



Bangkok Hash House Harriers

The Year of QuickDraw





Composed by LadyBoy - OnSec of the year.

Somewhere in June 2026, to be finished on 04-Jul-2026
(Independence Day for some - Labor Day for others)

The Committee in 2025-26, the year of the QD.

Introduction

ONCE UPON A BEER...

Welcome, you magnificent bastards, to the official record of yet another year we'll never fully remember, brought to you by the people who can't quite forget.

Look back at the last 12 months and ask yourself: *How are we still alive?* Simple. We had **QuickDraw** at the helm. When he took the Grand Master reins, we all expected a trainwreck. Instead, we got a year so genuinely good it actually compromised our reputation as a dysfunctional drinking club with a running problem. What do you expect with a GM who treats a trail map like a suggestion and a beer cooler like a holy grail? Under his "leadership" (and we use that term in the loosest, most legally non-binding way possible), we somehow peaked.

The crown jewel of this glorious lap around the sun? **Run #2500 in Ayutthaya**. We descended upon the ancient capital like a plague of sweaty locusts in mismatched socks. True to Hash tradition, we honored the historic temples by making historical fools of ourselves, proving that 2,500 runs later, we still don't know what "On-Sec" means, but we *do* know where the ice bucket is.



And just when we thought QuickDraw would slip into the night quietly, he dropped the **Last-Minute Hash Ball** on us—plotted, planned, and executed the literal evening before handing over his reign. It was the ultimate GM power move: throw a massive party, take all the credit, get everyone blindingly hungover, and then hand the gavel to the next poor soul while sneaking out the back door. Pure genius.

It truly was a phenomenal year. But hey, don't just take our word for it. Flip the page to read some remarks from your beloved Mismanagement Committee—which are, naturally, even better, sharper, and highly defamatory.

Our GM (Carleton "Quick Draw" Ruthling):

THE AUTOCRAT WHO TRIED TO VOTE

Let's talk about the man, the myth, the statistical anomaly himself: **GM Carleton "Quick Draw" Ruthling**.

First of all, what a name. It sounds less like a Hash Grand Master and more like a 19th-century wild-west gunslinger who accidentally wandered into a haberdashery, bought some neon running shorts, and got hopelessly lost on a flour trail. But against all laws of nature and group psychology, he actually achieved the impossible: he kept this chaotic circus of degenerates together for an entire year.

However, we need to address his glaring flaw.

QD had this bizarre, deeply unsettling habit. Every single week, in the circle, he would look out at the sweaty, beer-deprived mass and actually *ask everybody what they thought of the run*.

...Excuse me?



It was interesting, sure, but way, way too democratic. This is the Hash, Carleton! We didn't elect a Prime Minister; we anointed a dictator. The GM didn't seem to grasp the fundamental rule of Mismanagement: you are the Bossman. *Fuck democracy*. We don't want a town hall meeting; we want a ruler whose word is absolute law—mostly because it saves us from having to think. Fortunately, despite his relentless attempts to be a "fair and listening leader," we still managed to ignore his consensus-building and just drank his beer anyway.

He was the democratic king we didn't know we needed, even if we spent the whole year shouting over him. Cheers to you, Quick Draw!

Joint Master (Ali 'Kamikaze Ali' Rastegar)

Joint Master (Joost 'Chippendale' Zwager)

THE JOINT MASTERS: THE REBEL ALLIANCE

If we aren't mistaken, the **JMs (Joint Masters)** did absolutely nothing to contribute to this yearbook this year. Let's be completely honest—nobody was actually *expecting* them to submit anything, but a token effort would have been nice. Classic JMs.

That being said, we have to give credit where credit is due: they did a fantastic job filling in for the GM whenever Quick Draw was absent. In fact, some might argue those were the best weeks of the year. The formula was simple and brilliant: **more beer was given out, more down-downs were ordered, and there was zero democratic pestering from the Grand Master.** It was a glorious taste of anarchy, and they did a damn good job keeping the party pumping.

Now, looking ahead, we have a small operational request for **Kamokazi**.

Kamokazi, you did great covering for the GM, but now it's time to tackle bigger global issues. If you could just take some time out of your busy schedule to finally clear out the Strait of Hormuz using your Revolutionary Guard, that would be fantastic. BH3 supports your geopolitical endeavors—mostly because we assume it will somehow secure our supply lines for cheaper imported hops. Get on it!



On Sec (Peter 'Ladyboy' Vandenhoucke)

THE MAN, THE MYTH, THE MASSIVE WORKLOAD: A SELF-AGGRANDIZING ONSEC MANIFESTO



(The guy on the left)

Let's talk about the guy who actually kept the lights on this year: **Me, the OnSec.**

Against all labor laws and medical advice, I held down approximately 74 different roles this year. My crowning achievement—even though a highly ungrateful pack of degenerates will probably *not* think so—was helping to organize the **2500th Run in Ayutthaya**. It was a logistical feat and a liver-destroying feast, to say the absolute least. You're welcome.

Besides planning historic milestones, I also made damn sure that the weekly newsletters were delivered on time every single Saturday. *Unlike this yearbook*. Look, you all thoroughly enjoyed reading those newsletters on your way to the run while stuck in traffic, so let's not quibble over a few months' delay on a book nobody can read without their spectacles anyway.

And let's not forget my seasonal side hustles. I was the stand-in **Hash Flash** and photo poster when our international photography department collapsed. A damn tough job, especially when you're trying to frame a shot while holding a beer and avoiding eye contact with local soi dogs. And, as previously stated, I was the **REAL Hash Horn**—at least during the brief, glorious windows when HAZ wasn't violently drowning out my beautiful melodies with his oversized instrument.

All in all, it was a phenomenal year. My *second* year as OnSec in a row, in fact.

Though, between you and me, I still don't understand why the *REAL* OnSec—my dear, beloved friend who shall remain entirely nameless to protect the innocent—was relieved of his job in the first place. A political coup? A backroom deal orchestrated by The Senator? An administrative error involving too much SangSom? We will never truly know...

It was a tough second year at the typewriter, and the sheer existence of this late, chaotic, beautiful Yearbook is living, breathing proof of that.



On Sec Ass (Noah '4 x 2' Shepherd)

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING ASS

When the *REAL*, nameless OnSec mysteriously vanished into thin air, he left behind a massive geopolitical vacuum in BH3. But it also raised a deeply philosophical question that kept us awake at night: **Did the OnSec's Ass disappear with him?** We were never entirely sure if the Ass followed his master into exile, or if he was simply left behind like a piece of forgotten luggage at a down-down. Because of this existential uncertainty, the committee took the only logical course of action: we largely ignored the role entirely. Out of sight, out of mind, out of an Ass.

However, we are absolutely certain of one thing. Wherever the OnSec's Ass was hiding out this year—whether undercover in a Bangkok go-go bar, or deep in the jungles of Ayutthaya trying to decode the gold prices—he was secretly following the weekly tribulations of the new OnSec with intense, borderline-stalker devotion. He saw the sweat. He saw the tears. He saw the delayed newsletters.



In fact, rumors are circulating that the OnSec's Ass has been secretly collaborating with the Revolutionary Guard in the Strait of Hormuz to launch a tactical blockchain currency called *Ass-Coin*. It's a completely deregulated market where one token equals one free sip from the Piss Coordinator's truck. The GM tried to hold a democratic referendum to ban it, but as we all know: *fuck democracy*, the Ass answers to no one.

Hash Cash (Chris 'Horny Viking' Hansen)

What a phenomenal year

From a Hash Cash perspective we are ending the year where we started.

Overall, we are in a good position

Our finances are balanced and yet we have had lots of good runs, in addition to a few outstation runs, plus our 2500 run celebration and at the end of the year we managed to squeeze in the long awaited Hash Ball, before we closed the year with an extravagant AGM

May the next Hash Cash be blessed with another good year.

Kudos goes out to our informal Hash Cash Auditor, Virginia Slims.

He audits the records, raises flags when the Hash Puss influence have kicked in so that incorrectly entered runners are corrected. Once each run is audited and everything seems to be in order, he then makes sure that our Hash Historian "The Pope" get the correct information for our records

Hash Cash



THE HASH CASH ACCOUNTING EXTRAVAGANZA

Now we must turn our attention to the keeper of the coin, the auditor of our alcoholism, the one and only **Hash Cash**.

We all know the primary reason anyone volunteers to handle the club's finances: the traditional, time-honored tradition of embezzling enough funds to purchase a brand-new vehicle by the end of the committee's reign. However, keen observers will note that the Hash Cash **did not buy a new car this year**.

Before you start praising his financial integrity, let's be absolutely clear: it's not because he's honest. It's only because he has *massively bigger plans for next year*.

Word on the trail is that he's bypassing the standard sedan completely. He's either aiming for a customized, gold-plated beer truck, or he's partnering with Kamokazi to purchase a decommissioned naval destroyer for the Strait of Hormuz. We are all collectively holding our breath, clutching our wallets, and forcing down a few extra beers just to see how this financial thriller is going to end. If the books suddenly go missing next year, we know exactly who to look for—just trace the trail of premium tires and expensive scotch.





Hash Cash Ass (Stephen "Comes in Squirts" Lee)

THE TESLA TYCOON: HASH CASH ASS

Finally, we look at the support system of our financial empire: the **Hash Cash Ass**, a role flawlessly fulfilled by **QIS**.

Now, when you are tasked with assisting the club's treasury, you generally want to project an aura of humble, salt-of-the-earth financial prudence. What you *don't* want to do is drive around to the runs in a massive, high-tech, American-made **Tesla**.

Rolling up to a muddy trail in a silent, luxury spaceship powered by lithium and Silicon Valley dreams did not exactly inspire a whole lot of confidence in our accounting system. Every time we handed over our run fees, we couldn't help but wonder if our hard-earned cash was going straight into Elon Musk's pocket or QIS's next software upgrade.

Naturally, seeing the growing suspicion in the circle, the Hash Cash made the executive executive decision to keep the Ass's role to an absolute minimum. Can't have the assistant getting too close to the ledger when he's already driving the future, right? Keep your eyes on the road, QIS, and off the beer funds.

Long live the Hash!

Trailmaster (Vichai "The Senator" Supasomboon)

THE SENATOR: THE MAN, THE MYTH, THE MARKET MANIPULATOR

Next up in the hierarchy of blame is our beloved **Trail Master: The Senator**.



He didn't get that title for nothing. Watching him navigate the Mismanagement Committee was like watching a masterclass in diplomacy, backroom deals, and strategic bribery. Thai politics are absolutely no stranger to him—which explains why he treats the Hash like a coalition government, though with slightly more transparency and significantly more alcohol.

But being Trail Master wasn't just about looking presidential. The man was a walking, talking financial ticker. Every single week, without fail, he provided us with a crucial update on the global gold price—because nothing says "ready to run through a swamp" quite like a lecture on commodity markets. And let's not forget his true financial legacy: he was personally responsible for the meteoric rise of **Bitch Coin**. Forget Bitcoin; The Senator's proprietary currency of insults and Hash drama has never been more valuable.

Jokes aside, his job was an absolute nightmare. Trying to get this lazy pack of hounds to lay a trail is harder than passing a bill through parliament. Many times, the cupboard was bare, and he had to deploy his secret weapon: **his powerful, intoxicating charm**.

He sweet-talked, coaxed, and politically maneuvered potential hares until they finally rose to the occasion. The end result? Against all mathematical odds, we actually had a run *every single week*. For that miracle alone, he deserves a lifetime appointment.

Trailmaster Ass (Andrew "Agent Orange" MacPherson)

THE SHADOW EMPEROR AND HIS ORANGE MINION

Ah, the sweet nostalgia of yesteryear. Where are the days when **The Hash Trail Ass** was our Grand Master? That was a time of absolute tyranny, when his power was at its absolute zenith, and the rest of us trembled in our muddy running shoes.

This year, however, he took a step back. Officially, he was relegated to the back bench. Officially, he was just a spectator. But let's be real—none of us bought it. We are all 100% certain that from the shadows, he was still wielding a metaphorical scepter, whispering in ears, pulling the strings, and doing the heavy lifting behind the scenes to help The Senator ensure we had a trail every single week. You can take the man out of the dictatorship, but you can't take the dictator out of the man.

In fact, his performance was so commanding that BH3 should seriously consider amending the constitution to introduce **Lifetime Grand Masterships**. Why let a little thing like an election or a handover get in the way of eternal rule?

Of course, every great emperor needs a loyal sidekick to do the actual grunt work. We already have the perfect position lined up for him once his shadow-reign ends: **Trail Master's Ass**. And to make the transition seamless, we've already picked out his deputy—the ever-vibrant, beautifully aging **Orange**. Together, they would make the ultimate back-bench duo. Orange can bring the color, The Trail Ass can bring the muscle, and the Senator can keep tracking the gold prices.



The right Andrew?

Hash Flash (Several - but hardly anyone)

THE HASH FLASH SAGA: A COMEDY OF SHUTTER ERRORS

Let's shed some light on the most criminally underestimated role in the entire Hash: **The Hash Flash**. It's a thankless job. You have to run, carry heavy equipment, remain sober enough to focus a lens, and somehow make a group of sweaty, red-faced drunks look photogenic.

This year, the photography department suffered a minor international crisis. We tragically lost our original **Japanese Hash Flash** due to relocation. Stepping into the void, GM Quick Draw made a swift executive decision and appointed **KFC** as the new Hash Flash.

Now, KFC is Korean, which meant we immediately ran into a geopolitical roadblock. History has proven that a smooth, peaceful handover between Japan and Korea is statistically impossible, and this was no exception. There were no notes, no passwords, no passing of the sacred lens cap. Absolutely *nothing*. To make matters worse, KFC wasn't even looking at the runners; as a true dog lover, he spent the entire year focused almost exclusively on photographing the local soi dogs along the trail rather than the actual Hashers.



The predictable result? Total photographic chaos. Pictures from the runs were scattered across the internet like confetti after a hurricane.

Enter the **OnSec**, our knight in shining, slightly tarnished armor. He did his absolute best to scavenge photos from the deep, dark corners of various chat groups to keep the website alive. In an act of true, desperate heroism, OnSec even went out and bought a brand-new, top-of-the-line camera to ensure we had high-quality evidence of our weekly debauchery.

Now, bless his heart, our OnSec is not exactly the brightest soul in the room. It took him a solid few months just to figure out where the power button was and which end of the lens to look through. For a while, we had a lot of high-definition photos of his own thumb and the inside of the camera bag. But in the end? He figured it out, the pictures actually started appearing, and we finally have proof that we occasionally go outside.

Who is next on the chopping block? Lay the next committee member on me!



Hash Mugger (Patrick 'Dambuster' Clews)

Muggers Report 2025-2026

This year saw only two mug awards, reducing the average to 6.67 awards per year over the last 6 years of the current mugger residency.

YEAR	AWARDS
2025-2026	2
2024-2025	6
2023-2024	11
2022-2023	5
2021-2022	9
2020-2021	7



And the awards go to....

Hound	Runs	Date	Run No.	Mug
Checkless	200	17/01/2026	2494	Yeti blue grey
No Good Boyo	400	13/09/2025	2476	Yeti black



Proud award recipients

There are now no more pewter mugs left at JKL cups, not even the small, mantelpiece "trophy" style mugs which held a pitiful amount of beer. If there are any suggestions for a suitable pewter mug supplier, please contact the mugger. Otherwise, upcoming mugs will all be the large yeti mugs supplied by Logobiz in Rayong with the expert help of the mug procurement officer. At least the Yeti mugs hold a decent amount of beer and some fun can be had with the designs.

Webmaster (Lem "Nogood boyo" Morgan)

Keep calm and carry on is the BH3 website message. Always backing up the Trailmaster in reminding hares of their upcoming run. This means that BH3 members will always get accurate information on the runs even if all else fails. There is only one possible fatal flaw, and that is if hares come up late with directions or fail to do so entirely. Do look at the massive amount of information on Bangkok on our website. Start off with MENU at the top of the BH3 website on you mobile. We live here in this city of rich history so why not for a start look again at Graham Greene's 'The Blue Film' a wonderful memory of a trip many years ago along Charoeng Krung Road. MENU- BANGKOK A GENERAL HISTORY - Penultimate link "The Blue Film. Graham Greene. Short Stories."

On On

Nogood Boyo

Webmaster





FROM THE ONSEC'S DESK: A TALE OF TWO LITTLE NATIONS

And finally, we look at the engine room of the Hash: the **OnSec** and the **WebMaster**.

You might think producing the weekly newsletters is a *fait accompli*—a simple copy-paste job where everything falls perfectly into place. If you think that, you've clearly never tried to herd a pack of feral, hungover Hashers. Every single week was a grueling game of psychological warfare, with the OnSec chasing down illiterate hares just to get them to submit a basic starting point and a map that didn't look like a toddler's crayon doodle.

But he didn't fight this battle alone. The OnSec relied heavily on the WebMaster's input as a guiding light, a digital North Star in a sea of logistical chaos.

And who is that digital savior? **Good Old No Boyo**. Great stuff, matie. Absolutely top-tier work that was deeply, genuinely appreciated by the few of us who can actually read. Your tireless efforts behind the screen kept the virtual wheels from falling off this wagon.

No Boyo, you can be profoundly proud of your Welsh heritage. And just as you fly the flag for Wales, the OnSec proudly waves the banner for his own Flemish heritage. It is a beautiful, poetic partnership. One from a tiny country obsessed with sheep and rugby; the other from a tiny region obsessed with beer, fries, and confusing dialects.

In smallness, we unite! Together, Belgium and Wales saved BH3 from digital extinction. You both did us proud.

Who's next to be immortalized (or completely roasted) in the yearbook? Drop the next victim!

Hash Haberdash Piss Coordinator (Tiradej "Porkfinder" Sukunwadna)

Hash Haberdash Piss Coordinator (Tiradej "Porkfinder" Sukunwadna): Tiradej "Porkfinder" Sukunwadna, the Haberdash Piss Coordinator, took his job very seriously, especially after a few beers. He'd declare, "No pork shall go unfound... or un-peed upon!"

THE HASH PISS COORDINATOR: THE HOLY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

Now, let us bend the knee to the absolute backbone of this entire organization—the eternal **Hash Piss Coordinator**.



Let's be completely honest for a moment: without him, this club would cease to exist. A Hash without beer isn't just a tragedy; it's a horrific dystopian nightmare. It's like a Thai summer without air conditioning, a down-down without a song, or a Tuesday morning where you're forced to face your actual life choices completely sober. It's a dry, desolate wasteland of pure despair where people would be forced to actually *enjoy running*. The horror.

But we never had to face that apocalypse, because week after week, there he was. No trail was too remote, no valley too deep, no mountain too high for this saint of a man to haul hundreds of kilos of ice and liquid gold. If the hares laid a trail into the deepest, darkest

depths of the jungle, you could guarantee he'd already be there waiting at the end, leaning against a beautifully chilled cooler like a mirage in the desert.

And as if keeping us hydrated wasn't a full-time, back-breaking job, the man apparently suffers from a severe case of over-achievement. He was also the Hare or Co-Hare for at least *half the damn runs* this year! While the rest of us were making excuses about our bad knees or busy schedules, he was out there scouting trails, laying flour, *and* making sure the ice didn't melt.

He is the true hero of BH3. Give that man a lifetime supply of whatever he hasn't already drunk from the truck!



Sniff (Tom 'Pussy Virus' Ellefsen)

THE HASH SNIFF: THE NOSE THAT ALMOST KNOWS



face, he's checked out.

Still, we love him for trying. He keeps the name alive, even if he leaves the actual navigation to the rest of the pack. Good boy!

For two glorious years in a row, we bestowed the title of **Hash Sniff** upon him. But let's be brutally honest here—this wasn't entirely earned through tracking excellence. It was a pity appointment. We all just felt incredibly bad about him losing the *REAL* Sniff: his legendary, loyal four-legged companion who was officially the last dog to ever be seen actively helping on the trail (unlike KFC's local soi dog modeling crew).

You would think that holding the title of Hash Sniff for 24 months straight would sharpen a man's senses. If only he could be just a little bit better at actually sniffing out the damn trail, his late, great pup would be looking down from doggy heaven with immense pride.

But alas... the genetics clearly didn't transfer from the leash to the man. While the original Sniff could track a scent through a monsoon, our human Hash Sniff spent most of the year wanders-about, completely blind to the flour, and looking like he was trying to smell a fart in a wind tunnel. If the trail doesn't literally hit him in the

Hash Horn (Peter "Lady Boy" Vandenhoutte)

THE BATTLE OF THE HORNS

Now we come to the **Hash Horn**—which was, let's be absolutely clear, the *REAL* and most prestigious appointment for the OnSec (who happens to be writing this himself, hence the flawless, objective, and deeply humble review you are about to read).

The OnSec took this sacred musical task very seriously. He approached the art of the horn with the discipline of a maestro. Unfortunately, his artistic vision was constantly being sabotaged and undermined by **HAZ**, who showed up to the circle with a noticeably bigger horn (the overcompensating bastard).

But as we all know, size isn't everything; it's about how you blow it. And HAZ simply could not get it up or blow it as often as the *REAL* Hash Horn. While HAZ was fumbling around with his massive instrument, the OnSec was delivering consistent, ear-splitting acoustic perfection week after week.

So, credit where credit is due. Let's sound the bugle—loud and proud—for **LadyBoy**, celebrating task number 25 this year! A milestone achieved with grace, volume, and an impressive amount of hot air.



Hash Haberdash (Erik 'Capt' Ravn)

Hash Haberdash (Erik 'Capt' Ravn): Erik "Capt" Ravn, the Hash Haberdash, could sell you hash gear you didn't even know you needed. He'd confidently state, "You haven't truly hashed until you own a fluorescent fanny pack!"



My dear hashers, the well of captainly wisdom (and yearbook contributions) has run dry. I've sold more T-shirts than a souvenir stand on Khao San Road, initiated more Boots than a military academy, and cheered on enough 'bloody runs' to qualify for a marathon. As for the OnOnOn wine, consider that my personal sacrifice for your merriment.

My only remaining thought is: Whose turn is it to buy the next round?

Hash Haberdash (Chris 'Krinkle Kut' Smith)

Hash Haberdash Lament

The Captain's demise happened late '25
leaving large shoes to fill for Haberdash to survive
I threw my hat in and believed I might win
new interest in shirts, too good for the bin
Was given the stock, my car doors I'd lock
to safeguard the shirts and someone's old sock
I ran a hash poll to start on a roll
to plummet the depths of the BH3 soul
but it wasn't that deep, old fashions will keep
and T Shirts remain the choice and quite cheap
I turn up each week, new custom to seek
200 for generics to take up the creek
100 for others those aged reminders
of runs that are past now, those aged particulars
A 2500th run shirt for 80 alert
BH3 hashers in the sun and the dirt
And a Nowroz one for a bit of light fun
and a specially Persian New Year run
Then the AGPU and one for that too
Not quite the right grey but who's gonna sue?
So guys help me out if you're out and about
and buy an old shirt, I wanna sell out!

Krinkle Kut



A TRIBUTE TO A TITAN: THE CAPTN

"A note from your OnSec: You may have noticed that I posted last year's comments regarding The Captn. As many of you know, our beloved Captn sadly passed away last year. Hail to him."

We cannot look back at where we are without pausing to look up at where he is now. We are all entirely certain that The Captn is currently having an absolute blast in Hash Heaven—probably reorganizing their circle, complaining about the quality of the heavenly clouds, and showing the angels how to properly down a drink.

He was, without exaggeration, a true Hash Hero.

We all salute him, and we raise our glasses one more time to a man who left an indelible mark on BH3. He will forever live on in our memories, particularly during our legendary *OnOnOn* dinners, where he was a steadfast fixture, reliably anchored to his own personal bottle of wine. Or, at the very least, through the beautiful, hazy, alcohol-fueled filter of our collective memory, that is exactly how he will always be remembered. I never really knew him as a "Young One"—to us, he was simply timeless.

Which brings us to Krinkle.

Krinkle, my friend, you have stepped into shoes that are not just large, but practically monumental. You are going to have a seriously hard time living up to his grand achievements and matching that legendary status. No pressure, though. Just don't drop the wine.

To The Captain—gone but never, ever forgotten. *Down-Down and On-On!*



Hash Music (Todd 'Spinning Dwarf' Wilkie)

SPINNING DWARF: THE BOOMBOX REVOLUTION (HASH MUSIC)



Last year, the Hash Music department relied almost entirely on vocal cords, drunken harmonies, and the occasional off-key screech. This year, **Spinning Dwarf** took the reins and decided to try a completely different version. Where did he get that name from? Only the Hash Gods know, and frankly, we're too afraid to ask.

But we must say, the results were not bad at all.

Instead of forcing us to listen to each other sing, he dragged his massive, heavy-ass BoomBox all over the countryside—through swamps, over rocks, and straight into the jungle—playing a steady stream of golden oldies. It was a massive upgrade, giving our weekly debauchery the retro soundtrack it truly deserved. Good job, matie.

Of course, Spinning Dwarf also gave us a masterclass in how a proper Hash DJ is supposed to behave. A real DJ doesn't just push buttons; he leads by example. And by example, we mean he executed the golden rule of performance: **never, under any circumstances, let go of your beer**. A high-tier DJ keeps one hand on the volume dial and the other securely superglued to a cold can. If the music skips because he's taking a massive gulp, that's not a technical error—that's a remix. He proved that true musical talent isn't measured in beats per minute, but in beers per minute. Rock on, Dwarf!

Hash Historian (Brian "Le Pope" Pope)

Hash Historian (Brian "Le Pope" Pope): Brian "Le Pope" Pope, the Hash Historian, remembered every single hash transgression and triumph. He'd pontificate, "If it wasn't recorded, did it even happen?"



It's a good thing we still have our Pope ... but this is not "LE POPE".

THE UNSUNG HEROES OF THE RUN LIST

Before we officially shut the cooler lid on this yearbook, we have to acknowledge a vital administrative duo who operated purely behind the scenes to keep our coordinates straight.

A massive, deeply felt thank you goes out to Jim "Virginia Slim" Eller for his tireless work this year. Jim stepped up to the plate to help Le Pope compile and manage the official run list.

Now, trying to coordinate a run list with this committee is like trying to organize a prayer group in a brothel. You've got Le Pope trying to maintain some semblance of holy order, while Virginia Slim is working the logistics like a seasoned smoke-filled backroom operator. Together, they mapped out the calendar and made sure we actually had destinations to drive to every week. Without their holy intervention and logistical stamina, we'd all still be standing in a parking lot somewhere in Bangkok, arguing about where the trail starts.

Cheers to the keepers of the list!

Apostolic Blessing: The Hash Flash's Valediction

RUN ATTENDANCE 2025-2026							
		this year 2463-2514				this year 2463-2514	
1	Tiradej Sakunwadhna (Pork Finder)	50	36%	56	Kevin Meyer (Roger Me)	3	6%
2	Vichai Suphasomboon (Senator)	48	32%	57	Mike Ferdun (Special Ed)	3	6%
3	KC Marshment (Boob a Lube)	46	38%	58	Neil Hutchinson (Hags)	3	6%
4	Steve Grinham (Gringo)	45	37%	59	Roy Cowie (Wee Jimmie)	3	6%
5	Greg Cable (Tickler)	43	33%	60	Wade Cooper (Antique Roadsh	3	6%
6	Chris Smith (Krinkle Kut)	42	31%	61	Andy Grob (Mee Grob)	2	4%
7	Ali Rastegar (Kamikaze)	40	77%	62	Bengt Gothlin (Klong Dump)	2	4%
8	Chris Hansen (Horny Viking)	39	75%	63	Chris Schulz (Bushman)	2	4%
9	Carlton Ruthing (Quick Draw)	38	73%	64	Dave Cobbett (The Hobbit)	2	4%
10	John Lukens (Tinker)	38	73%	65	Dave Kuipers (Cherry Licker)	2	4%
11	Bob Boulter (Bullit)	36	69%	66	Derek Tavender (Muff Diver)	2	4%
12	Peter Vandenhoecke (Ladyboy)	36	69%	67	Ian Slater (Ajarn Kee Mao)	2	4%
13	Teerachai Rienubdee (Pink Panther)	34	65%	68	Lindsay Mulder (Lecherous)	2	4%
14	Ed Checkley (Checkless)	31	60%	69	Louis Harrewijn (Moonlight)	2	4%
15	Todd Wilkie (Spinning Dwarf)	31	60%	70	Matthew Casquarelli	2	4%
16	Mark Giles (Hare Lip)	28	54%	71	Michael Sanders (Snakebite)	2	4%
17	Stephen Lee (Cum In Spurts)	25	48%	72	Mike Davies	2	4%
18	Andrew MacPherson (Agent Orange)	20	38%	73	Nick Mayo (Mijo Slut)	2	4%
19	Ed Howell (Hazukashi)	20	38%	74	Paul Loke (Katoey Kick Boxer)	2	4%
20	Tom Ellefson (Pussy Virus)	20	38%	75	Paul Williams (Tambourine Man)	2	4%
21	Ian Potter (Cod Piece)	19	37%	76	Svend Janssen (Joseph)	2	4%
22	Lem Morgan (No Good Boyo)	19	37%	77	Anthony Brewer (Spot of Cum)	1	2%
23	Simon Kitchen (Mudguard)	19	37%	78	Baey Kian Guan (Turtle Head)	1	2%
24	Hirohiko Matsukusa (Limp Shrimp)	18	35%	79	Barry Meese (Knockout Neptune)	1	2%
25	Choi Wanjae	16	31%	80	Bruce Hagerty (Get Lost)	1	2%
26	Akira Nishikori (Kamikaze)	15	29%	81	Charles Harvie (Wallbanger)	1	2%
27	Suphon Ruttanaphon (Suffle)	15	29%	82	Chris Moor (Wally)	1	2%
28	Erik Ravn (Captain Erik)	14	27%	83	Dave Parks (Maid Marion)	1	2%
29	Noah Shepherd (4 by 2)	14	27%	84	Ed Rubesch (The Great Pudend	1	2%
30	Bruce Weeks (Hash Hash)	11	21%	85	Eric Cornille (Dunkin Donut)	1	2%
31	Marc Lavoie (Manboobs)	11	21%	86	George Nearing (Nut 'n Bone)	1	2%
32	Vasi Zef (Slumdog)	9	17%	87	Glen Dixon (Thalidoskid)	1	2%
33	Jurgen Hulst (Hand Cream)	8	15%	88	Jeff Gay (Bugs)	1	2%
34	Keith Turner (Diarrhea)	7	13%	89	Joe Wendell (Bloody Nipples)	1	2%
35	Patrick Clews (Dambuster)	7	13%	90	John Gold (Duke of Puke)	1	2%
36	Tony Erswell (Ambrose)	7	13%	91	John Hendriksen (Sheep Shunter)	1	2%
37	Bruce Miller (Bunny)	6	12%	92	Josh Mills	1	2%
38	Holden Lagos (Etsan)	6	12%	93	Max Forster (Shadow Max)	1	2%
39	Jim Eller (Virginia Slim)	6	12%	94	Michel Desloover (Ibo Ibo)	1	2%
40	Peter Wallbank (Dripper)	6	12%	95	Michael Berg (Sir Fancy Pants)	1	2%
41	Roland Perry (Rawhide)	6	12%	96	Mike Cooper (Drinks Like A Girl)	1	2%
42	Tim Ponting (Tokoroten)	6	12%	97	Mike Kelly (Thomas Pink)	1	2%
43	Benny Hagberg (Witches Tit)	5	10%	98	Mike Lauer (Stiffy)	1	2%
44	Eric Boehlke (Mr Bean)	5	10%	99	Peter Brown (Hard Nuts)	1	2%
45	Joost Zwager (Chippendale)	5	10%	100	Rick Stuit (Licky Rocks)	1	2%
46	Tom Shimmin (Incomplete Erection)	5	10%	101	Ron Moncrief (Mother Brown)	1	2%
47	Andrew Cunningham (Turd Burglar)	4	8%	102	Stefan Rohlaender (Chorizo)	1	2%
48	Martyn Sanderson (Lurch)	4	8%	103	Steve Furst (Tastes Great)	1	2%
49	Mike Rickard (Whoremonger)	4	8%	104	Thomas Svensson (Reddick)	1	2%
50	Nick Whillas "Here for Beer"	4	8%	105	Tony Penta (Retard)	1	2%
51	Noah Lidman (Hairy Crack)	4	8%	106	Vinai Seesar (Over Sexed)	1	2%
52	Vichai Pechardkhao (Cool)	4	8%	107	Werner Morf	1	2%
53	Frank Allum (Noriega)	3	6%	108	Wilfred Van Schalk (Pig Fokker)	1	2%
54	Jay Cooley (Footloose)	3	6%	109	Wolfgang Dettman (Von Nives)	1	2%
55	Kevin Casquarelli (Grannies Tits)	3	6%	110	Zoltani Lajos (Paprika Smiley)	1	2%



Historian



Conclusion

THE BITTER END: A CONCLUSION FROM YOUR ONSEC

Well, there you have it, BH3. Another year of questionable decisions, missing photos, and miraculous trails officially bound into a book that will likely be used to prop up an uneven table in the clubhouse.

I genuinely hope you all enjoyed flipping through these pages. Looking ahead, we can only pray that next year will be significantly better—ideally with **actual contributions from the rest of the Mismanagement Committee**. Please, for the love of the Hash Gods, do not leave the entire burden of the yearbook to the OnSec again. We all know he is fundamentally good for nothing and completely worth shit. If you leave it to him next year, you'll probably get a single piece of paper with the word "BEER" written on it in crayon, delivered six months late. (This yearbook was on time ... if only ...)

Despite the sheer laziness of the committee and the total lack of democracy from our glorious GM, we still think it was a truly great year.

Make sure your livers are primed and your running shoes aren't completely rotted out, because we hope you all thoroughly enjoy next year. And let's not forget the absolute massive milestone on the horizon: **next year is our 50th Anniversary!** (Yes, mathematically that means this year was only our 49th... *ahuum...* which means the 2500 run in Ayutthaya was just the warm-up act).

Get ready for the golden jubilee, you beautiful degenerates.

ON-ON TO THE 50TH!

OnSec - From now onwards ONLY known as LadyBoy.

