



# Basherama!

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The monthly newsletter of the  
Kuala Lumpur Mountain Bike Hash

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## Bukit Cahaya—Sunday 1 June 1997

### The Long bash

Like a fool I had raised my hand after mishearing "who's doing the long bash write up?" as "who's doing the long bash?". Luckily it wasn't anything more onerous like "who's buying the beer?".

I knew we were in for a fast ride when I dreamt of being woken up for dope control blood sample on the morning of the bash. My suspicions were further raised by the sight of "Durian Cup" number plates on Boon Foo's and Joe's bikes. Perhaps this was the second stage but they were keeping it a secret to gain an upper hand! Seconds later the flag dropped and we were off, luckily the peloton went planissimo for the first few checks passing the time of day and generally having the crack as usual.

The truce was broken by a yellow jerseyed figure sprinting off into the distance with the pack lined out behind in a snaking line literally eating dirt as the dust clouds blew. The hare led the devious charge to the front elbows out and tongue wagging only to disappear over a hedge moments before the next check to lie in wait down an initially unmarked trail. The snarling pack was quickly onto the correct path and charging once more as the race (?) resumed.

The return leg was of the find a hill and ride it over several times variety. Whoever said what goes up must come down was wrong when they created Bukit Cahaya. We did the habitual find-the-biggest-hill-you-can-and-set-a-trail-to-the-top-with-no-way-off-until-the-hare-shows-you-the-way, been there seen that mumbled those who could still raise breath to speak. The most memorable point of the return came when John "Bash from Hell" Hagedorn charged off downhill into oblivion while the pack was cunningly diverted by the hare down an even steeper offshoot to the left for further, at this stage unwanted, exercise chasing false trails. Questions were raised over the hare's par-entage after that stunt.

By this stage the old tortoise and hare syndrome was demonstrated by the appearance of Mike Elliot at the front after an hour and a half of gentle pottering with hardly a hair out of place but remarkably still with the pace. And so it was a largely together group of weary bashers returned to the cars after a memorable if exhausting ride. Appreciations go out to the hares who stepped in at the last minute to set this one.

Ian "Squeaky" Miller



## New Date for Next Bash

Sungai Choh/Sungai Buaya 9.30am, 6 July 1997

Take the North-South Highway and exit at Rawang Toll. At toll gate set trip meter to zero, and proceed to Rawang town. Go past Rawang town and at 7.8 km turn left towards Bukit Beruntong. At 10.9 km turn left towards Sungai Choh and follow hash signs.

Hare: Eric Teo

## Race News

Apologies for yet again postponing the bash at the last minute. This time, the change is due to good old Boon Foo deciding to hold a race in Sungai Buloh this weekend. 6 categories, including Old Farts (50+), Under-12 and Downhill (which is on Saturday). For details, get in touch with the moustachioed bike incister himself at 705 1989. If anybody has any violent objections to my moving around dates etc, please let me know.

Joe

## The Scenic bash

“Who’s going on the Scenic Route?” asked the Hare.

I put up my hand.

“Thank you Captain, you’re doing the write-up!” said Vibrator—I should have known better.

It was an overcast morning—nice and cool—perfect for a Bash and six stalwarts set off at a leisurely pace towards the first check.

The first check (we thought) came up quite quickly and I shot off down the trail following the pink paper. “Come back! Come back” cried the Hare—apparently I had hit on the On In and was about to complete the Shortest Bash in History.

Off we went again—this time at a blistering pace along good firm tracks to the real checkpoint.

We split up: Nick and Rob, the KLCC Kamikaze Killer Bikers went right and left—I went straight on....and on....and on—I had stumbled on the loop promised by our Hare in his introduction.

On and on and on....past the smallholders working on their vegetable plots, past the fruit growers in the orchards and then, not a nanosecond too late, and to the dismay of the Hare, I completed the circuit and returned to the Peloton just in time to direct them away from The Lost Trail That Had No End.

From the firm traction on the made-

up tracks we were soon on loose sand (very slidey) and cow pats (treacherous!).

Negotiating these bovine obstacles and slipping and sliding about we were made to cross and recross the drainage ditches before cracking the remaining checks and tearing off down a very long fast trail to home.

A good, fast, fairly flat Bash (almost no hills) and with almost no casualties—not me this time, but, yes—you guessed—Gadget came a cropper as usual—could it be something to do with those clipless pedals he keeps trying to persuade me to invest in?

Thanks for a great Bash, Richard—just the job for cutting through the Ale-Blossom on a Sunday morning.

**Captain Paralytic**