

SOUL SMOKE

EDITOR
MACGYVER



Holy Smoke Brothers, we have articles contributed by other brothers besides me! Thanks for your support.

MacGyver

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SOUL SMOKE VOL.33: JULY—DECEMBER 2011

IT WAS A BEAUTY AND THE BEAST YEAR...



2011—YEAR IN REVIEW (BY TRUCK)

To all my ISMC Brothers:

As this year is coming to a close, I'm in my reflection mode. I'm looking back at several events in my life, thinking about the many people I have lost from physical presence, but know I have memories that will continue to sustain me on my journey in the years to come.

I have had a great year of riding with many of my ISMC Brothers. Starting the New Year off with a quick ride to Suisun hooking up with Tree, MacGyver, Taz, Chainsaw and Charles Brown. This was a nothing ride but a chance to just ride, wasn't more that a hundred miles. But it's not the distance of the ride but the quality of company you are riding with making memories.

Riding to Sacramento for Easy Rider, again I had Brown and Phil Fisher with me. We went up to Tree's house hooking up with Tree, KC, China, Charles Parker, Dwayne Jones, and other Sacramento-Crew. Giving Parker, Fisher, Jones and Brown the opportunity to see how the ISMC's roll. They were in the process of thinking about becoming members.

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Photos provided by MacGyver

2011—YEAR IN REVIEW—BY TRUCK (CONT.)

Prior to leaving Sacramento that day we went to a Sports Bar to watch the Sunday Night Football Game. While there, Taz and company came by for dinner and drinks.

The ride to Santa Cruz after a club meeting in February, with the President, and OG "D", his lady Courtney, Negotiator, Seabreeze, Parker, and Brown. We were there having lunch at a restaurant on the beach near the old Boardwalk. Then we rode to the bar and restaurant just outside of Half Moon Bay, on our way back stopping at Parker's Lady's party at the Embassy Suites. A few free drinks later, and we were back on the road to home.

ISM's Anniversary Dinner in Sacramento...good Brotherhood, good food, and good times with Family.

Arizona Bike Week...what a good ride with Tree, Chainsaw, and Prospect Parker and Jones. Hanging around at that time were Tom and Rafael. While in Arizona, we hooked-up with D-Tour and Gloria. I had the pleasure of meeting Brother Zephyr and his lovely wife. The prospects had the opportunity of getting Zephyr to sign their books first hand....not by proxy.

Then the ride on to Fort Huachuca to the Buffalo Solider Museum.

The Fallen Brothers' Ride to Lone, CA, a new location this year. This ride was well attended with Members, Prospects, Family and a few supporters. A job well done by our Activities' Officer "V". I'm looking forward to 2012's Fallen Brothers' Run wherever Brother "V" pins the map.

I was only able to catch the end of another great Sweetheart Run. Again, a job well done by the Chairman MacGyver. Wives and Girlfriends are looking forward to his next event.

In May riding to Fresno for the Presidents' Meeting. Riding down with Heavy, JumpStart and Parker. Later MacGyver, KC, Chainsaw and "V" rode down to hook-up with us.

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Photos provided by MacGyver



TOP plays at a hotel in Las Vegas

2011—YEAR IN REVIEW —BY TRUCK (CONT.)



Our ride to San Diego for the Brotherhood Run. This was another successful ISMC ride, with continued great timing. They were having the Rock-n-Roll Marathon again this year. We went to the Gas Lamp Quarter, and another ISMC member got KO'ed by the famous 101 year old Superman. Next year when Superman comes down the street we are going to move away from the sidewalk.

The trip to Las Vegas for the Round-Up, also well attended by the Brothers, family and ISMC supporters. For those that have never attended a roundup this was an experience unto itself. This will/should help stimulate some members to go to the next one in Texas in August. Our ISMC Family picnic...what can I say, a lot of work by D-Tour and Gloria. We could use a little more support from the membership on attending this very important "Family Day Event", but I had a ball. I would have been there all evening with the great weather we were having, but I needed to get home for my next ride.

The attempt to make it to Washington DC for the MLK Dedication. Almost 6,000 miles without getting to DC, but a smile on my face every mile. Tree, OG "Gil", new Patched in Member "P" and I worked every night on the world's problems, got them solved...and Damn, while we were back on the road they started up again.

I didn't make Street Vibrations this year, but I was able to read about them in the News Paper. Nuf-Said.

I made my usual run to Las Vegas, The "Vegas Fest Run". Mr. Big, D-Tour, Tree, 3Hawks, Prospects Tom and Rafael along with friends of 3Hawks made the ride. We had a ball, and I will be doing that again next year.

As a club we have had a lot of rides this year. Crossed a lot of blacktop. I am looking forward to continued "Ground Pounding" with my Brothers of the ISMC.

If you have a ride planned call me, and call another ISMC Brother. I know that I haven't highlighted a number of our local runs or BRU sessions. But I forget a lot...I got this gray hair for a reason, and Us Raider fans wish you 49er fans a raspberry.

Now I have to go and watch the game.

Happy Holidays, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

With All Brotherhood Respect and Unity

Truck
ISoul #79

Photos provided by MacGyver

END

REAL FRIENDSHIP (BY TRUCK)

REAL Friendship

Friendship ~ None of that Sissy **Shit**.

Are you tired of those sissy 'friendship' poems that always sound good, but never actually come close to reality?

Well, here is a series of promises that actually speak of true friendship.

You will see no cute little smiley faces on this ~Just the stone cold truth of our great friendship.

* When you are sad ~ I will help you get drunk and plot revenge against the sorry bastard who made you sad.

* When you are blue ~ I will try to dislodge whatever is choking you.

* When you smile ~ I will know you are thinking of something that I would probably want to be involved in.

* When you are scared ~ I will rag on you about it every chance I get until you're NOT.

* When you are worried~ I will tell you horrible stories about how much worse it could be until you quit whining.

* When you are confused ~ I will try to use only little words.

* When you are sick ~ Stay the hell away from me until you are well again. I don't want whatever you have.

* When you fall ~ I will laugh at your clumsy ass, but I'll help you up.

This is my oath I pledge it to the end. 'Why?' you may ask ~ because you are my friend.

Friendship is like peeing your pants, everyone can see it, but only you can feel the true warmth.

ISoul#79

Truck

Photos provided by MacGyver



END

LIFE AS A PROSPECT (BY NO MO)

No' Mo's Quest into a brotherhood of respect and unity.

In the Tree of life I sometimes feel as if the very thing we seek to emulate becomes a fleeting illusion. As if a Taz-manian Devil has tried to roll over it like a Mac Truck only to be sustained buy a Jumpstart from a Bassman handing me a string of faith before my efforts could be TKO or even cut like a Chainsaw! Vastly, I had to Breakaway my thoughts before they could be T-Bone or possibly come upon a Detour. So I thought Skip forward to Mr. Big riding down to San Diego helping me to cope fully; to have an Iron Butt @ 80-85 mph on a hot rod 07 Dyna feeling every rock and pebble on the highway. The Seabreeze to a glimmer blasting over the Grapevine feeling like Richie Rich on his new toy, X-Man in my thoughts of my first days as a prospect...coaching me to stop use my inhaler to preserve me like Ice! It was Heavy K some days, me in my prospect period working a 12 like a Male Man and riding hella hard like a Roadrunner wishing I could take some No Doz. Feeling sometimes like road kill, looking up to see if 3-Hawks were flying over me waiting for me to drop, as Ali did Foreman. Picking myself up by the Gil, as I drop the Hammer down toward the town of Hollywood. It was in that moment I said many special thanks to all the brothers Beaver Doctor, Zephyr, TC, KC, RG, MacGyver, Scuby, Stapulz, & D, Chief, Negotiator my man, Blues, Bodean, G-Man, G-Roc, V, FD, and the fallen brothers. Thanks for a positive and encouraging prospect period. To the ISMC, it was cool and helped me morally, physically, respectfully, spiritually, and definitely funny when I heard my girlfriend say prospect bring me a drink. I did such with respect and discipline, all the while teaching me about BRU time with the ISMC's. ONE LOVE. No'Mo' SELAH!

Article by No Mo



PROFILING

I had heard of profiling, and seen some videos of profiling passed around the internet that were pretty disturbing as a three patch rider. I have never had much contact with law enforcement one on one, other than the rare ticket.

Recent events started small. I was stopped at a DUI for license and registration in my home town. I noticed that I was the only rider asked to pull into the check point even though there was a rider ahead and behind me that passed through unquestioned. I would not have really noticed much if not for the overly curious officers asking about my club, the location of our clubhouse, and the number of members.

At the Brotherhood Run, however, encounters were not passive aggressive at all, but rather blatant attempts to keep us corralled on to the Island Palms property. Even the Island Palms staff and security found this curious. They told me the convention on Gang Taskforces held there a few weeks earlier had caused quite a disruption with loads of bad behavior to guests and staff. They had to threaten to call the shore patrol, who would report the incident to the Internal Affairs.

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PROFILING (CONT.)

I came out of Humphrey's pretty early Friday night on my own, leaving to download some photos of the day's adventures. Camera in one hand and cell phone in the other, talking to my sweetheart, BB. I still couldn't help notice that a local San Diego police cruiser started up his parked car from across the street. He scurried out of the parking lot, only to stop abruptly next to me and pass my slow walking speed in his cruiser. I saw myself as being no threat to anyone or anything other than my leftover grilled sea bass that waited for me in my room. I must admit, I was put off by the police officer when he rolled down his passenger window and started firing questions at me...where are you from, where are you going. He did not seem too observant for a police officer. It was plain to me that the large Nikon camera in one hand and cell phone in the other gave him no clue to what I was up to as I slowly made my way back to the hotel. Trying not to be rude, I said, "Thanks, I am okay," and headed for the Island Palms lobby. This was about a block short of my room, but about two blocks from Humphrey's, where I had picked up my escort. I thought it wise to step onto the sacred ground of the hotel, rather than poke the bear for another block to my room along the sidewalk.

The next day at our Brotherhood meeting, I learned that I was not the only one escorted personally by the San Diego Police Department. Three Hawks had the same experience, but had exchanged words with them on why he was being bothered by the police. That Saturday evening, as I walked back from the shore line again with camera in hand, getting a great shot of San Diego at sunset, another SDPD cruiser made a bee line through the parking lot to ask me where I was from. I knelt down to say hello when he moved his cruiser forward. Both officers quickly got out of their cruiser to flank me on my left and right side with their arms crossed. They asked me again where I was from. The officer asked me to show him my colors and asked how I could wear a lower rocker, if I was associated with the Hells Angels, how many members were here in San Diego, and how big our club was. I politely replied that I was from the Bay Area, and that he could look us up online at www.ironsouls.com. I told him we were associated with ourselves, and as to our numbers...I was not my brothers' keeper, but the front desk of the hotel might be able to help him out if they needed a head count. I was not trying to be contrary or flippant. However, the questions were clearly for a point, not framed in a of a fellow rider, but as a fact-finding mission. I saw several of my Brothers looking from across the street with concern. I waved them down, signaling all was well, and said an uneasy good day to the SDPD.

Monday our small pack of nine departed San Diego. At our first gas stop across from Magic Mountain I noticed one of my Brothers in conversation with a parked highway patrol. I wondered over to see if everything was cool. The officer said hello. I asked about road conditions ahead of us. He politely informed me of what was coming up the road for us. I, not jokingly said, "See, we don't profile law enforcement." He said, without hesitation, that there was no need to profile us. He could clearly see fire fighter stickers, fallen brother patches, and other indications that we were riders.

Article provided by MacGyver

END

NIEMAN'S BIKE WASH

This was the third annual bike wash in St. Helena put on by Mike and Jodie Nieman (as seen below)...not Newman. I never said I was bright. I was not the only ISMC rider this year. The article in Soul Smoke, and/or the photo's of Julie and Colleen from last year, brought up questions at several club meetings on why it had not been posted in the run schedule. Julie, being a world class athlete and national pole dancing champion multiple times, brought a new friend. However, both performed at Hustler in San Francisco. To help with the bike wash this year, ISMC took full advantage of the VIP parking provided by filling the entire North wall of the parking lot with ISMC bikes. Chaz was there when we arrived, having been told about this event at the last Sweetheart Run. He selfishly volunteered his services to act as liaison between the ladies and riders. He's just that type of man... to help others. Oh yes, there was oysters, BBQ and music there as well.

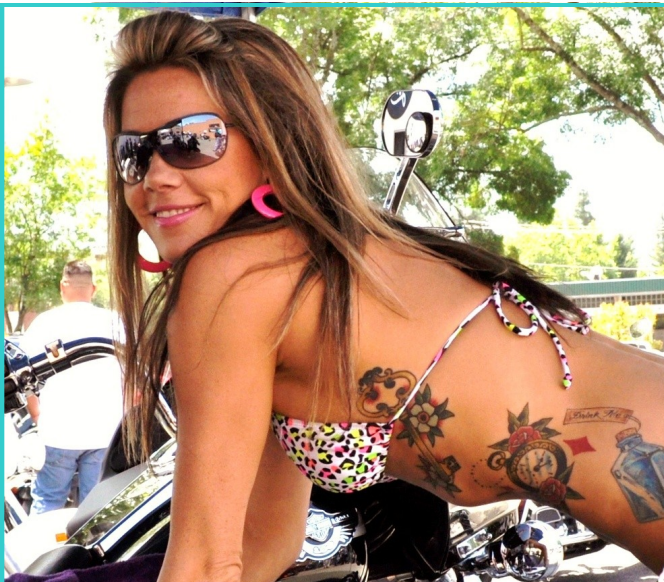
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Photos provided by MacGyver

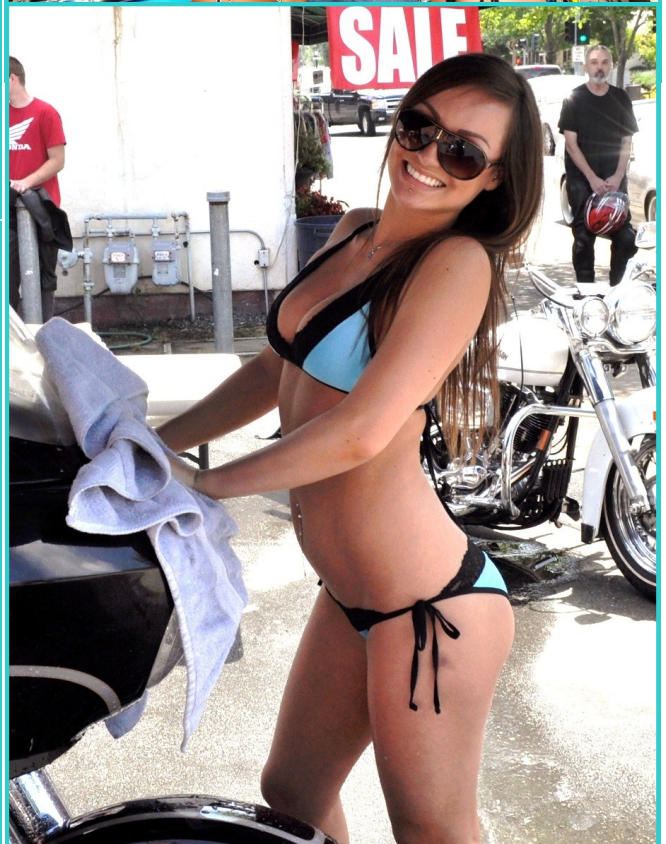


NIEMAN'S BIKE WASH

Article and Photos provided by MacGyver



NIEMAN'S BIKE WASH



END

TRIP TO WASHINGTON DC (BY GIL)

Day One 21 Aug 2011

Four ISMC members started out on a trip that would turn out to be an epic adventure.

0530 on a beautiful Sunday morning when the normal people of the world were preparing for church, these four characters were beginning a trip across country. Their goal was Washington, D.C., to see the dedication ceremony for the Dr. Martin L. King Jr. Memorial. The trip hadn't gone 30 miles before the first incident occurred. Gil's Harley started to leak oil. Thank Goodness it was minor, too much oil. After a short delay we were back on the road. We climbed up through the hills and into Reno, NV for our first fuel stop...and food for 'P'. Back on the road again, and we were already enjoying a great feeling. Winnemucca, NV, our next stop, and we find out that 'P' has to eat almost constantly. So we start looking and run into a very distinct little place in Winnemucca. (Wonder why Truck is riding around in circles in the parking lot.) After lunch we are back on the road and making good time. We make another fuel stop in Wendover, NV. Again 'P' has to get something to eat, and Truck is riding around in the parking lot. Back on the road, we cross into Utah, where 'P' missed a good photo op (The Bonneville Salt Flats). We decided to continue on through Salt Lake City and stopped in Park City, Utah. The Best Western Motel looked pretty good to us by now. So after putting the bikes away and getting cleaned up, we decided on dinner and drinks. A good ending to a good day.



Day Two

Another great day on my Harley with 3 friends, we roll through the picturesque hills and valleys of Utah and onto the plains of Wyoming, Colorado and Nebraska. By now we've developed a routine and habits: breakfast in the morning, a couple of fuel stops and then lunch. For "P" every stop is a food stop; 'P' says that he needs to keep his 240 lbs. fueled. Truck is still doing circles in the parking lots. We have yet to be rained on. One thing you can bet on is we've had some very interesting debates and good conversations along the way. By the time this trip is over

we should've solved all the world's problems.

Day Three

We roll into Iowa, and on into Illinois where you notice the population is getting more dense, or should I say the traffic is getting thicker. We or should I say I for the first time run into a service station called Kum & Go. Of course this had to be a photo op. I guess I forgot to mention 'P' is our resident Photographer. Anyway, they are similar to our AM/PM Stores. Again we roll into a Best Western Motel for the night. We are advised by the staff at the motel to be careful about wearing our Colors into town or too far from the Motel.



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TRIP TO WASHINGTON DC (CONT.)

So that curtailed any activities/ideas we may have had about going into town looking for a cocktail. As per our norm we headed for the restaurant/cocktail lounge. After dinner we asked the waitress where all the women were. About five to ten minutes later she comes back and says, "there they are". We all look around and see three females at the bar. From the rear they looked presentable, but when you got a closer look or saw them from the front it was a different story. Anyway that did not deter us as we were just looking for someone to talk to outside ourselves. Their story was they were the escorts for a company that was pulling a large boat/ship across to Washington State. They were a lot of fun to talk to, mostly just because they were just females.



Day Four

We rolled on into Dayton, Ohio. 'P' needed a new rear tire. So before we headed out to Tree's home in Xenia, OH we stopped at the Harley Shop in Dayton to get his tire installed. (mistake) Once the tire is on we head out to Xenia, and to a feast at Tree's house. His Mother, her sister and her cousin fed us like we were Kings, and you know 'P' had a ball, his stomach full...he says for the first time in days. We slept like Kings that night.



Day Five

We spent a lazy day around Tree's house getting ourselves reorganized and cleaning up our Harleys. Thursday night in Dayton can be a real blast, if you know where to go. First we hooked up with one of Tree's Brothers, Van, and had a few drinks at a watering hole of his choice. Day five dinner was no way near as good as the dinner we had the night before. We hooked up with Tree's Son-in-Law at a local Bikers' Clubhouse. They try to party as if there is no tomorrow, after all they do not have as many riding

days as we do. Our Brother 'P' was reported as being molested by some exceptional ladies, how truthful this is you'll have to ask him.

Day Six

We got up early for our trip to Canton, Ohio to the Football Hall of Fame. This was a place I have always wanted to go see. If you ever go, make plenty of time to see the events. This place is huge and there is so much to see and hear. Let me digress a little bit: one thing about traveling with a badge carrier is traffic tickets. In his haste to get to Canton, Tree had his foot a little heavy on the gas in his little car. We got pulled over by the local Police for speeding.

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SOUL SMOKE NEWS LETTER

ISMC



Soul Smoke Editor
MacGyver



TRIP TO WASHINGTON DC (CONT.)

Once he got started on explaining how fast we were going, Truck says, "Excuse me Officer," and showed him his badge. The officer looked at the badge and said, "That's all I need to see" and walked back to his car. A good ending to what could've been an expensive ticket. That night we went to another party where we saw just how they party here. Nice event, lots of people.



Day Seven

We find out that there is a storm brewing that may cause a little problem with the Ceremony in Washington D.C. We are a bit undecided about what to do. In the meantime we head out to The Air Force History Museum. This was another interesting event for me, I got to view a replica of the very first aircraft I worked on (F4 Phantom dual engine fighter plane). That night, there was another party, and meeting more friends. We won the trophy for the Longest Riding Club.

Day Eight

The local MC clubs have a picnic that was really set up nicely: lots of food, beautiful weather and good people. We kind of left a little early since we had planned on getting out early the next day. Heading out to ATL. P had invited us all to his mother's house since we were not going to DC. Again we are fed like kings, and had a great place to stay. 'P' had a problem with the rear tire that he had just put on in Dayton. We spent a couple of hours alongside the road waiting for a tow truck.

Day Nine

Truck and I decided that we would head back home. We took off around 1130 Mon. morning. Our trip, if you have ever rode with Truck was efficient, to say the least. About the most excitement we had was my passenger foot peg almost came off and my kick stand spring broke. Other than that, our trip home was uneventful, and beautiful. All in all, a very beautiful road trip. Some of you ISMC people should get the experience of being out on the open road with a fellow ISMC Brother. There is so much you can find to enjoy.

Article by **OG"GIL"**

Photos by Gil, Truck and P



END