



# Basherama!

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The Official Newsletter of the Kuala Lumpur Mountain Bike Hash

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## 3<sup>rd</sup> Annual KLMBH International Bash

Ladies, Gentlemen and fellow Bike Hashers! The event you've all been waiting for is at hand once again! That's right. You've got to be blind to miss what's printed up there!

To give everyone enough time to prepare, the International Bash will be held on **28 October 2001**. The where and what remain a secret for now (or is it that the hares don't know where or what?) but the traditional combo of a good ride, lots of cold beverages, food and a t-shirt will be upheld.

And since the International Bash will be held at the end of October, it has been decreed that it shall be the **Halloween Bash** as well. As such, there will be candy (someone's wedding leftovers, perhaps?) and there shall be a Fancy Dress contest for the young and the young at heart.

So be there or be square as it is often said. Much fun and merriment are a waitin'!

Ed.

## BUKIT KIARA UNDER SIEGE!

On the next page you shall find an open letter that touches on the development that is threatening our very own beloved Bukit Kiara. It came via e-mail with a plea for publicity and so I'm doing my part as a friend, user and neighbor of Bukit Kiara.

I had previously thought that Bukit Kiara had been designated as a Green Lung for the people of K.L. to enjoy. What a wonderful thought! A lush secondary forest with trails, streams and beautiful flora and fauna just minutes from the hustle and bustle of the city. A short drive and a short walk (or pedal) would take you far away from the madding crowd.

I have become quite a cynic from my discovery that all that really matters in the minds of the authorities and property developers is MONEY. Money, no doubt, makes the world go around but there are some things that are more important than money, don't you think?

Already, Bukit Kiara has been criss-crossed with survey lines and markers. I really can't blame the surveyors, they're just doing their jobs. But the question that we should all raise is do we need more high-end condominiums and bungalows in the Bukit Kiara area?

Ask a developer and he or she would say "Yes, of course. There is a great demand for such development". Strange, I thought that there was a glut in the high-end property market. The present overhang in the residential property market is concentrated on high-end units which generally cost more than RM250,000. The very fact that Bank Negara Malaysia has imposed lending restrictions for residential property projects with individual units costing more than RM250,000 serves to highlight the concern of the authorities on this type of development. It appears that it is a case of the head not knowing what the tail is doing, as the local authorities do not seem to be concerned about doing their part to prevent such an expensive overhang.

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## DIRECTIONS TO THE AUGUST BASH @ NILAI – 9.30 a.m., 26 August 2001

Take the North-South highway south toward Seremban. Zero trip at Mint Hotel/Mines Resort tolls. At 28.4k you will see exit sign for Nilai, Pajam & Sepang. Take this exit and pass through toll. At 29k just after toll take the right exit at the T junction traffic lights. Pass through Nilai town, until reaching another set of traffic lights at approx 36.3k signposted left to Sepang. Take this left and within a couple of hundred meters you will pass a Petronas fuel station in the village of Salak. 200 Meters further you will see a restaurant sign at roof top level named RESTORAN CHEONG SENG. Turn in here to a large car park just beyond. It is not shaded so bring your sunshades. If you miss this you can turn in at the next possible right turn opposite the large sign stating "LAST POINT TO BUY TICKET - TICKET BOOTH".

Hare-Mobiles are blue rocket Volvo WGM 5219 and Brown Ford Ranger ADX 26. **This is a long way away, so allow yourselves plenty of driving time!**

Hares: Raymond "Rocket Boy" Keys and Matt Schnelllar

[www.bikehash.freesevers.com](http://www.bikehash.freesevers.com)

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## BUKIT KIARA UNDER SIEGE! Cont'd

To rationalize their developments, the developers would say "location, location, location". Location, after all, is the name of the game in real estate. Too bad if you recently bought a condo in somewhere in Bangsar, Ampang or Damansara Heights, the latest hip address is in Bukit Kiara! (or so the developers would have you believe). Time to sell off your other has-been properties and buy a brand-new unit in Bukit Kiara.

The development of Bukit Kiara would also bring about problems of its own in the long-term. Congestion of the local roads and infrastructure in the area will only get worse. The construction of buildings and access roads on hillslopes has its own inherent dangers too. The felling of trees and cutting of hillslopes will also cause ecological problems within Bukit Kiara, displacing wildlife and reducing the effectiveness of the natural "carbon sink" that neighbouring areas enjoy.

But the biggest problem, I suppose, would be that the trails that we love so dearly might cease to exist in short order. As it is, parts of Boner and Banana Ridge have already been devastated.

Plans are also underfoot for more new, high-end developments such as Kiaramas, Aman Kiara, Country Heights Damansara. Also in the pipeline are a ground station for Astro and (gasp!) more condominiums. Package C of the Sprint Expressway will soon be cutting through Bukit Kiara to link Hartamas with the Damansara-Puchong Highway.

What can we do to stop the madness? I don't know for sure. Chaining ourselves to the bulldozers won't work here (remember, money talks). The campaign to stop the realignment of the Sprint Expressway through Bukit Damansara failed despite much publicity and many prominent people getting involved. And the national car company and its distributors continue to give crappy (pardon my French) service to Malaysians from all walks of life. More militant campaigns are frowned upon by many and might even land one in jail (again, money talks).

The newspapers recently reported that some 300 acres of Bukit Kiara had been gazetted as a green lung with another 300 acres in the pipeline. The question is where? And for how long will it remain gazetted? It might surprise you to know that the entire area that we now know as Bandar Baru Sungai Buloh, adjacent to the Rubber Research Institute in Sungai Buloh was once a **forest reserve**. Scary thought, isn't it?

So the only thing I can think of at the spur of the moment is to create an awareness of the threat to Bukit Kiara among its regulators, landowners, users and neighbours. Make them aware of the consequences of the unbridled development of Bukit Kiara. And hopefully thorough awareness will come enlightenment.

**Ed.**

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## The Failure to Preserve Bukit Kiara

Dear Friends of Kiara;-

How many people read the commentaries that are written in our newspapers? They usually have extremely pertinent and heart-felt issues; especially the ones concerning attempts to preserve green lungs such as Bukit Kiara. Assurances from within the government (i.e. DBKL) have also appeared to let us know that our concerns have been mislaid and that development isn't slated for the hill. Unfortunately, I think that these assurances have been misplaced or erroneously spoken aloud. Our over-zealous commercial developers are on the prowl.

Within two months of a major flurry of such articles, I went up into Bukit Kiara for one of my usual evening runs. On my descent via a trail above the Garden International School, I ran smack into sheer devastation. Bulldozers had flattened all the trees right from the top of the ridge down to the GIS parking lot, obliterated the serene fishing pond that was tucked away at the base of this ridge, and punched roads into the hill starting from the access point by Soul'd Out. It appears that those little red-painted sticks placed in the ground (from a survey last year) were the guidelines for this wonderful clear-cutting. Well, we now know that this development is called Kiaramas and it is being undertaken by Asiaquest (<http://www.asiaquest.com.my>). And this isn't the last piece of development being planned. I am so disheartened to have read an article in The Star regarding Ireka's development project slated to begin "by the middle of next year." (ref: Ireka Set to Develop Bukit Kiara Project, dated 18/6/01)

This uncertainty about the preservation of Bukit Kiara may have something to do with the understanding (or lack thereof) of the scope of the land. To those of us who appreciate the greenery, the hill we consider "Kiara" is ringed by the park in TTDI, Kampung Sungai Pencala, the NKVE, Segambut Dalam, Mont Kiara/ Desa Sri Hartamas and Jalan Bukit. Not just some small corner of land large enough to plant a few durian trees. While we all understand the human desire to build a private bungalow or prosper on a condo project, why ruin such beauty; beauty that also happens to be a necessary part of our life's existence?

Well, as of this past week, I can tell you that there isn't a single corner of what we know as Bukit Kiara that does not have a survey marker imbedded within them. Yes, the same type that we saw before Kiaramas began. DBKL said that these markers are part of an investigation into the various tree species that exist in Kiara. Get real. It is obvious that what commercial entities are doing is completely unknown to the government. The only intent is to delineate boundaries of future property developments, possibly an Astro or Maxis comms station, and the imminent Sprint 2 tunnel that will extend from Sprint 1 to the LDP.

If no one cares about having a place to stroll near the city without exhaust fumes, enjoy driving in floods, doesn't like to have cool and refreshing shade, then please do nothing at all.

I don't have any constructive criticism at this point in time since it appears that Bukit Kiara is already gone. This is the sentiment amongst all of us who have known each other as "Friends of Kiara" for the past three years.

Signed

A Frustrated Friend of Kiara (you know who you are – Ed.)

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## Long Bash Report for KLMBH

Date: 29 July 2001

Venue: Batu Arang

Hares: Eric Teo and Paul Sweeney

Ah. What a venue. This was the site of many Hash House Harrier runs (not rides!) with our various HHH chapters in the Klang Valley, and a good one to choose for the KLMBH. Why a good one? Because we also knew it first-hand from the saddle of an MTB! My gazelle and I had investigated the same venue two years earlier. Unfortunately, we were thwarted weeks later by a boom gate that magically dropped down to block the access road.

By 0900, there was a great lack of vehicles and we began to worry that everyone decided to participate in the race at Sungai Buloh/ Subang. Melody and Josephine were there, but no sign of any other vehicles. And then they came in droves. By 0920, all shady spots were taken and people were loitering about socializing, struggling into their gear, tweaking their shocks for optimal performance, and the smart ones were adding an extra layer of cushioning to their seats! My good buddy Azman (aka Technoman) almost didn't make the ride. Close to the appointed hour, and with a note of panic in his voice, he said *"the release lever on my CAD/CAM designed, titanium molded, triple bonded, seamless, aerodynamic, bike rack broke. I can't get my CAD/CAM, titanium ... bike off of my CAD/ CAM ... (you get the picture!) ... Jeep!"* He breathed a huge sigh of relief when a six foot three biker lifted the entire bracket and bike up and off the top of his 4WD!!!

Paul and Eric showed up somewhere around then, and felt that it would be appropriate to watch the sun rise a little bit longer; just enough for the heat to increase a couple more degrees. They obviously didn't want us on the road with too much shade for the Home trail!

Some minutes after the appointed hour, Paul decided to begin our pre-brief; short ride approximately 8-km, long ride maybe 18, 20, 22, 24 ... 30-km. He obviously had Alzheimer's disease! We were also forewarned that the long ride would entail an 8-km trek along the paved road home. For those of us who knew the area, his final words "when you reach the road, there will be a sign directing you to the right." Aha; a clockwise loop coming up!

One last bit of confusion emanating from the Hares. Paul said he'd start the long ride off first and went off to find his MTB ... and car. The latter he tried to blame on Josephine, but we knew it was the Alzheimer's showing through! The former became apparent when someone with excessive earwax (have you seen the animated movie Shrek yet?!) asked Eric who would start off first. Eric responded "Paul will lead the Short Riders." Hmmm. That was corrected within minutes of Paul's return. "On-On for the Long Ride," he shouted!

Anyway we went towards the main road where paused for the pack to gather. With a dangerous dash across to the other side, we went up the hill and turned left 100-meters later onto a semi-paved track. Paul, in the meantime, had turned around to attend to the short riders. Who was sweeping us? **Fuji (and Chew - Ed.)**, not the Hares. Either they were too knackered from setting the trail or knew what awaited us!

The first check was immediately inside this semi-paved road and was just deep enough along the path to build-up a massive traffic jam of three bikers (Sorry, Paul! Didn't work!!!). With only one obvious way to go, we were out and dashing forward along the logging road, past a very familiar water tank, and a boom gate that was no longer there. Hello, hello, hello oh familiar territory! People kept looking left and right down these little splinters of clearing going into the jungle. Alas, they didn't know that they were only survey lines; impassable to all but walkers! And voila, paper at the first plateau.

The paved road ended right at the water tank and became a laterite logging road (laterite is the red color soil you see around here, folks). It was just wide enough for two bikes, but was starting to grow in with lalang, ferns and vines. Moving along at a fast pace, we encountered an intersection several hundreds of meters later and turned right. Almost at the top of this hill (another 100-m) we encountered the second check. So soon, wah?!

Obviously this was a back check and we had no hesitation; turned around, turned right at the intersection and ze paper magically appeared again. It disappeared at the next intersection less than 100-meters later, and Falsie was called. Yes, by moi. We looked around this intersection to make sure paper didn't continue in any other direction, but couldn't find any. Honest, officer, I swear (a little foreshadowing)! And back we went to the Check, Forward over the hill (nada), Back (nada), and all around (nada). Hmmm.

In the meantime the pack hung around at the intersection watching the FROPS (Front Riders On Paper) scurrying around like the ol' proverbial chicken minus a head! The light bulb went off in my dim-witted mind and I retraced my tracks to the "Falsie." Don't know how we missed it, but there was paper, straight ahead, through the ferns and lalang. On-On. "Mumble, mumble ... the paper at the intersection had been blown away ...mumble, mumble, mumble" Good try, scribe! Quibble away!

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## Long Bash Report cont'd

Now came some really nice, fast and backside-numbing riding (and thank goodness it was only the backside that was numbed!). The old logging track rolled along, but soon became a complete downhill race. We were sailing over boar spoors, felled rubber trees, small pockets of mud puddles and all covered by a layer of leaves. Almost like Autumn in Canada running on a pile of maple leaves!! If you used SPDs, you could have enjoyed flying over the logs and puddles. Utterly fantastic. After the road flattened out, it veered left, went over an old wooden bridge and there we encountered the third check. Too obvious, lah! No hesitation again; Forward and ON-ON.

Along this stretch, the lalang had grown so high and thick that it felt like we were being whipped as we rode along. Ooh rah, thank you ma'am, more please! They say that the sign of a happy biker is the amount of bugs in their teeth. Let's quantify it as the amount of bugs and grass hanging out of our mouths, impaled into our nostrils, adorning our ears and dangling from our helmets!

We emerged into a clearing where a power-line track disappeared off to the left and a track going off to the right. And Forward we went to the fourth check which was tucked quaintly under a tree. Another memorable location. I seem to recall an earlier life where I battled a herd of cows trying to claim their right-of-way to the grass on the trail! If the hares had gone forward, they would have discovered a sign that said "No Trespassing/ SME Ordnance Testing Area. Yes, where they test bombs, grenades, etc. for the Ministry of Defense! If they went left along the power lines they would have hit the town of Batu Arang! So, which way would you go?! On-On.

More leaves on the ground (exquisite), a little foliage trying to grab our spokes, some palm trees as we turned away (to the right as part of our clockwise turn!) and into a eucalyptus treed area. Beautiful. Not many of us enjoyed this scenery as the hares were kind enough to give us a blasted hill from the depths of Hades. On up and up and up and up. Burning sensation in the thighs, and up some more. Thighs now dead. Utter pain. Somewhere within the next ½ km or more (I just contracted Alzheimer's!), we had another climb then dropped into a saddle to encounter Check #5. Brutal, gents, brutal. To go find the trail, there was only one guaranteed direction to go. Up. So we did, in the Forward direction.

For those of you unfamiliar with the area, the view from this hill was spectacular. You could see a lake off in the distance (an old mining pool west of Rawang that we've run at), sand mining pools and some ubiquitous shop-lots cropping up. Yes, a definite clockwise turning if you ask me. And no paper Forward. Turned back, went down into the saddle and encountered the next batch of riders cursing the Hares! Rose up the other side and saw a path to the left. Aha! On-On about another 100-meters down here.

The warning from the Hares at the pre-ride chat now came to full reality. They stated that we would be "riding on boar spoors" quite a bit and to watch out for the felled trees. Slight understatement on both accounts. Earlier we had numb backsides, but now it spread into the other extremities. If anyone decided to try to have a little chat, we wouldn't have been able to speak let alone shout at each other!

Uuuuughghghghghghghghghghuuuuuggghghghghghghgh. The trees that dotted the boar ruts weren't too hidden, and now most of these couldn't be tackled by staying on our bikes. And maybe I **should** talk to Boon Foo about front suspension!

The fauna at this stage was mostly primary jungle interspersed with eucalyptus trees, left over, I'm told, from another experiment by the Forest Research Institute Malaysia! The trail was solely boar spoors covered in leaves, we were shaded quite well by the tall trees, and once in a while we'd encounter lalang/ fern tangles to slow us down somewhat. In the midst of this type of terrain were the 6<sup>th</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> checks at forks in the trail. Both were easily broken to the right and forward, and the pack called On-On.

The off-road terrain from C#7 to the paved road was brutal. Seven foot high lalang forming a wall in front of us, a small portion of swampy muck, single track, paranged saplings, vines and even a patch of lemon grass. Lemon grass??? Yes, I know this first hand. One tall strand managed to wrap itself completely around my gears. Had to dismount, hold onto the bulb and pull the mess off, almost like reeling out some fishing line!

The next obstacles that I'm told other riders also encountered were the vines. On a perfectly wide path with room on the left for two bikes, this one vine leaped in front of me and grabbed my handlebars. Then, in a smooth, continual motion, it ejected me from my seat, calmly reached down and plucked my SPDs off the pedals, then flung me over the handlebars and onto my back. *Ribuan terima kasih* vine!!! But it was still fast riding. At ~20-km, we hit the road and turned right. Paper was difficult to keep track of, but knowing that we had to stay on the paved road, *terus lagi* was the only solution. Another brutal stretch. Head wind, no shade, earth movers/ excavation equipment in action, old estate workers homes on the left (soon to be replaced by shop-lots!), dust, sun, heat. Ugh. And spinning along I went, thinking about good ol' Lance Armstrong and how he'd be doing later that day in the Gay Paris!

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## Long Bash Report cont'd

Now the Hares pay for making me the Scribe. Aside from a long report (!), there in front of me, 23-km into the ride and tossing paper out the window, was Paul in his Hare Mobile. What?!?!?!? As I came up behind him, out the window came his right arm, palm open and then there flopped the middle appendage in the breeze! Rude *gwai loh!* So I farted as I passed him. On-On! What gives? Was this the first time that a Hare has been caught by riders? In the Petaling HHH, they would have earned an On-Down and Toilette Seat!!! (Note: rumor has it that he still couldn't find his car after doing the short ride!)

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### The Short Run, 29 July 2001, Batu Arang Hares: Eric Teo and Paul "Beer Me!" Sweeney

By Macland Tan

Another month has gone by and the last Sunday is approaching, time for another bike hash! Rumor had it that the July 2001 Bash at Batu Arang will be scenic and generally quite beautiful with plenty for the naked eye. I eagerly got out of bed bright and early with anticipation that this month's ride will be one of the best rides out of this year's Bashes so far.

My wife Debbie and I drove towards the site and there were little hints planted everywhere, giving me the pleasant perception that the ride will be as fascinating as its surroundings. We saw monkeys on the side of the road, dense thick jungle and pretty pine trees all lined up in rows. Even the narrow, bumpy dirt road leading to the car park area was a good tease to the upcoming ride.

Once we parked and put the tires on our mountain bikes, I noticed there weren't many riders this time and most of them were geared like professionals about to embark on a grueling 100 km race, hoping for an opportunity to win a place on the Cannondale / Volvo Team. Is this another indication that the ride will be not be flat and boring, but challenging with a few terrifying steep drops?

A brief summary of both the short and long routes was carried out a little later then 9:40pm. Fuji announced the short ride will be around the 8 km in distance and the long ride will be infested with leeches. Both are almost irresistible as each other. Which one shall I choose?

I chose the short route this time to accompany Debbie, but I made the decision mainly because I wanted to write an article on the short route. I think it is the privilege and honor of getting picked by Fuji out of all those short route riders who put up their hands. Wait a minute, don't they choose the writer after the riders have chosen which route they want to take?

Reached the parking venue after 1 hour 44 minutes, close to 10 min before Paul! Next rider in at the two hour mark (Joey) followed by Lau. The pack came in in dribbles for the next hour. All carried similar tales of head-over-heel flips off their bikes, broken chains, spokes ripped from their tire frames, leeches and scratches across their bodies! Some complained about the open road on the way home, but most felt it was quite nice to have such mix of terrain.

Good change, Hares.

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### On-On TDF/ Scott

We flagged off and the long route riders zoomed off to the right and we, the short route riders strolled casually to the left. There were about twenty short route riders and everyone is friendly as usual, waiting for each other if one falls behind or chasing after a rider who has gone off track. This is definitely a plus point I really like about Bashes.

So off we go on paper trail. Up the hill. Down the hill. Across the open terrace. Left. Right. Up. Down. Stop. Look for the paper. Around the loop. Hey, we are back at the car park! No monkeys, no pine trees, no scenic view.

Did I keep my head down too much during the ride because I was too engrossed in looking for paper? Was I trying too hard to keep up with Debbie and making sure she did not race off leaving me behind? Somehow, I don't think so.

The short route was short and in my opinion, missing all the ingredients of a picturesque ride! I was debating whether to ride the same trail again, as it was only 11am. It turned out I was not the only person with this thought in mind. Mazlim, Dato Sam and I decided we are real men (ARGH! ARGH! ARGH!) and we are out here on this lovely Sunday morning to prove it. Eight kilometers was not enough, so we had to double the distance by riding the trail again with a total distance of sixteen kilometers. I think the actual distance was twelve kilometers because we ended up riding the correct route without the misleading loops, but sixteen kilometers sounds a lot tougher.

The second time round was much faster and definitely more fun, but the route still did not capture me with breath taking scenery. I think the most amusing part of the ride was zig-zagging through bushes at the open terrace area. I felt like blind rat being tricked into running through a maze without walls.

I think I should have listened to the Eric's words during the pre departure briefing. "The short ride today is meant for women and children", as he was the person who marked out the trail. But as a politically correct person and with no offense to women and children, I can truthfully say men, women, children and the equivalent can ride the short route with just as much fun. I think it was my initial impressions that ruined the ride for me. Hey, at the end of the day I could have chosen the long route.

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### 2001 Calendar of Upcoming Events

Date	Event/Remarks	Date	Event/Remarks	Date	Event/Remarks
19 Aug	Malacca Bike Hash	26 Aug	FRIM MTB Race	23 Sept	KLMBH September Hash
19 Aug	Singapore Bike Hash	9 Sept	Kiara GP 2001 – Race 5	14 Oct	Singapore Bike Hash
26 Aug	KLMBH August Hash	16 Sept	Singapore Bike Hash	28 Oct	KLMBH International Bash

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# MELAKA MOUNTAIN BIKE HASH

## BASH # 16, 19 August 2001

### Hares:

Frank Bruwer (hp 012-6018725/office- 06-3511211, extn-128))

Jürgen Potoradi (hp 012-6382122)

**Time:** Registration: 0900 Ride starts: 0930

**Site :** Lendu Satellite

### **Direction to site:**

From KL: Exit freeway at Alor Gajah. At first roundabout after toll turn left towards Alor Gajah. At second roundabout (in Alor Gajah) turn right towards Melaka. After app. 1.3 km you come to a major junction with traffic light, where signboards indicate Masjid Tanah and Lendu to the right. Here continue straight ahead. After a while you will see a road sign indicating Lendu to the right. Turn here and set tripmeter to zero. At 5.9 km turn left and follow the road to the end. Starting point is just before the satellite.

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### **Ed.itorial**

1. Just in case you haven't heard (and in case some idiot forgot to put it into previous editions of the Basherama! I wonder who?), Guest Fees have been reduced to RM5 per adult. As mentioned before, kids below 18 ride for free!
2. Also, due to implementation problems, the KLMBH will no longer be offering pro-rated memberships. It's a case of a good idea that is too difficult to implement in reality. Henceforth, memberships shall run from January to December of that particular year or any part thereof, for those who join late.

And don't forget about the perks of membership (t-shirts, the annual dinner and raffle and the Basherama! among others) either.

3. This month's Basherama! is a record setter of sorts, being 14 pages long and all. Don't worry, there won't be a repeat of the time when I swamped everyone's mailbox due to the Royal Decree that I copied into Basherama! 59 from our beloved webbe site. You all left enough rude messages to straighten me out.

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**BITS & BOBS** – 1) Swag for sale!. **KLMBH Mugs** (RM15) and 2<sup>nd</sup> 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) Sidi shoes are well known in the world of two wheeled sports, both motorized and pedal-powered. I've been wearing a pair Ghost's for the past two years and have recently dug out a pair of Action SRS' from storage to go with my new Shimano® 858 pedals. Great shoes both, but be forewarned that the ratcheting buckles (the big red and silver ones, not sure about the smaller black type) are very sensitive to grit, leaves, twigs and pebbles. The said suspects can jam the ratchet mechanism, making it feel that the only way to get out of the shoes after a mega muddy epic ride (like Janda Baik – Batu 18 Hulu Langat) is to cut them off your feet. Not good since they cost more than RM300 a pair and you might need the shoes to finish the other half of the ride. The key to quick release in this case is to use a small flat instrument (screwdriver, knife or rigid twig) to gently scrape out the muck from underneath and in between the moving parts of the ratcheting buckle. Swishing the shoes around in a stream beforehand helps dislodge some of the muck as well. Many thanks to Chin of the PCC for rescuing me during the Janda Baik ride with this method. 4) That's all for Bits & Bobs for now...

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From Melaka: Drive towards Alor Gajah. Turn left towards Lendu and set tripmeter to zero. At 5.9 km turn left and follow the road to the end. Starting point is just before the satellite.

### Rides

Rambo: App. 20km, very diverse, lots of hills, lots of technical single track, jungle, water.

Chicken: App. 12 km, same terrain, less technical and hard.

### M2BH Joint Masters:

Lim Heng Tin hp: 012-3700915 Home: 06-3152922 email: [limhtbc@pd.jaring.my](mailto:limhtbc@pd.jaring.my) or [limht@petronas.com.my](mailto:limht@petronas.com.my)  
Nara: hp: 012-6698091 Home: 06-2325722

Other contacts if you are lost, need help or information:

Suzan Batey hp: 019-7640603 Home: 06-3153390 email: [bateyms@pc.jaring.my](mailto:bateyms@pc.jaring.my) or [bateysuzan@hotmail.com](mailto:bateysuzan@hotmail.com)

But this wouldn't have been possible without the contributions of Ingrid, Scott and Macland. Thanks guys! Some of you may have read my appeal for contributions on the KLMBH Forum and I hope that other articles will be forthcoming in the future. After all, the Basherama! is your forum. And I'm running out of road rips to write about! ☺

4. Friends. What can I say? Some are tall and some are short. Some are thin and some are fat. Some are good and some are bad. Some are male and some are female. Some are rich and some are poor. Some will cheer you up when you're down and others will kick you when you're down. ☺ Some are married (or soon to be) and some are single. Friends. I wouldn't give them up for a million bucks! ☺
5. And after the "Don't eat Shark's Fin" campaign and the "Mercury in Shark's Fin" controversy comes an advertisement in the local paper for Shark Liver Oil extracted from a species of shark that lives 3000 feet below. Question is, how do they extract the oil without hurting the shark?

**Ed.**

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## Three Guys, Three Bikes and Four Adventures in Taman Negara – Part Too

I woke up to the sound of my trusty Nokia alarm clock. A quick look around told me that everyone else in the dorm room was dead asleep. I crawled out of bed and headed through the brisk morning air to the bathroom to freshen up.

Some of the other riders were already there and a few brave souls were trying to take ice-cold showers. The rest of my roomies were up by the time I returned. We were all a little sore from the combination of long hours travelling and unfamiliar beds. Well, at least I was.

We all geared up at our own pace and headed down to the restaurant where breakfast was being served. Chow time! But on the way there, Mr. Bird buzzed me. Didn't he ever sleep?

The crew for the first boat was ready to go with the exception of Chad. "Where's Chad?" I asked as we set foot onto the jetty. "He just woke up. He's taking a shower" answered Matt. Not good. He wasn't going to make the first boat. Oh well! We hurriedly loaded our bikes and gear into the first boat and when it was full, the boatman pushed off and we headed down river towards Kuala Tahan. The sun was just rising and the mist was hanging down low along the riverbank. It was beautiful!

The beauty of nature was rudely interrupted by the sight of the floating restaurants of Kuala Tahan. The boat docked and we hurriedly unloaded our bikes and climbed up the stairs to the road. S.T. of the Knights gave us a quick refresher briefing and then we were on our way! It was 0705 hours.

The first couple of kilometers were on undulating tarmac. The supposed slowpokes, the Flying Frenchmen, Paul, Charl, Melody, S.T. and a Singaporean girl named Aileen, promptly took off at hyper speed, leaving me in their dust. I spun to keep up but soon lost them. I realized that I had also lost Hulk and Chew when I reached the turnoff onto the dirt road which lead back to Nusa Camp.

Soon enough they showed up. They'd had a bit of bike trouble in town and then a wild Boar had shot across the road ahead of them as they were chasing me down. Cool!

The road wound through an oil palm estate and then passed through several log store yards. Then the trail began climb. As we began grinding up the trail, we heard something grinding its way down towards us. Around the corner bounced our support truck, the "4x4 Off-Road Worrier" (really), workhorse of Nusa Camp, with Paul Kok, trip photographer, hanging onto the roll bar in the bed.

We continued climbing the logging road as it wound its way around the mountainside. The surface was bone dry and quite hard-packed in many places, with the occasional mud hole making an appearance. The red earth made us feel like we were on Mars! I managed to catch a glimpse of the riders ahead every now and then.

We rounded another nondescript corner and came face to face with the "Mother of all Climbs".

It was steep and it was long. And I could see Melody walking the upper half. I dropped to my granny and spun my way up. Pretty soon though, the forces of gravity acting in concert with my weighty Camelbak® took over and I was forced to bail and push as well. Chew and Hulk met similar fates.

We joined Melody at the top of the climb and proceeded to chug down water and Powergel®. It was going to be a tough ride. Then Kenny Kwan came chugging up the slope, out of the saddle. That man is a climbing machine! He didn't even max out his heart rate on the monitor!

It was time for us to get going as the second boatload of riders had already caught up with us. We climbed and climbed some more. Then someone said "It's all downhill from here" and sure enough, it was!

The downhill run was fast and furious. It reminded me of the sweeping fire roads of Big Bear, California. Full suspension was a definite advantage here as the surface was like a washboard in many places.

Before I knew it, I was flying past a sign that said "Welcome to Nusa Camp". I skidded to a halt and waited for Chew, Hulk and Melody. It was 0845! They had told us that this was the toughest part of the trail and it would take us at least two hours to ride it. The rest of the ride would be a piece of cake!

We took pictures and the guys had a ciggy break as the riders from later boats passed us. We didn't have too much time before the STW's would be on the trail though. I urged the guys back onto their bikes and took off down the trail. The trail started climbing again and soon we came across Alan, Tom and Cassie trying to fix Alan's bike. They waved us on. A little ways down the trail, we came across Charl. His chain was being fixed by Adrian and Gilbert, both from Singapore and riding hardcore full suspension bikes, an Intense Uzzi and an Outland VPP (the first I'd ever seen!).

That done, we all headed off down, or rather, up the trail. Soon, the little group got strung out. I was halfway up the hill when I heard a distant klaxon. Soon I heard the distinctive rumble of a diesel engine. I bailed and began walking up the cliff side of the climb.

The STW was stopped right at the top of the climb. I heard the driver say something to Melody up ahead as she rode past and on down the hill away from the rest of us. He said something to me, too but I couldn't understand a word of it. Hablamos Espanol Senior?

Apparently what he was saying was that he was the first STW in a convoy of 50! Yikes! We pulled over as a couple of STW's passed us. Then it was a straight downhill run. We came across a stalled, empty STW pointing downhill. Pretty soon a STW stopped to help jump start it and that created a massive traffic jam.

**Cont'd>>**

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## Three Guys, Cont'd

Great, we were stuck in a traffic jam in the middle of nowhere. One of the drivers with a beavertail haircut came over to have a chat with Chew, the only one of us who could converse well in Cantonese. The translation is as follows:-

“Where all y’all from?”

“K.L.”

Where all y’all going?”

“Kampung Pagi”

“All y’all got big b\*\*\*s! Lots of STW’s and big f\*\*\*ing hills ahead! And it’s getting hot!”

Ulp! The shit was about to hit the proverbial fan, or so it seemed. We had to get moving. The clock was slowly ticking towards the 1230 hours cut-off time.

We threaded our way through the halted STW’s. We didn’t make that much progress on the downhill run as we kept running into STW’s grinding up the slope. Standing by the side of the trail, one could only wonder what would happen if the cable holding the logs were to snap. The word pancake came to mind. And all the while the STW’s were climbing, a cloud of acrid black diesel fumes covered us. Cough, cough, cough!

Stopping for every STW was taking up a lot of time. Finally, larger gaps opened up between the STW’s and we were able to hammer. But by this time, the sun was beating down on us and the trail turned upwards again.

The support truck chugged past us several times, carrying several riders, who shall remain unnamed, up the worst climbs while we struggled in the heat. Worst off was Chew, with his black helmet, jersey, shorts and CamelBak® Motherlode. All he needed was a black bike to complete the ensemble. Needless to say, he was boiling over on some of the climbs.

I began to develop a throbbing headache from the combo of the heat and the bright sunlight. Our breaks became more frequent. Sany and Adli, who were sweeping the ride caught us and eventually passed us, leaving the support truck to sweep up the back markers. Alan, the Turbosnail and Ingrid joined our little group.

Every turn in the trail led upwards as our little group struggled on. Every now and then the support truck would stop and wait for us and we would grab some cold drinks from the cooler. We thought that if we got the gas going out the right orifice, it might provide some assistance on the climbs! Eventually, the support truck left us to drop Paul and Rosmah off at Kampung Pagi, promising to come back and pick us up in time to make the cut-off time.

At the top of one climb I realized that I was all alone. I circled for a good five minutes in the hot sun before Ingrid and Alan passed me. They told me that Chew and Hulk were taking a break. I decided to wait for them.

When they caught up, we rolled down the trail in survival mode. I was determined to make Kampung Pagi unassisted before 1230 hours. We had 30 minutes. Someone mentioned something about getting suckered into the long ride. I agreed. It wasn’t as easy as it had been made out to be. The second half was supposed to be easy!

We pushed on as hard as we could. Then around one corner I saw a sign from the heavens. Power Lines! Kampung Pagi had to be close by! The trail turned downwards and we hammered as hard as we could in our exhausted state. We turned left at the junction signposted “Kampung Pagi” and I motored ahead to ensure that the boats would wait for my buddies.

We’d been told that once we rolled into Kampung Pagi, we’d see a warong kopi with a trail leading off towards the river and jetty where the boats would be waiting.

I saw the warong and turned off onto a cemented path that led towards the river. I dismounted at the top of the stairs to the jetty and looked over. I almost had a **HEART ATTACK! There was no one there except for a guy in civvies waiting for the next boat!**

I looked at my watch. It was **1230 sharp**. Dejected I headed back to the warong kopi to wait for Hulk and Chew and break the bad news to them.

Meanwhile, back at the farm, another wild Boar ran across the trail in front of Hulk and Chew. Doubly cool! Time to buy 4 digit numbers!

As they rolled into Kampung Pagi I spotted the support truck and flagged it down.

“We’ve been left behind! Where’s our lunch?”

“It’s over there at the jetty next to the boats, where everyone else is”

“There’s no one at the jetty!”

“Not that jetty, **THAT** jetty”

We looked in the direction he was pointing. There was a plastic chair in the middle of the road some ways down the road with a sign stuck to it. As we drew closer it read “**Mountain Bikes →**”.

We sheepishly followed the arrow and sure enough, past another warong, there was another jetty. The locals were out in full force to watch the antics of these strange people with strange habits and rituals.

“You’re not angry, are you?” asked Azmi as he handed us ice-cold 100 Plus®’s. After all of that, how could we be angry? **WE’D MADE IT!**

**Cont’d >>**

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## Three Guys, Cont'd

After a bit of hanging about we loaded all the bikes and coolers into the last boat of the four that had been waiting for us and we chugged our way upriver towards Kuala Trenggan, our lunch stop. It was an idyllic cruise until we passed two of the boats in our group going in the opposite direction. Everyone was gesticulating and pointing downriver but our boatman continued on without batting an eyelid. When I saw the third boat heading downriver, enough was enough. I grabbed the walkie-talkie from Ingrid and made a call.

“What’s going on, over?”

“We’re heading downriver for lunch, Kuala Trenggan’s pretty run down, over” came the reply. Before I could tell the boatman, we passed Derek’s large flat bottom jet-powered boat and the boatman turned around and fell in line.

We headed to another lodge on the Taman Negara side of the river. After docking, we carried our lunches and drinks up and proceeded to chow down. Half of the group had already eaten at Kuala Trenggan but the lodge had been abandoned and was in a state of disrepair. Thus, the decision had been made to move the group downriver.

Before we left, after carefully packing up all of our garbage, Derek announced that the jet boat would be available for rides upon our arrival back at Nusa Camp. That sent a spark of excitement through the assembled mountain bikers.

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## The Evils of Light Metal – A True Confession

It’s hard for me to admit but it is true. I was a worshipper of Light Metal!

I’m writing this to enlighten all of you on the dangers of Light Metal. In the beginning it seemed innocent enough. But then, I got drawn into its depths and I became intimately involved in the seamy underbelly of Light Metal!

It all began in ’92 with those dastardly mountain biking magazines which went by names such as “Mountain Biking” and “Mountain Bike Action” (hereinafter referred to as the “Journals”). “Lighten your bike and improve your performance!” they said. “Suspension will change your life!” 20lb hardtails and 22lb full suspension project bikes were featured and these articles had me convinced that I could lighten my 26lb fully rigid Rockhopper significantly while improving my performance.

Thus began the vicious cycle. I switched to a Control Tech stem, barends and seatpost binder bolt and an Answer Hyperlite handlebar. Next, I bolted on a Manitou 3 suspension fork. To balance the weight gain, I went with a 1 inch threadless Dia-Compe headset (too poor for Chris King in those days) and an Answer ATAC 135mm x 0° stem, anodized bright blue.

Upon arrival, we all hauled our bikes up to the dorms and proceeded to hit the showers. I had been on the jet boat and decided to spend the rest of the afternoon kicking back and shooting the breeze with my roomies.

Paul broke out the Beer and Petai and proceeded to have a good time. In the back ground, we could hear the STW’s roaring past the Nusa Camp sign on their way to pick up another load of logs. From the sound of things, I wouldn’t have wanted to meet them in anything less than a T-72 tank.

Pretty soon, light turned to dark and it was time for the trip’s grand gala dinner. The Knights had brought food down from Penang especially for this. Satay, chicken and beef were on the grill in addition to the scrumptious buffet spread prepared by Nusa Camp. Yummy!

We ate and ate and ate until we couldn’t eat any more. Then we ate some more. I grossed some people out by consuming massive quantities of satay perut. Actually they weren’t grossed out until I told them what it was. When the feasting was done, it was time for the awards ceremony.

Adli won the Wira Kembara award for his two days of hard core riding and Ingrid won the award for most determined rider (Hulk and Chew get my vote, though). I was awarded with a hand-drawn map of the ride for my part in organizing my group for the trip. I managed to get Sup, the artist, to autograph it for me as well. Cool!

After coffee and biscuits, we dragged ourselves up the stairs and over to our dorm room to get some much needed sleep.

**Ed.**

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The Journals then advised that I had to reduce rotating weight. Lightweight rims, tires and tubes were the order of the day. I did my research and searched high and low. Finally I ended up with Specialized Ultralight tubes and Bontrager BCX-1 and BCX-2 rims (390 grams!).

My search for lightweight tires, and other stuff, was solved at the next two races I attended. I was never in the running for any prizes but luck was with me in the raffle. A KORE Ultralight seatpost was my first item of booty. Only problem was that it was for a 26.8mm seat tube! I needed a 27.2mm. A fellow Light Metal disciple who had won a 27.2mm post and needed a 26.8mm post saved me. The secret handshake was made and the exchange was completed. The bonus was that the new seatpost was anodized 3-D violet (purple to some) and matched my Control Tech barends and seat binder bolt and spoke nipples perfectly! Onza kevlar bead tires were my next raffle haul and on they went.

By this time, my Rockhopper still weighed in at 26lbs but with a suspension fork thrown in. I researched the annals of the Journals to reduce weight further. I was advised to remove as much extraneous weight from the bike. No tools, bottles and cages and pumps. Camelbak®’s were a gift from Hades!! The original ones (one of which I still own) were just a pack and a bladder. I found a way to jam tools and a pump in without too much ado. I dropped a quarter pound off my bike immediately! Woo Hoo!

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## Light Metal cont'd

Ritchey Logic 15/18 gauge spokes were the next addition to the bike. I could feel myself getting faster and faster, but something was missing. Perhaps a titanium-railed saddle would change things. An Avocet O2 saddle was purchased from Supergo and installed. Still not enough, though. On went Tioga alloy chainring bolts and a set of Salsa suspension skewers (Ti rear, steel front). Next, an Ultegra rear derailleur was installed as it weighed less than XTR. Contrary to popular belief, I had no trouble shifting with the 13-30 XT cassette that I was running.

But I was beginning to have problems. The wheels kept going out of true despite the best efforts of the bike shop. The seatpost kept slipping in the frame. And the lightweight tubes kept blowing. Nevertheless, I soldiered on like any good Light Metal disciple would.

In the winter of '94-'95, the Journals dropped another bomb on me. "Change your frame, drop lb's instantly!" read the headline. What a revelation! I began my research once again. I combed through catalogs (pre-internet days) and visited bike shops throughout the Inland Empire. The choices were many but as a college student, I had a limited budget.

I finally settled on an S-Works Team Edition frame. The shop would take off the Specialized FSX fork and sell me the frame, which came with a titanium stem, threadless headset, titanium seatpost binder bolt and collar and a 30.9mm seatpost.

It was red and I named it Rocky Jr, in the spirit of its predecessor, which was stripped of parts to give Jr. **life**. Jr. was instantly 1.5 lbs lighter than Sr. It was truly the work of Mephistopheles!

The weight loss program didn't stop there, though. A trip to the Norba National at Big Bear Lake netted a Titec 118 titanium handlebar and a Speed Metal aluminum breakaway derailleur hanger bolt. It was about this time that I rounded out the titanium seatpost binder bolt on Jr.

Control Tech to the rescue with a steel (!) binder bolt. Thus began the battle between light and dark! One side preached "durability first!" while the other said "Light Metal rules!" It was hard.

On the one hand, I was climbing faster and stronger due to the combination of light weight and a super stiff frame. But on the other hand, rocks and other obstacles were bouncing me around on the downhills. I used to be able to plow through rock beds on Sr. but now I would be all over the trail through the same sections!

Throughout all this, my seatpost was dangerously short despite the original being swapped with a 330mm one. Thus, an order was placed with the good folks at Syncros for a 30.9mm x 425mm Pro Post, a heavy necessity. The titanium rails of the Avocet saddle bent in a crash. Selle Italia to the rescue with a Flite titanium saddle. The fight continued with a Specialized Team Master/Team Control Team Edition tire combo. Super light treads all right but I sheared off knobs locking up during race at Bonelli Park. Ouch!

My old Manitou fork was beginning to show its age in the era of the Manitou EFC and the Rockshox Judy. On went a Englund oil damper kit to tame the bouncing of the fork. Again, it added weight (Aargh!) but improved performance significantly.

My rear wheel began to go South on me and I looked for a cheap replacement. None were to be had, but the shop (Competitive Edge Cyclery in Upland, California) gave me a killer deal on a Hugi Ultralight rear hub. I was both worried and thrilled that it was drilled for a 28-hole rim. "Don't worry," said Mark, "I'll build it **strong**." And so strong it was that I didn't have to true it for three and a half years after I returned from California. The rim eventually just wore out! A spacer allowed the 8-speed hub to accommodate my 7-speed shifting set up until I finally switched to 8-speed.

Then came the titanium part that would change my ride forever. A World Class titanium bottom bracket! I became faster instantly notwithstanding the fact that the BB creaked and clicked incessantly.

After all of this, Jr. weighed 22.3 lbs. Not bad considering that I still couldn't afford those Topline cranks, titanium spindled clipless pedals and Action Tec titanium cassette I'd been eyeing. I realized how frail titanium parts were when I stripped the threads on my Salsa rear quick release.

But then, my return to the light side began. I bent my fork legs in a major wipeout at an early season race. The cost of replacing the legs was equivalent to buying a new fork and so I purchased an equally light Manitou Mach 5SX, which was the source of endless grief. And that was when it was actually working! It was eventually replaced by a Marzocchi Z2 which weighed one pound more (!) but didn't have to be regreased every two weeks and didn't have the problem of melting elastomers and a leaky oil cartridge.

An aluminum stem and carbon fiber handlebar improved steering response remarkably. The increased weight improved Jr.'s squirrely handling significantly. This in turn contributed to a marked improvement in my technical riding skills.

The final turning point was when I acquired a Shimano® XTR 170mm crankset. No titanium bottom bracket was available (and none still is) and so I went with the steel pipe spindle BB. Incredibly, the whole XTR setup weighed the same as my World Class titanium/LX crank/aluminum crank bolted setup. But the difference was in the stiffness of the new setup, which was immediately noticeable and helped me immensely during the Three Guys circuit of Jim Thompson's Grave.

So be forewarned! Light Metal is not necessarily the right metal in mountain biking. A little weight can go a long way and durability is always your friend.

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## Diary of a Hare”, part 2 (Sepang Bash)

### Recce #3 short route for 29/4 KL Bash, Saturday 14/4

Much to his surprise, Matt discovered that recceing is really great fun (just get out there and ride, go as fast or slow as you want, ride up or down whatever hills take you fancy just for the sheer pleasure of Mountain Biking), so the next weekend we went out there again “just to find alternatives to the boring sections”. Me, I was on bike number FOUR (which has served me well ever since, I’m relieved to say, I don’t want to get a reputation as the “bike breaker”!). On the subject of the new bike, let me digress a while. This bike is fantastic. When I leave I shall miss it as much as any human friend I am sure. It has taken me to some out of the way parts of Malaysia that I’m sure most tourists never see and it will take me to a few more before I leave. The frame was second hand, previous owner also a dedicated Basher (keep it in the ‘family’), carbon fibre (I can lift it with one hand!), chain is fine, gears are fine, no bits drop off, fantastic! It even takes me up more hills than the previous bikes. This could be because of its light weight, the full suspension, or it could just be psychological of course! The fact that its light weight also leads me, only too often, to do wheelies up hills is still a bit scary though.

But what about the recce? We were a bit concerned when we reached the Bash site, as a road barrier had been erected and there were flags all over the plantation where we parked the car for shade. A hare’s worst nightmare is to recce a site, only to show up on Bash day and find it all bulldozed in the name of progress. Keep joking – surely its not going to happen to us... Again it was a great days riding and, having the basic route in mind, this is where the fun really started as we became more devious in planning the checks, falsie, and included some more challenging up and downhills. In the interests of creating a varied route and getting off too much fire road, one point in the day saw us off our bikes kicking palm fronds out of our chosen route. If any of the estate workers had seen us, I’m sure they would have thought us insane. Boy it was good to kick some S\*\*\* out of those spiky fronds for a change. Revenge of the MB!

I think Matt must have had too much sun though, he kept wanting to ride UP hills. Is this some weird, crazy MB adiction? Admittedly, after a while those hills do seem to shrink though. By the time you ride up a hill for the fourth time, it seems to have halved in size. No, really, try it some time! Or maybe it was me that had too much sun. After this day’s 5 hours of riding I couldn’t get a song out of my mind... “follow the, follow the, follow the, follow the... red gravel roads...” Its not even as though we’d spent much time on the fire roads this time.

I have two messages to Matt at the end of this section: 1. “ya big softey” – for actually getting off the bike and PUSHING up Marlborough hill, whilst I kept cranking (it’s a good job Ashley wasn’t there to see you – oops, did I just tell him...) 2. “ya big cheat” – for racing past me on TARMAC by the side of the lake, whilst I was slogging my way though the long-ish grass off-road (would you believe, he’s the hard core mountain biker and I’m the ‘roadie’ – a bit of ‘road rage’ set in after that episode as I set off in hot pursuit, oh for the hardtail Kona at that point in time!)

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## Bash “pre-view”, Thursday 26/4

My friend Andrea’s husband Dave and his son James were here on holiday, but they were flying back to the UK on the Friday before the Bash and Dave and James hadn’t yet had a chance to experience mountain biking in Malaysia. So, Matt and I went through the huge torture of taking a morning off work and giving our friends a ‘Bash preview’. What price friendship, that we would sacrifice being indoors, hard at work, to take them mountain biking ☺ So, full of excitement, we arrived at the Bash site... Oh o, something’s not quite right here... There were more flags than before and then we saw it, that horrible metal monster, roaring at us, spewing out fumes, knocking over palm trees as though they were blades of grass and then chopping them into slices as though they were butter. The Bashers nightmare had come true! Quickly we turned the car around and drove it back out to the road, lest we return to find it flattened. We had no choice but to park in the hot sun before speeding off on our bikes to get away from the din.

The planes were landing from a different direction that day, but James was impressed with cycling past the end of the runway nevertheless. Unfortunately we forgot to tell him that he would soon have to cross a rickety plank bridge... Oops, did I forget to mention that one on Bash day too? Still, no casualties and James thought it was great – nice to know your efforts are being appreciated and great to watch a kid having fun! Dave and James probably wondered what we were up to, as they had seen the open uphill to the beacon (you know, the one most of you scenic bashers started to climb before I called you back, made you cross that horrible plank and then climb the hill anyway by other means, ha, ha, ha...) Unfortunately, Andrea who knows my sense of humour did not see the hill and so crossed the plank and started the climb in blissful ignorance! Ah well, can’t win them all.

My thanks go to Andrea for providing the most memorable endo of the day. Everyone had managed to cycle safely down the steep hill with the loose rocks (you know, the one after the falsie check, down the fire road, then turn right ‘off road’ between the palms), which was a great test because I wasn’t sure whether it wasn’t a bit tough for the scenic ride.

Having enjoyed that bit, we were cycling down fire road again, when we all stopped and turned just in time to see Andrea and bike somersault together and land in a heap, bike on top. It was one of those ‘perfect moments’, where everything suddenly seems to happen in slow motion. You see, Andrea’s used to riding a bike with no shocks. And today, as a special treat, we decided to let her rent the Kona which has front shocks. Andrea was enjoying herself so much that she didn’t see the ditch at the road junction (what do you mean, did we tell her? Of course we didn’t!) and a combination of slamming on the front brake and front sus bottoming out in the ditch did the trick.

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## Diary of a Hare cont'd

It really was in slow motion, and as she reached the vertical point the bike hovered for a moment and we really thought for a moment that it would fall back to its point of origin. Damn, where's the camera when you need it?!

When we got to the loop around the mill, we got lost and couldn't find the route in. As we had to get back to work by lunchtime, we didn't have time to find it again that day, but hunting around for the trail gave Dave and James a good feel for "checking"... Off we set down the fireroad and Andrea managed to get some speed up and was really enjoying the descent, when an estate truck rumbled along and cut short her enjoyment. Not long afterwards we reached the base of Marlborough hill. Andrea and James thought, nay hoped that we were joking about having to climb the hill... Still we let them use a photo opportunity for an excuse to stop at the top. There weren't many planes that day, to break the silence, but we were accompanied constantly by the distant "boom, boom" of palm trees being massacred. Bye, bye, shady car park! The final ditch tested the family's teamwork, but James on seeing 'home' and his dad at the top of an inviting little incline went to race to the top and we only narrowly averted his rapid descent into the ditch beyond! Thus were born the 'stern warnings' of the briefing on Bash day itself!

My thanks go to Andrea's whole family for being realistic guinea pigs to time the route (well more realistic than me anyway, despite stopping numerous times to let James rest we completed the route in 2 hours. James promised not to play on his game boy so much when he went home, but to get some more exercise!)

### Setting the Bash

What can I say... I'm glad that no one has a camera and there are no embarrassing pictures of me cycling along with a rucksack on my back, one on my front and a bin bag wrapped around the handlebar. All full of shredded paper... And the galling thing is, that I only used about a third of what I took. Great for practicing balance on the bike though and it is possible to ride at a reasonable speed and throw down paper at the same time! It took me 7 hours, but 3 hours of that was spent on finding that loop past the mill again, you know, the "accidental loop check" – so you scenic guys can enjoy knowing that I got even more lost than I got you lost. Poetic justice, eh. Tip – don't rely on gps if your start and end points are too close together! Did I enjoy myself? You bet I did!

On the day Well, at the briefing Raymond tried to make out that there was a nasty streak underneath this innocent looking exterior. And that from the man who will become known for the long ride where people clocked up to 48km in baking heat and some without water, before finally resorting to getting a lift back on a vegetable truck...

Me nasty? So what about this scenic ride, how bad was it really? I thought I had laid a reasonable amount of paper, whilst bearing in mind that paper although biodegradable, takes quite a while to degrade. Heavy rain and ants put paid to that theory and I soon discovered that a lot of the paper had already disintegrated, particularly the turns which I'd tried to mark so clearly! Still, it made for a more interesting ride... At the first bridge I knew people would curse me and I was concerned at the total number of bridges on this scenic ride, but I soon discovered an interesting phenomenon. The scenic riders may hate them, but bridges on a scenic work really well in keeping the pack together! The reason? Teamwork on the scenic is fantastic and, especially at bridges, the stronger riders stay and help the rest across before heading for the front of the pack again. Thanks guys – you were great. As the sweeper, I stayed at the back of the ride. Due to the washing away of the paper, when I caught up with the pack you were half way up the hill to the beacon and I had to call you back down to show you where the remains of the paper was. Then it was over that rickety bridge we already mentioned and back up the hill, but via a longer route. Wasn't that nice of me, to extend the pleasure like that. I knew I'd have to coax a few people to the top where the beacon was and luckily only two decided to bail out on me. For the rest, yes it was a tough climb – WELL DONE you were all real sports! I did see one endo on the way up, but I wouldn't 'rat' on anyone game enough to soldier on to the top, so it shall remain a mystery! All I want to say is, you know who you are, thank you for keeping me company on the ride and for still being forgiving enough to share your sweets with me at the end! This human spirit is one of the things I shall remember most about my stay in Malaysia. That and the relief that no-one buried me in that big ditch at the end!

Everyone recognised the false check, which proved to be deviously enough laid out that you hadn't solved it when I caught up and the pack was back together once again. So far, so good. One thing to note for the future though, is that I forgot to take spare paper with me to 'close' the false check properly and apparently this caught out some late comers to the ride who started behind me and never caught us up as they lost the trail – sorry guys! And then there was the unintentional 'loop check' around the mill. I'm glad that everyone got to see that view of the mill, I really did think it was scenic, but I'd guess it probably wasn't appreciated quite as much the second time around! I can't believe you guys let me make you ride it again, the right way round! You really were a fun pack of 'hounds'.

To the person who rode 'off the trail' and through the long grass on the descent from Marlborough hill, sorry I lied, we did see two snakes there on one of the recesses... But its ok, they weren't in that section, they were on the other side of the road at the bottom of the descent ☺ To Lim, I hope you asked for permission before watering the palms, even if you did claim they were in danger of drying out 'cos they hadn't had enough rain recently. Maybe that's why your son Willy didn't manage to ride up Marlborough hill, despite all the abuse you were shouting at him (what a nice change to see some real kids instead of some of the pampered brats I see back home!)

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Cont'd >>

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## Diary of a Hare cont'd

To the people I found waiting for me near the end, because you thought you recognised the path and didn't trust me for it not to be another 'loop check' – I'm devastated you could think such a thing of poor little innocent me...

I think that setting the scenic route is not always seen as 'sexy' by potential hares, but it's a real challenge because there's a much bigger difference in the strength and ability of those that join the scenic. More by luck than judgement, I think we managed to choose a good trail as there were only 15 minutes between the first and last riders, as good a result as any hare could wish for. Scenic hounds – thanks again, I really had a lot of fun both in setting this challenge and in riding with you all.

## Finally...

I started this 'diary' by saying that I wanted to try to persuade you that being a hare can be a lot of fun! From the 'diary' it should be clear that it takes quite some hours riding, and in this I would not like to lead anyone astray as a good Bash takes good receiving. But, if you plan ahead you can do it (as we did) in full days, or in half days, on consecutive weekends or spread over a whole year, its up to you. Most of you ride regularly or would like to ride more regularly, so why not make a ride a recce? Its good to partner as a hare with friends or regular riding partners, as the aim is to have fun and similar riding skills and sense of humour (ha, ha, ha...) helps. Having said that, its also a great way to get to know new people better and to make new friends. Melody will quite happily pair you up with an experienced hare. It's a great way to get away from your 'usual hunting grounds' if (like me when I first started riding) you tend to stick to the same one or two trails. You can take it easy on a recce, if you prefer, but it's a great way to build strength and stamina because you tend to ride slightly longer than usual. If your concern is that riding the same plantation will get boring (I thought it would), my experience was that it didn't get boring. I saw new sights and trails each time, it took quite some time to get a feel for the layout of the area and even then it stayed interesting because then I stopped being worried about getting lost and was able to spot new trails and opportunities. So give it a go! You'll be glad you did

### Ingrid Burke

(Ingrid recently returned to Merry Old England. Our best wishes go out to her)

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## 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
September	84	23 September 2001	Nick Smith and Joe "Casper" Adnan
October	85	28 October 2001	Rainman, Hulk, Chew (a.k.a. The Terrible Three) and Paul "Beer Me!" Sweeney
November	86	18 November 2001	Jake Slodki and Conrad Fawcett
December	87	9 December 2001	Matt Schnelllar
January	88	27 January 2002	Low Min Chee and Eric Teo
February	89	24 February 2002	Scott Roberts and A.N. Other
March	90	31 March 2002	Hares needed!
April	91	28 April 2002	Hares needed!
May	92	26 May 2002	Hares needed!

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## Swap Meet

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](mailto:hoon.c.toh@jfleming.com).

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## BIKEPRO CENTRE HAS MOVED!

That's right folks! The affable proprietor (and loyal KLMBH member) of Bike Pro Centre has made the decision to move to larger premises, thus allowing more of us to drool, buy bike parts and shoot the breeze in his shop on Saturday afternoons. The new premises are only a couple of doors down from the old premises (Sorry Boon, I forgot the address!) and can't be missed due to the spanking new sign outside. For more information and all your biking needs, call **705 1989** and ask for the man himself, Tan Boon Foo.

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## 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 and further updated by my own count as at 5 August 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.

<b>Azizul Adnan</b>	<b>13</b>	Simon Kenney	2	S.Y. Chong	1	Pinhead	1
<b>Richard Aubry</b>	<b>12</b>	Dick Shelly	2	Clara Chin	1	Simon Ng	1
<b>Eric Teo</b>	<b>8</b>	Grant Lee	2	Colin Jackson	1	Steve Ellison	1
<b>Ngah Fuji Bakri</b>	<b>7</b>	Jake Slodki	2	Dave Baker	1	Kenny Stewart	1
<b>Gordon Fraser</b>	<b>6</b>	John Hagedorn	2	David Foo	1	Karen Brunson	1
<b>Pat Brunson</b>	<b>6</b>	John Mugford	2	Emma Booth	1	Janie Ravenhurst	1
<b>Peter Bloomer</b>	<b>5</b>	John Spencer	2	Geoff Stecyk	1	Paul Moir	1
<b>Barry Hills</b>	<b>5</b>	Kelvin Wong	2	Graham	1	Jamie Knowles	1
<b>Mike Elliot</b>	<b>5</b>	Noel Brennan	2	Ian Miller	1	Robbie Knowles	1
<b>Hulk</b>	<b>5</b>	Nigel Blott	2	James Aubry	1	Conrad Fawcett	1
Denis French	4	Shariman Alwani	2	Jeff Dean	1	Melody Tan	1
Alison Keeler	4	Speedy the Dog	2	Johnathan Startin	1	Charl Bester	1
Shaharudin Damis	4	Tan Boon Foo	2	Marie Benedix	1	Chew	1
Paul Sweeney	4	Larry Chan	2	Mark Clark	1	Ingrid Burke	1
Bill Steven	3	Raymond Keys	2	Mike Smit	1	Scott Roberts	1
Mark Chaterton	3	Andy Blake	1	Mike Wright	1	James Lim	1
Peter Heston	3	Andy Knellar	1	Paul Booth	1	Gostarnjoe	1
Animal Elford	3	Angus Knowles	1	Peter Pickernell	1	Your name here!	
Alistair Swanson	2	Annett Frohlich	1	Phaedra	1	Someone else's name here!	

[www.bikehash.freesevers.com](http://www.bikehash.freesevers.com)