

SOUL SMOKE NEWS LETTER

EDITOR
MACGYVER



Hollywood , Tonya
and Jayven 8lb 8 oz.

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Brotherhood Run 1/10
2010

Word from the 10



VOLUME 26

APRIL—JUNE 2010

BROTHERHOOD RUN TO SAN DIEGO 2010



The time was here again, and not a minute too soon, as if I don't say that before every trip we take. I know I am not the only one who looks forward to our adventures. This time was different, better than before. There was a sense of going home, going back to the scene of the crime. Best Westerns Island Palms Hotel on Shelter Island took the guess work out of it. We knew we were going to a great place and a great property where we would be welcomed with smiles and great service with quality food and drink. We were so not disappointed. So much so I say out loud, why go to Las Vegas as some are talking about for the run next year. The gambling itch, if that is the reason, can be scratched at the Temecula casino. Once again, I get ahead of myself, or should I say as usual.

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



BROTHERHOOD RUN 2010 (CONT.)

For the lucky ones like myself, the adventure started Thursday morning at the Chevron station in Livermore. We picked up the lost boys of Sacramento at the breakfast stop. The first of the ISMC truck club with the one and only legitimate passenger, Heavy K, carried ice cold refreshments that were welcome treats on the t-shirt weather day. Heavy K was still only a year shy of his death defying stunt.

The acting Lead Road Captain spot was headed up by Negotiator and Truck, who set a sensible pace down Highway 5. That gave me time to take a few action shots.

The arrival to the Island Palms Hotel was a welcome sight. We were met with open arms and generously proportioned cocktails. Martha, our hostess last year, was out on maternity leave. If I can make an observation, has anyone else noticed every time we go back some where the following year, someone is with child. The last time was up at Street Vibrations with the fabulous shot girl at Harrah's, Ms. Teri. As seen in Volume 19 on page 2, for those that care to look it up, she stopped by extremely pregnant to say she missed working with us the following year. Now Martha. No point to be made, just saying.

The executive chef, Marc Brislin, had added pot stickers to the Island Palm's appetizer list. It was a fine addition, but the hand rolled pastry shrimp fingers were what I was thinking about the last 200 miles out. I was not disappointed. Those and a Captain Morgan tall rum and coke. The miles melted away. As the rest of the crew found their way into the Blue Wave Lounge, I could see everyone else was feeling the same.

Thursday is the day to leave if you can. Waking up for a great breakfast Friday morning, then heading out with the brothers was sweet. Our first ride was to the Temecula Harley. This would happen right after the second ISMC truck club member...Say It Isn't So...Richie Rich. Yes, our Lead Road Captain, and owner of not one, but two custom Harley Davidson's, unloaded his bike from the back of his work truck. He even unloaded it in a secluded alley normally used for the Shelter Island Marina. This, however, could not curtail the photos, texts and emails shooting out across California on this unheard of event after a decade of vocal dismay of others who found themselves in the back of a truck, and declaring that could never ever happen to him. The good natured harassment was quick and plentiful, and, if I am not mistaken, will last for some time to come. Once this event was over, all but a few recovering from the night before saddled up.

(continued on next page) Photos by MacGyver

BROTHERHOOD RUN 2010 (CONT.)

The run to Temecula was an easy ride in perfect weather. The HD shop was the same as all the rest, nothing different. Heavy K, being back at the head of the pack, was the real treat. He suggested a local BBQ in old town, where I noticed a few of the brothers take a surprising interest in the menu. They kept our food server engaged in conversation for the longest time with the most detailed questions about the menu. Who would have thought a BBQ could raise so many culinary options to be discussed.

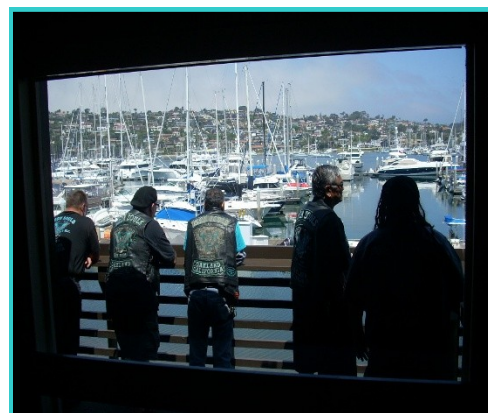
A quick stop for a photo op at the nearby Indian reservation and casino for Ku Feathers found us on a huge property worthy of further adventure. This was also where yours truly had a serious spaz attack trying to get the children to setup straight and face forward, spit out their gum and smile for the camera. I learned a valuable lesson this trip. Put someone else in charge of setting up the shot and to let me know when they are ready...and relax.

On the way back the traffic separated a few riders from the pack due to the late Friday afternoon traffic as Heavy K headed back beach side. There Richie Rich proved to be an ISMC representative to all ages of motorcycle enthusiasts. Stopping at two of the lowest end beach bars, The Sandbar and The Coaster Bar & Grill, we were shocked that we were asked to remove our colors or we would need to leave. We of course left, more astounded than offended.

Back at the hotel, we hooked up with the third and last of the ISMC truck club, "V" and Jumpstart, who met us in the hospitality suite setup by the hotel. It was actually more of a private dining room where we ordered from the menu. The food and drink was plentiful, but not as plentiful as the "Say it's not so" comments to Richie Rich about hauling his bike.

The Saturday Brotherhood Run meeting was short as it could be, but never as short as it could have been on such a beautiful day in San Diego. The great breakfast and lunch provided by the hotel helped soften the itch that was created by the warm ocean breeze blowing through the open door to the marina. Heavy K helped make up for the lack of a good group shot last year by remembering to have the staging area at a prime location for our Saturday ride. With great guidance and patience, Iron Butt set the stage for a cool group shot where Roadrunner worked his magic.

(continued on next page) Photos by MacGyver





BROTHERHOOD RUN 2010 (CONT.)

The 14 man crew saddled up for the Gas Lamp District of Old San Diego, where, after a few distractions, we found ourselves front and center at Henry's Pub on 5th Street. There we watched the world go by, or as it turned out, and more to the point as the day unfolded, where the world met us. Before we even got settled in it began. First, a shy lady from the Midwest asked, "May I take a photo." Then a little Japanese lady asked the same. Next, before we even got some great food from Henry's Pub, the flood gates of curiosity opened up as the crowds walked by. ISMC's engaging conversations and great smiles were bounced back tenfold by the mix of people walking by. Even the staff were all smiles at the overwhelming amount of people (ladies mostly) that just had to have photos with the bikers from Oak Land, as they called it. The BRU that came from us was felt on the entire block, from low riders to the penny cab drivers and superman. Even the normally reserved Blues, who even spoke during the earlier meeting...I kid you not...was moved by the healing power of BRU. He raised the musical bar of the mariachi group when he showed the crowd why he is called Blues. His musical prowess on the harmonica caught the crowd by surprise, along with myself. Blues can definitely play.

I would be remiss if I didn't mention the watch incident. A local independent businessman found himself up against it with our never shy Seabreeze, who was even more himself this trip as he was not a prospect this time around like last year. Not that his mojo is not always working though. After Seabreeze instantly talked the man down to half of his asking price for his watches, he tested the man's statement of them being waterproof by dropping one of them into NoDoz's Cadillac margarita. This was all to the amazement of the crowd gathered around, not to mention the look on NoDoz's face at this turn of events. It was priceless. Yes, a few watches were bought. Seabreeze, now wearing his bright and shiny timepiece, made a quick gesture with his arm to point at something that sent the watches crystal flying through the air and bouncing down the sidewalk, pinballing between two Harleys before coming to rest as the crowd went wild.

(continued on next page) Photos by MacGyver

BROTHERHOOD RUN 2010 (CONT.)

Our exit from the Gas Lamp District was done the ISMC way, a red rose to our server and the proper staging in front of Henry's Pub, where we lit up the Harley's to the sound of every car alarm within a two block radius and cameras flashing on both sides of the street for blocks. You can safely say that ISMC gave and got the love of America's City that day.

Now don't think that was the end of it, not even close. I could put another issue together with what happened later. There was soul train dancing in the parking lot of the hotel, the pizza delivery guy that didn't want to leave and the re-visit to Henry's Pub later that night. It was at the latter where the question asked for generations and on all continents was asked. Is a beautiful woman less beautiful if she is tucked? You will need to wait for the book to come out for the rest of the story.

The Brotherhood Run 2010 was the greatest event yet. It didn't matter to the members that flew down, rode down or towed down. They all say the same thing. This weekend was greatest.

*Article provided by MacGyver
Photos by MacGyver*



They give us their women



BROTHERHOOD RUN 2010 (CONT.)



Say its not so Richie



BROTHERHOOD RUN 2010 (CONT.)



BROTHERHOOD RUN 2010 (CONT.)



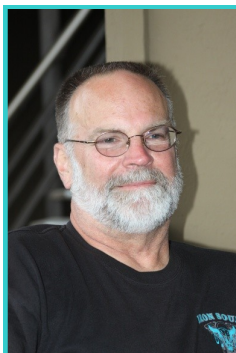
D-Tour & Tree Plan world
Domination For BRU

In spite of my non-riding status, I had a great time just hanging out. You get to know and learn a lot more about club members as individuals. My personal highlight of the trip was when I visited the San Diego Zoo to take pictures...my last visit to the zoo was over 40 years ago. It sure has changed...of course I've changed...life goes on.

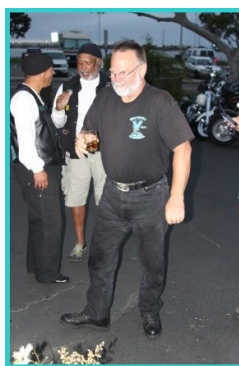
~Roadrunner



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BROTHERHOOD RUN 2010 (CONT.)



SOUL SMOKE NEWS LETTER

www.Ironsouls.com

ISMC



Brotherhood, Respect Unity

BROTHERHOOD RUN 2010 (CONT.)

A Run Just for the Brothers

For several years now, the first weekend of June has annually been reserved for the **ISMC Brotherhood Run**. This is a run specifically designed for the ISMC Brotherhood to ride together, to laugh together and to just spend time together...just the Brothers!! Each year, I look forward to the exciting, yet relaxing ride, the hanging out and the meeting that allows the ISMC to get closer as individuals and as a collective body working to enhance and improve our commitments to one another and to the purposes and activities of the ISMC!

From our 5:00 a.m., Thursday morning departure until the 10:00 a.m., Monday morning return time, I relish and appreciate the full time I spend interacting with the wide variety of personalities that makeup this dynamic Band of Brothers! The stops along the way...the days and nights talking and refreshing...the meeting to resolve **all** issues...the rides...and the fun...THIS RIDE IS FOR JUST THE BROTHERS!!

If you didn't make the 2010 ISMC Brotherhood Run, plan now! **Ask your wife, your mother or your significant other** so you too can go to the 2011 edition of the ISMC Brotherhood Run...I'll end where I started...it's designed and reserved for the first weekend in June 2011...Thursday, June 2 through Monday, June 6, 2011, or any of those days in between.

Its a ride designed for just for YOU--the Brothers of the Iron Souls Motorcycle Club...ain't nuthin' but a ride! Be like a Nike commercial...Just do it!

~Tree

* * * * *

I wanted to mention our experience with the Highway Patrol. Seabreeze, Chain Saw, and I were headed down Interstate 5. "V" and Jumpstart were following us pulling the trailer. We were travelling at a speed of about 80 mph when a CHP officer passed us up. A few miles up the road was an overturned vehicle. The CHP had stopped traffic and told us to pull over. Two officers were approaching us, one with his citation book in hand. One officer said look you guys I don't mind the bikes rolling at 80 mph, but the truck has to slow down. He looked at "V" and said, "You should only be doing 65 with the trailer." Seabreeze jumped in and said, "Officer don't worry we are law abiding citizens and will honor the speed limit." The officer went on to say, "I noticed the back of the trailer, Brotherhood, Respect, and Unity". Have a safe ride! Here was an officer dealing with a fatality, and noticed the meaning of our Colors. Needless to say the officer with the citation book did not exercise his authority, and issue a citation.

~Detour

WORD FROM THE EDITOR :

Have you seen HBO's Bill Maher show. He has a segment called the New Man Rules about things that bug him. That in mind, here are two new Man Rules. The first concerns me as a Road Captain. I wrote an article last summer about Fastrack, the first accessory I bought for my Harley. With a very action packed run schedule this summer, including the Three Bridges Run, and the ease of prepaid Fastrack now at Safeway and CVS drugstores, the old excuse of "Oh I don't cross bridges much" or "It's too much trouble to worry about it, I would rather make a Road Captain count heads, take money and stop at the toll plaza like a dumbass," holds no weight any longer. How cool it would be to cruise though the toll plaza 20 or 30 strong without stopping, leaving everyone setting at the toll plaza wondering why they're not so cool.