

BASHERAMA



THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE KUALA LUMPUR MOUNTAIN
BIKE HASH

WWW.BIKEHASH.FREESERVERS.COM

EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear Readers,

More biking stories brought to you by KLMBH with short scribe report by Tini Yusoff a newbie and the full monty on the KOTRT's Kuala Mu Epic Adventure by Rainman.

This Sunday's bash is in collaboration with the Kajang Riders. There will be a jersey top and a buffet lunch thrown in at a special rate of RM20 for KLMBH members subsidised by our club. Guests ride, eat and take home a jersey for RM25. You can look forward to sweet singletracks in a jungle setting and loads of good food—the Kajang specialty. See you this Sunday.

We would like to congratulate Mike and Vim who recently tied the knot. They will be moving up to live in Penang. You both shall be missed at the bash so make sure you come back. It's only once a month.

On-on,

Melody

Hare-Raiser or NewsBash?

On on to Villa Raya Developments, KAJANG

Venue: Villa Raya Developments, Kajang

Hares: James Lim and Gostarnjoe

Directions: VIA CHERAS OR SEREMBAN HIGHWAY

Drive time: 45 minutes to 1 hour

Proceed to Kajang by your favourite method. Re-set trip meter at the traffic lights at the cross junction adjacent to the Kajang Police station, also notable for its proximity to the Kajang Stadium. Proceed East towards Semenyih via Route 1. If you are on the right track you will pass Kajang Hospital on your left after 500m. At 5.0km or the 6th traffic light from the Police station junction, turn right to Villa Raya Developments just before a Projet Station.

Long ride: 25+ km

Short ride: 15+ km

Please note that this is a joint effort with the Kajang riders. There will be a jersey top and a buffet lunch thrown in at a special rate of RM20 for KLMBH members subsidised by our club. Guests ride, eat and take home a jersey for RM25.

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Exploring everyone else' infatuation with MTB

Written by
Tini

We were the
best friends
of that day.
Riding and
taking care of
each other.

I only
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great, it soars.

The Ulu Yam bash was my second attempt in exploring what is it that everybody is so infatuated with, what everybody around me has been talking about, what I've been introduced and geared towards.

It was midmorning, hot and sunny, where everybody joined in at the registration. Eager faces dawning them, having the excitement boiling up inside. To me its quite an interesting sport, having being able to test my ability in pedalling up and down the steep hill, having to experience the fun of gliding through the rocky trails using only a bike and my inept ability in controlling it.

There are a few people, familiar faces here whom I've met during my first bash. The first bash was quite an uneventful for me. It was bad, to the point that I was thinking of taking it slow or maybe quitting. It was tough being on the bike for the first time especially if its not fitted to your size.

This time the bike was tuned up to my size and preferences. And it boost up the confidence level, diminishing the fear of not being able to finish the ride.

I am in the short ride group together with Mel. (*Melissa*) We were the best of friends that day. Riding and taking care of each other. The trail was slippery at certain spots, yet dry throughout the remaining. There arent too many huge or tough obstacles or hills. Maybe a bless, maybe not. There's only one mother climb. This one a toughie! I rode it up and was almost to the end when my body gave up and my brain took over the control. I stopped and carried the bike.

It was made easy for us, short riders to finish the ride because Paul (*Hare*) helped us a few times. Showing us the trail to follow. Must be because we are such a baby that he became impatient, or maybe because he is just a nice man, trying not to give us too much hell that day. The latter most suited to him though.

The last kilometer or so was tar mack and everybody was chasing one another trying to be the first few reaching the starting point. It continued till we came up to the main road. No papers lying around. Few of us thinking outloud which road to take. Right or left? At this point of time, I was thinking to myself, where the hell is Paul ?

We took the right turn and again we raced one another, trying to accomplish the ride. Me and Mel were among the first few to set our bikes down. What a relief to have made it. For myself, I only collected one bruise, no soreness or exhaustion, no dizziness but a feeling so great, it soars.

Exploring everyone else' infatuation with MTB

Back at the starting place, I've changed role. This time I'm the water girl. Quenching the thirst of those sizzling hot bikers with a free coke, a \$1.50 100 plus and a \$5.50 beer. The money keep on pouring in, though I suspect some of them took it without paying. I gave 3 free 100 plus to a kid. No word came out of me when I want to ask for money. I'll take it as a good deed KLMBH needs to do once awhile.

Overall the trail was rideable and quite manageable yet challenging especially to us newbies, ones who are trying to learn the sport and at the same time trying to enjoy it. It wasnt too easy to begin with and wasnt too hard to simply end it. And most importantly, I noted how the bikers took care, supported and helped one another. We started as a group, we finished as one too.

Tini

Briefing during April Bash



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Kuala Mu or Bust!

**Written by
Rainman aka
Fuji**

"Not Kuala Moo, Kuala Mu" answered Sany. "The Knights are doing a recce up there. 42km climb, one night of camping and 42km back downhill. Wanna go?"

Yong Yap is incidentally one of the 7 peaks in Peninsular Malaysia over 7,000 feet tall. Kuala Mu is the staging point for the 2-3 day hike to Yong Yap.

"Kuala Moo? Where's that?" I asked.

"Not Kuala Moo, Kuala Mu" answered Sany. "The Knights are doing a recce up there. 42km climb, one night of camping and 42km back downhill. Wanna go?"

"42km downhill? Sure!"

The rest, as they say, is history. And what an epic it was.

I'm not too sure how Kuala Mu got its name except that it is at the confluence of two rivers, Sungai Piah and some other river. It is an Orang Asli village described as having "19 huts on stilts, a school, a dewan (hall) and an Orang Asli Affairs Department office". Definitely not the Mandarin Oriental. The topo maps of the area are restricted issue and so I had to depend on whatever info I could glean from my government road maps and the internet. There wasn't much more info floating around.

"Malaria!" shouted Boon Foo at me down the phone. "I heard you're going to Kuala Mu. There's Malaria in them thar hills!" Turns out Boon Foo had been there on his way to Gunung Yong Yap in his mountaineering days. Yong Yap is incidentally one of the 7 peaks in Peninsular Malaysia over 7,000 feet tall. Kuala Mu is the staging point for the 2-3 day hike to Yong Yap.

The doctor I saw didn't seem to be too fazed about the Malaria risk. Didn't even want to give me a prescription until I insisted. However, the prescription proved impossible to fill at such short notice, especially since one had to start taking the pills one week before potential exposure. A quick call to Pat Brunson located a better-stocked doctor. Klinik Bandaraya in Bangsar Baru, by the way.

And so it was that Sany, Pat, William, Chew and I were to meet up with the Knights in Sungai Siput Utara on Saturday morning. William drove up separately. Pat went up with Karen on Friday and would meet us in Ipoh Saturday morning to carpool. Chew, Sany and I would drive up to Ipoh in two cars Friday night after work and bring Pat back to KL with us after the ride.

Friday afternoon came and Chew dropped the bomb. He was down with the flu and couldn't make it! Major bummer since he had been looking forward to the 42km downhill more than I had.

Time for Plan B. This involved throwing an extra bike carrier on my Impreza after a frantic search at home for the D-bolts to fit it to my aero cross-bars. Suffice to say I spent a fruitless half-hour looking for the bolts and got stuck in a massive traffic jam on the way over to Bikepro. Luckily Boon Foo had extra D-bolts and Lim was kind and patient enough to help fit the extra carrier to the car waay past 8pm.

Kuala Mu or Bust!

"Stay cool, man," said Mazlim, "You're going on a holiday!" That's how frazzled I was.

I rushed home, packed up the car and headed to Sany's to pick him and his gear up. Dinner at Burger King, some last minute convenience shopping and a stop to gas up the car at Projet and we hit the Duta toll at about 10.30pm.

Midnight and we were in downtown Ipoh, looking for the Seri Malaysia Hotel. A quick u-turn and we followed the signs through darkened streets to our lodging for the night. Clean and comfortable place, I must say, but I only snatched a couple of hour's sleep due to the special performance by Maestro Sany's Symphony Orchestra.

Pat was there at 6 am on the dot and we pushed off towards Sungai Siput Utara at 6.15 am. When we got there we learned that the Knights' convoy had been delayed and so we sat down for a leisurely breakfast. We RV'd at the Caltex station with the Knights, gassed up the cars and headed off for Lasah town, where the ride would begin.

Ah Hee was waiting for us there. The plan was for us to ride up while our luggage and supplies for the overnight stay went up in Ah Hee's Hi-Lux. Ah Hee had been providing this shuttle service for many years and his name and number can even be found on the internet. Azmi and ST would provide support from Azmi's Ranger while Halim would ride with Ah Hee and set up the campsite.

Before we left we were shown some dirty pictures by ST. Seems that they had been there three years ago and had to put up with axle deep mud most of the way. Only three riders made it on two wheels to Kuala Mu. Ulp! Too late to turn back now!

Briefing time. The ride was divided into four sections. First, 6km of tarmac. Then 20km of rolling dirt road. Next up, 12km of serious climbing followed by the final 4km downhill to Kuala Mu. Net elevation gain of 500 meters. Not exactly straight up and down though, aye?

And so the 18 of us charged off down the tarmac towards the trailhead at 9 am under an overcast sky. An easy 6.5 km spin later we hit the dirt and the first of many climbs. It was about then that I realized that my front brake was a bit soft with the pads engaging when the lever was close to the bars. It was all uphill anyways so I wasn't too worried.

I soon caught up with my riding companions for the most of the rest of the day. We all agreed to ride hand in hand to Kuala Mu. Sany on his Truth, William on his Heckler, Rin on his id and Sup and Malik on their Bullits. My Superlight was the lightest of the lot! The dirt road undulated up and down but we were gaining altitude slowly but surely. We passed by clusters of

12km of serious climbing followed by the final 4km downhill to Kuala Mu.

We all agreed to ride hand in hand to Kuala Mu. Sany on his Truth, William on his Heckler, Rin on his id and Sup and Malik on their Bullits. My Superlight was the lightest of the lot!

Kuala Mu or Bust!

I keeled
over
sideways,
still clipped
in to my
Eggbeaters.
Sup and
Malik came
across me
lying on the
ground on
my left side
and
laughing.

I was
looking at
the
proverbial
wall.

Orang Asli kampungs. The kids turned out in full force to watch the city slickers ride past on their fancy two-wheeled machines. They probably thought we were a bit crazy. A couple of guys in pick up trucks asked us where we were headed. They rolled their eyes when we told them.

A while later and the group got a little strung out on a climb. I squeezed the front brake repeatedly to see if the hydraulics would pump up. Perhaps one time too many as the bike came to a sudden halt and I keeled over sideways, still clipped in to my Eggbeaters. Sup and Malik came across me lying on the ground on my left side and laughing.

Then we heard a sound that stopped the laughter. I'd heard it before in Taman Negara. It was a San Tai Wong, a 10wd timber truck, and it was closing fast. And here I was still sprawled all over the road, now frantically trying to clip out with little success (Eggbeater owners know the feeling). Sup solved the problem by undoing the velcro on my right shoe. With my foot free I propped myself up, clipped out of my left pedal and hopped along with the bike to the side of the trail.

The San Tai Wong came around the corner, heading uphill fast. And strapped to its cargo bed was a Caterpillar D7 Bulldozer! We waved at the driver and his passenger and they waved back. Phew! Close call!

At 28.5km's we hit the junction that marked the beginning of the climb, just after Kampung Keeb. Sup, who had recce'd the ride the week earlier with Azmi and ST in the Ranger called a lunch break here. We could hear what sounded like a waterfall just a little bit further ahead but Sup insisted that we stop right where we were. Ok, he was the expert, after all. Peanut Butter sandwiches, dates, bananas, chocolates, 100 Plus and lots of water went down the hatch as we bs'd with each other and contemplated what lay ahead. We were more than halfway done, after all.

"Let's go!" said Sup and off we went towards the sound of rushing water. It turned out to be a big deep river which was traversed via a log bridge covered in packed dirt. We followed the trail as it curved to the right and then I realized that I was looking at the proverbial wall. The road went straight up, reaching for the grey clouds hanging low in the sky, it seemed. Ah! No wonder Sup stopped us around the corner!

Granny gear time! The surface was hard packed but there were ruts here and there and some marbles on the surface as well. I spun out after rounding a corner just as Ah Hee came bouncing down the road in the opposite direction, his duty done for the day.

Kuala Mu or Bust!

The sun began poking out from the clouds and I began to suffer. William and Sup were already pushing. I ground on for another couple of hundred meters before I too got off the bike and started pushing. William, who had gotten as much sleep as I did the night before, began dropping back and started cramping up. I came across the rest of the gang waiting at the top of one particularly steep pitch and collapsed in the shade.

Rin walked downhill to help William up. And we were only 3km into the climb! The break in the shade helped everyone recover a bit.

The support truck was nowhere in sight so we had no choice but to push on. Literally, in some cases. The climb finally gave way to a short flying downhill. Which led to the foot of another climb! I lost track of the number of these deceptive downhills after 6. Each climb took us higher and higher. The downhills gave us a brief respite from the pain of climbing but were dangerous as they were fast and filled with ruts and loose gravel and we were also tired and losing our concentration. I resorted to counting one number for every breath I took as I cranked uphill just to keep my mind off the pain in my legs and butt.

Sany began to cramp up quite badly at the top of one climb. Rin sensed the desperation of the situation and charged on up the trail to look for the support truck. I snarfed down my last Squeezy gel and that seemed to help things for about, oh, 15 minutes. We slogged on, grumbling all the way.

I remembered what Eric Teo had told me after the "Warm-up" ride at the KOTRT Jamboree last October. "Kita sudah kena con, bugger!" I began to feel the same way except that I'd signed up for this voluntarily. Eric's next words to me were "Aiyo! Like this koyaklah bugger!" I was feeling that way for sure now.

Several more steep pitches and it was 3.30 pm. We told Malik to press on as he was in much better shape than the four of us put together. My cyclo-computer was reading 39 km and we should have been heading downhill already! It began to drizzle very lightly as we collapsed beside the trail halfway up a climb. While I was eating my last banana and contemplating whether I really wanted to crack open a Powerbar, we heard the familiar drone of a turbodiesel engine. The White Ranger rounded the bend and came downhill towards us.

It was about bloody time!

**To be continued in the next Basherama,
make sure you save this copy for reference**

I lost track of the number of these deceptive downhills after 6. Each climb took us higher and higher.

"Kita sudah kena con, bugger!"

.....
....."Aiyo!
Like this koyaklah bugger!"

Bike Tips

No. 11: Handle Bar Controls

When installing bar-ends, shifters and particularly brake levers, tighten the mounting bolts just enough so that if you crash, the bar-ends, shifters or levers will move or rotate on the handlebars, rather than breaking or bending. You'll have to spend a few minutes at trailside to re-adjust the controls, far better than having to spend money at the bike shop for replacement parts.

We're on the Web!

www.bikehash.freeservers.com

Wanna be a Hare?

Time to step up and take the challenge trail-riders.

- **Be a HARE—Get out and find some trails**
- **Prove to us (especially Tony and Colin) that you can set a better trail than the ones you've ridden so far :P**

REWARDS for 1st time HARES ...

- ⇒ **You will learn the art of become a world class hare. An experienced co-hare will be your mentor - help, guide & advise**
- ⇒ **You will receive a free T-shirt**
- ⇒ **You will receive RM10 discount on your next year's membership**
- ⇒ **You will be able to do more Mountain Biking with a real purpose – the pleasure of seeing your fellow colleagues enjoy (being tortured by) the fruits of your labour!!!**

If you would like to Help set a Bash (become a Hare), please contact Melody the Tank Girl for more info.

Hare Tonic

Joe Adnan	17	Simon Kenney	3	Angus Knowles	1	Jonathan Startin	1
Richard Aubry	12	Bill Steven	3	Annett Frohlich	1	Jor Han	1
Ngah Fuji Bakri	11	Mohamad Sany	3	Ashley Bates	1	Karen Brunson	1
Eric Teo	11	Kelvin Wong	3	Charl Bester	1	Kenny Stewart	1
Pat Brunson	8	John Mugford	3	Chris Williams	1	Liz Roberts	1
Paul Sweeney	6	Paul Moir	3	Clara Chin	1	Low Min Chee	1
Gordon Fraser	6	Alistair Swanson	2	Colin Hercus	1	Marie Benedix	1
Shaharin Hashim	6	Conrad Fawcett	2	Colin Jackson	1	Mark Clark	1
Matt Schneller	6	David Todd	2	Dave Baker	1	Mike Smit	1
Raymond Keys	5	Dick Shelly	2	David Foo	1	Mike Wright	1
Barry Hills	5	Grant Lee	2	Emma Booth	1	Paul Booth	1
Peter Bloomer	5	John Hagedorn	2	Geoff Stecyk	1	Peter Pickernell	1
Mike Elliot	5	John Spencer	2	Gostarnjoe	1	Phaedra	1
Jake Slodki	4	Nick Smith	2	Graham	1	Pinhead	1
Alison Keeler	4	Nigel Blott	2	Ian Miller	1	Robbie Knowles	1
Denis French	4	Noel Brennan	2	Ingrid Burke	1	Ralf Macchhaus	1
Shaharudin Darnis	4	Shariman Alwani	2	James Aubry	1	Shaiful Othman	1
Toh Hoon Chew	4	Speedy the Dog	2	James Lim	1	Simon Ng	1
Melody Tan	4	Tan Boon Foo	2	Jamie Knowles	1	Steve Ellison	1
Andrew Elford	3	Thomas Fong	2	Janie Ravenhurst	1	S.Y. Chong	1
Peter Heston	3	Larry Chan	2	Jason Wong	1	Tony Harvey	1
Scott Roberts	3	Amy Tan	1	Jeff Dean	1		
Mark Chatterton	3	Andy Blake	1	Jo Williams	1		
Richard Cropp	3	Andy Knellar	1	Jonathan Chong			

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 webbe. 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.

speedythedog@yahoo.com

Hareline

In order to facilitate the efficient planning of your 2003 cycling

calendar, the following Bash dates have been fixed for the 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.

Anyone interested in setting a Bash can **contact 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
December	100	15 December 2002	Joe Adnan & Pat Brunson
January	101	26 January 2003	Pigpen and Tank Girl
February	102	23 February 2003	Colin Hercus and Tony Harvey
March	103	30 March 2003	John Mugford and Ralf Macchhaus
April	104	27 April 2003	Jake Slodki and Paul Moir
May	105	25 May 2003	Joey Lim & Kajang Mtb Group
June	106	29 June 2003	Hares Needed !
July	107	27 July 2003	Hares Needed !
August	108	24 August 2003	Hares Needed !
September	109	28 September 2003	Paul Moir and Tony Stapleton
October	110	26 October 2003	Hares Needed !
November	111	30 November 2003	Hares Needed !
December	112	21 December 2003	Hares Needed !

We're on the Web!
www.bikehash.freesevers.com

Schedule of Events

Date	Event	Contact
25 May	May KLMBH Bike Hash	KLMBH
1-8 June	Ride For Life on road	PCC
6 June	MTB Fest in Sarawak	PCC
14-15 June	Piala MB Team Time Trial & Road Race	Amrun Misnoh
14 June	PCC Annual Dinner	PCC
22 June	King of Kiara 2	Geoff Kronenburg
29 June	June KLMBH Bike Hash	KLMBH
27-29 June	Subaru International Mountain Bike Race	mtb@cycling.org.sg

M2BH	http://malaccabikehash.tripod.com
PCC	http://pcc-cycling.freesevers.com
KOTRT	http://pwp.maxis.net.my/kotrt

Used bike stuff for sale

Rudy Project Tayo c/w 2 lenses, \$150

Look 396 Clipless pedals c/w 2 pair cleats, \$150

Rear LED light, \$5.00

Shimano XTR Brake pads, \$10.00

Giant QR, \$5

Profile Design Styker 2000 aerobar, \$200.00

San Marco Era saddle \$50.00

Selle Italia SLR Trans Am saddle, RM150.00

Woodsman Carbon Brake Booster, \$50.00

Headband, \$5.00

Quick release, rear wheel, \$5.00

Contact: ICECUBE at +6012-208-4857 or adadli@pc.jaring.my

Bash Tribe at your service ...

Basher-in-Chief—Mohamed Sany - 012 201 8855 mohdsany.zainudin@sscm.amanah.com.my

Hare-Raiser— Melody "Tank Girl" Tan— 012 238 1154 tan_melody@hotmail.com

Bash-Cash— Raymond 'Rocketboy' Keys—012 234 5187 rostrajo@hotmail.com

Bash-Piss — Matt Schneller—012 302 0164 matthew.schneller@shell.com

Backup Bash Piss— Mazlim Husin

www.Bash—Vimala Siva

News-Bash—Phoon Shi Fun

Honourary Committee Members – Ngah Fuji Bakri

KLMBH photo album on the web at:
<http://groups.msn.com/KLMBH/pictures>

Breaking up checks...

Bash Checks (cheques) are not pieces of paper that you can cash in at the bank.

What is it then? It is where the paper trail ends and you find lots of paper piled together at one spot. It can usually be found at forks on the trail.

There are 3 types of checks that hares may set.

1. **Back Checks**—Where bashers will check the obvious routes leading from the check but then realise that they have to go back on their in-route to find the real trail. Alternatively hares may lay it up a dead end where they know they you will have to back track.
2. **Circular/ Loop Checks**—Leads you up a hill, round in a wide circle, then you'll meet other bashers coming round, needing a trip back down the hill to find the real trail. A solution to a loop check can be any trail that branches off from the loop. Unless, of course, it is a back-check loop-check, in which case you should grab the hare and hang him up on the nearest tree by his/her Lycra. In some instances, loop checks may not be marked with a large pile of paper, but the trail of paper brings you around to a previously-ridden section of trail.
3. **Normal Checks**—Leads you to a pile of paper at a junction of several tracks, then set "falsies" and the real trail as before.

What should I do at checks? Go and CHECK where the correct path is and break the check.

How do you know where the correct path is? It will be laid with a constant stream of paper again. Don't be a lazy slob. Check whether it is Left or Right or Up the Hill or Down the hill, etc.

How do I break a check? It's very simple. All you have to do is to go back to where the pile of paper is and pick it up and scatter it along the correct trail path. If it's a back check, please pick up paper leading to the back check/ false trail and scatter it along the correct trail. Then shout ON ON to let the others know that you have found the correct trail.

Purpose of a check - To enhance the camaraderie of bashes by regrouping the fast and slow riders. A bash is not a race therefore please do not ride off full speed again once you have found the trail. The person who discovers the trail should BREAK the check :-)