



# Basherama!

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The monthly newsletter of the  
Kuala Lumpur Mountain Bike Hash

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## Ulu Rening—Sunday 27 April 1997

### The Long bash

**I**t was slightly worrying that Eric (our hare) has said some weeks before that a hash was "easy to set". My personal experience suggested that a good run was anything but. This anxiety was somewhat assuaged when I found out that he'd set running hashes before. Must know what he is doing then.

We arrived at the On-on! Site after a longish drive from KL. Better be good, this bash. Especially since we had got the directions to the On-on! printed in the Spoking Out column the day before, which can always be relied upon to bring out event-starved mountain bikers from the woodwork. As the bash-mobiles began crowding out the tiny car park, a 4wd bearing the Selangor state crest crept up and disgorged a man who introduced himself as the Assistant Chief District Officer. Oh oh. Trouble. Not such a good idea to have put the directions in the Star after all, I thought. Turns out the chap is



Eric, the man.

interested in co-organising races and other outdoor activities to promote the area. Could use more people like him.

After the obligatory pay-your-50-bucks-NOW speech, we're off, heading upwards on a tarred road. The first check is at the top of the hill, near a probable-looking single track that leads further uphill, into which Sniff, my bike, urges me to go. I oblige. Paper is found.

Unfortunately, that nice bit of single track was all we were to get that morning, as most of the rest of the bash had been set either on wide double track or, Heaven Forbid! on paved surfaces. Perhaps I should have brought my road bike, I muse to myself (and probably to others within earshot).

The location, however, is excellent. We were at the foothills of the Main Range which, as could be expected, is undulating but not too

➤ continued

## New Date for Next Bash

Bukit Cahaya, 9.30am Sunday 1 June

From the Federal Highway, take the road to the airport. From the roundabout at Terminal, take the road to T2 and T3. As you go under the footbridge at T3, set your trip meter to zero. Continue on this road past the seafood restaurants and the sharp right bend at 2.1 km. At 2.2 km take the left turn; at 3.8 km turn right at the T-junction. Continue on this road until you come to the crossroads at 5.75 km. Go straight over the crossroads and continue on the minor road opposite. At 6.25 km turn left down the narrow road and continue past the houses on the track until there is space to park on your right at 6.45 km.

Hare: Joe Adnan

## Race News

The inaugural Durian Cup race series was held on May 1 at a race site near PJ. This race series is intended to promote grassroots racing, and will be held about once a month. The next race is tentatively scheduled for 7 June. For details, contact Boon Foo at 705 1989.



This month's choice website

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steep a grade for cycling. The area had been cultivated with durian, rubber and oil palm, which means that opportunities for narrow, mazy trails and single track abound, and which makes for variety in the scenery (important, that). The icing in the cake was the clear river which we encountered near the end of the ride and of course the hot springs at the parking area. Incidentally, it was very hot—hot enough to cook eggs, as I found out after a quick dip.

Most of the rest of the ride was lost in a lactic haze. I vaguely remember charging up long uphill, going balls-out (eyeballs, that is—family newsletter, you know) on a sketety gravel downhill where I was almost caught out by a nasty two-wheel drift and which led to a false start to a wooden cross. Going back up that hill was not fun, especially when you're stuck in the middle ring because you've forgotten your gloves and your sweaty palms were slipping on the Gropesluft™ changers. As I was, I had and mine were.

### The Scenic bash

**H**adn't realised Ulu Rening would be so far from PJ. No wonder Boon Foo was pointing at his watch when I arrived at Bike-Pro at 8.20 am, and was in such a rush to speed off. This car ride is long—I'm actually looking forward to "get-going".

Wah—so many people on this hash. Let the fit and fanatical ones off first. A scenic ride should be leisurely and enjoyable. Hmm... seem to be the only woman in the pack. Where's that Louisa woman. And what about the Mat Salleh kids?

Never mind, no time to worry—Eric has given us a hill to start off with. Nothing like a little steep incline to get your heart and lungs going.

Ahh... made it to the top. Cycle 6 metres—wot, another hill already... really, I don't care for my organs working so hard. Can't conquer this one, so it's push, push, push till I round the bend. Ooops—the guys are here taking a little breather. Should

A bit later, after we charged down a long smooth downhill section in a group that included Peter Bloomer (surprised to have found him up front as he still had a dodgy leg courtesy of a Mat Motor), we come to a check. A short ride later—paper! Eh? But going in two directions... Never mind, bomb downhill now and ask questions later.

The rest of the group, being lemmings incapable of independent thought, follow me, their daft leader, into a section where we drop several hundred feet in elevation very quickly. The paper stops suddenly, and we meet Peter Robinson, who's come up from the other way. Strange, how'd he get in front of me? I ask him a question; he gives me glazed look and mumbles something about wedging a hare for sending him the wrong way or something. Silly Scots soaked up too much sun, I think to myself. Several hundred yards later the trail meets a river on the opposite bank of which there is placed a large check. Slowly, the truth dawns

upon us that we had been cycling the trail the wrong way around from the top of that hill, which explains why we found paper going in two directions.

By this time Braveheart was in no mood to take prisoners and had soldiered across the river. The lemmings follow and we find ourselves next to the main road towards Genting Highlands. A stop for a conference—follow the road back or go back up that loooong hill to continue with playing silly buggers? The democratically arrived-at decision is to hightail back on the road, which we duly did. We arrive at the On-on site to be greeted by the smell of the barbie. Aaah home again.

ps we didn't get to name the hare but it looks like we can put that right in the June bash...

Joe Adnan



have jumped on my bike just before rounding the corner—hey, that's what everyone does.

Oh sh\*\*%! It's going to be a morning of hills and more hills—that Eric is so sadistic... Mutter, mutter, mutter. Not going for the rides if he's the hare. That Louisa is one smart woman.

Well, at least we get to take in the scenery wot with all this pushing and stopping. Hey, wish those durian trees had some ripe fruit—what a ride it'd be then. Suffer the hills till we can't take it, and collect some big Ds for the mat salleh expats—all highly qualified something or other—to crack the shell open with whatever bicycle tools they carry for emergencies. Then fruit in hand, sit under the shade and slowly, slowly savour it. Sigh. Time to stop day-dreaming—other than myself, probably Zul would be interested anyway.

Wait a minute... this fellow next to me seems even worse off. What, he

last biked in August? Well, if he can do it, so can I. I really got to get out and ride more... promises, promises, promises.

What's up? Another fork in the trail? Good thing Zul's two sons (actually, that other one is son's chum—Joe) wouldn't desert their old man and tagged along. Yup, boys—you've been volunteered to go ahead. Ah... to be youthful and energetic again...

Well, this isn't so bad now—especially since we've trained the boys so well. By the time they're back or the on-on sounds, the rest of us are quite rested, thank you. Must remind Zul to bring them more often.

OK—we're finally on a nice downhill ride. What? Back already? Typical! Ends when you're just beginning to have fun.

Pauline Ng

