

# Ride 500 Report – 21 February 2016

---

## Five Hundred and Counting Ride!

**Hares: T. I. Joe, Copy Cat, Phone Sex, Too Easy, FCB, Whorenet, Spa Barbie & Jose Puig**

### Location: Pulau Ubin

With a cast of 8 Hares on deck to lead the large turnout of riders on a balmy Sunday morning, the ride looked promising to fulfill its high expectations. This, after all, was the epic 500<sup>th</sup> ride of the world's first-ever Bike Hash! Pulau Ubin – perhaps the only place in Singapore that has remained largely unchanged since the founding of SBH in 1989 – was the site of this auspicious event.

The 'pioneers' were out in force, too, including Graeme Douglas, still looking svelte and agile at 80! Well done, Graeme, you are older than my dad and an inspiration to us all, let's give you a note...

Former GM Barbarian turned up on his 'steed' and we hope to see him back for the 600<sup>th</sup> ride. Don't let us wait another 100 rides before you join us again, my friend...

As the clock struck 10am, the riders were split into 3 groups: fast, less fast and not so fast. Led by T.I. Joe and Copy Cat, of course the fast group broke rule #1 on the hash – it's not a race! T.I. Joe was quick to point out that the red clay was 'slippery when wet' and more than one Hare took a painful spill during their numerous recces. Thankfully, the weather had cleared from the previous day, so the muddy terrain had largely dried and there were few spills on Sunday morning. Copy Cat was laughing as usual, a lovely sound to hear amidst the flora and fauna of the island.

The riders were breathing heavily as they wended up a steep single-track, only to congregate at the peak for a spell before heading down the 'black diamond' that Coo Chi Coo descended like a promotional video ad for his beloved Santa Cruz. It was circa 2002 when he bestowed me with my hash name – Knobby Boy Scout – at Pulau Ubin when I showed up with a bike with slick tires, a lock, lights and pannier rack. I think my bike weighed more than he did! It was magnificent to be back where I had my first-ever mountain bike experience, courtesy of the Bike Hash.

The Hares did a remarkable job of bringing us through every rideable path on the island, with the fast riders clocking an impressive 26km in two hours. Fun fact: Pulau Ubin is only 8km long and less than 2km wide! This makes the Hares' orienteering skills and navigational experience all the more apparent.

What was even more remarkable was that few of us got lost or crossed paths with the other groups that entire morning. Kudos to the Hares' hard work and their GPS devices – no doubt this ride would have been near-to-impossible in the 1980's, pre-GPS era.

Cyclists from all of the 3 'groups' miraculously arrived back at the dock for the ferry within minutes of each other, some 'kiasu' ones rushing back on the first ferry to the mainland while others stayed back to wash their bikes before joining the large crowd that had gathered at the On-On site: Little Island Brewing Company.

Inspired perhaps by Brewerkz, this expansive restaurant with a self-service bar met its match with 80 thirsty hashers. With the men hoisting frosty mugs and the fitness-conscious women drinking their white wine, this place seemed to be built with Hashers in mind. Dressed in their stylish 500<sup>th</sup> Ride cycling jerseys, the group was hard to miss as we approached the pavilion. The French riders amongst us got a kick out of the fact that the shirts feature a "French design."

The Circle was called to order, and our lovely recent Bike Hasher, Yuri, was called to task by resident *raconteur* Fat Crashing Bastard. Apparently during a recce, she finished the ride covered in mud but still flashing her infectious smile. FCB, with great aplomb, brought her into the circle and had her anointed – now and forever – as "Dirty, Muddy, Happy." Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down... On her knees and with beer still drizzling from her head, she arose no longer as Yuri but as "Dirty, Muddy, Happy" – still smiling, of course!

No Good then called Fat Crashing Bastard back into the circle for his comeuppance. She wondered what had possibly happened? What had transformed this 'grumpy old man' into the kind-hearted, patient, compassionate Hare that she experienced that day? Well done, FCB, for bringing the Virgins plus No Good around the island! Don't shoot me, No

Good, I'm just the scribe! Speaking of scribes, the regular scribe Wanking was nowhere to be found on the ride. He was sleeping off a hangover at home, obviously a hasher through and through... On On, mate!

Veteran rider Sperm and his lovely girlfriend, Shirley, graced our presence at the Circle - Sperm having traded in his Specialized for a Leica camera, apparently. They had an excuse on hand, though, as they had come straight from Changi Airport to the On-On. Good timing, at least! Other fixtures from the Bike Hash turned out, too, including Machine and his lovely wife, G-String, as did good friends from the running Hash, family members, and SBH wannabes. The next generation of Bike Hashers strutted their stuff on the restaurant patio, with the big brother doing impressive wheelies on his mountain bike as his younger brother tried to follow. Look out, Too Easy, you have competition!

There was some high drama at one moment when the GM called in a young girl making her debut on the Hash. With good sense, she hugged her father and ignored the GM's desperate plea to come into the circle. The more he begged, the tighter her hands clenched her father. After a tense moment, tears were averted and the onlookers breathed a collective sigh of relief.

Perhaps the highlight of the day, however, was when the Circle parted and revealed a hearty Aussie laugh courtesy of SBH Founding Father, Barf Balls. We won't ask how that Hash name came about, but we were certainly delighted to have this visionary, humble man join us and share the words, "I never thought that I would be here to witness the 500<sup>th</sup> ride of the Singapore Bike Hash!" Wearing his trademark safari suit, this legend from Batam and "Lucy's Oar House" called in his mates who were there to witness the first season of the Singapore Bike Hash, a time when some men behaved badly and when a few (like Ripper) even drank Rum and Coke from their CamelBaks. They don't make Bike Hashers like they used to...

So for all of their foresight, bad jokes, and wonderful shared memories that we have enjoyed with them, let's give a note to the Founding Fathers of the Singapore Bike Hash. Their fashion might have changed with the times, their prototype metal bikes replaced by carbon-fibre showpieces, their hairlines receded and waistlines expanded, but let us not forget these wonderful blokes – these ambassadors of two wheels - who have been giving us a reason to get up early on Sunday mornings for the past 27 years. Let's give them a note... and hope that they can all join us again for Ride 600!



Ripper Knobby Barf Balls Barbarian Coo Chi Coo

On On!  
Scribed by: Knobby Boy Scout