

Ride 477 Report – 30 November 2014

The Old Farts Marathon aka the Never-ending Toilet Paper Ride!

Hares: Graeme Douglas, Back Entrance & Turtle Head

For once the weather was relatively dry, not much rain the day before and the sun was shining brightly. Based on the lead Hare's previous ride the question was to take the mountain bike or check the tyre pressures on the road bike? In the end I opted for the MTB machine as I felt there had to be somewhere on the ride where we would go onto some lawn. Riding from my house down the park connector to Clementi Road, I couldn't help noticing bold white chalk arrows marked out at intervals. Hmmm, I wonder if there is a Hash run taking place here today? Eventually reach run site at about 9.35am to find a sizeable crowd already gathering at Kent Ridge, Car Park B aka the Shagger's Car Park. As many running Hashers will know, this car park has become synonymous with Singapore's version of dogging, which basically is sex in public only in a car with the engine running (it gets hot when you do it this way, allegedly) and newspapers lining the interior side of the car windows (less common these days as they become more adventurous, I blame the Internet for this). This being a Sunday morning, there was little of this activity to be seen, which was probably for the best with Coo Chi Coo loitering around the area.

Shortly before 10.00, Back Entrance arrived looking muddy and grubby, perhaps a portent of things to come and who proceeded to tell us that the ride was set on chalk and toilet paper. Copy Cat had the gall to suggest that there might be a lot of roads and traffic lights involved in the ride and to be careful; Ditch take note. Which brings me to the question of why, on those helpful signs across the AYE, there is the message "Be aware, stop at the red light traffic"? Apart from the classic Singlish, it infers that there is a considerable problem in Singapore of people who drive across red lights. What I do know from years of experience in my Kampong is that a yellow box trumps a solid white stop line, something clearly there for decoration. As long as there is nobody in the box you can ignore the white line and any oncoming cars and drive across it. There was also a mention of the forthcoming Christmas Ride extravaganza to be held at Cheval (Froggy lingo for horse), Turf City, Kranji **not** at Turf City, Bukit Timah. Bets are now being placed for the likely person(s) who still go to the wrong venue (my money is on Nobby Boy Scout as I am not sure his space ship can properly map the coordinates).

With all the preliminaries out of the way, On On was in the opposite direction to which most bikes were facing, but eventually a stream of bikers got underway from the entanglement of bikes in the car park, all heading down the path and forcing the walkers to flee. At this point my decision to bring the MTB was vindicated as we came to our first technical 'feature', steep steps going down the side of the hill. It was a bit early and crowded in the ride for heroics so everyone took the pussy option to walk down the steps. From here we entered the playground area and then up some steps and then down more until we came out on Springwood Heights and then to our first T-check on Springwood Close. This took us back along South Buona Vista Road to Zehnder Road, across a short piece of lawn onto Science Park Road and then alongside the drain to West Coast Road. This was taking on a feel of Coo Chi Coo's ride a few weeks back, particularly when we headed towards Haw Par Villa and a police sign announcing an outrage of modesty crime in the area. Any connection?

Just before Haw Par Villa we hit the most confusing T-check of the day as riders spread out far and wide to find the trail. The pack decided that the only option was to head back from whence we came and the trail was picked up a considerable way back on the opposite side of the road taking us into the park connectors. The fast pace was quickly cooled by a T-check which Coo Chi Coo broke by breaking the rules and going off road, picking up chalk marks on the nearby bridge. This took us along the coastline to a circle check. I decided that the Hares had clearly gone down the boardwalk, but the trail actually went forward over another short section of grass and along the drain back onto West Coast Highway towards Jalan Buroh. After a lengthy jaunt I reached the junction at Jalan Buroh to collide with the pack coming back from a T-check. This was broken over the footbridge (easily rideable but bottled by most) to the other side of Jalan Buroh and heading west. A bit further on and we headed off trail alongside the Pandan River. This is more like it, good off trail section....to a T-check; get back on that road. Continuing our adventure along Jalan Buroh, I began thinking that the objective was to get us to the stinkiest shit-hole in Singapore, the Jurong River bridge, as any roadee will attest. Fortunately, this was to not to be as we skirted the Pandan Reservoir, with a quick visit to Penjuru Road, onto Teban Gardens Road and then to some major off road trail towards Teban Flyover and a really shitty tunnel. Even when this tunnel was open it was full of wet filth and was the only place where my dog picked up big ticks. There was

little light so I navigated by the glow from FCB's Garmin, about the only gadget that was working for him on the day, but still managed to nearly slide into the wall on the slushy shit, necessitating putting a foot down! Hitting daylight again, bikes were manhandled up the slope and the ride continued along the grass boarder of the AYE and up the swirly connector intersection before Clementi Avenue 6. My Tonto like instincts surmised that the FRBs would soon be coming back down and Coo Chi Coo quickly picked up the chalk marks over the old railway bridge. Now I'm not saying the Bike Hash is a race but it was at this stage that the Peloton caught me, wafting past me as we headed towards Clementi Road. Although the trail headed up Ulu Pandan Road the Peloton, headed by T.I. Joe, decided the trail was heading along the drain towards Commonwealth, meanwhile, Hash Brew was sauntering along in the right direction on his own. Aware of their error, the Peloton picked up the trail right into Pandan Valley, but they had been duped, it was a T-check. By now shock and trepidation set in as it became apparent that the Hares were going to take us off road, onto the treacherous and technically challenging railway line or green corridor as it is euphemistically referred to.

Actually, this was harder work than usual as the continuous rainfall over recent weeks had left sludgy mud sections that sucked the tyres down as we went along. A further T-check at Biopolis led to a continuation of the trail down the 'The Greenway' and out by the Sri Muneeswaran Temple onto Queensway. I was actually feeling a tad tired by this stage so as we headed down Portsdown Ave, I tucked in behind Spa Barbie and pretended I was taking my time and couldn't get past her. Passing over the AYE, the trail went up the slope to the rear of Science Park 1 to what would be the last T-check. The trail was picked up back on Science Park Drive and continued until it veered off left down the driveway of a top secret building, along a veranda, down some steps and into Kent Ridge Park. A last blast up the hill and we were home. Consensus put the ride at around 29km.

GM Copy Cat eventually called the Circle to order. First in, the Hares. Apart from comments that there was too much jungle, the crowd showed their appreciation of the ride. Two Virgins this time, Hans and Juliano. Juliano was sporting some form of protection around his shins that made him look somewhat Gladiatorial. What really impressed Jack Off was his shiny helmet. Returnees were Geoff Leeming and the perennial Nobby Boy Scout, who was on one of his visits to Earth. The only place people were going to come a cropper on this ride was if they slipped on the steps, though the scribe slipping in the tunnel and putting a foot down counted and there was a hint of irony that the nearest thing to a casualty was the Hare, Back Entrance, who seemed to have reopened a previous scratch.

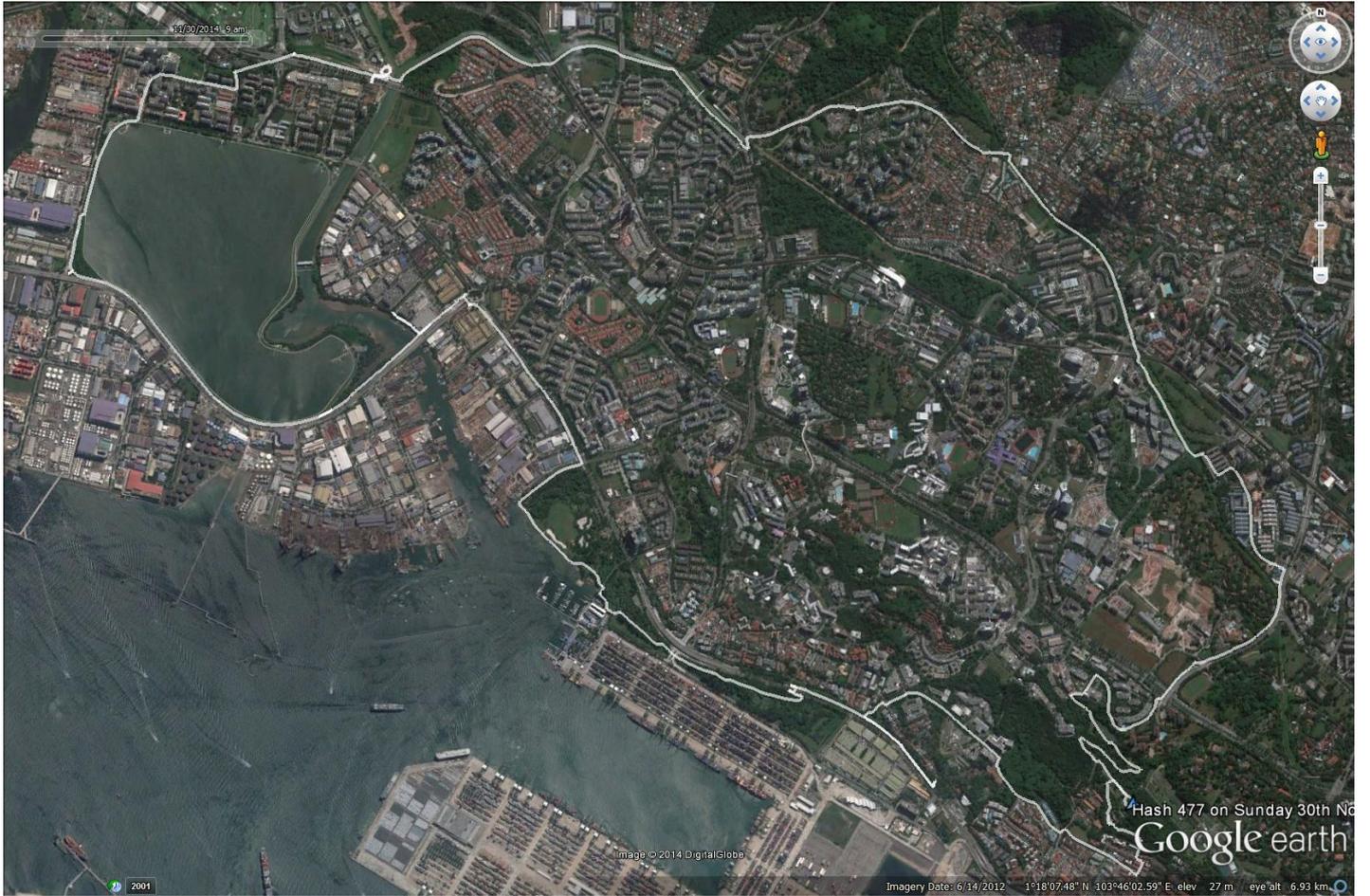
For once we had a worthy Hash name awarded to Juliano who, henceforth, assuming we see him again shall be known as Shiny Helmet. Hash Brew charged Ditch with going through red lights despite all the warnings. No Use, otherwise known as No Good charged T. I. Joe for not calling. It was Stiffy's birthday. Stiffy called for a Coo Chi Coo lookalike for being implicated in the Outrage of Modesty incident which somehow involved the policemen we passed. The Scribe charged Hash Flash and No Good for having the temerity to park their bikes against someone else's truck. Finally, Copy Cat on downed an oily for riding his shorts at crack revealing levels and Hash Flash for taking pictures of it.

On On was at Fat Boys Burger Bar on Pasir Panjang Road where burgers of various construction were wolfed down with goblets of beer. The odd thing was, the later you arrived the quicker you got your burger!

Verdict: For all the rib poking, great effort and good ride from our oldest member. Puts the light on everyone to volunteer to help!

On On

Scribed by,
Wan King



6/17/2012 1:19 am

Image © 2014 DigitalGlobe

Imagery Date: 6/14/2012 1°18'07.48" N 103°46'02.59" E elev. 27 m eye alt. 6.93 km

Hash 477 on Sunday 30th No
Google earth

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