

SOUL SMOKE NEWS LETTER

EDITOR
MACGYVER



Welcome
#80
Seabreeze

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BROTHERHOOD RUN SAN DIEGO 2009

Truth be told, we (as in ISMC) needed to get out of town more than ever. The recent loss of Mother Wright and subsequent memorial and ceremonies took a big toll on ISMC's psy-



che. The members that could take off were better for it. The Thursday crew, of which I was one of the lucky ones, skipped out early on a very fast paced run. As Breakaway states, our packs never go beyond the speed limit. That being said, no one had a chance to pass us once we got rolling. Lead by RC, Truck and Heavy K, we were all in the newly labeled President's Pack. It was as it should be, a tight side-by-side pack running hard and fast.

Upon arrival in San Diego, we were met by Martha, President Heavy K's contact at the Island Palms Hotel and Marina at 2051 Shelter Island Drive. You can look up this Best Western Hotel online to see how lovely this location is, but no picture could prepare you for the outstanding service and hospitality we were given. Truly, the aloha spirit lives on Shelter Island.

The executive chef, Marc Brislin, made his presence known with complimentary appetizers almost before we received our first tasty beverage. One of which was, and is now my favorite...shrimp fingers. I can only describe them as something you would see in a Tim Burton film.

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BROTHERHOOD RUN SAN DIEGO 2009 (CONT.)

It was a five inch long, thin pastry rolled into a crispy East Indian fingernail shape stuffed with shrimp. This was only one of the many culinary treats we came across. You will need to go online and ask Chef Bristin for his recipe for the potato salad served at the Brotherhood meeting, seeing how many Brothers went back for at least seconds. His email is mbrisl@islandpalms.com

Before I get into a well deserved love fest of our accommodations, I would be remiss in not mentioning the early connection with two wayward Brothers I met at our breakfast stop Thursday morning. The mighty Chief, and our own Tampa Bay resident Voodoo, meeting both of them was a first for myself and many others. This really set the mood for B.R.U. They split off with Tree along the way, but hooked back up with the Friday crew that rolled back in later that day. I cannot confirm the time they arrived that day. I can tell you that a plane arrives every five minutes and fourteen seconds at the San Diego Airport. Its flight path passes what feels like only feet above the San Diego Harley Davidson shop. The reason I know the flight plan of the San Diego Airport is simple. The amount of money put into your Harley has no relation to whether or not something will go wrong. San Diego HD's service manager, Ryan, worked above and beyond to get me back on the road, but it was just not meant to be. The end result was shipping arrangements being made back to RC cycles in Hayward, so I could find out why a newly installed Screaming Eagle six speed went awry.

I must point out that San Diego HD was not my first call to a Harley Dealership in town, but they were the only dealership that responded to me. Hearing that I was from out of town had no influence on the two other dealerships I had called prior. Only Ryan took charge to get me up on the rack. Hearing the disappointing news Garret, the service manager, hooked me up with a rental, an Ultra that was very reasonably priced. I hesitate to say how little it cost, so as not to get him in trouble.

On arriving back at the Island Palms, I was glad to hear that the crew had gotten out for a ride around San Diego. One of their highlights had been going over the Del Coronado bridge. I think it was Heavy K that said he had to slow the pack down to take in all the beauty of the hotel Del Coronado and surrounding scenery. My Brothers had kept in touch by phone and stopped by the Harley Dealership.

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BROTHERHOOD RUN SAN DIEGO 2009 (CONT.)



BROTHERHOOD RUN SAN DIEGO 2009 (CONT.)

Upon my reappearance to our watering hole, I was met with open arms and full glasses from my understanding crew. The Friday pack had arrived to be greeted with the Island Palm aloha spirit, and a first time event was about to happen this evening. A prospect meeting was being held during the brotherhood run. Without going into detail, as our meetings are strictly club business not to be shared outside the club, I do think I won't be speaking out of turn if I share a part of what I said. Being the last member to speak, I had to let my Brothers know that, even having the most frustrating HD day ever, being with my Brothers everything was better. We are better together.

The Brotherhood meeting started early Saturday morning...too damn early for some after the late night. Again, this is club business, but I can say that the buffet breakfast and lunch was outstanding, helping everyone keep BRU flowing in the conversations on some key points that will potentially effect ISMC years after this meeting. The wisdom and sensitivity of our new President Heavy K was never more apparent than when he tabled most of the meeting agenda for a later meeting. Taking care of our most important question did take most of the day though, and the beauty of the San Diego day was calling.

The evening was spent in two groups as some rode downtown to explore and others, such as myself, walked down to Humphrey's By The Bay to check out Joe Cocker and have what was to be a very, very pricy dinner. The bar was cool, having windows that opened to the docks, where at first look the locals had a serious dock management problem. The boats were jammed in all over. A closer look revealed a purpose to the madness. The locals maneuvered their dinghy's, canoes, and boats closer to the waterfront concert hall for easy listening. Those of us in the bar were happily surprised to see Joe Cocker's concert shown on the close circuit TVs. Finishing dinner, some called it a night knowing there was another early morning coming.

At the end of the trip, I was lucky enough to get a ride back with KC. I was living large in his Harley Edition Truck. The price I had to pay, however, was high. I was asked to load up ISMCs left over supplies to take back. It was a simple request...go to the hospitality/president's suite and grab the stuff. Seeing Heavy K, or anyone, straight out of bed at 5:00 am was a disturbing sight to say the least. It was a strange end for an eventful Brotherhood Run 2009, which left me bikeless, full of BRU and none the worse for wear.

Photos and Article provided by MacGyver



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RICHIE RICH AKA MR BLING BLING

You can thank Bodean for Richie Rich first hearing about ISMC. Though I am positive with Richie's roaming ways, it would have happened regardless. However it happened, we are a better club for it.

Born in 1964, Richie Rich is one of our youngest members. His 36 years of riding has not dampened his enthusiasm for riding. Anyone riding with him turn-by-turn can attest to this. Not every rider appreciates it. Most aspire to it. No one can call him dull.

This man we call Brother has not had an easy life, but you will never hear him complain about it. On the contrary, he will say it only made him

stronger. He has built a life in Oakland and within this Brotherhood that goes beyond ISMC in giving back to the community. Richie also gives back through BACA and mentoring children with challenges similar to the ones he had growing up. He does all of this while holding down a job and a half as superintendent at an electrical firm in Oakland.

Patch holder #66 went through his prospect ceremony in 2004 at Nas D's home...pre-pool. He patched in alone, sponsored by Nas D, Bodean, and EZC. Like his riding, Richie has never looked back. He has been a multi-community member of M.A.W.F, Lend-A-Hand, along with ISMC. He has been a Road Captain since 2005 and every year since.

Mister Bling Bling started his two wheel love affair with a 3.5 horsepower mini bike, quickly stepping up to a 1974 CR 125. I am sure he thought he was hell on wheels even then. I am always surprised, not that riders name their bikes...which is normal to me. It's the variety of names they come up with. Richie Rich was no different, calling a few of his bikes Black Betty and Dollar.

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RICHIE RICH AKA MR BLING BLING

I am not sure which one he took to the 100th Anniversary Ride for Harley Davidson back to the Midwest and Chicago, two of his favorite rides. I don't think he cared which bike he was on though, when his lip was split with hail stones the size of grapes hammered him coming out of Big Bear Lake in Utah.

Richie describes his favorite road to ride as being wherever the rubber hits the road. His friends and family think his being in ISMC is a beautiful thing. I am proud to say Richie Rich was one of my sponsors, along with Negotiator. It's a fact that he never lets me forget, and likely never will. That's fine with me. He sets the bar high within the brotherhood, and for his posturing attitude with himself and others. You would not need to look further for a better brother or heart and spirit. Before this turns into a love fest, you must keep in mind to always be on your game when in the presence of Bling Bling. He is the only member that can keep up with Breakaway for serving one lines that can put a group or individual to their knees faster than being hit in the face with a wet fish. Too, he can give a look that makes you wonder why you ever opened your mouth without thinking first. There are no hidden agendas with this man. You always know where you stand with this brother. What more could you ask for from anyone. Standing side-by-side or watching your back, Richie Rich will always be leading the pack.

Photos and Article provided by MacGyver



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TWO UP TO OCCIDENTAL

The early morning of May 23 was met with a chilly overcast start. Meeting at the toll plaza of the Richmond bridge, however, Kimberley (aka BB) and I were met with a sunny group of riders intent on having a fun day no matter what the weather. After exchanging hugs and smiles, we headed across the bridge where more riders fell into the pack, pushing our numbers to a respectable 23.

The only stop along the way was for gas and a quick phone call by the mighty Won Ton, securing lunch at Negris, the original Occidental family style Italian restaurant. Reading between the line of this large neon sign you might pick up that there are issues afoot of whose restaurant in Occidental is the best. Customer poaching is a common occurrence in this small town, but we will save this topic for another time. We were so glad to be here that there was dancing in the streets on our arrival. This and the Pear Parfait daiquiri cocktail ordered by more than one member and served in a martini glass no less, quickly dispelled any anxiety that a bad ass biker club had taken over the restaurant. On the contrary, we were there to enjoy the day with our friends.

The restaurant server was better in the bar. The single bartender held her own in a pleasant and proficient manner. The restaurant side was slow and not well organized, even with notice and available room, they could only manage three separate tables served at a time. The food was slightly unremarkable, and seemed destined for tourist. None of that slowed us down though.

The sun had come out and we were looking to get back on the road. The lovely ladies laughing during the days event was a sweet bonus, along with the beautiful winding road through the redwoods. All added up to a great ride. A shout out to our Canadian visitor riding with Negotiator, Brenda. She had never ridden in a pack before. Judging by the enormous smile on her face, she would be up for it again anytime.

The Monte Rio sign said it best, they Await Your Return.

Photos and Article provided by MacGyver





A CANUCK INVADES THE IRON SOULS

On Saturday, May 23rd, I had the pleasure of going on a run with the Iron Souls and I have the Negotiator to thank for it. His wife Egidia and I are long time friends and I was here for her surprise birthday party the previous Saturday. Prior to my visit, (I live in Toronto), I had asked Negotiator if it would be possible to go on a run. While I was here, much to my surprise and delight, he put out the word and voila! it was happening! Seventeen bikers showed up. Although I have been on a motorcycle before (but never a Harley), I had never experienced a group run, not to mention being fully dressed in leathers (thanks Egidia). All I can say is "wow"! We made our way up to Occidental and had lunch at a very nice Italian restaurant.



Then we made our way back home through Russian River and some other areas whose names escape me. It was a great day and it left me with a great big smile and serious case of helmet head! I can't say enough about the beauty of California. You live in a wonderful place, but to experience it on the back of a Harley on a nice day...well, that can't be beat.

And finally, it was very nice to meet everyone too. I felt very welcome.

I couldn't have asked for a better way to end my trip.

Thanks again for a wonderful experience.

Regards,

Brenda Dryall



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SEABREEZE

Ceremony day started early with a club meeting at Tiki Tom's. President Heavy K was sporting his new vest, which was embroidered with his new motto "Aint No Half Steppin." Prospect Seabreeze had a new vest, or lack of a vest, it being ceremony day. Duct tape and a marker does not a vest make, as Negotiator was quick to point out. Stapulz tried to rally movement to change the prospects road name to "Duct Tape." Luckily, it did not stick.

The meeting was the normal chores and hard work. T-Bone never gets to really enjoy the meetings, always trying to keep track of the ever changing list of things needing to be done. Richie looked as if he would enjoy torturing the prospect down to the wire.

The big winner of the day was Truck, who won the box. I had taken Tree's suggestion and passed on the Pimp cup, which I had won at a different event, by putting it in the box. It was a surprising hit with the new owner.

After the meeting one of our stops was to Bob Dron's to watch the CHP trials. It's a good thing HD and BMW are in different classes for scoring is all I'm saying. You could hear the grinding of the HD foot boards as they did their maneuvers. BMW had no such problem. That being said, both groups of riders were outstanding, and not afraid to take a tumble for the fastest time.

Then it was off to Nas D's home for the ceremony. He was very gracious to let such a large group invade his beautiful hill top home. I won't discuss the latest ceremony other than to say that Seabreeze's sponsors Gil, KC, and Truck could not have been any prouder of the prospect than any member present. The latest ceremony was a dynamic and moving one. I speak for everyone I believe in saying the hard work behind the scenes really showed in the quality of historical reverence and proof of commitment.

What I can speak about is that the mighty Won Ton presented his sponsors, Mac and Iron Butt, with gifts prior to the ceremony. He thanked them for making him the first patched in member 16 years ago. It was a fitting way to start the evening.

The ceremony always ends for the newest patch member, assuming he patched in to take his new Brothers wherever he would like to ride for the evening. Our first stop was close, a local watering hole down the hill. The police showed up during our visit to check out the hubbub, prompted by our happiness with our new brother. Whomever called them must have been let down by the result, seeing that ISMC is in such good standing with the local law enforcement. They were more interested in congratulating Seabreeze for passing than anything else.

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ISMC



Brotherhood, Respect Unity

SEABREEZE (CONT.)

We ended up at the Florence, a long time biker favorite. This is where I left everyone after pizza and tasty beverages. The Pimp goblet had met its match though. D-Tour didn't even notice that the box he was holding only had pieces in the bottom of the box. They don't make Pimp goblets like they used to for diamond encrusted ones or not.

We are always better together as a club, and a better club with Seabreeze in it.

Photos and Article provided by MacGyver

