

SOUL SMOKE NEWS LETTER

EDITOR
MACGYVER



Winner of the Iron Thunder
Award—Event Coordinator “V”



Congratulations to our Prospect
& Mrs. Hollywood for the new
addition to their/our family!

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17TH ANNUAL ISMC ANNIVERSARY PARTY



**The Few, the Proud, the Well-dressed members present for the
ISMC 17th Anniversary Party.**

We're back at the Doubletree Inn at the Berkeley Marina. The last time was in 2008, when we boarded the *Hornblower* for our dinner cruise. So checking into the room that night, I was looking forward to another great night of good food, service and fabulous friends. Thank God for the friends ;-). I'll talk about the poor service and \$32 dollar double shot tequila in a minute. Dropping off my bags in the room, I made my way to the president's suite, where as expected I found my Brothers doing what they do best...having fun. I was sporting my new pimp hat and feeling just in the right frame of mind for the evening's events. The new Prospect, Hollywierd or is it Hollywood, was getting no rest running around doing this and that.

(continued on next page) **Photo by MacGyver**

17TH ANNUAL ANNIVERSARY PARTY (CONT.)

As everyone caught up with each other, talking about antics of the past and recent adventures, the drinks flowed and smiles widened. As we worked our way down to the ballroom, DJ Nico was setting up, this being his third ISMC event now. Nico is always ready for a request, although there is really no need. He is always on point and age appropriate with the backbeats that get the crowd going. The rest of the eighty plus members and guests flowed in and found their seats. Roadrunner, ISMC's Historian and master photographer, started his rounds snapping candid shots along with helping me corral the children for a group shot. That is always the hardest part of any event. Everyone placed their "Fish" or "Meat" sticker in front of their dinner plate as a very nice salad and cheese first course was served.

The men gathered around the smallest most unequipped bar I have ever seen to try and grab some tasty adult beverages for dinner. It was a task that was frustrating and unnecessarily expensive. The rest of the courses were okay.

Then Heavy K, who is quite at ease speaking to this crowd, presented this year's awards and patches. He began with VP Iron Butt by his side, an elegant speaker in his own right and to whom you always learn something new about ISMC history when he talks. Awards were handed out for those members who went above and beyond with their own time and effort making sure that ISMC grows as a group of brothers. The big winner of the evening was Brother V, our own event coordinator. He walked away with the **Iron Thunder Award**, that is given once a year. Most noteworthy was the encapsulated ceremony that was appreciated by all in its condensed version so that the dancing could begin.

As the dancing got underway Seabreeze, known to be a premature dancer (his macho is always working), starts dancing to the music in his head while still in the parking lot. He was the first on the dance floor, followed moments later by most everyone else.

As everyone got into the groove, they found that grabbing their adult beverage from the rear bar outside the ballroom was actually better quality and less expensive. The crowd made a warm glow of love hover over everyone present...so warm that we would take breaks just outside the lobby's front door. In the cool night air it was a perfect spot to refresh.

On one such break late in the evening, a bus pulled up and the BYU Women's Basketball Team, still in their court attire, piled off. The minute they heard the music, they started looking for its origination.



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Photos by MacGyver



17TH ANNUAL ANNIVERSARY PARTY (CONT.)



Being the ISMC gentleman that I am, I was more than happy to show the fine ladies the way. As I opened the ballroom door to usher them in, they ran to the dance floor like they were stealing a pass. Their energy and dance moves energized the remaining crowd like a triple shot of espresso and pulled those people out of their seats who may have been thinking they were done for the night. **(continued on next page)**

Photos by MacGyver



17TH ANNUAL ANNIVERSARY PARTY (CONT.)



(continued on next page) PHOTOS BY ROADRUNNER

17TH ANNUAL ANNIVERSARY PARTY (CONT.)



(continued on next page) PHOTOS BY ROADRUNNER

17TH ANNUAL ANNIVERSARY PARTY (CONT.)



A few members took full advantage of the increased ratio of women to men influx on the dance floor. Mr. Funk-a-lot (Tree) to some, was showing his classic moves to three ladies at a time, while an unnamed member was being taken to school by four BYU girls. One of which grabbed him by the neck, and bent him over at the waist to slap his ass. Sorry for the fuzzy photo, but, along with everyone else, I too was laughing so hard at the good natured fun happening. It was hard to keep a straight face and a steady camera at the same time. All you could hear from the unnamed member, was the cry, "I like, I

like." For those of you who left early or could not be there, you missed the best thing ever. Photos and text could not describe fully how hilarious it was. This experience was well worth the cost of my hotel room so I could stay late.

Article provided by MacGyver



SWEET JIMMIE'S FUNERAL

There was standing room only, was not just something you say about this funeral. Held at the Good Hope Baptist Church in Oakland, located at 5717 Foothill Boulevard, it was a wet Friday afternoon. You may wonder why so many would take off work as I did, or ride their Harleys on such a day for this man. Love, Respect, Brotherhood? It was all of the above I think.

Sweet Jimmie was one of only two members given honorary member status in the history of ISMC. By all indications, he was always generous with his time, humor and liquor to the point of obsession when it came to the Iron Souls. His own son David Ward, who was presented with ISMC's tribute at our most recent **Fallen Brothers' Run**, is a member of the East Bay Dragons and would openly admit if asked that his father would claim ISMC as his home club.

As we parked our Harleys along the sidewalk, taking up most of a city block, no one spoke of the weather or lost wages. Rather it was about how we could escort such a large funeral procession across town to Sweet Jimmie's final resting place safely, as well as swapping stories of the antics that took place. One of the quotes of the day was by Brother "D", who said Sweet Jimmie's place was the land of the two legged horse. Maybe not a politically correct statement, but a truthful one said with love, and something Sweet Jimmie was also known to say. In any case, AJ (aka Negotiator) always in the thick of things, worked his way to the front of the church where seating was set aside for ISMC members and moving words of love were spoken.

The club would like to thank those members who could make the time to attend the services both the day of and the evening quiet time prior to. I personally would like to thank the members who took the time to respond to my requests for text that was used in *Sweet Jimmie's Soul Smoke Memorial Issue* that was put together. As with all things ISMC we are only as strong as our members. We are one, we are the Iron Souls.

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Article and photos provided by MacGyver



SWEET JIMMIE'S FUNERAL (CONT.)

*A Celebration of Life for Our Beloved
Husband, Father, Uncle, Brother, & Friend.*

Jimmie Lee Ward



Sunrise
September 1, 1935



Sunset
February 5, 2010

Services Held On
Friday, February 12, 2010 • 12 Noon
Good Hope Missionary Baptist Church
5717 Foothill Blvd. • Oakland, CA

Officiating
Pastor Joe Smith

SWEET JIMMIE'S FUNERAL (CONT.)

Photos by MacGyver



END

GOOD NATURED FINES DUE

Bubblegum Bailing Wire and now Pizza boxes are a few of my favorite things.....

As many of us had a day of BRU at the Fallen Brothers run, it was truly a day to remember in my short time in the Iron Souls' Family. Some other members will write volumes of the day and I will leave that to these very seasoned members.

I do want to take the time to mention that as we left our lunch we decided to stop off at an Oakland watering hole. I won't say who was there and might need to change the names of some of the members to protect the not SO innocent.

As you know Brothers, we had a blessed ride and all those Harleys were running and sounding....like Harleys and as only Harleys can sound. While sitting at one watering hole, I got a call from some other Brothers at another watering hole. We decided to finish our selected beverages of choice and go to meet our other Brethren.

We exit, gather our helmets, gloves and scooters for the short ride. We were all fired up and ready to go...well most of us were, one Brother was looking at his scooter, then the ground, then the sky and back at his scooter. He was checking his pockets for the receipts from his recent repairs to his scooter. Making sure they were in order, because the key was on, the light was on, but the engine wasn't. He did a number of checks, key on-key-off; key-on-key-off; nothing different from the last time...key-on-key-off.

After the required amount of time to determine that none of us unnamed persons knew what the hell to do other than key on and off, it was decided we need to call the !*\$@*^#t. Remember no names. He was only a few short minutes away. He arrived, got down to business and was able to resolve the problem.

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SOUL SMOKE NEWSLETTER

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ISMC



Soul Smoke Editor
MacGyver



Brotherhood, Respect, Unity

GOOD NATURED FINES (CONT.)

As he was putting the scooter back together he noticed an additional problem in the works. This was in the form of ground wire or hot wire grounding out on the frame. No mechanics tape, or duck tape to be found but "Captain save a Harley" looked in his West Oakland tool kit (garbage dumpster) and found a pizza box. He made the precise tear, placed this now new required piece of equipment on the scooter, fired her up and we were able to relocate with our other Brothers.

Knowing the Iron Souls, most would not believe a bullsh*# story like this.....Oh but one picture is worth a thousand words.

Article and photos provided by Truck

I don't think anyone is saying that our colors are as sacred as the American flag and if they touch the ground they should be burned, but what is clear to me that is if someone would take the time to write an article and provide pictures that some heavy harassment and good natured fines should be expected. No one's face or name was shown for obvious reasons, but bike and profile may be easily identified. All parties were informed of this article and photos prior to publication. Besides, what do you expect from a member that names his bike G-Spot?

By MacGyver

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WORD FROM THE EDITOR

As always, different opinions and articles are encouraged and welcome. More opinions and views are more valuable.

As always, keep it upright. MacGyver

END

