

IRON POST

The NEWSLETTER of the Iron Butt Association UK
Issue 1 December 2011



This Month:

PREP YOUR BIKE

FREE CLASSIFIEDS

THE IRON BUTT MOTEL

THE RBLR1000

RIDE REPORTS:

Bob Stammers-SS1000

Joe Fisher - Governments of GB & Ireland

Tom Rainsbury - Round Britain Rally

Andy Weston - Luke Baglee Saddlesore Rally





In November I was very pleased to accept when Mike Kneebone, President of the Iron Butt Association asked me to become the President of The Iron Butt Association in the UK.

There have been a few issues but we are well on the way to getting them all sorted. I'm very lucky to have a good team around me who have all worked long and hard to get us where we are today.

In 2012 we will have all the usual events and some special rides that will be announced in the new year. Keep a look out for the UK and European "Ride To Eat" events (RTE) as they are a good way to meet and swap tales with other long distance riders. You can come to any event even if you have still to do your first ride to become a member.

We will continue to work with the Royal British Legion Riders to raise money for the Poppy Appeal through the RBLR1000 event which takes place annually in June.

For the future our aim is to deliver what we promise and reply to every communication as quickly as we possibly can.

If you have any problems or suggestion please contact me direct.

Phil Weston (aka FazerPhil)

president@ironbutt.co.uk

President Iron Butt Association UK

IBA#432

43rd in IBR2011



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The Iron Butt Association

The Iron Butt Association (IBA) is dedicated to safe, long-distance, endurance motorcycle riding. Headquartered in the USA, the Association has multiple thousands of members worldwide.

One of our more popular slogans is:

"The World Is Our Playground".

The Iron Butt Association (IBA) does not have membership in the traditional sense. We do not have yearly subscriptions, formal meetings or a monthly newsletter. The IBA is a little more loose knit organisation than most clubs. Generally speaking there are several ways to earn membership. The most notable is to be a finisher of the Iron Butt Rally or a successful finisher of one of the other rides we sponsor, such as the SaddleSore 1000. Rally workers and supporters are also granted membership status.

The Iron Butt Association publishes several documents about the Iron Butt Rally and Long-Distance Endurance Riding, including our hottest title, the "Archive of Wisdom", which contains a list of Long Distance Riding tips from our most seasoned, veteran riders.

Iron Butt Association UK is an extension of the IBA and all rides verified by IBA UK are done so in accordance with the rules and regulations set down by the IBA.



Jan-Feb-Mar 2012

R2E - Ride To Eat

A R2E is exactly what it says on the tin - a venue is chosen and it's up to you the individual if you wish to attend or not. Its a great opportunity to meet up and chew the fat with like minded people who are all suffering from the same affliction of long distance riding. Then ride home again. R2Es take place as follows:

UK - 2nd Saturday of every month

Europe - 4th Saturday of Feb, April, June, Aug & Oct. The first European RTE will take place in Belgium on Saturday 25th Feb 2012.

The venues (and confirmed dates) for all R2E's & other events are available on the IBA UK Forum:

www.ironbutt.org/forum/forum_topics.asp?FID=28 and the IBA UK website:

www.ironbutt.co.uk

For details about the Brit Butt Rally go to www.britbuttrally.info

Note: In order to use the IBA UK forum you will have to register but the good news is that its free and you do not need to have succeeded or even attempted an IBA ride. Its both a great source of information and allows owners of certain brands of motorcyle to tell the world how good they are :)

The Editor's Bit

Welcome to the first edition of 'Iron Post', the IBA UK's quarterly newsletter. I've had a great time putting this together and reading the articles provided by the various contributors, without whom, this would be a very thin publication!

Navigating the newsletter. All links within the newsletter are clickable and will take you to the relevant website. Also, on the front page under the words 'This Month' you can quickly get to any article by clicking its title, to get back to the front page simply click the words 'Iron Post' which can be found at the bottom of each page.

Any IBA UK member is eligible to submit articles providing they don't breach the rules of decency, are not profane or abusive but do contain items of interest to the long distance riding community. If you want to share your biking experiences, be they ride reports, some decent kit that you have, or any motorcyle related article then please send it in. In addition to articles, we are also looking for high quality pictures that we can use throughout the publication especially portrait format for the front page.

The newsletter will be published online on a quarterly basis at the end of March, June, September and just before Christmas.

If you have anything to submit for the newsletter, please email them to:

editor@ironbutt.co.uk

Finally, a big thank you to all of our contributors, without your efforts there would be no newsletter.

Thanks for taking the time to read this very boring bit and please enjoy this first issue.

Tony Carr

“Stand tall in knowing you’re about to be admitted into a club where membership can’t be bought. There’s only one door. A door open to all, regardless of what they ride. Riding is the key that gains you admittance. One of the most heralded titles within The Association is that of ‘Rider’.” - Mark Johnson about Iron Butt Association Membership

There are 5 stages to completing an Iron Butt Ride:

1. Plan a route
2. Get a start witness
3. Do the ride
4. Get an end witness
5. Complete the documentation and send it off

Rides can be done at a time of your suiting. If you’re not up to it on the day you planned, no worries, leave it till another time. Rides do not require any sort of pre-registration. Only by following the IBA rules whilst doing your ride and the ride being certified by the IBA will you gain membership of the Association. Please note: some rides require the completion of other certified rides prior to the attempt. Print out and study the rules by following the link at the bottom of the page.

IBA rides suitable for anywhere

Saddlesore

Saddlesore 1000 - 1,000 miles in less than 24 hours
Saddlesore 2000 - 2,000 miles in less than 48 hours
Saddlesore 3000 - 3,000 miles in less than 72 hours
Saddlesore 5000 - 5,000 miles in less than 120 hours

Bunburner

Bunburner - 1,500 miles in less than 36 hours
Bunburner GOLD - 1,500 miles in less than 24 hours
Bunburner GOLD 3000 - Two back-to-back BunBurner GOLD rides; 3000 miles in 48 hours!
10/10ths - Ten consecutive Saddlesore rides; 10,000 miles in 10 days!

UK Specific Rides

UK 4 Corners - Lands End, St David’s Point, John O’Groats, Lowestoft (in 36 hours)

UK 4 Corners Gold - As above but done in 24 hours

End To End - Lands End to John O’Groats (in 24 hours)

End to End Gold - Lands End to John O’Groats via a third point like Clacket Lane Services (in 24 hours)

For full details go to
www.ironbutt.co.uk



Preparing Your Bike

Not every bike is ideal for doing a Saddlesore on - you can do a Saddlesore ride on virtually any bike but some will make it a far easier and more comfortable experience. In the same way, not every bike is ideal for competing in long distance rallies on, and while even on the IBR there have been some pretty incredible rides on small machines, some will make it more likely that you finish, and certainly help determine how competitive you can be. And then the best bike for completing a Saddlesore or similar ride on, and the best bike for competing in a rally such as the BBR may not be the same bike - each ride has slightly different demands: spending 24 or 36 hours sat on a bike circulating a motorway system when you can choose your timing and weather, is very different from spending the same length of time travelling along a wide range of roads, often in remote parts of the country, while navigating and constantly calculating your progress.

Since few of us are in the fortunate position to be able to own a range of bikes for specific purposes, most of us are going to be using the bike we own for a rally. Whatever the bike, there is, however, a number of ways in which you can modify it. Not all of these may be appropriate to your bike, but I am sure some of them will be worth considering. The main aim in all this is to make the bike 'fit' you and the particular demands of long distance rallies better. Only you can decide what will work for you - often it is possible to get feedback from others on forums about what they have done or recommend, but people are often unlikely to give a bad report to something they may have spent a lot of money on!

1 Seat - if your stock seat isn't comfortable, you have several options: obtaining an alternative seat from aftermarket companies will be possible for some bikes; getting your seat rebuilt, possibly with gel inserts; adding an onseat addition, such as an Airhawk, a beaded

cushion, or a sheepskin.

2. Lighting - HID lights are without doubt the greatest improvement you can make



The Airhawk

to any bike's lighting system in terms of seeing where you are going. Proper HIDs for bikes are better than the cheap ones you can buy on fleabay but are expensive. Consider also the value of extra lights in



being seen by others - a triangular pattern of lights is supposedly the most likely to be noticed by other road users.

3. Windscreen - try raising, lowering your screen to find the optimum position for you. If it still noisy/windy, try changing it - depending on the bike, there are a number of manufacturers out there.

4. Comfort - as well as the seat and screen, look carefully at your bikes ergonomics: experiment with moving bars and footrests if possible, or raising or lowering either.

5. Navigation - whether you are using maps or GPS, make sure you are confident in using what you have, and practise using it. Consider what your backup plan will be if the GPS fails, your map gets soaked etc.

6. Luggage - consider what you are going to carry and work out what you need to keep it all safe, dry and accessible. I always use a small tankbag on rallies

because there a number of things such as the rallybook, my notes, the rally flag and receipts I like to keep in front of me so I can keep checking they are there!

7. Service it - you want to make sure the bike is going to finish the rally so it may be worth getting it checked over not long before the rally. At the same time, if you are having any work done to the bike, get it done a few weeks before so you have time to ride it and make sure everything is okay.

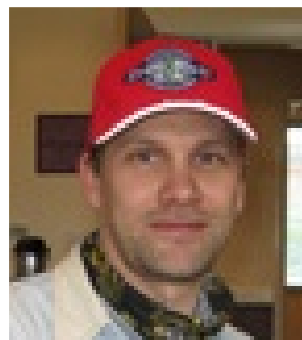
8. Fuel systems - this is a bit more extreme, but it is possible to add a fuel cell to any bike to give you extra



distance between fuel stops. For some bikes it may be possible to change the fuel tank for a larger one.

9. Ride it - the best way you can make sure your bike is suitable for the task is to get out and ride it, regularly.

Robert Roalfe



Footnote: Robert's motorcycling history and competitive achievements are second to none. To date, he has won all four Brit Butt Rallies as well as other long distance motorcycling events and is without doubt definitely the one to (try to!) beat.

<http://www.thegrimrider.com/>

Valiant Saddlesore Attempt

We three met up outside the dealership shortly before 5pm, had a chat about the plan then went inside to be witnessed - and photographed for the local papers. It was raining and grey when

we left but by the time we were halfway to Winchester, that had all faded and gradually turned into a pleasant, sunny, afternoon. The A272 had its usual effect of getting me into the zone and we settled into the three hour ride, into the setting sun, to Exeter. Just before the 100 mile mark we stopped for fuel and discovered that while James' Bandit and Sheila both had approx 150 mile ranges, Donald's Sprint was good for 200, and not just because his tank was larger, he was getting more miles to the gallon than us. Pulling into the 'Moto' services at Exeter, we got a sharp reminder that motor-cyclists need to maintain full alert at all times when a car just ignored the red light and pulled directly out in front of us. Never mind, we were right on schedule and as there was no sign of anywhere to

eat there we headed back out onto the motorway for the long, dark, ride north. 337 miles to Southwaite services, Carlisle, and six hours in which to get there! We arrived in Carlisle at least an hour behind schedule at 4am. How so? I think the statement above had a lot to do with the lack of progress, way too big a gap to measure for pacing purposes. Also, when we started out from Exeter the sun had just set and conditions got progressively darker and colder. I now know that dark and cold often has a negative effect on cruising speed. Carlisle at 4am is a thoroughly miserable place: cold, very cold, dark and almost devoid of other traffic. Having managed to stop shivering, we decided to let Donald's satnav guide us and he led us across to Newcastle, arriving just as the sun rose around 6am. Still damn

cold though, so cold in fact that James decided it was time to wear the hi-viz fleece he'd been carrying in case of breakdown. After pausing to reprogram the satnav (it had "forgotten" the route), we all headed south, looking forward to increasing temperatures. Arriving at the North Yorkshire moors around 10am, the temperature having crept up to something reasonable, we were abruptly reminded of why we

ride bikes. In short, the A171 and associated minor roads leading to Whitby & Scarborough form a biker's paradise. Tiredness vanished and it was as though we'd just got up to go for a ride.

We spent the rest of the day steadily making progress towards our destination, no longer tired, just enjoying the ride. By the time we'd reached Norwich though it was pretty apparent that we weren't going to make the 24 hour deadline. We decided to press on and do the thousand miles rather than cut the trip to fit the time. We finally arrived at the Ace Cafe shortly after 6pm, almost exactly 25 hours after we started, so no certificate. But so what? Not only were we not saddlesore, we'd just completed a ride of mansize proportions and were about to enjoy mansized "big breakfasts" as well. Life's good.

Bob Stammers



Donald

James

Bob

Governments of GB & Ireland SS1000

IBA SS1000 to include visits to the Government (Parliament or Assembly) buildings of:

- The Republic of Ireland
- Northern Ireland
- Scotland
- England
- Wales

I was considering options for a ride that would include all parts of the British Isles and including the capitals seemed like a natural progression of that and the one thing the capitals have in common are that they are



home to the seats of power, the government buildings. So I drew up a route including The Dail, Stormont, The Scottish Assembly, The Houses of Parliament and The Welsh Assembly. I did the ride on 23-24th of September.

Whilst there are drawbacks to democracy, such as the continuing and worsening uneven distribution of wealth, it's still better than what a lot of people have to put up with such as tyranny and oppression, so you could say that the ride is a (guarded) celebration of GB & Ireland's democracies.

I timed the ride to get in and out of London in the middle of the night and the Troon ferry was perfect timing for that. The run to the Dail was handy using the port tunnel. I got a Garda to take my picture at the gates.

I used flags throughout to make it easier to follow. I got receipts from the nearest possible places to the government buildings which was a mix of ATM's and petrol stations.

I know pictures can't be used in verifying rides but if anyone else were ever to do this ride I would make the pictures of the actual buildings compulsory as it adds another level of difficulty and interest. I

..the IBA comes before famous American senators..

stupidly followed the GPS on the way out of Dublin instead of using common sense and as a result I ended up going through the city instead of going back up the tunnel. I think the fact that there are city centres and a ferry involved in this ride it means that it's not easy! I arrived

at Stormont where the gate guard left Senator George Mitchell waiting at the barrier whilst he took the photo for me. The IBA comes before famous American Senators and the main Middle East peace negotiator. That guy has his priorities right! Northern Ireland doesn't have a flag so I asked Clarke what I should use and he said he would give me one off the front of his house and he wouldn't miss it as he has hundreds

of them, but I wasn't convinced. So get out your crayons and draw yourself a suitable flag for the Northern Ireland

Assembly. I made the 5.30 Larne to Troon ferry with a half hour to spare so I was on schedule. The fastest route to Edinburgh is North over Glasgow and that's the way I went, however, the route in my GPS included a petrol stop for a receipt at the Northernmost point, which it passed and I had to find another one further down the road which I knew was losing me quite a few 'shortest route' mapped miles. The route through Edinburgh city centre on a Friday night was an entertainment. I passed a few friendly looking beer gardens that were giving me their best Siren call but I resisted. The Scottish Assembly is situated fairly remotely and there was no one there so I set the camera up to take my own picture. Like all of the government buildings it was very distinctive. I knew beforehand that the worst place to have any trouble was between

..I felt the bike squirming and I knew the back tyre was going down. My first thoughts (after the swearing) were whatever happens I have to get to Holyhead by 1.30pm..

Edinburgh and Berwick on Tweed as there's nothing there, including very little hard shoulder, and particularly at



The Scottish Assembly - Edinburgh

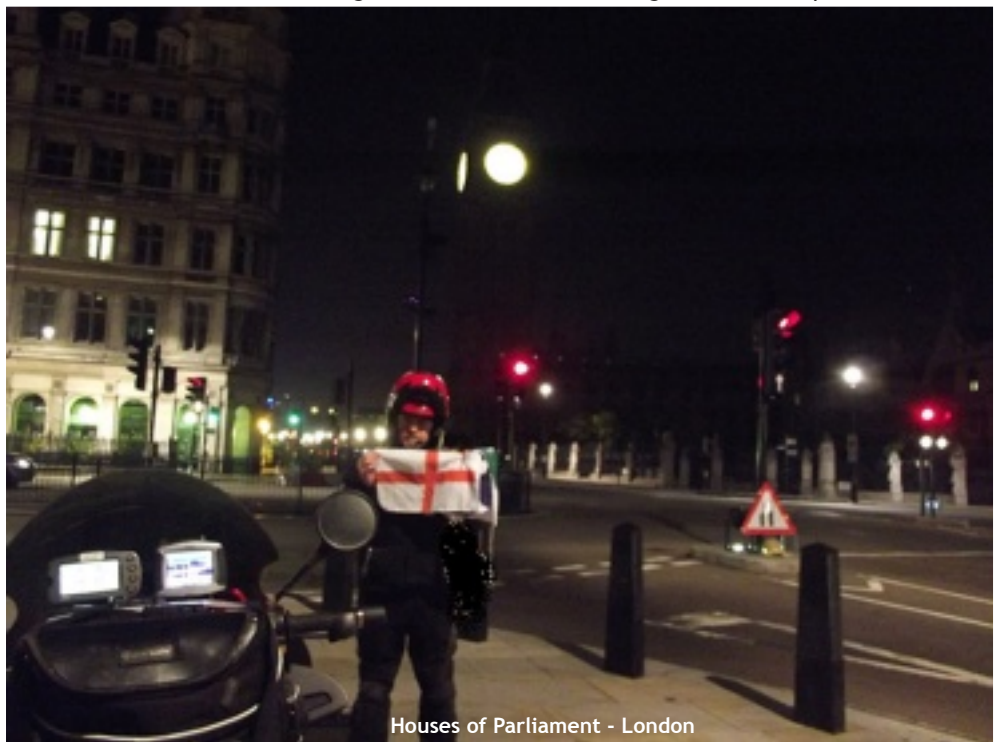


night. As usual you get what you wish for. Shortly after leaving Edinburgh I felt the bike squirming and I knew the back tyre was going down. My first thoughts (after the swearing) were whatever happens I have to get to Holyhead by 1.30pm because I had booked a ferry and a cabin and I had to get home. I use the bike every day and I have had 2 punctures in the last 10 or more years, 1 in the Brit Butt Rally in 2010 and 1 outside Edinburgh on this ride (2 punctures, both on IBA rides, is someone trying to tell me something?). I didn't want to stop so I crawled into Berwick on Tweed and just as I turned in to the services the wheel went totally flat. I got it on the stand and straight away saw the nail sideways through the tyre. It went in and out of the tread then turned inwards and went through. I pulled it and gummy wormed it but I had damaged the sidewall and tread and the tyre was out of shape. It was bulging in a few places and it vibrated, wobbled and leaked for the rest of the journey. I topped up the pressure at least 6 more times. It did finish the ride and it got me home. It was done anyway; it had 8000+ miles (since June) on it. At this point I was more than half way through my 24 hours and had done barely 400 road miles. I headed towards London. The A1 was full of

road works through the night, the worst of which was a long one-way stretch where I had to wait 14 minutes for a lead vehicle that I had to follow through the works at 10 mph. There were many speed restricted stretches also with average speed monitoring. My overall average to this point was 33 mph and I started to think that this wasn't going to work. I needed an overall average over 60

from here on in. However, it was still possible so I kept going. The M1 currently has a huge long section restricted to 50 mph average. By the time I got to Westminster I was 30 minutes behind schedule. I thought that Edinburgh was interesting at night but London at 4am was ridiculous I went in along the A5 onto the Edgware Road and around 4am it was buzzing. It's obviously an ethnic area and the 24 hour supermarkets, fruit and veg stores, cafes, shops, petrol stations etc etc were all busy. The outdoor hookah pipe cafes, ethnic tea houses and Caribbean cafes were packed with all the various smoking arrangements to the fore. You could sniff the changes in smoke aromas as you passed! I have to say though that it was all very civilised with not a drunk or lout to be seen! Maybe I caught a quiet night! Even at 4am there was plenty of traffic in central London. I headed out West through Knightsbridge towards Wales.

Again road works and closures slowed me a lot. The M4 was closed for road works between 2 junctions that meant a narrow, nose-to-tail 14 mile detour and was closed again further on for an accident with another long detour. Time remained tight and there was no spare time right up to the finish of the ride. I was eating, drinking and tanking up in full on rally mode. Again there were also long stretches of speed restrict-



Houses of Parliament - London



The Welsh Assembly - Cardiff

ions. Unlike London, Cardiff around 7 am was not so appealing having the previous night's stragglers still hanging about. One of whom staggered into the road in front of me. I had already stopped but the sight of me woke him up with a shock. He then decided it was my fault that he was in the middle of the road and gave me a peculiar hand signal before staggering off, I guessed it must be a 'welcome to Wales' signal! I was sent on another bum steer along the water front by the GPS and had to U-turn back out of trouble. It was only 2 or 3 miles all in. From there it was back over the Severn Bridge and a dash up the M5 and M6 as far as I could risk it for a finish receipt before the 24 hour deadline kicked in. My odo showed 1087 miles at the end. My Zumo showed 1078.2 miles.

My 2620 showed 1142.1 miles which included the ferry journey of @64 miles (1078.1 road miles).

According to my Mapsource, the shortest distance between receipts is 1020 miles. The trip took 23 hours and 42 minutes. Because of the time being tight I only had time for a stop for breakfast before heading for the Holyhead ferry. I got the 2.10 cruise ferry which is slower but has cabins for €20. This meant I could get a shower and a sleep as it is a 3 1/2 hour crossing and if you book a cabin you get priority boarding so I was in my cabin, with me dinner at 2pm. That meant that I was fresh for the 150 miles home. The difficulty level of the ride is

very much based on where you start from in relation to the ferry you choose. I did 150 miles from home to Dublin on mostly slow, busy single carriageway roads. I have done it much quicker at other times of the day/ week but the ferry determined my timing. Ferries vary from 2 to 8 hours depending on which route you choose. I would rank road/traffic access to the government buildings, from the most difficult first, as: London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Belfast and Cardiff. I was over 13 hours into the ride and had only just covered 400 road miles when I got the puncture. I finished with 20 minutes to spare, which is exactly what I thought would happen. Whatever route you choose for this I think the most important tool you need for this ride is patience. You will be, after all riding through five capital cities in one day! You need to be able to

trust your plan whilst you're sitting at road works or traffic lights or congestion or on a long slow detour or going through miles of 50mph average speed zones etc etc. I had plenty of all of those on this ride. You also need luck. Ferries have to run on time etc. I had bad luck with road works etc but I had good luck with the weather, considering it was the end of September I never saw a single drop of rain on the whole run. It was also mild; I didn't add any layers and the heated vest never came out. You will need to add miles at the start or finish to make the SS1000. There are receipts to be had close to all the government buildings. This was easily the most fun, challenging and interesting SS1000 I've done. It is difficult. It could easily go wrong. I don't think any 2 people will create the same route plan for it.

It's fun, it's new (I think) and it's not a gimmee, it's a proper challenge, what more do you want? Who's next?

Joe Fisher



2nd chance to come up with a flag for Northern Ireland!

Welcome to the



Here at the *Iron Butt Motel* we pride ourselves on our laid-back attitude towards our work and more importantly to our guests. We really couldn't care less where you sleep or how comfortable a stay you have.

We've been doing absolutely nothing for our guests for what seems like forever but as no-one seems to complain then we don't see the need to change our ways.

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Trap Advisor Comments:

I had a wonderful stay. Can't comment on the staff as there were none and the bed was a tad on the 'rock solid' side but to be honest I never noticed until I woke up.

Martyn

Overall It was all right I suppose but the shoe-shine kit left a lot to be desired.

James

Call this a double? I've had more comfortable nights in a tent.

**

Mal & Emma

ExtremeFunnyHumor.com

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WANTED: Somebody to go back in time with me. This is not a joke. P.O. Box 322, Oakview, CA 93022. You'll get paid after we get back. Must bring your own weapons. Safety not guaranteed. I have only done this once before.

HAVE VIAGRA. Need woman. Any women between 18 & 80. PO Box 1151, Boise, ID 83701.

WAITRESS NEEDED. Must be 18 years old with 20 years experience. Apply in Person Carnation Restaurant.


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for an entire day!
We were all exhausted and
very satisfied and we
look forward to next year...
We all thank you!*



OUR SINCERE APOLOGY

to George Brownridge & Staff



Our intentions were to thank him for a generous holiday shopping trip which he arranged. This annual tradition is much appreciated. Any inappropriate innuendoes were unintentional and we take full responsibility for the ad that appeared in yesterday's papers.



06' Suzuki GSXR 1000

Fourways, Johannesburg
This bike is perfect! Only done 7000 kms and has had its 1500 km. dealer service. No falls/scratches. I use it as a cruiser/commuter. I'm selling it because it was purchased without proper consent of a loving wife. Apparently "do whatever the **** you want" doesn't mean what I thought.

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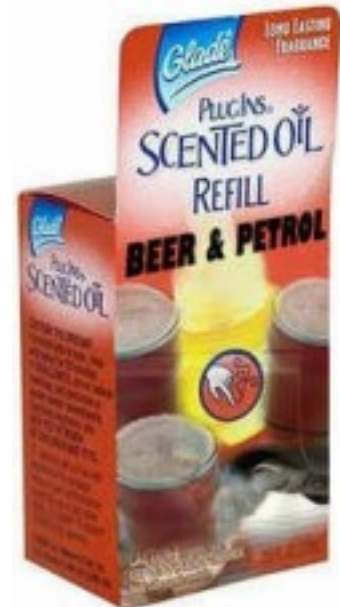
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705 Sibley Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.



The Round Britain Rally

A Week In The Life

2011 was my first attempt at the Round Britain Rally.

Rewind to September 2010 and I was in a Premier Inn with Leigh (aka LMG) and Simon (aka Sprocket), overnight before getting the ferry from Portsmouth to Santander and off to the Picos de Europas Mountains, the Pyrenees, Andorra and a ride back through France. About to leave for the ferry, Leigh says, "Do you mind if we take a slight detour, there's a stone coffin I want to take a photo of." What? Are you mad? Why? Turns out this was a land-mark for the 2010 Round Britain Rally, so we duly made the detour, and after consulting a handy local, located said coffin at a church at the end of a little track. Then came the enormous effort required to turn three fully laden Triumph Rockets around in a tiny track. Oh yeah, I'm lovin this. On the ferry, and under the influence of liquid encouragement, Leigh told me what the RBR was all about. Apparently you get from April to October to visit as many landmarks as you can, so suffering from an overindulgence of alcoholic bravery, I said I'd have a go in 2011.

Fast forward almost a year, and by August I had about half of the required 89 landmarks under my belt and my competitive nature would not allow me to achieve anything other than a 100% all rounder award - all of the landmarks & with no mistakes. This, for me, living in the South East, would mean a mammoth trip around Cumbria, Scotland and the North East, as I could only afford a week off to get the landmarks in those areas,



compared to weekends or whilst in the general area anyway for the rest of them. After the Northern trip I could relax a bit and mop up the missing LM's at my leisure over the following two months. Oh yeah, forgot to mention, I had also enrolled in Grim Riders Castles ride, so I had a few of those to bag along the way as well. So, for 2011,

my normal biking endeavours of attending various rallies took on a slightly different approach. If I had to be in Devon for 18:00 hours, instead of leaving Canterbury at 14:00 I would be setting off at 06:00 hrs., taking a roundabout route through East and West Sussex, Hampshire, Dorset, Somerset and Cornwall before heading off to the rally. Then

...On the ferry, and under the influence of liquid encouragement, Leigh told me what the RBR was all about...

upon leaving, instead of having a leisurely full English and heading home at about 10:00 hrs., there was I clearing off at 06:00 hrs. again, & off to Lands End before turning round and taking in Avon, Gloucestershire, Berkshire and Surrey before finding my way back home.

Meanwhile, back on topic, I had the Northern LM's to bag. Leigh kindly offered to put me up for the night at his gaff in South Yorkshire, and together, as he was a 2011 RBR and Castles entrant too, we would head off into the barbaric wastes that are known to me only as "The North." I chose my Pan European for the trip, and Leigh his Varadero. Our plan was to take a circuitous route up to Glasgow and meet up with a mate, Paul (aka Perdurabo) who would join us there and tag

along as practice before attempting his first long distance run from LE to JOG. So, day 1, and I took a meandering route via Surrey, Beds, Herts, Northants, Leics, West Mids, Notts, Staffs & Derbyshire up to Sarf Yorkshire and collected 9 LM's and a castle on the way. Leigh & I set off bright and early on what was my day 2 and after a false start because the muppet forgot his wallet, we rode up the A1 into an early morning traffic jam of Brobdingnagian proportions that not even bikes could get round, as a giant earth mover was being transported & all but closed the road as it crawled along for mile after mile.

Once it eventually turned off, we were properly on our way to our first goal - Rey Cross on top of the Pennines. Unfortunately, it is on one side of a dual carriageway with a central barrier, so we had to ride about 7 miles past in order to get onto the correct side of the road, then we missed it and had to ride another 2 miles to turn the bikes round so that we could ride the now 9 miles to turn round & ride back again. After going round and round in ever increasing circles, we bagged the LM and we were off proper, to the Lake District by way of a quick diversion to our main goal of Scotland. One LM kind of blends in with another, but the Anthony Gormley statue was pretty memorable, on the shore of one of the lakes, as both of our satnavs took us to the wrong side of said lake where said statue was said to be lurking, and we only found it out of desperation by having a go at the other side via a lengthy diversion because of a road closure due to a weak bridge, mainly because we couldn't think of anything else to do, and were not keen to have gone all that way with no result. When we did locate it, I felt kind of underwhelmed. Leigh thought it would be a fun idea to show this Southern



order to take it all in. In the planning stages, we had trouble finding a suitable place to stay in this part of Scotland. No Premier Lodges or the like, and everywhere seemed to be £80 a night or upwards. I eventually struck gold by finding Ledgowan Lodge (www.ledgowanlodge.co.uk). It looked to be an old Victorian or Edwardian hunting lodge converted into a top class & damned expensive hotel, with lots of tartan, stags heads on the walls & leather chesterfields dotted about the place, but with a bunkhouse in the grounds. It was only an old porta-cabin with rooms, each one having

boy what a real hill looked like & so took me through the Hardknott Pass en route to Scotland. Didn't take any photos there, as he was capturing the whole thing on his on board video camera and I was too busy hanging on to the Pan. I must admit I was very impressed though. Bagged a few more LM's on the way to Glasgow without incident, & arrived at the Travel Inn to find Paul already in the bar & his spanking brand new BMW K1600 six cylinder beastie bike in the

...we had heard about the Applecross Pass, and wanted to have a play on it whilst we were in the area. If you haven't been there, I urge you to make the effort...

car park. Day 3 saw us away from Glasgow & a comparatively easy day in prospect, as we only had a plan for a couple of hundred miles & two or three LM's & a castle, as we had heard about the Applecross Pass & wanted to have a play on it whilst we were in the area. If you haven't been there, I urge you to make the effort, as it is quite remarkable, with spectacular views around every corner. You will either need to ride it twice, or stop every few hundred yards, in



Anthony Gormley Statue



Applecross Pass

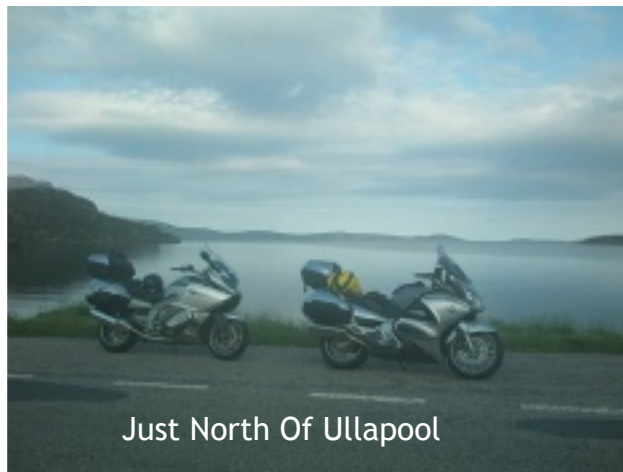
a bunk bed, but it was silly cheap, and if you stayed there, or even slung up a tent in their grounds, you

...we know from bitter previous experience that Leigh snores like a jumbo jet on full throttle, so we booked a room for him alone...

ould use all the facilities of the hotel, like the bar with about a hundred different types of whisky, or the restaurant and have some venison or whatever.

Now, neither I nor Paul is daft, and we know from bitter previous experience that Leigh snores like a jumbo jet on full throttle, so we booked a room for him alone, with me & Paul in another, kitted up with full earplugs. Some other chaps in the bunkhouse who were there to climb some Munroes or something as equally insane, were complaining next morning to me & Paul about the snoring having kept them awake all night. Paul told them it was certainly totally out of order and strongly advised them to have serious words with Leigh. Did I mention that Leigh is built like a brick outhouse? He walked into the room; they took one look at him and wisely decided not to mention it. Anyway, we were up at stupid o'clock for day 4, as today was the big one. We had planned mega miles as we needed to bag LM's up the West coast, across to Wick and down the East coast before bunking down in Perth. This would be essential if we wanted to capture every landmark whilst we were up there, and I wanted exactly that. By this time my competitive gene had well and truly kicked in and I wanted the top award. We left before it was properly light and rode through the Scottish mist up the West coast. Made our first stop just North of

Ullapool and stopped to take some early morning moody pictures as the sun was just starting to come up. I thought that the first landmark on our list would be a breeze, but the organisers were crafty. It was a smokehouse that on the map was about 40 miles off the main 'A' road. What we didn't realise was that the 40 miles were single track and VERY twisty. When we finally



Just North Of Ullapool

reached the end and got our precious photograph, we set off along the coast right into the aftermath of some sort of festival. Three remnants of the booze and/or drug fest beside the road were surprised by the sudden appearance of three bikes and lurched into the road. I was in the lead and just shaved them on the way past. I looked into my mirrors and saw Leigh swerve past them, and then they lunged towards Paul on his brand new damned expensive latest toy. Good job he missed them too - I'd hate to think what he might have done if it had got a scratch. He's a Liverpudlian licensee who thinks that a pick axe handle is a customer relation tool. From memory, the next landmark was Whaligo Steps, right over on the North-East coast, just below Wick, and it was a long ride. After a breakfast stop, Paul decided that he'd had enough of the ever onward style of riding, and would prefer to wend his way to Perth in a more casual manner, and we bid our temporary farewells.

Whaligo Steps was a scream, due entirely to the eccentric and hilarious little Scottish fella who looks after them. He told us many stories about when Billy Connolly came to visit for a TV program and about other exploits, which would merit an article in themselves. We lingered there too long as a consequence, and had to make some serious time up on the next stretch

down the North East coast. Saw a castle on the way southward with the fantastic name of Dunrobin - I kid you not. Two landmarks away from journeys end, Leigh decided that he had about enough, and he headed off for Perth, leaving me to soldier

on alone. I had Glenprosen Kirk and Wainwright's Statue to capture and I wasn't about to leave them ungot. The kirk was another of those LM's like the smokehouse -



Whaligo Steps

looked easy enough on paper, but in reality was about 40 miles down tiny single track roads. Without a satnav it would have taken many hours, as it was situated in a complete maze of these tracks, with many, many turnings. As it was, after I'd captured the required photo, it was off again

through another 40 or so miles of single track in failing light towards some mountain or other, for a statue of Mr. Wainwright and his missus with some interesting body language. So, last landmark for the day, and there I was on top of a deserted mountain with the light going, and I can't find this dark coloured statue against the dark background. I then had a brainwave, and phoned home. Her indoors quickly got onto the internet as I gave her my coordinates from the satnav, and she guided me straight to the elusive bronze using Google Earth. Isn't modern technology wonderful? I now had a frantic race to the overnight stop, as Leigh & Paul had phoned to say that the Scots had this weird custom of closing the bar at 10:00 pm on a Sunday, so they had ordered me a meal and a couple of pints in advance, but I had to get there before 10:00 or go without. I tried to balance the twin dangers of deer and beer, but suffice to say I got there just in time. On day 5 We waved a tearful goodbye to Paul as he motored off back to Scouseland and his work, so Leigh and I carried on South-bound and across the Forth Bridge, gathering LM's on the way, crossing some river or other by ferry, and on into Northumberland. I had already tried offroading the Pan when we had to ride up this little track to get to a castle which

was in a farmer's field in Scotland, but that was nothing compared to getting the next landmark, which was a marker stone on top of Blakehope Nick, apparently the highest point in Kielder Forest, about 14 miles up an unmade logging track. Leigh said that the sight of a fully laden Pan European being ridden up the track at speed with me standing up on the footrests was quite entertaining. We eventually ended another long day back at Leigh's, having bagged loads more landmarks, including all 20 in Scotland for me. Day 6, and I bid farewell to Leigh and headed off for Kent via Lincs, Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambs, and Essex, gathering yet more LM's. Writing this has brought to mind so many nice experiences. A

covered bridge like you see in America on the way to Ardchattan Priory, Melgarve Bridge, miles and miles down a road in the Scottish Highlands that was no wider than a Smart Car, against the flow of a bicycle and running race going in the opposite direction, the moody Eilean Donan Castle, scene of the film Highlander, and just too many others to mention. 6 days, 2850 miles, 45 landmarks, including all 20 in Scotland, 5 castles and a screen so encrusted with flies I could hardly see through it. I've got the bug now (no pun intended), and have already enrolled in the 2012 event. Roll on April.

Tom Rainsbury



Eilean Donan Castle



Wainwright and Wife



Ferry In Scotland

Luke Bagleee Saddlesore Rally

"I'm thinking of doing some sort of motor bike ride in Luke's memory, would you be interested in taking part?"

Twenty words was all it took for me to become involved in an event that exceeded my expectations, raised thousands of pounds for a little known charity and left everyone involved with an immense sense of achievement and a hunger to do it all again.

In 1982 I was on board HMS Bristol as we sailed to the South Atlantic to take part in Operation Corporate, the battle to reclaim The Falkland Islands from the Argentinean aggressors. Little did I know that I was to become friends with someone that so far has lasted over twenty five years. Dave Baglee and I were keen amateur photographers and volunteered our services

to be 'Ships Photos' which saw us taking, developing and printing numerous images during our time on board. As with all naval friendships we went our separate ways on leaving the ship, occasionally bumping into each other in a Naval Base or shore establishment. When my time in the RN was coming to a close I decided that I would love to learn to ride a motorbike and Dave was the man who was going to do it as he had earlier left the navy and set up Paragon Rider Training, literally just round the corner from where I lived in Gosport, Hampshire. Direct Access Course completed, test passed on the second attempt, infernal U turn! Any excuse to get out on the new bike was taken and I steadily improved as a rider. In 2004, I was shocked to hear that his son, Luke, had suddenly passed away. I'd got to know Luke as he was also a keen biker thanks to his dad. Eventually it was discovered that he had died because of a symptom called Haemochromatosis which is more commonly known as Iron Overload Disorder. It is a genetic disorder causing the

body to absorb an excessive amount of iron from the diet; the iron is then deposited in various organs, mainly the liver, but also the pancreas, heart, endocrine glands, and joints. Dave had done his research and decided that he would like to try to raise funds for The Haemochromatosis Society who support people with the symptoms, promote awareness and conduct research into the condition. But what to do? It had to be motor bike related so, after some research he called me, "Ever heard of the Iron Butt Association?, they do a thing called a Saddlesore Rally. You have to ride 1,000 miles in under 24 hours. I reckon it's doable!" So the plan was hatched but how could we achieve it and who would be crazy enough to attempt it? A quick look at several online mapping sites and planning routes on our Sat Nav's we realised that it could be done fairly easily if we timed it right and only gave people basic information, in other words, do it in less than 24 hours and use whatever route, no disrespect to the riders but we thought, "Too

The Luke Baglee "Saddlesore Rally" May 2008



www.haemochromatosis.org.uk

much info will only confuse them!” Rather than just do a marathon ride, it was decided that it would be nice to see if we could hold a curtain raiser by having a raffle or something like that. The Red Lion in Stubbington hosts a local bike meet every Monday night and Pete the landlord was more than happy for the venue to be used for a fundraising event. Numerous generous donations were made by individuals and companies from all over the country and on the night we were staggered to discover that we had raised close on £4,000, the figure we expected as a grand total after everything was done and dusted!

The call went out and we were pleasantly surprised to get 26 riders who were committing themselves to a ride into

the unknown. Some were seasoned riders with thousands of miles under their belts whilst a few had hardly got out of Hampshire! And what a range of different machinery, BMW's, Honda's, Suzuki's, Harley Davidson's and even a Piaggio 500 scooter! As the ride was intended to be a fundraising event, everyone went out, sponsorship forms in hand and cajoled every one they knew into dipping into their pockets, or at least pledging their support. We realised early on that, just like Ewan and Charley, we needed a control centre which would enable the riders to call into a central point and for their progress to be logged. It also meant that interested parties could find out about how things were going. I just happen to be the manager of Gosport Business Centre, there's a great big car park that is well lit at night, a comfortable lounge area, good telephone systems and, more importantly, easy access to the major roads. A quick call to my boss got me the go ahead and the support team was formed up of four of our wives; little did they know what they were letting themselves in for! Gosport is not the best place to start from some locals might say but with the M27 only 3 miles away we could get onto main commuter routes very quickly and in actual fact it meant that participants could easily choose to go clockwise or anti clockwise around

the country to achieve the mileage required. Most agreed on the same basic route, west to Exeter, head north on the M5 then M6 towards Glasgow, cross over to Edinburgh then set off south down the A1 and head back to Gosport ensuring sufficient mileage was completed. One huge source of help and encouragement came from Roger Allen, the then UK & European President of The Iron Butt Association. As a seasoned long distance rider his wealth of knowledge was invaluable to helping us run a successful event. I think we actually surprised him with how well we did! So the

date was set, Saturday 10th May 2008, start anytime after midnight and endeavour to complete the ride in less than 24 hours,

good luck. Everyone started arriving at Gosport Business Centre from 10:30 on the Friday evening as most had decided to set off on the stroke of midnight. A small crowd of friends, family and well wishers milled around the car park and lounge as the riders got themselves ready to depart. Everyone got a final brief, “Don't forget to call in every time you stop so we know you are okay and can plot your position in the ‘war room’”.

Midnight came and all the riders said their goodbye's and started leaving the centre. For the support team left behind, the silence was deafening, who would call in first, will anyone have an accident, what are we going to do with ourselves whilst we are waiting for that first call? They probably had a more stressful time than the riders. Everyone's personal experiences during the ride will be different but for me I will

...the call went out and we were pleasantly surprised to get 26 riders who were committing themselves to a ride into the unknown...

try to describe them as briefly as I can as there's a lot to cram in! Riding in the dark can be difficult for some but my Suzuki V-Strom has great headlights and gives good forward illumination so the cross country route to Exeter was completed in what felt like no time at all, it seemed that every 30 minutes there was a sign saying ‘Welcome to the County of.....’.

Once on the M5, a drop into Cullompton Services was required for my first refueling stop. With bike and me refueled it was time to head north towards my birth place, Birmingham. I did consider calling in at my parents but thought better of it as I didn't think they would appreciate a knock at just after 4 in the morning! Progressing north on the M6, the sun had started rising, highlighting the mist covering vast swathes of farm land in Staffordshire, I was so glad I had heated grips as the temperature was actually lower here than it was when it was pitch black down in Hampshire and Dorset. Lancaster North Services was my third break, the lady at the till was very interested in what I told her, thought we

were mad but looked forward to meeting some of the other riders if they called in. As the day progressed it came to light that several of the riders called in at the same fuel stops and were questioned by the attendants before they had a chance to say anything! The journey through Westmorland was far and away the best part of the ride for me; with the sun



At the Gosport Business Centre

peeking over the tops of the mountains and the M6 twisting it's way though the valleys. Of course it would have been better on an A road but time was of the essence today! Another fuel, food and coffee break meant breakfast near Glasgow, across to Edinburgh on the M8 then pick up the A1 south. This stretch of

coast road is a treat apart from what seems like the country's supply of GATSO's which called for careful riding. As I closed in on Newcastle I knew there was a detour

just off the M40 near Oxford meant that I was only a couple of hours away from the end of my trip and with plenty of time to spare I stretched my slightly aching body a

some places but were extremely unlucky to be caught in a very severe storm in the Scottish borders which saw them soaked to the skin and having to avoid hail and lightening strikes! The event had the potential to be a complete disaster, riders of varying abilities spread far and wide across the country with a support team on tenterhooks waiting for news. In the end all 26 riders returned safe and well. The sense of relief on the faces of the support team and organisers was understandable, the look of jubilation on the faces of the riders for completing such a mammoth task was a pleasure to see, that was until they took a close look at their bikes and realised it was going to take ages to clean all the bugs off! It didn't take long for the "What are we going to do next time?" question to be asked, Well, what is next? We don't know yet, we are still collecting in all the sponsorship money and we do not think we will be far off £10K when it's all



At the English Border

I had to make today, not The Angel of The North, not St James' Park or Hadrian's Wall, it was the mother in laws! Well I couldn't ride all this way round the country and not call in to wish her Happy Birthday could I? It was also a good opportunity to put my feet up in front of the telly and be waited on with coffee and bacon butties, perfect fuel for this body of mine to keep me going for the rest of the day. Break over it was time to head

little and swung my leg over the bike for the final push. Arriving back at Gosport Business Centre I had completed a journey of 1,101 miles in 17 hours and 26 minutes, much sooner than I had expected to get back. In fact it was the same for most of

...the sense of relief on the faces of the support team and organisers was understandable...

...progress was brisk without being overly fast throughout the whole of the journey...

off again, through the Tyne Tunnel, pick up the A1 again and complete the homeward leg of the journey. Progress was brisk without being overly fast throughout the whole of the journey, had someone said something to everyone else? The roads were all remarkably clear no matter what part of the country I was in, not that I was complaining, it meant that my estimated time of return to Gosport Business Centre kept getting earlier and earlier than expected. A final rest stop



the riders with all but two completing their journeys in less than 24 hours. The two that didn't were unlucky, they had not set off until four thirty in the morning which meant they got caught in traffic in



in. Are we surprised at how well it went? Well, yes and no. Yes as we are staggered at the figure we have collected already and the potential final figure and the fact that so many completed the ride successfully. No because we know that the biking community, no matter what machine they ride, always seem to be happy to support a good cause no matter what size it is.



Andy Weston

Footnote: The final figure raised was over £15,000 and has been handed over to The Haemochromatosis Society.

IBA UK MEMBER PROFILE Phil Weston



How long have you been riding and what drew you into it in the first place?

I'm a 'born again' biker but have well over 20 years riding under my belt. I was drawn to biking because it was the cheapest form of transport and my first bike was a 1966 Vespa 125.

What was the worst bike you've ever owned?

It's a toss-up between the Vespa and a Honda C150 (with cow-horn handlebars!)

What is your best bit of motorcycling gear?

Hein Gericke Master IV suit

What is your most memorable bike trip?

My first Saddlesore 1000 which was from Bristol to Budapest via Ukraine. It was also my first time riding abroad.

What are your future motorcycling plans?

I intend doing a BunBurner Gold with the aim of finishing at the National Meet of the IBA in the USA next summer.

What are your IBA achievements? BBG3000, BBG1500, SS1000x3, BBG2500K, BB2500K, SS2000K, SS1600K, TT1000, IBR2011 (43rd)

NEXT ISSUE:

Diesel - Is It The Future For Long Distance Motorcycles?

We preview the Dutch designed & built EVA Track 800 CDi





Exceeding Expectations

A brief history of the RBLR 1000 (so far)

Way back when (2007) I took part in the Royal British Legion Riders branch (www.rblr.co.uk) Poppy Run, a seven day tour of the UK intended to raise money for the Poppy Appeal. I must admit I felt acutely embarrassed asking for sponsorship for what was, at the end of the day, simply a motorcycle tour; something which I have done year-in, year-out, for pleasure. It seemed to me that what was missing was a challenge. I thought that if you want people to give up their hard-earned cash for charity, then you need to be doing something that was difficult and that required your commitment; your half of the bargain, if you will. Having previously participated in the now defunct European Road Runner (EuRR - a 1000 mile/24 hour, Germany-based and IBA sanctioned event), I was aware that this type of event met the bill from a motorcycling perspective. It was challenging, unusual, attention-grabbing and sufficiently difficult to meet the demands of the sponsor, indeed I had used my first Saddlesore (28 September 2001) to raise money for SSAFA, the Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen's Families Association. It could, I thought, become the other half of the bargain. But I had an even bigger idea. What, I wondered, was the current record for simultaneous Saddlesore 1000s?

Was there a record, distance riding is, after all, mostly an individual pastime? I knew that if it did exist, it wouldn't be too big. A little bit of investigation with the IBA revealed that this stood at 156 and was set in the USA during the 2006 "Ride for the Heart", a motorcycle related fund raising event that benefited heart related charities, and so a target of 200 bikes was established. I raised this idea at an RBLR committee meeting in Oldbury on 11 Oct 2008. I reasoned that if I could get each participating rider to raise a fairly modest £50 in sponsorship, we would get £10,000 for the Poppy Appeal and be well happy with a job well done. During the first 6 months of 2009 a call went out to all RBLR members and other interested motorcyclists to help to raise money for the Poppy Appeal. After a slow start the idea gathered momentum and by the end of May the 200 target had been reached. Unfortunately news of our potentially record-breaking endeavour spread across the Atlantic and we were gazumped on the 15/16 May 2009 when 409 riders completed the Redwing 19 Saddlesore 1000. As this was to raise funds for the families affected by the loss of a father in Operation REDWING, in Afghanistan in 2005 (this was the largest single day loss of Navy SEALs and 160th Army Aviators) I couldn't really get upset. However, bearing in mind that the main aim of the RBLR 1000 (as it became known) was to raise money for the Poppy Appeal and to raise awareness of the Iron Butt Association, it was decided that the event should still go ahead.

The Inaugural 2009 Event



On 19 June 2009 the riders assembled at Squires Cafe, Sherburn-in-Elmet, for a briefing before setting off at 0800 on 20 June 2009 for their

1000+ mile endurance ride. Riders were free to choose from 4 routes: A northern route up the A1 to Berwick-upon-Tweed, Edinburgh, Wick, Fort William and back along the M6/M62, just over 1000 miles, either clockwise or anticlockwise; or a southern route one to Dover, then to Southampton and Redruth and then back, also just over 1000 miles, and also clockwise or anti-clockwise. Minus the no-shows, and the riders who had to withdraw due to personal or work commitments, 187 motorcycles crossed the start line on the morning of the 20 June 2009. As we all know, the IBA bill themselves as "World's Toughest Riders" and it wasn't long before it transpired exactly how tough this particular ride was going to be for some people. At 1030 the first retirement due to mechanical failure occurred, this was to blight many a ride that day, we had 7 DNF (Did Not Finish) due to mechanical failure of one sort or another. Although you only have to maintain an average speed of just over 41 mph to conduct this ride, it is surprising how quickly time can run away from you and by the following day we had 12 riders who simply ran out of time. The dreaded "Nerg Nail" of Ogri fame also raised his ugly head and caused 2 retirements through punctures. The Saddlesore 1000 has an excellent safety record and I am happy to say that this was maintained. There was one very minor collision which caused no injuries but which forced a retirement due to broken and misaligned lights. However, the DNF that really broke my heart was one young lady who, having ridden 1000+ miles within the allotted time, nipped home (only 20 miles) with her husband to pick up some paperwork they had forgotten. Somehow, before or during that short 20 mile trip, she lost a clear plastic case containing her receipts and fuel log. No log and no receipts mean a DNF.

It's not just body-tough, it's mind and emotionally tough too when that crap happens. When all was said and done we had 23 DNF:

Overtime	-	12
Ill	-	1
Mech failure	-	6
Puncture	-	2
Prang	-	1
Lost paperwork	-	1

The details of 164 finishers have been forwarded to the IBA for scrutiny. One or two may have fallen by the wayside, but I am confident we beat the original record of 156 that we set out to beat. This may not be a World Record, but it is a UK, European and Rest of the World Record! We also gave away a few prizes to:

Furthest Travelled (Female)

Anna Simmons-275 miles to Squires

Furthest Travelled (Male) -

Martin Reed-358 miles to Squires

Oldest Motorcycle

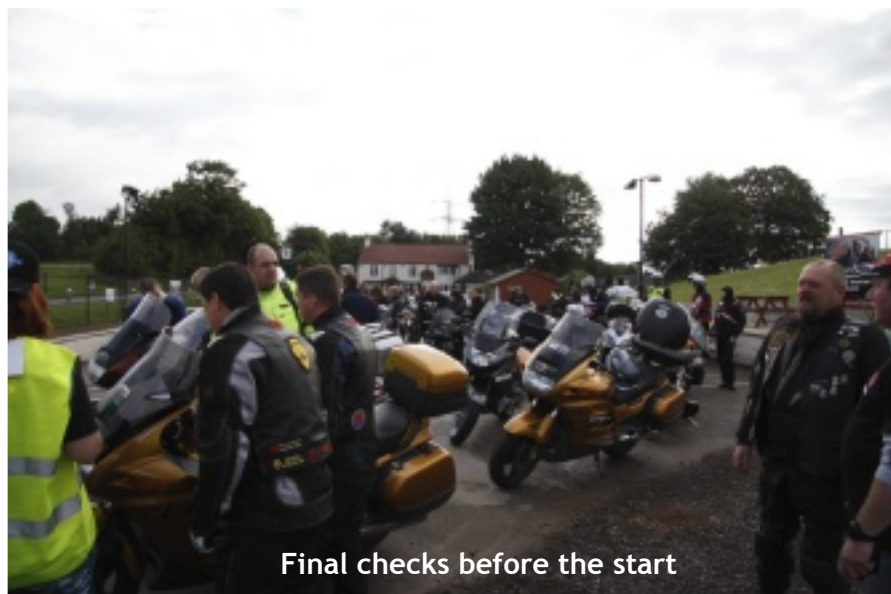
Ray Marrin-1981 Honda GL1100

Youngest Rider

Deborah Rowley-Age 23 Deborah also joined the RBLR that day and coincidentally became our 2000th member - well done on both counts! Cash raised for the Pop-py Appeal, not £10,000, no. £33,000!!!

The 2010 Event

What's going on! Mayhem, mayhem! Who let the cat out of the bag? 347



Final checks before the start

Entrants, you gotta be pulling my pisser!!! Trouble at check in, trouble at check out, trouble at Checkpoint 1 - note to self, need more staff if this keeps up. Yes, a combination of better and more effective marketing by Andrew Dalton and the White-Dalton Motorcycle Solicitor's team, and general buzz around the motorcycling community meant we had a surge of entrants for 2010. Although in 2010 we had 347 entrants only 286 started and 271 were put forward for IBA validation (the number of no-shows was quite a disappointment).

The DNFs in 2010 were 15:- 5 overtime, 5 mechanical, 1 fatigue, 4 tyre problems. Prizes in 2010 went to:

Furthest Travelled male

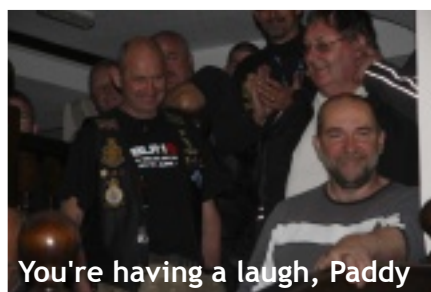
Niel Newton- 850 miles to Squires

Furthest Travelled female

Anna Simmons-280 miles to Squires

Oldest Bike

Martyn John Warlock-1978 BMW R80



You're having a laugh, Paddy

Smallest Capacity Bike

Kim Manning-Kawasaki Ninja 250

Youngest Rider-Matt Merry aged 20

Cash raised for the Poppy Appeal, not £10,000, no. **£79,473!!!!!!!**

The 2011 Event

This year we really had two rallies in one. You could choose to do one of our 1000+ mile routes in under 24 hours and claim your IBA recognition, or you could take a more leisurely stroll and opt to just complete the RBLR 1000 only, no set time limit (although if you come back after 5pm on the Sunday, you will have to get a final receipt from Squires, as the rally staff will have gone home).

Whilst entrants at 254 for 2011 were down on last year's 347 (maybe to do with the price of fuel, the general malaise and the great depression we were in then (and still are), but the quality of insanity was maintained. Top of the insanity profile was Matt Humphries, attempting a Saddle sore on a 90cc Honda Cub. As you can see, he had the full support of Pete West, the then IBA UK President! The weather



There's insanity, then there's...

was not kind with rain forecast for most of the UK for the entire period. Once again the number of no-shows amazed me. Why pay to do something and then not turn up? Whilst some kindly rang or emailed

n to let us know they couldn't make it, most did not, in all we had 51 no-shows, so 192 riders and pillions (180 bikes) set off in poor weather to undertake the ride. We learned a little from our paltry efforts to staff the 2010 event, so this year we had staff at Checkpoint 1, Birch Services and that worked well. Everyone who went there early avoided the queues that marred last year's event. During the event we had 8 DNFs from a RBLR 1000 perspective; 4 had mechanical problems, 2 had punctures, 1 had a family problem and 1 accident. From the remaining 172 bikes, all less 4 came back in under 24 hours. And as for the Cub 90? Matt Humphries broke down after 1029 miles so although he didn't get back to Squires under his own steam, he did do over 1000 miles albeit not under 24 hours. A fantastic effort and a gauntlet thrown down for future small bike efforts. Prizes this year to:

Furthest travelled

Ivan Cullum-380 miles to Squires

Oldest rider

Dusty Saunders-age 66

Youngest rider

Guy Nevison-age 23

Youngest participant

Charlotte Gibbons-age 14

Oldest bike

Leonard Jubb-1979 BMW R100RT

Smallest capacity bike

Matt Humphries-Honda C90 Cub

Cash raised for the Poppy Appeal, not £10,000, no. £35,994 so far.

The 2012 Event

It is at Squires. It is the weekend of 22-24 June 2012. More information and registration now open at www.rblr1000.co.uk. Let's make it a success and raise some money for the poppy appeal. If you can help in any way or just want more info, email me at:

rblr1000@googlemail.com.

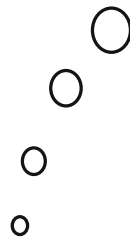
And finally....thank you to all the volunteers, RBLR, IBA UK and non-

aligned who have together with the riders raised over £148,000. That's a bit better than £10k, eh? But my biggest thanks to the riders and pillions - all of you who stepped up to the plate. Successful or not, you stood up and were counted. I salute you all.

Paddy McCreanor



Santa's Wishlist...



Merry Christmas! 



Iron Post is the official Newsletter of the Iron Butt Association UK. The views expressed within this newsletter are not necessarily the views of the IBA UK or the Iron Butt Association.