

B. BRUCE

Episkopi Hash House Harriers



"LOOK AT
THOSE SILLY
FOKKERS!"

2000th Run
1 May 2004





Steff has built up an enviable reputation with the Epi Hash as the "Hostess with the Mostess" and her cosy pub on the main road through Episkopi to Curium is always the place to pop into for a pint or a cuppa, a bacon sarnie or a Full Monte Fat Boys breakfast, whatever you fancy. George helped a wee bit as well.

Families are welcome anytime and there is a beer garden at the back and patio seating at the front



RING STEFF & GEORGE
25932432

Congratulations to our Epi Hash Friends on your 2000 Runs

A WELCOME FROM THE ON PRES

First and foremost the very warmest of Epi Hash welcomes to one and all

I know you will enjoy our celebration weekend. Your livers and kidneys - well maybe not so much! Never mind we have arranged special discounts for Hashers at the Betty Ford clinic starting 04 May. I trust that those returning Exiles approve of the fine fettle in which you find your Hash and that despite the inevitable turnover of personalities and a few minor evolutionary changes you find us more or less as you left us.

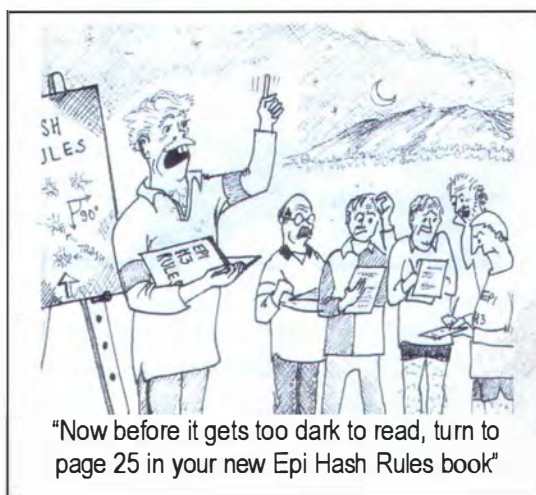
By the time I hand over to Jim Burke on Sunday my reign as On Pres will have lasted 100 runs and yet I remember well the apprehension of my first crit and the grinning figure of Jimmy Carroll scuttling off to get fitted for his grey suit. I remember confessing to Ben Bobsley that having mentally reviewed the styles of the last 8 incumbents I could not quite see where my particular delivery might sit. His advice - 'booger them bonnie lad, be yerself man; inderoduce a liddle whimsy'. Well I tried, though I admit there are dangers inherent in drifting into whimsy on the crit. A few well aimed red herrings from the Polish Hash Commissioner (yes Jack is still here as if you had not noticed), and I'm so far off the plot I would need GPS to find my feet never mind remember a punch line or that devastatingly witty and incisive put down that I had mentally prepared on the run.



The Hash has, as always, provided me with countless memories over my period as On Pres but I suggest we discuss those over a Keo or three rather than me wearing my index finger to the bone and wasting good Keo time on this article. Similarly I shall refrain from a litany of thanks to those who have put in such a lot of work to put this package together, though I suspect there may be an occasion or two over the weekend when I may name and shame a few! It would however be remiss of me not to mention the generous sponsorship given freely by the earthly representatives of the great God Keo; with the occasional nudge from Geoff who must by now be on the marketing board of Keo.

So I hope you enjoy the magazine, we have tried to fit in as many mug shots as we could muster including some from the archives. Meanwhile I better let you get on with your weekend and a reminder of what is in store follows. I look forward to sharing a beer and a yarn over the next few days and who knows we may even fit in the odd run as well. Finally here is a little tip for when the excitement has died down and you who are Epi Exiles have returned home. Sit in a hot bath, admire your JC lacerated legs, watch the thorn tips emerging from your sunburnt limbs, sip that last duty free Keo and remember those of us who have to stay here and stag on, and on and on.

On On Bollo (On Pres Oct 2002 - May 2004)



EDITORIAL BACK-SCRATCHING

Picture the scene; mid-March, and the Après-Run fire is finally blazing; tooth-numbing Keo is flowing freely like a rehearsal for the flooding of the Kouris dam; peanuts are being scattered like plugs for the Atkins diet; in the background a clutch of Hash hyenas are unwrapping scalding-hot papier-mâché pies, throwing them onto the fire and eating the tinfoil. *Enter Stage Left* a senior Hash 'poser' in a faded US Masters anorak. He speaks in a confidential whisper to a young but stoical fellow-Hasher "I say old boy, need your help again. Got to put this 2000th Hash mag to bed. Done it before you know, but I am so tied up at the moment, bla bla bla". Which loosely translated means 'You scratch my back and I'll stab yours...'

You are now reading the result. We hope you like it – and I say 'we' because you would be pleasantly surprised if you knew how many Hashers and non-Hashers worked on this production at one time or another. I am grateful for all for the advice I received, whether I wanted it or not, from so many members of Epi Hash, and also from a bright bunch of non-Hashing friends who, happily (I like to think), kindly gave up their time and expertise to help produce this souvenir magazine. Thanks very much indeed to everyone who made my task easier - you also made it more enjoyable. Geoff Fryatt



Geoff Fryatt - Despite being a staunch member of the Gunner QM Mafia, Geoff unaccountably failed to make the seamless transition from Lt Col QM Epi Garrison to RO2 QM Epi Garrison. Not one to mark time patiently in God's Waiting Room (aka Erimi Gardens), Geoff became a driven man. Having reorganised Shakespeare at Curium to his satisfaction he now musters the CSRC (ramblers) for inspection every other Sunday before allowing them onto the transport. He took over Chairmanship of the Army Benevolent Fund in an almost bloodless coup; and who knows where the eyes of this accomplished asset stripper are now turning - the Phoenix singers, SBAA Chief Officer, perhaps even On Pres? And all the while the lovely Doris waits patiently in the car - shame one can't get air miles for it! Despite these numerous and nefarious activities Geoff still finds time to lampoon fellow hashers with his cartoons, oh - and to put together this 'rag mag' *Many thanks and On On Geoff !* MJPB

(This eulogy is complete and unabridged but thank goodness for Spellcheck! Ed)

Epi Hash Acknowledgements go to our contributors, chasers, researchers, poets, graphic designers, pc doctors, historians, photographers, comedians, publishers, sponsors, advertisers, and my apologies to anyone who I forget to mention today. Mike Ball (2003/4); George Morrison for his archive materiel; Tom McSherry (1999); Doc Smith (1992); Ray Turford (1997); Jimmy Carroll (2001); Stewart Glanfield for his financial ideas; Tim Finnegan (1978); Colin Daniels (1986); Gordon Casson (1987); Sarah Craft (1992) for her Orphans tale; Dave Barwell as ex Hash Flash; Richard Stenton (1985); Aunt Angela; Frank Dolan (1993); Brian Jeffers (1995); Bob Bensley (2001); Lindsay Irvine (1991); Dan Archer (1994); Bobby Moore (1996); Paul Martin; Peter Duckworth who cleverly saved 3 years of Hash Words and photos on a single life-saving CD; Chris Clifton-Moore for his graphic design work on the cover; Alan Wiles for his patience & pc skills; Kristiana Tsanos of MKL Printing for her generosity in producing the CDs for the T shirt and cover designs; Andy Agathocleous for sponsoring the dinner jacket T shirt; George Evripiotis and Marinos Haralambous of Keo Marketing for their continued sponsorship and support whenever we have asked for their help. Finally, sob, I can't leave the stage without thanking my own family, the staff at my old school, sob, my tailor, my barber, my makeup artist, sob, the CBF, Tony Blair, Chris's Blue Beach, sob, and all the patient and long-suffering Epi Hash Harriettes xxxxxxxx

The Founding of the Epi Hash



AS 'G' Gispert – set up first Hash in 1937

In the Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Thirty Seven a group of rubber planters working in Malaya decided that, in order to preserve their sanity, they would get together once a week in their string vests, long shorts and plimsolls to go for a run around the plantation before collapsing outside the Selangor Club where they would have a few beers and a meal. The Selangor Club was known locally as the 'Hash House' because of the slang name of the food served there, and the sturdy group of runners were dubbed 'Harriers'. If you believe all of the above you are halfway to becoming a Hasher!

Anyhow, since that first auspicious occasion, chapters of the Hash House Harriers have been formed in all parts of the world – from Norway to New Zealand, and from Australia to America – there are hundreds of clubs that meet weekly to run, eat, drink and generally enjoy themselves away from the usual run of the mill activities. Every other year at selected venues around the world there is an International Hash (*Interhash*) event where chapters get together to swap Hashing stories, to perform on stage, sometimes they even run, but enjoyment is paramount for everyone who attend the Interhash. Hashers are best described as being 'Drinkers with a Running Problem' and long may it be so!

In the spring of 1967 Brigadier Gris Davies Scourfield CBE MC DL, Deputy Commander British Forces Cyprus District, formed the first Hash in Cyprus at Dhekelia Garrison, and on posting west 6 months later formed our very own Hash here in Episkopi. As with the 'Mother Hash' in Malaya, this was to be a male only orientated Hash. Even today, in this world of equal rights, it still remains so although we do have family days when wives (Harrietts) and children (pups) are allowed to take part in all the festivities. In fact, in 1999 during the weekend of the Queen Mother's Birthday Celebrations, several Harrietts were



coerced into laying a trail for the men to run. At each check there was an item of ladies undergarments strategically placed and the Hasher claiming that check had to put it on and wear it for the rest of the run. There were some very peculiar sights that day! The celebrations were rounded off by one of the ladies doing the crit standing in the sea at our favourite cove in Melanda, so you see sometimes we do accept our better halves on the Hash.

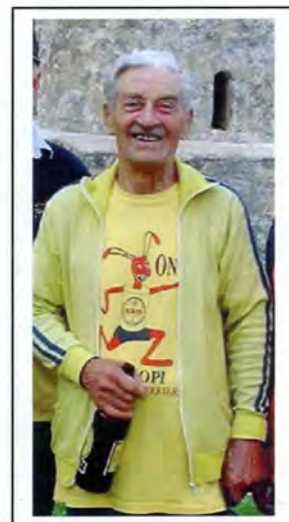


An Epi Harriett?

There have been many highlights over the last 37 years and I am sure they will be recalled in this magazine as all Ex On Pres's have been asked to produce an article about their tenure, but I cannot close without making mention of dear old Jack (*Critus Interruptus*) Blocki, who has run continuously with the Epi Hash since November 1976 and accumulated over 1300 Runs and over 100 Hares. Jack manages to keep every On Pres on the straight and narrow with his astute observations and quick quips. Long may you continue to do so and On On Jack!

Finally, may I welcome back all the Epi Exiles, visitors and friends and thank you for making the effort to be with us on this 2000th Run. We will do our best to make it a worthwhile visit.

On On from Tom McSherry



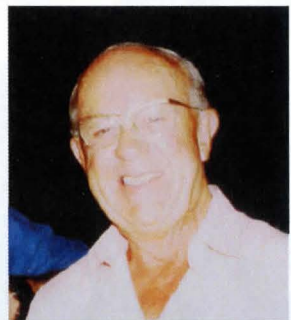


THE EPI HASH 500TH RUN TOOK PLACE IN 1978

plus or minus a few runs to keep the books straight (good to know nothing has changed George!) The Run started from the old airstrip at Episkopi up near where the golf balls are today. It must have been quite a challenge getting a downhill On In? The On Pres was Lt Col David Selwood and in those days Epi Hash had about 52 members, of which 34 were military. The rest were civil servants and teachers judging by the long greasy hair and the indolent poses. Some doctors too.

Thanks to Epi Exile Tim Finnegan for all this info. Tim is (was) the youngster being given his marching orders in the top photo and indulging in the long-forgotten ritual of playing Farewell Hash Footsies in the lower one.

On On Tim!



Jack B

Peter Robinson

Brian Lord



Do you think Don will
be happier now he has
sold his boat?



Don A Richard Stenton

Derek Cleeton

Ken Kilcullen

Brian Liddell

Richard Paul
Stenton Johnson

Ken Kilcullen



Don Young Turks
Arnott Frank & Richard



Pat Craft

Jack Blocki

(above) Epi Hash Groupies 1988 and how they had bred by 1992 (below)



Episkopi Hash House Harriers

Roll of On Pres's

The Immortal Hasher

I recently had to have an insurance medical. After two visits and exhaustive lab tests, the doc said I was doing "fairly well" for my age. A little concerned about that comment, I couldn't resist asking him, "Do you think I'll live to be 80?" He asked, "Well, do you smoke tobacco or drink Keo beer & wine?" "Oh no," I replied. "I've never done either." Then he asked, "Do you eat cheap meat pies or pork chops with double fried eggs every Tuesday?" I said "No, I've heard all that cholesterol is very unhealthy!" "Do you spend a lot of time in the sun, like hashing, playing golf, sun-bathing or listening to jokes?" "No, I don't," I said. He said, "Do you gamble, drive fast cars, or sexually fool around?" "No," I said. "I've never done any of those things." He looked at me and said, "Then why do you give a shit if you live to be 80?"



Well, I've gotta say like – when worr Thelma sees this little charmer, she's gonna tell me just where I can put the booger like!

Gris Davies-Scourfield	13 November 1967
Basil Fox	24 March 1969
Reg Northgate	27 July 1970
Gordon Chignall	2 October 1970
Peter Richie	16 April 1973
Charles Davidson	15 October 1973
Ken Parfit	12 December 1974
Tank Sherman	11 September 1975
Peter Morrison	7 June 1976
David Selwood	30 August 1977
Don Arnott	9 May 1978
Mike Mathams	20 May 1979
David Mullineaux	2 October 1979
Clive Woof	16 September 1980
Bob Cooper	1 September 1981
Paul Caddick	18 October 1982
Noel Charles	12 July 1983
Ken Jenner	1 May 1984
Richard Stanley	24 July 1984
Richard Stenton	23 July 1985
Alan Swan	7 October 1986
Gordon Casson	7 April 1987
Phil Goodall	23 February 1988
John Buffery	18 April 1989
Dusty Millar	13 April 1990
Lindsay Irvine	17 July 1991
Dave 'Doc' Smith	13 July 1992
Frank Dolan	23 September 1993
Dan Archer	5 July 1994
Brian Jeffers	18 July 1995
Bobby Moore	10 July 1996
Peter Visagie	3 March 1997
Ray Turford	27 December 1997
Tom McSherry	7 February 1999
Dave Norris	16 January 2000
Bob Bensley	21 January 2001
Jimmy Carroll	20 October 2001
Mike Ball	21 October 2002



Jim Burke – Despite being a Scouse and having to buy his clothes in Mothercare, Jim comes over as a big guy destined for greatness in the Epi Hash. Considered by several of the older Hash wives to be a pocket version of Shom Canary, Jim longs to be like his role-model Mick Donovan and have his name read out for claiming checks every week but when it comes to the crit he hardly ever gets a mention. Things will probably improve after 1st May, eh Jim? Indeed, anyone dirty dashing the new On Pres is likely to be natted and forced to sit beside Jack at the next chop. Jim has secretly revealed to our editor that he once thought he might have trouble filling Bolo's big shoes, but he has a plan to put both feet into one boot and leave the other still full of used Keo. *On On Jimbo!*



Dick George – Dick fled south from Bamsley but refused to take the immigrant's tick test to hide the fact that he had never owned a watch. A handyman by trade and as brown as a Keo bottle to prove it, Dick's other weaknesses include being spoon fed by his mates, flashing off his weekly sample, dancing with older men, GI haircuts, and chancy cars. As a Hasher he stays middle of the road because he hates scratching his gorgeous legs on the JC. Helpful at all times for the right price, with a black belt in bricklaying and a green one in gardening, he is hoping the new On Pres will invite him to do more crits this year. *On On Dick!*



Frank Dolan – Prodigy of a failed attempt at designer babies by the artist Lowrie, one can see that the Dolan sub-culture are indeed matchstick men with hangdog heads, slitty eyes and a dog to kick when t'pub turns aht like. Frank's easy tour as On Pres was rather blessed by the Bobbits' experience and the long SCEA holidays, although male menopause was already beginning to slow him down even then. Today Frank is a sort of Hash Hermit who dwells in a dream world of old Horseshoe Hike fantasies, and can often be heard mumbling to Richard, his mentor and faithful retainer, about shortcuts and trails he used to take to keep up with the kids. Jurassic Park springs to mind when these two dinosaurs hit the trail. *On On Frank!*



Richard Stenton – Possibly the youngest On Pres in his time, Richard peaked too early and is now owt but a passed over backbench Hasher with a Naafi life-style (No Ambition And F'all Interest). An RAF brat bi-product of the service school system, he couldn't face the challenge of the real world so he opted to stay at the plasma-screen student & teacher interface forever. He still runs occasionally, happen as like, and he possesses a comprehensive vocabulary of cutting remarks culled from listening to a thousand crits, yawn. Richard is the taller one of the two teachers often seen arguing about who should sit next to Frank at the chop. *On On Richard!*



Mick Donovan – Often mistaken for Jim Burke's larger brother (check it out) Mick is determined to become On Pres one fine day, or at least to deliver the crit of a lifetime before he leaves the island. All On Pres's take note. Joking aside, Dishwater Mick as the kids call him, was devastated to be rejected yet again for a front row role by the Men in Grey Tracksuits. His other claim to fame is – er, I'm still thinking – er, hailing from Cumbria but exiled to Kent where he has a house his wife bought, er, sorry about this. Aha! Yes, he is a frequent indulgee to the USA at the taxpayer's expense, and once lost a lot of weight but seems to have found it again with knobs on. He plans to fit into his clothes again before he retires. *On On, er, Mick who?*



Brian Liddel – It is difficult to relate worr Bri-yan with the likes of Dame Judy Dench or Sir Kenneth McLellan (whoops) but he is up there with the best of them when it comes to treading the boards. Actually, there are few if any boards on the runs these days so Bri-yan trogs along at a lumpy pace across the bondu in his tattered shorts and paint-covered T-shirt. As a lad his father forced him to train as a ballet dancer but the miners' strike upset his plans and so he secretly concentrated on becoming a boxing champion instead. Good luck with the film script, hinny, but doesn't it sound familiar somehow? *On On Bri-yan!*



A relieved Alan Swann having handed over to a traumatised Gordon Casson

*This Ancient Epi Hash
Ritual is Celebrated by
every New On Pres who
has to Swear an Oath of
Allegiance to King Keo
and is Graciously
Anointed by a Deluge of
His Golden Nectar
In Reward*



Doc Smith pretends to enjoy the ceremony being performed by Lindsay Irving, Peter Visagie and Tom Maley plus an amused Hash Pup



Ring now and vote for Frankie, Rickie, Mickie or Bryno!



Frank Dolan being anointed by Mike Cawson encouraged by Dan Archer, as a soon-to-be-Ex-On Pres Doc Smith pushes Frank forward.



You know why they call us
Racing Snakes, don't you?
'Cos we come home bloody legless!

'ON PRES'S I HAVE KNOWN

Come join the Hash and you'll have fun
All you do is walk or run
Then drink a Keo in the Med
Get criticised by the 'On Pres

It's only if you've been a Hare
That he will shout at you and swear
Now listen while I have a moan
'bout some 'On Pres's I have known

My first one it was Dusty Miller
A funny little Scottish fella
Lindsey Irvine, he was slick
We knew him better as Herr Flick

Doc Smith referred to us as "Folk"C
Got famous for his Concorde joke
Frank Dolan tried hard to impress
As Bobitt's penis he addressed

Dan Archer he was in the RAF
Many times he made us laugh
The Bromley Bovver Boy by heck
Was Brian Jeffers, the Com Sec

Blobby stayed up Monday nights
To practice Crits so they'd be right
AGLA often played the fool
One crit he did was in his pool

Ray Turford didn't tell a gag
He had The Joker and Ted Dagg
Tommy Mac most every time
Wrote his Crit - you've guessed - in rhyme

Nogsy acted and played dumb
Then he showed us all his bum
Bob Bensley was a canny lad
Who took so long he drove us mad

Jim Carroll, well he reminisced
So Hashers they went on the piss
A Welshman, name of Mickey Ball
Told stories that were far too tall

Just two more things and then I'll go
Firstly I would like to know
On Pres elect Jim would you dare
Mix a Burke up with a Hare?

My story's told I'm nearly done
As I reflect here in the sun
On Pres's thank you one and all
On On Gents - enjoy the ball



Tom McSherry
On Pres 1999 - 2000
& Hash Bard
Ad Infinitum



"Ah've come tae the end o' my bonnie wee tale,
Noo Ah'll tell yee aboot mah wonderful trail..."
1996



Vic Tandy – Senior gentleman Hasher Vic is the sort of bloke you wish your grandmother had brought home to meet the family. Seldom without a wry grin on his face, he switches on his personal electronic body monitor before each run and if he is satisfied that he is still alive at the end of the run he comes back the following week. A great poet, traveller, and raconteur, Vic's stories of life with old BP out in Nigeria, Sharjah and some other gawd-forsaken flytrap are legendary, although few of us were aware that the founder of the Boy Scouts actually went to the Gulf. Vic is a celebrated teller of pre-Run jokes and his collection of exotic silk evening wear is always a welcome sight at any Hash Bash. *On On Vic!*



Mike Borner – Once you have mastered the art of saying Bark-grain, you will be able to understand a conversation with Mike and his endless Tales of the Arabian Nights about a Hash with lovely ladies and loadsa fun in the desert, all done on just coke and orange juice. 'Smelly' Borner, as he used to be known in the Gulf, is pictured in their Words poised like a pigeon ready to fly at the first sight of a ball-freezing, bum-numbing ice block throne for miscreants. Nowadays MB is the trusty native tracker for our growing herd of SCBs, who stagger along hawking their pensions up whilst drooling over the cool Keo waiting in the boxes. *On On Mike!*



Ray Turford – After the operation things got a lot better for Staff Nurse Ray, who had to constantly fight off the groping hands of lusty soldiers feeling their oats in many military hospitals. Soon he was shaving his chin instead of pre-op proctology cases, drinking beer, and peeing standing up so it was inevitable he would become a Hasher, although he occasionally lapses with the latter. Ray loves nothing better than an England team victory and the chance to stand up and make a crap speech whenever he can get away with it. As an ex-On Pres he is credited with coining the ultra-descriptive phrase for a good run as being 'a right dog's bollocks'. Keep taking those HRT tabs and *On On Ray!*



Anders Tholle – Looming out of the Swiss Alps every spring comes Anders bringing home to his smart villa in Erimi the Danish bacon and his share of the Gnomes of Zurich's latest scam. Unlike your normal run of the mill Viking, Anders doesn't bother to rape and pillage anymore, nor does he nail local folk to the church door or prance about on the oars with Kirk Douglas (I think that is what he said). Nowadays he is content to slouch on the sofa watching Sky Sport and cheering for the flipping French! Why this shelf-life expired Eurotrash is allowed to be on our Hash is highly debatable but you never know, we may need him and his little Danish Blue cap one day? *On On Anders!*



Nev Rushton – The new slimline Nev regularly changes shape like a chameleon on steroids. He has never actually been spotted returning to the Hash, he just sort of materializes in our midst like a smiling Buddha, draped in samples of crudity from Ozzie hashes. Nev is the sort of Yorkie Yeoman of Rule Britannia who would have fared well in a press gang, or snatched the King's Shilling from the Recruiting Sergeant, or enjoyed being cuddled up in a cloister drinking cocoa with the brothers. Living on an oilrig has certainly introduced a nautical roll to his cowboy gait, a tan to his hide, and hair on his palms. The only Epi Hasher to be a regular Interhash supporter, Nev has more air miles than Jack and nowadays less hares than Andy King. *On On Nev!*



Matt Perry – If anyone is crying out for a hash handle it is Chuckle-king Matt. With a TV star's name and looking like a young Mel Gibson – whoops – Smith, Matt is an IT guy for SCE where he receives tons of spam daily asking if he is married or single, poor or a teacher-in which case would he like various anatomical enhancements, a pen pal in Nigeria, or an inflatable sex doll resembling Andy King complete with bubble-wrap brain cells that can be popped to relieve stress? Super scientist Matt has invented a new kind of Hash trash that actually finds you! Hashers stay at the RV and start drinking and the trash turns up looking like little meat pies. *On On Matt!*



In June 96 over 3500 Hashers landed in Limassol from all over the globe to enjoy a week of Hashing in the horny, thorny atmosphere of the Island of Love. Epi H3 laid on runs at Curium and at Melanda beach, the latter attracting 800+ runners!

Three nights of extreme Hash entertainment made Interhash 96 a sensational experience to be remembered by all who took part. Our Stewie became Interhash 'Down Down' Champion by drinking this huge tankard of Keo beer in the longest single slurp in the whole Hash World! By doing so in such style, he put Epi Hash firmly onto the international Hashing map.

On On Stewie!





Mike Hillyer – Isn't it surprising that a self-styled old sea salt like Mike would take to Hashing like a duck to water, if that isn't murdering too many metaphors? He certainly has the look of a lanky flamingo at the On Out as he flaps his arms and tries for lift, marred only by his landing with the grace of a burst binbag as he skids into the RV at the end. Incidentally, does everyone ex-Lamaca Hash start every conversation with an in your face challenge such as 'You know why that is, don't you?' At least he has started to smile more often and wear Epi hash T shirts lately. Once he stops licking his chops we can drop the waterproofs as well. *On On Mike!*



Brian Smith – Not a lot of people know that Brian used to be a singer with a successful Lincolnshire-based pop group (a fine example of an oxymoron) called *The Invaders*, until he dislocated his pelvis imitating Elvis trying to impress the teenyboppers. Once his voice breaks he can expect to lose his youthful looks, but Brian is always happy to belt out a number when the money is good enough, which is why he is now better known as a bingo-caller than a has-been heart-throb. On most Hashes he hangs around at the back acutely aware that his feet humm better than he does, as those who have stood near him on a summer's day, etc etc. But he still willing to sort your socket out any day, madam. *On On Brian!*



Take
your
pick!



David Wright – Today in Epi H3 we have *Mini Marathon Man*, a bit like Elephant Man but no sack to disguise him with. David pops in and out of the Hash like an acute dose of Andreas Kebab as his world travels take him, and is a leading exponent of Global Geordie, a guttural throat disease spoken by canny lads like worr Paul Martin. His pet topics of conversation are either his custard-coloured cardboard villa or the chances of *Soonnalun* F'ball Clobber winning anything, anywhere – as if! Still, loads of little gremlins in Lord of the Rings got an Oscar so Dave is in with a chance if ever they make a sequel. *On On David!*



Paul Hall – At his birth Mr and Mrs Hall wanted to name their baby son Albert, but chose Paul to avoid him being confused with a large, rotund edifice constantly emitting loud noises late at night. They failed. Previously with the Brunei H3 and Rheindalen H3, Paul wears a rag-arsed collection of T-shirts long past their smell-by date, but like most teachers he has "a cupboard full of new ones indoors". He should come out of the closet himself as his white hair and pale skin lend him the pallor of something that shies away from daylight when you tum over a stone. The oldest pupil in Epi Primary, Paul hopes to matriculate in Lego as soon as the big finger is on 12 and the little one is extracted from his botty. *On On Paul!*



Jack Blocki – If you want to know more about Epi Hash's oldest and quaintest Rip Van Winkle pilot then you should have a listen to Jack, a WW2 legend complete with old RAF mac and medals. Beware friend, you will probably wake up minus £20 with an earache and several copies of his autobiographies to show for it, but you will not be the first. Jack's is a crusty but comical old flying fox other Hashes envy us for because his well-preserved airframe embodies the spirit of Keo beer, bonfires and bondu bashing. Hovering with a caustic remark in his bomb-bay ready to blow a hole in any dull crit, Jack is also a cunning poacher of Keo bottles (He always returns the empties). Polish and proud of it, his throwaway one-liners squat like mantraps for the mindless but he always raises a laugh and is chuffed with himself when he does. God Bless and *On On Jack!*



Jack teaching a young Richardson the art of flying with one hand and how he loves to be fussed over by the ladies





The Tuesday Run following the Interhash weekend we celebrated our 1500th Run at Pano Khivides on a trail laid by half a dozen teachers. 300 Hashers were there that day but thanks to the river of cold Keo flowing from the fridge truck in the hot sunshine, only about 294 of them noticed it was a crap trail.



Above - The Guest of Honour was our founder Brigadier Davies-Scourfield, who spent the afternoon helping Down Down Champ Stewie stay on his feet.

Top right - Teacher Richard Stenton attempting to control the huge crowd using a system of naval flag signals.

Bottom right - Ex On Pres Brian Jeffers upholds the Epi Hash's newly-won hard drinkers reputation downing his Keo in one gulp. The rest look so pleased they were not invited to do it as well!



Pete Viney – aka 'Shiney' due to the film of Brylcreem that he refreshes daily for the benefit of the clients in his 2 star military motel. Fortunately Pete's skin is as thick as the starch on his shirts and he takes such abuse in his well-creased stride. Having failed the selection board for Naafi bar-staff, Pete is now reduced to piloting a pc and answering the phone. As far as Hashing goes, Pete certainly doesn't travel well. His Hash commitment is limited to any run that won't wrinkle his polo shirt or put dust on his truck, but he has been known to take his tie off before enjoying, er, a dip. Keep plucking your eyebrows, Pete, and where would we be without you? Pakhna, Thailand?

On On Shiney Viney!



George Morrison – One doesn't detect George's Scottish twang immediately, but it is actually quite noticeable when he is upwind on a hot day. George is a stickler for arithmetical accuracy as any canny jock would be. He regularly inflates his figure and tries to add to his score, although these days he prefers to do it electronically we hear on the Thrift shop grapevine - or do they mean bowling? Yes, George is a skittle-jockey and likes nothing better than the thrill of having his balls hefted by a pretty lass in flat shoes. Strike One and he flashes for the ladies, Strike Two and he'll drop absolutely everything, and Strike Three allows him time to give his battered wee pin a bit of a rest. Keep fiddling the H3 stats and *On On George!*



Laurie Mitchell – In his former life Laurie was a male model. Devoted to his personal body-temple and renowned for strutting his stuff on the catwalk, he could pout his Mick Jagger lips at anybody and they would eat from his hand. Sadly, despite a heavy diet of botox sandwiches, he lost his looks and became a welder's mate, humping bent poles (calm down Jack) and twisting steel like Chubby Checker on piecework. Today Laurie has returned to the rag trade as Hash Haberdash, introducing a new size range of T shirt for the comfortably built ex-pat known as the Keo XXXX, complete with colour-coded corset and in-built catheter. Send SAE for a sample today.

On On Laurie!



John Telford – The better-looking one of the two but only by a hair or three, John lives down in Kato Pissouri close to the motorway exit where lorry drivers pull in for a quickie. His street-smart style and his cheesy grin belie the shy and sensitive fellow who is hiding inside his bluff image. Fortunately, hashing has drawn him out of himself and now he can feel one of the boys - but be careful to ask permission first, John. After leaving school John wanted to be a masseur but he failed the interview, which is probably why he rubs so many people up the wrong way. Eventually he found a job as a cabbie because he was good at taking people for a ride - "I had that *On Pres* in my cab one day." *On On John!*



Stewie Glanfield – Probably only once in your lifetime will you be lucky enough to meet someone like Stewie, unless your name is Solly Ladbrooke or Mohammed Said. Pisspot 1 as he is affectionately known, is a living relic of the hell-raising days of post-war black & white B-movies when men were expected to be bold and dashing rugger buggers with a pint in one hand and a giggling girl in the other. So what went wrong, you ask? Has his get up and go got up and left? No way, his humanity, warmth and generosity (how much is he paying you for this drivel?) may have dried up ages ago, but his charm is forever, endaxi? Tuning his Sky digibox may now be the limit of his sporting prowess but as he says - thank gawd Keo bottles can roll, old chap, otherwise we'd never get them back to the crate. Stewie is the Godfather of Epi H3 and we hold him in awe – *On On Stewie!*



Stewie cuddling Jimmy on his lap and seen below leading the ritual Hash Whistling at anything any age in a skirt



DAVE "DOC" SMITH ('On Pres 1992-93)

(Better read with a nasal twang)

My hand-over from Lindsay Irvine in July 1992 was at the old ruined farmhouse south of Sotira at the head of the valley which comes down to the back of Curium Stadium. It was a normal Tuesday; not an open Hash as the handovers seem to be nowadays. Fourteen months later I handed over to Frank Dolan on another normal Tuesday at the winery in Anoyira Village. There is no doubt that the highlight of my tenure as 'On Pres was the 25th (Silver) Jubilee Hash and the weekend celebrations that accompanied it. We had an evening registration bash in St John's School on the Friday (organised by the teachers); a run on Saturday and then a Hash Ball in the Officers' Mess; we joined Amathus for their Sunday Run and had a combined thrash at the Kyrenia Nautical Club in Limassol; Monday was the Keo run; and on the Tuesday we had the 25th anniversary run at Curium followed by a fancy dress "Sixties" Party at Chris' Blue Beach Tavern.



Another memorable week was the 1314th Hash at Old Paramali Village. As we ran out along a gully, the great chieftain McCardle stood on the high ground brandishing a sword and flaming torch, the pipe-major of the resident battalion played the pipes beside him and some of the wives and children (Scottish) threw bags of the "Flour of Scotland" at us as we ran past. On the following Friday we had the fancy dress mediaeval Bannockburn Ball in the Officers Mess. Of all the characters that hashed in those days I must claim responsibility for the immortalisation of Tom Maley. Most current hashers will not know Tom, but all will have heard of him. If any 'On Pres does not know who picked up a check, he will often be heard to give the credit to "Tom Maley". Tom was a very keen hasher but an even keener ornithologist and so never saw any trash as he was always looking at the birds. He has always attended the Exiles annual hash, left the Army last year and I sincerely hope will be able to come to the 2000th celebrations.

As Commander Education, Tom had a sort of love hate relationship with the teachers. One day while he was laying the trail for a hash, he was looking in some bushes at some rare Cypriot birds when he came across a little Green Greek Idol. "Hello, little Green Greek Idol," he said. "What are you doing here?" "I am not a little Green Greek Idol," said the little Green Greek Idol. "I am the Goddess, Aphrodite. A horrible Roman god cast a spell on me two thousand years ago and I have been trapped in this little Green Greek Idol body ever since. The only way I can escape is if a handsome man like you were to make love to me. Please make love to me." Now Tom was getting on a bit and he didn't like to be unfaithful to Helen. He wasn't sure that he would manage to have sex with the goddess of love. However, he thought of a cunning plan. "I don't think I shall be able to make love to you," he told her. "But I have another idea. I shall get one of the teachers to make love to you. They're all Idol F***** Bastards!" – On On Epi Hash!



Dave Smith and Mike Ball organised the Epi Exiles Millennium Run at Keogh Barracks in Aldershot – Name that year?



Jon Kille – Pronounced as in the stubby lump that dangles under a boats bottom, it is easy to see why Clan Kille adopted this handle. Our Jon version is a magical musician however, and can have more fun with his organ in one performance than lesser men could in a lifetime. Adept at riffs and trills Jon performs better after a night on the Keo and baked beans and can often flutter the duvet with his rendering of Bach's Fugue. As an experienced solo fiddler in the bathroom his crescendo often brings the house down. Jon is another ex Rheindalen Hasher where he played a leading role with his handy horn, so watch out the ladies of the Happy Valley HHH. Isn't it time you played us a crit, Jon. *On On Jon!*



Pete Moore – Today Cyprus goes into the EU and we have been warned to expect a wave of peasant class immigrant workers flooding into the country. Well the very first flotsam to make it ashore was called Pete Moore. He arrived in a battered old camper with worse bodywork than his namesake Pat, and which was even rejected as a health hazard by the rodents at Sotira tip. Math teacher Pete is so bearded and hairy, it is hard to believe he is a member of a barbershop chorus. Teller of obscure arithmetical jokes, Pete is known to Epi Hashers and his pupils as 'he who laughs alone'. *On On Pete!*



Colin Garland – Another Hasher who turned to the theatre to act out the roles he felt were better than his true destiny, Colin is always typecast as either a nasty bastard in tights or a randy Roman in plastic armour. He declaims his lines through gritted teeth but with a hint of a cosy pre-war childhood spent doing charades after high tea with one's nanny. Colin admits that he has always enjoyed dressing up and painting his face ever since his paid role as a UN version of Lawrence of Arabia. He simply adores the long robes and jewellery he is oft given to parading in behind the scenes at Curium as he finds it easier to sneak into the ladies changing room for a crafty peep. The truth will out, begad! *On On Colin!*



Pat Moore – An itinerant bog-trotting blanket stacker who flogged his kitbag and settled down in a mountain village famous for its Commanderia, this scruffy but likeable Irish git is the founder and only member of the KaloChorio Irish Solo Hash. He sneaks out on Mondays and lays trails for himself to find the next day, often claiming the odd check or two. Afterwards he gives himself a good crit out loud so he can listen to it and laugh at the jokes; writes up his own run report and like our own Words, never gets to see them in print unless he chances to meet himself in the mirror one day. *On On Pat!*



Mike Cawson – One of the only head-teachers who still appears in the traditional school Nativity Play, Mike is a cult figure among the tea towel arabs in the local playgroup. Being Welsh hasn't held Mike back at all, in fact he and Bolo hail from the same vaaalley, went to the same chaaapel and even went out with the same ewe occasionally. It was a bit of a flog having to brush the wool from his Y fronts before going hawm to his house in the pit-village clinging to the slag heap. Mike left the vaaalley for uni in Caaardiff before signing up for SCEA, which he misunderstood to be a job in the alps on two wooden planks. Mike loves Cyprus and plans to stay h'yer – hope its not just the sexy goats your aaafter, boyo? *On On Mike!*



Dave Smith – The one from Anoyira this time. Long time no see Dave same Mr Punch with big conk and chinny chin so presume he go walkabout Thailand or crash out someplace? He one good man with building house and fix electronic things, but past sell by date for Dhekalia Dash. He ownry good for short time in slow. Dave ex Blycleem Boy (that bruddy difficult for us to say) only good for one thing, say bar girls in Phuket where men are expected to live up to name of town, ha ha. He tight git anyway wanting Thai sandwich for half-price if onry one girl gets happy. His Hash score getting bad he stay away one fellah too long. *On On Dave!*

Gordon Casson
On Pres 1987

" I had the privilege of being On Pres at the time of the 1000th Hash in 1987, having just succeeded Alan Swan. His style was to consider the merits of every check. As I saw few checks, being a compulsive and inveterate short cutter, I had to opt for a different crit style, ie –all hares were useless gits (apart from the joint masters and On Pres). I remember one very hot Tuesday, when the RV was without a hint of shade, and no umbrellas, and the run was a 30 minute boring limp. At the end, even the Keo had started to warm up, and the 2 RAF hares were given a right bollocking, to general acclaim. That was the last the hash saw of one of the pair. His compatriot took his punishment, learnt from it, and eventually succeeded me as On Pres ie Phil Goodall!"

On On Gordon Casson!

Ray Turford
On Pres 1997-1999

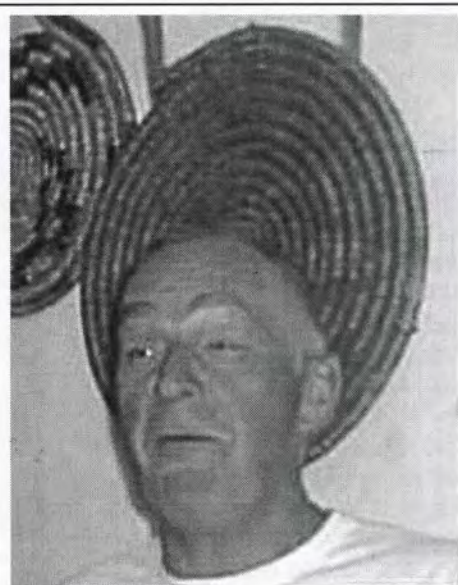
It was Boxing Day 1997 when 100 hardy souls arrived at Peter Visagie's residence for the traditional run and handover of On Pres to yours truly. During my tenure and as part of the Crit it was jokes as usual which also included highlights from past runs, particularly early day ones. As my joke-telling was legendary, poor delivery as my wife says, I decided to create a new post of Hash Jester. Our very own community policeman, Bill Shaw, filled this role admirably. A further highlight was the Hash Review in the form of "An Auction of Promises" where we raised over £5,000 for Cystic Fibrosis and The Association of Cancer Patients and Friends. Finally, the introduction of the "Pisspot" awarded for the worst laid run which has been frequently presented since. On On for a further 2,000 runs!

On On Ray Turford!

Colin Daniels sends Greetings from the 2JRS Hash contingent of 86-90

I dare say only a few grey haired wrinkly Hashers (are there any other kind?) will remember the glorious 80's when 2JRS was introduced to the Hash, and we in turn introduced the Hash to the Royal Navy battle ensign, tots of rum, and fire! Hash Panache (aka Fred Smart) still insists it was a mini-tornado that whisked his car keys over the cliff face at Pissouri and he had to light a fire to find them. And how many remember the 2JRS "all night Hash" at Kandou complete with tent, sleeping bags, BBQ and, yes, fire! Who could forget the Hash excursions to Athens, fleeing a taverna because our Athens hosts hadn't got enough cash to pay the bill, or the trip to Amman when everyone got food poisoning except for half a dozen singlies who just drank beer and ate nothing! Ah yes, it's all coming back. The aching legs, the aching head, the smack round the ear for not getting home on time. God I miss it. On On. John Buffery, Barry Webb, Fred Smart, Pat Slattery, Wiff Gowan-Smith, Kenny Hind-Valentine, John Hinton and Bill Churchyard.

On On Colin Daniels!



One recent On Pres let the job go to his head and saw himself as a sort of living icon, wearing his halo even in a taverna –
Hallelujah Ayios Bobbos!



Mike 'Bolo' Ball – After 20 months on the Keo loo seat, he is probably our longest serving On Pres. Just when the banter round the fire is at its best, out creeps Mike tinkling his little bell to bewilder us all with a complicated crit linked by titbits from the *Times Ed Sup* no one can quite grasp – and certainly Mike hasn't grasped a titbit in a long while according to the graffiti in the Ladies Loo in *Michael's*, a local greasy spoon named in his honour. It is always good to see someone with his sort of personal problems doing reasonably well though, isn't it? Pictured during a resettlement course as the next generation of Teletubbies, Mike is planning to travel around job centres flashing his credentials, at least until the vice squad catch up with him and cut off his namesakes. *On On Mike!*



Tom McSherry – Also known as Tom McMotorway, a name that has passed into folklore as someone who regularly completed more Cyprus Mail crosswords at work than any other SBA employee. A canny Caledonian, Tom holds the Hash record for the most checks picked up in any year, and he can't wait until the one for his OAP arrives as well. Tom takes his Hash very seriously and can often be heard loudly accusing George Morrison that, as a Senior Hasher, he has first call on any check. Tom is also our Hash Poet and in his catchy self-taught style, Hasher's hear the fruity highland burr of Robbie Burns as well as the gassy bottle of Keo he was drinking at the time. *On On Tommy!*



Dave Norris – Better known as Nogsy, a sort of lewd comic character from Viz you would forbid your children to read about until they had their eyes sluiced out by Rentokill. Dave lives in a big house on a big hill and has been connected to food all his life because he has a big – smile? Probably due to his reputation as the only cook in the British Army who could bum water, Dave's career in catering reached its zenith as purveyor of dodgy pies to the Hash and organiser of sunburnt flesh at Melanda 3 times every summer. A notorious second-hand car dealer, Nogsy strangely seems to enjoy doing moonies more than most adults, and delights in scooping someone else's check just to prove that a Stokey Smokey is as good as any Caucasian runner. *On On Nogsy!*



Will Drysdale – A doctor once told me that my body is a temple and I should take better care of it, in which case Will's carcass must be at least St Paul's Cathedral with free parking on Tuesdays. Puffing away like Sherlock Holmes (who also preferred doctors....) he has a pragmatic approach to Hashing – why race around to finish something you like doing early when you can take your time and enjoy it for longer? The Keo tastes the same at the end, endaxi? Will has no time for choosing fancy clothes ever since some tourists mistook his underpants flapping on the line for a twin-seat paraglider and launched themselves off his cliff-top patio. *On On Will!*



Ian McArdle – Long time the great chieftain o' the pudden race, Big Ian spends his golden years pretending to stab to death long-dead sacks of offal in a public display of barbarism whilst clad in a lassie's clout and intoning gobbledegook more suited to the Gorbals than the delicate ears of Hashers. Our Ian prides hisself on the ability to turn up at the sniff of a freebie pie or for a wee half o' some departing member's duty free leftovers and always generously offers to dispose of the unfinished bottles. God bless his hairy knees and shaven skull. A long-time player of Hash golf, Ian, however, prefers the mixed matches as he always scores with the lassies despite having a pair of well-worn balls and a wonky niblick. *On On Ian!*



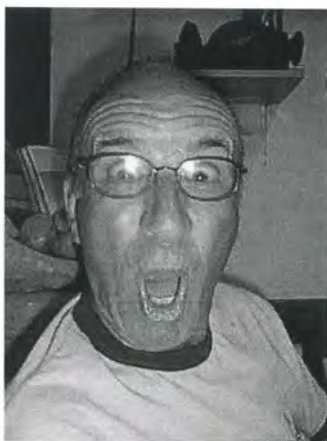
Jimmy Carroll – Bog-born Belfast bobby Jimmy told the Job Centre that he wanted to become a docker and was puzzled to discover that there weren't any nurses and beds when they sent him down to the port. He quickly decided that working for a living was not for him so he became a policeman. A keen sports fan, he never missed a single local game of ladies netball and with the overtime pay he bought a ticket to Cyprus. After the force left him he met Stewie and together they toured the flesh-pots of Pissouri to inspect the underside of many a bar-room table. Now a serious ex-On Pres, Jimmy has turned over a new leaf and announced that he is hoping to start another family quite soon.....? *On On Jimmy!*



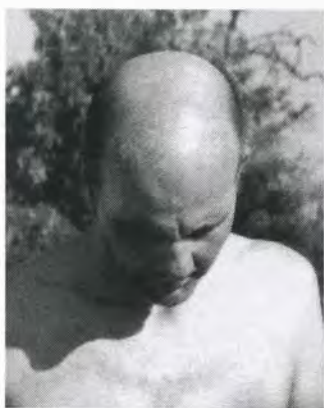
Waiting at the KB Bar for the arrival of her Majesty The Queen having just completed a special Jubilee Hash (Epi H3 not the Queen)



Her Majesty The Queen with her Ladies in Waiting some of whom appear to have been hanging about for quite a while



Dave Barwell – Having spent all his working life cocooned in the cosy powder blue and fluffy world of RAF schools, Dave took the decision to join the Epi Hash in a macho effort to establish who wears the pants in Prastio, and what he himself will be wearing in the future. Dave always has a smile lurking under his prominent nose, and it doesn't take a lot to switch it on. (The smile) Now he is a Joint Master taking the cash from Hashers and preparing data for the On Pres, paying the bills and balancing the books, so perhaps the pinny he has been granted permission to wear will really suit him? How long have you been stuck like that Dave?
On On Dave!



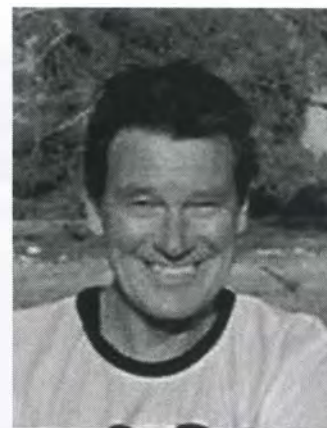
Richard Kingston – Seen here presenting a bird's eye view of the target area should anyone wish to dump on him, Richard is an absentee Hasher for most of the year due to his predilection for things Arab, especially those baby camels with the big eyelashes, nudge, nudge. His other summer hobbies include personal heliography, solo body-stimulation and talking in a loud northern accent. Despite being a long-time Hasher, RK complains that he has yet to be awarded a check or even to suffer public defamation on the crit, so we hope this profile makes you feel better?
On On Richard!



Nobby Hall – No other mob has so much inbred superstition and so many nicknames as the RN so Nobby tells us, as if we just got off the same banana boat as he did. We've heard it all over the years, Nobby, but as our only serving naval officer please keep us entertained till you go. There aren't too many hashes on a Type 23 Frigate, although there must be other gentlemanly pursuits. Presumably that is why rum, bum and baccy were printed on the backside of the T-shirt where it is easier to read? Sorry about the Oscars for Master & Commanderia, etc, but it is hard to imagine Nobby starting off as a pretty little midshipman somehow, ennit?
On On and On Out Nobby!



Tony Flower – So we have another old copper to add to our posse of about 5? Once upon a time Tony was a stoker on the Ark Royal but he got airsick every time he had to take off and stoke a Buccaneer at 30,000 feet. Mind you he didn't mind shovelling it up the occasional Fairey Aviator if one chanced to land. Eventually he slung his hook (TY, we know that one Tony) and walked the plank (yes Tony) to the lanes of Humberside as an extra in the TV show *Heartbeat* - Panda patrol car, the grace and favour police cottage, the freebie pub lunches and then ask yourself – why did he move to Pissouri?
On On Tony!



Dave Marks – Having cocked up most of the computers in Zimbabwe, Epi Hash's answer to Bob the Builder has dumped his restoration project in Lemona and is even now winging his way world-wide to paint white lines on sports fields. Only an athletics obsessed couch potato could have dreamed up such a job, but it was probably all the fit young sportswomen leaping around in their shrinkfit shreddies that attracted Dave, who rates himself as a poor girl's 007. He spent his army career as young corporal in charge of a mobile bath unit until he was busted for having a negligent discharge whilst finding the soap for his CO. After that he had to be content with handling just the privates.
On On Corp!



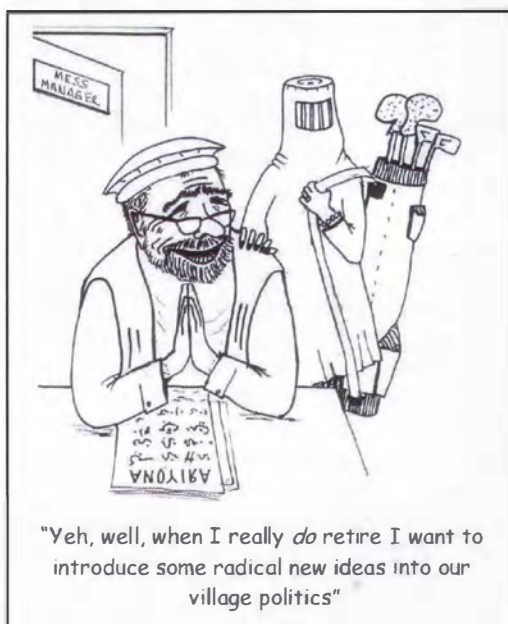
David Hooper – As rare a sight on the Hash as McArdle buying a round at a free wine-tasting, Dave is keeping himself busy being a sort of Inspector Clouseau in the Thrift shop for Mrs Nogsy, spying on shirt-lifters and getting first pick at the comics. Not a lot different to his original employment come to that. Also a keen sailor of small craft, Dave spends a lot of time out on the tiles sniffing for asbestos and pigeon poop. He'd do anything to help pay for his wild lifestyle up in that den of iniquity called Ayinora. Stay away from that ladies changing room, Dave. Our cameras are looking at you.
On On Dave!



Am I better looking without my beard?

Pat had his beard shaved off after 30 years of using it to filter his Keo through and for trapping undevoured scraps of his lunch. By volunteering to do so he raised over £3000 for a children's hospital unit in Nicosia and appeared more times on Sigma TV that week than the President. Val is still in shock at the sight of this stranger in her bathroom and the cats have run away in fright.

(Scottish CBF in background checks his own chin to see what it might be worth....?)



"Yeh, well, when I really *do* retire I want to introduce some radical new ideas into our village politics"

WAIL OF THE HASH ORPHAN

(Reprinted from the 25th Anniversary magazine)

"Hashing!" he cried, "I gotta go, can't be late. I'll be at some dam somewhere near Troodos. Byeee!"

It's strange how a hard-working species like my dad, who manages to 'arrange' lunch time drinks on one of Mum's "We're going round all the shops in Limassol" days, can amazingly beat us home from work on a Tuesday. By the time my little red Nissan March settles on its parking slot underneath the trees, all I am greeted with are the opening lines of this piece!

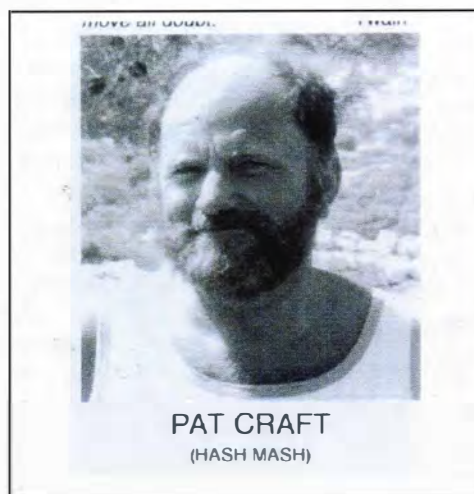
Tuesday evenings used to be family affair. A B-B-Q in the garden, salad, and Emmerdale. Alas I am lucky if I get an intelligible word from beneath that beard (come to think of it I am usually lucky if this happens at all – but believe me it's virtually impossible on a Tuesday night!!!)

Ah, memories come flooding back. The inebriated figure that was my father not 4 hours before. Whoops! There he goes again – sliding off the chair, eyes half closed. What's he got on the tele? Not that Israeli programme about sheep-herding in the Golan Heights? Let's turn it off. *"Hey – I was watching that!"* Honestly? So strange to watch the metamorphosis from 1400 hours Tuesday to later that evening. I suppose I shouldn't wail – I get T shirts plus logo, which to anyone who has never heard of Hashes causes much confusion. "H3 – into science are you?" Oh! And I do get the chance to dress as Robin Hood at the odd Hash Bash.

Yes, I don't mind the absence of my Dad every Tuesday pm (and the absence of his brain Tuesday evenings!!) BUT PLEASE, PLEASE, I IMPORE ALL YOU HASHERS OUT THERE IN JC LAND.....

KEEP-HIM-OFF-THE-KEO!!

Anon Craft 1992





Ian Mackay – Once a proud highlander with a lilt to his kilt and swagger in his sporran, Comrade Ian has become our Man in Mokba. Red Square and Gorky Park are to him now the Souni and Zanaja of the Epi Hash. No more Michael's pork chops & chips – it's caviar, cabbage soup and hot chicks in the Hotel Smimoff, paid for by his latest scam in selling old Hash haberdash to Russian rock fans. As the red carpet of his lascivious life-style unrolls before him, does he not miss his dacha in Kolossi, his battered old capitalist Range Rover, his officer-issue black Labrador, or the warm sun in his face on the Run with the Epi Hash? Nyet, not yet, *On On Ian ovitch!*



Barney Bruce – Probably because his name sounds like a character from an Oz version of the *Beano*, Barney was obliged to be a comical Hash character for many years before leaving the RAF to sort themselves out on their own, and certainly all his COs described him as a circus entertainer in his annual reports. But once the Air Ministry spotted he was officer material there was no stopping our boy. He enjoyed being top of the tree (said to be an apt place for him at Christmas) and baking mince pies for the Hash carol singing. Indeed, Barney's mincing was a sight to behold on any run! Now he is back to rival Jack as a living relic from the olden days. *Good on yer, mate and On On Barney!*



Pat Chapman – This is not a Figure 11 target with a 3 inch group on its face, it is R Marine Pat who was sent to Cyprus to test out the emergency services and to act as a human guinea pig for Health & Safety at Hash. A keen cat-wrestler, Pat hopes to introduce Japanese-style game shows to BFBS where contestants repeatedly poke themselves in the eye with a sharp twig until they agree to wear their glasses and stop being so vain. Eventually, if Pat is successful, Hashers will be carried on a stretcher around a playground built to JSP 317 standards wearing full body armour and accompanied by a trained paramedic and a vet (in case of cats). *On On Pat!*



Doc Smith – As a bony wee bairn playing in the gutter outside the slammer till his Pa got oot, wee Davey Smuth dreamt o' saving the world from a searing epidemic, or finding a cure for the common cold. For years he thought the WHO was a pop group and Sister Slade was a nun working in Bombay. He longed to be the Army's answer to Richard Chamberlain but ended up in an STC painting gentian violet onto the rosy results of a dirty weekend in Hamburg. 'Where are ye the noo Dr Kildare' he howled as the next aspirin and light duties case marched into his portacabin practice. Maybe plastic surgery can still save him from looking even more like Tom now. *On On Dave!*



Dave Paphitis – Exiled from the west country this last three years, Dave is from a Bristol branch of the Paphitis flock who flew back to the warm Med climate to build a nest in the old country. The Paphitian Parrot regularly crash-lands in the ditches of rural 'Rimi, which causes broken limbs and unnatural bumps on the cranium. The species is often heavily spotted on the rear and has swollen cheeks with curly black fuzz over its narrow skull, in marked contrast to the oversized beak and gullet. Shaggy breast feathers and scrawny legs mark the males; this example emits a non-stop lisping sound from dawn to dusk. Roll on the hunting season. *On On Dave!*



Andy King – Resembling a tennis ball that has seen too many grand slams, Andy bounces between BFC and Beaconsfield being busy at both so presumably he does half a job at either end, wherever he is. Andy keeps himself fit by always choosing a table as far from the bar as he can and actually walking with his legs back and forth to get his order. His upper body strength is most apparent in his strong right arm, honed in his youth at great speed every night, and nowadays by lifting a kilogram of liquid to lip-level at frequent intervals. This enables him to do joined up speaking quite slowly, and to relax his facial muscles before he kisses the floor. *On On Andy!*



These cheeky boys were caught being naughty behind the bike shed and were made to run from Kolossi castle via Limassol Wine Festival to Rosie O'Grady's as a punishment



Nev and Mo got hitched at Pafos and threw a big party for all their Hash pals



OK Guv, it's a fair cop, but I always bring the bottles back!



David Attenborough spotted these two alpha males doing a primitive grooming ritual in Michaels. The older silverhair male has an unusual penile growth poking out its left ear.



CKP
EXHIBIT 1

The item of underwear found by the Caledonian Knicker Police being worn under Nev's kilt at the wedding. A CKP spokesman stated that they would be looking closely at the evidence for any suspicious signs that he is from England.



You know my friend, what Mr Jimmy says is true. But you know what? He always insists that I give him the money back on the empty bottles even though they go into the rubbish.

New Years Day 2003





Stewart Law – It has often been said that you never notice that Stewart has been away until he comes back. Suddenly, the Hash fireside banter includes South Efrikah, the rate of the *Rahnd* to the *Pahnd*, where *We* went, how *cheep itallis*, and when's my next hare? Known to many HK expats as a professional sciver for decades, the Peoples Party were also wise to him from way back so Stewart was swiftly deported as a Gwylo vagrant before he could learn the Mandarin for 'I gotta better deal than you did on my house, car, flight, tax, hotel, meal, prison, everything in fact'. Hope your Efrikaans translation is getting better though, and On On Stewart!



Ian Dobson – The Epi Hash's boy on the burning deck in many a nautical joke over the years, Dobbo is another Hash sailor floating his part-time life away on a luxury cruise-liner anywhere from Irian Jaya to Venezuela wherever the big money is. Hair pulled back into a Status Quo pony, fancy wardrobe and the moody expression of a bored playboy, he often bragged to us all that he was the front man for a famous marine and oil business until we discovered he actually works behind the counter in a Portsmouth chippie for Harry Ramsden. Kolossi Gardens will never live this down, Dobbo, and the smell never goes away. Bon Voyage and On On Dobbo!



John Cook – Deep downtown in the Spitali-Paramytha jungle lives a slack handful of Epi Hashers, born and bred in the boondocks and seldom exposing themselves to the outside world unless their wives say so. Such a bonny lad is worr John 'Gazzer' Cook, a distant relative of the famous northern Navigator who discovered the quickest course to Hawaii and incidentally how to get a permanent cure for a headache. When he's allowed in the fresh air, John haunts the hills of Thailand chewing conkers, snails and old trash to survive the harsh winters but come spring he pops up like a zit on the bum of life needing a haircut and some male bonding. On On John!



Paul Martin – Y'na, effen yuccan foller this sorta gargling forra canny while, yucan get yoosta reedin worr Paul's lips oonder his tash, an yeril oonerstan worrees sayin. Incredibly he is Epi's Language Development Officer! How apt, but always jolly and smiley he joined Epi H3 because he has always longed to be able to communicate with posh people. Paule has been trying out Arabic, Greek, and MacDonalds, a modern tongue with a limited vocabulary but possibly useful to him in a second career. Good luck with this, hinny, and gan canny while your teaching joined-up writing to the lads in Basra. On On Paul!



Bill Allsop – Any Hasher named after a brand of lager can't be all that bad, can he? In fact Bill is the complete opposite. Chatty, chirpy and an expert at DIY haircutting, he slaves away with his best pal Dick under the hot sun or in the rain, and certainly nothing stops him once he gets into it with his Dick. Unlike the run on Tuesdays, when he pretends to be interested in flowers and carob trees just to hide his longing to be an SCB – come out of the closet bill and join us! A bit of a tearaway in his youth, our Bill makes up for that now by taking his time over any job just like any good builder on piece rates. When's the rest of the family coming over? On On Bill!



Steve Richards – Still keen to project the image of a dashing young pilot at heart, Steve flies down to the RV in his 2CV, does a quick sprint and takes off again. Can't wait all that time for the crit, he might grow old like the rest of us. Steve spent a career in the RAF practicing bumps and lifts in the dark, working by touch unless George was turned on too and he could then enjoy doing it hands off. He regularly represented his squadron at fruit gum sucking, navel fluff contemplation and at leg-shaving sessions, but he shyly admits his favourite pastime was being fully de-briefed by his favourite Wingco. On On Steve!



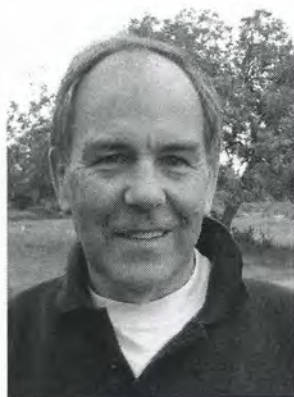
Winning Hash at Dekhelia Dash 2001- hem hem!



Another cracking beach Barbie at Melanda and a guest Hash came from Scotland



Trafalgar Day 2003 – Nobby in Hare T shirt organised the boat, band and entertainment
(Canny George Morrison in yellow vest centre left refused to buy a whiteT shirt even though they were free)



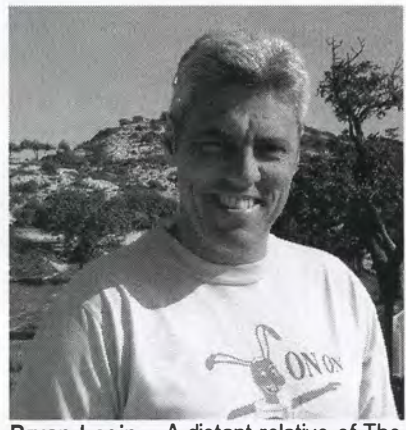
Dave Busby - After years and years of Boring for Britain in those TV adverts dressed up as a bird on a telephone wire, Dave had even less to do as a water engineer in the desert theme parks known in Cyprus as reservoirs. Today Dave is still in shock from suddenly having to work for a living. The big problem is the result of a bumper meltdown that has created overflows bigger than his bank balance, leaving him flush with water on the brain. Quite used to moving in higher circles, Dave has a season ticket for the LondonEye, but he is worming his way around On Pres Jimbo, another highly overpaid civil servant, so that he can join the top table one summer evening. Let us know when you open your next car-wash Dave, and we will all drop in for a freebie. *On On Dave!*



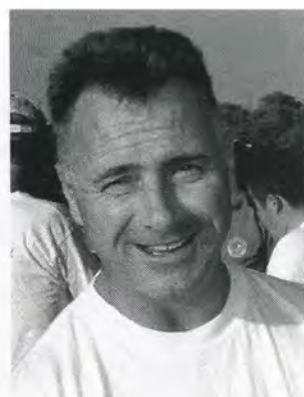
Malcolm Hunt - Little is known of this relative of the Allsopp's partner in the cowboy building firm called Bodgitt and Scarper, but he is said to be a spanner-jockey so Nogsy may find him useful - can you fix bent Mercs cheaply, Malc? Obviously Malc come to Cyprus for retirement and a rest, only to find himself spending his time dashing up and down the bondu just to drink a few bottles of Keo whilst being devoured by mozzies, plus the chance to help pay for everyone else's drinks at the chop. He told your Editor that he is hoping to lose some weight doing this. You'll certainly lose pounds, Malc, but not the kind you are thinking of. *On On Malc!*



Basil Craig - Owned and trained by John, a well-known breeder with great stud potential, or so he likes to tell himself, Basil is still a little immature to run with the big boys from the Epi H3 and is kept on the lead for most of the trail. He has a bad habit of sticking his nose into Hashers' lunch-boxes that don't concern him and he adores meat pies which he can wolf down without even tasting them. He tries to appear fond of Keo but he prefers licking up Hashers' nuts and willingly lets them stroke his hindquarters. Basil has been taught to back off when he become over-attentive to On Pres's left leg, but maybe Jimbo will appreciate it more than Bolo did. He is often seen in company of John, a black Labrador. *On On Basil!*



Bryan Login - A distant relative of The Woodentops family, this one is the size of an American college three-quarterback and so it is rather apt that he is often to be found in that location on most runs. A pace or two just ahead of the SCBs, Bryan dances with deadbeats and has a canny knack of always walking the last 400 yards so he arrives in breath at the boxes for a beer. Cool, smooth, and smiling, his only limitation is that he is Ray's boss, and by extension also responsible for the plague of locums who infest the Hash these days. He tells me that his ambition is to do a crit at Melanda beach and I am sure he will, soon. *On On Bryan!*



Scott Kennedy - His real name Jackie was a bummer until he ate porridge for the first time and fancied the brand. Good job your Mam didn't buy Quaker, eh Jimmy? At school he had heard his mates bragging about what fun it was to get your oats, so he nicked and scooped boxes of they stuff but the only thrill he felt was making it to the kasi in time. A regular iron-man, Scott works out a lot but he is allowed indoors if the rain affects the ironing-board. As a middle-aged ladies' man, Scotty loves to strut his stuff in his kilt and is fond of inviting the lassies to satisfy their curiosity about what he wears underneath it. Who gets the most satisfaction oot o'this fondling is never in doubt, eh Jimmy? Well done with the fund raising for Run 2K and *On On Scotty!*



Mike Kassasian - One of the problems with dentists is that they love to talk with your mouth full. Mike it seems is so used to not getting a sensible reply that he joined Epi H3 strictly for the cultural repartee for which we are famous. It must have been a shock to learn that Hashers chat more about rugby, money, sex, rugby and money than the Cyprob, Blairprob, and if you ever dare mention Bush what do they think of? The Hash Book of Surnames defines Mike's as "the coughing or sibilant sound made by someone squatting in a public toilet cubicle without a lock on the door" - we'll listen out for you and all the best - *Farewell and On On Mike!*

Richard Stenton
On Pres July 85 to Oct 86

Lord of the Rings

A long time ago in a land called 'Middle Earth' there existed a strange and motley band of creatures that formed 'Rings' each week and as custom would have it one of their number was chosen to be 'Lord' over the gathered throng. JR Tolkien immortalised this behaviour in 'The Fellowship of the Rings' and I offer as proof of this fact the song that Bilbo Baggins sang as he set off on his journey in search of other 'Rings' around the Earth – or as we call it nowadays – Interhash!

*The Road goes ever On and On
Down from the door where it began.
Now far ahead the Road has gone,
And I must follow, if I can,
Pursuing it with eager feet,
Until it joins some larger way
Where many paths and errands meet.
And whither then? I cannot say.*

The Hobbit-Hasher

It was my doubtful pleasure to experience the Lordship of Epi H3 sometime in the early 80's and it was with similar pleasure that I received this invitation to comment on my period of office as On Pres.

At first, when I thought about it I could see that the 80's Hash differed little from the Hash of today. However, as I drew back those dim 20 year old memory curtains some differences did emerge.

There was: No motorway; No Symvoulos dam; No perimeter wire; No twincabs or indeed 4 x 4s; No walkers; No bonfire; No Hash chop; No black boxes; No SCBs (even Jack); No Inside Angle, but.....

There was: Equal numbers of Hashers from the Army, RAF, Civvies, PSA and Teachers (about 10 of each) and the post of On Pres rotated between them. There was one crate of Carlsberg (shame!), a single page monthly Run sheet (that even appeared before the runs), only two Hares each week and lots of 'Pups'. The Crit was about the Run and began as

soon as the last runner in had got his beer....and everyone went home before dark! (to beautiful wives and children).

So there you have it. Yes – there were lots of differences and I am sure the Hash will continue to change, but essentially it remains the same. In truth, I enjoyed it then every bit as much as I do now.

On On Richard !

9/10 V.G.

Dave Norris
On Pres Jan 00 to Jan 01

THE 'WET AND BLUE' PERIOD

It was a relatively fine day for the handover ceremony that took place at the rear of my quarter in Wiltshire Hill on Saturday 15 January 2000. In my acceptance speech I quite vividly remember saying "If it ain't broke – don't fix it, Oh and by the way, Carroll you're sacked as Run Master!"

My first run as the new 'On Pres, was at Ayios Thomas. To say the weather was awful was an understatement! Ray Turford was haring and he came down the track from the original RV waving his arms about shouting the RV is washed away, we'll have to make do here! This of course was terrific ammunition for a fledgling 'On Pres!

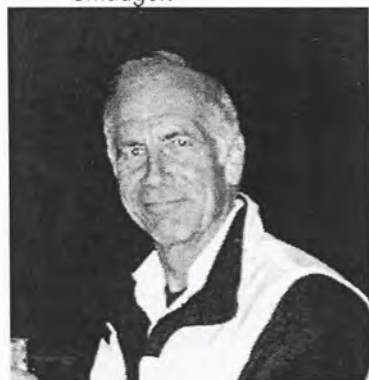
In attendance was the veteran 'On Pres - Doc Smith on yet another 'official visit'. Mid way through my first (of many) rain soaked crit's, I remember Doc saying 'Don't use all your jokes up on your first crit! Also, if you skip the 'F' word you will probably finish in half the time! (cheeky c...!)

Thereafter, every Tuesday for 6 weeks it rained on the Hash. What have I done to deserve this I ask? Off to the States on leave, away for 3 runs, "Weathers been great while you've been away 'On Pres" I'm greeted with on my return! Yes of course it rained the next Tuesday, that was the time I laughingly made the statement "if it rains in July, I'll retire" (knowing full well that it never rains in July in Cyprus). It did - but I didn't!

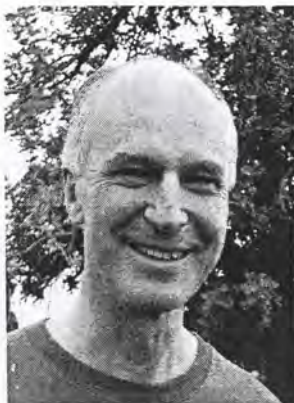
On On Nogsie !



Roger Smith hails from Bletchley where the naval codes of WW2 were cracked so its natural that he spends a lot of time looking over his shoulder either for secret agents or maybe because he has been AWOL from the Andrew (RN slang) since the Suez bash. As an innocent young seaman in the Fleet Air Arm, Smudger once agreed to join Pat Chapman on a run ashore, but was peed off to find it was 10 miles flat out last one home is a sissy he had in mind rather than a pub crawl in Pompey pulling the Richards. Welcome aboard and
On On Smudger!



The things one learns about people in this job – did you know that Brian Granville isn't just your everyday Line Dancer - he is an *Instructor*? Rather a natural choice for him, after having spent 30 years kicking his heels in the RAF. Brian managed a golf club for 5 years and then finally bought a complete set and a trolley. At the moment he is living in an old caravan in the hills with his wife, 3 dogs and a Philippino housemaid. He is very busy not building a house very quickly, and is hoping that he gets to sleep in it at least once before pigs start flying past. Beware Brian, your village Armagetti sounds like a spaghetti disaster movie – keep your torch batteries charged...
Yeehaa and On On Brian!



Surgeon Tom May started his medical career in an unusual way. He got sacked from an abattoir because he spent his tea break piecing back together carcasses faster than they were being chopped up. This trick progressed to such a fine art that at dinner parties Tom opens a tin of dog food and within 20 minutes he fashions the contents back into a live cat, rat, or amputated limb. When Ray Turford heard of this he got Tom a job at TPMH and the Naafi meat counter at the same time. Tom flies his own plane to the RV just to get up Jack's nose.
On On Dr Tom!



New to Hashing, self-confessed boring fart Andy Weeks says he took it up to give his life some purpose. His doctor wife keeps him as a houseboy, although he has a commercial pilot's ticket pinned on the fridge door. Andy hero-worships the Red Arrows, which is why he is constantly talking about himself whilst wearing a jazzy red flying suit he knocked up out of an old Santa outfit and Hashing with his arms stuck out. Otherwise while the Mrs is away on a 4 month detachment, he sits at home submitting flight plans for a solo trip up to Cessac for a cheap read of the Appointments pages – and the top shelf.
Chocks away and On On Andy!



A retired Bank Manager from Glasgow, Drew Muir was thought by many to be the original role model for Captain Mainwaring in 'Dad's Army', but in 2002 he took the money and ran, only to squander the lot helping fallen women in the Gentlemen's Club in the Kato Pissouri Peoples Paradise Collective. Drew always seems to be Hashing on the same day as the Epi Hash – but to say he runs *with us* is a bit misleading. An ex Shetlands Glee Club failed opera singer, Drew was also once the hooker for Fife Rugby Club, but only the once! Never no mind, Drew, your country surely needs you now!
On On Drew!



Happy to be constantly harassed by the desperate and matronly spinsters at TPMH, hunky Dr David McGee thinks of himself as the TPMH answer to George Clooney star of ER?? More like Jiminy Cricket! David became an anaesthetist only because he couldn't spell that naughty word gynaecologist. He has no vices or bad habits, can't tell a single malt from a cup of tea, neither kilt nor sporran and doesn't even toss a caber any more. Apart from that he seems to be happy – but Lord knows why! He buzzes about the Lssl strip in the bad company of Drs Will, Rindy, Tom the flying ace, and anybody who wants to feel good-looking – so *On On David!*

Sad Scenes at the RV



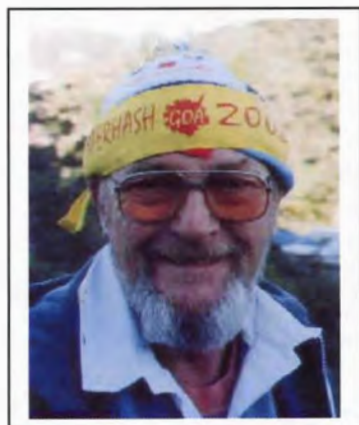
Scavengers are becoming an all too familiar sight at Epi Hash RV locations as the rising cost of EU membership bites deeper into the pockets of the average ex-pat. These two Hashers are both down to their last BMW and Mercedes, so the Keo dregs and trampled nuts help to sustain their miserable lifestyle, plus the odd stale meat piecrust.

Speaking exclusively to our reporter, Mr Jack Blocki claimed that he had been bloody saying this for years but no bugger wanted to listen to him. However, Mr Blocki did not actually clarify what it was he had been saying....

Laurie's magic tool can decap
100 Keos a minute - if he
remembers to bring it with him



A CERTAIN TYPE OF HASHER LOVES A CHANCE TO DRESS UP!!



AND THERE'S MORE OF THEM THAN YOU THINK!



And there are those who really prefer this

JOKES COME FREE WITH EPI H3

Last year I replaced all of the windows in my house with those expensive, double-glazed, energy efficient kind. But, this week I got a call from the contractor complaining that his work had been completed a whole year ago, and I had yet to pay for them. Boy oh boy, did we go around!! Just because I'm Polish, doesn't mean that I am automatically stupid!! So, I proceeded to tell him just what his fast talking salesman had told me last year...that in one year, the windows would pay for themselves. There was silence on the other end of the line, so I just hung up and I haven't heard from them since. Guess I won that stupid argument!

A man enters a confessional and says to the Irish Priest, "Father, it has been one month since my last confession. I've had sex with Fannie Green every week for the last month. The priest tells the sinner, "You are forgiven. Go out And say three 'Hail Mary's'." Soon, another man enters the confessional. "Father, it has been two months since my last confession. I have had sex with Fannie Green twice a week for the last two months."

This time the priest asks, "Who is this Fannie Green?" "A new woman in the neighbourhood," the sinner replies. "Very well," says the priest. "Go and say ten 'Hail Mary's'."

The next morning in church, the priest is preparing to deliver his sermon when a gorgeous, tall woman enters the church. All the men's eyes fall upon her as she slowly sashays up the aisle and sits down in front of the Altar.

Her dress is green and very short, with matching shiny emerald green shoes. The priest and altar boy gasp as the woman sits down with her legs spread slightly apart, Sharon Stone-style.

The priest blushes and turns to the altar boy and asks, "Is that Fannie Green?"

"No Father" whispers the altar boy, "I think it's just the reflection off her shoes".

A teacher asks her class, "If there are 5 birds sitting on a fence and you shoot one of them, how many will there be left?"

She calls on little Johnny. He replies, "None, they will all fly away with the first gunshot." The teacher replies, "The correct answer is 4, but I like your thinking." Then little Johnny says, "I have a question for you now, Miss. There are 3 women sitting on a bench having ice cream: One is delicately licking the sides of the triple scoop of ice cream. The second takes it into her mouth, is gobbling down the top and sucking on the cone. The third is biting off the top of the ice cream. Which one is married?"

The teacher, blushing a great deal, replied, "Well, I suppose the one that, er, took it into her mouth, gobbled down the top and sucked on the cone." To which little Johnny replied,

"The correct answer is 'the one with the wedding ring on' - but I do like your thinking!"

A man escapes from a prison where he had been kept for 15 years. As he runs away, he finds a house and breaks into it looking for money and guns but only finds a young couple in bed. He orders the guy out of bed and ties him up in a chair. While tying the girl up to the bed, he gets on top of her, kisses her on the neck, then gets up, and goes to the bathroom. While he's in there, the husband tells his wife: "Listen, this guy is an escaped prisoner, look at his clothes! He probably spent a lot of time in jail, and hasn't seen a woman in years. I saw how he kissed your neck. If he wants sex, don't resist, don't complain, just do what he tells you, just give him satisfaction. This guy must be dangerous, if he gets angry, he'll kill us. Be strong, honey. I love you"

To which the wife responds, "He was not kissing my neck. He was whispering in my ear. He told me he was gay, thought you were cute, and asked if we kept any Vaseline in the bathroom. ...Be strong, honey. I love you, too."

A father watched his daughter playing in the garden. He smiled as he reflected on how sweet and innocent his little girl was. Suddenly she just stopped and stared at the ground. He went over to her and noticed she was looking at two spiders mating. "Daddy, what are those two spiders doing?" she asked. "They're mating," her father replied. "What do you call the spider on top, Daddy?" she asked. "That's a daddy longlegs," her father answered. "So, the other one is a mummy longlegs?" the little girl asked. "No," her father replied. "Both of them are daddy longlegs. "The little girl thought for a moment, then took her foot and stomped them flat. "Well, we're not having THAT sort of shit in our garden."



Jimbo and Nobby take a break from their part-time jobs as gardeners at Flagstaff House



Checking for Pat Chapman at Pissouri – the First Aid man is clearly concerned



Melanda Beach 2003 – bald, brown and bra-less

Ask Aunt Angela

*Hashers have a human side and
Aunt Angela is here to help
you find yours!*



Dear Auntie Angela,

I have been engaged to the daughter of an Epi Hasher for over a year now and we are planning to marry very soon. My future mother in law is not only a very attractive lady; she is also very helpful and seems to like me a lot. Last Tuesday evening we were alone in her MQ discussing the invitation list when she turned to me and said that in a month's time I would be her son in law and before that happened she wanted to have sex with me.

She stood and walked towards her bedroom, undressing as she went and said that I knew where the front door was if I wanted to leave. I was amazed and sat for a full 5 minutes wondering how to deal with the situation. Finally I knew exactly what to do and headed for the front door. As I opened it I saw my future father in law home early from the Hash, leaning on my car. He was smiling and explained that they were just testing me to see that I would be a faithful husband to their little girl. He congratulated me and shook my hand.

Auntie Angela, should I tell my fiancée of this cruel test, or should I keep the whole thing to myself including the reason that I was going to my car was to get a condom from the glove compartment?

Choked of Kensington

***My advice is to keep mum – she sounds a lorra fun!
Auntie Angie xxx***

Dear Auntie Angie,

I have never been much of a success with the ladies, however for some while now I have been seeing a girl and one evening we fund ourselves alone in her flat.

After a few drinks she suggested we undress and I was very nervous so I switched the light off. After some struggling and groping I put my treasured member in her hand. You can imagine my embarrassment when she whispered, "No thanks, I don't smoke". Auntie since then I have been unable to face a woman so I joined the Epi Hash – the Foreign Legion was too far away. What else could I do?

Richard Little of Akrotiri

Try a cigar – it worked for Bill Clinton! AA xxx

Dear Auntie Angela,

When my ex-policeman Hasher and I were courting, he continually refused my offer to go the whole way but seemed to enjoy having me explore his 'truncheon pocket' as he called it. I was very excited at the prospect of what I felt there and he said he was saving himself for our honeymoon. It was not until after the wedding I discovered it really was his truncheon I had fallen in love with and the family jewels were not so arresting, to put it mildly. I know it was years ago but can I still get Legal Aid to sue him under the Trades Description Act?

Handcuffed of Pissouri

***Just think how Mrs Kojak felt when all she had to
suck was his little lolly! Who loves yuh, baby?
Auntie Angie of course ! xxx***

Dear Auntie Angie,

How nice to share ones problems with another woman. You see, Angie, my hubbie is a closet Hasher and he staggers home every Tuesday night and rolls into bed reeking of Keo and wearing his dirty Hash T shirt and muddy shorts. He then expects me to show him a 'good lay' as he calls it. His idea of foreplay – which he calls the 'intro' – includes a crude joke or two and ends with him running around the bedroom shouting 'On One' as he jumps on top of one; 'On Two' as he grabs both ones (you can guess what); 'On On' if he thinks he has find the right bush; and then he hollers 'On In' at the top of his voice as he dirty dashes at the end. Auntie, my problem is everyone can hear all this, especially when he loses his way and hits a 'falsie' by mistake. I don't mind the sex bit, but supposing the neighbours find out he is a Hasher?

Harriet Horn-Trumington of South Paramali

***Just be grateful he has the energy, sweetheart. He
might have been an SCB and that is like lovin' the
livin' dead – I am green with envy!
Auntie Angie xxx***

*Share your Hash Pash problems with Aunt Angela.
Remember, sharing a problem with a friend means
- we all get a bloody good laugh out of it!*



absent friends - where the fekaryu?

"ARE YOU - ARE YOU?"

The Episkopi Hash House Harriers Run 2000 'Onours List

(Facts and trivia covering 12 month's Hashing in 2003 according to a Hash Anorak)

Most Runs in 2003 (Out of 64 Total)

Dick George (59), George Morrison (58)
& Laurie Mitchell (56)

Most Hares in 2003

George Morrison (8), Tom McSherry (7) & Ray Turford (7)

Lowest Averages (30 or more Runs)

Mike Cawson (6.80), Peter Viney (7.17),
George Morrison (7.25), Tom McSherry (7.57)
& Ray Turford (7.86)

Total Attendance for Year

2357 Members and 'Onoured Guests

Best Turn Out

55 for Run 1984 on 21 Oct (Trafalgar Day Run)

Worst Turn Out

17 for Run 1964 on 12 Jul (Troodos Weekend)

Most Checks (Dirty Dashed or Otherwise)

Mick Donovan, Dave Norris, Jim Burke,
Tom McSherry & Brian Granville

Picked-Up Most Blobbed-Off Falsies

As Above plus On Pres

Most Prolific Hosts of 'Onoured Guests

Dave Norris (21), Laurie Mitchell (17), On Pres (15),
John Telford (12) & Tom McSherry (10)

Worst Run (Run 2000 Pisspot Award)

Run 1939 at Monte Beach on 18 Feb

The Dis-'Onourable & Wretched Hares:

Brian Smith
Vic Hammond
Peter Duckworth

The Shining Light Run of the Year

Run 1984 (Trafalgar Day Run) on 21 Oct

The 'Onourable & Virtuous Hares:

Nobby Hall
Pat Chapman
Laurie Mitchell

Heaviest Rain & Wind-Chill Factor

Run 1992 at Erimi on 16 Dec

The Appallingly Incompetent Hares:

Dave Norris
George Morrison
Paul Martin

The Run 2000 Forget-Me-Nuts Award

Dave Norris on Run 1992 at Erimi on 16 December

Most Visited Locations

Melanda (6), Sotira/Kantou (6), Prastio (5)
Alektora (5)

EH3 Award for Scaling New Heights

Dick George for his altitude-training sabbatical up in Kalo Chorio in preparation for the Athens 2004 Olympics. Nobody told Dick that Hashing is not an Olympic sport.

Most Heroic Gesture Award

Mike Bomer who, on preparing to turn in for the night after a Tuesday Hash saw Duckie driving past his mansion in Souni Gardens for the fifth time in a valiant but vain attempt to find his way home. Ignoring his Horlicks, the chilly night air and chop-induced indigestion, Mike intercepted Duckie on his sixth circuit of his estate, led him to the safety of the Kantou road and pointed him towards the moonlit sea, Tom's motorway and the welcome bosom of Maureen.

EH3 Award for Services to English Rugby

Ray Turford & Stewie Glanfield

EH3 Award for Services to Scottish Rugby

Despite heavy stirring with a wooden spoon by Welsh & Irish provincial rugby pundits, this award has been withheld for bigoted reasons.

Centennial 'Hot Pie' Medals

100 - Laurie Mitchell, Pete Moore & Paul Hall
200 - Mike Hillyar & George Morrison
300 - David Crompton, Colin Garland, Dave Smith
& Jim Burke
400 - Geoff Fryatt & Dave Norris
500 - Vic Tandy, Jimmy Carroll, Mike Cawson
& Ian McCardle
700 - Tom McSherry
800 - Brian Liddell

Departures (Due to BFC Postings)

Anthony Rabbitt, Vic Hammond & Peter Duckworth

The EH3 Endangered Species List

Geoff Fennah, Trevor Hammond, Richard Kingston, Stewart Law, The Inside Angle and Ray's Karaoke Machine on Boxing Day

Worst Memory

The A5 Inside Angle
Vic Tandy's Bus Pass in Prague Debacle
£12 for the Chop at the Phillipos Tavern

Elevations to the Esteemed Order of The

On Pres 'Top Table' Peerage

The Right 'Onourable Sir James Carroll KEO
The Right 'Onourable Sir Michael Ball AGC Ed

The Hash Cash Golden Handshake Award

(Sponsored by Mercedes Benz)

George Morrison

The Hooker Prize for Literature

Peter Duckworth for *'Henry the Navigator'*
Andy King for *'Hacking Up the A5'*
Jack Blocki for *'Last Tango in Warsaw'*

Turner Prize for Artistic Impression

Geoff Fryatt (Creative Work on Canvass)
Bodgit & Scarper (Sculptures)
Those prone to a bit of over-acting (Drama)

Michelin 4-Star Awards

Grey Gourmet Enterprises plc
Ron & Nick 'Super Chefs'
Anybody laying on pies on a Tuesday

The EH3 Times Literary Supplement Crit Critic Award of the Year

Jack Blocki

FRB Personalities of the Year

'Action Man' Pat Chapman & Bill Allsop

SCB Personalities of the Year

Laurie Mitchell, Will Drysdale & Dave Paphitis

The EH3 'Suits You Sir' Award

Laurie Mitchell

The EH3 Members Vote for The Most Audacious

Dirty Dasher of 2003

Dave Norris

Most Prolific Professions

Doctors & Dentists, Teachers, Police & Customs Officers, Industrial Magnates, Oil Executives, DIY Merchants, WW II Bomber Pilots, Retired Military Officers, Serving Military Officers who ought to know better, Basil the Dog, even more Teachers & those of Dubious Origin

EH3 Best Laugher of 2003

Dave Barwell (outright winner for last 3 years)

Worst Illness of 2003

The SALS (Sudden Acute Laryngitis Syndrome) Virus that attacks Hashers whenever they try to call On 1, On 2, On 3 at a Check! Worryingly, SALS has now reached epidemic proportions.

EH3 Entrepreneurial Awards for 2003

The Scott Kennedy 'Lotto Sting'
Michael's Tavern Erimi
Erimi Kitchen's Spare Ribs

Award for Services to EH3 Social Life

Peter Viney & Grey Gourmet Enterprises plc

EH3 'Air Miles' Executive Club Platinum Card Awards for 2003

Bob Bensley, Stewart Law & Trevor Hammond

The EH3 'Tries Hard But Could Try Harder' Award

The Run Master won by a head but 'Onourable mentions need to be made to On Pres, Hash Cash, Hash Words, Hash Flash, Haberdash, Hash Ash (albeit his work is seasonal), the Hash Cartoonist, the Hash Web Master and those who turn up week in, week out, in all weathers for a bit of male bonding in the bondhu.

The EH3 Award for Resilience, Moral Fibre & Fortitude in the Face of Adversity

The Run Master & The 'Onourable Tony Blair PM

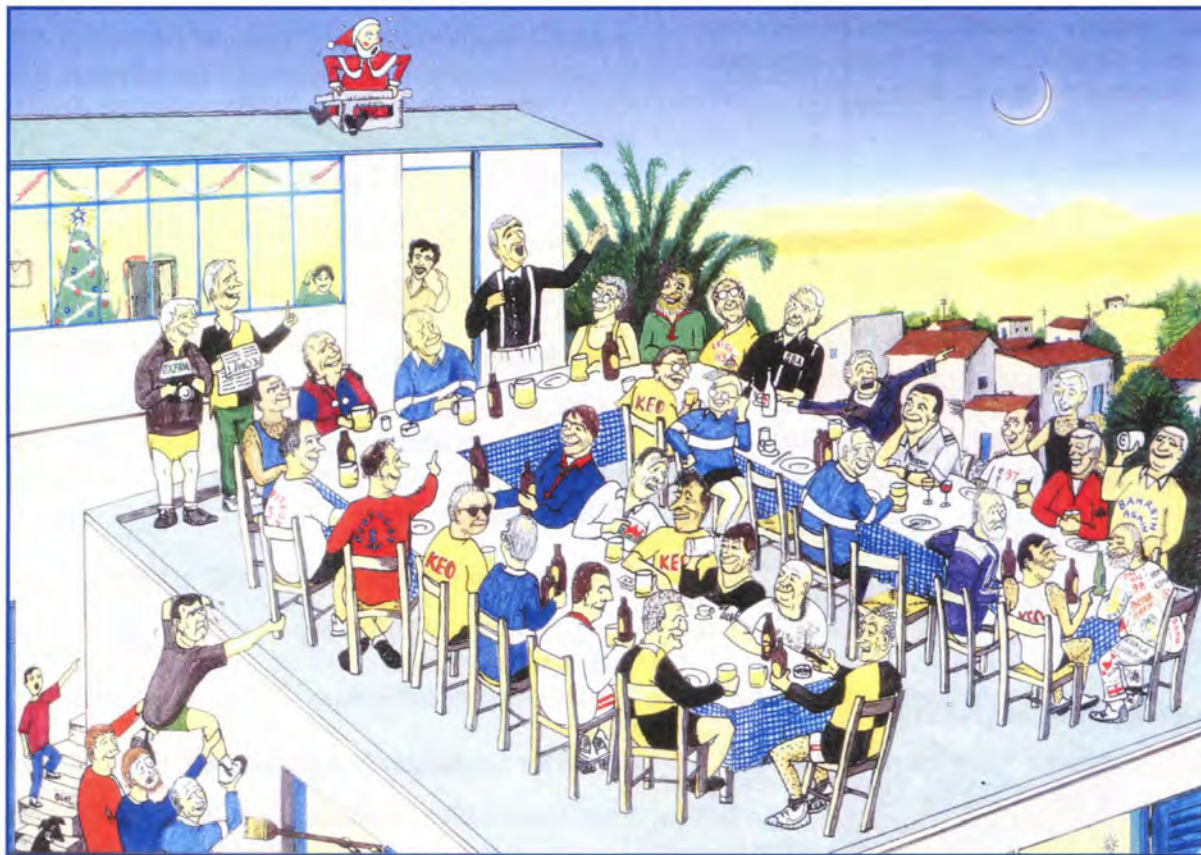
On On

The Right 'Onourable Lord Helpus of Erimi

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EPI HASH CHRISTMAS CARD 2001

ON THE ROOF AT THE FAMAGUSTA TAVERNA EVDHIMOU
On Pres Dave Norris in his Shakespeare Costume serenades the Hash





Epi Hash Exiles in Germany daring innocent visitors from Cyprus to over-indulge in far too many mince pies and lager and laughter
Who could resist such an invitation?



It can get cold in Cyprus too but thanks to Hash Ash we have a good bonfire every Tuesday in winter, yet we still get our Keo served chilled in ice boxes!!



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DEKHELIA DASH & VETERANS WINNERS 1995



HASH HARRIETTES 1996 (+ 1 gentleman)



"Better give me a size
XXL please Eleanor as I
intend to drink Keo 'til I fit
into it"



"Can you lend us an opener
please, Uncle Tom?"

MORE JOKES FOR FREE WITH EPI H3

Some of the finest double entendres from British TV & Radio

MICHAEL Buerk, watching Phillipa Forrester cuddle up to a male astronomer for warmth during BBC1's UK eclipse coverage remarked: "They seem cold out there, they're rubbing each other and he's only come in his shorts."

KEN Brown commentating on golfer Nick Faldo and his caddie Fanny Sunneson lining-up shots at the Scottish Open: "Some weeks Nick likes to use Fanny, other weeks he prefers to do it by himself."

MIKE Hallett discussing missed snooker shots on Sky Sports: "Stephen Hendry jumps on Steve Davis's misses every chance he gets."

JACK Burnicle was talking about Colin Edwards' tyre choice on World Superbike racing: "Colin had a hard on in Practice earlier, and I bet he wished he had a hard on now."

CHRIS Tarrant discussing the first Millionaire winner Judith Keppel on This Morning: "She was practising fastest finger first by herself in bed last night."

Winning Post's **Stewart Machin** commentating on jockey Tony McCoy's formidable lead: "Tony has a quick look between his legs and likes what he sees."

ROSS King discussing relays with champion runner Phil Redmond: "Well Phil, tell us about your amazing third leg."

CRICKETER **Neil Fairbrother** hit a single during a Durham v Lancashire match, inspiring Bobby Simpson to observe: "With his lovely soft hands he just tossed it off."

CLAIR Frisby talking about a jumbo hot dog on Look North said: "There's nothing like a big hot sausage inside you on a cold night like this."

JAMES Allen interviewing Ralf Schumacher at a Grand Prix, asked: "What does it feel like being rammed up the Backside by Barrichello?"

STEVE Ryder covering the US Masters: "Ballesteros felt much better today after a 69."

The new stand at Doncaster racecourse took **Brough Scott's** breath away..."My word," he said. "Look at that magnificent erection."

WILLIE Carson was telling Claire Balding how jockeys prepare for a big race when he said: "They usually have four or five dreams a night about coming from different positions."

A female news anchor who, the day after it was supposed to have snowed and didn't, turned to the weatherman and asked, "So Bob, where's that eight inches you promised me last night?" Not only did HE have to leave the set, but half the crew did too, because they were laughing so hard!

US PGA Commentator - "One of the reasons Arnie (Arnold Palmer) is playing so well is that just before each tee shot his wife takes out his balls and kisses them.... Oh my god! What have I just said!"

Metro Radio - "Julian Dicks is everywhere. It's like they've got eleven Dicks on the field."

HARRY Carpenter at the Oxford-Cambridge boat race 1977 - "Ah, isn't that nice. The wife of the Cambridge President is kissing the Cox of the Oxford crew."

NEW Zealand Rugby Commentator: "Andrew Mehrtens loves it when Daryl Gibson comes inside of him."

PAT Glenn, Weightlifting commentator: "And this is Gregoriava from Bulgaria. I saw her snatch this morning and it was amazing!"

Frank Dolan
On Pres Sep 93 – July 94

The Golden Age of Hashing

First of all I would like to thank Mrs Bobbit who, in a typically female vindictive way, lopped off her husband Wayne's willy and so unwittingly provided yours truly as On Pres with a wealth of Crit material.

Certainly references to his unfortunate demise raised the odd titter from the Tuesday gathering – poor old Wayne of course could raise nothing!

There are some who would say that Bobbit was the sum of my Presidency but such a summary would be myopic. The more intelligent Hashers would recognise that this year represented 'The Golden Age of Hashing'. Unfortunately intelligence and the Hasher is an oxymoron, talking of which I feel obliged to make reference to the two 'achievements' of my year (almost).

Firstly, we began to recognise the increasing pressure of PC and with this in mind I introduced a new and enthusiastic Hasher; a black bitch called Jill who was not embarrassed to crap in the presence of 50 odd self-styled macho males.

Secondly, I introduced the first Tuesday of the month dining club. Originally intended to attract a sophisticated and articulate intelligentsia to post Hashing dining, it failed at the first session when Stewie and Jimmy came along. This gathering subsequently declined into the Every Tuesday bilious club, rapidly infiltrated by Hash Haberdash and cronies who convinced unsuspecting and invariably inebriated Hashers that they really did need another shrinking T shirt or even a 3 pint mug. Today the same gathering meets in isolated tavernas and sings songs from 'Joseph and his Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat' – how sad can you get? That is surely the only proof you will ever need of the decline of the Epi Hash from its zenith!

Regards and On On Frank!

Brian Jeffers
On Pres Jul 95 – Jul 96

Salutations to the glorious Epi H3, oldest Hash in the Northern Hemisphere, and congratulations on reaching run 2000. Those of us who were engaged in making the 1500th run fit with Interhash in '96 know how challenging bringing these things together can be (how many 1999 and a half runs have there been?). I wish I could be with you, but the Queen still continues to demand her pound of flesh. I assume that the Hash remains all male, so watch out for sex-change merchants. I am told that the hardest part of the operation is changing the cheese into tuna. (Same old Brian!)

On On Brian!

Bob Bensley
On Pres Jan 01 – Oct 01

Run: 1804 Radio Sonde 9th Jan 01
Hares: Yours truly On Pres, Bob Bensley
Virgin Hare: Robbie Roberts

*(first time for everyone)
and Peter "I'm F---ing lost again"*
Duckworth

A recce was carried out on the Monday of the preceding week and a final one laid on the day prior to the run. Ducky made both with the help of his direction finder and trusty wife, Maureen, who delivered him the R.V. on both occasions. On the day of the run, "I'm F---ing lost Duckworth" was not to be seen as the bewitching hour of 1500 approached. On Pres finally established a communication link with him via a few mobile phones. However, this was only to have to listen to a mystified Peter reporting that no runners had shown up at the R.V. and where were we laying the trash? Where was he? He was in Pissouri - not bad considering the signs to the RV only started 200 metres from his house!

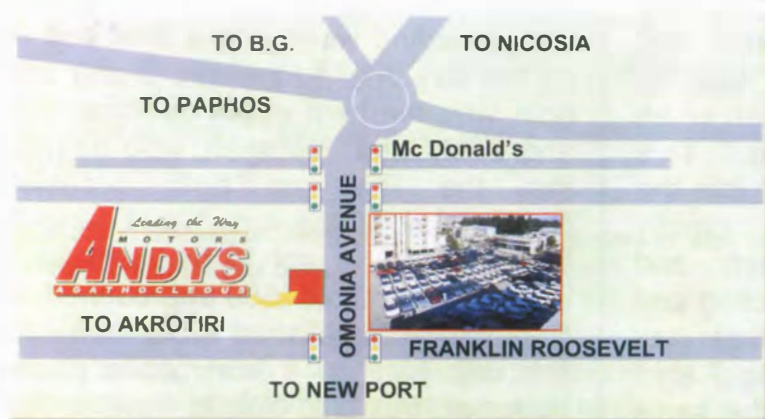
On On Bob!

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**Andy's Motors Congratulates the
Episkopi Hash House Harriers
On their 2000th Run 1st May 2004**

EXTRACTS FROM WORDS 1978 – 1980 BUT STILL SO RELEVANT TODAY

"Some Hashers had been on a long and tiring Run. At the end they sat down and supped their beer when the On Pres called them together. 'Gentlemen, I'd just like to say...' then he noticed a solitary Hasher playing cards. 'Son, why are you playing cards on the Hash?' 'Well, you see sir' replied the Hasher,

When I see the one I am reminded that there is but one On Pres...

When I see the two, I think of the two Joint Masters, Hash Cash & Hash Words...

When I see the three, I think of the wonderful Epi H3...

When I see the four, I think of the On On and hopefully being named in the Crit...

When I see the five, I think of the blobs of trash at a check...

When I see the six, I think of the number of Hashes on the island...

When I see the seven, I think of the days I have to waste until the next glorious Run...

When I see the eight, I think of the double loops some foolish Hares try to lay...

When I see the nine, I think of the £9 for yet another Hash mug...

When I see the ten, I think of the cost of a pork chop whenever Pisspot 2 is present...

When I see the Jack, I think 'surely there must be someone else?' OK, it's a bloody Polish pilot ...

When I see the Queen, I think of how much Nogsy seems to love dressing up as a woman...

When I see the King, I think of 'Elvis' and all those wonderful weekends away in Latchi...

At which point the On Pres emptied his beer mug over the stupid twat's head.

Poetry was often quoted in Words, probably to impress the On Pres Don Arnott, who just happened to be their Senior Reporting Officer in many cases. That doesn't bear thinking about today though - unless you name is Paul Martin.

Like one that on a lonesome road,
Doth walk in fear and dread.
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.
Coleridge – The Ancient Mariner

'We shall not cease from all our exploration,
And at the end of our exploring
Will be to arrive back where we started
And see the place for the first time.'

T S Eliot

'Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge
shall be increased'

Daniel 12:4

'We've seen the seasons through, and it's
time to turn on the old trail, our own trail.
Pull out, pull out, on the long trail – the
trail that is always new.

Kipling

A Hasher is staging through Athens and in the Duty Free shop he discovers a new brand of Olympic condoms. Clearly impressed, he buys a pack. Upon getting home he announces to his wife the purchase he just made.

"Olympic condoms" she blurts, "What makes them so special?"

"There are three colours", he replies, "Gold, Silver and Bronze."

"What colour are you going to wear tonight?" she asks cheekily.

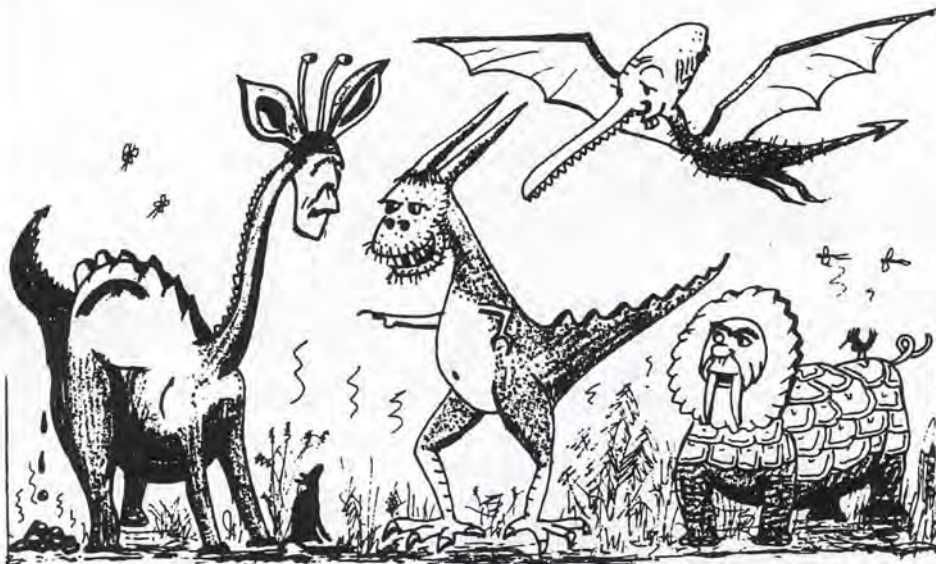
"Gold of course", says the man proudly.

The wife responds, "Why don't you wear Silver?"

It would be nice if you came second for a change!"



"You blokes want some free beer every Tuesday? The Epi Hash is desperate for younger men in uniform..!"



"So Frank, do you really think that in a couple of hundred million years time there will be no trace of the likes of us left in Cyprus?"



"Mick's been asleep for best part of a thousand years now. Happen as like we ought to wake him up or he'll miss the end of Bob Bensley's crit..."



"Here Brian, can you tell that Peter bloody Russell there are enough bloody fairies in this bloody pantomime already!"





Fun and Games with the Nutty Nogsies of Erimi G



"This new Merc has got the lot for someone getting on a bit like you Nogsy. Wrinkle dimming glazing, electric bottle opener, absorbent seat padding, customised colostomy bag, zimmer frame on the back door – and I see you have already found the secret blind spot, Dave, what a player!"



Pete Duckworth:

"Apart from having your handbag stolen, Eleanor, how did you enjoy Prague – Aaaaagh!"



Bobby Moore - On Pres July 96 to March 97

I have to admit that I was forced into becoming a Hasher after I overheard my family referring to me as Captain Blobby – a cheeky reference to that overweight, pear-shaped comic character with a shrill voice. I knew they were only joking, of course, but I did take elocution lessons for an hour or so just to lower the tone a bit. The blobby part was not so easy though. Then I met Steve Kell in the medical centre one Wednesday morning having his groin-strain massaged by a cute physio dolly and thought, "That's for me - and hashing too!"

The following Tuesday Kellbo showed me the ropes, and a few other things as well, including those sad Got-no-other-life Hash Nutters, the smiling Hash

Onanists and the beer boxes. I quickly got the message 'cos I am actually street-wise, although not a lot of people know that. Pretty soon I was in dung-deep with the Pissouri shower, rubbing shoulders with walking wealth and then came Interhash 96, my big moment. I posed on top of 4 tons of refrigerated Keo feeling like Nero at the Coliseum and in my new chummy but macho officer's voice, I commanded the attention of over 800 Hashers. What a wet dream that was!

Then I was anointed On Pres and thanks to my non-existent workload I was able to cruise the www all day long searching for snappy jokes to fill my crit each Tuesday. I also cleverly suggested to Jack he could take home a couple of bottles of Keo every week in exchange for him feeding me silly statements to which I had the one-liner put-downs already typed out on my mill-board. Those thicko Hashers actually thought I was sooo slick! Most of them couldn't recognise talent if they had it stuck up the leg of their shorts. Finally my number came up and I drifted off to pastures new, yet I return as often as I can. I am thinking of getting a life here one day.

On On Bobby!

The Sons

An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman were talking one day about their sons.

"My son was born on St George's Day," commented Mike Hillyer, "So we obviously decided to call him George". "That's a real coincidence," remarked Ian McKay "My son was born on St Andrew's Day, so obviously we decided to call him Andrew". "That's incredible, what another strange coincidence," said Gary Montgomery. "Exactly the same thing happened with my son Pancake."

The Daughters

Another Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman were talking about their teenage daughters. Trevor Hammond said "I was cleaning out my daughter's room last week when I found a packet of cigars. I was really shocked as I didn't even know she smoked". "That's nothing," said Ian McArdle, "I was looking for some loose change in my daughter's suitcase the other day and I found a half-empty bottle of Drambuie. I was so shocked as I didn't know that she was a secret drinker!" "Both of you two have nothing to worry about," blurted out Nobby Hall. "I was looking around my daughter's room the other day when I found a packet of condoms. I was really shocked. I never even knew she had a willy!"

Driving

Two senior Hashers were driving back home one Tuesday night in a 4 x 4 and both were so knackered they could hardly see over the dashboard. As they approached a traffic light at red, the truck raced through without stopping. Anders sat in the passenger seat and thought to himself (in Danish) "I must be losing my grip. I could have sworn we went through a red light just then?" A few minutes later exactly the same thing happened again. At this point Anders was really worried and stared hard out of the windscreen and sure enough they swept through another red light without stopping, narrowly missing a speeding car. "You know," he said (In English) "You have just driven through three red lights in a row. We could both have been seriously killed!" "Oh" replied Vic "Am I driving?"

Politics

Wee Ricky asks his father "What is *Politics*?" Doc replies, "See you, let me put it this way. I'm the breadwinner in the family, so let's call me *Capitalism*. Your Mummy, she looks after the money so we'll call her the *Government*. We're here to take care of your needs, so we'll call you the *People*. The nanny, we'll consider her the *Working Class*. And your baby brother Robbie, he is the *Future*. Now think about that and see if it makes any sense."

So wee Ricky trots off to bed thinking about what his father had said. Later that night hears his baby brother crying and gets up to see what's the matter. Robbie has dirtied his nappy so Ricky goes off to get one of his parents. Lil is sound asleep and not wanting to waken her he goes to the nanny's room. Finding the door locked he peeks through the keyhole and sees his dad in her bed, shagging the nanny. He gives up and goes back to his room leaving wee Robbie to sleep in a full nappy.

The next morning he says to his weary father, "Dad, I think I understand the concept of *Politics* now," and Doc replies "Excellent; tell me in your own words what you think politics is all about."

Young Ricky replies, "Well, while *Capitalism* is screwing the *Working Class*, the *Government* is sound asleep, the *People* are being ignored, and the *Future* is in deep shit!"

Air Commodore Lindsay Irvine
DDLs(RAF) On Pres Jul 91 – Jul 92
(aka Herr Flick)

I held the esteemed office of On Pres from 1991 to the end of 1992; I am RAF (in the form of a distinguished Barrister) and sandwiched between two Army officers, all three of us Scotsmen.

My abiding memories are not of the enthronement but of my introduction to Hashing shortly after my arrival on island in July 1989. My next door neighbours were Mark Sheard and Andy Dipper and both suggested I take part at the next outing (August!) signs from Evdhimou. "So what happens on a Hash?"

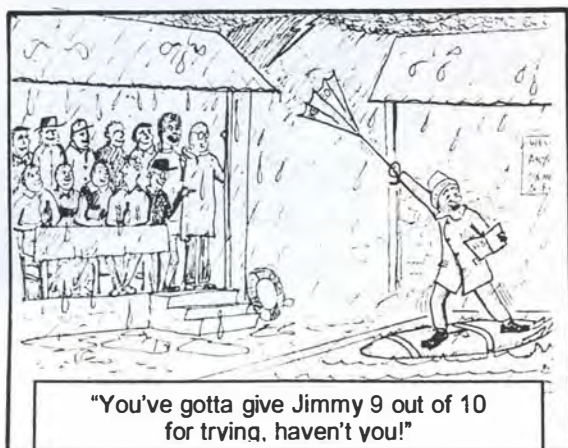
"Well you run around the bondu tripping over rocks for about a hour in the sun following lumps of shredded paper shouting ON!ON! and then drink cold beer in the shade of a carob tree. OK?" "Fair enough". I was hooked. Abiding memories? The scenery (pre motorway), the company and Jack Blocki!

On On and All the Best from Lindsay!

Jimmy Carrol On Pres Oct 01 – Oct 02

Congratulations to EPI H3 on their run 2000. I had the great pleasure of being "On-Pres" from Oct 2001 until Oct 2002. Having hashed regularly since mid 1993 I think I am qualified to say that the "Hash" is an extraordinary assembly of guys. We have run all over this area of Cyprus, we have dined in good and bad tavernas, we have climbed mountains and swum in the sea, but my fondest memory was a crazy night on the roof of the Famagusta Tavern when some idiot (Stewie Glanfield) suggested we should have a tug of war between the Catholics and Protestants. What ensued was hilarious. The Prods anchorman was 19 stone (Stevie Clark) and the Catholics had they won would have gone over the side! Imagine the rest. Good Luck and Good Hashing

On On Jimmy!



DAN ARCHER On Pres Jul 94 – Jul 95

And it came to pass that Frank Dolan had used up both of his jokes and I was approached by men in grey suits in a Toyota Landcruiser (Peter Robinson and Don Arnott)

- "We have heard that you can reach unsurpassed depths of infantile joke telling and make 5 year olds giggle and wet their pants – you will make an ideal Hon Pres". The eyes of hashers were as bright as PSA patios when I drew similarities between Glen Miller and Sue Barker, Eric Cantona and Princess Grace of Monaco, and Fanny Cradock and a cross country runner, and antique terracotta wine jars that hadn't moved for a hundred years were compared with teacher's gas bottles.

Jimmy Carroll failed a dope test and Mick Donovan, when asked the difference between a drunk and an alcoholic by his pupils in school replied 'We drunks don't have to go to those silly bloody meetings'. We all went to the Plaka apartments for what has now become the annual pilgrimage to Latchi – sadly not enough trash was taken for all 3 runs, so trash had to be recovered from previous runs in order for the Sunday run to take place.

Not content with one hash tour, with the help of 'Thomas Cook' Glanfield, we hashed around the Sphinx and Giza Pyramids traveling on a coach that on its return to Port Said ended up with an onboard toilet that even the Egyptians would not contemplate using. My having to sit on a block of ice at the invitation of the Cairo hash has led to an unfortunate medical problem later in life and my lawyer is contemplating legal action as no suitable ointment can be found.

The auction of promises to the theme of The Great Escape raised over £1000 for the ABF and saw Vic Tandy bidding against Trevor Hammond for a weekend at CBF's Troodos retreat that they were going to share. I am particularly indebted to Jack for diverting the attention of the masses from my crits and his 1500th run was one of the high points of the hash year along with an Andreas kebab giving the teachers the squits – we responded by having another Andreas kebab the following week and inviting our families. Finally, a message to the Harriett's – grab hold of Jack and treat the hash to a bit of exotic Pole Dancing!

On On Dan!

The Most Excellent Order of Joint Masters of Episkopi Hash House Harriers take great pleasure to invite you to a Celebration of EH3 Run 2000

After months of planning (in truth over a chop and Keo at the FamaG) the Grey Suits have agreed a programme of Run 2000 events that will go down in the annals of EH3 folklore for time immemorial.

FRIDAY 30TH APRIL kicks off proceedings with a warm-up run at **3.30pm** and chop at a RV and Taverna to be decided. A mere £2.50 for the run with the charge for the chop divvied up between those attending (just like Tuesdays except the run will be 'open'). Just turn up - no booking necessary.



SATURDAY 1ST MAY will be a full day starting with an Open Run at **12:00 noon** in 2nd Valley with Keo, Burgers & Hot Dogs to whet appetites. Participation will be free to those attending the party later in the Officers' Mess.



THE EH3 RUN 2000 Celebration Party will start in earnest at **7:30pm** and will comprise a hot buffet spread followed by entertainment in the form of a disco, skits, karaoke and the usual dose of over-acting from Hash attention seekers.

There will be a free bottle of wine per couple but this will be the only 'drink-on-the-house'. Dress will be 'Hash Formal' with gents expected to wear collar & tie beneath the special Keo-sponsored 'EH3 Formal DJ T-Shirt'.



To acquire a Keo 'DJ T-Shirt' you will have to donate £10 to the Haberdash pension fund but you will be rewarded with an 'EH3 Run 2000 Goodie Bag' containing a celebratory mug, the DJ T-Shirt, a Run 2000 Special T-Shirt and a Keo Baseball Hat! Another £10 per head will cover the Celebration Party as well as the run, burgers and dogs earlier in the day - fantastic value and no mistake! To entice you all to purchase a 'Goodie Bag', On Pres threatens on-the-spot fines to Hashers seen partying improperly dressed so see the Haberdasher to avoid being named, shamed and penniless!

If Saturday is not enough, for only £5 per head (and ignoring hangovers), another Open Run has been arranged for **SUNDAY 2ND MAY AT 12:00 NOON** at everybody's favourite RV on Melanda Beach. Bollo will abdicate On Pres in favour of the Young Pretender Jimbo Burke at **1:00pm** sharp so there will be a short, religious ceremony involving bog seats and chanting to mark this auspicious occasion - an event that Bollo is especially looking forward to! For £5 a head you would expect some grub and this is where the Grey Gourmet steps in with one of his fantastic a-la-carte Beach BBQs.



Homage will be paid to

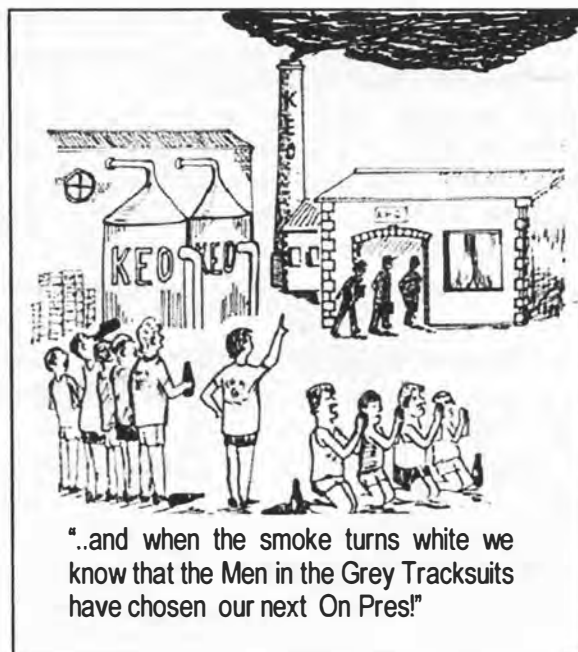


King Keos on **MONDAY 3RD MAY AT 11:00AM** with a brief Run leading to a quality control 'Check' of the Keo Brewery. Transport

there and back is promised as is the price - it's free.

Roll on **TUESDAY 4TH MAY AT 3:30PM** when the Exiles get their chance to bag the odd Hare or three at a RV to be announced. This will be charged at the inaugural November 1967 Run Fee of £2:50 per head which just goes to show what a fantastic job successive Hash Cashes have done not raising the fees and incurring the wrath of the Hash!

GJM



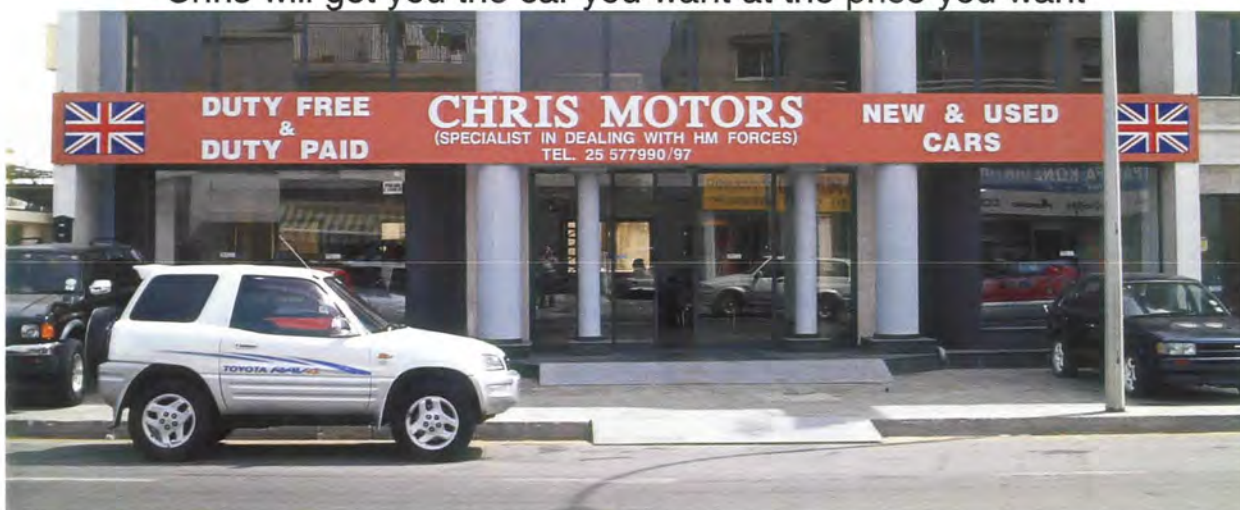
"..and when the smoke turns white we know that the Men in the Grey Tracksuits have chosen our next On Pres!"

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**KEO BREWERIES CYPRUS CONGRATULATES
EPISKOPI HASH HOUSE HARRIERS
ON THEIR 2000TH RUN
1ST MAY 2004**