

MICROSOFT

EDITOR
MACGYVER



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BROTHERHOOD RUN 2011



I would think by now that I would be cool about this run, having been now to many brotherhood runs in and out of California. But no! I am just like a kid at Christmas in anticipation. We met up with **Truck** and **Ali** first, then picking up others along the way to our first real stop for breakfast. At breakfast, if I am not mistaken, we met the largest Thursday crew ever. Even **KC** drove down from Sacramento to wish us off, not being able to attend this year. It was apparent from the start that I was not the only **excitable boy** in this crew, as Warren Zevon wrote in his song *Werewolves of London*.

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Photos by MacGyver



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BROTHERHOOD RUN 2011 (CONT.)

Ask **Seabreeze**, who left his drive belt behind his bike instead of a patch of rubber in the parking lot. The chase truck had its first victim loaded up in minutes, but still not soon enough to keep me from getting a photo. The constant warning of “a gas stop is a gas stop” did not stick with a few of these stragglers leaving our gas only stop at the foot of the grapevine. This is where **Heavy K** would start his claim to fame, never admitting to going over 75 mph, although he was passing everything in sight heading up, over and down the backside of the grapevine. Maybe it was an impossibility.

I admit I was part of this logistical impossibility of time and space, 75 mph odyssey along with Gill and Ali. So when we pulled in to our last gas and snacks stop I told **Heavy K** that dad was going to have words with us (Dad being **Negotiator** our Chief Road Captain. I was not surprised with the president’s reply. He insisted that we were only doing 75 mph, and that the surrounding traffic just made it seem like we were going faster. Truth be told the rules of pack riding as written and clearly spoken by **Richie Rich** in a past article, “If you’re not following a Road Captain, I don’t care who the Phrack you are. You are not where you’re supposed to be.” Did I mention we were all very excited about the ride?

Once arriving at the fabulous Best Western Island Palms Resort (<http://islandpalms1-px.trvlclick.com>) in San Diego, I was first to reach reception. It did not go unnoticed by my brothers that in record time I was in my room showered, shaved and then sitting in the Blue Wave Lounge, where I was hooked up with a tall Captain Morgan rum and coke and appetizers on their way. As everyone else gathered in and outside of the Blue Wave,

Brother D made a tactical error of trying to give **Seabreeze** a good-natured razzing about his broken drive belt... when, without skipping a beat **Seabreeze** produced a video taken from the patio of the Hotel Ryde along the Delta when **D** was setting up top of a tow truck his Harley strapped on the back. Some 25 riders jumped up from the patio, drinks in hand, waving to **Brother D** riding shotgun in a tow truck. Ouch. **Technology used for its true purpose. Payback.**

We met old friends at the Island Palms, and made new ones. The Island Palms Director of Sales, Chris Bartholomew, group coordinator, Rachel Wilkerson along with Chef Marc Brislin who with a little encouragement on my part whipped out my favorite appetizer. It had recently been removed from the menu.

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Photos provided by MacGyver



BROTHERHOOD RUN 2011 (CONT.)



Then **NoDoz**, always the innovator, showed me how to save time by using one appetizer to eat another. As the sun set on our first San Diego day, most of the crew headed for Humphrey's down the street, where even Santa Claus vacations.



This is where brotherhood brought on conversations of issues past to be put to rest, and **3-Hawks** started his path to his new road name just "**Hawk**" by the time the weekend concluded.



More on that later, for now adult beverages and shaking their booties on the dance floor as if they were the featured dancers of Soul Train and the biggest thing that night was not the great horn section, but the booming laugh of the **Mr. Big**.
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Photos provided by MacGyver



BROTHERHOOD RUN 2011 (CONT.)



Friday morning is my personal favorite day of the trip historically. Waking up in San Diego to grab breakfast with the crew, I found **NazD** cruising the parking lot in a red Camaro, top down and helmet on. I am not sure if this was due to physical or mental reasons. What I can say for sure is he was having a great time and looking good doing it.

After breakfast we headed to Temecula Valley for barbecue at Texas Lil's. After a great lunch, the riders found their own ways to relax before heading back to the Island Palms to meet up again in the hospitality suite. Some brothers were slightly confused when the brotherhood meeting was to be held though.



After sorting that out we got back to celebrating in a rather unique and loving way. **Elies Pitkowoski** and **Rachel Wilkerson** were honored for outstanding service and recognized by ISMC for being friends to our organization by being given honorary road names.

Elies Pitkowoski, for now and always will be called "**New York**", a merciful decision for the inebriated members trying to pronounce Pitkowoski. It is a fine name to be sure that suits such a beautiful woman. **Rachel Wilkerson** was given her road name, with a Hawaiian twist, by our president. She will now have and always be known as Tekuila. These road names are rarely given and always earned. Congratulations to the fantastic females of the Island Palms.



(continued on next page) *Photos provided by MacGyver*



BOTHERHOOD RUN 2011 (CONT.)



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Photos provided by MacGyver



BROTHERHOOD RUN 2011 (CONT.)

The time had come for the real brotherhood meeting on Saturday morning, and yes we did talk about some club matters that were important to some. Honestly though, how can anyone really concentrate looking out across such a postcard perfect view. Thankfully it was a short meeting. I grabbed the customary group shot, and then it was off to the Gaslight District in old town San Diego. It was there at Henry's pub again where we made new friends and met old pals. It was a solid motorcycle memory: stopping by along with bachelorette parties and tourist from around the world wishing to take photos with the Iron Souls. At one point I rendered the crew silent... not an easy thing to do, when I walked around the corner with a beautiful Hooters girl on each arm. By far though, it was **"The Superman Event"** that stole the show this day. For the uninformed about Superman, it is easy to be taken by surprise. **TKO** clearly was distracted by Superman's age and upgraded outfit from last year, or he may have noticed how most everyone took a giant step back from the railing as Superman approached. The set of photos were shot in less than 30 sec.

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Photos provided by MacGyver



Photo 1 - With a smile Superman marks his victim



Photo 2 - Superman points out the camera to distract.



Photo 3 - TKO looks away towards the camera, as even Bassman looks left.



Photo 4 - Superman looks for the sweet spot.

BROTHERHOOD RUN 2011 (CONT.)



Photo 5 - Superman taunts **TKO** to get him standing.



Photo 6 - **TKO** tries a jab... Bad move!



Photo 7 - Superman again points out the camera to distract.



Photo 8 - Where the hell did **TKO** go!!! Superman had sprung his trap. **Gil** tries to catch him. **Hollywood** looks shocked.

Look at the upper right-hand corner of photo eight, you'll see **Hollywood's** shocked expression. Just below him, notice **Gil** jumping to action trying to catch **TKO** before he hit the ground. Even **FD** in the red and white SF hat jumps to his feet in disbelief. Later when asked about the Superman Event, **TKO** said, "The old guy really packed a wallop." He further noted that Superman must have been a boxer in his younger days. I theorize that the boxing gloves on Superman are part of his day pass agreement to be out in the public. For more information and photos, pull up the Brotherhood Run 2010 article or asked **D** or **Seabreeze** just how hard Superman can tag you.

For the Sunday crew leaving came all too soon, but nine were staying in order to ride back Monday where myself and **Heavy K** laid the 75 mile an hour only game all the way back to the Bay Area. All I can say about that was, the surrounding traffic seemed slower than usual for a Monday. There was talk about going to another location next year for the Brotherhood Run. That's crazy talk until every member has had the feeling of coming home to the Island Palms. I think a different location for this event would not be better, just different.

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Photos provided by MacGyver

SHINY PRETTY THINGS

I am talking about myself now. Any facsimile to real or dead persons is purely coincidently. My new Road Glide came overly endowed with chrome and power. This was far from my first motorcycle. I had only three projects to do...trying to limit myself into a common sense approach.

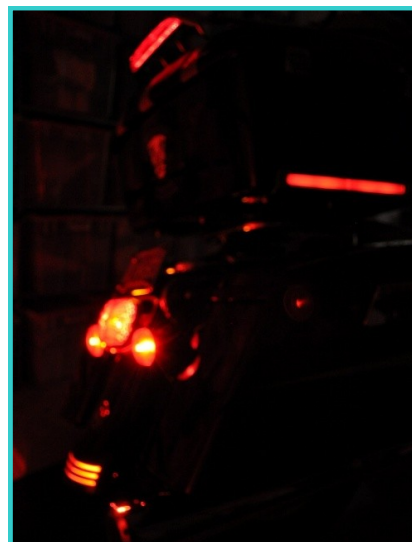
My first project was to change out and add to the rear running lights. I had the rear electrical harness changed so that my running lights in the rear would stay on all the time. I dropped a lower fender light and changed out the tour pack luggage rack to an LCD light. It was all done in the name of safety...so the first project was easily justifiable to me. However, when **Seabreeze** was told of this project being done, he said, "the lights you had on were not street legal." Ouch

The second project, the seat, started to get into a gray area. It was true I needed a back rest and solo seat so I could attach the tour pack right behind me for long rides. The back rest, well no one's getting any younger if you know what I mean. We could all use a little bit more support, in life as well as our lower backs. That's where the justification stopped for this second project. So I openly admit that the two-tone black and gray ostrich chosen may have added to the cost of the Corbin lockable seat. The non-rider would not be aware that if you go to Corbin, you're going to be there for the day. So matching up the black and gray accent leather to cover the tour pack might be questionable to some. To others, if you're in for a penny you're in for a pound. You might as well get 'er done. That and the outstanding workmanship by the Corbin craftsman would support my theory. That and it did take care of the four holes left by the tour pack remounted luggage rack.

The third last project was undependable, since the Road Glide came with a nice stereo...and who really needs a stereo on a motorcycle.

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*Photos provided
by MacGyver*



SHINY PRETTY THINGS (CONT.)

Boys and their toys stereos in the crew I ride with...to have that Tower of Power song in the background. That's what is hip. We are an Oakland crew, which understands the difference between practicality and personality.

This is more in line with how many bike shows and riders experience their "out and about" view of others. The ISMC crew has a rolling bike show where ever they go. As for riding experience, Carl Sagan would say we have billions and billions of miles to travel. I could point out other riders in our club easily.

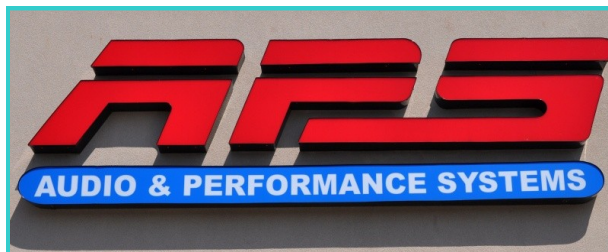
FD's over-the-top pop out stereo screen with every open orifice filled by tweeters, amps, and sub woofers on his new Road glide. **Chainsaws** new 2011 Road Glide is customized with a two-toned red painted dashboard, and an overachieving stereo system to name only two of the bar raising Harley Davison's we see and hear next to us on the highway. I did manage to stay away from changing the rear side bags. I limited myself to the front of the Road Glide. I am a rider who needs every bit of storage available. That being said, I was sent to the store APS at 1819 North Texas Street in Fairfield. There the owner, **Robert**, had an easy mark when I walked into his well-equipped store. I had not been in a stereo store for years, and was literally overwhelmed by the technology available. **Robert** is the owner, not a salesman involving commission but returned goods business, which was a great thing for me.

I'll explain why the phrase "be careful what you ask for" could not be more accurate here. With a guy named Ron as the installer and master fabricator, If you can dream it, they can build it. They sub out the paint work. In my case my dash ended up at the paint booth of Kyron's Body Shop, where I did have them do a two-toned black and gray with pinstripe around the gauges. Kyron's did a solid paint job at a reasonable price...if reasonable can be used in these terms. The stereo installation can be done in five days. It was an incredible feat considering the amount of work I asked them to do.

The reason I even bring up these three projects is something a brother said to me when I told him I had finished my last project. With humor in his voice, he said, "Now you're just showing off."

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Photos provided by MacGyver



SHINY PRETTY THINGS (CONT.)

There was no malice in his voice, but it did get me to thinking, “When does hard work in treating yourself via your Harley-Davidson turn into bragging? The thought had never really occurred to me. My rider idols, **Tree** and his Road Glide Screaming Eagle or **Truck’s** decked out Road Glide were personalized with no limits...only years of experience and knowing what they like. I have come to the conclusion that, yes maybe we unintentionally show off a bit, but no more than hot rodders or custom car enthusiast. All of them, for the most part, contribute to a number of charities just like ISMC does. Justification of what a person spends for their charity versus personal decisions is a singular opinion. I am okay with my decisions and looking at the big hearted, working ISMC crew, I am even okay with some of the members suggesting I change my road name to **‘Pimpalicious’**. It’s all in fun. I am perfectly at peace with the way my crew and I approach responsibility of family, community and bright shiny objects.

Article and Photos by MacGyver
AKA ‘Pimpalicious’



SHINY PRETTY THINGS (CONT.)

A few more pimpalicious riders....**FD** and **Chainsaw** (previous page); **Truck** and **Tree** (here).
Article and Photos by **MacGyver**



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SOUL SMOKE NEWS LETTER

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WORD FROM THE EDITOR



Two of my favorite things about the Island Palms, they know how to party and they know how to eat.



What the hell is that? I went out to my bike to grab some ISMC business cards, when I came across one of those things you can't uh-see. As I walked up, I heard a couple speaking German and fondling something I could not make out at first. As things came into focus, the couple scoured off before I could

take their photo. I was left on my own to wonder what the hell was strapped onto the back of Ali's Harley. It turned out to be the golf lovers' version of a gnome...the angry golfer.

Keep it up right.
MacGyver homeless



END