

Piss Pot Peddler

Official Organ of the Bangkok Hash House Bikers



At long last this is your chance to re-capture those halcyon days when little men lived in flowerpots at the bottom of the garden. Are you sitting comfortably? Good. Then let's join Bill and Ben in . . .

A DOUBLE TOOT AT WAT SALOOT.

T'was the last RIDE before Christmas,
And the PACK was in good cheer,
Once the RIDING bit was over,
They got stuck into the beer.

The potty HARES who led them,
Were summoned to their midst,
And drank ale from the PISS-POTS,
With a sly twist of the wrist.

In then strode the "Grand-Spokesman",
To dish out more DOWN-DOWNS,
The "Runners" and the "Latecomer",
Then "Whistlers" stood their ground.

Our elite "Klong-Diving" couple,
Agreed to give their say,
And welcomed in a "Horror",
Who had klong-dived on that day.

The "Hon-On-Sec" showed no remorse,
To those who dressed the same,
And slung out all the others,
As they quaffed their grog in shame.

The "G.S." wound the CIRCLE up,
"Bad parents" in the middle,
"Mis-dir-ections" from next months HARE,
Really are a riddle !

NEXT HARES UP ARE PETE AND GWEN WESTERN

Saddle-up for an afternoon of wild Western entertainment in beautiful Bang Mot on Sunday 17th January '93. Meet at 14:00h for 15:00h start.

DIRECTIONS: Cross Rama IX cable stayed bridge. Take left slip road onto Suksawat Road. After 700 M make a U-Turn, then after a further 2.6 kms turn left into Soi 26. Drive 2.4 kms and park right there. Yes, right there, in the middle of the road.

You will have noticed that the usual high resolution action picture of last month's hares has been replaced in this edition with a rather scrappy paste-up of a couple of fairies. Apparently this month's scribe, Haberdash poor girl, is suffering from an acute psychological disorder which mentally transports her back to her thumbsucking days in front of the 9 inch black and white steamdriven Ferguson. Whilst agreeing that the combined intellectual capability of last month's hares is no better than that of an average flower pot, I must disagree with the comparison of the beautiful Rose that is Nanette, and a little weed Read on

RE-RIDE #007 @ WAT SALOOT....6.12.35/92... scribbed by Karis "U-bend" Battram.

SPROCKET: Bill "Cranky" Hobbs & Co-SPROCKET: Peter "Wheel-Wobble" Battram

Alias: BILL AND BEN THE FLOWERPOT MEN.

"Blob-a-lob, little weeeeed ?" said Bill, "Blop-a-lop, little weeeeed !" replied Ben, as they breathlessly arrived seconds before the baying PACK of 31, including 8 "Horrors", were unleashed through the Wat gate to pose for a group photo.

Before anybody had the chance to say "Bob's your uncle", (No way I'd want to be related to this lot anyway - Ed) the G.S. had sent the PACK ON-OFF through the grounds of Wat Saloot at 3pm precisely bleep, bleep, bleeeeyp!!!! The two "runners" were heard to remark that the PACK were a bunch of Lynford Christies in their body hugging cycling shorts.

Over the klong bridge, past the chimney to heaven, and to the dulcet tones of the orange robed ones, the PACK negotiated the bumpy klong path before turning into the first CHECK, which we reached within five minutes. Choosing the soft option along the road, the PACK peddled after "Spokeless" Gwen and went straight into the clutches of the first U-BEND of the day. How Bill and Ben must have guffawed when they set that one ! (How does a flower pot guffaw ? - Ed)

The TRAIL was found back and ON-left shooting past the mansions and palaces of the "unusually" rich (and "Bonnie" Clyde, a banker, rhymes with ???.... answers on a post card or fax to the "Hon-on-sec") until it reached the windmill viewing bridge. Some confusion here until the TRAIL was found ON-off to the left and then ON-past the giant golf ball. ON-ON again, and whilst passing the golf course club-house we gaped in awe at the conspicuous wealth on display in the car park. Weaving our way contentedly across the partially landscaped rough terrain we rode into the second CHECK located at a five way point on a klong bridge. "Hutch/Hags" described the road that led him into the *brilliantly sited U-BEND as something akin to a real boneshaker. This was the moment of truth for those without padded cycling shorts and / or well sprung saddles ! (*Perhaps more than a little marital influence in choice of superlatives? - Ed)

The "runners" and the slower bikers took advantage of the turmoil arriving at this CHECK to find the PACK spread out in all directions. However, there was no real respite for us to catch our breath as the ON-ON was almost immediately called ON-off to the left inside the Wat compound. After searching in vain for the chalk arrows and/or PAPER, the exit from the holy grounds was found after several minutes along side the klong, down a narrow concrete path behind a high block wall.

Bill and Ben, unbeknown to the PACK, had left their flowerpots and had installed themselves on a grassy knoll to gurn (Sic! How an earth do you do that ? - Ed) at the passing HASHERS. "Blop-a-lop, little weeeeed ?" said Ben, "Blob-a-lob, little weeeeed !" replied Bill, "How articulate ?" said "Saddle-Sniffer", "When will they ever learn to speak properly ?" groaned "Hutch/Hags".

Back on the tranquil golf course access road the PACK streamed along wallowing in the gentle afternoon breeze until the FRB's (front racing/riding bikers) were lured into a detour loop. This enabled the BMB's (back marking bikers) to close ranks, but our joy was short lived as the TRAIL

arced off to the right in an enormous loop back to CHECK #3 on yet another klong bridge. From this vantage point we BMB's spotted the snazzy luminous BHHB cycling shirts of the FRB's about a kilometer away in the top left hand corner of the undeveloped industrial park as we looked at it. A neat touch by the HARES here as they led us through Madame Sanuk's backyard and left over an open wooden klong bridge onto a rutted track, where the dragonflies purred, and we rode through the turds, as they danced in the afternoon sun hoooooome home on the range where Liam dived into a klong.... (We'll let you sing that for us at the next circle – Ed).

O.K., listen up you HASHERS, as your beloved "Haberdash" I would like to encourage you to support your fab HASH and visit my store to select your fave from our smashing 1993 range, its gear. (Have to let U–bend get her ads in somewhere – Ed).

The PACK was then forced to shudder ON–ON along the meandering stone baked TRAIL bordering a group of glistening fish farm lakes. Thanks to the HARES our pace was notably slower as we endeavoured to protect our vitals. After numerous twists and turns we found ourselves on a grassy trail at the end of which the sneaky HARES had put yet another U–BEND. Whilst backtracking we heard the FRB's off to the right and were soon following them through Wat Tung Sa... something.

Back on terra firma we checked each others vitals, and watched as some counted while others whimsically confirmed that all was in order. ON–ON next through the bus station moo–bahn and ON–out onto the road where we were twice bamboozled by U–BENDS, the second of which led us to the scenic goose lake. It was here that Pete "Dr Doolittle" Western had two opportunities to use his horn and cackle in fluent goosenese to the entranced geese and ganders. Tricia "Goose" described this spot as the best part of the RIDE, I just thought the HARES should know that, O.K. !

"Blob–a–lob little weeeed ? said Bill, "Blop–a–lop little weeeed !" replied Ben. And did the children spot the exposed ribs of the dead dog carefully concealed along the TRAIL ? Well, that's next months story ! Oscar claims he saw a dead duck, but he has been known to exaggerate from time to time.

A quick flip through another moo–bahn to a long factory access road found us clambering ON–along a raised boardwalk and shortly afterwards ON–over a klong bridge. Emerging from the orchards we found the TRAIL tracing the left hand bank of the lake before turning right for the short ON–IN through Wat Saloot.

I won't encourage Bill and Ben with any tributes as the CIRCLE has already given a positive verdict, but I feel that I should add that these two fruit cakes appear to be at least one sandwich short of a picnic basket. "Blop–a–lop little weeeeeed ?" said Ben, "Blob–a–lob little weeeed !" replied Bill. ON–ON little weeeeeed ?

An hour and forty five minutes saw us cover around 22 kilometers without a hitch or any apparent distress. Good one HARES, and thanks for organising the snacks, water, softs and PISS, ON–ON !!! Good luck next month to Pete "Pilot" & Gwen "Spokless" Western with their new year TRAIL for RIDE #008 on 17.01.93, OooooNY–ON–OooooooooooooN!

RIDE #6 TURNOUT

FLOWER POTS	
HOUNDS – Riders	2
– Horrors	18
– Visitors	8
TOTAL	3
	31



ON ON ON

BHHB ROLLING SPOKE LINE

14 February 1993	Sarabjit "Rin-tin" Singh
xx March 1993	Bob "Raincoat" Rayner
xx April 1993	Bruce "Lily" Miler
xx May 1993	Clyde "Bonnie" Albrect
xx June 1993 – AGM –	Bob "Saddle-Sniffer" Boulter & Peter "Wheel-Wobble" Battram
xx July 1993	Tricia "Goose" & Lem "Gander" Morgan + Rod "Thespian" Turner



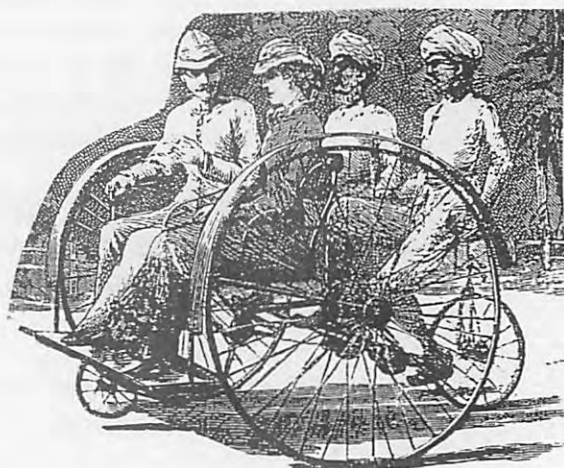
NEW SPOKES

Once again the lure of BHHB has proved too much for mere mortals such as Gladys, Krit, Suhanna & Bavana CHOOOI, Dave, Tim, Michelle & Mathew DALY & Rose, Richard, Josh & Jordan WILLING, to resist.
Sawatdee krap and ON-ON YOUR BIKE !

As a result of this months influx, memebership of BHHB has risen by yet another 18% to the heady total of 79.

CAPTION COMPETITION

Yet again P3 offer you the chance to add your own witty caption to this Victorian cartoon. Entries should reach the "Hon-on-sec" by 15.1.93, and don't forget the winner will be free to select an item from the exciting 1993 range in "U-bend's" haberdashery.



BHHB MISMANAGEMENT GRAND SPOKESMAN

Peter "Wheel-Wobble" Battram
(Tel: 252-3677)

		<u>Tel:</u>	<u>Fax:</u>
Hon On Sec:	Bob "Saddle-Sniffer" Boulter	398-0158	398-9860
Hash Cash:	Peter "Wheel-Wobble" Battram	252-3677	
Haberdash:	Karis "U-bend" Battram	252-3677	
Trailmasters;	Richard "Starsky" Perry	231-0389-96	
	Neil "Hutch" Hutchinson	573-1545	
Khlong Divers;	Bruce "Lily" Miller	260-1726	
	Don "Pete" Petrie	253-4778	
Hash Flash:	Kim "Flash" Chaubert	260-3246	
Religious Advisor:	Brian "Brain Health" Heath	321-1723	

MEMBER'S IN ACTION

MOUNTAIN BIKE TREKKING

Lem Morgan has just returned from a few days bike trekking in northern Thailand. He put the following write-up together at very short notice (for which we are extremely grateful), to introduce us to the concept, and the pleasures, of bike trekking

We took our bikes on the Tuesday overnight train to Chiang Mai, loaded them on to a four wheel drive Toyota truck the next morning and got them ready to ride from the top of an escarpment outside Mae Suai (60 kms south of Chiang Rai) at around noon. It was an easy 40 km ride to Ban Huai Khrai, passing several hill tribe villages en route. A Lisu lad had told our guide at Mae Suai that accommodation was prepared for us at his village. That day was school's sports day and we stopped at one small Ban and watched the relay races. To our astonishment we were interviewed on a megaphone by a local schoolteacher with better English than me (well I know I went to school in Wales). We were given "Sang Thip" to smooth our journey. At dusk we arrived at Huai Khrai, washed under a bucket and strolled around before dinner made by Chai our guide. The night was cold enough for three or four blankets.

Breakfast at 7 am. On the road within an hour, destination Ban Wawi, the Chinese KMT Village. Another glorious day with a good track for cycling, but later we had to shelter from the rain around a fire in the covered market place. The rain did not relent and so at dusk we put our low gears into action for overlooking the "Ching-U-Ling" tea plantations. Shower gloriously hot, wonderfully situated over the Loo to facilitate simultaneous shit, shower and shampoo. With a bottle of Sang Thip and a few sodas we later shivered in the mountain cold and celebrated my birthday.

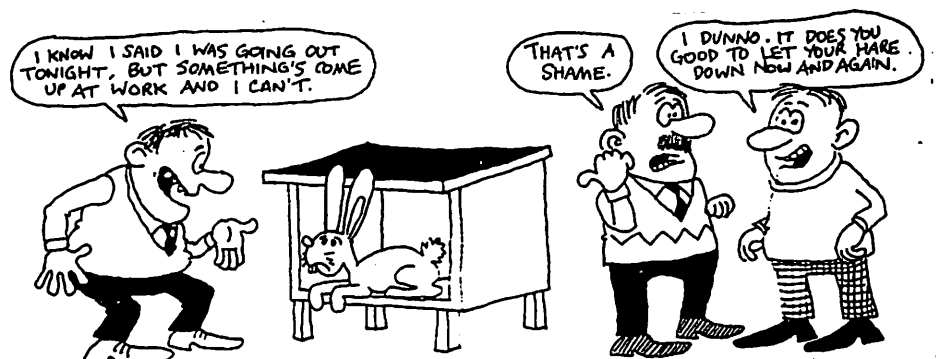
Heavy rain overnight made tracks from the resort impassable by bike. Our four wheel drive supply wagon struggled through axle deep mud to negotiate the 15 km drop down to Ban Mae Salak on the river Kok. A police boat took us to the Mae Kok River lodge at Ban Thaton. A civilized evening drinking beer around a camp fire, until it rained again at midnight.

Leisurely breakfast. We took off for Fang, but regrettably missed the turn off 6 km outside Thaton which would have taken us on the old road through Mae Ai. Instead we had a fast 25 km run to Fang on tarmac with a few too many vehicles for our liking.

We had to catch the train to Bangkok that Saturday evening and so we drove back to Chiang Mai, stopping at Chiang Dao Caves for a brief afternoon ride and straight on to the 6 pm sprinter. We will go further and take more time on the next run but we will do it again.

Contact me for Chai's telephone number in Chiang Mai.

Lem Morgan
253-0191/9





WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M PUTTING TOGETHER A SWAT TEAM

GREAT...THE MOSQUITOES ARE DRIVING ME NUTS!

ALL MACHO GUYS TURN UP THEIR COLLARS!



GOT MY MACHO SHADES, GOT MY MACHO GOLD CHAINS...



I'M GOING MACHO!

GOT MY MACHO COWBOY BOOTS AND GOT MY MACHO WHEELS!



LET'S SEE NOW... GOT MY MACHO LEATHER JACKET, GOT MY HAIR COMBED...MACHO STYLE...



A MACHO MAN HAS A TROPHY WALL OF WILD GAME



MY SOCKS MATCH!



THE MORE ZIPPERS A MAN HAS, THE MORE MACHO HE IS!

I'M SQUINTING! ALL MACHO GUYS SQUINT!



HO, HO, HO! TELL SANTA IF YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD GIRL



AW, PUT A SOCK IN IT! I DON'T BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS

WHAT A DAY! I'M BUSHED



I AM TOO

HE PROBABLY THOUGHT HE WAS TOO GOOD TO PLAY "JINGLE BELLS"

DID BEETHOVEN EVER PLAY "JINGLE BELLS"?

IF I HAD BEEN THERE, I WOULD HAVE SAID, "HE LUDWIG, PLAY 'JINGLE BELLS'!"

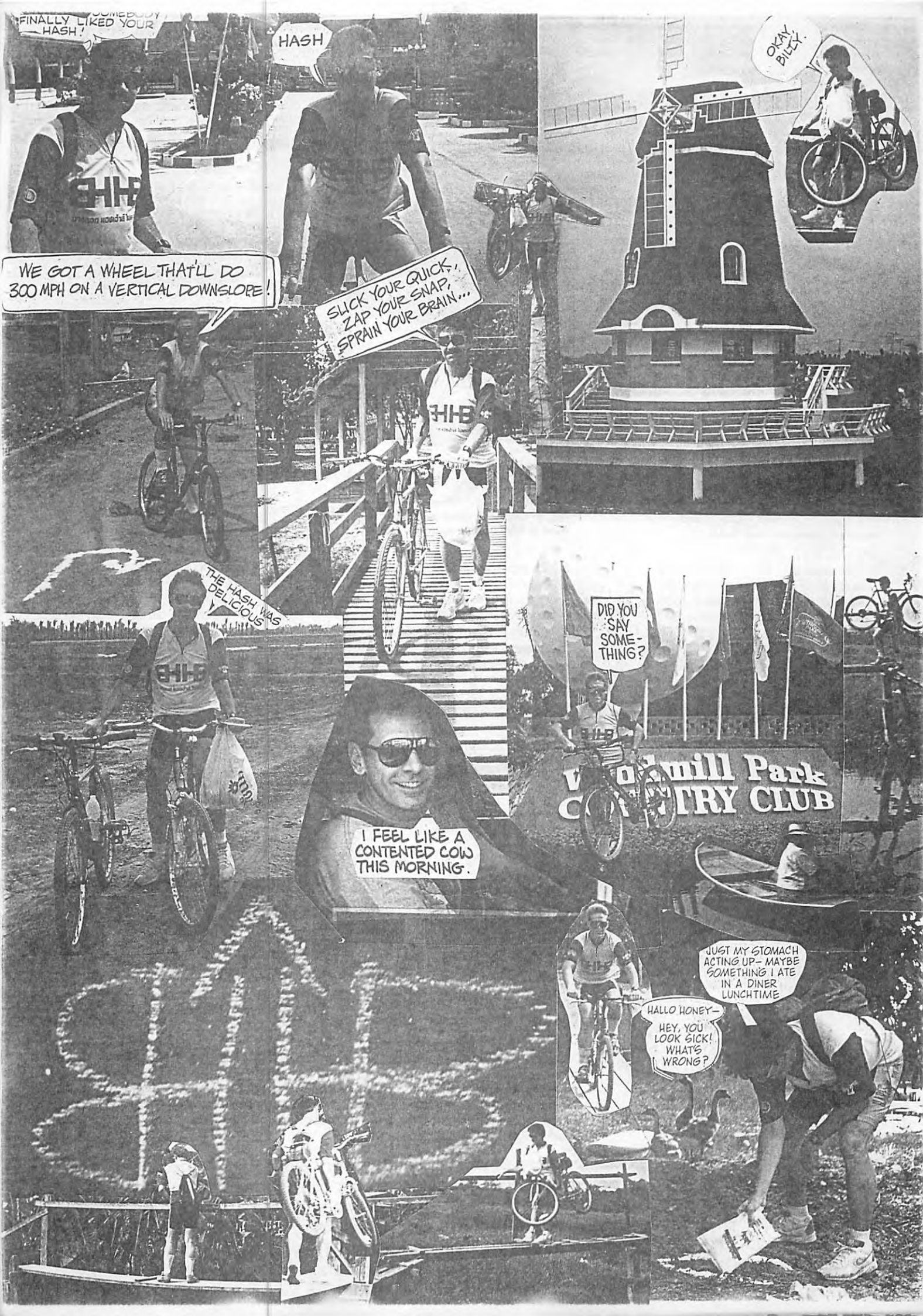
MAYBE IF I USE A BLOW DRYER AND STYLING MOUSSE, I CAN MAKE MY HAIR MORE MACHO!



ON-ON DDDD

NOBODY BONKS MY BROTHER AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!





COMEBODY
FINALLY LIKED YOUR
HASH!

HASH

OKAY
BILLY.

WE GOT A WHEEL THAT'LL DO
300 MPH ON A VERTICAL DOWNSLOPE!

SLICK YOUR QUICK,
ZAP YOUR SNAP,
SPRAIN YOUR BRAIN...

THE HASH WAS
DELICIOUS

I FEEL LIKE A
CONTENTED COW
THIS MORNING.

DID YOU
SAY
SOME-
THING?

Windmill Park
COUNTRY CLUB

JUST MY STOMACH
ACTING UP- MAYBE
SOMETHING I ATE
IN A DINER
LUNCHTIME

HALLO HONEY-
HEY, YOU
LOOK SICK!
WHAT'S
WRONG?

HELPFUL HINTS

This series began last month with "Bike anatomy" and "Fitting the bike", and continues this month with ...

SEAT AND HANDLEBAR ADJUSTMENT

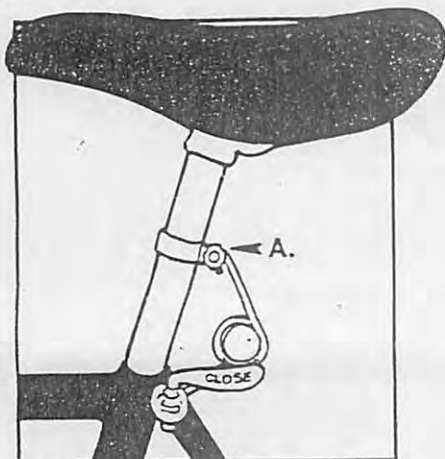


FIG. 4: Hite-Rite seat adjuster and seatpost quick release lever.

1. On models with a Hite/Rite seat adjuster, (Fig. 4) loosen the adjuster clamp bolt "A" on the seat tube, loosen seatpost quick release lever, move seat to correct height for flat surface riding (Fig. 3). Tighten Hite-Rite clamp bolt and seatpost quick release.

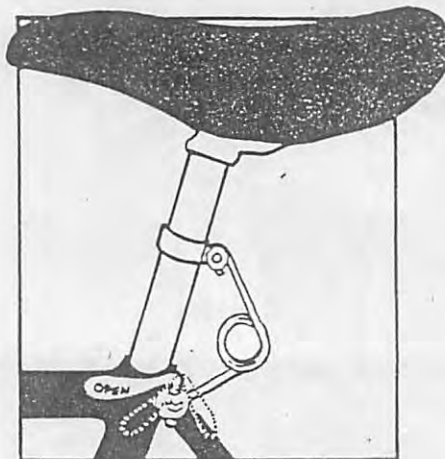


FIG. 5: Seatpost quick release lever in fully open position

2. To move the seat down for safe downhill riding, loosen the seatpost quick release lever, push down on the seat and tighten quick release.
3. When you want the seat back to the correct seat height, loosen the quick release and the Hite/Rite will automatically move the seat back up, and at the same time keep the seat aligned with the top tube.

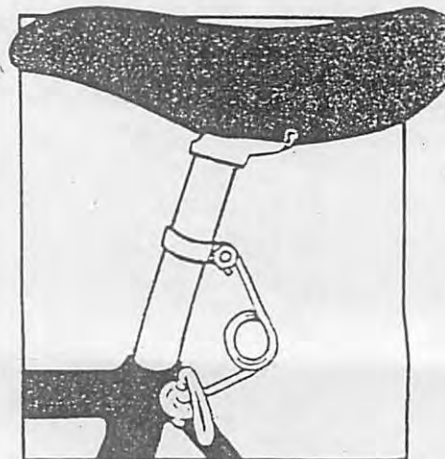


FIG. 6: Seatpost quick release lever at 12:00 o'clock position.

About the seatpost quick release.

This is a lever and cam device. Make sure the quick release is properly adjusted to hold the seat safely at the height you select, (Fig. 3). To adjust this unit, turn the quick release lever to the fully open position, as shown in Fig. 5. Holding the



FIG. 7: Seatpost quick release lever in fully closed position.

lever, turn the nut on the opposite side of the lever by hand, until it is tight. Turn the quick release lever toward the 12:00 o'clock position (Fig. 6). You should begin to feel turning resistance, which increases as the lever is turned to the fully closed (locked) position, Fig. 7.

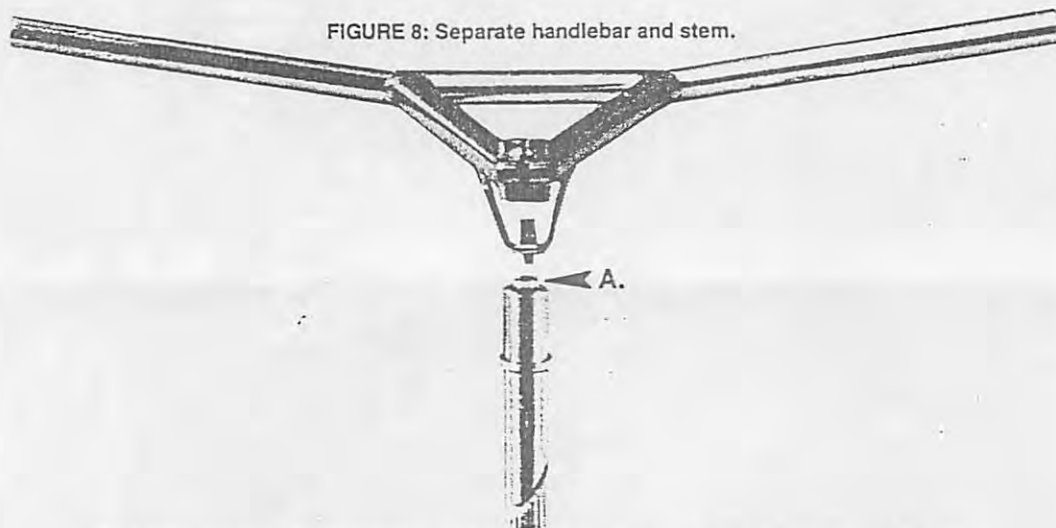


FIGURE 8: Separate handlebar and stem.

On some models, the handlebar and stem are separate (Fig. 8). The stem can be raised or lowered (along with the handlebars) to suit your "reach." However, if you do raise or lower them, it is very important that **front brake shoe clearance from the rim be readjusted**. See front brake adjustment on page 10 for instructions. **For safety, you must leave 2½ inches of the stem inside the steering head.** The stem expander bolt (A) must be tightened to 180-200 inch/pounds.

Also, some practical advice for those of you who are not very mechanically inclined and/or do not have the time or the inclination BUT would like your bike stripped down, thoroughly cleaned, wheels balanced and your trusty steed reassembled "as new", for 300 Baht, look no further than the "Pro-bike" shop at 23/14 Soi Ruamrudee, Ploenchit Road, Bangkok 10330, tel 253-3384 and ask for Khun Santhipap (Pop). They open Tuesday to Sunday between 10am and 8pm. Tell them you are BHHB members and hopefully we will be able to persuade them to "support" our HASH.