## Thailand Trip Album Compendium

14-28 October 1979

by Helga von Schweinitz Released 2022 by Helga von Schweinitz

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## Introduction

This is a travel album of Hans von Schweinitz and Helga about their trip to Thailand from 14 to 28 October 1979.

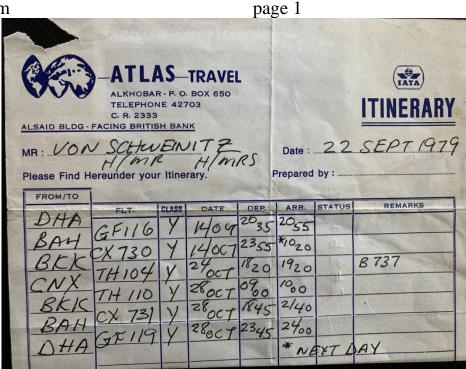
While Hans and Helga were living in Saudi Arabia, they had to take vacations outside of the country to maintain their Saudi visas. In October 1979 they traveled to Thailand. This was not just for a vacation. Hans had been stationed in Thailand from 1968-1970 while he was in the US Air Force. This time was during the Vietnam War. Hans wanted to show his wife, Helga, this very different country while it was still not 'westernized'.

As was Helga's habit, she kept a diary during travels to other lands (other than USA and Germany). Afterwards she would write a travel log based on the diary. This travel log accompanies this album that she put together. And there are lots of photos of the pamphlets and other documents that are always collected while on vacation. At the end of the album, is the complete photo of each pamphlet and document.

missing photo from pg 44/45 of album and page 57/58 in this compendium



Introduction postcard for Album



Flight schedule and also their ticket.

DHA (Dhahran) to BAH (Bahrain) to BKK (Bangkok) to CNX (Chang Mai) back to BKK and BAH and DHA

## Diary

Leaving Dhahran just before 9pm on a Sunday night (14 Oct 79). Everybody else looks oriental on the plane. Landing in Bahrain 10 minutes later. We were barely in the air when I looked down and saw wht I thought was the new road to Sunset Beach - it was a highway in Bahrain already. Free dinner in the airport restaurant. English cooking: some peas rolling around a square sole of beef and some soggy french fries. At midnight off to the East. The plane was headed towards Hong-Kong via Bangkok. Almost everybody had slanted eyes, mostly young men on a trip home, in good spirits. The man sitting next to Hans had a face like that gigantic Junior in the Adams Family, but he sported a wartz on this chin with about 9 hairs growing out of it over an inch long. That brings good luck.

Arrival in Thailand. The half moon was lying in the sky rather than sitting like he does in Germany. We flew over miles and miles of green rice patties, the ground looked soggy all around, with some straight lines criss-crossing, canals or roads, along which the houses were strung up. Rice is the main article of export, followed by Tapioca. Third in revenue is Tourism now. Teak wood is no longer so important.

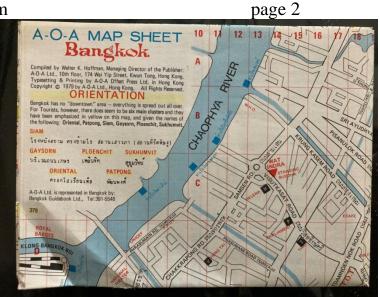
We had to go through two passport controls. A curious mixture of people at the airport, a lot of passengers from other Asian countries in types of clothes I have never seen.

A representative from "World Travel Service, Ltd", picked us up. All their tours seem to be extremely well organized. Traffic is very congested. The craziest thing on little 3 wheelers with the driver sitting up front and two passengers behind him. That thing is open, has a canvas roof. They are call Tuck-tucks for obvious reasons. A normal ride is 10 Baht (50cents), but you get at least \$5.00 worth of excitement out of it. The weave their way through the traffic, missing oncoming and slower traffic by an inch here, and inch there. They contribute intensely to the terrible, biting air pollution, but they are popular. You bargain for the fare.

We stay at the Hyatt Rama Hotel, very clean, well run, cool, with a little fridge in the room stocked with spirits and soft drinks.

For our days in Bangkok we have planned to take several tours 'to see the sights'. So wherever we go we meet a lot of tourists from Europe, Amerika and Asia.





map and pamphlets for Bangkok



page 3

pg03: We took a City - Temple tour in an air conditioned bus, saw the Golden Buddha, the Reclining Buddha, the Marble Temple. On another tour we saw the former Royal Palace and the temple with the "Emerald Buddha" which is actually made out of one big hunk of jade.



One of the best meals I had was a plate full of crab meat with fresh mushrooms for 45 Baht (little over \$2,00) at the Mayrama Restaurant.



page 4

pg03: We went to China Town, an old district where the Chinese were 'kindly asked' (quite from a guide) to settle so the king could have the land near the river. Since Bangkok is only little over 140 years old or near that number, China Town is not ancient, but it looks that way. The main attraction is the gold jewelers, who have open stores, like counters in a bar, but no wall towards the street. They sell gold measured by international standards rather than Thai weight. Instead of calculators they use these little gadgets with wooden beads. Seems to work much faster, and I sure can't see what they are doing.





pg04 A third tour took us on a boat to the floating market and along the river around an island. What buzzing life! Until a few years ago many of the present streets were canals. Pollution must have been bad. It is bad enough in the river, and standing water has to be worse.

The river side houses are built on stilts with many open spaces in the walls for a breeze. A lot of corrugated iron is used for roofing. Must sound like machine gun fire when it rains. Since most of the wood is dark grey, the color in any scene comes from the ever present laundry and the blossoms on an abundance of shrubs, trees, and flowerpots. Big vessels, like vases, most of them nicely decorated with brown on beige, collect rain water for cooking and drinking, etc.

The business of buying and selling goods right on the river seems to be disappearing in Bangkok. More and more vendors take to the streets. But we still observed boats floating from house to house selling soup and fruit for breakfast, others selling flowers, a lot of vegetables. Some of the ladies were dressed quite elegantly in a skirt and coat suit. According to the guide the people, most of the, who live along or on the river, are quite well off. They own their house and/or boat. Anyhow they looked happy enough, especially the children. Some boys up the age of 10 or 12, jumped around absolutely naked.

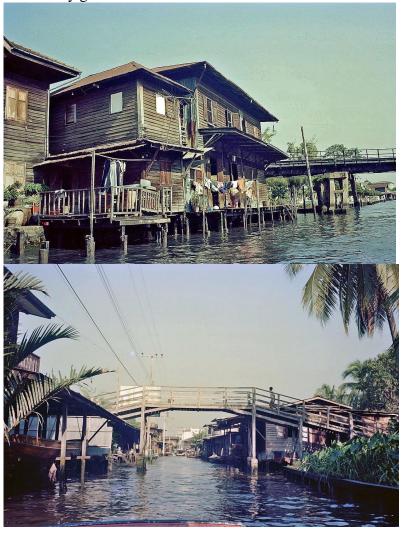
The Thai kitchen, especially what you buy and eat on the sidewalks, is among the tastiest and healthiest I have tried anywhere in the world. Delicately seasoned, not hot. A great variety of vegetables, barely cooked and still crisp, little tidbits wrapped in dough and rice noodles, sometimes swerved in a broth to make a soup which you eat with chop sticks. I love to sit in the side streets on a tiny stool and watch someone put a meal together for me from a dozen or so bowls on a cart. Most carts have a charcoal fire inside for heat. For 25 Baht, \$1.20, Hans and I had a delicious meal last night with several young Thai's sitting down at our table talking to us in a sort of English.

The Thai people are so friendly and show a natural warmth in their behavior. Maybe the mild climate and the abundance of food growing everywhere made them relaxed and not be in constant fear for their survival like people in harsher climates seem to be.

The Thai's look all alike of course, at least during the first few days of one's arrival in the country - just as we Westerners look all alike to

them. It must be their diet of mainly vegetables and fruit and a little animal fat that makes them keep the figure of a 14 year old until their late 40's. I have hardly seen an overweight Thai. They also eat little starchy food except for rice.

The most memorable aspect of Bangkok must be the traffic, the speed, density, noise and pollution it causes. We either walked or took tuck-tuck (took-took) most of the time. The eyes were burning and the noise really got to me after a while.









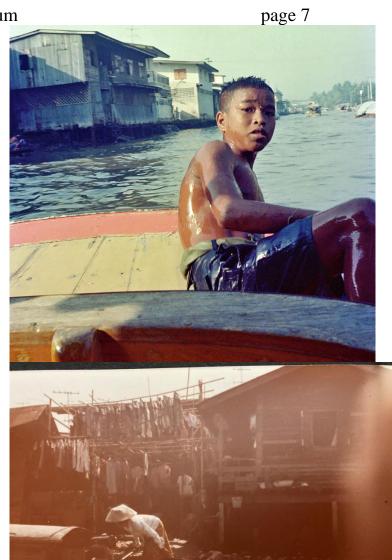






pg06













pg08



pg08: We wandered through the back streets, where craftsmen have their places according to the craft, one alley for printers, one for shoemakers, etc, Everything is so narrow, and guys on motorbikes race through. Food is being sold all along the little streets. Suddenly we came into a huge market area, first a section where things looked not very appetizing, brains, fish guts, fly infested meat - but then we wandered into a larger market, all in alley and tiny streets, where the food looked neater and more orderly than in the Safeway store, although it was all open on trays and in bowls. Unbelievable, fish like tulips in a Kurpark.

How the people can live day after day in the airy houses among all that traffic noise and breath that stinging air I don't know. The motor care: what a misused invention! To be born into such an environment with little chance of get out - what bad luck. How would I feel if I were one of the girls or women who squat on the sidewalk on a major road and spend their days mending holes in other people's pants and shirts. Mending for other people is fine, just a good a job as presiding over a

royal banquet, but having to squat on the sidewalk with all the traffic around you hour after hour, and in the heat, is not humane.



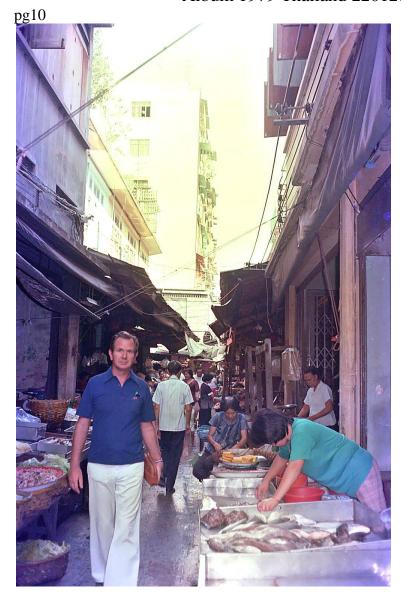




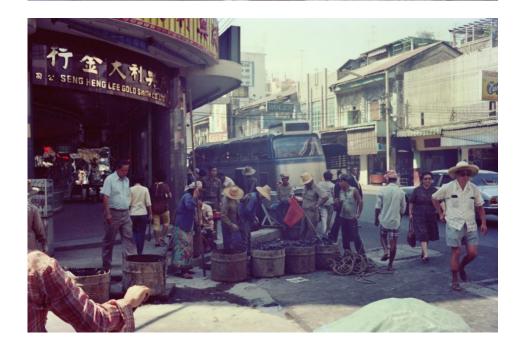


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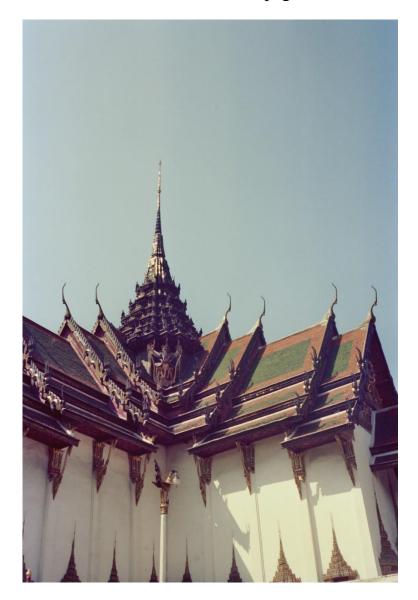




pg12







pg13

























pg16





















pg18























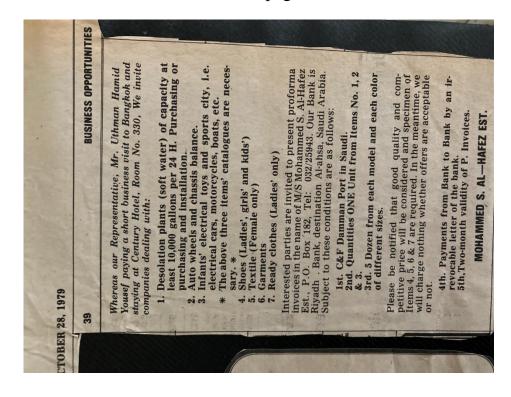










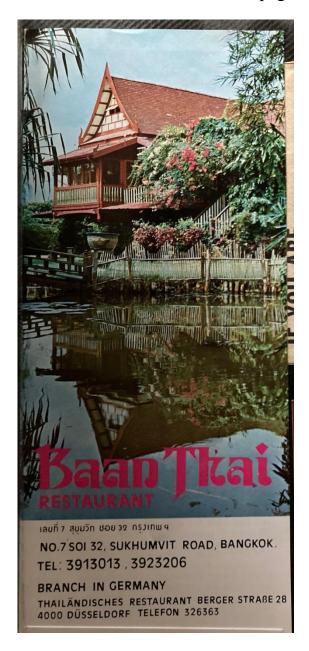


pg21









THE ONE WHO over 22 years good human relationship and social connection. hard working understand clearly and speak fluently either English or Chinese. work independently high expectation Please come to visit for our warmly interview from 25-30 Oct., even you have no experience; Because: we have a big offer. ORIENTAL COMMODITY TRADING LTD. 544/11 Prinya Building 7th floor Ploenchit Road Bangkok 5

pg23

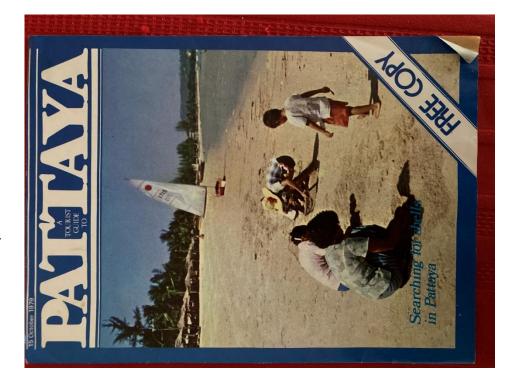
18 of October 1979

This morning we were taken by bus to Pattaya, south of Bangkok on the Gulf of Siam. After almost 2 hours through city traffic we were finally in the country: rice fields, rice fields, little canals, banana trees, coconuts, houses on stilts, people in the fields working, some water buffalos, some elephants. Like a picture book. The temperature around 30 degrees Celsius. In the background were wooded hills, even mountains. Occasionally a wat (temple area) with pupils playing around. And then Pattaya - a jewel. It lies in an open bay like Acapulco Mexico. Beach with palms, a road, and then hotels and shops.

Until the end of the Vietnam War this was a R&R (Rest and Relaxation) resort for need GI (American Soldiers) and popular watering hole for the US Navy. Whatever happened to all the girls when the war was over, I don't know, but they do have tourists form all over the world, and many from Australia and even from as far away as Bangkok. They also have a VD (Venereal Disease) Clinic near the beach.

We are staying at the Hyatt, Pattaya Palace, in room 720. A most beautiful view! Out on the bay, over the pool, the palms, the beach, into the sunset. This evening we just sat by the window and looks out to the sea and watched the sun go down and ate the fruit the hotel had placed (free) on the table.

Later we went downstairs to eat, another pleasant experience. I had fish in wine sauce with shrimps and mussels. Hans had something with lobster, baked with cheese. Then the desert: egg custard with shipped cream and a variety of fruit. Hm, Hm. Then, as a surprise and courtesy of the house, something steaming like hell was placed on our table. It turned out to be little frozen pralines in a bowl which was being kept cool by dry ice. There is always something new. Very attentive service. After having indulged in such luxuries and thoroughly enjoyed them, we went upstairs to our room to wash our laundry in the sink in order to save the money for having it done.

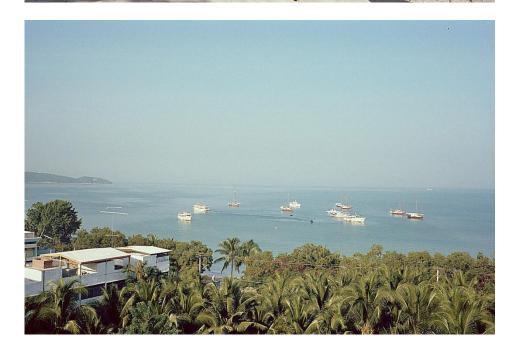






pg24 Pattaya





pg24













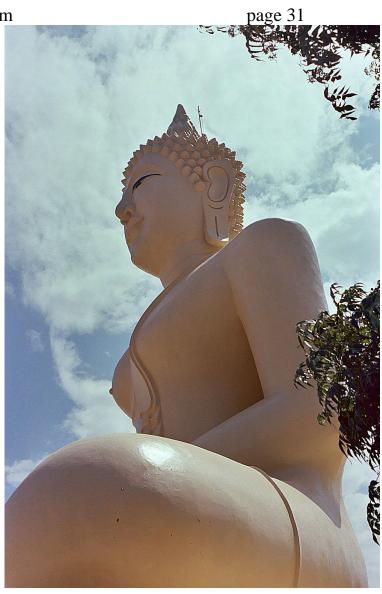






pg26





pg27







pg28

Most enjoyable were the two days when we rented 2 Swanki (?) motor scooters and took off for the country side (50 Baht per hour, 150 Baht for the whole day). At first I was terribly scared, because I could not get used to the way you slow down and stop and the left hand traffic, but I had to learn instantly, because the first few kilometers we drove were right through the middle of town.

The coast south of Pattaya is at least as beautiful as in the bay of Pattaya. It appears even more so because it is largely unspoiled by tourists. There are long stretches where the dirt road we were on looked like the only mark of modern civilization. There were some private homes, some with Thai holiday guests. There were fishermen now and then, or some women sitting in the shade cooking or baking something over a charcoal fire. There is always food for sale if there is a road. Most delicious are tiny cakes or puddings made from sweetened rice flour and baked in a sort of muffin pan. They are served on palm leaves. We paid 3 Baht for ten of them.

The 'Hinterland" (back country) is hilly, with a variety of crops and unused land in addition to rice paddies. There seems to be electricity in most 'houses', but not in all. There are villages and also many free standing homes, almost all of them on stilts. Some are just a platform with a fence for a wall and some tree trunks or boards to hold up the roof (wood, leaves or corrugated iron). Large vases everywhere for rainwater, some wells, where women are pumping up water.

This seems to be the idle time of the year. Most people were laying down or sitting, on the dirt, on tables, on bamboo mats. Many toddlers had bare bottoms, bigger kids in fragments of clothes, all with an easy smile for us. Some boys, however, when they saw me pass by in my shorts with reddish hair flying and my face probably burning red from the sun, looked at me as if they were seeing a witch on a broomstick. Chicken, pigs, water buffalos, and ducks are the most popular animals, and of course dogs and cats in great numbers, most of them not very cute, but lazily friendly.







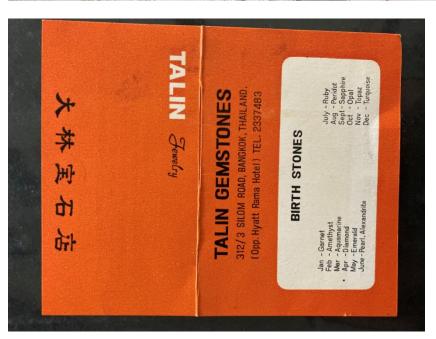


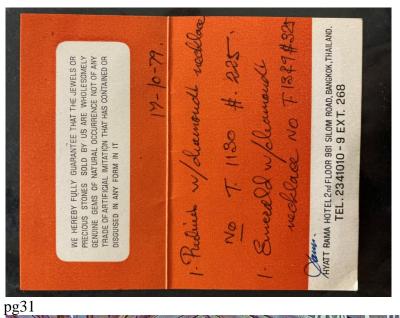










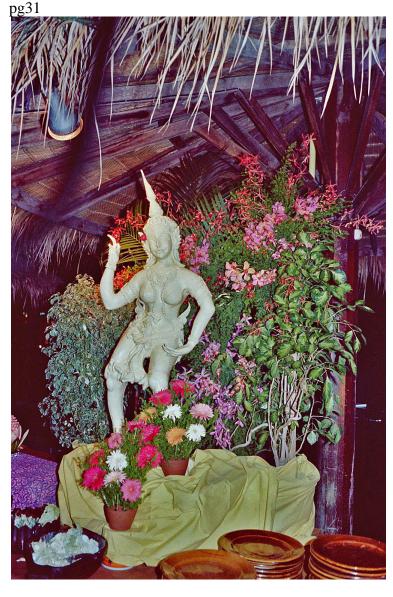
















pg32

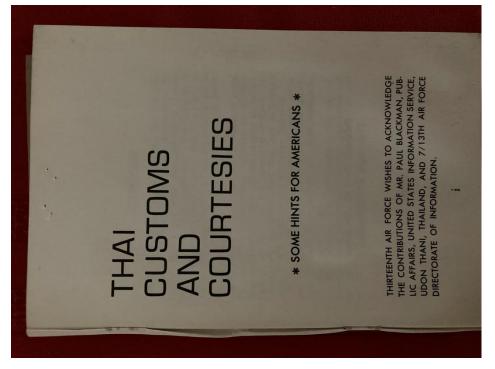


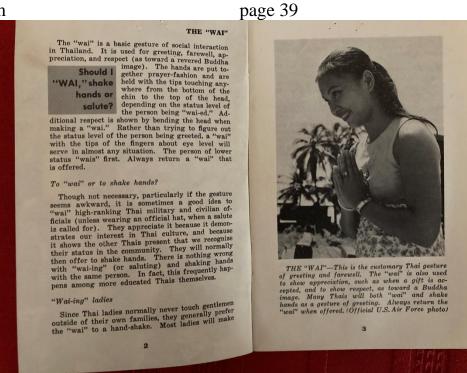






In the "Hinterland" we were quite the attraction of the day in every village, which made me feel uneasy. We were treated with great friendliness wherever we stopped for refreshments (Coca, a dropped open coconut, kao pat or soup). The Thai greeting seems so cordial: they put their hands together in the shape of a lotus blossom which is also the shape of our heart. The hands are held in front of the face that way and the person bows, indicating: "I give my whole heart to you" or something in that line.





pg33

Pattaya's tourist life takes place mainly along the beach road, big hotels on the northern part, most shops, excellent and ordinary restaurants and the strip on the southern end. There are hundreds of girls walking around at night or sitting on bar stools, also men dressed like girls. And, of course, hundreds of men looking for a girl or two,. It seems to me that most men take their lover to their own hotel room. Some seem to keep the same girl for several days, taking her (him) our for dinner or to the pool.

The beach is nice, with a lot of shade from coconut trees. The better hotels like ours provide free Leigestuhle (beach chairs). Unfortunately one is pestered by all kinds of vendors. ('sapphires, massage right on the beach, hats, hammocks, boat rides, parachute sailings, water scooter, etc). And there is too much traffic in the water from boats and water scooters to be really enjoyable.

The shops offer excellent buys in clothing, and tough competition among taylors make it a great temptation to have a lot of clothes custom taylored.

We had some meals that were out of this world. The hotel had an outside "Barbeque" one night. What luxury! I don't know whether to promise the decoration more or the abundance of some many different delicacies to choose from. Most decorations were made by cutting fruit in certain ways and stacking them together. There was a life size statue of a dancer made of butter, beautiful flower arrangements, and then the food - at least ten meat dishes, probably more, all small portions some could taste many of them, many sea foods, and the desert tables made any Conditorei look poor. We sat by the pool and ate and emptied a bottle of Chablis, It must be a deep sense for beauty along with inexpensive labor that makes this type of service possible.

Another good meal was served a night before in the hotel, where a 'free' dessert was served steaming from a bowl of dry ice. It look fantastic, it was actually only some balls of ice cream on sticks, but it looked dazzling.

One night, in a sea food restaurant on the strip, I had what the menu called "Bananans Frame Be". It was "Bananas Flambé". Out of this world: bananas in a sweet batter, deep fried, and then two girls poured some spirit over it when they served it and lighted (lit?) it with a match.

Of course, we also enjoyed the various soups, rice (Kao pai) dishes, sea foods etc, served right on the side walks or market places.

We took a widely promised boat trip to an island, but found so many vendors and souvenir stalls there, and so many brats in the water, that we did not enjoy it. In our small group were also two Saudi's from Dammam, one a Captain in the Army, who was afraid to go on a smaller motor boat, and the other, who owned an electrical repair shop and was returning from a recruiting trip to the Philippines. He enjoyed his beer and said that it did not contain any alcohol.

One evening we went into the part of town where few tourists venture (actually only one block east of where the strip starts) There was a place like a market, but almost everybody sold prepared food, soups, fruit, dried fish, sweets, etc. Obviously, many Thais eat out often. On

both sides of the pace was a stage with colorful background decorations. One had benches in front, one had the odd chair. Both had instruments (xylophone, drums, and little rhythm makers). Behind the stage was a shelter made of corrugated iron, boards and cloth illuminated with bright light bulbs. Here the actors spent at least three hours getting dressed and putting on makeup, quite a ceremony. Children and also adults crowded in to observe them. The costumes were very colorful and fancy requiring endless folding, pulling, pleating, and adjusting, etc.

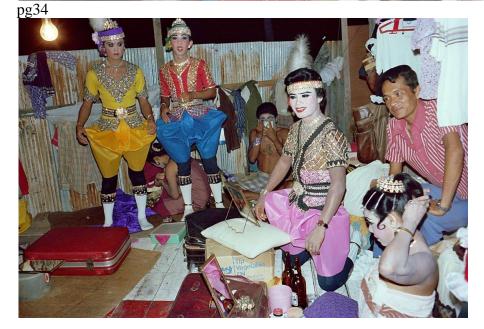
The show started after 9 o'clock. By that time the market had more or less closed down. We paid 10 Baht for a chair. It was a combination clownery, classical dance, stylist singing, impromptu dialog, farce. Old and young was fascinated by the apparent love story, a comedy of errors. Once in a while the actors would call for a bottle of beer from a nearby vendor. Children crowded the stage, mothers with baby on their lap were dozing on bamboo mats. It must have gone on past midnight, because the night before we passed by in a "taxi" and saw it going on at that time.



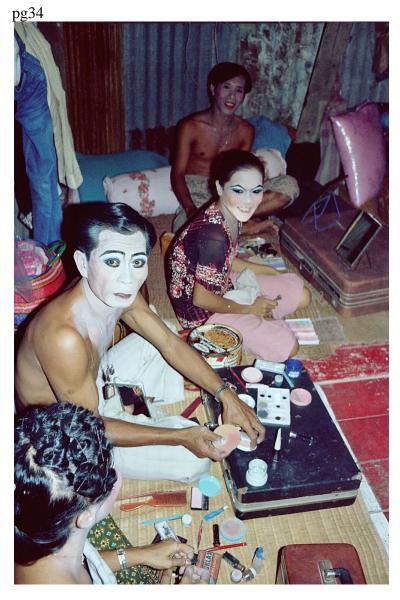






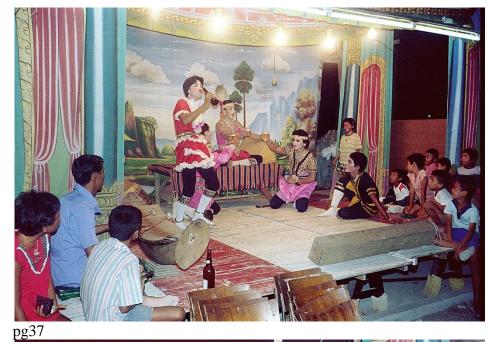
















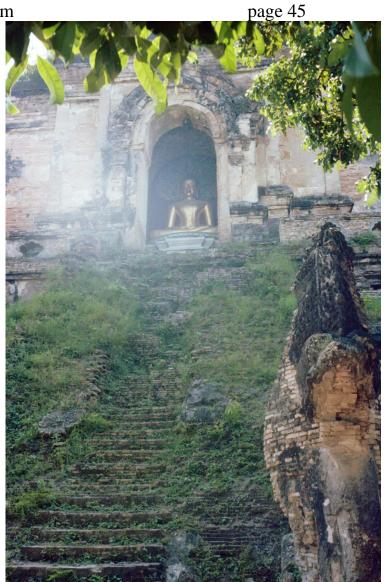




pg38 and 39

This morning I went to have my hair cut. I wandered into a combination taylor-beauty parlor shortly after 9am. It was a little too early, only one girl was there, she understood no English. I had to sit on a couch with my head hanging off the top end. She washed and rinsed it four or five times, each time massaging my head energetically, scrubbing, washing out my ears, massaging again, etc. It felt good. Then she began to cut. I showed her how I wanted it done, but when she was done I had a typical Thai cut. Well done, but so different from what I wanted. With some effort I explained "blow dry", which turned out nice. It cost all together 60 Baht, \$3.00.

















pg40

Wednesday, 24 October 1979

Departure for Chiangmai via Bangkok. There was so much to do and the observe that I didn't take the time for this diary during the last few days.

The bus from Pottaya to the Erwan Hotel took just under 3 hours. On the way police stopped us to because the bus did not display (have) a certain license. The driver received a ticket which the 'boss will pay'. The hostess explained, "ticket maybe 400 baht. If we pay, \$400, if boss pay, only \$50. Maybe he talk to connections.'

From the Erwan Hotel to the Airport in a mini bus, all previously arranged. 1 hour drive through heavy, fast traffic.

There is a lot of road construction going on whereby women work along with the men, usually wearing a straw hat and cloths wrapped around face and head. Like most working women here (except in offices and shops) they wear a cloth wrapped around hips and legs, long, and foam rubber flip flops.

## Chiang Mai

Arrival after an one hour flight from Bangkok at about 7pm. Were met at the airport by bus from Hotel Rincome. This hotel is said to be the best in town, but it is not really in town, it is a few miles away from the center. First day we went to town on the back of a pick-up, the most common form of a taxi: a bench on each side for passengers, some pipes over the top to hold on to and to support a canvas (Baht bus). Most trips cost now 5 Baht per person ("Baht mobile") Chiangmai used to be the capital at one time. The old town was surrounded by a huge wall and a moat. The moat is still there, but most of the wall is gone except for some remnants, especially near some old city gates.

At first we went to the river where there is a huge market. The vegetable and fish market are extremely crowded. And one can see some things I'd rather not look at, like big bowls full of brain. We tried several fruit we didn't know. Then we asked a Samlar owner to take us for a ride through the old town. Hans and I did not really fit in one Samlar, so Hans had to sit on the back rest, must have been quite a sight. Later we walked through the alleys and passages in the old town. It was

almost like going through a village. Large gardens and vacant lots overgrown with bushes and trees, a lot of bananas and coconuts and flowers. We stumbled upon a wat with the ruin of an old pagoda, over 600 years old, which had a huge Buddha statue on one side in the wall and was once honored by having the Emerald Buddha placed in it (it is now in Bangkok).

We had lunch in the wat grounds, 5 Baht for a bowl of soup with four types of meat, bean sprouts, noodles, etc. and 22 Baht for a bottle of beer. The respect for all forms of life is rather noticeable. Dogs are always treated like children, it seems, and even ants are not disturbed or killed, even if they drawl all over the sugar and soy sauce bowl that is placed on our table.





















pg41 and 42







pg42 and 43

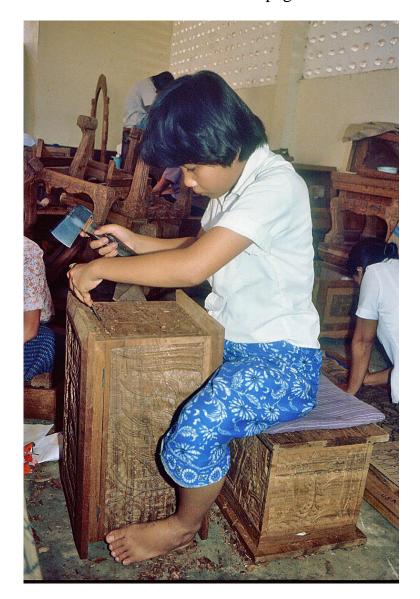
25 October 1979

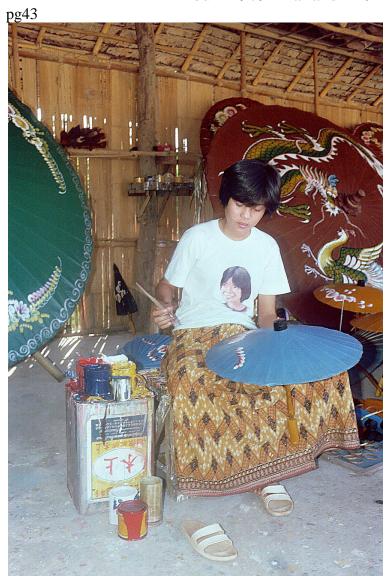
In the afternoon of the 25th we took a tour to watch various crafts being performed in the area. We went to small factories where they also sold the merchandize for a rather high price, higher than in town. We saw a silk factory, Siam Celadon work shop (form of pottery) teak wood carving, silver hammering, umbrella factory, lacquer workshop. All of these places showed a lot of skilled people. The girls in the wood carving place looked not much older than 13 or 14.

Earlier in town we bought an opium scale, a set of 5 elephants (opium weights) and a silver opium pipe. Hans bargained until we had the price down to 400 Baht for the lot. This was in an antique shop.

In the evening we went to the Thai Cultural Center and had dinner on the floor. It did not taste as good as what we normally but in the street, but it was supposed to be authentic Thai. Various dances were performed on the stage, the fingernail dance, sword dance, etc. Afterwards there was a hill tribe dance show outside. Great. Various tribes, most of them from the mountains, some almost Burmese, some almost Tibetan, were dressed in their colorful costumes and used strange instruments. The faces varied noticeably from one tribe to the next.













pg44 and 45

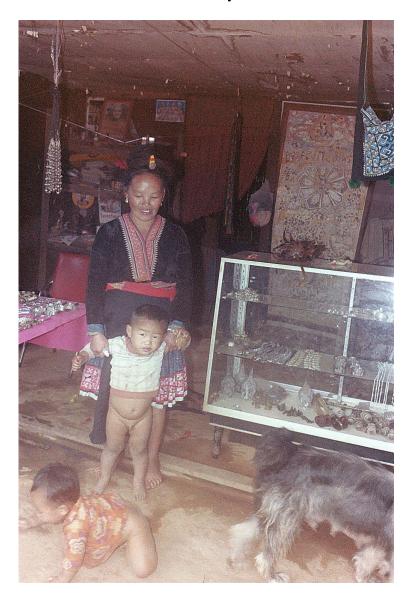
26 October 1979

Took a guided tour to the King's Winter Palace on the mountain overlook Chiang Mai, then to a monastery nearby and to a hill tribe high up in the valley: The Meow Hill Tribe. We took a minibus up a steep road, then transferred to a kind of jeep because "road is not good", and indeed it isn't. It is a miracle that the jeep didn't turn over. The weather, the climate, is simply beautiful up there, cool, fresh, everything grows.

The Meow Tribe used to live in China and moved around every few years because their crop, opium, needed new soil every five years or so. After WWII Mao, wanted them to stop growing opium, but they didn't know what else to grow for an easy income, so they continued to grow opium. Then they heard that Mao wanted to kill a lot of their men, so they moved south into the northern hills or mountains of Thailand. There is no real road going to where they chose to live. The Thai King gave them permission to settle, but urged them to try other crops. Like coffee and peaches. If they continue with opium they have to cut down more and more trees to get fresh soil every five years. That destroys the forest. Very slowly some progress is being made. One or two families in a village are persuaded to grow a new type of crop, which is carefully selected for promise of success. Then hopefully, others follow. The village we saw had about 100 houses perched on a hill side with a dirt road going through along which souvenirs and hand crafts were for sale. This is also planned by the government in connection with the tourist agencies. The people are small, hardly as tall as five feet. The women and girls were dressed in a lot of garments, skirts, and long bands of material folded around the waist, colorful headgear. Most little kids had bare bottoms. The houses were made of wood, no glass, usually very open to the wind and weather. No electricity. There was a school yard with boys playing "Kreisal" (Spin top)

The people look very different from Thais. They have a very high forehead and slit eyes. Sam, our excellent guide, said, that the village is self sufficient. They have fields, which we later saw in the valley just below, where they grow all the food they need. Money from handcrafts (embroidery) and opium and coffee buys extras. They had pigs and chicken all over the place. And, of course, dogs. One can see some of

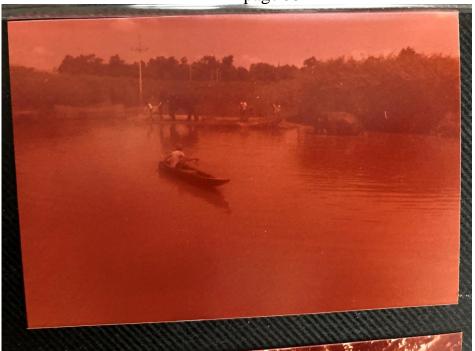
the Meow in Chian Mai selling their embroideries and other souvenirs on the night market. They are encouraged to settle down. There are many thousands of them, quite a large tribe. We saw women dressed like members of this tribe the next day near Chan Rai.



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pg44-45 missing multi photos







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## 27 October 1979

Took a trip by car with chauffer to Hill Tribe called Doi San Jai (also called Akhu). About 450 people who about 10 years ago moved from Burma. Came from the Golden Triangle area where Thailand, Burma, and Laos come together. The drive or ride from Chaing Mai to Chaing Rai took us for about 30 miles through flat land, then through the most beautiful hills, almost mountains, many of them rather steep, so rich in fauna and flora, rice paddies in the valleys, villages and single houses here and there. I had not expected such a beauty. A pastoral scene for more than a hundred miles. Water buffaloes were grazing or rolling in mud, elephants were in water holes. The people in the fields were resting on elevated platforms with a straw roof for shade because we drove through shortly before lunch. The villages in higher altitudes seemed to have no electricity yet. At noon most families were in the canals with nets catching a fish for lunch.

We came to the Mekong River at Chiang Saen, a village with a lot of traffic and a sort of restaurant right on the river bank, where we had lunch overlooking the river into Laos. There is an island in the middle, about a mile long, if I am not mistaken. We then drive north along the river on a dirt road which had houses on both sides. Most people were growing tobacco in that area.

There is a spot called the "Golden Triangle" where Burma, Laos, and Thailand meet. This area has seen a lot of fighting. According to the guide there are Laotians crossing the river occasionally who are then taken to refugee camps. There are several immigration offices around and a 'border control or custom office', a straw hat with laundry hanging outside. Of course, the peaceful appearance may be deceiving. We read in the paper that some bandits, again, stopped a bus with 50 passengers tourists, and robbed them of all money and valuables.

The Doi San Jai tribe has moved into Thailand about 10 years ago from Burma. They live in a mountain region on top of a hill and along the slope. Beautiful area. There are about 90 houses all together and 450 people. We were told this was the rest of that tribe, at least the only group living in Thailand. They are not regularly visited by tourists like the Meows we say. Their village is accessible only in good weather. We

had to sign a visitor's book before we reached the village. Apparently they live in some sort of reservation. The Thai government provides two teachers, medical care and some food. The houses were wooden structures with straw roofs, on stilts, some, other not. No glass windows, door or electricity, of course.

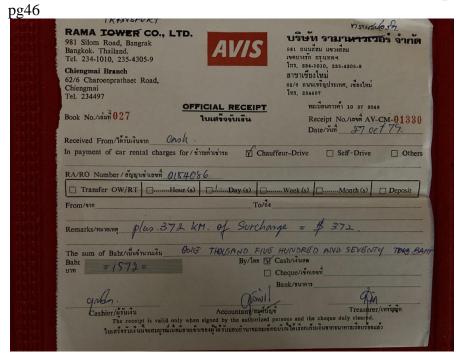
We met only one man. The others were, I guess in the fields. This man was carrying a long gun which was mainly a pipe with some string. He smoked a long bamboo pipe. He met us in the 'street'. Maybe he was left in the village to protect the women and children. The women were decorated with colorful head gear, caps with embroidery, silver beads, shells, buttons and genuine coins, some British silver coins. Some also had big silver pendants, at least 2 inches radius hanging on their chest. Most women were carrying babies or had one wrapped around to their front or back, and most had their breasts exposed. the old women were all sitting somewhere happily smoking a pipe, and black pigs were part of the family.

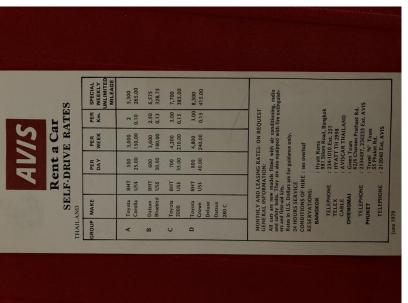
One older boy, teenager, was smoking a cigarette through a bamboo pipe at least four feet long and as big around as my arm. He inhaled deeply through one corner of his mouth. He ad a bad cough, his face was pale and dry and his chest was out of shape. A victim of their own wealth. They seemed to be hook on opium as their main source of income. Before they offered us their handcrafts for sale, they offered us a pipe and a smoke. We gracefully declined. But we did buy one of the fancy caps for 40 Baht. They sell for 100 Baht at the airport.

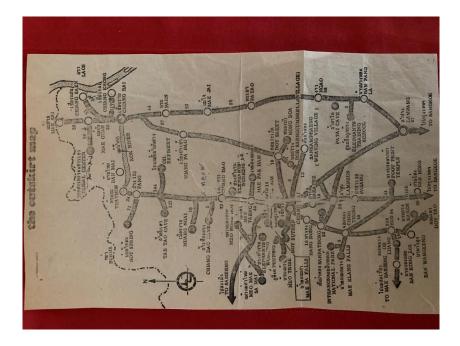
They loved being photographed and stuck out their hand for money as soon as one lifted the camera. One grandmother, apparently blind, sat in the deep shade of her porch and smoked her pipe. I photographed her with my flash, and with an instant 'ha' a grin and a giggle she stuck out her hand in the direction of the flash.

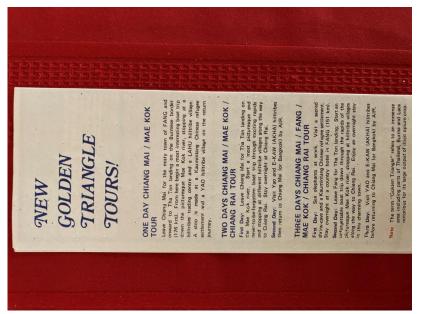
The children learn Thai in school.

Unfortunately I was coming down with a bad cold and felt feverish and my lip has a bad big sore. So I didn't want to come close to anybody, which made for poor communication.



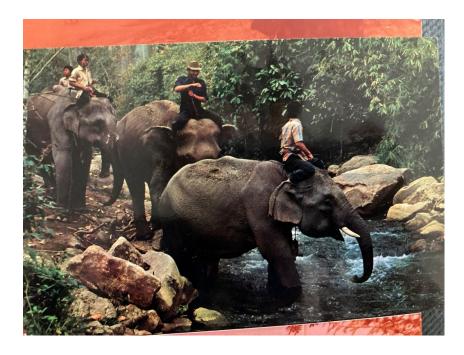






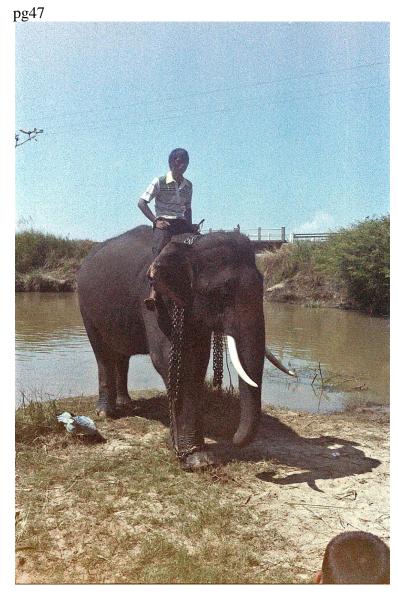


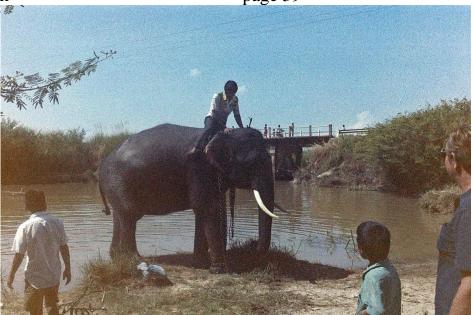










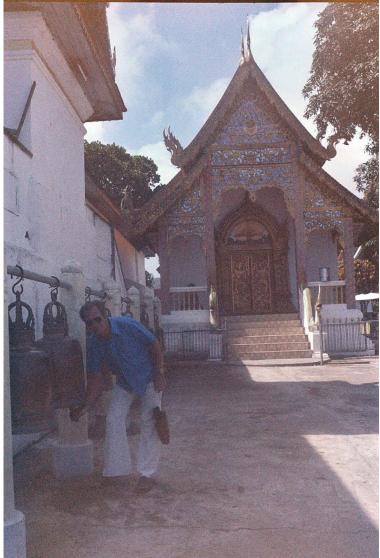














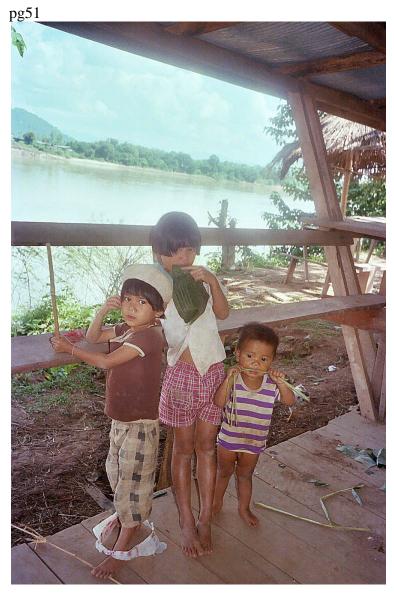


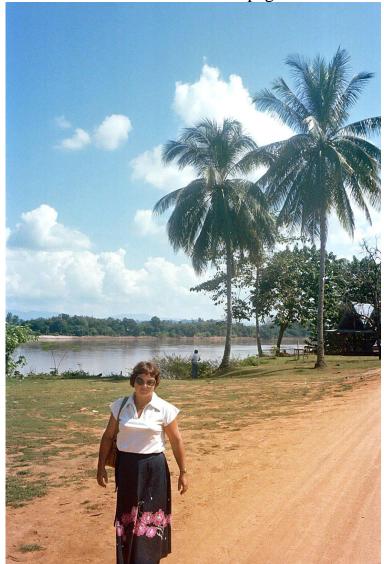








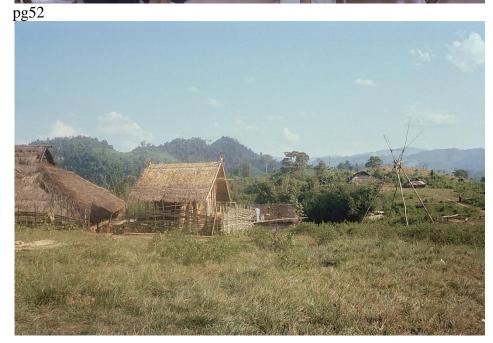






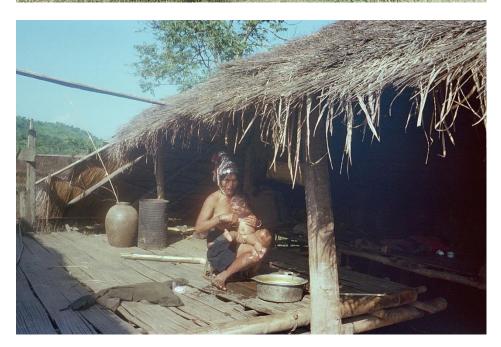




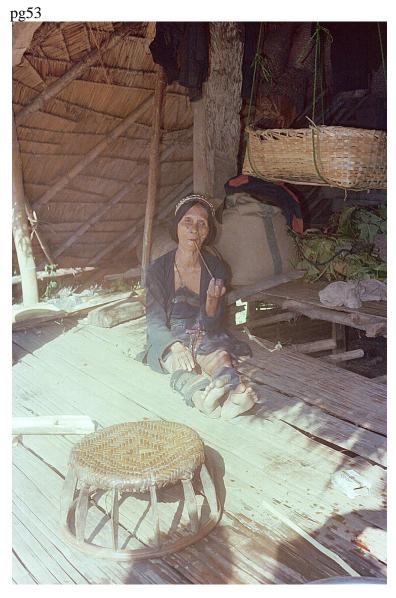






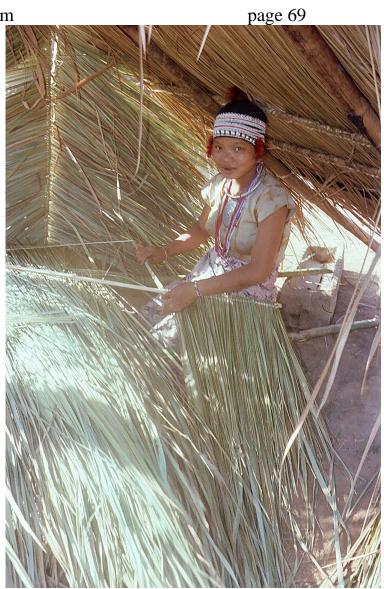






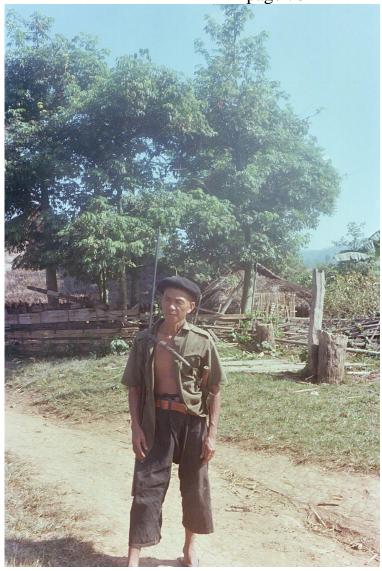












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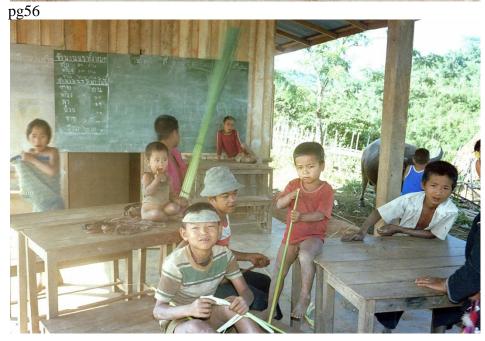






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School book for learning how to write Thai







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28 October 1979

Return flight: Chiangmai to Bangkok, several hours in Bangkok so we picked up my tailored suit from Miss Hong and had Chinese lunch. Flight to Bahrain was agony since I was hurting all over. The plane arrived late in Bahrain, but our connecting flight to Al Khobar was still on the runway being serviced. We rushed to the transfer counter and were told 'too late, your plane is already full.' We had heard the from other people before, that they confirm bookings but don't let people get on the plane. Hans was mentally prepared for this poor organization. Loud enough for the entire terminal to hear him, he told the people behind the counter that he was not going to miss the flight he was booked on. Due to the fact that it was the height of Hadjit (pilgrimage to Mecca) would have been impossible to get on another flight the next day. For long minutes we got those stupid answers like: 'sorry, plane is full', 'talk to the manager of Cathay Pacific', 'there is nothing we can do', etc. And that arrogant look on their face as if we were demanding the impossible. When Hans was through, the manger of Gulf Air radioed the plane and we and six other transfer passengers were taken on board. There were seats available for all of us.



That mess with people getting stuck in Bahrain is nothing but poor management and a lousy, careless attitude of employees who have no ambition to do a good job. We arrived shortly after midnight. Less than 15 minutes of flight. Our luggage arrived the next day and was searched thoroughly. They are always looking for blasphemous Buddha statues on passengers from Thailand. They break them. And they are searching for Opium. They did not find the statue I had wrapped up in a girdle: A man and woman 'in the act'.



Extra photos





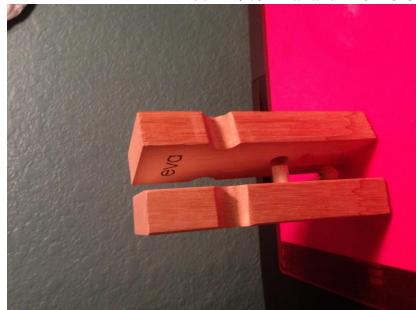


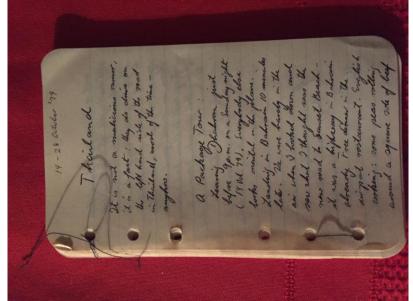






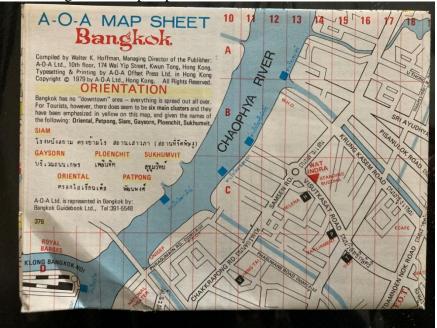


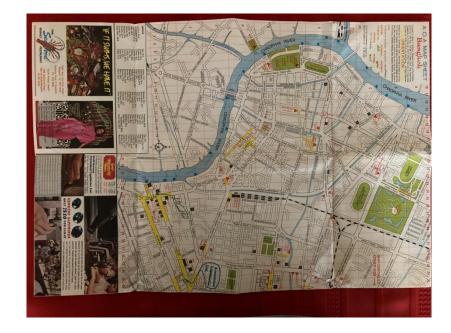


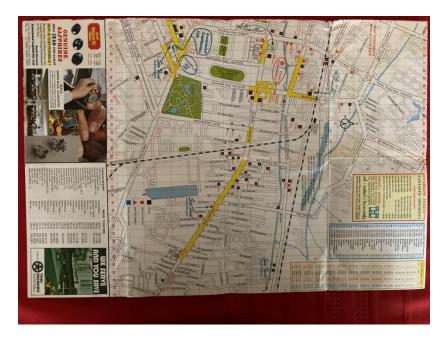




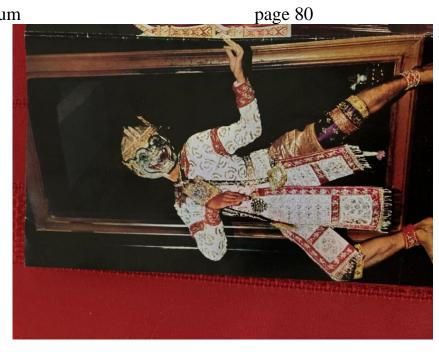
Insides of guides and pamphlets



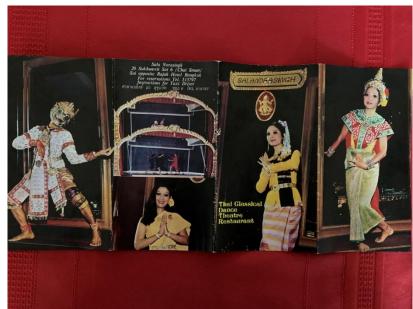


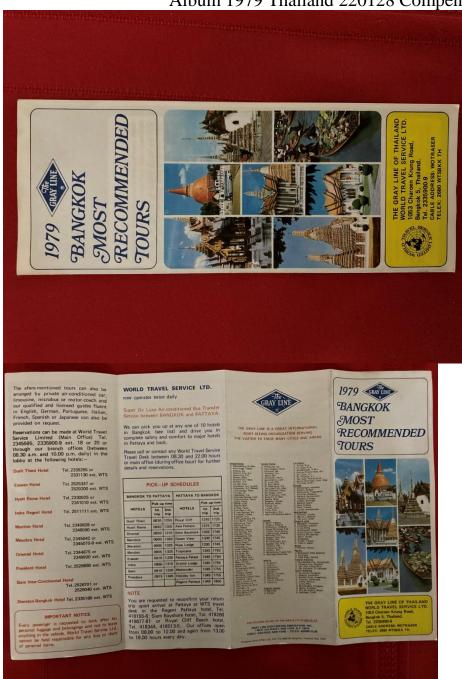


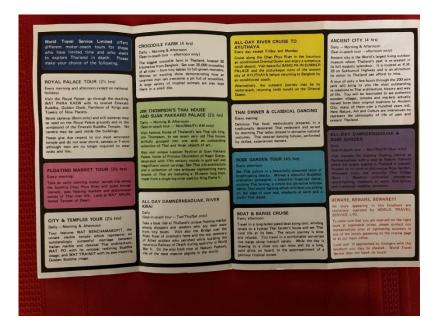


















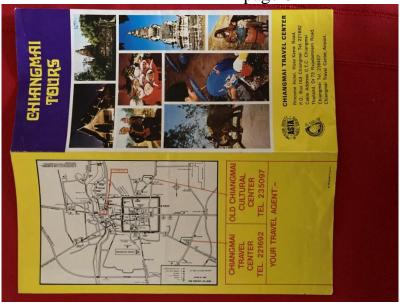




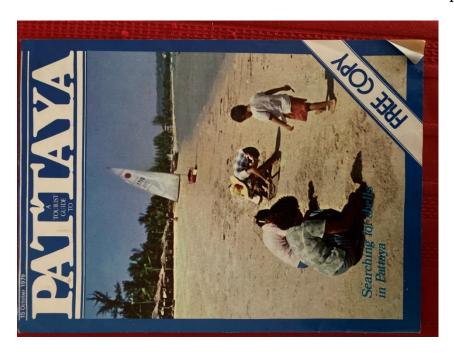




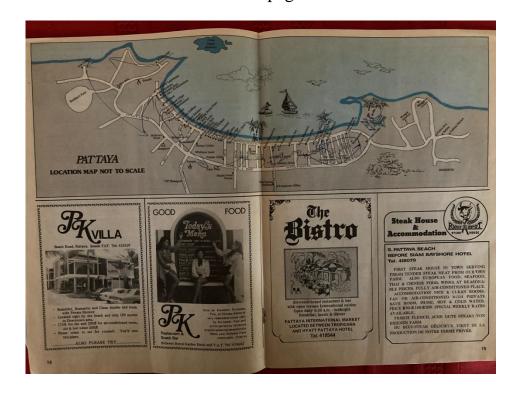


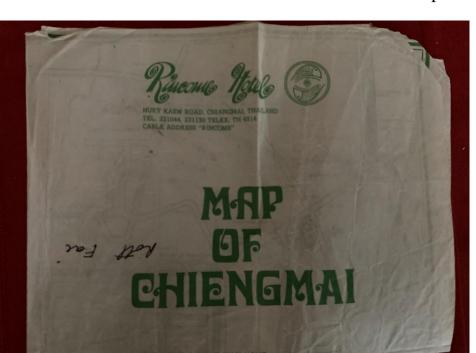


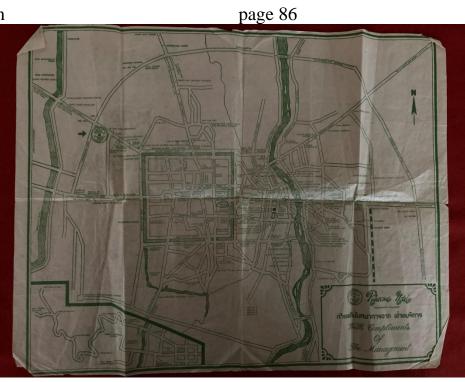




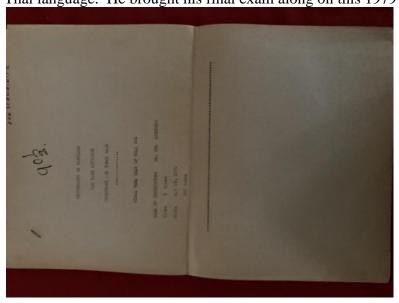


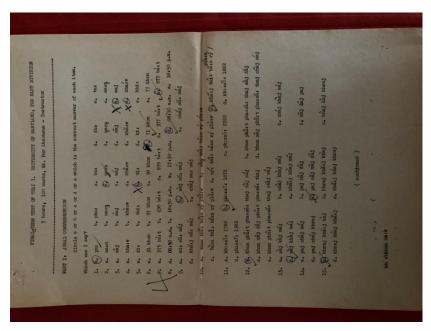


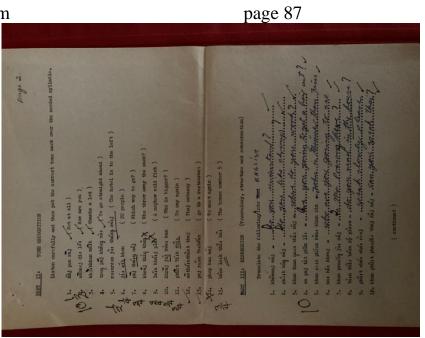


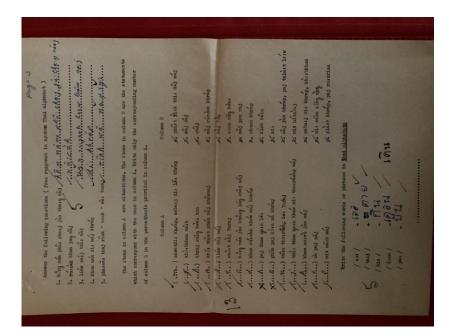


Hans, while stationed in Thailand in 1969-1970 had taken a course in the Thai language. He brought his final exam along on this 1979 trip.

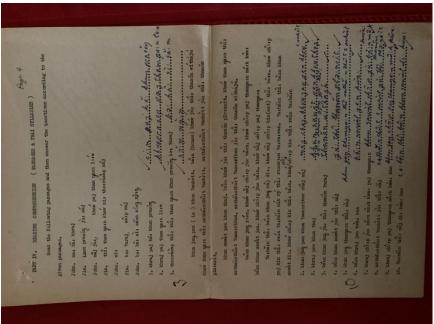


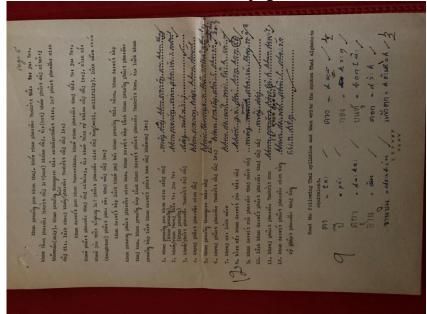


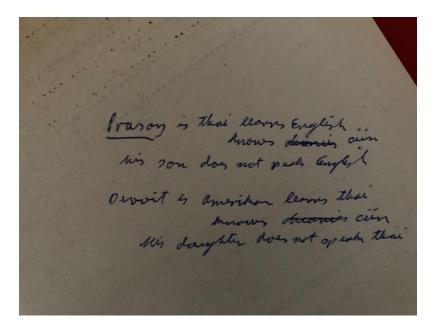


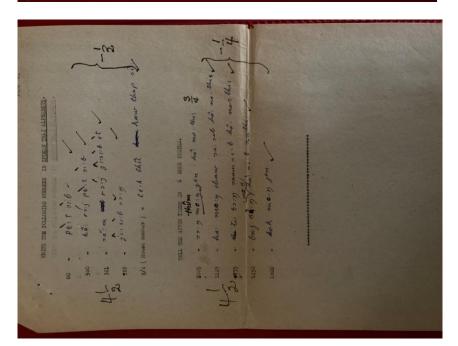












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