



Basherama!

No. 73
May 2001

The Official Newsletter of the Kuala Lumpur Mountain Bike Hash

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Ed.itorial

- I have fond memories of many a delightful chat with my Dad and Mum about how things were in the good (and not so good) ol' days. I've learnt much from their tales of a much simpler childhood, the hardships of the Japanese Occupation and the Emergency, of school and university days, of Kuala Lumpur as viewed through the eyes of young adults, of travel to distant lands and of family bonds and friendship.

These chats have made me think and ask myself "What will I be able to tell my children?" Life now isn't as much of an adventure as it once was. Gone is the innocence of the previous generation, replaced by greed, materialism and the need to just survive till the next paycheck. Quality of life has taken a back seat to making ends meet and this is a bad thing. Scary, isn't it?

But, like the eye of a hurricane, mountain biking provides an oasis of calm in the middle of the storm. It challenges me constantly and allows me to travel and meet people while doing something that is dear to my heart.

To answer my question, I suppose I could tell my kids about my nomadic childhood, my boarding school days, my college days and all the weird and wonderful people I've met over the years.

But no stories would be told with as much enthusiasm as my mountain biking stories with titles such as "How I encountered a Mountain Lion/Rattlesnake(s)/Coyote and lived", "I shook hands with Tinker", "Uncle Chew, Uncle Hulk and I did Jim Thompson's Grave in ten hours", "I rode Kiara before they paved it all over" and "I survived the Hash in the Mush!".

And unlike the hardships of the Japanese Occupation or the wonders of K.L. in the 50's and 60's, mountain biking would be something that I would be able to share with my kids, if they were ever inclined to throw a leg over a mountain bike.

- The third stage of the Kiara GP 2001 was a great success with 45 riders turning up to do battle on the slick and rooty trails of Kiara. Even the one and only Pat Brunson, **King of Kiara**, planned his vacation around the event! Also in attendance were National and State riders from as far away as Terengganu. Unfortunately, they rode away with the top prizes.
- Contrary to what has been printed in the newspapers and circulated by e-mail, Pat Brunson still remains the **King of Kiara**, in my humble opinion. Why, you ask?

Well, 'twas he who rediscovered and rehabilitated trails such as Pencil. And 'twas he who built the trails that we now take for granted such as Janie's Addiction and Clenched Sphincter.

Cont'd on page 4

DIRECTIONS TO THE KLIA BASH @ SUNGAI GAPI ESTATE – 9.30 a.m., 27 May 2001

Take the North Klang Valley Expressway (NKVE) from whatever exit point out the Klang Valley that you wish. Follow it North towards Ipoh, exiting at Rawang. Pay toll and turn right at traffic light (T-junction ~0.2 km after toll). Follow this slightly windy road through another traffic light (~2 km later), road narrows to a single lane over a bridge, you climb a flyover, and exit left down the ramp of the flyover and into Rawang town. ~500-meters later, turn right in the heart of Rawang following signs for Rte 1/Serendah/Batang Kali/Ipoh (a sign should be posted somewhere in Rawang, but it's the first major right turn that is possible ... do not take any alley way!!!). Continue straight, road curves left then right around new shoplots, and then proceed North. Follow this old Rte 1 through the traffic lights sign-posted Sungai Choh (~6-km outside of Rawang), go through the town of serene town of Serendah, past the Serendah Golf Course on your right hand side, and then proceed another ~2-km. You will see a tall building on your left with a huge sign saying "Didier". It's set back about 100-meters off the road. As soon as you see this building, turn left. 100-meters later, take the dirt track that forks to the left and park wherever you can. Leave plenty of room for any lorries that might ply the road. If you reach Batang Kali without seeing the Didier Lime building, turn around!

Hares: Scott Roberts a.k.a. Two Dogs F**ing and Animal Elford (He returns!!!)

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The Long Bash, 29 April 2001, KLIA

Hares: Raymond "Rocket Boy" Keys and Ingrid Burke

It was the day that would live in infamy. Or should I say "Never have so many owed so much to so few!"

Having only joined the KLMBH in 1998, I could only listen in awe to the stories of the "Hash from Hell" set by John Hagedorn and Clara Chin circa-1996 which took everyone in circles and lasted a good 6-hours. Having been through a couple of tough ones myself, I felt confident that I'd seen it all.

After all, I'd survived Mike Elliot/Nigel Blott/Peter Bloomer's April '98 Bukit Raja Bash (too much partying the night before), Kelvin/Chong/Hulk's January '99 Bukit Raja Bash (sheer length), Joe/Inspector Gadget's February '99 "Blazing" Bukit Beruntung Bash (sheer heat and lack of cover) and Eric Teo/Grant Lee's July '99 North Hummock Bash (sheer length, again).

Little was I to know that I would soon be a witness to history in the making...

It started raining as Janie and I were rolling down the ELITE highway towards KLIA. No worries, we're early. That's when a blue lightning bolt with two bikes strapped to the top went flying by on the fast lane. "The Hares!" I cried. Funny, it was 0830 and they were still on the road.

We pulled in at the On On site and unloaded our bikes and gear while chitchatting with all and sundry. Of course We didn't have raincoats while Raymond, Ingrid, Lim and Wiriyak were looking quite spiffy and dry in theirs. Memo, next time, pack rain gear. Funny that the Rainman would forget rain gear!

Well, the briefing came and went and there was mention of strips for the long and shreds for the short. Also something about a big drain for the short and following the airport perimeter road until a turnoff at the guardhouse for the long. And that the long run was only 30km due to the lay of the land.

Well with everyone fired up, the long runners were sent off unescorted down the perimeter road. Being held up by latecomers, Chew, Melody and I started almost 15 minutes behind the pack. As we wobbled down the road towards the paper, we were passed by Rocket Boy and quickly followed him as he turned off onto an **unmarked** dirt road. As we rolled down the muddy dirt road I realized something. There weren't any fat tire tracks except for ours.

It was just then that my mobile started ringing. It was Charles the Frenchman, who handed the phone to Paul "What, him again!" Sweeney. I heard the roar of the crowd in the background.

"Fuji, where's the *%#^@ paper trail? We're almost back at the airport!"

"Uh, you've gone too far. You've gotta turn back and turn right just before the pond. It's not marked." The rest of the conversation is better left unrecorded.

I then proceeded to call Rocket Boy on the walkie-talkie.

"Raymond, the pack has missed the turn and they're coming back down the road, over"

"Mumble mumble mumble mumble mumble mumble, over" came the reply. I tried again and got the same reply. Chew almost fell over laughing. Kids, that's what happens when you speak through the plastic bag.

Rocket Boy eventually got the message and headed for the junction to await the main pack. Melody had disappeared off in front of us but nevertheless, Chew and I rejoiced in our new role as Front-Running Bastards!

Our joy was short lived though as mud induced chainsuck set in and the pack caught up with us. We wound our way up small hills and down little singletracks slick with mud in our middle chainrings. Then we came upon the main pack. They, without the experience of Joe or Ye Craftye Bastarde King Richard of Aubry(e), had been stumped by a loop check. A big loop check. Marked with a circle of paper on a tree. A bit confusing this. And the crowd was getting ugly. I imagine this was how everyone felt at the loop check up the hill at the previous Bash.

A hint from the Hare provided the answer. "If there's no paper off the loop then it must be a loop back-check (the most nefarious device in a hare's arsenal)". Soon a cry of On On was heard and everyone charged onto a narrow, muddy singletrack which seemed to go on forever with a puddle every fifty feet or so.

We broke out onto a dirt road and again, everyone was milling about. Another check! I turned down one junction to check and added, within 20 feet, about 10 pounds of mud to my bike. The Hare appeared again and somehow someone found the paper trail. On On!

Down the road we tore. The surrounding terrain was as flat as a pancake. After many kilometers and a couple of wrong turns later, we crossed a rickety bridge and hit more flat singletrack.

We eventually got dumped out onto another dirt road and there the paper disappeared. As the pack grumbled and waited for the Hare I rode even further down the road and found a check. Bummer!

We broke the check in short order and ended up in an oil palm smallholding growing in peat soil. The singletrack was awash with water and there were what seemed to be rocks buried everywhere. Only later did I realize that they were dead tree stumps. We hit another loop check and I stepped into a mud bog while crossing a stream. My right leg sank in right up to my knee. A hearty tug from a kind soul freed my shoe and I from the clutches of the mud.

By this time we were all covered in mud and grime. Luckily the sun hadn't come out to play or else we would have been roasting as well.

Cont'd >>

The Long Bash Cont'd

We eventually switched from oil palm to tapioca farm (a really big one) and more flat singletrack. The pack had remained quite tightly bunched up to this point and as we charged down the singletrack, I imagined that this was what it was like when the Japanese invaded Malaya and used bicycles for mobility. The only difference was that our helmets were made of Styrofoam®, our packs held only enough food and water for a 30 km ride and we had more peaceful intentions.

Another dirt road and I witnessed Remy do a nose wheelie after botching an attempted jump over a bridge. Nice save! More oil palm and another check. Someone said that he had 27 km on his computer. "Hmm", I thought, "we aren't anywhere near the airport. I can't hear any aircraft". The situation had gone from bad to worse. Like jumping out of the frying pan into the fire.

We rode on for a couple of kilometers. People were running out of water and some were begging for food. "PowerGel®?" I offered. "No", came the reply, "We need real food".

We lost paper at one point and I tried to call Rocket Boy on the walkie-talkie. His voice faded and finally died. Uh oh! We found the paper trail again. It had been right there but since we were so tired, we had all missed it. The pack dropped me as I stopped to call Rocket Boy to tell him the good news. No reply.

I came across the Hare shortly thereafter helping someone fix a flat. Then came the hills.

Of course, in the grand scheme of things, these hills weren't all that big, long or steep. But after riding all out for 30 + km on the flats, most of us were just plumb tuckered out. Even worse, I couldn't shift into my granny because of the chainsuck and the sun was beginning to peek out from behind the clouds.

I reached deep down inside to find the strength to continue riding (Actually deep down into my Camelbak® to get some PowerGel®). The rest of the ride was a blur of hills, disappearing paper and **homicidal** thoughts. Eventually, as we drew nearer to the cars and I lost the paper in an open area, I threw in the towel and joined Mike and Vim in short cutting back to the cars.

But my ordeal wasn't over yet. No more 100 Plus®! And who should I spy keeping a sharp eye on my car than three Malaysia Airports Berhad security guards. Great, just great!

The Gestapo had asked who was in charge and everyone immediately pointed at the Maroon Wira with the roof rack. Thanks a bunch, stool pigeons! Next time I'm driving my Mum's Volvo! Or I'm gonna park waaay away!

Anyways, they were in a huff because:-

- We were riding on MAB's property (what about all those other guys fishing in the monsoon drains?);
- We were parked near the flight path (comment as above); and
- They had been waiting for me (I'm so honored) since 10 a.m.! (And it was way past 2.30 p.m. by then).

Well, they said what they had to say and I said what I had to say and they got on their motorcycles and rode off. Luckily we weren't having a barbecue at this hash or they would have had read us the riot act. A fine sight we would have made to all the tourists sitting on the starboard side of the arriving aircraft!

Amazingly, though, the pack had more or less stayed together and we all arrived within 30 minutes of each other. Although some of us bypassed the last bit. Raymond came back with 42 km on the clock while some others, who had missed the initial turnoff, had up to 48 km!

I vaguely recall Rocket Boy mentioning that the Bangkok Bike Hashes were just as long or even longer. I do also recall Rocket Boy saying several months ago that they had drink stops on the Bangkok Bike Hashes!

Rocket Boy came in dead last after sweeping everyone up, God bless his soul, and in doing so managed to escape the lynch mob simply because everyone had somewhere else to be two hours ago and had gotten tired of waiting for him!

He'd fibbed about the distance during the briefing because he had thought that many of us would have chickened out if he'd told us the truth. Damn right we would've!

All in all it was the toughest Bash I'd ever been on or would care to be on again. Even the long run was 15km long!

I had one of those thousand-yard stares by the end of it (especially when I found out there wasn't enough 100 Plus®) and felt like I'd just finished Hell Week with the U.S. Navy Seals, what being covered with mud from head to toe and being exhausted, dehydrated and hungry. Later that week my Mum asked whether I'd fallen into a mud hole 'coz my riding gear was so filthy. "No", I answered, "I rode through every single mud hole around KLIA!"

It took me the rest of the afternoon to clean off all the c**p stuck to my bike and riding gear and afterwards, I slept like a baby.

Looking back, the KLIA Bash was an exercise in survival and mental fortitude. It was quite well set as the pack remained bunched together almost to the end. However, it would have been murder if the sun had been out.

And setting a 28km + 10km hash is bad enough, what more 40km + 15km! For that, **Three Cheers to Rocket Boy and Ingrid!!!**

Finally, all those who survived to tell the tale would forever remember the Bash that would live in infamy, also known as... the Hash in the Mash, or was that the Mush?

Rainman

As a bonus, I've included write-ups from the hares themselves who tell it like it is. Read On On!

The Short Run, 29 April 2001, KLIA

I started cycling when I was 7. Of course that was just around the neighborhood. Yup, those days brought back memories. Especially when that dumb driver almost killed me. He did not even stop to say sorry.

Anyway, it was only last year when my dad bought a mountain bike (KHS) for me on my eleventh birthday. It was then when I joined Hash, when I started to experience cycle on tracks and then I conquered Kiara.

On the 29th of April, we arrived at the hash site very early and have to wait for some slow people to come. It was still drizzling when we arrived. Then saw Uncle Fuji pulling out his bike from his car's boot. What the pity I got a rain coat from my dad but he has none...

The ride was great... except all the times we got lost. I was hoping for an easy start (as usual) but no, we had to carry our bikes across the drain, not once, not twice, but three times (or was that four?)

The times we got lost wasn't because of the checks it was just the rain. It washed out all the papers. So, the trail was not easily detected. I believed some close trails were mixed up.

Ed.itorial Cont'd

And it was his maintenance of those very same trails that has enabled the trails to survive so long despite the ravages of nature and skidding racers.

And most of all, 'twas he who still spurs me on to incredible feats of mountain biking every time I ride with him (especially when he has a video camera lens on his helmet!). Pat is the **King of Kiara. Period.**

4. It looks like Bukit Kiara is about to be overtaken by development in the near future. Survey lines have sprouted up all over the hills.

BITS & BOBS – 1) Swag for sale!. **KLMBH Mugs** (RM15), polo t-shirts (RM15), 1st Annual Int'l Bash t-shirts (RM5) and 2nd Annual Int'l Bash t-shirts (RM12) are still available and **make great gifts!** Kindly inquire with Bash Cash. 2) **REPEAT! Beer prices for the Bash have increased to RM5.50 each** from RM5.00 due to increased sin taxes levied by the "Powers That Be". **Softies remain at RM1.50 each.** 3) That's all for Bits & Bobs for now...

A word from the Main Hare - Bash # 79 (KLIA)

Though I must comment on the last Bash, which is likely to be remembered for some time, as the muddiest & longest in recent history.

A number of lessons have been learned:-

1. Give very clear instructions or ensure that at least one member of the lead pack knows where the start is
2. Everyone should listen carefully to the brief, and save oneself an extra 10Kms on tarmac!
3. Lay paper at relevant junctions even if the trail does not begin proper until some distance thereafter.
7. If the trail is the better part of 40Kms, provide sufficient warning (preferably in the preceding Bash-News), so that riders can come armed with sufficient liquid & edible fuel!
8. Bring a repair kit/pump etc. Incredibly, some riders do not, and place an extra burden on themselves & "Good Samaritan" colleagues

Next is the false trail. What the fun we can't find the trail to take us to continue. However, we met hire on the way down to joint us the trail.

On the way back we were trick again. We then stopped right in front of an elephant's ditch. We were thinking that we were tricked again. But this time we helped ourselves across it, and started cycling again.

On top of a hill, on a single trail, we stopped to watch a few planes land.

After another half an hour ride, we finally reached the hatch site. We were glad to be back to the base. And after one hour, the long riders did not show up (pity.... probably they were lost). Thus I would like to thanks Ms Ingrid Burke whom responsible to lead us (short riders) back.

Wiriyak Suvanmani, Junior Member

Meanwhile, bulldozers are busy at work behind the Garden School, building what I suspect is Package C of the Sprint Highway and a condo as well. Let's hope for the best but be prepared for the worst!

5. 9 riders recently did the extreme hard core Janda Baik-Kenaboi ride. There may be another ride towards the end of June to catch the dry (?) season. Interested?
6. **Three Guys in Penang** has been held over due to time constraints (It was either that or the Scribe Report!). Watch out for it in the next issue and online with pictures on our very own webbe site!

Ed.

9. When I did the fecces' the ground was dry & relatively solid under-tyre, but two days of rain turned it into a quagmire, making what should have been a two and a half to three hour ride relatively flat route into an endurance test, which was almost impossible to ride in places. 20K would have been fun but 40 ensured I received enough direct & behind back curses to last me a lifetime.
10. Don't fill in the check until it is confirmed that it is not a false trail!
11. Finally I apologise to those of you who found it all a bit much, but I know that the "hard men" amongst you, probably enjoyed it, if the truth be known! However in closing, I can confirm that the Saturday Bangkok Bash (when they have a two day weekend event) is at least 45k long, and I don't believe for a second that "we Malaysians" are "softer" than Thais. Well, not the Thai girls for sure!

On On, Boleh! - Raymond "Rocket Boy" Keys

Diary of a Hare, Part 1

I'm writing this for two reasons. The first is that the scenic routes rarely get a write up...and the second is to try to persuade you that being a hare can be a lot of fun!

The Bash in question was the Sepang Bash (which I think should be re-named "Teamwork and Torture"). At the point where I joined the picture, there was only one hare, Raymond, and he had already done a number of recce's for the long route. Looking at the waypoints downloaded from his GPS, I think he'd covered half the state in his search for a great trail!

However, he still needed someone to help out with the scenic route. So, one fine Saturday, in between Raymond's numerous business trips, we set off for Sepang. Just as a 'warm up' for the Emperor's last Bash the following day, you understand.

Sepang Recce #1 Long route

When I say recce number one, this means number one for me. As already mentioned Raymond had ridden this area many times before. We drove to Sepang at a sedate pace, in order to check times/write down directions for the forthcoming Bash.

Sedate, did I say sedate? Yes, folks, for those of you who are used to being overtaken by Raymond on the expressway in his usual "I can outdo the KL taxi driver who's late for that lucrative airport run", you would have thought you were dreaming! However, once we got to the prospective Bash site, our "rocket boy" was quick to revert back to true form. Most of that day, I didn't see him for dust! Luckily we had the walkie talkies, for where the fresh tyre tracks faded into the vegetation. Only when the batteries started to run low did things get really exciting!

That day it rained all day in KL, we saw and heard the thunder clouds from Sepang, but where we were stayed dry. Baking hot, in fact, which was a great incentive to keep diving off the fire roads to search for more interesting (and shaded) alternative routes under the trees.

In the beginning I was totally lost, definitely a case of one palm tree looking just like every other and even the roads looking like clones. But the climb up "Marlborough Hill" (as the scenic riders termed it) was definitely worth it, even after 5 hours hard riding! From there, the whole layout of where we had been riding suddenly became clear. Should have climbed it a bit earlier to get my bearings! There were not many aircraft landing that day either, to give us sound cues. Not, that is, until the climb up Marlborough hill and the ride past the end of the runway. Still, that sight was spectacular and well worth waiting for!

Talking of uphill, there was me, half way up a hill, head down trying to persuade my heart and legs that this was healthy and fun! when I happened to look up to the crest of the hill, just in time to see Raymond go over the top... of his handlebars!

Have you ever seen someone endo going UPhill?... I was so astounded, I completely forgot to laugh, which is just as well, as this probably saved me from falling off too!

Seems it wasn't Raymond's day, as there was a little incident with the police on the way home as well (and no it wasn't because he went back to driving at his usual speed on the way home). Buy me a 100+ and I'll tell you about it someday.

Recce #2 short route for 29/4 KL Bash, Sunday 8/4

Unfortunately I hadn't been able to rent my usual bike. So the day before had seen me climb Kiara on a bike with only half the gears it should have had. Great for building leg strength and stamina... But Kiara killed that bike completely (no gears by the end).

What to do? Luckily Matt had a spare bike that fit me. It came free when he bought his truck. Guess no-one had ridden it too hard before I got my hands on it... There was already a problem with it, in that I only had a choice of two of the three cogs at the front. Well, granny gear's only for wimps, anyway...

Then, flying along one of the fire roads, we were using to get our bearings within the plantation, the chain suddenly stuck (what was it about chains that weekend?) I was still busy investigating when Matt came back down the hill he'd just ridden up (ha, ha :-)) to find out what was wrong.

Well, you know the bolt that pins the two parts of the frame together by the front cog set - it had fallen out and LUCKILY it had jammed the chain (had it fallen out completely that would have been my biking over for the day! I guess the fact that we had already ridden up to the beacon TWICE (everyone who rode the scenic will remember that ascent!) to scout out alternatives and that I actually made it up "killer slope" on wheels the second time was just too much for a poor recreational bike.

Well, we managed to fix it and that bike ended up lasting the duration of 6 hours of recce, so I shouldn't be too hard on it. Are you keeping count yet? That was 'my' bike number THREE (Bike number one was Boon's trusty old Kona which I rode on my recce with Raymond).

On a different subject, here are a few things to avoid when recceing: in a brave and noble (or should that be foolish) attempt to put his bike before himself (avoid having to repair a puncture), Matt deliberately ditched onto some of the biggest palm fronds you have ever seen. His legs looked as though he'd been clawed by a tiger and he had to pull out quite a few of those thorns.

His logic "bodies heal, bikes don't, so sacrifice the body for the bike". Well, ok, I think I'll keep to a different philosophy, but each to their own. By the way, for those of you who don't know, Matt is the guy who rides with 'body armour' (shin guards) since his memorable endo at the March Bash. The scar is impressive.

Cont'd>>

Diary of a Hare Cont'd

Luckily the worst fall I took was in the plantation. I was on foot (how embarrassing) and my foot slipped into a deep, water filled hole. Unfortunately, what with cows in the plantation, water and mud was not all that hole was filled with... Better pray for a cabbie with no sense of smell today.

Ingrid Burke

HARELINE

In order to facilitate the efficient planning of your 2001 cycling calendar, the following Bash dates have been fixed for this year. As in the past two years, your Committee has decided not to adopt a receding hareline, whereby all members are required to set hashes on a rota system, this year and therefore volunteer hares are needed to keep the Hareline going.

Setting a Bash is a rewarding experience as it involves planning, much adventure, camaraderie, some deviant thinking and a great sense of satisfaction when the pack charges off down your false trail and/or your fellow Bashers curse you out at the end of the Bash and then buy you a beer. In fact, setting a Hash is so much fun as evidenced by the Hare Tonic overleaf.

Anyone interested in setting a Bash can contact the Melody, the Hare-Raiser, and for those who have no experience in setting a Bash, fear not for your Committee shall pair you up with an experienced Hare who shall pass on his/her wisdom free of charge. **Hares will also have the exclusive use of the KLMBH guillotine and the KLMBH directional signs to help prepare for their Bash (Ooh! Ahh!).**

Bash	Bash #	Date	Hares/Notes
May	80	27 May 2001	Scott Roberts and Animal Elford
June	81	24 June 2001	Lim Tai Kim – Kajang Bike Hash
July	82	29 July 2001	Eric Teo and Paul "What, him again!" Sweeney
August	83	26 August 2001	Raymond Keys and A.N. Other
September	84	23 September 2001	Nick Smith and Joe "Casper" Adnan
October	85	21 October 2001	Hares needed!
November	86	18 November 2001	Jake Slodki and Conrad Fawcett
December	87	9 December 2001	Hares needed!
January	88	27 January 2002	Hares needed!
February	89	24 February 2002	Hares needed!
March	90	31 March 2002	Hares needed!

HARE TONIC

In Basherama! 48, Hare Tonic was introduced in an effort to encourage more members to step forward as hares. The idea was to reward hares who had set 5 or more Bashes with Pewter Mugs. The Committee is currently sourcing the rewards (which may or may not be in the form of Pewter Mugs or exclusive Jerseys) with the intention of presenting them to the deserving hares as soon as possible (whenever that is!).

The score as it stands as updated by Speedy the Dog on our very own website as 20 May 2001 is presented below. As mentioned before, if you feel that you've set more Bashes than listed below, kindly contact Ed. or Speedy the Dog to set the record straight.

Azizul Adnan	13	Alistair Swanson	2	Angus Knowles	1	Paul Booth	1
Richard Aubry	12	Animal Elford	2	Annett Frohlich	1	Peter Pickernell	1
Eric Teo	7	Dick Shelly	2	S.Y. Chong	1	Phaedra	1
Ngah Fuji Bakri	7	Grant Lee	2	Clara Chin	1	Pinhead	1
Gordon Fraser	6	Jake Slodki	2	Colin Jackson	1	Simon Ng	1
Pat Brunson	6	John Hagedorn	2	Dave Baker	1	Steve Ellison	1
Peter Bloomer	5	John Mugford	2	David Foo	1	Kenny Stewart	1
Barry Hills	5	John Spencer	2	Emma Booth	1	Karen Brunson	1
Mike Elliot	5	Kelvin Wong	2	Geoff Stecyk	1	Janie Ravenhurst	1
Hulk	5	Noel Brennan	2	Graham	1	Paul Moir	1
Denis French	4	Nigel Blott	2	Ian Miller	1	Jamie Knowles	1
Alison Keeler	4	Shariman Alwani	2	James Aubry	1	Robbie Knowles	1
Shaharudin Damis	4	Speedy the Dog	2	Jeff Dean	1	Conrad Fawcett	1
Bill Steven	3	Tan Boon Foo	2	Johnathan Startin	1	Melody Tan	1
Mark Chaterton	3	Lary Chan	2	Marie Benedix	1	Charl Bester	1
Peter Heston	3	Raymond Keys	2	Mark Clark	1	Chew	1
Paul Sweeney	3	Andy Blake	1	Mike Smit	1	Ingrid Burke	1
Simon Kenney	2	Andy Knellar	1	Mike Wright	1	Your name here!	1

2001 Calendar of Upcoming Events

Date	Event/Remarks	Date	Event/Remarks	Date	Event/Remarks
27 May	KLMBH May Hash	29-31 May	Terengganu MTB Challenge	24 Jun	KLMBH June Hash
27 May	SACA MTB XC Race, Singapore	17 Jun	Singapore Bike Hash	8 Jul	Kiara GP 2001 – Stage 4
27 May	Eco-X Challenge, Rompin	17 Jun	Malacca Bike Hash	22 Jul	Malacca Bike Hash

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