

# SOUL SMOKE NEWS LETTER

EDITOR  
MACGYVER



VOLUME 28

SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER 2010



Oranous and Staples  
recently engaged.

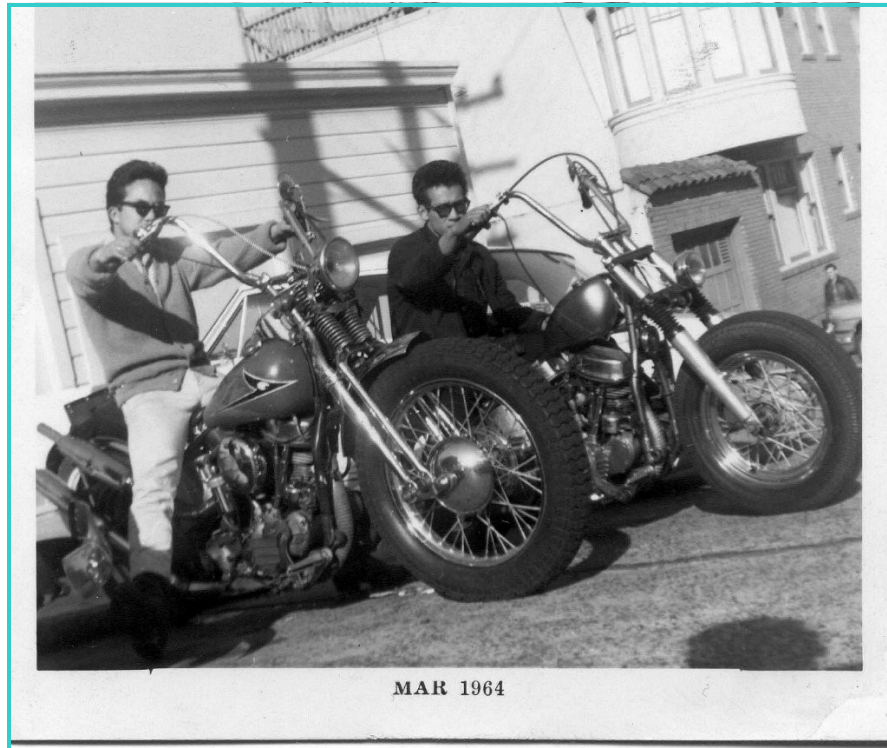


Editor representing

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## BROTHER WON TON



The Mighty Won Ton, as I have always called him, has the dubious honor of being ISMCs first patched in member some 17 years ago. There was no members book to be signed back then. Born and raised in San Francisco since 1944, he had been raising hell on his Harley Davidson Panhead four years before he even heard of ISMC. I can't imagine the looks he got riding around San Francisco with his pal, Tommy Wong, back in the day. How freaking cool would that have been?

Won Ton first heard of ISMC through Iron Butt, whom he had met at Bob Drone's. He could have been one of the Original 22, but wanted to check out the group first.

Josefina and Won Ton had been married eight years before he was patched in. So they shared the learning curve of being an ISMC member together.

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*Photos by Won Ton*

## BROTHER WON TON (CONT.)

Brandon, Won Ton's fourteen year old super geek son (as his father proudly calls him), was born into the club. He has always seen his pop wearing the teal and black. Even his five year old white German shepherd is accustomed to the sounds of a Harley Davidson.

I always get a grin on my face when the question comes up, "What is your bike's name?" Won Ton didn't let me down. The Harley Davidson he is riding in the picture was named the Black Dragon.

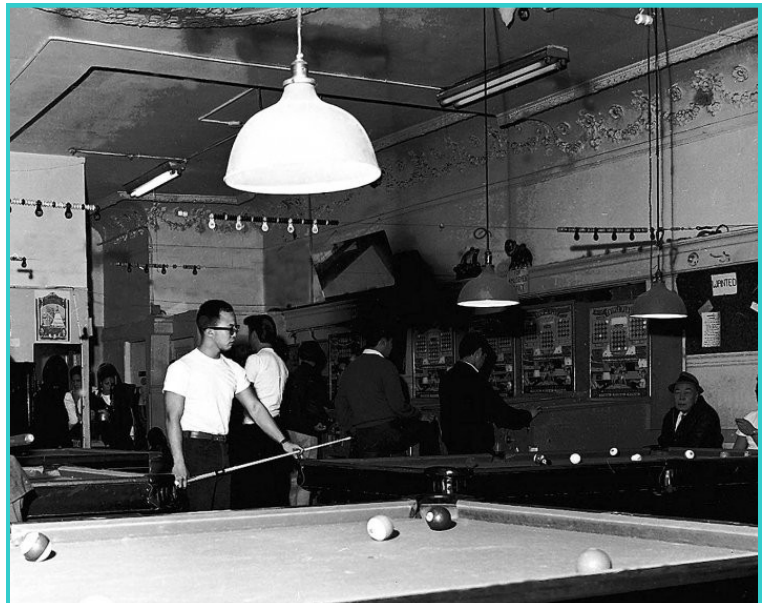
Though, that is not the bike he rides now.

In asking about the best and worst ride he was ever on, I found out (as with other rides) the yin and yang of riding inevitably produces memorable rides. Riding back in 1994 with Red, Juicer and Iron Butt to Arizona, surrounded at midnight by thunder and lightening and covered in a heavy downpour, they all cowboyed up and finished the ride together. The combination of getting through this sort of adventure with your brothers and the collective madness of being a rider, produces a camaraderie that is held in our hearts forever. He proudly talks of ISMC.

These days, working as a technical recruiter for the Silicon Valley, Won Ton is opting for a different path. He is looking toward spending more quality time with his family and time at the gym working out. You will not see him on the road much. This former Keeper still gets involved in his favorite charities, such as Lend-a-Hand and Mother Wright. He is still the fastest on the draw for a good natured fine, at \$20 a pop I might add at an average ten meetings a year for the last 17 years. I am just saying, by wallet or time spent behind the scenes cooking or filling up a backpack with school supplies, he has always been generous of heart and time.

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**Photos by Won Ton**



Dalton Leong

Tommy Wong





## BROTHER WON TON (CONT.)

\* \* \* \* \*

During the sixties when I was still running around the streets of San Francisco, I used to see this same group of hogs ridden by a handful of Chinatown guys. They stood out because this was a time when you mostly saw Hells Angeles and Gypsy Jokers in the city. Years later, when I went to work at BART, who would I meet? Dawson Leong, that hell raiser himself. At first I thought that he must have calmed way down, to have ended up as a bureaucrat flying a desk in a suit. But in a short time, I could see that this new look barely acted as a thin veil. Dawson is one of those guys who puts his heart and soul into relationships and where he rightfully expects the same in return. Sometimes, he gets accused of being thin-skinned, but I always see this personal characteristic in him as a good thing, always giving you clear and immediate communication. You always know where you stand with him, and if you can't stand it, my suggestion is to get the hell out of his way. He used to crack me up when his old self would suddenly spill out during the day in our offices. Yet because he worked so damned hard, and he always got the results (often times on his own terms), these occasional outbursts never really hurt him. He was too valuable an employee to let go of.

So when the 21 of us formed up, and it was clear that we had to start thinking of guys that we could bring to the club to grow us stronger, Mack and I had an easy choice in Dawson. And when it came to picking a road name for him, that was easy as well as ironic: Dawson had said that one day some asshole (my explanation of it) tried to pick a fight with him by referring to him as "Wonton". Wonton is the last person that should be goaded into a street fight, so I always chuckle a little whenever I hear someone call him by that name. He's my 'bro and will always be.

BRU Iron Butt

\* \* \* \* \*

When asked to add to the article as sponsor, MacHenry said, "Won Ton's story continues. He's done this before, but can't stay away. I hope so. He will be missed."

*Article provided by MacGyver*

*Photos by Won Ton*

END

## VIVA LAS VEGAS

Hot off the heels of a disappointing Street Vibrations the previous weekend, I was looking forward to better adventures with Truck this very early Thursday morning. Looking like he was packed to run away to the circus, we met with one of many riders that day in Vallejo. Stopping at the Bakersfield Denny's for breakfast, we were surprised we beat the Sacramento crew there. Here we began a theme for the trip...where's Chainsaw? By the time we were at our last stop before Vegas, we were the dirty dozen.

Members riding included Truck, Tree, Gil, Chainsaw and myself, plus eight non-members. RG and B.Bro were some two hours ahead of us.

Upon arrival in Las Vegas, we would go to our different accommodations. For the first time, we all used text messaging to keep in touch and setup meeting spots in a manner that really kept things together to the point of not wondering what was going on, if others were safe, on their way or not coming. For myself, I really got the lay of the land this trip.

Although "what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas," is now more than just a catch phrase. What I can talk about, and what most already know, is that Tower Of Power puts the funk into funky. The definite highlight of the trip was when Tree, Gil and I took the long cab ride to "M", a newer casino, where TOP was sitting in with a local group playing in the lounge. The first thing you noticed walking or gliding into the casino (after having a few adult beverages during the day, hence the cab), was how great the place smelled. They took aroma therapy to a whole new level. The lounge was small and well put together. TOP found us, put drinks in our hands, and then treated us to an outstanding impromptu performance. Armed with two horn players from Tower Of Power, this now 13 piece band rocked the house. I was not the only one who noticed TOP's vocal range and ease of manner hitting any note at will. Both Tree and Gil noticed it also. You would be hard pressed to tell who was having more fun, the audience or the musicians on the stage.

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Bad Ass Bikers....More interested in texting than raising hell.





## VIVA LAS VEGAS (CONT.)

The second night, all of the ISMC crew and Truck's friends were generously given tickets by TOP to see his performance at the South Point. As in the past, ISMC was given a shout out for riding all the way from the Bay Area. The audience knew exactly where the Iron Souls were sitting. If not by the enthusiastic applause then the soul train dance line really gave it away. How could we keep seated while Tower Of Power kicks it? Afterwards we all got to hang out at the Tequila Bar with everyone where the fun really got started. This is where and when you get to hear about past adventures, the kind of things you only hear about hanging out. We all made our own stories to be talked about now, with this Vegas adventure.

There is so much more I could tell you, but won't write down of what happened this trip. The 1300 mile round trip ride from Napa and back from Vegas is a must do again. My feeling of riding with my brothers is always the highlight of any adventure, not any stupid Street Vibrations or Bike Fest Expo. So in closing, I put this question out there. Instead of planning rides to such price gouging events, we should go as a group to these places when the hotels and vendors don't profit, but we do. We should plan these rides when the crowds aren't there, but we are.

*Photos and Article provided by  
MacGyver*

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## VIVA LAS VEGAS (CONT.)



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## SHOWGIRLS IN SAINT HELENA

I received an email from two old friends of mine, Mike and Jodie, who own a Harley Davidson rental shop slash sign shop at 1132 Main Street in Saint Helena. Jodie had sent it to let me know they were having a bike wash with Showgirls. That kind of struck me funny. Like the ad saying Dairy in Berkeley makes no sense. However, it was a clear calm Sunday during harvest crush. So I jumped on my scooter. I was taken back by the crisp clean air and the smells of the crush that was in full swing. You could tell the different varietals being crushed as you passed the many wineries. However, I was not as taken back as when I arrived at Mikey's shop. Truth in advertising is a wonderful thing these days.

Mike met me in the parking lot. To say he was happy to see me could be true, but the Cheshire cat grin plastered on his face was not for me. We walked over to get a hug from Jodie. She, without my asking, said, "yeah, he's been like this all morning." She pointed behind me to the reason. As I turned to see who I would later get to know, it was Julie and Colleen. They were the reason that any rider would be proud to get their bike washed, or just have them touch the bike fondly for that matter.

Mike and Jodie had put some thought and planning into this. There was a Barbequed Oyster vendor already set up. The music was rockin and a popup tent to give the ladies some shade. The Nieman's HD Rentals has been at this location for years now. They can be reached at [www.niemansmotorcyclere rentals.com](http://www.niemansmotorcyclere rentals.com) or 707.758.3919, and will give discounts for ISMC members. Newly remodeled to make room for Jodie's sign and banner business, Mike has a total one stop shop for Harley Davidson rentals with a wide variety of rental leather jackets, helmets and gloves. They have eleven different bikes ranging from a 1997 Heritage Softtail Springer to a 2008 Street Glide. None of that meant much today though, unless you were one of the many tourists walking by saying how they wished they had a bike to wash. I can't confirm that anyone rented one to have it washed, so they could spend guilt free time watching the ladies do their thing, but that was my suggestion to them.

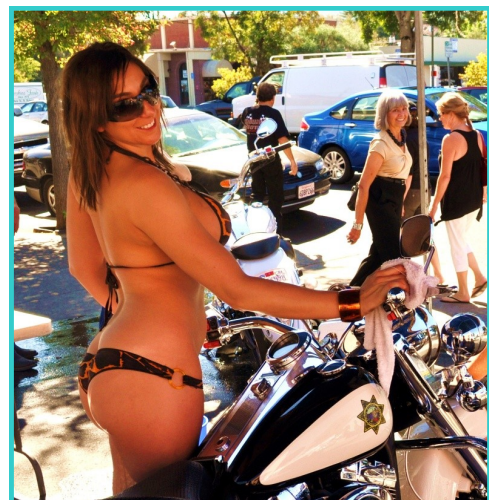
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Mike and Jodie



Julie keeps it wet



Colleens attention to detail

## SHOWGIRLS IN SAINT HELENA (CONT.)

Colleen was the first I met, who introduced me to her friend Julie. Both are dancers in San Francisco clubs. There were accustomed to men and women admiring their bikini covered attributes. I would think that these ladies would be constantly working out. Julie, who works at The Hustler club in San Francisco, stage name Mercedes, says she hates to work out. She says pole dancing is her work out. Since she is the national pole dancer champion, with what looks to me like zero body fat, I would not question the results. Colleen, who works at the Peppermint Rhino, also in San Francisco, stage name Sierra, says this was a nice Sunday outing for them.



The girls showing some love

They were more than accommodating with the growing number of admirers and photo takers as they washed bikes and posed for photos. Surprisingly, they did a great job washing the bikes in between everything going on. It was an unexpected bonus, as who of us really cared if their bikes were cleaner leaving than arriving.

There was a lot going on this beautiful Sunday in the valley. Besides the onslaught of tourists at this time of year, there was the wine harvest and crush. The Saint Helena fire fighters were having an open house. Adjacent towns had sent trucks over and formed a parade down Main Street. **Mike being a generous host, asked the ladies if they could throw a smile and wave to the brave fire fighters**, which of course they were happy to do. The first truck in the parade was full of mothers and children, who may have been surprised by this show of love in the valley, but the fire fighters were all in the mood for the show of support. The sound of sirens and yells from the trucks proclaimed Mike as their personal hero this day, and was only matched by the same Cheshire cat grins on their faces as they slowed down to wave back to the ladies.

Though I was the first bike to arrive today, I felt no compunction in rolling my bike ahead of the now long line of bikes that had formed to be washed. There was no one in charge. The girls were here for tips only, something that Jodie will change next time. I had not planned on staying so long and wanted to get back. Still, one of the older riders there took question on my maneuver. Jodie came to my rescue. As Heavy K can confirm, I have no hesitation in using my editor's patch to make a friend and put myself into the mix of things. It's a power of the press sort of thing. Julie and Colleen did a fine job on my Road King and took time for photos so I could represent ISMC proudly.



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Photos and Article provided by MacGyver



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ISMC



**Soul Smoke Editor  
MacGyver**



*Brotherhood, Respect Unity*

### SHOWGIRLS IN SAINT HELENA (CONT.)



END

### WORD FROM THE EDITOR

When Staples announced that he and Oranous were engaged at the recent Street Vibrations breakfast, T-Bone shouted "ISMC Street Vibrations wedding." A hearty loud, "I second that," by Heavy K was heard. "We need another ISMC wedding. Who knew there were so many romantics around and at the ready.

As always, keep it upright.  
MacGyver

END