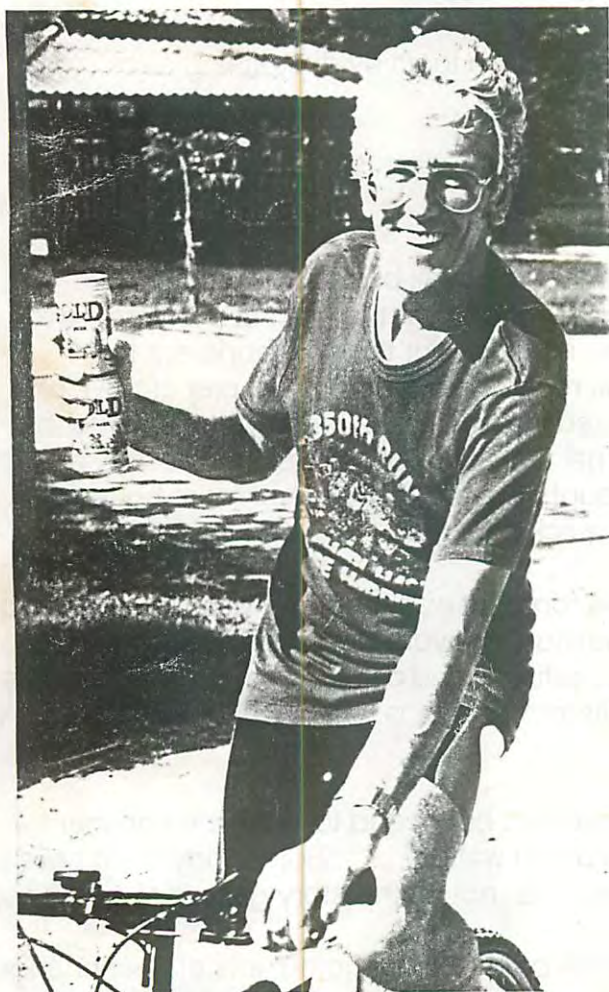


Piss Pot Peddler

Official Organ of the Bangkok Hash House Bikers



LAST MONTH'S RIDE

"a sensational, phenomenal, awesome demonstration, the very quintessence of mountain bike hashing at its zenith. BHBB was never in its wildest imagination ready for the subtleties, verve and panache of the trail unleashed on them by the dynamic duo of Hags and Shagnasty". Well, even if this was said by the free wheeling double canner on the left, this month's hares have got a class act to follow !

NEXT HARES UP ARE BRAIN "WHEEL BUCKLER" HEALTH, AND DOUG "OILY" WHITTAKER

Ride: No. 3

Date: 16 August 1992

Time: Meeting 15:00, Ride 16:00

Location: Krungthep Kretha Road (adjacent to UNICO golf course)

Drive along New Petchburi Road to Junction with Soi 71 at Khlong Tan. Go straight over junction onto Pattanakarn Road (Note — overpass under construction — possible traffic problem) Continue straight to traffic lights at Sri Nakarin Road. Turn left and drive 1.9 kms before turning right (HHH sign) into road to Krungthep Kretha & Unico golf course. Drive straight for approx. 3.6 kms passing both golf courses and turn right (HHH sign). Continue to end of lane, turn left and park near yellow/green Guardforce van. Obey parking instructions (wheel clamping possible if you don't).

BHHB Ride # 2, Charansanitwong Soi 35. 19th July 1992

Asphalt and laterite roads, a boat foray (of all things), circuitous concrete pathways, convoluted muddy pathways, bamboo pole bridges – this hash had everything. What a pity that no-one finished !!!!!

The rural tranquility of Bangkok Noi was transcended as the hares lugging all the paraphernalia of their trade i.e., bikes, beer, shredded paper, beer, flour, more cold beer, maps, compasses, even more beer, tracker dogs etc., displayed abandoned athleticism in setting the spoor for the pack to follow. Regetably, much to the chagrin of the hares, the pack was not to be up to the task assigned to it. Oh woe !!!!!

On the designated hour, 16.00 hours, the off was given to an avid, straining pack .

"OK, f... off out the gate and turn left".

Unceremoniously they filed off.

One kilometre later, with confusion at the first check, not all boded well for the unsuspecting. On On was the cry as the pack surged down the road at a leisurely two kilometres a fortnight..... Another check at the next wat but the only apparent trail transpired to be false. Back to the wat the trail recommenced from the pier of the klong. Oh you devious hares! Bikes and the pack piled into the boats to be ferried off into the sunset. Well, actually into an unsuspecting Thai family household (still in disarray after the hares earlier visitation). The spoor led off through, not around, several more houses, narrow paths, checks, false trails and on to a quick beer stop.

Shagnasty was limping from a nail through the foot, but was manfully, dolefully issuing out the cold beers. Already the torpor, heat exhaustion, dehydration made many plead, or winge, for an excuse to finish early. The hares refused and cajoled with promises of "It's only another seven kilometres". On On despite protestations. Time now 17:20 hours. All was well on schedule, or was it?

The hares now retired, as is their want, for a few cold beers and to await the imminent return of the pack. And they waited and waited and waited "Somebody must have a puncture or something" they thought. However, lets not let the story get out of sequence...

Meanwhile, the On On led down a long concrete path – great riding, lots of gear changes, masterful skills called for. Check by another bloody wat, long and confusing but eventually resolved. Straight on, more good paths, hump-back bridges – good fun.

Second check more difficult, down Soi 35, over the bridge, second left quickly into another check. This time a back check and so, innocuously, the trauma began... An innocent mud path beckoned the pack still fresh and eager for the homeward trail. Oh golly gosh, the mud paths diverged, converged, crossed, meandered like a bowl of spaghetti in splendiferous confusion. On On the spoor went serpentine through a veritable maze of irrigation canals, plantations and virgin jungle.

At this point, it is fair to comment that even the hares, who profess to know this area "like the back of their hands", got lost! A considerable amount of time and effort was expended to forge a "good" trail. What was laid was undoubtedly a good trail and very rideable, enjoyable and should have been easy as long as you stayed on paper. Thereby hangs the nub of the problem.

DID YOU GET THE BUGS OUT
OF THE IGNITION SYSTEM?

NO SWEAT.

“ไม่มีพดเตยฟี”

COULD IT WORK
WITHOUT THE
BALL BEARINGS?

REMEMBER NOW, DON'T
DRINK TOO MUCH, WATCH
YOUR MANNERS, AND I
WANT YOU BACK HERE
FIVE MINUTES AFTER
CLOSING TIME.

WELL, HON? WHAT WILL
WE DO WITH ALL THIS
JUNK?!



BHHB Mismanagement, after several weeks of numbing deliberation are pleased to announce the winner of the

BHHB LOGO COMPETITION

And the winner is none other than that internationally famous, world class, graphic designer

BRUCE "BUNNY" MILLER

And here it is



(Well, it was the only entry !)

This captivating design comes in three delightful colours, midnight black, canary yellow, and flaming red.

The Grand Spokeman also designed a logo, and this is the one that proudly adorns the front of the inaugural ride T-shirt. However, in accordance with rules evolved over many years by cornflakes box competition organisers, employees, friends, and relatives of the mismanagement are ineligible to compete. So up yours, GS!

(P.S. I somehow think we'll see the simpler, one colour logo, again though)

Don't forget to collect your personally monogrammed piss pot at next weeks circle Bruce !



WELCOME BACK RODDERS !

The picture on the left of a much relieved Rodders was taken in his office the morning after his unnerving experience in the jungle.

In an exclusive P3 interview Rod had this to say

"Well, right, there I was in this Wat, looking for paper, right, when I suddenly found the trail leading off into the jungle. So, off I went, right, I mean, thats what you've supposed to do isn't it ? Trouble is, after only a few minutes I was on my bloody own, right ? After several hours crashing around, well, OK, it was dark, right, I can tell you, I was seriously looking for somewhere dry to bed down. OK ? So, along came this young lad, and in my fluent Thai I said "Taxi ?" and lo and behold, after a few diversions, he led me out onto the main road. Right ?"

Resourceful lad, our Rod !

IF I SAY YOU HAVE A LOVELY T SHIRT, WILL YOU HOLD IT AGAINST ME ?

Hash Haberdash Karis is seen in this enticing pose modelling the exciting inaugural BHHB T-Shirt she created with her hubby, our very own GS.

This delightful ensemble comes with designer cuffs, collar, bum pockets and nipple tickler, and can be yours for only 200 Baht.

HURRY WHILE STOCKS LAST !



HAVE YOU JOINED BHHB YET ?

After only two rides the following are now fully paid up members:—

The Battrams, Boulters, Boehms, Chauberts, Wichanees, Goodburns, Hutchinsons, Malinees, Millers, Morgans, Petries, Perry, Pike, Rayners, Turner and Westerns.

And they can't all be mad, can they ?

At 250 Baht membership of BHHB has to be the bargain of the century !

BHHB ROLLING SPOKE LINE

13	September 1992	Wichanee
XX	October 1992	Franz Boehm
XX	November 1992	Don Petrie
XX	December 1992	Bill Hobbs
XX	January 1993	Pete Western
XX	February 1993	Sarabjit
XX	March 1993	Bob Rayner

BHHB MISMANAGEMENT GRAND SPOKESMAN

**Pete "Wheel Wobble" Battram
(Tel: 252-3677)**

Hon On Sec: Bob Boulter
Tel: 398-0158 Fax: 398-9860

Haberdash: Karis Battram
Tel: 252-3677

