

# Basherama!

The monthly newsletter of the  
Kuala Lumpur Mountain Bike Hash

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## Committee

**Basher-in-Chief**  
Azizul (Oe) Adnan  
253 2511 (h)  
250 7445 (o)  
252 3695 (f)  
azizul@seccom.com.my

**Vice-Basher**  
Peter Bloomer  
253 5043 (h)  
777 9377 (o)  
777 9322 (f)

**News-Bash**  
Richard Aubry  
255 0611 (h)  
635 7191 (o)  
635 7193 (f)  
rplaub@pc.jaring.my

**Bash-Pics**  
John Spencer  
836 1494 (h)

**EVENTS—Races**  
Ian Miller  
457 8201 (h)  
221 8317 (o)  
457 8201 (f)  
milleri@pc.jaring.my

**EVENTS—Hashes**  
Peter Robinson

**Bash-Cash**  
Barry Hills  
424 4230 (h&f)  
249 6318 (o)  
barry@pop.jaring

**Hare Raiser**  
Clara Chin

**Hare Raiser**  
Gordon Fraser  
253 7742 (h&f)

## N e x t B a s h

Ulu Rening Hot Springs, 9.30am Sunday 27 April

Head North on the Plus highway, exiting at the Rawang interchange. Zero tripmeter at toll gate and continue past Rawang town, heading towards Batang Kali. At 24.6 km (after the Petronas station on your left), turn right towards Genting Highlands. At 28.5 km, turn left, following signs to Ulu Rening. Immediately after a colonial bun-galow on your right at 30.4 km, turn right to Kolam Air Panas Ulu Tamu. Look out for HHH (not KLMBH) signs at major junctions.

Hare: Eric Teo

## Batang Kali—Sunday 30 March 1997

### The Long Run

The day dawned bright and clear—unlike my head—and the prospect of another Bash gave the necessary enthusiasm to don my cycling shorts, load bikes into the car and set off up the scenic road to Ulu Yam Baru.

A bit of a low turnout due, we supposed, due to it being Easter weekend but nevertheless a few hardy bashers assembled in the car park of the Win Chinese Restaurant where the proprietor watched us, hopeful, I suppose, that we might stock up on chicken porridge before setting off.

The absence of Vibrator "Bushman" Aubry together with his family team was noticeable. Why "Bushman" you ask? Well, on Vibrator's recent trip to Oz he decided to take a walk one evening and ..... Oops, mustn't digress but ask Richard and I'm sure he'll tell you, if not slip me a tenner and I'll tell you.

Messrs. Miller and Mugford appeared, smirking as only hares do, and proceeded to brief the gathered masses. False trails marked by wooden crosses they said. Sounds a bit religious we thought. Hope there are no expiring bashers attached to them. Mugford had even bought a resplendent new purple bike for the occasion and admitted to being responsible for the long bash.

Our Hare (? try rabbit tattoos John) had promised that there were lots of young Malay girls staying at a hostel at the high point of the run (though he looked a bit tired) so it was an extremely enthusiastic group of long runners that set off down the road drooling, turned into the plantation and quickly arrived at the first check. Fortunately the weather had been dry and the copious areas of green slimy stuff wasn't too treacherous. However, the roadways had lots of cobble stones which meant we had to keep our tits about us (oops) as we sped downhill.

After a bit of confusion and false trail blazing at the first check, the pack raced on and negotiated the first major hill. Muscles, more used to walking between a

▶ continued overleaf



John "Prince of Darkness" Mugford, doing an uncharacteristically good impersonation of Kevin Spacey, the baddie in "Seven"

## Race News

### International Islamic University "Cyclocross"

March 30: A 15km Sunday afternoon jaunt turns out to be a 23km slog through what must be one of the most demanding mountain bike race courses ever set in Malaysia. A hastily cob- bled together TeamBash, comprising Pat (the Canadian\*), Richard Cropp and Joe "Casper" Adnan turned in a gritted-teeth performance in the blazing afternoon sun with Joe and Pat plac- ing 7th and 8th respectively.

TeamBash scooped honours in Best Team (after taking into account the fact that they taken part in the Bash that morning and that 2 of the 3 were *gwailos*), Dirtiest Rider and Best Homemade Helmet competitions... or at least would have done if they had held those.

The services of Mr Ian "Squeaky" Miller (who, it will be remembered, staged a come-from-the- toilet attack to garner 3rd place at Sungai Buloh) were sorely missed.

\*didn't get your last name, Pat, sorry!

BOCB

This month's choice Web site

**Bontagger** Hard core technobabble  
Engineers-sign-up here  
<http://www.bontagger.com>

bar stool and the toilet, creaked as we stretched our tendons and, shortly after a successful ascent, we found ourselves with bikes on shoulder doing some mountain climbing. A further hill, just in case we thought it was a Sunday School Picnic, and the pack reassembled in an effort to crack yet another check with some devious falsies.

Scrambling down a vertical bank I had the usual indignity of spending more time on my backside than on my feet. We passed through some leafy paths and reached a check where a steep climb up a tarmac road to the left beckoned the hardy, and paths down ahead and to the right beckoned those who might risk the shame of going downhill only to meet a "wooden falsie" (sounds like a real let down). The Hare suggested to us hesitant lot that down was the right way but we're not daft are we (?). So after checking the downhill routes we set off up the tarmac road to the left which turned out not too bad as it gave tremendous grip to our tires. This hill, however, became loose gravel and ultimately turned out to be a tough one leaving us with heaving chests (but not heaving falsies thank goodness). Once we reached the top the view was tremendous.

After admiring the view whilst trying to stay upright we descended slightly to find

## The Scenic Run

**A**aargh! The scenic bash and I'm the only person under the age of A consent which means I'll have to help all these old folk round the trail.

Not so many people short bashing today, only half a dozen plus two million mosquitoes chasing us. Anyway, our Hare for today, Ian—later to be christened "squeaky"—Miller was looking remarkably clean and tidy which gave us a false impression that the run might be a doddle. We were, of course, proved wrong as the bloodied elbows of Captain Paralytic and Inspector Gadget were to later testify.

Ian "Squeaky" Miller, true to form, seen here giving himself a good sponging down (after the encounter with the hosial girls, no doubt)



Richard "Hornemade Fullface Helmet" Cropp, trying to impress the girls with one-handed riding but alas to no avail

the hostel but despite wheelies, no handed riding, handstands on the handlebars etc. no girls were to be seen—they were probably locked up inside until us nasty smelly chaps were well out of range.

We emerged onto the road for some fast cycling and an abrupt turn into the trees for a last short hill then back to the car park for tea and cucumber sandwiches. Here we found that a rather large rubber tree had fallen over narrowly missing our cars but catching one (Pete Robinson's) on the rear wing. Had it landed on top it would have been a long cycle ride back to KL. Rumour had it that Captain Paralytic had done pec against this tree earlier so beware at future

bashes!

Our esteemed Basher-in-Chief had been spotted at various points on the run lurking behind trees with a camera and dirty raincoat. Oh all right he didn't have a raincoat, but was bravely taking photos of bashers in various poses (?) for inclusion in a future web page for the KLMBH. Keep up the good work Joe. I enclose some shots of me on the beach at Port Dickson just in case you didn't get my best side—sorry about the topless girl in the background.

Great run chaps thanks.

**Gordon Fraser**

## Bash Calendar

25 May	Warren & Sandra Wiszynski
29 June	Eric Teo (wot, again?)
27 July	7
31 August	Sha "Dr Nosedive" Darnis?

## Parting shot



Mr Fraser Sr.'s best side (I'm keeping the nekidd pics to myself, ta very much—Joe)