

**Iron Warriors Motorcycle Club**  
<https://ironwarriorsdesertsouthwest.com>  
**THE DRY HEAT**



President:  
Lee "Bling" Lozo  
Vice President:  
Ben "Aero" Laswell  
Secretary:  
Rhonda "Twister" Johnson  
Treasurer:  
Jeff "Adam Henry" Hanley  
Sergeant at Arms:  
Rhonda "Twister" Johnson  
Member at Large/Web Master:  
Ben "Aero" Laswell  
Road Captain:  
Various

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What a year it has been, things have opened again, some places more than others but we have been able to plan trips attend get together and share in a few rides along the way A few that deserve honorable mention was the great ride along the South Pacific Coast Highway with Aero, Sammy ET and me and the great ride to our face-to-face meeting in Kingman earlier this month Heading to Kingman we had great weather, a little chilly out the gate in Victorville, CA, but it ended up with shedding our leather and finishing at Twister's house with weather in the upp34 70's to lower 80's. The PCH ride started near Oceanside, CA and ended in San Diego at the Midway Aircraft Carrier. I had no idea ow enormous that ship was! Gonna do another ride there and take the tour.

On a personal note a ton of new beginnings this year First I bought a house in Branson Missouri right on Table Rock Lake. I am not there very often but it will be an ideal place to retire, whenever that is. I also married off my middle son in September and welcomed a new addition to the Lozo Clan: Marisa Lozo, and my grandson, Parker. The service was perfect and the venue was a hit. They had the entire ceremony and reception at a little farm building in Trainor IA. It was an old barn that was transformed into a wedding venue. It was totally redone except for the old barn slats in the ceiling that gave it that farm feel. When it's light outside and lights indoors are off it looks alike stars in the night sky, very cool! We also had a few distinguished guests attend, so the story goes...

My son and his soon to be wife called me and said, "Dad, we cannot find anyone that con DJ, everything is booked a year out, we have no idea what we are going to do!!!" My response, "I know a guy." I called the one guy that is so busy that he rarely gets a break, anyone who knows this person knows exactly what I am talking about. MR. CLEAN TO THE RESCUE!!! I called my brother, Mr. Clean from the River City Chapter in Nebraska. We talked for a bit to catch up then I asked him if he still had his DJ business that he and his bride, Ajax own. He said that he does but they are booked up over a year out. Then, as a fellow club member would, he asked what day in September? I told him and he said, "you would not believe it, that is the 1 weekend that I can make it work." Just to not only say that we are a brotherhood that spans the entire nation, Mr. Clean showed it. He said the weekend is blocked for my son's wedding and even quoted me the club member price. We hear it every day, if you need something, no matter where you are you can call on your club brothers and sisters to answer your call. I am humbled every day to associate with such a great group. Now even though the night went off without a hitch (compliment after compliment about how great the DJ was), and I was able to sit and visit with Mr. Clean and his love bride Ajax for much of the evening. In case you were wondering, YES!!! Clean did coin me with my coin safely tucked away in my car in Phoenix, AZ. Needless to say, I provided the adult beverages as he laughed at my luck. A great night that I will remember forever!

Now that all the "Dad can you pay fors" are over it's time to do some quality Arizona/California fall and winter riding.

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IWFFIW

Lee “Bling” Lozo



“Bling”, President

For our merchandise to purchase, please go to our website:  
<https://ironwarriorsdesertsouthwest.com> where there are pictures and pricing.

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As I sit here on a chilly Friday night, with Sammy out of town and no-one but the cats for company, I'm reflecting on another great summer in the books and another historic motorcycle trip. Buckle up boys and girls, this is a long one.

This saga is an epilogue to the tale ET has provided and represents the second half of our National's trip.

After the Regional and National meetings on Saturday June 19 everyone started making their way home from Hill City. ET started the long drive back to California and I kept heading east. Storms were brewing along the South Dakota/Nebraska/Iowa boarder which meant there was no small discussion amongst those of us headed east about whether to push through to Des Moines or grab a hotel in Sioux Falls. The problem was there were storms forecast for the next day as well. We were screwed either way.

Dick, Bear, Little Dog, and a cadre of other Central Iowa members decided they were going to drop the boot and push through the 650 miles back to Des Moines. I was on the fence and didn't want to cruise at 100 all the way across South Dakota so I set out solo. Ask anyone who has ever driven I-90 from the Deadwood area back to Sioux Falls and they'll tell you it can be a long dull road. And so, it was for me. Somewhere around Mitchell, South Dakota I started hitting spotty rain. Not enough to make me pull over and throw on the rain gear but enough to notice. I was feeling pretty good and knew the storms the next day were supposed to be worse, so I decided to push through to Des Moines. A few miles outside of Sioux Falls it started raining hard enough that I was finally persuaded to throw on the rain gear. From there to Des Moines was dark and wet but otherwise uneventful. I pulled into my hotel about 11:30.

The next two days were spent around the Des Moines area mostly drinking beer with friends. I took a short ride up to Ames to see my alma mater, Iowa State University. This marked the farthest point of my trip. From then on I was on my way back. 1,686 miles, most direct route.

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One night was spent over at Dick's garage doing nothing but shooting the shit and drinking beer. I met Dick years ago when I was building hot rods in Des Moines and he is the reason I'm in the club now. It did my soul some good to sit in the garage I'd spent so many evenings in before just catching up and enjoying life. To me, that was what the entire trip was about.

On Wednesday June 23 I made the easy 3-hour ride from Des Moines down to Lincoln, Nebraska. Lincoln is where I was born and where all my family resides. I crashed at my mom's place Wednesday evening and my sister and niece stopped by for a while. Thursday my sister and I took my niece to a drive-thru safari type park outside of Lincoln. Thursday evening my aunt was hosting a party at her farm near Bennet, Nebraska to celebrate the summer family member birthdays. This was great because it meant I didn't have to drive all around town visiting people. My niece Clara and I had a blast playing with the goats.

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A goat tries to steal my beer.  
Grandma laughs in the background



My niece Clara pets the goats

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Family time at the farm

On Friday June 25 I said goodbye to my family and started the long ride back to California. I had about 550 miles to get to my first stop in Silverthorne, Colorado. Somewhere in the middle of Nebraska on I-80 (don't ask me where) I noticed some imposing storm clouds forming to the north. They were a ways off and I was clipping along at a good rate so I didn't think much of it. Well, they kept building and kept biting at my heels until I found myself at the leading edge of a nasty squall line. And I was out of gas. I finally found a gas station, pulled in, didn't bother to turn the bike off or take my helmet off, gassed up, and hit the road quick. Anyone who has spent much time around thunderstorms will recognize the conditions. No sooner had I pulled into the gas station the temperature plummeted and the winds started blowing trash cans around and pulling limbs of trees. I gave ol' Beatrix all she had and got the hell out of Dodge. Fortunately, it didn't take long to get in front of it again and stay there. Until, that is, I was on the outskirts of Denver. Sensing impending doom again I pulled off the highway, but this time I didn't miss the rain. Absolutely drenched I pulled under an awning at a Home Depot. No sooner had I pulled in the hail started. So I locked the bike and walked to an Applebee's to grab some grub and wait it out. From Denver through to Silverthorne was uneventful. In Silverthorne I stayed at a nice AirBnB place. The owner was a cop for Denver PD. We spent a few minutes chatting, I gave him the run-down on the Iron Warriors, gave him one of our cards, and said if he's ever in southern California to give me a call.

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Saturday morning brought cold temperatures in the mountains as I started off for Ivin, Utah. Freezing rain and snow were coming down as I pulled out. Twice I had to stop to remove accumulated slush from my windscreen. The roads themselves were too warm for anything to accumulate. I was due some good luck at some point. It tapered off quickly and it was warm sunny skies through most of the 572 miles to Ivin. From here, I'm afraid, there is not much of interest to report. In my mind the trip was over, and I was ready to get home. Besides some nice scenery in Utah, I don't remember anything of much importance.



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Sunday morning, I had an easy 357 miles back to Palmdale. After 13 days, 8 states, and 4,310 miles I rolled into the garage about 2:00. The longest, and easily greatest, motorcycle trip of my riding career had come to end. Many thanks to ET for the much-needed company on the first leg of the journey and many thanks to the brothers and sisters who made it to Hill City, South Dakota. Until next time.

Ride safe and much love,

Aero