



Basherama!

No. 74
June 2001

The Official Newsletter of the Kuala Lumpur Mountain Bike Hash

2001 BASHING BOARD:

BASHER-IN-CHIEF:	RAYMOND "ROCKET BOY" KEYS (C) 012 234 5187 rostrajo@hotmail.com	BASH-CASH:	SHAHARIN "HULK" HASHIM (C) 017 871 8756 shaharin@mesdaq.com.my	WEB-BASH:	"SPEEDY THE DOG" (C) 012 268 2613 Speedythedog@yahoo.com
HARE RAISER:	MELODY TAN (C) 019 318 4403 tan_melody@hotmail.com	NEWS-BASH:	NGAH FUJI "RAINMAN" BAKRI (C) 012 307 6815 ngahfuji@tm.net.my	BASH-PISS:	PAUL SWEENEY (C) 012 251 9412 pk_sweeney@yahoo.com

Ed.itorial

1. Mountain Biking is the main focus of the Basherama. After all, we have to be pretty dedicated to mountain biking to wake up early that one special Sunday each month to partake in the Hash.

However, a change of pace is sometimes in order and that's the topic of this Ed.itorial.

2. It might seem that the Hash might have attracted a little unwanted attention from the authorities. Why do I say this? Well, that's the only way I can justify the presence of the **Ice-Cream Man** at every single Bash!

After all, how else can one explain how the Ice Cream Man manages to find the On On site no matter where we are or how deep into the estate we're parked. And there is no other disguise, besides a clown suit, that would make us drop our guard and speak so freely in front of a stranger while salivating over yummy frozen confections.

Sure, it's always a different Ice Cream Man but then again, I'm sure they're smart enough to realize that we would smell a rat if the same Ice Cream Man showed up at every Bash!

And notice how the Ice Cream Man always seems to hang about for a while after making a sale! He's probably either recording conversations, taking photos with the hidden cameras built into his ice-cream box or honing his lip reading skills.

I once saw an episode of the local police drama "Gerak Khas" (Special Force or Movement) quite by accident. Bring back Chips or Starsky and Hutch any day! But the lesson learned from that 20 minute torture session was that the undercover policeman sent into the Kampung was none other than the "old newspaper, paper lama" man.

Of course, the old newspaper man would stick out like a sore thumb at the On On site so a less conspicuous, more universally accepted disguise was called for. Hence, the Ice Cream Man.

But don't worry and keep on buying those ice creams if you have the craving. I'm pretty sure that they don't contain any sodium penathol.

Just mind what you say around the ice-cream man!

3. It looks like I've had an attack of a potentially disastrous condition recently. Yes folks, it looks like good ol' Ed. has contracted short term Foot in the Mouth Disease ("FMD").

It all started over dinner at the Little Penang Café in Mid-Valley. We were seated at one of those large round tables and the buzz of conversation filled the air. M had brought his "other half" and some of the office gang were getting acquainted with her.

"So, what do you do?" asked F after some banter.

"I'm a Domestic Engineer" came the reply. This puzzled F and so he turned to P with a "what's that" look. P shrugged.

Cont'd on page 4

DIRECTIONS TO THE JUNE BASH @ : SUNGAI JELOK (KAJANG) – 9.30 a.m., 24 June 2001

Take the south Klang Valley Expressway out of the Klang Valley and head south towards Seremban. Exit at kajang (EXIT 210) and pay your toll (RM 1.70). Set meter to zero. After toll, kept left following sign Semenyih/Cheras/Kajang and drive toward the Kajang town. Continue until you reach the busy cross junction with traffic lights in Kajang (5.7km). Go straight across passing the Polis Station on your left and continue to pass 2 more traffic lights. Turn left at the 3rd traffic light(7.0km)into Sungei Jelok (Kajang Prison). Take this road towards the prison until you arrive at a guard house with a shooting range sign (8.5km). Turn right and go for another 1/2km to reach at a new uncompleted highway. Turn right again and take this highway until the end of it (10.8km). Signs will guide you to site from Kajang/Semenyih Road.

Hares: James Lim and gostarnjoe

www.bikehash.freesevers.com

The Long Bash, 27 May 2001, Sg. Gapi

Hares: Scott Roberts a.k.a. Two Dogs F***ing and Animal Elford

With the exception of the hares who had been setting the trail since before dawn, I was one of the first at the bash site, which in itself is a first for me. I had earlier passed Fuji at supersonic speed on a blind bend. Joking...I may drive fast but I also endeavour to drive safely. A goodly number of Bashers duly turned up, and every thing got off to a fine start a little beyond 9.30, except for Fuji that is, who chose to leave his MTB clip shoes at home in the loving care of his mum. Riding in flip-flops could become trendy he thought, and come in particularly useful for those water hazards! Cleaning them after a ride would also be a breeze. Having conducted a short test run, he decided that they were little better than bare feet which in turn was an excruciating painful experience. In desperation he began asking around to ascertain if anyone had a spare pair of 38s. Sure Fuji, we wear these things out so fast we all always carry a couple of spare pairs along with our inner tubes!!!!

Oddly enough Tiger did have a spare pair, and I still don't know why, but they were size 48s, (Tiger you know what they say about men with big feet!!!) (Actually they were 44's – Ed.) and Fuji found he could enter and exit them without undoing the ties! As luck would have it Hulk was on his way but still some distance off (as usual), and blow me down, he had a spare pair of 38s (uh, actually 41's – Ed.). Fuji's day was saved (That it was – Ed.).

I in turn had my own problems and started off late, as I had planned to use my GPS but noted that it was not laying a "bread-crumbs" trail, which makes a GPS as useful as a colander at a spring well in the desert. After several furtive attempts to "sort it" I put it back in the car and headed off on the long trail 5 minutes before 10 o'clock. I didn't really expect to catch the pack at all so was rather surprised to find them still at the first check. Good one Hares...fooled them again. Actually most checks would be quite easy to 'break' if anyone bothered to look more than 5 meters from the pile of paper.

Anyway, I better get back to the Bash proper. It was Astronomical! That is an apt description for the Bash #80 set by 2 Dogs F***ing (Scott Roberts) & Animal Elford.

At times the trail resembled a lunar landscape, and later we had trail which resembled Martian landscape and we had the loops which reminded me of Saturn. Did I spot another planet that day or was it just you having taken short in the bushes?

BITS & BOBS – 1) Swag for sale!. **KLMBH Mugs** (RM15) and 2nd Annual Int'l Bash t-shirts (Blue; 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) De Feet socks are the best riding socks that I've worn throughout my 9 year off road career. They are of medium thickness and wick moisture from your foot very well, keeping your feet nice and dry under normal riding conditions. They tend to dry out faster on wet rides too and don't bunch up when wet. They are very durable as evidenced by my three pairs of Bontrager De Feet's which are 5 years old and still going strong. The only holes I've put in them have been through hiking in the jungle, not riding. They are also available in a myriad of designs and colors. The only drawback is that the weave on the upper part of the sock is quite coarse, to speed up the evaporation of moisture, which allows leeches to penetrate easily. And oh yeah, they're not too easy to find here. Come on Boon Foo, bring in some more! 4) That's all for Bits & Bobs for now...

A memorable moment was the usual cluster of Bashers standing in the shade having come across a check. I think the FRBs had already spotted paper disappearing up the side of a gentle cliff, but thought better of checking it out, and chose to wait for the hares.

Fools. Charl, Paul and myself decided we would like to do some climbing with "steeds" on shoulder, (and Boon Foo almost followed). The descent was most interesting as Charl did some abseiling but with out any tackle. For a big man, he flies quite well!

This ride was all about going round in circles. In fact there were so many circuits, I was beginning to conclude the Hares were loop(y). Actually the idea of building in several, almost complete loops, saves a lot of hare stress on the day itself. Must remember that one. Then we had one of those strange checks, where the paper runs up a hill and then just disappears. Someone mumbled something about a back check, as the down-hillers met the up-hillers in a mass of titanium meets steel, meets carbon fiber meets aluminum. It reminded me of the guy earlier (or was it later) who got stuck in a water-cut groove on the trail and was 'railroaded' for fifty meters or so, until he tried to go one way and the groove took the bike another, and the forces of nature, as always, won. Another one bites the dust!

At one point a Litespeed trio were seen riding together. Charl, Dr Wade & myself. Shame that the Fritsche brothers & Chew, missed this Bash, otherwise we could have had sextuplets; however this is a family read so enough about that subject! By the way Boon Foo laughing all the way to his piggy bank, with all this titanium on the trails.

All in all this was a good trail, which took in 2 lots of Brick works, a lake, some good scenery, some palm oil plantations and some excellent single track through the rubber groves. Rubber & oil, what more do you want? Well perhaps a bike frame and a few components as well.

Only one puncture was spotted enroute, and this time it wasn't Eric & his fag?

Vim got lost, but this is nothing new, except on this occasion she didn't find the short cut, and ended up coming in at the end of the pack.

Well done Two Dogs F***ing & Animal or is it Two Dogs F***ing an Animal?

Raymond "RocketBoy" Keys

The Short Run, 27 May 2001, Sg. Gapi

Rawang town has changed a lot since I last drove through it. Pastel colored shophouses greeted me as I wound my way through the sleepy hollow gone bonkers.

A little ways down the trunk road, I saw flashing headlights in my rearview mirror. It was no other than Rocket Boy, who soon went flying past me and everyone in front of me in a series of daredevil overtaking maneuvers not seen on that stretch of road since the North-South Expressway opened. Why? Because it used to take at least four hours from KL to Ipoh driving that way!

Pretty soon I pulled into the On On site and started to gear up. That's when the s**t hit the fan. "Where are my shoes?"

That's right folks, if you're gonna drive 60km to the Hash, don't forget to bring your shoes. Well there I was, XTR socks and my trusty 10 year old Clarks® deck shoes. With clipless pedals no less.

I remembered that Rocket Boy also wore deck shoes when riding until he won a set of clipless pedals at the Annual Dinner. However, the deck shoes weren't going to make me any faster.

The initial briefing thoroughly confused everyone; "Long Run follows squares to the third check and then is on shreds until the third check and then follows squares". Huh?

Oh well, not to worry, I'm going on the Short Run unless I can find me some shoes. Melody offers her extra size 38's. Nope, need 41's. Farizul volunteers his SPD® sandals as the pack heads off. I can't seem to click in due to the different cleats. And they're size 44.

I check my mobile. I have a missed call. I return Hulk's call on my mobile. He's on his way. We wear the same shoe size! "Do you have extra shoes?" "Yeah!" comes the reply. Cool!

Ed.itorial Cont'd

Meanwhile, back at the farm, I was totally engrossed in another conversation when F tapped me on the shoulder and posed the question.

"What's a Domestic Engineer?"

"A housewife, of course (you twit)!" came the reply, "Why?" Shortly thereafter, as you can imagine, there was a funny, metallic taste in my mouth and I momentarily lost the ability to speak.

Needless to say, I'm probably not receiving an invitation to that wedding.

4. The Knights of the Round Table, our riding buddies from Penang, recently organized a ride on the fringes of Taman Negara.

It turned out that, thanks to the poor quality of our mobile phone service providers, Hulk had heard "tubes" not "shoes" It also turned out that he didn't have a spare pair of shoes.

But he did have a pair of Nike sandals. We geared up and headed off down the trail. Excellent singletrack wound through the rubber estate and eventually dropped us off onto a dirt road leading uphill. It felt weird not being clipped in and my right foot kept sliding sideways off the pedal.

Halfway up, Josephine and LG were kickin' back by the side of the trail and we stopped to take a breather. We started up again as the sweeper came by, laying long run paper to join the paper trail.

The trail turned downhill and it was time for some fun. Only thing was I felt like I was standing on ice cubes. Wheee! We run into Debbie and Richard and sorta got lost and then found the paper again. More singletrack and a really nice v-dip found us at some sort of quarry and factory. A wide dirt road invited us to bomb down it at top speed and at the very end, The Cars!

Despite the fact that my feet were slipping all over the pedals, it was a great ride for all the singletrack and shade. Quite ideal for the beginners and families who do ride the short run.

Well, this time there was 100 Plus® for me at the end and so I proceeded to guzzle as many cans as I could. I would've drunk it all up but three cans were the best I could manage.

The Long Bashers started filtering in and told their war stories over cold drinks. Bash-Piss' efforts to get everyone to drink more beer were wasted. Didn't have any trouble with the 100 Plus® though!

Our day was finished off by handing the empties to "Bleeding Gums Murphy" who appeared suddenly out of nowhere and caught me by surprise. No, his gums weren't actually bleeding. The red stuff staining his mouth was Betel Nut juice, just in case anyone who saw him was wondering.

Yours shoelessly,
Rainman

We were honored to be invited and needless to say, those of us who went had a whale of a time. My complements to the Azmi, Derek and Sany and the rest of the Knights for organizing a wonderful and memorable trip.

Organizing a Bash comes nowhere close to what these guys had to go through to ensure a successful trip. Read all about **Three Guys, Three Bikes and Three Adventures** in Taman Negara, coming soon to a Basherama near you.

5. Watch out for Team Melody-Giant, coming to a road race near you!
6. Diary of a Hare, Part II has been held up at gunpoint and will be printed in the next edition of Basherama!

Ed.

Three Guys, Three Bikes and Three Hills in Penang - Part Three

The plan today was to meet at 8 o'clock at the Petronas station on Green Lane and convoy down to Sungai Sedim in Kedah. On the way, we would stop at the second meeting point at the toll gate on the Butterworth-Kulim Expressway ("BKE").

We had a more leisurely start to the day, taking our time in the bathroom and adjourning to the coffeehouse for our complimentary buffet breakfast. I sucked up as much of the scrambled eggs as I could, keeping in mind that we would be riding in a couple of hours. We were having such a good time chit chatting and drinking coffee/tea that we kinda sorta lost track of time.

Then the rush began. We flew down the road as fast as my trusty 1299cc engine would carry us. Luckily the combination of an early hour and the holiday season meant that there wasn't much traffic on the road. Nevertheless, we still had to drive around half the island.

We pulled into the Petronas station and greeted everyone there. Chew was there but Azmi and Sany hadn't arrived yet. While waiting, we removed our bikes from night storage inside the car and loaded them onto the roof rack. Soon after, Azmi and Sany pulled up and we were off to Sungai Sedim.

I had heard a lot about Sungai Sedim, which lay on the fringes of a forest reserve. Doc Adrian and Adli had both praised the race course there for its fast singletrack sections. Sungai Sedim was also a favorite haunt for local kayak and white water rafting enthusiasts.

We drove across the Penang Bridge and on down the BKE to the next rendezvous. Doc Adrian was among those waiting for us there. The lure of Sungai Sedim was too great and he had driven down from his hometown, Alor Setar, to join us.

Now I was a little worried about today's ride as:-

1. We had been riding hard-core hills for the past two days;
2. The rides had been getting progressively tougher; and
3. We did not know the trails and so we had been pedaling like mad to keep up with the Knights. Today would probably be no different.

A ride with the Knights would not be complete without good food and so we stopped at a little town along the way for some excellent roti canai. It was past ten o'clock when reached Sungai Sedim proper.

As we geared up for the ride Azmi came over and chuckled at the sight of us wearing Lycra®. No, it wasn't because of the unsightly bulges above our waistlines. "The leeches go right through Lycra®!" he said, "That's why we're wearing baggies!"

Leeches! Ulp! I hadn't encountered any since Hulu Yam Baru a couple of years back! Speedy, Joe, Hulk and I lost a lot of blood that time. Someone was busy spraying his shoes with Ridsect. We sprayed our shoes and socks too. That would keep the suckers off of us! Famous last words, as we shall see!

After a quick photo session with another group of Penang riders who we met there, we were off, riding along the slippery singletrack which led us deeper into the jungle. The trail reminded me of Kiara with gentler grades but with much more lush vegetation.

A couple of steam crossings later, I spied something inching along my forearm. "See you later bloodsucker!" I thought to myself as I flicked it off into the vegetation. We continued along the trail in fits and starts as members of the other group held us up now and again as they struggled with the trail conditions. It was muddy and very slippery in some parts. We rode past some elephant dung on the trail and stopped a little ways on at a little rocky outcrop next to the river.

As I was relaxing on the rocks, I felt something wiggling between my toes. Like greased lightning, I ripped my shoes and socks off and lo and behold, there was a big fat leech digesting MY blood. Well, you can all guess what happened to the Mr. Leech.

"Watch out!" the cry came, "there are leeches on the rocks!" "Enemy in the wire!" I thought.

A close inspection found many of the thin black creatures slowly creeping their way towards us. Mr. Ridsect had brought his can with him. I grabbed the can and began spraying, but they just kept on coming.

It was time for a strategic withdrawal. As we scrambled for our bikes, we found three leeches sitting on Sany's saddle. Yikes! We'd been overrun! It was every man for himself as we tore back down the trail, desperate to get back to friendly lines.

And what a ride it was. It felt like nap-of-the-earth flying in a helicopter as we hurtled downwards and around the corners, mud flying in all directions. We eventually ended up near the cars and it was decided that we should ride a lap of the race route here. Cool!

As we began a series of short climbs on the singletrack, my chain started acting up. Yup, chainsuck! This continued until I was the last rider in the pack. Hulk and Chew kindly waited for me at one junction as I unjammed the chain. A group of ten-year olds on beat up, rusty single speeds passed us and led the way back to where the rest of the group was waiting at a stream crossing. I dunked the bike partly into the stream to clear the mud off but it was too sticky.

More muddy trails and minor chainsuck followed until on one short incline, while **chasing** the little guys and shifting under load, I sent the derailleur into the spokes. Naturally, the chain exploded in short order and I also bent the recently replaced replaceable derailleur hanger.

I broke out my trusty Cool Tool® and started to fix the chain as Azmi, Sany, Sup, Su-Aun, Hulk and Chew gathered around.

Cont'd>>

Three Guys, Cont'd

Pretty soon, though, they were all gathered around Su-Aun, who had a mysterious trickle of blood running down her forehead. You guessed it, it was a leech. It probably came in through her helmet vents. Yuk!

With the chain fixed and the derailleur hanger bent back as best I could, the rest of the gang shot off down the muddy trail with Hulk, Chew and myself in pursuit. It was then I discovered that I was riding what was effectively a one-speed. The derailleur was more mangled than I thought.

Nevertheless, I was determined to make it out in one piece so I hammered away, eventually leaving Hulk and Chew behind. Big mistake. I thought that they would just catch up but they were having serious fatigue problems of their own. Sorry Guys!

I arrived back at the cars exhausted. I tried washing the bike in the river but again, the mud refused to wash off easily. I loaded the bike onto the rack and proceeded to change. Hulk and Chew limped in 15 minutes later in mucho pain. I guess we weren't going riding on Sunday.

Dark clouds had gathered overhead and it started pouring as we finished loading the cars. We slithered up the muddy path until we hit tarmac. One wrong turn later, we were back on the BKE, heading somewhere for lunch. Not being local, we didn't know where, but we knew it was going to be good. The only thing was that the rain had washed the mud off the bikes and onto the roof and rear windscreen. Yuk!

We ended up at Pelita, a Nasi Kandar place. It was past 4 p.m. and yet there was still a queue! And parking was a bear. It had to be good and it was! Burp!

After lunch, Azmi and Sany offered to take Hulk and myself us to Gary's bike shop to fix my bike. We followed them back across the Penang Bridge to the shop. Chew peeled off to head home and rest.

Gary is one of two mechanics with professional bicycle mechanic qualifications. The other guy, strangely enough, works for the local equivalent of Huffy (Not related to Buffy, the Vampire Slayer). He worked magic on my bike while we drooled over the stuff in his shop like Race Face Cranks and Truvativ ISIS Drive cranks & bottom brackets, among others.

After that we accepted an invitation from Sany and Azmi to come to their house for dinner. And what a dinner it was! Home-cooked Hokkien Mee made by their Mum. I finished every last drop in my bowl and then some! My compliments to the Chef.

We finally retired to our hotel with a promise to meet Sany and Azmi for breakfast the next morning. We collapsed into bed after taking our showers.

We slept in the next morning and rang Sany and Azmi's doorbell around 9.00 a.m. We jumped into their car and headed for "Cherry Canai", located in a little lane somewhere that I'll keep a secret so you guys can't find it. Needless to say, the food was excellent again and I'll be sure to head back there next time. If I can remember how to get there.

We checked out from our hotel and made a circuit of the reverse side of the island to avoid the jam. Little did we know that the jam would be on the highway. After stops to buy fruits and some fish for Hulk's Dad in Taiping and Kuala Kangsar, we ran into the Mother of all Jams just before Tapah.

The rest stops were so full that cars were parked on the shoulder of the highway proper. Chew called us. He was about an hour ahead of us and he told us it was practically gridlocked where he was. It later transpired that it took him 30 minutes just to use the restroom at one of the rest stops. Ouch!

Four hours later (!) we reached K.L. in one piece. What an ordeal that drive was! Never again, if I can help it.

All in all, our Penang trip was a great combination of riding, eating and just plain making friends while riding and eating. We were all brought together by our common love for mountain biking and we will be forever indebted to our new friends for opening their rides and doors to us. Many thanks to Azmi, Sany and the rest of the Knights for making the trip a memorable one!

Ed.

This space is intentionally left blank (for now)

SwapMeet

Property to let - Bangsar Ria townhouse, 1,600-1,700 sq ft, 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. 4 split-levels, located near the infamous Tivoli Villa, with back facing the Universiti Malaya reserve land and the Sprint highway (don't worry, far away). 4 units of air cond, semi-furnished, almost ready to move in. RM1,600 per month. Contact Chew at 012 488 3818 or hoon.c.toh@jfleming.com.

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
June	81	24 June 2001	Lim Tai Kim and gostarnjoe – 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	Simon Kenney	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	Larry 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
Animal Elford	3	Andy Knellar	1	Mike Wright	1	Scott Roberts	1

2001 Calendar of Upcoming Events

Date	Event/Remarks	Date	Event/Remarks	Date	Event/Remarks
24 Jun	KLMBH June Hash	15 Jul	Singapore Bike Hash	12 Aug	Singapore Bike Hash
24 Jun	Malacca MTB Race	22 Jul	Malacca Bike Hash	19 Aug	Malacca Bike Hash
8 Jul	Kiara GP 2001 – Stage 4	29 Jul	KLMBH July Hash	26 Aug	KLMBH August Hash

www.bikehash.freesevers.com