



# Basherama!

No. 75  
July 2001

The Official Newsletter of the Kuala Lumpur Mountain Bike Hash

## 2001 STEERING COMMITTEE:

|                         |  |                   |   |                   |  |
|-------------------------|--|-------------------|---|-------------------|--|
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## Editorial

- I've never quite understood this coffee bug that seems to have infected many a person that I know. It's like a disease. All they talk about is latte this and mocha that. They make coffee in weird contraptions that "bring out the flavor of the bean". And they think nothing of spending RM10 on a cup of coffee at places with foreign sounding names like San Francisco Coffee, Gloria Jean's and Starbucks (alien sounding this one!) because it tastes so much better than local coffee. RM10 buys me a spare tube that lasts a hell of a lot longer than a cup of java. Scary stuff!

What's even scarier is the price of coffee beans. Some can sell for as more than USD100 per kilogram. That's a Chris King headset that'll last you a lifetime.

But the last straw in coffee related madness is Caphe Cut Chon a.k.a. Civet Cat Coffee from Vietnam. Some background information is in order. A Civet Cat is a catlike animal related to the mongoose, with a narrow head, pointed muzzle, slender body and long tail. If you want to see one (or more), come by my house after dark and keep an eye on the roof. You'll see one sooner or later. Coffee is coffee, an aromatic, dark-brown beverage prepared from ground or crushed coffee beans and hot or boiling water, just in case you've forgotten.

Civet Cat Coffee is regarded by coffee connoisseurs as the best and most expensive coffee which can sell for up to USD350 per kilogram (!). And how does Civet Cat Coffee come about. Well, apparently, civets sniff out and eat only the best robusta coffee beans. And of these beans, only the luckiest survive their journey through the civet's digestive tract and are deposited with the rest of the waste. The beans are collected, dried until the outer skin flakes off and are then roasted to produce a smooth, strong coffee with a little earthy taste.

Not being a coffee connoisseur myself, I would assume that "earthy" in this case is comparable to the "muddy" taste of a catfish.

I don't know about you, but I personally have my doubts about that "earthy" taste. For truthfulness in advertising, I would call it Civet Cat Crap Coffee. Ooh! Ooh! And perhaps I should start digging through the Civet scat around my house! There's gold in them thar turds!

Of course, some people think we're crazy to spend so much on those two-wheeled contraptions we call mountain bikes...

- The KLMBH Webbe Site has recently been reformatted by Speedy the Dog to be more user friendly and concise. Check it out!

Also new is the **KLMBH Forum**, your very own forum to address any topic you can think of. Try it out. It's pretty cool!

- I've done it again! First it was the Star Metro section on 17 May. There was an article about the Kiara Grand Prix and there I was, in my red KLMBH polo with my back to the camera. But somehow, probably because I seem to hold up everyone behind me on the trails, people recognized my butt and I received a trickle of e-mails from all over Klang Valley.

**Cont'd on page 3 (really, I checked)**

## DIRECTIONS TO THE JULY BASH @ BATU ARANG – 9.30 a.m., 29 July 2001

Take the North-South highway north toward Ipoh. Exit at Rawang and set tripmeter to zero (0) at the toll booth. At 0.3 KM, turn left at the traffic light toward Batang Berjuntai. Continue straight on this road (actually many curves). You will pass the "Swamy" Temple on your right hand side. At around 8.0 KM, there will be a sharp right-hand curve in the road - beware of the monkeys on the road! At 9.4 KM, turn left towards Batu Arang - Watch for KLMBH Hash Sign. At 11.4 KM turn left - Watch for KLMBH Hash Sign!!! At 11.5 KM, continue straight onto the dirt road (paved road turns left). Drive slowly as the road is rough in spots!!! At 11.8 KM, park your cars. Hare-Mobile is a silver Proton Perdana - WHK-420

**NOTE:** All distances measured with a Perdana, so don't hold the Hares responsible for their accuracy!!!

**Hares: Eric Teo and Paul "Beer Me!" Sweeney**

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

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## The Long Bash, 24 June 2001, Sg. Jelok

Hares: James Lim aka Bicycleman and Joe Lim aka Gostarnjoe

The hare told us that the first section was the toughest and it was a breeze after. It was to be 23km and the weather was on our side with the sun hiding behind the clouds in the sky. After the signal, everyone started off leaving Chew, Hulk, Fuji and myself making sure everyone had signed out.

The first part looked like a construction track so it was wide and relatively flat. We came to the first check and despite having four of us, we still needed to be pointed to the right direction by a construction site worker. This tells you it is never good to drink too much or stay up too late the night before a bash – your mind and actions tend to be a lot slower.

Now we came to the start of the hill section that we have been warned about. The trail was a mix between soil and rock making it tricky but manageable if you have the right skills and techniques. We came around the corner and spotted Yit Lee sitting on a bench telling us she will be turning back. It was going to be her first attempt at the long run so maybe the next time – a good sport for trying. Chew and I decided to go for it and started climbing further. It just keeps going one switchback after the next.

We caught up with some stragglers pushing their bikes up the now becoming too-steep-for-me slope. I tried to push on but didn't quite make it to the top of the hill but near enough for me with my skills. Even high-end bikes don't make it up here without a good rider. It was very shady in the jungle and the trail was very dry which makes for perfect cycling conditions. After a short feeding break, I tried to climb again and was actually going to make it to the top, where both Fuji and Chew were waiting for me. But when I came around the corner and saw a flash of colour from the corner of my eye – The Ooi gang taking a break on the grounds. I momentarily lost my concentration for a moment and fell on one of them sitting just outside of the trail. I believe his exact words were, 'You have left your mark on me, see!'

It was a 4km climb but it was well worth the effort. Bravo to all those who managed it at one go and for all the rest who tried. I think I would go back there for another shot at it. The rest of it was fairly easy with the trail ending at one hill going into another hill. This time it was quite open and it was starting to get hot. The trail was sandy but dry and we passed Joey, the hare and he warned us about the heavy and dangerous ruts going downhill up ahead. We all raced forward with eager anticipation. Both Fuji and Chew disappeared from my sight within seconds and I was trying my best to stay balanced while cycling down but the ruts were tricky and more than once I found myself sliding sideways. I came to Ingrid who was pushing and decided I will do the same. But the terrain was so tempting since it was going downhill that I keep getting on my bike again – I have to learn how to bunny-hop these ruts! Anybody out there willing to provide free lessons?

The end of the downhill section was some steep drop-offs and it was good to see that everyone was lending a helping hand. We formed a line and handed down the bikes one at a time. After that it was just an easy ride in and out of rubber plantations, onto the tarmac road then back into the plantations for the last part. Just before the end of the trail was a nice downhill section with about five steps and I was going down when I saw some cyclists (short runners?) coming from the side. I cycled on up the hill and this time the sweeper came towards us on a motorbike followed closely by Macland looking for Debbie.

I suspect the short runners got more cycling in at this hash than ever before. I think it was a brilliant bash because it was mostly in the shade and had a variety of trails. It is nice to be out in nature for a change and not have to battle with the mosquitoes in the plantations. Kudos to both Hares James and Joey – they are from the Kajang Bike Hash. We hope you will join us for future bashes.

**Melody Tan, Hare Raiser**

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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) I've been running a pair of 2.1 inch Panaracer Fire XC Pro tires** for the past few months. They're reasonably light and come in a cool red and black color scheme that matches my S-Works Team perfectly. The red part is actually an anti-snakebite chafer or protector and it has saved me from pinch flats several times when I heard the "thunk!" of the rim bottoming on the curbs and large roots of Kiara. I've found that they perform very well in dry conditions but are poor performers in the wet. When the trail gets muddy, the tightly packed tread blocks don't shed mud until you're whizzing down the trail/road at light speed, sending mud flying everywhere. And the knobs that extend out of the side tend to hold the mud, turning the 2.1 inch tire into a 2.7 inch tire, thus sending more mud flying everywhere. This problem is most acute on the rear when you're in the granny gear. All the mud on the right hand side gets dumped right on the chain, causing all sorts of havoc. I suppose the cure would be to either run a narrower tire (they make a 1.8) or avoid tires with knobs that extend out of the side. **5) We've all heard of Black Metal and it's evils.** But what we mountain bikers really need to watch out for is Light Metal! **4) That's all for Bits & Bobs for now...**

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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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## The Short Run, 24 June 2001, Sg. Jelok

Hares: James Lim and gostarnjoe

This was a hash that was set by guest hares — James and gostarnjoe — from the Kajang Bike Hash. It is always exciting to hash in a new area. For some reason, no one had ever set a KLMBH hash in the Sungai Jelok area in Kajang, despite its proximity to KL. I was really looking forward to this hash also because I have heard a lot about the singletrack around the Kajang Prison.

We were not to be disappointed. After the usual briefing, we followed one of the hares (who was astride a *kap-chai*) down an unfinished highway, and then up an unthinkable steep quarry track. This proved a bit too much for the majority of the Scenic bashers. It was also a portend of things to come. After respiratory break at the top of the hill, the pack swooped downhill into an oil palm estate.

This downhill unfortunately led to Teh's undoing, who lost control over a bump at high speed and was thrown headlong onto the ground, only to have her bike land on her back. Painful, but she dusted herself off and continued to bomb down track unperturbed.

The first check was found at the edge of the oil palm estate. After much pfaing around, the call of "On on!" was heard along a trail that was about half a kilometre away from the check!

The rest of the first half of the Scenic ride continued in the oil palm. A notable section was an uphill detour that led to an excellent downhill singletrack section across the terraces. Broad smiles all around!

By this time it was about 1.5 hours into the ride, and we had just turned around to head back North to the cars (quite helpful to have a GPS receiver).

"Hmm...", I thought to myself. "Hilly terrain, longer than usual distance, and quite technical trails too. Feels suspiciously like a long bash to me."

This feeling was further affirmed when we crossed a desert-like section and re-entered the oil palm via a trail that required you to cycle atop a 4-inch wide {raised section of trail}, down an 8-foot drop to immediately cross a 6-inch wide plank, before dropping down another 6-foot section. Yeehah!, but slightly OTT for the fast-diminishing sense of humour of the Scenic bashers.

Shortly after, we entered a section of rubber estate requiring some portaging. Over the top, and we were rewarded with a superb singletrack downhill. Slightly further on we entered another section of brilliant rubber singletrack, which is part of the track used in the Kajang race.

Finally we emerged back out to the top of the quarry track and a short section of tarmac later, to the ice-cold 100Plus — or so we thought! Bash-Piss had passed the Piss-mobile keys to Josephine, who was riding the Scenic, on the premise that the Scenic bashers would be out in an hour. 2.5 hours later, and still no sign of Josephine, and desperate bashers were baying for Bash-Piss' blood. Fortunately Josephine emerged presently none the worse for wear.

It was a difficult Scenic trail — at 16km, longer than any previously set, over steep and technical terrain — probably the most difficult Scenic hash in KLMBH history. Some of the riders definitely found it very challenging, one that would have had Mrs. Aubry reaching for her frame pump to use as a hare-correcting weapon had she been present. The hares are forgiven, however, since it is evident that the Kajang Bike Hash do not have members as young, or as soft, as its KL counterpart. Indeed profuse thanks are in order for setting a memorable, singletracky and scenic Scenic trail.

Casper

### 2001 Calendar of Upcoming Events

| Date      | Event/Remarks                   | Date   | Event/Remarks       | Date   | Event/Remarks     |
|-----------|---------------------------------|--------|---------------------|--------|-------------------|
| 22 Jul    | Malacca Bike Hash               | 29 Jul | KLMBH July Hash     | 19 Aug | Malacca Bike Hash |
| 28-29 Jul | Selangor International MTB Open | 12 Aug | Singapore Bike Hash | 26 Aug | KLMBH August Hash |

### Ed.itorial Cont'd

And then, Chew and I were featured in an article in The Edge a few weeks back. Another 15 minutes of fame for me (Thanks Chui!) and my behind. That's right, Chew got the full frontal shot and I had the dubious honor of having my back to the camera as I climbed Pat's Egress in Kiara. At least I was on my bike this time. And clad in tight Lycra@.

And just when I thought no one had read the article, office mates and acquaintances started mentioning that they'd read the article. Unfortunately, I have yet to receive any e-mails or calls from my legions of unattached, female fans. What gives?

4. I've just gotten back from the Pedalophile's Cycling Club's ("PCC") Hell on Bikes ("HOB") trip from Janda Baik to Bt. 18, Hulu Langat and what a trip it was!

HOB was held over two days and traced the most hardcore portion of the Janda Baik-Kenaboi ride as described on our very own KLMBH webbe site and added in a new section with killer climbs and descents which was recce'd by the PCC.

The Janda Baik-Kenaboi ride as described on our webbe site is a one-day trip and even the fittest riders took 11 hours to complete the 45km ride recently. The HOB offered lesser mortals the chance to do this hardcore ride with an overnight stop deep in the jungle.

All in all it was 70km of mud, sweat and gears that I will never forget. Many thanks to the PCC for organizing the HOB and you'll soon be able to read all about the HOB in a future edition of the Basherama!

5. Diary of a Hare, Part II has been held up at gunpoint **again** and will be printed in Basherama! 76. I promise!

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Ed.

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

There we were. Three guys, three bikes, and three bags crammed with gear in my trusty, sagging Proton Wira. I had my foot to the floor in third gear as we wound our way up the Karak Highway towards our rendezvous. Matt's Ford Ranger loomed large in my rear view mirror.

It was 0820 on Friday morning and we were already running late. The plan was to have breakfast, attend the briefing and leave Genting Sempah at 0900 with the convoy. We'd already been passed by some of the other vehicles headed for the rendezvous and my 74hp engine just couldn't keep up with them through the hills. At this rate, there wouldn't be much time for breakfast before we had to go.

We pulled into the rest stop at 0840 and to my surprise (and relief) there weren't that many mountain bike-carrying vehicles there. And none of the Penang guys were there either. I began to relax a little as we climbed up to the food stalls to find breakfast.

We were on our way to Taman Negara on a trip organized by our Penang friends, The Knights of the Round Table ("KOTRT" or the "Knights"). Knowing how disciplined they were, we didn't want to be late and so we had burned rubber, oil and transmission fluid all the way to Genting Sempah.

The word from Sany was that the convoy from Penang, which had struck out from Penang at 0400 had gotten a little strung out and had stopped to regroup in Rawang. They were going to have to fight their way across the K.L. rush hour to get to where we were.

We ate and we talked like all mountain bikers do when they get together until the Penang convoy arrived. Another round of greeting old friends and new ensued while they wolfed down their breakfast.

"You've got to try this stuff, man" said Hulk, holding out a can. **Jungle King** it was called and it had that magical ingredient, Tongkat Ali. "Might keep me alert on the road" I thought, as I took a swig. It was bitterer than any Chinese herbal drink that my mother made me drink. Some might even call the flavor "earthy". Yuck! I almost spat it out. But it had me wide-awake.

We had a quick briefing and headed out in a convoy of 16 vehicles towards Mentakab. It was no easy task keeping everyone together, even on a straight road, and we were lucky that we had several walkie-talkies at our disposal.

We stopped to regroup several times before hitting the main road to Jerantut. From there it was a straight blast down the road until we stopped for ice and lunch.

Our first adventure began shortly after lunch as we turned left at a junction signposted "Taman Negara – 73km – 4wd's only". Ulp! The initial section of the narrow paved road to Kuala Tahan wound through kampungs before climbing a hill. That's when the fun started.

Deep potholes the size of your bathtub appeared all over the road surface, forcing all of us to take evasive maneuvers. Ordinary logic would dictate that we cruise at a leisurely pace around the potholes. However:-

- we were running really, really late;
- it would take over an hour for the 4wd's to drive from Kuala Tahan into Nusa Camp where we were staying (not prudent to drive off-road in the jungle at night); and
- there were boats waiting for those of us without 4wd's at Kuala Tahan.

The 4wd's in the convoy sped on and the cars followed as fast as they could without squaring off a wheel or damaging the suspension or steering mechanisms.

The radios crackled with warnings of more potholes up ahead. I swerved hard to the right to avoid a pothole and the next thing I knew, the Flying Frenchmen, Charles and Gerald, in their Red Kembara were two inches behind my bumper. Charles must have been standing on the brake pedal and Gerald was probably stepping on his imaginary brake pedal too. Phew!

I'd never seen a road in such terrible condition. The pavement was smooth and even except for the numerous potholes. In some places, it looked like a cluster bomb had gone off.

Worse was yet to come as we hit the unpaved section of the road. Again, the 4wd's blasted off, leaving the cars in their dust. I remembered from experience that the faster you drive on the dirt, the less bumps you feel. So at the first opportunity, I did my best Tommi Makinen impression and flew past the rest of the cars, including that of Paul Sweeney, Charl Bester and Melody.

The adrenaline started pumping as we flew down the gravel road, sliding around corners, taking evasive action to avoid potholes and slamming on the brakes every so often for pools of water and large potholes.

After what seemed like a bone jarring eternity, we hit freshly laid tarmac. "Go on to the jetty" came Derek's instructions, "the 4wd's will turn off towards Nusa Camp soon". So on I drove, into town and almost off a cliff. Luckily Jaspal, one of Derek's engineers, was there to stop me!

"This is the end of the road" he said, "you can all park along the roadside". It was already past five o'clock by then and we hurriedly unloaded our bikes and baggage from the car.

It took me two trips to get my stuff down to the boat due to the steep staircase and I was soaked in sweat in short order. We loaded all the bags in one boat and almost everyone climbed in. Then we realized that no one was left to take care of the bikes! Hulk, Chew, Paul, Charl, Melody and I decided to wait for the next boat.

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## Three Guys, Cont'd

While we were waiting for the second boat, Jaspal pulled up in a yellow 5-seat jetboat, which was a smaller version of those in New Zealand. Derek had told me that he'd built a couple to test for commercial operations. Jetboat rides were part of the fun arranged for this trip.

Jaspal was heading upriver to meet Derek at Nusa Camp and invited three of us to ride with him and the Midi, the boat driver. Needless to say, I was the first one to leap in.

The boat ride upriver usually takes 15 minutes. It took the jetboat 5. Along the way, with Taman Negara on our left, we passed several groups of tubers. No not potatoes, people floating down the river in tubes! It was kinda funny cause Midi would aim right for them, causing them to start paddling frantically in the opposite direction, and turn away when he got close. Because the jetboat didn't draw much water (< 6 inches), the tubers only got buffeted lightly by the wake of the boat.

We passed the first boat and arrived at the Nusa Camp jetty shortly after. We hauled our luggage and bikes ashore as they arrived and proceeded to climb the stairs up to the Camp. Why were there so many stairs?

Nusa Camp was pretty big with chalets of various sizes, dormitories and camp sites available. A suspension bridge over Sungai Abai divided the camp into two and there was a restaurant that catered for all meals.

After much haggling, wrangling and hair-pulling on my part (enough said on this matter), our group of eleven, being Matt, Chad, Ingrid, Charles, Gerald, Charl, Melody, Paul, Hulk, Chew and I, were housed in three chalets and a dorm room. And this was after giving up a chalet to an American couple whose honeymoon reservations had gone awry.

While settling in, we were introduced to Mr. Bird, the resident tame Hornbill of the Camp, who had the habit of buzzing people's heads as he flew past. We were also introduced to the swarm of mosquitoes that made the jungle their home.

A cheer went up outside and we all rushed out to see what the commotion was all about. Adli, Tom the Fonz and Cassandra had arrived! They'd ridden their road bikes (mtn bike with slicks in Adli's case) from KL that morning all the way to Kuala Tembeling, a distance of 220km, and taken a boat (by the skin of their teeth) to Nusa Camp. They were burnt black and hungry but were otherwise in good spirits. Hip-hop hooray!

The highlight of the evening would be the buffet dinner followed by the briefing. But first, it was time to hit the showers. All the dormitories shared a common bathroom while the chalets had their own bathrooms. All shared one thing in common. Ice-cold water, and lots of it.

We all came back from the bathroom shivering despite the heat and humidity. While waiting for dinner, we gathered in our dorm room and shot the breeze while some of us lovingly lubed up our bikes and others downed copious quantities of amber liquids.

My habit of lubing my chain one link at a time became the main topic of discussion for a while before I managed to change the topic.

1930 hours rolled around and we headed to the restaurant for dinner. The buffet spread of rice, beef, chicken, fish, vegetables, fried noodles and fresh fruits was good and plentiful and was wolfed down by all and sundry. Dinner was followed by coffee, tea and a selection of local biscuits. Not bad for the middle of the jungle, aye?

Derek and Azmi ran the briefing. There were to be two rides. The long ride would begin in Kuala Tahan (after a short boat ride), head over the logging road to Nusa Camp and onwards to Kampung Pagi for a total distance of about 36km. The short ride was the 18km stretch from Nusa Camp to Kampung Pagi.

We were warned of the difficulties of the long ride and the biggest danger of riding on the logging road, the King of the Jungle (not more **Jungle King**, thankfully) or "San Tai Wong" ("STW"). STW's were the 10 wheel drive behemoths used to haul hardwood logs from deep in the jungle to the storage yards adjacent to the main road near Kuala Tahan. The STW's were diesel powered (read: clouds of acrid black smoke), had water-cooled braking systems (read: prone to brake failure) and were always overloaded (read: difficult to control).

The loggers had built the road and we were to give way to the logging trucks at all times, as they were usually driven at the edge of control. We were also instructed to ride on the outside or cliff-side of the logging road at all times. This was to ensure that we didn't get squished if the STW's pulled their emergency braking maneuver; i.e driving into the side of the mountain. Beats going over the side with 5 tons of logs behind you, don't you think?

We were to start as early as possible as the STW's would be on our section of the road by 0900 hrs. And by 1200 hrs, they would be heading back unladen and at full speed to collect their next load of logs. Sorta like Tommi Makinen in a two ton truck. Not the sort of thing you'd like to have come up behind you on the trail. Because of this, and the fact that the chartered boats would take everyone upriver for lunch, there was a cut-off time of 1230 hrs to arrive at Kampung Pagi.

Anyone arriving later would have to either head back with the sweeper 4wd or wait until the boats came back past Kampung Pagi at 1500. Lunch for the latecomers would be left at Kampung Pagi to ensure no one was left hungry.

The first part of the long ride would be the hardest, they told us, and after that it would be smooth sailing all the way. This was reinforced by the giant hand-drawn map posted on the wall and the absolutely beautiful ride t-shirt which showed that the "semi-hardcore ride" began at Nusa Camp and ended at Kampung Pagi.

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## Three Guys, Cont'd

The initial doubts that some of my group had about doing the long ride were dispelled by the double team of the Flying Frenchmen (good cops; utilizing persuasion) and Paul Sweeney (bad cop; utilizing shame and ridicule). It was settled. We were all doing the Long Ride!

Since we were pretty slow, we arranged with Derek to be on the first boat heading down the river. That way, we could have a head start on the faster riders.

That settled, we headed back to our respective rooms to fill and pack our Camelbaks®. Since it was to be a really hot ride, those of us with HAWGS packed two full 100-oz bladders each in addition to our tools, snacks, first aid kits and spare tubes. I almost fell over backwards when I tried my HAWG on. But better safe than sorry though!

After the last minute packing and checking was done, we turned in for a good night's sleep in the jungle, far away from the hustle and bustle of the city...

**Ed.**

## 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                                     |
|-----------|--------|-------------------|---|
| July      | 82     | 29 July 2001      | Eric Teo and Paul "Beer Me!" Sweeney            |
| August    | 83     | 26 August 2001    | Raymond Keys and A.N. Other                     |
| September | 84     | 23 September 2001 | Nick Smith and Joe "Casper" Adnan               |
| October   | 85     | 28 October 2001   | Rainman, Hulk, Chew 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  | Hares needed!                                   |
| March     | 90     | 31 March 2002     | Hares needed!                                   |

## HARE TONIC

In Basherama! 48, Hare Tonic was introduced in an effort to encourage more members to step forward as hares. The idea was to reward hares who had set 5 or more Bashes with Pewter Mugs. The Committee is currently sourcing the rewards (which may or may not be in the form of Pewter Mugs or exclusive Jerseys) with the intention of presenting them to the deserving hares as soon as possible (whenever that is!).

The score as it stands as updated by Speedy the Dog on our very own website and further updated by my own count as at 22 July 2001 is presented below. As mentioned before, if you feel that you've set more Bashes than listed below, kindly contact Ed. or Speedy the Dog to set the record straight.

|                  |    |                 |   |                   |   |                           |   |
|------------------|----|-----------------|---|-------------------|---|---------------------------|---|
| Azizul Adnan     | 13 | Simon Kenney    | 2 | S.Y. Chong        | 1 | Pinhead                   | 1 |
| Richard Aubry    | 12 | Dick Shelly     | 2 | Clara Chin        | 1 | Simon Ng                  | 1 |
| Eric Teo         | 7  | Grant Lee       | 2 | Colin Jackson     | 1 | Steve Ellison             | 1 |
| Ngah Fuji Bakri  | 7  | Jake Slodki     | 2 | Dave Baker        | 1 | Kenny Stewart             | 1 |
| Gordon Fraser    | 6  | John Hagedorn   | 2 | David Foo         | 1 | Karen Brunson             | 1 |
| Pat Brunson      | 6  | John Mugford    | 2 | Emma Booth        | 1 | Janie Ravenhurst          | 1 |
| Peter Bloomer    | 5  | John Spencer    | 2 | Geoff Stecyk      | 1 | Paul Moir                 | 1 |
| Barry Hills      | 5  | Kelvin Wong     | 2 | Graham            | 1 | Jamie Knowles             | 1 |
| Mike Elliot      | 5  | Noel Brennan    | 2 | Ian Miller        | 1 | Robbie Knowles            | 1 |
| Hulk             | 5  | 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 |
| Bill Steven      | 3  | Larry Chan      | 2 | Mark Clark        | 1 | Ingrid Burke              | 1 |
| Mark Chaterton   | 3  | Raymond Keys    | 2 | Mike Smit         | 1 | Scott Roberts             | 1 |
| Peter Heston     | 3  | Andy Blake      | 1 | Mike Wright       | 1 | James Lim                 | 1 |
| Paul Sweeney     | 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! |   |

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