



Basherama!

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The monthly newsletter of the Kuala Lumpur Mountain Bike Hash

Commtree

Basher-in-Chief
Eric Teo
776 6137 (h)
7571288 (o)
757 6717 (f)

Vice-Basher
Noel Brennan
754 7664 (h&f)
734 0612 (o)

Bash-Cash
Barry Hills
424 4230 (h&f)
249 6318 (o)
barry@popjaring.com

Bash-Sec/News-Bash
Azizul (Joe) Adnan
253 2511 (h)
253 0379 (o)
253 5522 (f)
012 268 2613 (m)

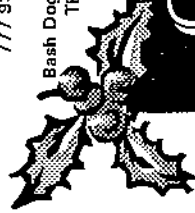
Bash-Piss
John Spencer
836 1494 (h)

Hare Raiser
Richard Aubry
255 0611 (h)
635 7191 (o)
635 7193 (f)

rpiaub@pc.jaring.my

Bash Dogsboddy#1
Peter Bloomer
253 5043 (h)
777 9377 (o)
777 9322 (f)

Bash Dogsboddy#2
TBA



Christmas Bash

Sungai Choh/Sungai Buaya—9.30am, 21 December 1997

Get presents and put on fancy dress. Put bike in car. Drive car up the North-South Highway and exit at the Rawang toll. Set tripmeter to zero at the toll booth and head for Rawang town. Continue North past Rawang; turn left at 7.8km towards Bukit Beruntong. At 10.9km turn left again towards Sungai Choh and follow hash signs.

Hares: Eric Teo Barry "Inspector Gadget" Hills

Christmas Bash



Our next Bash will be the season-ending Christmas Bash, where all bashers must be in fancy (but not necessarily Christmas-

related) dress and must bring a joke present worth between RM5-10 to contribute to Santa's sack. As usual, Santa Claus will be making a guest appearance.

Bukit Rajah—30 November 1997

Hares: Paul & Emma Booth

The bash began with an ominous start when some idiot forgot to bring the barbecue. We were quickly off on a long flat section of fairly wide double track. The first obstacle—a bog of thick, gooey, dark-gray mud which gave off whiffs of sulphur when the wind was right—was a portent of things to come.

We chugged ahead until we came to check in the middle of the oil palm estate. Very soon all options were exhausted but still no paper. That it had rained the previous day was of course no help at all, especially since the paper squares were rather small and quickly took on the colour of the surrounding laterite when damp. Shouts of "On-on!" by Nigel quickly got us going again along a branch of a previously-checked trail.

We came to another fork in the trail. Thinking myself to be smart, I foolishly ignored the obvious fork and turned down a slick, rutted path only to unceremoniously fall mid-way through. Damaged pride can be swallowed but a damaged arse lingers on. We found the right trail again, cunningly laid through the flat and obvious route which clearly double-bluffed everyone.

The next 5 kilometres or so was a lactic haze with Nigel charging forward on his newly-replaced-by-warranty Trek OCLV carbon-fibre frame. I vaguely remember that there were flatish sections in some quite wet bits—almost swampy, even. Coming around a bend in one of those fast sections I suddenly came upon a palm frond sticking across the trail. Quick evasive action! But too late, the rear tire nicked the base of the frond. Fears of a puncture were quickly realised when we had to stop because the trail was obstructed by a rather large branch which, by the way, must have taken Paul some time to cut down. Boon Foo and Doc Adrian rather kindly waited while I got down to the job of fixing the puncture, the cause of which was a 1-inch thorn from the frond.

I was quite determined to catch the leading bunch but to my dismay I found that the checks hadn't been closed by the leading bunch and thus we had to figure out the correct route on our own. Fortunately there were three of us. We briefly saw the hare who rather helpfully—or so we thought—pointed us in the right direction, only to realise that he had sent us off in a loop, a large one at

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Race News

Kellie's Castle Challenge

The Kellie's Castle Challenge went remarkably well with Richard "Vibrator" Aubry oscillating away to a top-5 finish in the Vets class. Boon Foo managed a creditable 10th. Douglas kept the Bash banner flying in the Seniors by finishing 8th while Joe faded to a dismal 13th. James Aubry finished 10th in the below-12 category, despite being knocked over, twice, by another rider.

that, the middle of which contained an evil false trail in the middle of a downhill. We would have been more abusive to the hare if we had the energy.

Plodded on we did, until we came upon a shed on one edge of the oil palm estate. Here the trail turned from one which was predominantly made up of earth to one comprised primarily of cow dung. It must have been the autobahn of the bovine kingdom, for it appeared that every cow, bull and buffalo of Selangor's West coast had come to put in its contribution of patties and thereafter treaded it all in into a mush more disgusting I have not seen since the drought of '83 in boarding school when there was no water to flush the latrines.

Here the trail turned from one which was predominantly made up of earth to one comprised primarily of cow dung

Worst of all we had to dismount and walk in the stuff when the trail headed directly through a herd of cows, some of which looked suspiciously black and horned like water buffaloes, which are known for their testy disposition. I cautiously threaded my way between the cows/buffaloes, half expecting to be impaled in a still-sore buttock.

Once safely through, we remounted and crested the next hill only to find James Aubry looking quite forlorn with a puncture, but fortunately with his mate by his side. Apparently they had come across some Long Bashers (doubtless Aubry Snr. amongst them) and hailed for help but only received a wave in reply before these Long Bashers scooted off into the distance. I myself entertained the very same thought for about 1.05×10^{-2} of a second but quickly banished it in favour of helping to change the tube when I pictured what Mrs. Aubry would do when she found out.

Some time after we caught up with Calvin and Marie who had also lost touch with the leading group. We quickly caught up with another group and seemed to be making quite good progress. At least until we came down screaming down a fast, swoopy but bumpy track only to find that we had been looped again. Fortunately, the hare had been quite consistent and logical, and a short backtrack uphill found paper again.

Downhill this time, splash! through a puddle and whooomvph! through another, staying on the bike only through a combination of fatalism and good fortune. We went past a rubber estate to our right, and I remember thinking at that time that it was a pity that the trail did not go through some of that rubber, which can always be relied upon for some tight singletrack stuff. In retrospect, however, I am thankful that it didn't as the tank was close to empty when I reached back to the car.

By this time Calvin and I found ourselves alone having, rather ungratefully on my part, dropped Boon Foo with the rest. Calvin was quite sure of where he was going, even where there was no long paper. Relying on his superior intellect, I gamely followed but failed to detect his hesitation around a corner and promptly plunged head-first into a muddy pit. Fortunately Calvin is quite a nice fellow and isn't into the schadenfreud stuff. Only allowed himself the faintest whisper of a smile.

My good judgment in relying on his good judgment paid off when we managed to head off the boys in the leading pack who had rather foolishly followed the long paper the long way around. No time for civilities and we bombed off along the home trail at 50kmh⁻¹, led again by Nigel and his improbably long legs. Can't help thinking that he would have had a good chance of winning the Vets category at the Kellie's Castle race.

Well done to Paul and Emma Booth for setting the longest (32km, 2½ hours) and muddiest bash of the year so far. For me this, together with Jonathan "It's-quite-tough" Startin and Stephen "Understatement-of-the-year" Ellison efforts in Cherakah, rank as the highlights of the year which seasoned hares would be hard pressed to do better.

Joe Adnan



Bash AGM News

The Bash AGM was held at Mr Wong's in Sri Wangsarfa. Committee members for 1997-1998 are as appears on the first page of the Bashrama! Among the matters discussed at the bash were:

Accounts

The accounts were unanimously approved after the third jug.

Closing of checks

It was resolved that hares close off checks after the leading bunch "cracks" or solves the checks. This would give bashers who are bringing up the rear an opportunity to catch up on the leading group. It would, however, mean that the hare would not ordinarily also "sweep" (unless there are two hares for each of the Long and Scenic Bashes), which in turn makes signing out at the beginning more crucial.

False trails

False trails should be clearly marked as such—with either an X or with the paper trail leading up a tree.

Length of Scenic Bash

The meeting resolved that it be an immutable rule of the Scenic Bash to not exceed 10km in length. The dwindling numbers of Scenic bashers has prompted some efforts to be made to broaden the accessibility of the bash, and it is feared that the increasingly hardcore attitude (yes you, Mr Startin) of the Long bashers might put off first-timers, if not break their bikes.

T-shirts

Only members who send in their T-shirt order forms and pay for the 1998 subscriptions before the Christmas Bash will be guaranteed to receive an excitingly snazzy red polo T-shirt. Thereafter the T-shirts will be handed out on a first-come first-served basis. A limited run of 50 shirts will be made.

Après-Bash

It was noted that post-bash merrymaking, especially when Joe forgets to bring the barbecue, is in severe decline. It was therefore resolved that it will be Noel's duty to correct this gross neglect of flashing tradition and to bring new meaning to the position of "Vice Bash". Noel will also bring the barbecue, much to everyone's relief.

Drinks Price to Go Up

Due in no small part to the avaricious and iniquitous increase in drinks tax of the 1998 Budget, the Bash will be forced to raise the price of 100P plus to RM1.50 and the price of beer to RM6.00. This is also to pay for the chicken and sozzies for the barbecue, which still have to be bought, we are reminded, even when Joe forgets to bring the barbie. As usual, however, Bash-Piss will be paying whomever wants to drink the Sri Lanakan Stout.

The meeting was adjourned when the money ran out.

The Scenic One

The day started out well, with a leisurely drive to Bukit Raja. Excellent directions led straight to the run site. It's nice to know that there is at least one person who has a trip meter that reads the same as mine. The track into the plantation was damp and the area where we parked was even damper, with signs of a lot of surface water. Could this be a sign of things to come? Returning lady hare covered from A to T (literally) confirmed that this was going to be a muggy one, to say the least.

The chicken was nicely marinated but someone forgot the b-b-q. One day we will get it together.

By the appointed hour there must have been something like 60 bashers, new ones, used ones and even Mrs. A! Hare informs that the run is "in the region of 5 miles and subject to a bit of mud". Understatements, "in the region of" was to mean something considerably different to what I had in mind, likewise for a "bit of mud".

Square paper for long run, strips for scenic run, couldn't be simpler.

Off go the big boys and girls to be followed at close quarters by the Scenic mob. We set off at a leisurely pace along a nice flat, relatively dry road. Turn right at the T-junction, a few hundred meters and then... a quagmire. Too many people to try to ride so, off the bike, push and walk. Fortunately the shoes stayed on, not so for Cordelia on the way back! Mud covered cleats and SPDs don't like each other too much, but such is life.

We proceed along nice flat trails, enjoying the fresh air and scenery, for another 3 or 4 kilometres being constantly reassured by the hare that we are on the correct trail although we haven't seen any strips yet and that the

T-shirts & Subscriptions

It seems a horse is never dead enough for Joe to stop flogging it. Just in case you have not heard that the Bash will be producing polo (but unfortunately not Polo™) T-shirts embroidered with the Bash logo for 1998, here is the exciting news: for 1998, the Bash will be producing polo T-shirts embroidered with the Bash logo! Yes, well, just fill out the form overleaf and bring it, together with your money, to the next bash.

If we receive your forms after the 21st, we cannot guarantee that there will be a T-shirt in your size. Early birds will also get car stickers and caps.

short trail should be starting soon. One small section of downhill and Gadget lets out his war-cry behind Mrs. A, who promptly falls off her bike for some unknown reason.

We come to the first hill, a nice gentle climb, a short section of single track, and On-On.

Paralytic is beginning to whinge that he is getting tired. Not much further says I. "Anyone want a shortcut back"? The vast consensus is no, so on we go.

Things seem to be a bit more familiar and then lo and behold, it's not yet Xmas, but we are at the cow shed. "Wot no JC"? No, but lots and lots of black mud. Thank goodness for my Crudcatcher. Limbo under the barricade and on up the next hill.

Paralytic is totally P%\$# off. For some reason he decides to try a paperless trail and is last seen heading for the Agricultural Park.

hill.

The hills seem to be coming in profusion now, Paralytic is totally P%\$# off. For some reason he decides to try a paperless trail and is last seen heading for the Agricultural Park.

We finally arrive back after 20km. Lots of bashers are already there, dehydrating (should that not be re-hydrating?—Joe) and waiting for "he who is not happy". Fortunately Eric had also got lost, found Paralytic and the day was saved.

An enjoyable Bash was had by one and all (including Captain P).

Barry "Inspector Gadget" Hills

BASH T-SHIRT ORDER FORM

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

Remember to bring this form to the Christmas bash, or fax it to the attention of **Azizul Adnan** at (03) 253 5522 before 21 December 1997.