

Efficient, smooth, fast and interesting, what else can you say about ride 376? Put together by the Quiet Quartet of Bob Graf, Peng, Dorothy and Grace, this ride had all the excitement of any off-road ride set in Singapore, including fantastic single track, jungle sections, great back checks and managing to keep the pack tight and moving for the full 2 hours. At this point, you'd say it was a winner for giving the SBH riders exactly what they wanted. But there's more. By dispensing with the frivolity and nonsense normally associated with the hash, after spending hours on the trail, they managed to conduct the circle and feed the masses, done, dusted and sent on their way in 2 hours and 30 minutes (That includes 2 hours of riding). Never seen before, I doubt we'll ever see this efficiency again. I think the indigestion will see to that.

The pack arrived eager for a good day out. The heat of the last weeks had dried any rain soaked terrain, and the pack was keen for a fast ride in an area they knew well, or so they thought. Staring out across the truck parking area, the riders all thought this would be a simple case of once around the block over very familiar dirt access roads.

The hares had set some good checks, managing to keep the pack together. However, the first T check of the day showed how little anyone pays attention anymore. Searching back and forth for the on trail, we hear "on-on" from beyond the T check!!. Suddenly a mass movement of riders chase each other past the T to search for the trail, only to end up on last Fridays' running hash paper. To all you mindless hashers who haven't listened to any of the rules since you started: "T" means STOP, turn around and GO BACK. It doesn't mean, "Oh that's a perfectly nice little attempt to educate the masses about the virtues of the letter T. Maybe they'll do other letters along the way".

After calling "On-back" the pack reassembled in the opposite direction and found the trail again. But within minutes we were facing new single track, yes I said single track, weaving in and out of trees and grasslands over flat and fast trail. Luxurious riding in our own backyard! The hash was delivering more than we hoped at this stage.

Further on we arrived at Jln Lam Sam to cross under the PIE and ride the endless connector of old Chua Chu Kang road, suffering in the heat of the sun (Mind you we do live in the tropics and Singapore is known as a HOT country, but since when did this ever stop us all from complaining about the weather?). Suddenly we were back into more smooth and fast single track beside the KJE and PIE (where do they find this stuff?) and then under the PIE at Jalan Bahar towards the flat open field at Jurong West. Here we find the pack cheered on by the instant foreign workers camp (tent, lean-to, whatever), struggling through the quick sand of the open drain where Goes Both Ways slowly sank to ever greater depths, with an instant simulated mud spa all the way up her.... (Jeff, go have a cold shower!)

It appears many of the riders also made a splash in the mud banks, but quickly retreated to wash away the evidence before riding home on old Jurong road.

Once back, the riders were very quickly assembled by No-Good, keen to taste some of the mouth-watering food prepared for the on-on. The circle was called (before some of the back riders and the sweeps had returned). Before we knew it, the hares, virgins and returnees were all dispatched with sudden down-downs and the few charges that were allowed were quickly disposed of, before the skies opened and the roar of endless rain washed out the rest of the activities. The food was already

prepared and quickly finished off by those who wanted to stay, and those who couldn't leave due to the down-pour.