



Basherama!

No 33
November 1997

The monthly newsletter of the
Kuala Lumpur Mountain Bike Hash

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Next Bash

Bukit Rajah - 30 November, 9.30 am sharp

Head west on the NKVE towards Klang and Shah Alam. Exit at Bukit Rajah at the end of the NKVE. Set trip meter to zero at the toll. Proceed straight ahead towards Port Klang and Bukit Raja. At 1.8km take the left slip road for Port Klang and merge into contra-flow road works. At 3.5 km turn left (sign posted Meru), and after a further 100m turn right at T - junction signals. Proceed straight through all signals on the B1 until you pass under the new flyover. About 200m after that turn right into the estate, tripmeter reading 5.4km (look out for estate sign "Ladang Bukit Rajah" and "Bukit Rajah Palm Oil Factory"). Proceed for about 100m and turn left, through barrier onto unmade road and park immediately. If barrier is not open then park on grass verge next to barrier.

Paul Booth Geoff Bull



Bash AGM

Contrary to its appearance of utter disorganisation, the Bash does in fact hold annual general meetings, the next of which is to be held at 8.00 pm on 3 December 1997 at Mr Wong's restaurant at the Sri Wangsaria Condominium, Jalan Ara in Bangsar. As the Bash is YOUR organisation, and as the AGM will determine its future direction for the next year, we urge you to attend. Oh, by the way, complimentary beverages are usually the order of the day, and if that is not incentive enough, I don't know what is. Just in case you haven't been paying attention, the following are the details again:

When: 8.00 pm, Wednesday, 3 December 1997

Where: Mr Wong's Restaurant

Sri Wangsaria Condominiums
Jalan Ara
Bangsar.

T-Shirts & Subscriptions

It's that time of the year again when the Bash tries to relieve you of your hard-earned but rapidly depreciating ringgit. Of course, we'd hate to create the impression that you are giving something for nothing (be that as it may the case), so the Bash will be producing Bash polo-type shirts for members in the coming year. The t-shirts will be of the tasteful variety, capable of being worn in social occasions involving normal people, and embroidered with a Bash logo.

But because the t-shirts will have to be ordered in advance, you will have to fill out the order form which appears elsewhere in this newsletter. We will also be taking the opportunity to update on the details of all our members, so please take some time to fill in all other information required by the form. Bring the form, along with the RM50 fees, to the next bash. We will continue to send the Basherama! to people who are currently on our mailing list (but who are not necessarily members) only until February or March 1998—so there's another reason to shell out.

Race News

Kellie's Castle Challenge

There will be a mountain bike race near Ipoh on Sunday 7 December 1997 which a number of bashers have already made plans for attending. The course, which is being set by the Major, promises to be challenging. Interestingly, the course passes close by Kellie's Castle, the unfinished home of a turn-of-the-century planter, who apparently was so revered by his workers that to this day, if you look closely at the roof of the temple adjacent to the ruins, you will see nestled among the Hindu deities the unmistakable figurine of a moustachioed British planter.

For more details (of the race, that is) contact Major at 05-549 5051 or 012-538 0887. Speak to Richard Aubry or Joe if you want to coordinate transport etc.

Bukit Cherakah—26 October

The Long Bash

Basherama! is always a joy to receive, and this month was no exception with the promise of a first bash set by Jonathan and Steve, and a barbecue. At the last bash I was disappointed to discover that 'Ladang Tuan Mec' was not a Chinese noodle house, so with the promise of a barbecue this time, we set off in eager anticipation.

It was with some surprise that we arrived at the bash site with sun in the sky and no sign of haze. The face masks evident at the last bash were gone and everything looked good for the morning's outing. Jonathan and Steve were already there, sporting wide grins. Maybe they are just happy that the sun is out. "Hope you have been good to us" I said to Jonathan. "Its going to be quite tough" he replied. Oh yeah, I thought, heard that one before, and besides, he seems such a nice chap.

Steve gave the briefing explaining again that there were some quite tough bits, but there would be some short cuts for those that wanted to try them, just as the long and short rides split at the Tarmac road. Short cuts! only for 'big girls blouses' I thought.

So 'on on' and off we went. The tracks were a little muddy in places due to the recent rain, but overall good. Within a short space of time we were off down a false trail, like sheep we

had all missed the check. After a brief spell of confusion we back tracked, tried a few side trails before the sound of 'on on' could be heard between the palms. Next check and more confusion with no paper on any trail. Time for a recheck, and success! So off we went. It was getting hot by now and thirsty bashers were laying to their water supplies. More checks and more confusion, not many people checking side trails, always left to the same ones! The pack had been keeping together quite well, but we were still not at the Tarmac road that marked the divergence of the short and long ride. After a long stretch without checks, it must be the Tarmac road soon.

And there it was, plus our 'trusty' hare complete with that big grin again. "Short cut is that way" he said, pointing right, "long ride is left". Not wishing to be a 'big girls blouse', we headed left. Out lead team of riders was by now getting a bit thin as we headed off down the long ride. A devilish up hill on a bumpy and overgrown track followed. With no shade, the heat was beginning to overheat us poor Mat Sallehs. Those of us who had skipped breakfast were beginning to feel low on energy. We stopped at the top under a tree for a bit of relief from the heat. That was the last time we saw the 'Major'. Nobody caught us up at that stage, and we reckoned we were the last of the long riders. More ups and downs, rough tracks, overgrown tracks, no shade, this was proving to be a good

bash and very challenging. We were getting tired by this stage and were beginning to think we must be almost home.

Another rough down hill and there was our 'trusty' hare. Left for the long ride, right for short cut. "You're about halfway now" he said with a grin. That statement met with disbelief and scepticism, so like Lemmings, we carried on, no 'big girls blouses' in this group. More ups and more ups. Hasn't he heard of Isaac Newton? Rough tracks, overgrown tracks. A little bit of pushing. This was tough, and the heat seemed to make it twice the distance. What's this? A check? Not many volunteers for checking as we cool off in the shade. 'On on' called and we struggled on to our steeds and continued. If we see that hare again we'll wipe the smile off his face.

More ups, more rough tracks, overgrown tracks. Several of our number have run out of water. We come across a couple of locals, and manage to scrounge a drink. They are laughing at us! I wonder why.

At last a downhill, we must be near the end. Its a cracker, and most welcome. A cross roads at the bottom, and the cry of 'on on' goes right. So why does Boon Foo go left? Must be the heat!

Rough tracks, overgrown tracks. A little bit of pushing. This was tough, and the heat seemed to make it twice the distance.

We hear tinkling noises, maybe we are hallucinating! No, its a man on a scooter selling ice cream. Luckily Geoff has some money and its 'orange fruities' all round. If only we had met him half an hour ago. We sit under the trees, and decide we should have listened to our hare at the start.

Finally we move off, and its only 5 minutes back to the cars, and Tandoori chicken. Seems there are quite a few girls blouses in evidence, as we are about the last ones back. Some had been there for almost an hour! Luckily for the hare he wasn't around when we were all rehydrating, and by the time he arrived we had cooled off sufficiently. The consensus was that it was excellent, but we should have believed him at the time, and some of us should have had breakfast!

Bash-Piss was welcome after his absence at the last event, and drinks and Tandoori chicken were consumed with a vengeance. The new KLMBH caps had arrived, and came in useful keeping off the unaccustomed outbreak of sun. The 'major' eventually turned up, and bashers took the opportunity to hunt through the clothing he had brought with a view to looking cool and trendy at the next event.

So, a good bash by all accounts, and one to learn from when it comes to my turn to set the trail next month. Don't forget, if your hare says its challenging—believe him!

Paul Booth

The Scenic Bash

This report is coming to you courtesy of Nick Harding. I was railroaded into writing this as it was my first Bash and I didn't realise that you're not meant to talk to John Spencer unless you're holding money for a beer. So if I'm a little hazy (no pun intended) on the names and the etiquette of the Kuala Lumpur Mountain Bike Hash then I apologise, this how it appeared to an absolute beginner.

On a fine and relatively haze free morning the bashers congregated in a specially commissioned clearing in Bukit Cherakah looking forward to pleasant ride in the country. One look at the hares, Jonathan Startin and Stephen Ellison, who display a level of fitness most unbecoming of men of their years, should have put people on their guard.

It all started well enough with an agreeable easy trail through the oil palm and everyone nicely foxed by the first check point (One-nil to the hares). The same pattern continued through the passing kilometres, with people disappearing down false trails at regular intervals (hares well ahead on points) until we looped back round on to the road. This is where the fun began. Despite a warning at the start of the run, machismo pride seemed to take over here and all but the sensible (Pauline, John and myself) opted to take the long run. They immediately wished they were man enough to admit that they weren't man enough to do it. The long run turned into

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the long push, up a kilometre or more of steep narrow trail. I don't know if anyone is claiming to have ridden the whole climb but I would look very carefully at the length of nose of anyone who does.

If these seem like harsh words it is because there was a major cop out by the main group (and they know who they are) who, having realised they had a bash of epic proportions on their hands, just happened to find themselves on the road back to car park claiming that they "...would have loved to have done the whole route but somehow we missed the turning back up the hill and, oh well it just wasn't to be and where's the beer?".

Only Pat had the integrity to admit that after cycling 15km and finding that he was less than half way round he was ready for a beer and even he claimed ill health as an excuse. Myself? I *know* I'm not fit and the beer was calling me (the siren's song).

The fitter and/or madder bashers who continued on the long run were rewarded with a challenging ridge top trail through the jungle. Everyone seemed to enjoy that bit although spirits seemed to be flagging toward the end of the run. That is why it was a particularly mean trick to bring the run close to the car park and then send it around and up a big hill for the finale. It did however provide entertainment for the less energetic of us who were gathered in the car park listening to the curses as they attacked the last hill. The disbelief in the voices of the stalwarts who finished the whole thing as they stood drinking their beer and recognised the house they had cycled past 15 minutes earlier was tragic to hear. Did I say tragic? Well not tragic exactly more like bloody funny.

As I'm new to the bike hash I realise that there are certain customs and protocols that need to be observed and I'm trying to learn the rules. As far as I can make out they go something like this.

Rule No. 1 Pick on the new boy, make him write the run report.

Rule No. 2 Swear a lot at the hares.

Rule No. 3 Don't drink the Sri Lankan Stout

Rule No. 4 Let the fit people do all the work.

Rule No. 5 Don't stand too close to the barbecue otherwise you end up cooking everybody's clucken for them.

Rule No. 6 Try and get someone else to drink the Sri Lankan Stout.

Rule No. 7 Ignore the rules.

Whatever the gripes and excuses on the day, everybody secretly enjoyed themselves on a challenging Bash in some beautiful countryside so crash hats off to the hares (who did sterling work on the day rounding up the strays) and I'm looking forward to the next one.

Is that enough, can I go home now?

Nick Harding



BASH T-SHIRT ORDER FORM

| | | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| Name: | <i>First</i> | <i>Last</i> | |
| Age: (Tick a box) | <input type="checkbox"/> Over 18 <input type="checkbox"/> Under 18 | <i>Note: Membership charges as follows:</i> Full member (>18) RM50 Junior/Student (<18) RM20 | |
| Address: | | | |
| E-mail: | | | |
| Telephone: | <i>House</i> | <i>Work</i> | |
| Facsimile: | | | |
| T shirt size: (Tick a box) | <input type="checkbox"/> Extra Large <input type="checkbox"/> Large <input type="checkbox"/> Medium <input type="checkbox"/> Small <input type="checkbox"/> Extra Small | | |
| For Official Use Only | | | |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Yes, membership fee has been paid <input type="checkbox"/> No, the scrounger | | |

Remember to bring this form to the next Bash! Or you can fax it to Joe or Richard at the numbers listed on the first page of the *Basherama!*