



Basherama!

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The Official Newsletter of the Kuala Lumpur Mountain Bike Hash

2002 JUNGLE SQUAD:

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<p>"Piss in the Jungle & Break a Leg" <i>by Raymond 'Rocketboy' Keys</i></p> <p>Around last Sept/Oct time 'Speedo' mentioned a pleasant trail around a lake/dam, which he and his friends sometimes rode, and he even provided proof of it by way of showing me some scenic photographs. Speedo offered to take me there on a day convenient for both of us. Due to various reasons I was unable to take up his kind offer until Feb of this year. On that particular Saturday morning we parked by the waters edge, and headed off 'clockwise' around the dam. The first section of the trail was a very scenic, quiet (except for an occasional smelly two-stroke motorcycle) and flattish single track with several ride-able river crossings. One normally expects trails around lakes/dams to be fairly flat, as it is rare to find lakes with slopes, hence the reason why there are few good Irish water skiers! Consequently I was somewhat amazed when we came to a section of trail, which veered sharply towards the sky. Up and up it went, with an occasional twist where, for a brief moment, one felt the summit was just ahead, but the trail just twisted ever upwards. Eventually it did peak out, and the then there was the reward of navigating the ruts & rocks down the other side to the waters edge. We enjoyed the scenery for a short while before continuing left on a double tract onto the tarmac, and eventually completed the full circle back to the car. <i>Cont'd Page 4</i></p>		<p>Kiara Concern <i>by Adli 'Icecube' Dahalan</i></p> <p>Hi Fellow Mountain Bikers,</p> <p>I rode Kiara on Saturday (8/6/2002) and made a very disturbing discovery. Some people conducted trail maintenance on Kiara 2km section over the week and ending up doing more damage than good. Many live trees were cut. I dont know who was responsible for this act. People must be made aware of the damage that they have created. Without the trees the ground is more exposed to erosion: no cover from the heavy rainfall and no root to hold the earth together. Trail maintenance should be limited to clearing deadfalls and repairing the trails, bridges, etc. Cutting down trees and altering the natural setting of the environment should be avoided or minimized. Whoever cut the trees have also left deadly stumps which can poke or even stab u in the abdomen. I myself have had a few close calls in the past. My advice is that if you like riding in Kiara and would like to do your share of trail maintenance, please follow or learn from those who are have been maintaining Kiara and are experienced. Kiara should be remained as it is. Maintain Kiara with minimal impact to the environment. Don't cut down trees just because u cannot ride the course...learn to ride it. @</p>	

DIRECTIONS TO BUKIT NENAS/RP SENDAYAN BASH

9.30 a.m. sharp, 30 June 2002

Hares: Chew and Rainman aka Fuji

Directions : Proceed south on the North-South Expressway from the Sungai Besi toll plaza to the **Nilai** exit. Zero trip meter at the tollgate. At 50 meters turn right at the traffic lights. Proceed straight through 3 traffic lights and continue onwards through Nilai town. At 2.6km turn left at the junction signposted "Seremban", "Salak" and "Planters Haven". Proceed straight on along this idyllic country road until a road junction right at the apex of a leftward bend at 10.1km signposted "Port Dickson" and "Eka Matahari". Turn right and proceed straight on. You will come to a crossroad at 18.7km. Turn right to follow the sign to "Pusat Kualiti Alam". Continue on to the On On site at 21.2km, located at the left-hand turn leading to "Pusat Kualiti Alam". Look out for haremobil WGK 9898. Remember to keep the dirt track heading straight clear of vehicles. There's plenty of space to park.

Allow 40 minutes (Speedy Gonzales aka Raymond Rocketboy Keys) to one hours (Slowpoke Rodriguez aka Rainman) driving time from the heart of KL. Bring plenty of water because it's going to be a hot ride, in more ways than one! Also, don't forget your helmets and mosquito repellent. Bwa ha ha ha ha!

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Rasa Bash Scribe Report
19 May 2002
The Long Run, Kinda Sorta

"Boy" I thought to myself as I rode down the final blazing slope to the car, "I hope the TV crew ain't still around. I must look like s**t warmed over!"

My luck. They had split. Hashers came trickling in from different directions over the next 30 minutes. They were all hot, tired and THIRSTY. Eric Teo looked like a survivor of the Bataan Death March. How did we all end up like this?

It all started innocently enough. The TV crew had made arrangements to shoot some footage and do some interviews for a Malay-language program on "extreme sports". El Hefe Sany and I dutifully guided the convoy out to the run site and set up shop. Everything you see at the registration table and the drinks wagon was in my car along with our two bikes on top. What can I say? Proton Boleh! The TV crew did their thing while we did ours.

By the time we were ready for the briefing, 24 riders were good to go under the blazing sun. Probably caused by the fact this bash was only two weeks after the last one. The briefing was like "long strips for the short run and long strips for the short run". Things that make you go hmmm!

Being the official KLMBH back marker, I proceeded to sweep the long ride with El Hefe. After a jaunt through the rubber trees, we came out at a small cluster of houses where the TV crew was waiting, guided by Nick Smith, the hare. One on one interviews followed until a group of riders came barreling out of the brush screaming "someone's having bike problems!". A cursory inspection of Mrs Teo's bike revealed that the front shifter had gone south on her despite being recently serviced. She bravely carried on into the jungle, her bike misshifting all the way. The next loop through the rubber trees was excellent. Sweet single and double track wound its way through the hills and past a temple with some scary looking statues until it dropped us back out onto the main road leading to the sawmill. Now this was where the short and long trail were supposed to split.

Mrs Teo decided to call it quits at the sawmill as her bike kept dropping into the granny gear. Nick loaded her bike into the Land Cruiser. Seeing as to how it was almost 12.30 pm, and that Nick mentioned that the rest of the ride was mostly in the open, El Hefe and I decided to do the short loop.

"Turn mumble mumble at the t-junction" said Nick. "Right!" I said and right we turned. The road was long and open. The sun beat down on us relentlessly as we followed the paper. Then it all ended at a broken down bridge. We saw Jake Slodki on the other side, frantically looking for paper. I stopped my bike at a grassy spot and promptly put my left foot down into a hole almost two feet deep!

By some miracle I didn't break my leg as some people have done but got pretty scratched up in the process. The fishermen on the bridge pointed upriver and we proceeded to the next bridge, which was rideable. There was paper here leading across the bridge and we followed it. It petered out on the other side. Jake and his group hadn't been able to find the paper trail and headed off towards the cars, guided by a GPS. Unwilling to spend any more time than necessary under the sun, we too followed in their tracks.

I felt my energy leaving me bit by bit as we rode down the rode. The blinding white sand didn't do much for my eyes either. We were actually paralleling the dirt road we had ridden on the other side of the river. Each little hill became a painful experience. At one hill, the last it turned out, El Hefe climbed to the top to recce while I parked my tired self at the bottom.

"On on!" came the cry and I was off like a tortoise up to the top and down the final blazing slope to the cars.

We talked, we laughed but we couldn't cry (not enough moisture in our bodies). Linda hitched a lift in the back of a Hi-Lux. Brian had multiple flats and someone had to be rescued by Nick. Seems someone had messed with the long run paper at one point, causing some confusion among them.

And yup, you guessed it, El Hefe and I were supposed to have turned left instead of right after the sawmill. As a result, we did most of the extra long run loop backwards. Need to clean my ears out a bit more, I think. Incredibly, the long riders clocked anywhere from 38 to 43km that day. I could have sworn that it was a lot less but cyclocomputers don't lie. And neither do GPS'.

All in all it was a great run which took lots of effort to recce and set. Thanks guys.

Rainman

King Cobra Sighting

I thought that I would share with other members a recent encounter I had with a King Cobra (*Ophiophagus Hannah*). Last Saturday (1 June 2002) I was cycling in the Gombak forest reserve when I noticed movement amongst the leaf-litter not more than 2 feet from my front wheel. "A monitor lizard", I thought when I saw its head. "But what a long neck you have, Mr Varanus", I mused. Fractions of a second later, I realised that it was a snake, a large snake. My fingers involuntary grabbed the brakes, and I emitted a sound not unlike that of a startled donkey. ("Eeee-argh!") The snake was a uniform olive brown-green, with large scales. It was about 5 inches in diameter at its widest point (about 18-24 inches behind the head). From the leafy embankment, the snake slid down onto the trail and contemplated my bicycle and its quaking owner for what seemed like an eternity. It then slithered across the trail and down the opposite embankment. I estimated its length to be about 8 feet, but it could have been a couple of feet longer. The location of the sighting was about 5 kilometres into the Gombak forest reserve, about 200 metres from a large stream in a dense and well-covered jungle, close to a bamboo forest. The trail, though navigable by 4wd vehicle, had not been passed in several weeks, judging from the deadfalls across the trail that I had to haul my bicycle over.

It took several minutes before my heart rate returned from the stratosphere. Needless to say, every branch and root thereafter presented itself as a snake to my imagination!

But despite the patent danger posed by the close encounter, I could not help but marvel at its majesty. Among the flurry of obvious emotions in the washing machine that was my mind — terror and shock — were thoughts less usually associated with situations of danger: wonderment, awe and the feeling that I was pretty small in the order of things in nature. The snake was truly a sight to behold, though if you had asked me at the time, I might have preferred to behold this particular sight from behind a perspex enclosure at the zoo. Nevertheless, I consider myself truly lucky to have seen a King Cobra in the wild, and perhaps luckier still not to have raised its ire, despite the nose-to-wheel proximity of the encounter.

Go on, check the trail out...

The trail leads North from Kg Sg Pusu in Gombak. Go past the UIA campus until you reach the kampung. Look out for a left turning into a tarred road that climbs steeply uphill. The road goes downhill again and turns into a 4wd track at the bottom. This trail climbs steeply through orchards and a rubber plantation before entering the jungles of the Gombak forest reserve. Take left at the first junction in the jungle (right leads to the Klang Gates lake). About 3 kilometres in, there's another junction: left (sort of straight on, really) continues north and purportedly comes out at the 13th mile of the Gombak road, past the Orang Asli museum. The right turning takes you downhill and in an easterly direction for more than 2 kilometres before you reach the stream. I took a GPS reading at the stream that indicated that Janda Baik was only 10 km away, as the crow flies. The possibility of getting to Janda Baik, offroad, is tantalising! I spoke to Pak Cik Ali from the kampung and he said that as a young man during the Japanese occupation he had walked from Janda Paik to Sg Pusu through the jungle trails to ferry rice in order to avoid its confiscation by the Japanese who, sensibly enough, had checkpoints along the Gombak road.

But before you go, you might like to note the following:

- King Cobras inhabit undisturbed forest, usually near streams
- The female King Cobra lays its eggs and broods from May to July
- It nests on bamboo groves, which provide the leaves for nesting material
- This trails goes past a bamboo forest, and is close to a stream
- Brooding females are reportedly aggressive

Good luck!!

So, what to do if I had got bitten?

Aha! You should make sure that you've read Pat article on snakebite:

<http://www.bikehash.freervers.com/snakebite.html>

The King Cobra (or Hamadryad) has enough venom to kill 20 people. Of course, most snakes do not inject all its venom in a single bite, so there's still a fighting chance for survival. I had a roll of compression bandage with me, and I would use that to slow down the flow of the toxin. I would have to walk out on the uphill section, because it's important to keep the heart rate low, again to slow down the spread of the toxin. In reality, the anxiety of the snake encounter already had my heart rate skyrocketing. The first symptoms (including drowsiness and limb paralysis) start to appear 15-30 minutes after envenomation, so getting back to the car would be touch and go, since I was riding alone at the time.

Here's the best piece on first aid for King Cobra bites that I've come across:

<http://www-surgery.ucsd.edu/ENT/DAVIDSON/snake/Ophiopha.htm>

Joe Adnan, 7 June 2002

Ed.itorial

1. Firstly, I apologize for being so slack lately with sending this newsletter out. No, I have not decided to marry and give up mountain biking. Yes, I am now working again and the new job has been taking a lot of my precious biking time.
2. This Sunday's bash is Fuji's *baby*. I suggest you all be prepared for one great ride because it always is with him. I am looking forward to getting on my mountain bike again. Hope I can remember how to ride!

Techtips by Casper

Techtip No.5

When installing a bottom bracket, wrap a few rounds of teflon tape (the kind used for plumbing) around the threads on the cups. This will make subsequent removal easy and may also prevent the ingress of moisture and dirt into the bottom bracket.

Techtip No.6

Mark the outer plate of one link of your chain with nail polish. This way, you'll be able to see clearly where you've started lubricating the chain and where you'll need to stop.

Cont'd from Page 1

The thing that surprised me most (apart from the very steep climb) was the fact that I had lived here three years and was totally unaware that such a pleasant ride existed almost on my doorstep! This also indicated that quite a number of my riding colleagues (both local & expatriate) were also oblivious of (or had never ridden) this pleasant trail.

I was also aware that although a tad on the short side, this trail had the potential to become an interesting site for a Bash, and the route Speedo & I had just completed, would make an excellent short & scenic ride.

It was with these thoughts in mind that I did a number of recces on my own to explore the true potential of the site. I was delighted to discover that there was a further reasonably long loop consisting mainly of single track, which would extend the trail to about 17kms. However this was still not really long enough, so I began to explore the old rubber plantation, which lay in the hills to the edge of the first section of the dam. I was amazed to find that an old 'fire-road' (Leech Alley) led to a hill that was as steep as anything Kiara had to offer, so steep in fact that a 'straight down' route would have been impossible to ride. It was shortly after this time that "BillBoard" Matt emerged from a prolonged hibernation, and offered to co-hare. As an introduction for Matt we rode the dam inclusive of the 'big loop', and on the next occasion we explored the potential to build in some extra distance by way of a couple of forays into the old rubber plantation. However it was clear that this would mean a considerable amount of clearing work would be required, as the original rubber-tapper trails were seriously overgrown. We duly set about the task & spent many hours amongst millions of mosquitoes & dozens of leeches, and ultimately ended up with some additional challenging track amongst the trees. Some of it was quite reminiscent of "clenched sphincter" in Kiara. On the Sunday before Coronation Day we cleared the last of the diagonal down hill sections between the terraces, and I thoroughly enjoyed riding all of them despite the technical difficulty. There were only one or two minor details to be completed. It was these minor sections we set out to finish on Coronation Day itself. I had rained a lot in the preceding days so the trail was more tacky & slippery than previously. Nevertheless I set about enjoying the descent for a second time. Somehow on the 3rd diagonal traverse I got in wrong (too much front brake or not hanging far enough out over the back wheel), and the tail end of the bike caught some air. Next thing I know I had forcefully embraced a rather large rubber tree, my left bar end was ripped off, and the bike had been catapulted some few meters further down the trail. I immediately knew my left leg was broken, as my foot was pointing left at a most unusual angle. Matt had his back to me at the point of impact so was unaware of what had actually happened. Once reality set in, I am unsure as to which of us was in the greatest state of shock, and all sorts of things were racing through our minds. First thing we did was to try my mobile phone, but who to call? The trail was inaccessible by any vehicle, which could be in any way useful. The answer was quickly provided when we discovered there was no network coverage in that area. We had "walkie-talkies", and knew there were other riders about, so Matt sent out a call in the hope that someone may be tuned into the same channel. It was a 'long shot' given the choice of channels available, and unsurprisingly there was no response.

To be continued.....

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MTB at Benggali Hill

Got up at 7.00am for buffet breakfast and looking at the extensive spread really had to exercise extreme self-control or the ride would be over before we even started. Got to the meeting place at 8.30am and met up with the rest of the Langkawi riders in Kuah town. There were 4 of us from KOTRTs and 7 from Langkawi.

We pushed off at 8.45am with a short road ride across Pekan Kelibang to the trail head ~2km away beside the Teresa Laundry factory. The ride started with gradual climbs on loose, rocky single track, winding through rubber estates which soon opened up into tall lallang forests and secondary jungles. Mostly covered by the forest canopy, the trails were very much like the 8 hills ride in Parit Buntar. We criss-crossed so many similar looking single tracks that very soon, I felt we were riding in circles. There were junctions a plenty, but the Langkawi riders were really doing a great job, leaving "marshals" at every major junction to guide us and warn us of hidden ruts and danger spots. Su Aun on her Juliana would surely love this kind of trail, undulating with long gentle climbs and very fast downhills. After an hour of zigzagging, updowning and round and round Bukit Benggali, we finally exited to the main road and lo and behold, we were at the Makam Mahsuri, fighting with the tourist buses for the very limited space on the road.

After a 15 minute water break at Makam Mahsuri, it was back up the Benggali Hill back to Pekan Kelibang. The highlight of the ride for me was an encounter with a family of 6 wild boars charging across my path as I was zooming down the trail with 5 riders in tow. Hey, with 5 riders breathing down your neck, you gotta concentrate or risk crashing on the loose rocky single track and did not pay much attention to the rustling in the bush. Suddenly, a black ball of fur zoomed across my path. It was papa boar. I tried to out run them, but one after the other, the black balls of fur continued to zoom across my path, just inches in front of my front tire, even as I was flying down the track at ~40kph. Darn! Missed them, or we would have BBQ boar for dinner. We ended up back at Dawood for drinks and a chance to further up our acquaintance with Wong and his crew. As usual, after the ride, our thoughts shifted to food and Rin took us to Sinaran, a Malay food joint in Kuah Town to book the food. We literally bought up the place, which was swarmed with the lunch crowd and asked the proprietor to put aside the food while we went back to our hotel to change, and returned with the family members at 2.30pm for lunch. The food was so good, that Sany and I had 5 helpings of rice, with similar amounts consumed by Rin and Azmi, maybe more, looking at the condition of the suspension of our van. Definitely one of the best meals I've had in Langkawi.

Island hopping

After lunch, it was back to the hotel. Azmi's family decided to skip the boat ride as it was really hot and Jo had already tested the legend of Pulau Dayang Bunting and found it to be true. She had taken a dip in the lake on a previous trip and Imran is the proof. The boat was already waiting for us at the beachfront, so off we went island hopping, first to Pulau Singa, then Pulau Dayang Bunting for a dip in the bottomless fresh water lake and then skipping the last island as it was getting late.

Dinner at Nelayan Seafood

Met up again with the Langkawi riders at this seafood place called Medan Selera Nelayan Seafood restaurant. Had a bad experience with the service, food and exorbitant prices, so better to erase from memory this particular episode. Surely one place to avoid if you happen to crave seafood in Langkawi. On the way back, we had another misfortune as the replacement van gave up on us with electrical failure, driving without headlights with only one Bicycle Cat Eye and Maglite, both handheld by Sany to cut a swath in the pitch dark night! We eventually had to abandon it by the roadside. 2 vans and 1 station wagon in 2 days. Surely, Rin's driving must have something to do with it!

Easy Sunday morning

Sunday morning, we were supposed to go for another ride with Wong and his crew, but we decided to cancel it in favor of the buffet breakfast which we had to miss out on the previous morning. Gosh, you should see Sany and Rin make the mountains of bread, sausages and eggs disappear into thin air. Even David Copperfield would be proud. Spent the rest of the morning soaking up the sun at the pool side. No chance for ocular exercises as there were nothing except lumps of cellulite on display. Next, it was another quick tour of Langkawi visiting the dried out Temurun waterfall and a peek at the Datai. Then it was time to pack and check out and balik kampung. Adios Langkawi, we shall return and Mucho Gracias to Wong and his crew for the warm hospitality, great ride and much help with transporting the bikes. @

BITS & BOBS – 1) Swag for sale!. **KLMBH Mugs** (RM15), 2nd Annual Int’l Bash t-shirts (Blue; RM12) and 3rd Annual International Bash t-shirts (White RM10) 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)** For all members who have yet to collect their 3rd International Bash t-shirts, you may do so at the next Bash from the registration table. **4)** That’s all for Bits & Bobs for now...

Swap Meet

Saddle for sale: Selle Italia Flite Titanium Genuine Gel. RM140 ono. Contact Chew at 012 488 3818 or tohhoonchew@yahoo.com.

Wheelset; Shimano XT hubs, Mavic 618 front and 517 Ceramic rear rims, DT butted spokes and brass nipples; no skewers; RM400 ono. Contact Chew at 012 488 3818 or tohhoonchew@yahoo.com.

e-Trex Summit GPS (reads altitude as well) bought in Feb 01 for RM1,200. Rarely used. Selling for RM500. Email tohhoonchew@yahoo.com

Property to let - Bangsar Ria townhouse, 1,600-1,700 sq ft, 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. 4 split-levels, located near the infamous Tivolli 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 tohhoonchew@yahoo.com.

Pair of Panaracer Fire XC Pro 2.1 inch kevlar bead tires. Black with red sidewalls. Good condition. RM80 ono takes 'em both. Contact Fuji @ 012 307 6815 or ngahfuji@tm.net.my or look for WGK 9898 at the next Bash.

WMF Crystal Glasses - Made in Germany - 15 pieces each for red wine, white wine and champagne for RM18 per piece - 15 pieces each for sherry, liquor, and cognac for RM16 per piece - Contact Fuji @ 012 307 6815 or ngahfuji@tm.net.my.

Lost n' Found at Recent Bashes

Nalini headband. Green. Wet and stinky when found, nice n' clean now. Found after September Bash. Collect from haremobil WGK 9898 at the next bash.

MAA watch. Found some time ago and forgotten for a while. Collect from haremobil WGK 9898 at the next bash.

Yellow Giro Helmet. Found after November Bash. Collect from Bike Pro Centre or call 7805 1989 and speak to Tan Boon Foo.

2002 Calendar of Upcoming Events

Date
Event/Remarks
Date
Event/Remarks
Date
Event/Remarks

Eco-Xcapade Series Hulu Langat	7 July
Singapore Bike Hash	21 July
KLMBH Bike Hash	28 July
Ipoh Half Marathon	7 July
PD Triathlon	21 July
Malakoff M'sian Duathlon Series	4 Aug
Seremban Half Marathon	14 July
Singapore Bike Hash	27/28 July
KLMBH Bike Hash	25 Aug

Weekly rides

Day
Venue
Remarks

Tuesday

Muhibbah Restaurant, Taman Tun Dr Ismail at 7.45pm
38km-TTDDI to Lake Gardens & back via KLGCC, Sri Hartamas and Kenny Hills.

Wednesday

Universiti Malaya, Jalan Universiti Entrance guard house at 7.30pm
Cycle laps on a 5km loop and run laps around the lake after. A good *brick* workout.

Thursday

Opposite IOI Mall in Puchong at 7.30pm
50km – Cycle to Putrajaya and back with Peloton 2K.

Friday

SJMC, Subang Jaya at 7.30pm
40km – Cycle on bike lane of Kesas Highway.

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HARELINE

In order to facilitate the efficient planning of your 2002 cycling calendar, the following Bash dates have been fixed for next 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 on page 7.

Anyone interested in setting a Bash can **contact Eric Teo, 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
<i>Special</i>	90b	6 April 2002	Casper, Matt, Fuji and Sany
April	91	5 May 2002	Raymond 'Rocketboy' Keys and Matt 'Billboard' Schneller
May	92	2 June 2002	Nick Smith and Casper
June	93	30 June 2002	Rainman and Chew
July	94	28 July 2002	Hares needed!
August	95	25 August 2002	El Hefe and Thomas
September	96	29 September 2002	Hares needed!
October	97	27 October 2002	Hares needed!
November	98	24 November 2002	Hares needed!
December	99	29 December 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 webbe site and further updated by my own count as at 1 January 2002 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	16	Melody Tan	3	Angus Knowles	1	Paul Booth	1
Richard Aubrey (Awarded)	12	Matt Schneller	3	Annett Frohlich	1	Peter Pickernell	1
Eric Teo	9	Alistair Swanson	2	S.Y. Chong	1	Phaedra	1
Ngah Fuji Bakri (Oi, where's me mug?)	9	Simon Kenney	2	Chris Williams	1	Pinhead	1
Gordon Fraser	6	Dick Shelly	2	Clara Chin	1	Simon Ng	1
Pat Brunsdon	6	Grant Lee	2	Colin Jackson	1	Steve Ellison	1
Hulk	6	John Hagedorn	2	Dave Baker	1	Kenny Stewart	1
Paul Sweeney	6	John Mugford	2	David Foo	1	Karen Brunsdon	1
Peter Bloomer	5	John Spencer	2	Emma Booth	1	Janie Ravenhurst	1
Barry Hills	5	Kelvin Wong	2	Geoff Stecyk	1	Paul Moir	1
Mike Elliot	5	Noel Brennan	2	Graham	1	Jamie Knowles	1
Denis French	4	Nigel Blott	2	Ian Miller	1	Robbie Knowles	1
Alison Keeler	4	Shariman Alwani	2	James Aubry	1	Charl Bester	1
Shaharudin Damis	4	Speedy the Dog	2	Jeff Dean	1	Ingrid Burke	1
Raymond Keys	4	Tan Boon Foo	2	Jo Williams	1	James Lim	1
Bill Steven	3	Larry Chan	2	Johnathan Startin	1	Gostarnjoe	1
Mark Chaterton	3	Chew	2	Liz Roberts	1	Andy Blake	1
Peter Heston	3	Conrad Fawcett	2	Marie Benedix	1	Low Min Chee	1
Animal Elford	3	Scott Roberts	2	Mark Clark	1	Thomas Fong	1
Jake Slodki	3	Mohamad Sany	2	Mike Smit	1	Andy Knellar	1
		Nick Smith	2	Mike Wright	1		

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