room in my chaps recently. The on the freeway and off the freeway, point A to point B, get to where you are going is a necessary evil at times and cannot be avoided. However, the journey should be the best part of the ride.

The points of interest here in California are as diverse as our members. You can crisscross the foothills on the backroads of the Sierras, cross the coast by ways that set you up for those cut back turns, that set you up for the power-out turns that we all love to feel and hear. We are after all Harley riders. This issue came to view looking over our new ride schedule. This is in no way taking away from all the hard work our Road Captains do. They can't be expected to watch over our safety during the rides, keep the ride schedule posted along with all the updates current, along with notifying everyone of all the current updates to ask them to come up with rides for everyone.

This is what I have found out talking to Bassman about what one would do to get on the ride schedule. This is what I am hearing. First of all, and no surprise to anyone, there are a lot of pre-ordered dates that can't be moved. That being said, there are many days that can be scheduled with a little common sense. Bassman meets with the other Road Captains to keep up with the ebb and flow of our yearly run schedule. So here is where the common sense part comes into play. When trying to get on the schedule, look at the schedule first. Pick out more than one date, or even better, leave the date open so the Road Captains have more flexibility with the scheduling. Second, give them as much information as you can. They are always looking for ideas. Past rides Maleman remembers were as simple as taking the long way around down to Monterey for lunch, or a theme ride (such as a sweetheart run through the wine country to thank our better halves for their support). Finally, giving them as much notice and information, talk to a Road Captain. All are happy to hear from you and most will return your call. You need to help them help you or else you cannot complain about it. Like T-Bone said, he would rather spend the parking fee and entry cost to yet another bike show on gas for riding. (continued on next page)







## FROM THE EDITOR

### WHAT A GENTLEMAN!

I was doing my editor thing one morning at Bob Drons Harley in Oakland, trying to get some real information about Jimi Joe, a former parts man who passed away recently, and whom ISMC had shown their support for at the memorial run. On my way out of the dealership, I paused to admire the Harleys on the showroom floor. I heard someone say, "You can't afford that!" Looking up for a moment to see who was being harassed by a friend. I had looked back down at the chrome, when I heard, "You better be a member if your wearing that ISMC shirt and hat." Looking back up to see a Cheshire cat grin and realizing it was me being harassed, I replied, "You bet your ass I am!" He started laughing and identified himself as T.O.P. I yelled back "MacGyver". Hugs and hand shakes commenced.



I can't say for sure if it was me or my attire he recognized. I sure could not have pulled him out of a lineup with him in street clothes. Thinking back, I have only met T.O.P. once, when I had just become a prospect at a Sacramento club meeting. I was more concerned at that time though, with counting bikes and selling tickets than in wondering what the members would look like in street clothes. T.O.P. told me he had stopped by for a moment on his way to the airport, setting off for another tour. This time it was to Europe. He was helping a band mate in picking out a Harley.

He called over other members of Tower of Power and introduced me one by one to each. I was immediately taken by their obvious knowledge of ISMC and the workings of our club. They were curious about my place in the club and how I enjoyed the newsletter. I got the distinct impression they got a kick out of keeping up with things this way. T.O.P said he had gotten together with Tree and other brothers for a ride the past weekend. He was thinking of us all the weekend of the Brotherhood Run, and was pleased we all had such a great time. Out of the blue, he asked what's up with Stray Dog. I replied, good question, and was again impressed by this globe trotting rock star's detailed knowledge of the day to day happenings within the club. Just because he is not here, doesn't mean he is not with us. Distance has no relevance in his commitment to the club. We all could learn from T.O.P.

He gave me a direct quote for the newsletter when asked. His love and respect for ISMC was apparent. He did give me two messages. One for X-Man and the other for Skip. Both were to be given in person, and as funny as they might be...but not really something meant to be written down. Your imagination would be best on what they might be.

T.O.P's band mate had stopped near the V-Rods and he yelled across the showroom floor to, "Keep walking and find a real Harley." We talked about V-Rods for a moment and agreed they had a great power and were technologically well designed. T.O.P agreed with me that they looked like they had been left out in the rain and had shrunk a bit. So, considering the size of his friend, he would be better off with an adult sized bike.

I left my chance encounter with T.O.P. wishing him a safe tour and was pleased I had met his friends. He had made me feel like a star with his praise about the newsletter. I look forward to the day we can ride together. ~Article written by MacGyver~

END

# SOUL SMOKE NEWS LETTER

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**ISMC**



## Brotherhood, Respect Unity

### JULY 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.

Event Date	Event	Meeting Location	Meeting/ Depart	Lead Road Captain
<b>JULY</b>				
Sun 29	ISMC E-Board Meeting	TBD	TBA	n/a
Sat 5	Fillmore Jazz Festival	FYI Only	n/a	n/a
Sat 12	ISMC Club Meeting - OMC 3 bridge run	The Red Caboose,	TBA	TBD
Sat 19	Dudley Perkins Redwood	TBD	TBA	TBD
Sat 26	She Devils Hottest Ride	Mountain House	TBA	TBD

**END**

### FOLLOW UP PHOTOS FROM FALLEN BROTHERS RUN

Sometimes there are just those priceless moments you may not have space for in the main issue, but that still need to be described. Below on the left is EZC in the middle of what we thought to be the last of the dirt devil entered into with little encouragement at the Fallen Brothers Run. Unbeknownst to us all the sneaky thing came up behind us so quickly that X-Man barely had time to cover his coffee, while Negotiator's two fisted snacking left him helpless as the dust devil popped his cap off of his head. ~Photos & Article by MacGyver~



**END**