

Episkopi Hash House Harriers

40 Years Hashing in the Bondu!

On On!



EPISKOPI HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

A Warm Welcome to Our 40th Anniversary of Hashing in Cyprus

From our On Pres Peter Viney BEM

Fellow Hashers!

The Episkopi Hash is celebrating the Anniversary of 40 years of hashing in Cyprus during which time we have laid over 2228 trails, run countless miles and consumed an incalculable amount of that golden liquid called Keo.

I am very honoured to find myself as On Pres on this special occasion. I am the 42nd Epi Hasher to hold this appointment and I am very aware of the hard work my predecessors have put in over the years to maintain the sporting spirit of our Hash.



Many thousands of Hashers have passed through our RVs and enjoyed the company and the banter, and to those Epi Exiles wherever you are now, may I repeat that there is always a welcome and a cold beer for you here on Tuesday afternoons!

I would like to thank everyone involved with the organisation of the programme for our Anniversary celebrations, and to wish you all a great weekend's hashing and please enjoy the entertainment.

On On ! Peter Viney 17th November 2007

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 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 and to present the Crit afterwards, standing in the sea!



There have been many highlights over the last 40 years and I am sure some will be recalled in this magazine, 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!

Courtesy of Tom McSherry



Epi Hash 1977

EDITORIAL COMMENT

One moment I was happy as a hasher swapping jokes and banter with my fellow walkers on a Tuesday afternoon in early summer, when out of the blue a bony hand tugged at my sweaty T shirt and a refined middle-England voice flavoured with Keo whispered in my ear: "Got a minute, old boy?"

I knew I was about to be screwed again by Stewie Glanfield into producing yet another definitive *Hash Magazine of the Century* to celebrate some *Milestone of Hashing History*. This time it was to be the 40th Anniversary of the Episkopi Hash and from Tennessee to Tokyo hashers were said to be poised to get their copy of this Souvenir Edition, blah, blah, blah and I was the 'Right Man To Do It'. His bony shoulders were heaving with laughter as he walked away with Keo slopping out of his mug, leaving me with a summer of being stuck indoors staring into the screen of my pc for weeks sitting on my Chalfonts trying to assemble this mighty tome.

The real stars of this magazine are the jolly good chaps who make up the membership of Epi Hash as you find it today. Only 3 years ago we flogged the history bit to death so this time I asked them to tell us what *they* were doing 40 years ago when the Epi Hash was founded. Lots of really amazing photos were handed in and some fascinating CVs were produced. One chap wrote his life story over 3 closely typed pages leaving nothing out; others couldn't spell their wife's name properly but they all sent in their bit for the Hash. To those of you who joined in the fun, a very big Thank You from the Editor.

I especially appreciated the articles and jokes sent to me by Doc Smith, who knew the score having laboured over the Epi 25th Anniversary magazine and the Hash Joke Book; Andrew Noyes as Hash Words for his up to date photos and ideas; Jack and Vic for their personal contributions; Wilf Telford, Tom McSherry and of course Stewie for convincing our advertisers to cough up the sponsorship that made this historical magazine a viable financial proposition.

On On Geoff Fryatt

(MEM means Most Embarrassing Moment!)

Where Do On Pres's Come From, Mummy?



Peter Viney was born an RAF Brat at a very early age, he says in his CV, in 'Ampshire and went to school in Hayling island. His nickname of 'Jimpy' came from a cartoon character in the Daily Mirrors he bravely delivered as a twenty-

year old on his bike every dawn, skidding around the corners sometimes on all three wheels. In 1960 he ran away from real life and joined the RAF where he quickly got a job moonlighting as a spare prick at weddings in the Officers Mess. He re-mustered as a Caterer and 45 years later he is still cutting it in Epi. I have had the honour of meeting the Royal Family on many occasions, brags PV, and worked in Air House with the hoi polloi and I have spent 22 years in Cyprus all told, 5 in Holland and the rest in Thailand, my favourite holiday destination. Jean and I got married in 1967, sigh, and Gary came along in 1972. Once I found out what caused it I gave that little lark up, no mistake!

On Pres's hobbies include playing with wood, gardening and hashing, yawn, and he prefers the Stables in Epi to home-cooking(!) Pete's MEM (Most Embarrassing Moment) was bumping into King Hussein of Jordan on the beach at Akrotiri when he stopped to admire the sand castle Gary had built. PV was well-plastered and tried his best to stand still and be politely sober, but just as the King turned away, in his excitement PV puked up all over Gary's sand-castle! Thanks for sharing that with us Peter, and for all the jokes you sent in. On On, On Pres!



The Cyprus Fire Department was called out yesterday to examine and identify traces of a white powdery substance that had been spread in blobs across a car park in Nicosia. It proved to be baking flour poured onto the ground by a sporting club calling themselves hashers. Police are investigating.

STEWIE'S VIEW OF 1967

"I say old boy, you know that hashing thingy about the year 1967, the anniversary thingy? I thought it would be rather a nice idea if someone put together a sort of list of headlines showing what else was going on in the world. What do you drink - I mean think? I've had some thoughts and have had my young lady put them together for you to chop and change as you wish, old boy. I'll get her to email it to you to sort out, er, if you have time?"



THE QUEEN

1967 is a quiet year for Her Majesty. The most notable date in her calendar is in September when she launches Cunard's massive new flagship "Queen Elizabeth II" on Clydeside.

The QE 2 - an Airfix model



A Gannex raincoat model

THE GOVERNMENT

Harold Wilson's Labour Government (1964 - 70) is in mid-term. Its notable achievements were the decriminalisation of abortion and homosexuality - although the two are not necessarily connected! The Pound is devalued to \$2.41 and the PM is widely rumoured to be 'doing the business' with Baroness Faulkner, his Secretary, but he wins the subsequent libel case.



THE WORLD

President Lyndon Johnson raises the bar in Vietnam and carpet bombs Laos. Che Guevara is captured and executed in Bolivia spawning a whole T shirt industry. Astronauts Grisson, White and Chaffee killed in test launch. China explodes its first H bomb. Right wing military coup deposes King Constantine in Greece. Dr Christian Barnard (SA) performs world's first successful heart transplant. Israel defeats Egypt, Jordan and Syria Combined Services team in 6 days war and captures Sinai Peninsular.

A T Shirt model

SPORT

SOCCER FA Cup Tottenham 2 Chelsea 1

Division One: Manchester United wins, Notts Forest Runners Up.

Scottish Cup: Celtic 2 Aberdeen 0

European Cup: Celtic 2 Inter Milan 1 in Lisbon

CRICKET 2 Test Series in 1967.

England (3) vs India (0). England (2) vs Pakistan (0) and 1 drawn.

England Captain was Brian Close and Geoff Boycott scores 246 Not Out.

Ken Barrington scores 3 successive centuries against Pakistan.

TENNIS Billie Jean King (US) beats Ann Jones (Eng) at Wimbledon

A Lingerie model



RUGBY France wins the Five nations - so what?

GOLF British Open at Hoylake won by Roberto Di Vincenzo (Arg) with a score of 278. Prize money £210K (£750K this year!)

US Open at Balustrol NJ won by Jack Nicklaus (US) score 275.

BOXING Mohammed Ali stripped of World Heavyweight title for refusing to join the US Army.

HASHING Epi hash founded 13th November - Keo sales leap and shares soar on Stock Exchange.



A rich US model



Sergeant Pepper

THE ARTS

Pop Music - 14 songs made the UK Singles No 1 position in 1967.

Beatles had 2 "All You Need is Love" (13 weeks) & "Hello Goodbye" (7 weeks). Engelbert Humperdinck had 2 also, "Please release Me" (6 weeks) & "Last Waltz" (5 weeks).

11 albums made No 1 including "Sound of Music" (17 weeks) & "Sergeant Pepper" (Beatles 26 weeks).

Musical Shows - 3 big musicals open in London. "The Boyfriend" 365 performances, "Fiddler on the Roof" 2030 performances and "Oliver" for 331.

AWARDS

Eurovision Song Contest - Sandie Shaw with "Puppet on a String"

The Grammys Best Song - Frank Sinatra with "Strangers in the Night"



Sergeant Shaw



MOVIES (OSCARS)

Best Picture "In the Heat of the Night"

Best Director Mike Nicholls for "The Graduate"

Best Leading Actress Katherine Hepburn for "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner"

Best leading Actor Rod Steiger for "In the Heat of the Night"

Sergeant Mike Ball stars as himself in a biopic about his first 12 girlfriends

BROADCASTING

TV SERIES (BBC) Forsyte Saga (26 episodes) first shown on BBC2 in 1967 starring Kenneth More and Susan Hampshire. BBC2 becomes first channel in Europe to regularly broadcast in colour.

RADIO BBC Radio 1 is launched in September. The first DJ was Tony Blackburn.



Sergeant Hampshire

THE NEWS



Sir Stelios Haji-Ioannis
born



RAF bomb stranded Torrey Canyon
and sink it after only 3 weeks



Sir Donald Campbell
Dies a British Hero

AND FINALLY - THE EPI HASH!

The first hash in the northern hemisphere was founded by Brigadier Gris Davis-Scourfield at Dhekelia garrison in May 1967. The Episkopi Hash followed 6 months later based at the Officers Mess. Both hashes continue to flourish with Epi H3 now approaching 2300 runs since its inauguration.

Stewie Glanfield with Gris Davis Scourfield at Epi's 1500th Run in 1996



Although it is not widely known, many famous people over the years have written about Hashing. Here are just some of the things they had to say:

St. Paul, himself a traveller in Cyprus, used his hash experiences in his letter to the Corinthians:

"There was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me"

St. Matthew similarly must have been hashing in our countryside:

"And some fell among thorns: and the thorns sprang up and choked them" (Ch13 v 3)

More positively, Stoddard King, in his 1913 song, wrote knowingly, and nostalgically:

"There's a long, long trail awinding, Into the land of my dreams"

Thomas Grey the poet, of 'Elegy' fame, was clearly impressed by the 'calling' on his hash:

"Still as they run they look behind.

They hear a voice on every wind,

And snatch a fearful joy"

(Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College)

ON ON!



The writer of 'The Book of Daniel', knew a thing or two about the confusion at checks:

"Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased"
(ch. 12 v 4)

Whoever composed 'The Wisdom of Solomon', obviously experienced the regular enlivening visits of schoolboys over for their holidays:

"And in the time of their visitation they shall shine, and run to and fro like sparks among the stubble"
(Apocrypha)

But Bruce Springsteen, when a younger man, noted the worrying age profile of Epi Hash:

"We gotta get out while we're young 'Cause tramps like us, baby, we were born to run"
(Born to Run 1974)

Shakespeare must have had a bad experience of setting a hash in the Greek world:

*"By heaven, I had rather...drop my blood for drachmas,
than to wring from the hard hands of peasants their vile trash."*
(Julius Caesar act 4, sc 3)

The American poet James Lowell, saw in the hash, a symbol of Man's continual search for something noble and eternal, perhaps the Grail?:

*"New occasions teach new duties: Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth."*
(The Present Crisis. 1845)

The most perceptive hasher, though, must be the children's author, Dr. Seuss, who apparently saw Epi Hash in August, running at midday.

*"There are some who like to run. They run for fun in the hot, hot sun.
Oh me! Oh my! Oh me! Oh my! What a lot of funny things run by!"*
(One fish, two fish...Red fish blue fish)

The poet TS Eliot, always the one with a smutty joke, clearly looked forward to the 'circle' each week:

"We shall not cease from exploration

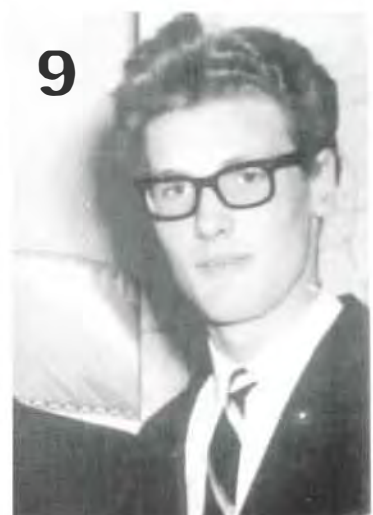
And the end of all our exploring,

Will be to arrive where we started..." (Four Quartets. 4)



Courtesy of Geoff Cosson

ARMY BARMY 1



TEN TIMES IN HISTORY WHEN USING THE "F" WORD WAS APPROPRIATE

10. "Scattered f***ing showers, my arse" - Noah, 4314BC
9. "How the f*** did you work that out?" - Pythagoras, 126BC
8. "You want WHAT on the f***ing ceiling?" Michelangelo 1566
7. "Where did all those f***ing Indians come from?" Custer 1877
6. "It does so f***ing look like her!" Pablo Picasso 1926
5. "Where the f*** are we?" Amelia Erhart 1937
4. "Any f***ing idiot can understand that" Albert Einstein 1938
3. "What the f*** was that?" Mayor of Hiroshima 1945
2. "I need this parade like I need a f***ing hole in the head" JFK 1963

The number one most appropriate time for using the "f" word:

1. "Aw c'mon. Who the f*** is going to find out?" Bill Clinton 1997

Courtesy of Nev Rushton

Anders had enough of the local kids using his large pond in Geneva when he was away in Cyprus, so when he heard a lot of screaming and laughing coming from the garden one summer evening he wandered down there with a bucket in his hand. He was bemused to see a dozen teenage girls skinny-dipping in his pond. He asked them to leave but they shouted back "We are not coming out until you go!" Anders frowned and said "I did not come down here to see you ladies swim naked in my pond. I came down here to feed my alligator!"

Moral: Men may get old but they can still think fast.

Courtesy of the Geneva Hash

THE EPI HASH ANTHEM

Sung to the tune of the Eton Boating Song:

It's wonderful hashing weather,
In a remarkable hashing year.
For we love hashing together,
And drinking our cold Keo beer -

Chorus:
Yes, we love hashing together,
And drinking our cold Keo beer.

Some hashers have kiddies and girlies,
Wimps, wierdos and others sorts too.
But we are the 'short and curlies'
And hashing is what we do -

Hashing may take some believing,
The rules are never too clear.
There is merit in under-achieving,
And arriving back first for the beer -

Hashers may come in their Chevies,
Some others in a rusty Clio.
But there's only one brand for our be vies,
Yes it's Keo, Keo and Keo -

Our On Pres is specially elected,
For having the charm and the wit.
But these assets are rarely reflected,
When he bollocks us all at the Crit -

Some hashers exist on their pensions,
Whilst others are still in the yoke.
But work is a thing we don't mention,
'Cos for most it's a bit of a joke -

Our members include many nations,
On On to who ever you be.
You can all have our salutations,
For the best hash we know is Epi -

Courtesy of Dr Will Drysdale

(expat) Dishy Dashers!



Typical Pissouri expats taking the sun in their garden



Y' know, I was just then wondering what became of that wee fancy man from opposite Stewie's place, whadda you think, Gary?



Two hash harriettes were sat in Pissouri square when one said "Here - isn't that your old man coming over here with a bunch of flowers?" "O no, not again!" moaned the second harriette. "Why are you so upset?" asked the first one. "If my old man brought me flowers I would be over the moon". "That's alright for you, but when he does that it means I have to spend the whole weekend flat on my back with my legs in the air!" "Well, it's about bloody time you bought a proper vase then!"
courtesy of Colin Winyard



Bob and Giles were standing on the 14th tee and Giles was dithering about taking his next shot. Bob watched patiently as Giles chose and changed his club 3 times, had a practice swing and after 10 minutes he was still nowhere near taking his shot. "What's the problem, Giles?" asked Bob. "My wife is over there in the clubhouse watching and I want to make sure it is a good shot," replied Giles sweating. "Don't waste your time," said Bob "The way your playing today you don't stand a snowball's chance in hell of hitting her from here!"

A Welsh vicar tending to rotundancy wanted to raise some money for his church. He heard from a parishioner that there was a fortune to be made in horse racing, so he took a loan from the church collection box and went in search of a racehorse. At the auction he was surprised to see what high prices decent horses were fetching so he decided to buy a donkey instead and to enter him in a race. There was a certain religious connection, he felt.

To his delight the donkey came in third place and the Sporting Life published the headline: "VICAR'S ASS SHOWS".

He tried it again in another race; this time it won and the papers read: "VICAR'S ASS OUT FRONT".

The Bishop was not so happy, however, with this kind of cheap publicity and he ordered the little Welsh vicar not to enter the donkey in any more races.

The newspaper grabbed this with the headline: "BISHOP SCRATCHES VICAR'S ASS"

This was too much for the Bishop and he ordered the vicar to get rid of the donkey. Sadly, the vicar did what he was told and he donated the donkey to a nun in the local convent.

The resulting headline read: "NUN HAS BEST ASS IN TOWN"

The Bishop fainted. He informed the nun that she had to get rid of the donkey so she sold it to a farmer for ten pounds. The newspaper recorded this with the historic headline: "NUN PEDDLES ASS FOR TEN QUID"

The vicar had to bury the Bishop the next day...

Courtesy of Bark Rain HHH

Moses, Jesus and a very old man were out golfing one fine day.

Moses drives his ball and it bounced off a tree into a water hazard. So he parted the water and knocked the ball onto the green.

Jesus drives his ball and it bounced off two trees into the water. So he walked on the water and scooped his ball onto the green.

The very old man drives his ball and it bounced off a tree into the water, the ball was eaten by a fish, the fish swam to the surface and was snatched up by a bird, the bird flew upward and was struck by lightning, the fish fell from the sky onto the green, the ball bounced out of the fishes mouth, and the ball rolled into the hole.

Moses turned to Jesus and said, "I hate golfing with your dad."

Courtesy of Bob Bensley

A little boy runs up to his mum. 'Mummy, am I deformed?' he asks. 'No,' replies Mum, 'Of course not. Why do you ask?' 'Because I only have one willy,' says the boy. 'All men only have one willy,' says Mum.

'But Daddy has two!' exclaims the boy. 'Hah, no, Daddy only has one. Believe me, I know,' says Mum.

'No,' says the boy, 'Daddy has 2. A regular one he goes peepee with, and a great big one he brushes the babysitter's teeth with.'

Courtesy of Jimmy Carol

What is soft and warm when you go to bed, but hard and stiff when you wake up ? *Vomit*

What do you get when you cross a nun with a PC? *A computer that will never go down on you.*

How do you get a nun pregnant? *Dress her up as an altar boy. (Bolo to note)*

Why does an elephant have four feet? *Because six inches isn't long enough.*

What's the worst thing about being a test-tube baby? *You know your dad's a wanker.*

How do you make a dog drink? *Put it in a blender.*

What did one lesbian frog say to the other? *We really do taste like chicken!*

How can you tell if a valentine is from a leper? *The tongue's still in the envelope.*

What's the definition of Trust? *Two gay cannibals giving each other a blow job.*

What do you call a fish without an eye ? *Fsh.*



Bobby Dazzlers



"So you was out 'ashing wiv yer mates and you tripped over yer wallet did yer now, Mr Glanfield?"



A man wakes up in hospital, bandaged from head to foot. The doctor comes in and says 'Ah, I see you've regained consciousness. Now you probably won't remember, but you were in a pile-up on the motorway.'

You're going to be OK, you'll walk again, everything, but I'm trying to break this gently but your willy was chopped off in the wreck and we were unable to find it.'

Now the bloke groans a bit but the doctor goes on, 'You've got £9000 compensation coming to you and we have the technology now to build you a new willy that will work as well as your old one did, better in fact. But the thing is, it doesn't come cheap. It's a thousand pounds an inch.' The bloke perks up at this. So the thing is' the doctor says, 'it's for you to decide how many inches you want.

But it's something you'd better discuss with your wife. I mean, if you had a five inch one before and you decide to go for a nine incher she might be a bit put out. But if you had a nine inch one before and you decide only to invest in a five incher this time she might be disappointed. So it's important that she plays a role in helping you make the decision.'

So the bloke agrees to talk with his wife and the doctor comes back the next day. 'So' says the doctor, 'Have you spoken with your wife?' 'I have' says the fellow. 'And has she helped you in making the decision?' 'She has' says the bloke. "And what is it to be?" asked the doctor.

"We are having a new kitchen...."

Vic's Hash Poem



EPISKOPI HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 40th ANNIVERSARY

Bonded by fitness of limb and similar minds, they make their way on Tuesday afternoons

By four wheel drives and a few brave saloons, along the tracks not often seen by vehicles

To what is known as the RV (Rendezvous) specially selected by the 'Hares' for that day.

Stripped for running they assemble, and have some manly chat until called to order by the Hares
With voices pitched to penetrate an armoured vehicle.

They are informed about the run with how many 'Checks' and 'Falsies' and perhaps a water stop,
And most important of all, a joke, often crap, but occasionally amusing.

The 'On On' is called and off they run, some with the speed of running dogs,
Who try to outpace each other to be first at the checks, and have the glory of picking up the next trail.
Which gives them mention in the next 'Crit' and inner warmth, that radiates to form halos above their heads.

While the less fortunate look on in hope, that one-day soon, they will find a check, and the glory.

While drinking KEO after KEO after KEO until the supplies from the Black Boxes run dry.

They talk and talk and talk from minds set on manly thoughts.

But the camaraderie and friendship is fantastic. And as they wend their way, homeward bound.

They have a feeling of satisfaction and contentment, known only to those who Hash.

On On Vic Tandy 2007

I feel that I have been very fortunate in my life, having visited 76 different countries, many of them several times, have had very close friendships with people from many countries including Russia, China, USA, Japan, India, the Middle East and West Africa. I have lived in the UK for 44 years, Middle East for 15, West Africa 4, Cyprus 18. I seem to have been married all my life with 3 children, 7 grandchildren and 8 great-grandchildren, and in addition I have 5 stepchildren, and 6 step-grandchildren.



THE NAVY LARK

21



22



That'll teach you to dirty dash
the On Pres, you scurvy son
of a gun!

23



24



25



25



27



28



Hello
Mum!



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!



ARMY BARMY 2



MAJOR GENERAL H. BRYDEN
1st AIRBORNE DIVISION
1945



29



30



31



32



33



34

Two nuns are ordered to paint a room in the convent, and the last instruction of the Mother Superior is that they must not get even a drop of paint on their habits. After conferring about this for a while, the two nuns decide to lock the door of the room, strip off their habits, and paint in the nude. In the middle of the project, there comes a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" calls one of the nuns.

"Blind man," replies a voice from the other side of the door. The two nuns look at each other, shrug, and decide that no harm can come from letting a blind man into the room. They open the door.

"Nice tits!" says the man. "Where do you want the blinds?"



35

Ann had been driving 16 hours straight and was still at least six hours away from her destination. She was very tired so she decided to pull onto a side road and rest. She turned off the car and closed her eyes ... drifting off to sleep, precious sleep when an old hasher knocked on her window, scaring her half to death. "Sorry to wake you," he huffed, jogging in place. "But can you tell me what time it is?" Ann glanced at her watch. "4.30" she said through the glass. The old man thanked her and ran on. With a sigh, she settled back into her seat and tried to fall asleep. Two more hashers knocked on her window. "Hi," the first hasher said. "Do you have the time?" Ann sighed and looked at her watch. "4.45" she said wearily. "Thanks," they said and ran off. Irritated, she retrieved a pen from the glove box and scrawled 'I DO NOT KNOW THE TIME' on the back of a magazine. She put the hastily constructed sign in the window and settled back to sleep. Another hasher knocked on the window just as she started dozing off. Ann pointed at the sign and shouted, "Can't you bloody-well read?"

To which he replied, "Sure I can, darlin' - I just wanted to let you know: It's 4.55"



Jack's Polished Off Fairy Tale

Since time immemorial the Official Secrets Act has prevented me from disclosing the final episode of a fairy tale known in the non-military circles as Snow White and the Seven Dwarves.

Yes, Snow White and her Prince lived happily ever after for at least a year when Her Highness began to have tantrums. One Tuesday afternoon the Prince, who turned out to be a proper male chauvinist, was bored to tears with domestic bliss and sex. He walked miserably through the woods wondering what he got himself into when shouts of 'On On' stopped him in his tracks. He caught a glimpse of Happy the Dwarf, who was stumbling through the undergrowth. Intrigued by this strange behaviour Prince followed him and soon arrived at an RV where the Seven Dwarves had amassed a goodly quantity of Keo and nuts. Taking advantage of a newcomer's free run, Prince emptied a few bottles before Dopey staggered in as the light was fading.

During the Crit by Doc, duly unelected On Pres, our Prince realised what he was missing. In the end, as stars were twinkling in the sky, barracking reached rock bottom when he accused Doc of extracting his jokes from a constipated patient and it was time to go home. He arrived in the palace through the kitchen door to a rowdy reception and a frying pan missed him by inches. Things got worse the following Tuesday when Prince refused to amuse the baby, slammed the door and joined the Dwarf Hash for the second time.

How much can a woman take? Snow White decided that she had had enough and bitterly complained to the Equal Opportunities Commission on the grounds of slavery and exclusion. Two things worked against her. The investigators were too busy dealing with old men protesting for having to work to 65 and women retiring at 60. As for the dwarves, who remembered well how much trouble women had caused for them in the past, told them all to get stuffed.

This made Snow White proper mad and with the help of a magic mirror she managed to conjure up the re-appearance of the wicked Queen who, during her years of absence, had become leader of W.A.R. (Women Against the Rest organisation). Offered the choice of becoming eunuchs or allowing women on the Hash, the Seven Dwarves weakened and Prince was transformed into housemaid.

The saddest thing about this epilogue is that the Hash calling changed to 'No No' and lemonade was strictly examined for alcoholic content and the thorny bushes known as J.C (Jesus Christ) were renamed H.M. (Holy Mary).
Courtesy of Jack Blocki

A beautiful young girl arrived earlier than expected at the Pearly Gates and asked St Peter if she could be let in. Although she was not a Hasher, she claimed to be a virgin. St Peter was very sceptical about this because she was truly a very attractive young woman and her face seemed familiar. "I shall have to ask to have you medically examined to verify your claim to be a virgin. St Luke, our heavenly physician will see you straight away". The young girl agreed to be examined.

St Luke was puzzled to find that she was indeed a *virgo intacta* but her hymen had seven little indentations in it. "I have never seen anything like that before" he reported to St Peter "What did she say her name was?"

"Snow White" laughed St Peter!

Courtesy of Doc Smith
Extracted from his book of Epi HHH Jokes



I expected to live happily-ever-after but that was before I discovered she had the names of all SEVEN dwarves tattooed on her arse!

Hash Puppies



36



37

Me fly big chopper
one day!



38



39

Me trainin'
for my first
big jump!



40

Wanna buy a
battleship, mister?



41

Wait til I tell
Dad I got Stick
Man at nursery
school today!



42

Goo Goo Keo
Mama On On

Och away wi'ya!
Beer disn'a
make you pile
on the poonds!



43



44

He's taking the photo now, pull
your bellies in lads!



Five Ex on Pres's -
Jim Burke, Dave Norris,
Jimmy Carroll, Ray Turford &
Ed Parkin



The Hares on
Double Ducks Run 2222
got themselves kitted out in
hats and T shirts



5 sets of ladies lingerie went
missing at Melanda Beach this
summer - Nobby the Bobby is
investigating the theft



INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER!

45



46



The AIRCRAFT CAPTAIN



Those dodgy hash meal pies play one's pites up something rotten still, they beat in-flight catering by On Pres's new mob!



48



Three senior hashers are out on a Tuesday run.

Vic: "Windy today, isn't it?"

Anders: "No, its Thursday!"

Jack: "So am I. Let's go get a Keo."

49



87

A hippie gets on the bus and spots a pretty young nun. He sits down next to her, and asks her "Can we have sex?" "NO," she replies, "I'm married to God." She stands up, and gets off at the next stop. The bus driver, who overheard turns to the hippie and says "I can tell you how to get to have sex with her!" "Yeah?" says the hippie. "Yeah!" says the bus driver. "She goes to the cemetery every Tuesday night at midnight to pray. So all you have to do is dress up in a robe with a hood, put some of that luminous powder stuff in your beard, and pop up in the cemetery claiming to be God." The hippie decides to give it a try, and arrives in the cemetery dressed as suggested on the next Tuesday night. "I am God," he declares to the nun, keeping the hood low about his face. "Have sex with me." The nun agrees without question, but begs him to restrict himself to anal sex, as she is desperate not to lose her virginity. "God" agrees, and promptly has his wicked way with her. As he finishes, he jumps up and throws back his hood with a flourish. "Ha-ha," he cries "I am the hippie!" "Ha-ha," cries the nun. "I am the bus driver!"



A WEEKEND AWAY AT LATCHI ON NOGSIE'S BOAT



"Yeah Drew, every boat has a golden rivet down below and old salts like me know where to find it. I'll show it to you if you like?"

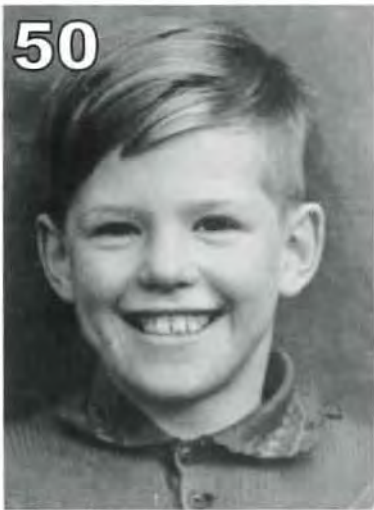


A blonde sat down next to an old golfer on a bus and she noticed that he had several serious looking swellings around the area of his trousers. After a while she couldn't contain her curiosity any longer and asked him what caused this awful condition. "It's golf balls," replied Giles, "Oh dear, you poor thing" she said. "Does it hurt as much as tennis elbow?"

Courtesy of Rev Rushton and 2 million other people

More Hash Pups

50



51



52



53



54



55



84



85



83



See you! That editor bloke
who thinks he's funny?
One day I'll grow a beard
and I'll show him who's
bloody funny!

Two deaf people get married. During the first week of their marriage they find that they are unable to communicate with each other in the bedroom when the lights are out because they cannot see each other's sign language. After several frustrating nights of fumbling around and misunderstandings, the wife proposes a solution. "Darling" she signs. "Why don't we use some simple signals? For example, at night, if you want to have sex with me lean over and squeeze my left breast once. If you don't want to have sex with me squeeze my right breast once instead". Her husband thinks this is a great idea and signs back to his wife: "Good idea. Now if you want to have sex with me, reach over and pull on my plonker once. But if you don't want to have sex with me, pull on my plonker 50 times...!"

Courtesy of John Telford

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



Teacher's Pests

56



57



"OK class, now click on page 44 and choose your answer to question 1.

If you get it right, move on to question 2, 3 and so on until the bell goes, yeh?"

58



59



60



86



Certified True Extract from Epi Hash Joke Book 1993

Richard, Andrew and their wives went on holiday together. After a few days the holiday was getting to be a bit boring and so Richard said to Andrew, "You know, Andrew, I've always fancied swapping partners. What about it?"

"Good idea" replied Andrew. Shall we ask the girls what they think about it?"

So they asked their wives who had no objections, it seems.

About 3 o'clock the next morning, after a few steamy hours of sex,

Andrew turned over in bed and said: "Do you think the girls are having as good a time as we are, Richard?"

A little girl came running into the house crying and miserable from a small cut she just received.

She asked her mother for a glass of cider.

"Why do you want cider?" asked Mum.

"To take the pain away," sobbed the little girl.

Tired of all the tears, her mother poured her a glass.

The little girl immediately put her hand into the drink.

"It doesn't work!" she yelled.

"What do you mean?" asked Mum.

"Well," sniffed the little girl, "I overheard my sister say that whenever she gets a prick in her hand, she can't wait to get it in cider."



AND THERE'S MORE OF THEM THAN YOU THINK!



Doctors in the (Hash) House



"And then they've asked me to go to Cyprus as a locum they must be really bloody pushed!"

61



62



63



65



64

When I grow up I'm gonna be a gino ginco - er - gynicker - sod it a neether tits!



A couple made a deal that whoever died first would come back and inform the other of the afterlife. After a long life, the husband was the first to go, and true to his word he made contact, "Mary. Mary." "Is that you, Fred?" "Yes, I've come back like we agreed" "What's it like?" she asked. "Well, I get up in the morning, I have sex, I have breakfast, off to the golf course, I have sex, I bathe in the sun when its out, and then I have sex twice more. I have lunch, another romp around the golf course, then sex pretty much all afternoon. After supper, golf course again. Then have sex until late at night. The next day it starts again." "Oh, Fred you surely must be in heaven?" "Not exactly, I'm now a rabbit on the golf course."



European Hasher of the Year 2007

Glasgow bombers? 8 Paki doctors - 3 bombs - no deaths.
Harold Shipman, 1 doctor, one syringe. 300 dead. Makes you almost proud to be British!!
Courtesy of *fy* Turford



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Back in 1967 not only was the Epi Hash being formed, another exciting venture was on the drawing boards. Stewart and Maureen Glanville, who that year were squatting in a converted ISO container in Rickmansworth and making a living off the rent from their Rasta lodgers, were about to enter The Big Time! Maureen was knackered after trudging the streets every day in her hot pants and XXL boob tube flogging wallpaper door to door, and bloody Stewie was spending more than her drag home pay bonding with social outcasts under the railway arches, or going to the 'methodists' as he euphemistically called his nights away. Mo wondered for years where he had got this God-loving kick from until she noticed how his breath

ignited whenever she lit the candle they used for central heating. The revelation came to her literally in a flash when she watched him fill up a bloke's lighter by puffing into it. Since then Stewie has never been offered a blowjob, sad to say, unless the donor wore an asbestos suit and fortunately they are not available in ladies size XXL so Mo told me.

One sticky, messy Discontinued Line of a morning, Stewie woke with a mouth like Idi Armin's armpit and decided he would have to become a millionaire. That was the easy bit. How to do this as quickly as possible before the Ronson Renegades got to him again was the problem. He decided to float his chain of wallpaper outlets on a card in the window of the local Post Office and sell shares at betting shops and Andreas Kebab takeaways, in fact anywhere that punters were prepared to take foolish risks. Little did they know at the time how hugely successful it would become we are now talking of the Epi Hash, of course, not wallpaper shops.

Stewie's story gets worse as his empire grew and grew until it was as big as the state of Texas. 'That's a good name' said Mo and so it was born with all that razzamatazz TV potatoes equate with American electioneering. Mo danced on the table with Sarah and Nigel in spangles, bikinis and cowboy hats whilst Stewie posed on the podium like a Terry Wogan-o-gram appealing to the Interior Designer artist in every household to pop out of the pantry (Brits don't have closets). Stewie and Maureen got rich, moved to Cyprus and shipped over their old ISO home full of flat-packed freebie furniture and Special Offers on scraggy tat from Laura Ashley's latest fire sale. Freeze the film! It was at this point that Stewie earned his nickname which is not a cosy family shortening of his full name. Nothing quite that comfortable as we shall see.

In Pissouri Stewie had found Keo in a big way but more important he had identified with a group of like-minded dodgers akin to his old pals from under the arches, sob! Instead of Man at Dustbin designer wear, these suntanned guys wore colourful T shirts and sexy shorts, trod the bondu in grippy trainers and celebrated afterwards in macho fashion with boxes of the golden nectar. Every Tuesday he would pretend to be fit and guzzle the grog before getting home in the dark. One night very late and Fearful of the Wrath Of Maureen, he crept into the house starving after having fallen asleep during the chop at the Famma G. Now Stewie tells the tale: "I was ravenously hungry, and there was this delicious aroma coming out of the kitchen. Crept through and opened the oven a still-warm casserole just for me! How I loved my Mo at moment. Grabbing a spoon I scooped the meat and wiped up the gravy with a slice of bread. The kitchen door swung open and there was the unmistakeable Junoesque figure of Her Indoors: "Glanny, what the hell are you doing?" she roared. "That's not stew - that was the dog's dinner of lights and leftovers from the butchers, you greedy bugger!"

And so, Best Beloved, from that day forth his new nickname was to be Stewie. Oh yes, the Texas HC thingy. Yes it worked out OK and a local Jewish betting shop owner called Ladenbruch bought Stewie out, changed his name to Ladbrokes and the rest, as we say on the Hash, is history.

HAPPY HASHERS



She told me we couldn't afford Keo beer anymore and I would have to give up Hashing.

Then I caught her spending £65 on make-up.

I asked her how come I had to give up my Keo and Hashing and she didn't have to save on that stuff? She said she had to buy the make-up to look good for me. I told her that was what the Keo was for.

The doc thinks that once the bruising has gone, my balls will eventually drop down again.

Lassies & Laddies



Bunny girls at
Melanda Beach

It's lassies in
shorts or laddies
in skirts take
your pick !

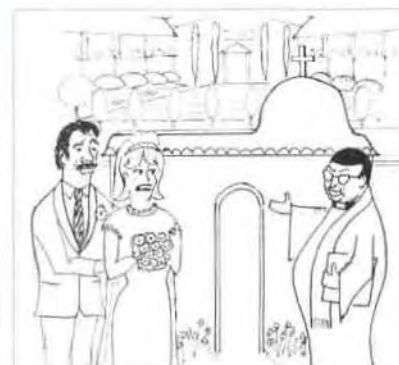


This group of Epi hashers sang and danced on stage at Curium to thunderous applause from their wives. They will be doing it again at the Hash Revue during the 40th Anniversary weekend, probably without getting the clap this time.



The famous old RAF recruiting poster of a comic strip figure said to be responsible for half the Epi Hash being in Cyprus today -
On On Biggles!

Wedding Belles



"Right then boyo. The chap-el is a little bit small so I'll go inside to conduct the ceremony, and you both stand out h'yer and shoul your answers through the door, like?"



A senior hasher said to his 85 year old buddy:
 "So I hear you're getting married?"
 "Yep!"
 "Do I know her?"
 "Nope!"
 "This woman, is she good looking?"
 "Not really."
 "Is she a good cook?"
 "No, she can't cook too well."
 "Does she have lots of money?"
 "Nope! Poor as a church mouse."
 "Well then, is she good in bed?"
 "I don't know."
 "Why in the world do you want to marry her then?"
 "Because she can still drive!"

Courtesy of David Wright

A hasher and his wife were working in their garden one Tuesday morning when he looked over at her and said "Y'know what darling. Your bum's got really big. I mean big! I bet it is bigger than our BBQ!"

With that he got out a measuring tape and proceeded to measure his wife's bum and the BBQ grill. "Yep" he cried. "I was right. Your bum is 4 inches bigger than our grill".

When he got back from the hash later that evening he was feeling frisky and made advances to his wife who was having none of it.

"What's wrong, darling?" He asked, to which she replied in no uncertain terms:

"If you think I am going to fire up this Big-Arse grill for one measly little sausage, you've got another think coming!"

Courtesy of Laurie Mitchell

ROLL OF ON PRES'S

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 1998
Dave Norris	16 January 2000
Bob Bensley	21 January 2001
Jimmy Carroll	20 October 2001
Mike Ball	1 May 2003
Jim Burke	June 2004
Brian Login	May 2005
Ed Parkin	June 2006
Peter Viney	May 2007

The Hasher's Love Poem

Of course I love ya darling
You're a bloody top notch bird.
And when I say you're gorgeous
I mean every single word.

So ya bum is on the big side...
I don't mind a bit of flab.
It means that when I'm ready
There's somethin there to grab.

So your belly isn't flat no more...
I tell ya, I don't care.
So long as when I cuddle ya
I can get my arms round there.

No sheila who is your age
Have nice round perky breasts.
They just gave in to gravity,
But I know ya did ya best.

I'm tellin ya the truth now,
I never tell ya lies...
I think it's very sexy
That you've got dimples on ya thighs.

I swear on me nanna's grave now...
The moment that we met
I thought u was as good as I
Was ever gonna get.

No matter wot u look like
I'll always love ya dear.
Now shut up while the rugby's on...
And fetch another beer!

Courtesy of Mike Ball

The Lotus Eaters



Nogsy and Sid on holiday hired a boat and went sea fishing. It was a very successful day with a large catch. As they prepared to return to shore Sid took out his biro and marked a big cross in the bottom of the boat. "What's you doing that for?" asked Nogsy. "I want to make sure we get back to exactly the same good spot tomorrow" replied Sid. "You daft ha'porth" raved Nogsy "We might not get the same boat again tomorrow!"

MEDICAL TERMINOLOGY FOR THE HASHER

Courtesy of Doc Smith

ARTERY	the study of fine paintings
ARTHRITIS	the pain of the last Fiscal Officer
BACTERIA	back door to a cafeteria
BANDAGES	The Rolling Stones
BARIUM	what you do when treatment fails
BENIGN	after you be eight
CAESAREAN SECTION	a district in Rome
CARDIOLOGY	study of poker, bridge, 3-card brag etc
CAT SCAN	searching for your lost kitty
CAUTERISE	made eye contact with her
COMA	a punctuation mark
CONGENITAL	Tuesday afternoons and evenings
DILATE	to live longer
ENTERITIS	a penchant for burglary
FESTER	Jim Burke and Nogsy run this way
FIBRILLATE	to tell lies
GENES	blue denims, the tighter the better
GENITAL	non-Jewish
HAEMORRHOID	a male from outer space
HERPES	what the girls do in the Ladies Room
HORMONES	when you get home
IMPOTENT	Joint Masters and senior officers
INPATIENT	tired of waiting
LABOUR PAIN	hurt at work
NITRATE	higher than day rate
NODE	was aware of
ORGANIC	church musician
OUTPATIENT	a person who has fainted
PARALYSE	two far-fetched stories
PATHOLOGICAL	the most obvious "On" after a Check
POST-OPERATIVE	he delivers your letters
PROTEIN	in favour of young people
RECOVERY ROOM	bedroom on a Wednesday morning
RED BLOOD COUNT	Dracula
SALINE	off the Turkish coast with Jack Blocki
SECRETION	hiding things
SEROLOGY	the study of the Honours List
STETHOSCOPE	helps you to see the proprietor of the Epi Pub
TABLET	a small table
TERMINAL ILLNESS	getting sick at the airport
TRIPLE BYPASS	Dan Carter passes wide out to Joe Rokocoko
TUMOR	Carter's converted another try!
URINE	the words players hope to hear from the coach
VEIN	England rugby supporters!?!

The Ancient Time Honoured Epi Hash Ceremony of anointing the new On Pres with Keo and the swearing In of the Joint Masters has not changed in decades of ritual and good humour - On On!



On Pres Elect Peter Viney squats on the Epi Hash ceremonial WC rehearsing his speech as Jim Burke & a Hoodie prepare the Keo bottle poised above his head ready for the pulling of the WC chain.



The Master of Ceremonies calls on the On Pres Elect to swear an oath of allegiance to the Great God Keo. The outgoing On Pres, Ed Parkin, has the pleasure of pulling the chain to anoint the 42nd On Pres with Golden Keo liquid. Peter Viney gave his inaugural address to the Hash at Melanda Beach in May 2007.

Tail End Charlies





"Alice? Alice?
Who the Eff was Alice?
Interhash Anthem '96"



Ray Turford doing the traditional 'Cn't in the Sea' during one of our popular summer Runs from Melanda Beach, always ending with a Fat Boy's BBQ courtesy of Nogsie, the Grey Gourmet



"See that Tom McMotorway - he'll try anything tae keep up wi' yon racing snakes these days, ye ken?"



"Bloody hell. England lost again - its gonna be a bad day at the Hash on Tuesday... Costas! Get this lot cleared away before the ladies arrive for their coffee morning" 1999

No 1 - Richard Gere? No, sorry ladies, it's **Mike Borner**, a fitness fanatic from a very early age, who volunteered for the Airborne Forces in order to prepare himself for hashing in later life. That idea did not get him off the ground much so after 35 years thinking about it he decided to try something new and joined the Bark-Rain HHH where he quickly proved to the expat world that hashing really was his thing. Mike is now Runmaster for the Epi HHH, and marches through the bondu leading his pack of wobbly old farts like a headhunter from Borneo. A keen G & T taster, B & Hove Albion fan and Prastio meze gourmet, Mike's MEM was when his mother telephoned his CO to find out why he had not written to her for 9 months sounds familiar! On On Mike - but do mind how you go, old chap.



No 2 - **Peter Hogg** was clearly inspired by the shiny extras on his sister's Vespa when designing his own uniform for this Hunky Male 1967 calendar competition. At the age of 15 he ran away from balls-chilling Scotland to join the English Army and get a pair of breeks, and promptly posted into the Highland Div so he had to wear a kilt anyway. After the usual pissups in BAOR where the whisky was duty free, Peter had a bash at offshore yacht sailing thinking that once outside the 3-mile limit, the purser would appear to open shop. He was to be so disappointed. Now as Hash Cash he lectures us all on the glorious history of the British Army as a sort of penance for the trouble he caused it as a young sodjer! Robbie Burns would have approved. On On Peter!

No 3 - Sharp-shooting, fast-talking, (non-stop-talking come to think of it) **John Ernest Telford** was born in Bombay and came to Epi in 1964 with the Royal Signals where he met his charming wife Carylin on a blind date. JET had once been the Army Hurdles Champion and knew thing or three about speed and agility so in 2002 he joined the Epi Hash. John-Boy, as he is now better known, having travelled the world by RAF trooping flights, also knew how to hang about and be abused so for him hashing was just perfect. John's MEM was when his red-setter dog had a 'dump' in his boss's office. John did not get a bonus that Christmas. On On John-Boy!



No 4 - Being a thrifty Scot, **Tom McSherry** saved on paper and ink by not sending in his CV, but he is a tough old egg and can stand to suffer. Tom was one of dozens of street-urchins dragged out of a Glaswegian gutter by the local Kirk. Fed on porridge since birth, he always loved having his oats and so does his sweet wifelet Ann and their 5 children and 16 grandchildren and still counting. Ex-On Pres, ex-Quartermaster, ex-RSM, ex-Scottish dancer, and ex-Check Finder, Tom rejoices in his role as a grey tracksuit and volunteers to sing and dance to amuse English people whenever he gets the chance. Tom's MEM was when he was RSM he ordered a visitor out of the Mess for wearing sunglasses at the bar. The guy apologised profusely, picked up his white stick and tapped his way out. Lang may your Lum reek, On On Tommy!

A Greek and an Italian were debating one day who had the superior culture. The Italian says "We have the Coliseum". The Greek replies "We have the Parthenon and we have the greatest mathematicians". The Italian gets all excited and shouts "We had the Roman Empire and we invented sex!" "True" says the Greek "But it was us who introduced it to women!"

EXTRACTS FROM OFFICERS' CONFIDENTIAL REPORTS *Courtesy of Sid Swan*
 "This Officer sets himself a low standard and fails to achieve it..."

No 5 - The dashing arab slouched over the wheel is actually **Colin Garland** possibly during his 14 years with the UNWA in Lebanon. Bristolborn Colin spent 25 years in the Army and as his CO often wrote in his report, he was all over the bloody place. At Blundell's Reform School CG was known as Judy, half a popular seaside double-act older hashers may recall, and presumably this led him to consider a stage career. In fact he met his wife Jane at a pantomime in Muscat so his make-up must have helped. CG likes ouzo, fish, Bristol FC and prefers France to the Famma G, and his MEM was in the city of that name in 1959 when he asked General Kennedy, the Director of Military Operations, if he was the Naafi Manager? From then on, CG sought to find his vocation elsewhere. On On CG!!



No 6 - Young **Bill Ferguson** seen here holding the cup he won as Junior Army Badminton Champion 1967, rose through the ranks from Sapper to Lieutenant Colonel due to his ability to hit a feathered cork with a big bat better than many others. He is having a house built in Souni so he can walk to most of our RVs and enjoy the Keo better. Bill is married to Sue or Clive Clayton, er, something like that, and claims tea and curry as his favourite diet, supports Glentoran (?) and likes to holiday in Hong Kong. An Army Brat, Bill was raised in Dundalk where he had to defend his faith and that has made him who he really is today, a convicted churchgoer and active Christian. He has no MEM, except perhaps this brief personal description, On On Bill!

No 7. This super-smart artillery sergeant major with a personal breathing apparatus is **Geoff Fryatt**, the author and cartoonist, painter and entrepreneur, car dealer and cat lover, rambler and raconteur, singer and showman, all those talents others can only aspire to. Trouble with GF is, he can't run. This is a bit of a bugger on the hash but he struggles on and on, up dale and down hill, scratched and sweating back to the RV and here comes the real choker he doesn't drink beer! That makes him popular on Tuesdays with the drinking members from Erimi and is his way of making friends. If he started to drink Keo properly like real men do, perhaps he could run so much better? GF is married to the lovely Doris, and their son Alex is an Epi Hash Exile in UK. On On GF!



No 8. Andy Twell posing in the earrings he wears with his nurse's outfit at TPMH when Ray Turford is not looking. 'Naughty Nancy' as he prefers to be known, did not send in his CV. AT joined the Epi hash sometime early this year as a break from the heady whirl of patchwork quilting, flower arranging and gossiping at the One Stop, which is what most of the staff at Princess M's seem to do all day. He spends a lot of his spare time knitting for the baby he is expecting, although to be honest his wife is doing the difficult bit, and we will have to chuckle when he lays his hash trail using shredded Pampers for a change.

Get plenty of sleep whilst you can, Andy, and On On!

No 9. You would think that **Nick Smith's** role model was Bamber Gasbag from Uni Challenge, but Nick originally joined the Epi HH *Harriers* because he thought there were dogs involved. Nick and Jane spend at least 5 days a week at the dog sanctuary, I suppose it saves cooking at home? A leading light in the HV Hash and always willing to jump up on the table at the drop of Keo and proclaim his joy at being a hasher, Nick supports Man U, is happy to eat Chum or Chappie, drinks Keo and any freebies, is a member of the RNA and is fully micro-chipped and vaccinated if you want to take him walkies? Nick did not send in a CV. Nick wants to be the first man to be for On Pres of two hashes at once. On On Nick!



No 10. This old bag is really **Ted Dagg** at one time a bosom pal of Ray Turford - who pops into Cyprus whenever Vanman has to do a crit and tells all his jokes for him. Ted did tell some good ones and many of us have raised a laugh elsewhere by borrowing his wit. Ted's repertoire of good jokes has been upstaged by Google offering easy access to millions of jokes to order, on any topic under the Cyprus sun, but as they always say on the tele, Ted, "It's the way I tell 'em!" and that is so very true. Ask Vanman and On Pres! On On Ted!

No 11. Striking a playboy pose at Torquay is our **Laurie Mitchell** aged 19. Slim, suave and practising pocket billiards, LM is a Wiltshire lad and after his apprenticeship he lost his soul to lust, marriage, got divorced and had to start over. Lots of travel and setting up his own welding business, building oil rigs in his bathroom and repairing cars in the toilet, he made enough money to retire early to Cy with Dee and he judges his happiness level as 'High' lucky chap. LM prefers the green bottle beer, any meze, and F1 racing. He has been 10 years with the Epi HHH, is a very successful Hash Haberdash, and his MEM is not unique it was having to keep a straight face listening to Nogsie sing Karaoke as if he really was trying his best. Thanks for your help, Laurie, and On On!



No 12. This dashing hasher was captain of Man University RUC and ran the London marathon in 196 minutes, so that must have been one helluva day and made young **Giles Day** day, er, yes. Boo Boo as he was once known, comes from Wales and had his first job in the mines of Zambia so he didn't have to wash the coal dust off too often. He met Val when she stomped him at a match in 1969 in the IoM and he's never been the same since. Boo Boo likes Corona cerveza with lime (this is not *Hello*, Giles, this is a bloody hash mag), any old food as long as it is from Prastio. His MEM was when two older ladies looked over his hedge in Pissouri when he was skinny-dipping and said "We were just admiring your huge dish" or he says it sounded like 'dish'. On On Giles!

No 13. Who is this smart wee woofah from Belfast? It is our **Gary Montgomery** at his first wedding back in the 70s, but we don't know who the groom was. Then Gary was a Tool Fitter and he ended up Managing Director of *Fit Tools*, a sort of well-man clinic dispensing Viagra to hashers all over the province. They had no Keo, you see! After marrying Joan he went on a vodka & coke diet to wash down the Chinese take-always and took up golf as a low risk sport. Things started to go wrong when he bought a place in Cy and helped Jimmy to carry Stewie home one night. From then on he was an Epi Hasher and holds the record for getting his 100th Run Tankard after only 14 years of hashing. Gary's MEM was being caught wearing a polka dot tie with a striped shirt! On On Gary!



No 14. First hasher to hand in his photos and CV was **Drew Muir** and what a big surprise. I did not know your dad was a Cypriot, Drew? Drew was a Scottish Banker most of his life, now he just sounds like one. An excellent Hash Cash in his day, gardener and mon-about-the-hoose if you need one. Sentenced to 6 years in the Orkneys, he was mobile most days twixt the isles, the noo, where he met and wed Bonny Maggie o' the Bank. Drew loves Keo and vodka, one after the other I presume, Maggie's roast lamb, and holidays in New York with the Scottish Rugby Team (?) His MEM was ending up face down in Lago Maggiore Italy having dived in wearing a floating ring that slipped to his feet and left him upside down unable to get his head out of the water! On On Drew!

No 15. That was not really Elvis Presley, of course, but he had Brian Smith in a panic for a moment. Actually It is **Colin Winyard** who he? I will explain. Colin was introduced to the hash by John-Boy, his neighbour, and comes from Essex where he began life as a chartered accountant. By 1980 he was partner in an off-shore firm and like so many he wanted a new start. Now married to Pat from Surrey, he still practices as a CA when not in Cy. Unusually, Colin likes Keo beer, Italian food, Arsenal and holidays in Malaysia. Don't we all! Another Prastio fan and his MEM was when staying at a Holiday Inn, he fell asleep with a bar of chocolate in his hand and had to explain to the chamber-maid that the brown stuff on the sheets was not what she thought it was! On On Colin!



No 16. This innocent choirboy lost in a dream is really our own young **Bob Bensley** thinking how he can get his wicked way with worr Thelma without her Dad finding out. Benza, which is Geordie for Sir, is from Cumbria where he went to Cowgate Prep making powdered milk instead of a proper school before winning an acting job as John Inman's stand in for the TV show 'R U Being Served?' As a policeman Benza made a good Lollipop Lady so it was inevitable he would rise to be Deputy Chief Constable for the SBA so he could go fishing, hashing, sailing, mend furniture (?) and build up his second-hand car dealership. An ex-On Pres and much given to long drawn out public speaking, Benza is a generous feller, Thelma is a lovely lass, and so On On Bonny Lad!

No 17. **Ian McCardle** suffers from an excess of personality - he never knows who he is on any given day. His CV reads like the Yellow Pages for the whole McCardle clan as he claims to have been a soldier, policeman, investigator, marksman, firearms expert, house builder, mechanic, groundsman, painter, fisherman and hasher all rolled into one. (He knew better than to mention golfer!) Famous for his Highland Thrift, Ian can smell a freebie from 50 kms away and who can ever forget his question when invited to a 'Bring a Bottle Party' "Does it have to be a full one?" With Morag and Douglas, he lives next door to where he lived next door and offers all and sundry his ideas on any subject whatever without being asked. Ex Chieftain of the Pudden' Race, Ian invented Scotland so as to have something else to rave on about. On On Ian!



No 18. Now this will be a surprise to the young feller as he did not know we had this photo. It is none other than our own **Jimmy Carroll** to be sure. Wearing the dress uniform of the Disneyland Police Jimmy, who just missed being called Valentine by the way, liked the feel of the rough serge on his skin so instead of a planned career in the merchant navy he joined the Force and toured with the Police RU team all over the civilised world. He met his lovely wife Heather at a Crime Squad party when he stole her supper as a joke. The paramedics eventually got the fork out of his leg and he moved to Cy to enjoy 'social intercourse with turtles?' Whatever turns you on, and now as an ex On Pres Jimmy relaxes with a cigar and the combination to Stewie's drinks cabinet. On On Jimmy!

On the night of a Halloween costume party a couple were having trouble picking suitable outfits. After a while the wife got mad and stormed out of the room. Fifteen minutes later she came back completely naked except for a lemon between her legs. The husband looked at her for a moment and then stormed out of the room himself. Twenty minutes passed and then he came back himself with a potato around his dick. The wife gave him a weird look and then the husband replied, "If you're going as a sour-puss, I going as a dictator".

No 19. The tie tells you that this is a pupil from a well-known Limassol school and it is of course our own **Mark Foley** from Catterick, where he foolishly joined the Royal Signals. Mark soon left the Army (thank goodness) and wandered from one crappy job to another, including a great career break in the Police until he found he was actually expected to do some physical work with drunks (sounds like a useful hasher) so he decided to join the opposition and became a barman. Finally moving to Cy himself, he met and married Gay and entered the family business as a bursar where he could play Monopoly with real money and fly his aeroplane, enjoy good wine, good food and Tony Flower. He does not have an MEM or a good joke to share, yawn, so On On Mark!



No 20. This photo looks like a fat version of **Tony Flower**, doesn't it? That's because it is. In the days when the Humberside police canteen served cheap evening specials, Tony never missed a call for seconds. As a sailor he had been right round the world many times inside an engine room, boxed, played rugby and football for the navy, small n, and met lovely Mary at a dance in the live nurses' quarters on HMS Excellent (?). Tony spent 14 years as a copper because he thought dark blue suited him, and likes curry with Guinness (it must have been hell in that engine room the next day) (poor Mary, too). Tony's MEM was when he was refuelling HMS Londonderry and covered the Captain with diesel fuel. Tony joined the hash in 2004 and has also run with HV and A HHH. He's a lot thinner now, so On On Tony!

No 88. The youngest of our Bobbies is **Kevin Luckhurst** who slipped into the Epi Hash sometime in the recent past disguised as a Bruce Springsteen-O Gram complete with tattoos and unshaven jaw. Up to now we haven't had the pleasure of hearing his version of 'Bored in the UKCA' but be patient, he eventually produces the goods as his wife DCI Jackie can prove. A Faversham, Kent lad, KL was a police cadet from the tender age of 17 and a dog handler for 13 years, was an ugly hockey player, enjoys water sports and is nifty on the dance floor with enough Keo inside him. Led astray by Nobby and Jimmy (what's new?) and enjoys his hashing, roast beef with crisp fat, supports West Ham, would choose Lanzarote over Hawaii for his leave, and wants to be as good at hashing as On Pres. On On Kev!



No 21. From the giddy heights of Button Boy at HMS Ganges to Nobby the Bobby or Rear Admiral of the SBA Banana Boat ride, there is no mistaking even this slim version of Able Seaman **Nobby Hall** in his sailor-boy outfit. A jolly Jack Tar if ever there was one, Nigel (?) was 30 years cruising the seas, bars and wars of the world and breaking hearts in many ports until he met sweet Helen on a Blind Drunk Date and was smitten. Nobby eats and drinks beer, supports West Ham, is a Hon Citizen of Maryland, known as Mary's (?) and even enjoys American beer. Not unexpectedly, Nobby has had many a MEM such as the time he told his Captain that an old professor invited him to dinner the host turned out to be the German President! And HQ NI still recalls the morning after Nobby's birthday bash when the whole of the staff were incapable of working thanks to N's record monthly mess bill of nearly £900! Something he has been trying to improve on ever since - On On Nobby!

What's the difference between anxiety and panic?

- Anxiety is the first time a man can't get it up the second time.
- Panic is the second time he can't get it up the first time.



No 22. Lost in a 'Condor Moment' as he often is on the Hash, **Roger Smith** spent 24 years deciding if he should stay in the RN or sign off. As an Aircraft Mechanic on HMS's Bulwark, Ark Royal, Fearless, etc, names that resound with British history, he drifted the amusement arcades of life until he swiped Ann from a mate in his soccer team, jumped ship and bought a pair of newsagent shops in Wiltshire where they spent 20 happy years getting up at 4 am to sort out the paper-boys, yawn. A sharp rugby player all his early life, Roger tried hashing in Cy as his last chance to shine for which he blames Laurie. An Arsenal fan, beef stroganoff and any old lager is his tippie and he too, likes the USA for a run ashore. Roger's MEM was on his honeymoon (no sailor jokes please) when he was in a bar waiting to fly to Jersey he pulled out a £10 note and a cloud of confetti and ancient RN issue condoms flew all over the counter. On On Roger!

No 23. This Bluey has every right to look smug, sitting in a flash MG in Singapore with his starched kit and his Boogey Street boyfriend taking the photo for him. Yes, **Andrew Noyes** lived the life of his dreams as big, strong young men called him Sir and offered to carry his umbrella on patrol. Andrew climbed the ladder of Marine life, not quite as messily as David Attenborough's films portray it, but he did bob around a bit as he reveals in his surprisingly intimate CV. He met Jackie when he was 4 years old and once she saw his Beano it was love at first sight! AN loves whisky soda, roast lamb, Men United (?) and Oz for hols. He once ran 400 metres for the Navy when he organised a lunch for Prince Philip, who asked for a light ale. None in stock so A dashed over the road to a busy pub and tried to get to the bar shouting "I am buying a beer for the Duke of Edinburgh!" to which came words like "Yes, mine's for Adolf Hitler" "Barlux" etc...I bet he blushed something rotten - On On Andrew!



No 24. Like his oppo Nobby, **Clive 'Tony' Flower** - alias Colly in the Andrew - was not always a copper. Read of his exciting time as a stoker at No 20.



No. 25. This will surprise you as even his bubbly wife Pat can hardly remember **Ian Dobson** looking slim, elegant and dynamic as Chief Engineer Officer Dobbo. Note the body language - feet boldly braced against the roll of the ship, left hand busy pocket-juggling, right hand ready to draw his imaginary Colt and head slightly to one side as if ready to run. Leeds born lad Ian lives half his life on drilling ships, half in Kolossi and half(?) on his boat in Laatchi, loves chilli crab and scuba diving. He met and married Pat in 10 weeks when she was a mud-wrestling act in a pub in Stockton on Tees (so he says) and that has been his favourite sport ever since. His MEMs include blocking the main runway of Changi airport when a ship he was towing ran aground; and being arrested in Chicago for suffering a nocturnal discharge into Lake Michigan. Dobbo is well known locally as an exorcist invite him to your house and all your spirits will disappear...On On Dobbo and long live Status Quo!

A boy and his date were parked on a back road some distance from town, doing what boys and girls do on back roads some distance from town, when the girl stopped the boy.

"I really should have mentioned this earlier, but I'm actually a hooker and I charge £20 for sex." The boy reluctantly paid her, and they did their thing.

After a cigarette, the boy just sat in the driver's seat looking out the window.

"Why aren't we going anywhere?" asked the girl.

"Well, I should have mentioned this before, but I'm actually a taxi driver, and the fare back to town is £25"



No 26. Epi Hash takes on a European flavour with the inclusion of the Royal Danish Navy in the slim Nordic shape of **Anders Tholle** from Copenhagen. Rather than staying stranded in Greenland for 3 years, Anders ran away to sea as a Radio Officer and then spent 10 years on holiday in Africa for the UN before being forced to live in luxury in Geneva for 20 years with his childhood sweetheart Wanda. He grew up to be the Chief of Admin with the UN in Cy, Egypt, Israel and Lebanon ranked as a Brigadier! Anders swims in Aquavit every morning, snacks on pasta and can't believe he is 76 years old already? His Cy MEM was on a bike during a Triathlon when he ended up totally lost in the Akrotiri MQs patch. For an aged non-Brit expat to survive 15 enjoyable years with the great Epi Hash shows the boy has some talent after all On On Anders!

No 27. As an ex Commando RSM from the Falklands War, living up to his reputation as an 'Action Man' has kept **Pat Chapman** focussed throughout his military career. Having to constantly change his uniform from Life Guards to Frogman to Redcap and then back to the shop to be fitted with his gripping hands, life was one long hustle from corn flakes to cocoa time. Pat was a Mountain Warfare Specialist and is famous for his free-climbing feats; spent 22 dark winters in Norway; a parachuting instructor; travelled the globe top to bottom and rounded Cape Horn 40 times (?) plays the fiddle and an Irish whistle badly; and still sleeps with his skis on. He was ordered to marry his charming wife Sheena by his RSM but by now she is getting used to the duvet being like a tent every night (the skis of course). Pat loves port, lasagne and Montevideo. His MEM was whilst addressing 300 Sergeants Mess Members at a dinner night, his clip bow tie flew off and landed in his coffee, for which he was awarded a round of applause and his para wings. On On Pat!



No 28. With a magnifying glass one can spot who this cute Merchant Navy cadet is. It is our own Little Fart- **Jim Burke**. More about Jim and how he could have been the sixth Beattle later.

No 29. This tea towel toothy grinning arab is of course **David Norris**, ex On Pres and one time famous Army cake decorator, who claims he can swear better than Gordon Ramsey and we believe him. A Stoke on Trent lad, Dave was shoved into the Catering Corps to learn how to wash dishes and ended up marrying Sid Swan's little sister Eleanor after rubbing against her at an Alma Cogan concert! In training he shared time with Denis Nielsen, who went on to butcher 17 young men so Dave became a chef with Sid and poisoned thousands of the poor buggers. As a crack rifle shot, he fell asleep during an SAS ambush in Aden and the mark of the award they gave him is often visible on his backside. Nogsie loves dressing up as a Queen (?) and threw the TV Mr T out of the BBC nightclub in Chicago; drinks most things, eats chicken jelfrazi and cheers Port Vale. His (and Eleanor's) MEM was to be caught in the act by 5 council painters all crammed onto one ladder looking into their bedroom window! On On Nogsie!



A construction worker came home just in time to find his wife in bed with another man. So he dragged the man down the stairs to the garage and puts the guy's dick in a vice. He secured it tightly and removed the handle. Then he picked up a hacksaw. The man, terrified, screamed, "STOP! STOP! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO CUT IT OFF, ARE YOU??!?" The husband said, with a gleam of revenge in his eye: "Nope. You are. I'm going to set the garage on fire."



No 30. Suitably sandwiched twixt 2 pix of his brother in law is **Sid Swan**, who was lured into Cyprus by the Norrises, sun and Keo beer. Sid is a born Scotsman, true, and as a military chef he served spuds in most of BAOR and was soon commissioned for marrying his drill instructor's daughter Daphne. Sid excelled at most sports, especially competitive shooting; likes Budweiser 'cos it's cheap and nobody else tries to drink his fridge dry; Thai & Indian grub, and St Lucia for the hols. He left the Army early and worked the night slop shift for Merrychef for 11 years and is now chopping chips for the Bases contractor supervised by...? See above. Sid's MEM was when he was pissed in a German pub and tried to liberate a huge ashtray, only to find it was chained to the table and he crashed over onto his Arsch and was thrown into the street. On On Sid!

No 31. No prizes for guessing this poser's name. He sent in so many photos it was embarrassing! Mind you, Sid helped with a few crackers as well whoops!

No 32. The top serving squaddie in the Epi Hash is **Russell Coombes**, late Royal Irish and our man in the Kremlin but not for much longer. Russ was born in Ballybarmey as the 7th child of a 6th child so he just missed being lucky and has had to spend his life earning a crust. He was the only boy in his class paid in crusts, everyone else got cash. As a result his first girlfriend was a pretty pigeon called Paddy, who persuaded him to get a job working with large numbers of people so he became the Burke family babysitter. Promotion soon followed and he was posted to Cy on a top sinecure to teach the Hash how to drink Keo. Russ did not send in his CV, claiming pressure of holidays. He hopes to do at least one Crit before he goes - On On Russ!



No 33. This shotgun-toting cowboy minus Stetson is **Will Drysdale** and we will learn more of him later. Here he is in the days when he was a Medical Officer in Dhekelia Garrison and still had his own hair and waistline. Obviously Will bought his clothes at the Thrift Shop then, too.



No 34. One of these two gentlemen is **Wilf Telford**, the other is probably John-boy. Born in India and schooled in Egypt, Wilf signed on as quickly as he could to become an intelligence specialist before they sussed the truth. In those days, anyone who could read was shoved into that job and if they could also do joined up writing they became officers. Cushy number, but Wilf yearned for the challenge and hearing the call of adventure he became a Schoolie in BAOR, Holland and Cy. Barbara decoded his chat up line in GCHQ Cheltenham and after he left the Army in 1988 he set up a training company that was finally a plc. Wilf is an easy to please wino & fish and chips lover and England RU fan. His MEM was turning up at a Fancy Dress Party dressed as a woman when it was actually a posh black tie dinner. The MEM was that nobody actually noticed! On On Wilf!

No 35. This grinning Sgt Bilko is really **Chris Clowes**. A slick fast talking operator as Garrison Quartermaster *and* he also comes from Stoke on T. Chris has skived off in every country the Army sent him to, which has given him a taste for anything alcoholic, fillet steak, Port Vale (?) and St Tropez. Chris met Denise at a Soul Club in S on T and liked the way she bulled her toecaps and as he was looking for a batman, she was it! As King of Black Boxes, signs and sundry other Hash kit, Chris keeps up with best of them on the Run. His MEM was in BAOR as the driver of an armoured vehicle he crept in the woods one night and unknowingly crapped all over his braces and got back into vehicle and went to sleep whilst his mates argued about where the stink was coming from. No flies on you now, Chris and On On!



No 36 looking as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth is chubby little **Andrew Noyes** aged 2 shortly before he met Jackie, his wife-to-be several decades hence by the way so On On Andrew!

Staring skywards at No 37 with his first fiancé is of course **Mike 'Bolo' Ball** from Tenby. Mike cannot recall if he went to school or not, as if it made any difference to a roughie-toughie Commando Red Beret and AAC REME PTI (C.R.A.P.T. for short) who was God's gift to women all his life for several weeks at a time. Mike likes any beer anywhere anytime, and has sampled a few all over the globe at HM expense. His worst MEM was landing at Heathrow one day to see a huge balloon flying above the Baggage check wishing some poor twat a 'Happy Birthday' and then Chrissie popped out and all the passengers sang it to him. His claim to fame was as acting barman at a French Foreign Legion brothel in Corsica, he never once sampled the house wine, so to speak. Les jeune filles thought he was une poofah and the Legionnaires thought 'Quelle un wanker' On On Mike!



No 38 Bill Ferguson could not be more different to No 37 if he tried.

Swinging in at No 39 is that **Mike Borner** once again, who started his fitness training very early in life so he could pass P Company and be a para like Bolo. Looks like he never washed his little legs either, Mickey, and he has been practising how to dribble down his bib ready for old age as a Keo drinker as well. On On Mike!

This mini sailor boy at No 40 loitering with intent outside the saloon bar has to be lapsed hashier **David 'Marksie' Marks**, who started out as a Naval Officer but fell out with the 1st Sea Lord when his submarine grew too big. He was invited to join the R Signals for a few years until they discovered millions of missing dots and dashes hidden in his lingerie drawer and he was transferred to the Ordnance Corps as Back Scrubber in Chief in a Mobile Bath Unit. A few years in Zimbabwe and 20 more working on his Lego house in Lemona left Marksie with rough hands so he lost that job too. Now he drives for Charity, Maggie Charity to be exact, and let's see you back on the trail, Corporal and On On Marksie!



No 41 is the other half of the Secret Sapper Sex Cult that is springing up in the JC of Zanaja so this has to be **Clive Clayton**, known to his school mates as 'wingnut'. His first job was as human anemometer. Seated on a gramophone with a needle up his bum he could tell you the wind speed whilst whistling along to "When the Saints" and was very popular in the Naafi bar in the days before juke-boxes. In later Sapper life he was a standby cement mixer and when held head down in a 40 gallon oil drum Clive got up to an output of 2 skiploads per day. In his spare time he was a male model for 'Before plastic surgery' and occasionally acted on TV as a sound reflector for Top of the Pops. Clive did not send in a CV. He is wed to the lovely, newly blonde Ann, and for that he gets On On Clive!

No 41A is thought to be **Christopher Snaith**, one time military man who appears occasionally on the odd run here or there. He is a bit like a zit on your backside that travels around your sweaty parts and you can never get rid of. He is always full of excuses as to why nots and not yet's of life in Cy, and one of those is to do more Hares

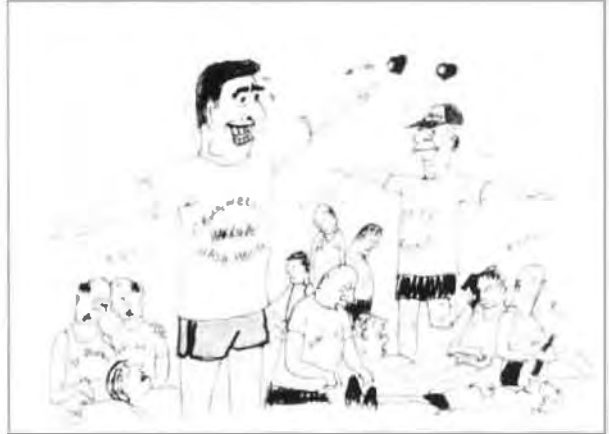
before he leaps off to the Yemen or Libya or somewhere really horrible like Stoke on T. He keeps his family in a wooden shed at the bottom of his garden or maybe they prefer it that way? Chris did not send in a CV so your turn next in the barrel and On On Chris!



"Well, y'see all new On Press's try to have a few tricks up their sleeve, but this guy obviously seems to have more spare time than most..."



"... and so we celebrate the Bottle of Britain every year because never in the field of human conflict have so many been put to sleep by so few!"



Jack-In-the-Box:
"Zat will teach you to block a bloody Blocki from his bloody beer ziss is the biggest bloody cock up since Narvik!"



"All I said to him was 'Jack, I hear you are from Poland. Do you think you could do something about my leaking toilet?'"

Read it to you?
I bloody know him!



A woman and a man are involved in a car accident; it's a bad one. Both of their cars are totally demolished but amazingly neither of them was hurt. After they crawl out of their cars, the woman says, "Wow, just look at our cars! There's nothing left, but fortunately we are unhurt. This must be a sign from God that we should meet and be friends and live together in peace for the rest of our days." The man replied, "I agree with you completely. This must be a sign from God!" The woman continued, "And look at this, here's another miracle. My car is completely demolished but this bottle of wine didn't break. Surely God wants us to drink this wine and celebrate our good fortune." Then she hands the bottle to the man. The man nods his head in agreement, opens it, drinks half the bottle, and extends it back to the woman. Politely, the woman refuses to accept the bottle. The man asks, "Aren't you having any?" The woman replies, "No. I think I'll just wait for the police..."

Two women friends had gone out for a Girls Night Out, and had been decidedly over-enthusiastic on the cocktails. Incredibly drunk and walking home they suddenly realized they both needed to pee. They were very near a graveyard and one of them suggested they do their business behind a headstone or something. The first woman had nothing to wipe with so she took off her panties, used them and threw them away. Her friend however was wearing an expensive underwear set and didn't want to ruin hers, but was lucky enough to salvage a large ribbon from a wreath that was on a grave and proceeded to wipe herself with it. After finishing, they made their way home. The next day the first woman's husband phones the other husband and said, "These damn girls nights out have got to stop. My wife came home last night without her panties." "That's nothing," said the other. "Mine came back with a sympathy card stuck between the cheeks of her butt that said,

'From all of us at the Fire Station, We'll never forget you!'

This mini-kilted rascal and No 42 is our **Wee Wullie Drysdale** from Fife, and he seems to be wearing his sister's gymslip after having had his legs waxed for a day's skiing in the Portpatrick Highlands. Will enjoyed skiing but he fell over so often it was cheaper to put the wax on his arse than to put it onto the skis. Lassies queued for hours just to help him to do that, the noo. It must have been sooo cold when he ploughed a furrow doon the piste in just his kilt, and the only way to avoid frostbite was to have someone with warm hands clamp them around his, er, sporran? He is very proud of his, er, sporran and he washes it regularly; brushes and polishes it and often rubs it for hours to create that deep chestnut gleam that purists ken as the Mark o'the Clan Drysdale. His pipe seldom leaves his mouth and he can actually drink a bottle of Keo without removing it, a talent he will be pleased to demonstrate to anyone willing to pay for the beer.

On On Will!



All the Scouse girls wanted to mother this little sweetie at No 43, and they still do even though he is more than 50 years older than he is in this photo. Ergo, It must be **Jim Burke**. Seen here in his christening frock baby Jim was a Bootle Boy and tried his luck at RN, milkman, dish washer and Sapper. Lucky Jim was able to combine all these talents into one job as a Retired officer in HQ BFC. Jim likes Keo and V & T, the KBB, and he designed his own house in Paramali, which must be the only one in Cy where every light switch has a built in stepladder. Jim's MEM was spewing up a technicolor yawn all over an old lady on a bus (only last week) after 10 tinnies of XXXX and a vin de loo and managing to drown her pussy. An ex On Pres and Hash Cash, Jim rescued Nurse Tina from the NHS and she has since birthed over 95 babies! On On Jim! The priest must be so proud of you both.

No 44 is our **Clive** again, this time in his Dad's cut down demob suit like a proper little soldier? Bill says that this is as close as Clive ever got to looking smart. After seeing him in his Sodexo polo shirt, one can believe every word.

No 45 is **Brian Glanville** from Wakefield, who joined the RAF with our On Pres in 1960 and served in Singapore, Germany UK and CY where he met the lovely Wendy in the real Famma G. A keen golfer and line dancer, Brian likes cold Keo, Fish Pie from the KBB, Leeds United and Perth for hols, presumably not the one in Scotland? Brian took part in his first hash in 1990 in Wales and now runs mainly with the HVH3 as an excuse for not being a Racing Snake any more. He spent 5 years as Secretary of a golf club, a trolley and a packet of tees. His MEM was having his clothes removed from a shower cubicle on a campsite as a joke. He had to cross the field in broad daylight using only a toilet brush as cover. Fortunately it was big enough!

OnOn Brian!



No 46. Possibly *The Epi* hasher that has reached the parts other hashers can only dream about, **Alan John Bruce** alias 'Barney' claims to have done 1300 hash runs with 20 different hashes including 5 Interhashes and 2 Inter-Americas. Barney hails from Leics City where he started off in insurance and ended up as an RAF Erk turned Wing Commander 35 years later. Blind as a bat he only flew if the cabin staff served alcohol, played rugby at a reasonable level and in Norfolk he met Elizabeth, who can also claim to have done over a 1000 Runs. A lover of other people's red wine, Oz, chillies and Gloucester RUFC, he regularly runs with HV and Am HHHs. His only MEM in 35 years in the RAF was asking a visiting hasher who had just run the Pafos half-marathon if he had ever done a full one? "Just a few" replied Ron Hill, world record marathon holder. On On Barney



No 47. A last minute hasher dirty dashing into the 40th mag, **Wingco Brian Login**, now serving at AFCent in Holland with his wife Jean, who he met in her Dad's pub. Nobody's fool is our Brian! An ex pupil of St John's Epi, he has spent his entire life so far in the RAF just missing the noisy bits when in the Falklands and Iraq. As On Pres he had a style of his own, introducing lessons in Greek swearwords and Plonker of the Week trophies, topical mini stunts and bravely downed Keo when he truly preferred the Green Bottle. Likes Michaels, Cy, and Derby Co, and his MEM was to grip Prince Charlie for coming late 'why' is a state secret. Bloggins likes watching soccer, rugby and beach birds, and we look forward to his return as CBF. On On Brian!

No 48. On Christmas Eve in 1921, a little Polish boy was born and started talking before he'd drank his first mouthful. He has never stopped talking since. Today the Epi Hash holds him in protective custody but long ago he met Hilda in an ice skating rink in Blackpool in 1940 (I thought there was a bloody war on?) and flew many sorties with the RAF. Jack built, sailed and lost his own boat a few times and has written two books on his steamy life as an RAF Bomber pilot, but you know all that already. 'Black Jockey' likes food and drink in Evdhimou, the open sea as his holiday choice, and supports any England sports team. His MEM was having to lay a trail in 2006 with Mike Cawson 86 years of hard living and hashing with Mike C is his MEM! Jack dislikes On Pres's who read out their jokes and anyone touching his bonfire. On On Jack!



No 49. Another hero of this RAF page is **Victor Tandy**, a venerable 81-year-old gentleman hasher very fit for his age, who still enjoys his daily Happy Hour up at the club. Vic has spent half his life in exile working in the oil industry as a white-collar exec, having served in the RAF from 1943-47 as aircrew. He joined the Epi Hash at the age of 67 and has run over 600 hashes, swims daily in the sea and writes poetry for his own pleasure. He has written one for this mag. Vic's MEM was being unable to spell his name in front of the whole class at school 75 years ago, which is why his email is victordy@ etc he is married to Jutta and is a keen gardener, raconteur and he is very proud of his Roman nose. On On Vic!

No 87. Just when I thought it was all over, in comes a 5 pager from ex On Pres **Ed Parkins** explaining how he became an RAF Policeman despite a history of bacchanalian licence in remote air stations in UK and Germany. Ed apologises for his time as On Pres and regrets that his tour in Kabul follows his reign; otherwise he could have done a Bloggins and reaped praise for being AWOL for 6 months whilst others did the crits for him. Tamsin snatched him from oblivion at an Oktoberfest, taught him to speak properly and sent him to Cranwell to learn to drink properly, too. Ed likes tequila, UK Real Ale, Mexican food and Albuquerque/Alaska and Kabul for hols, Famma G and no MEM but admits to many gaffs along the way. He is so big I will not mention any either, but On On



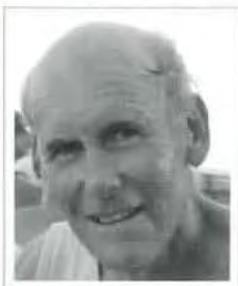
A man and a woman were having drinks when they got into an argument about who enjoyed sex more. The man said, "Men obviously enjoy sex more than women. Why do you think we're so obsessed with getting laid?" "That doesn't prove anything," the woman countered. "Think about this: when your ear itches and you put your finger in it and wiggle it around, then pull it out. Which feels better: your ear or your finger?"

No 50 & 27 is a cheeky cockney kid now called **Major Pat Chapman**, a regular scrumper from the vicar's orchard and fond of chasing the girls with a skirt lifting stick. He has gone off apples we hear, but as for his other trick, only time and therapy will tell. On On Pat!

Looking like butter wouldn't melt in his mouth is No 51 & 7, **Geoff Fryatt**, who was always being invited to be a page boy at weddings because of his slick blonde hair. He hasn't been much in demand lately though! He still has the same hairstyle but a lot less of it. On On Geoff!

No 52 is once again our bonny **Bobby Bensley**, who was chucked out of the Newcastle Brewery School of Billy Elliot Ballet because he couldn't cock his leg high enough. He has been trying to get it over with Thelma's help ever since. On On Bob!

No 53. This photo was actually an entry for a Beautiful Baby Competition and it won! So claims **Mike Hillyer** sitting on the coffee table with his father's old green tie on. 'Dustbin' as he was called, ran away to build his first ark whilst waiting for his beard to grow. He was sacked from boatyards all over the Med stretching from Gib, Malta, Spain and Greece until he reached Cy in 1977 where his luck ran out 'cos there were plenty of idle buggers already so he had to earn his keep. He did a big job in Larnaca boatyard for which he will be remembered by the sewage board, and he has had the runs with most Cy hashes. He likes beer, kleftico, sailing and the Greek islands, his wife Taliana, and telling others where they went wrong. Acert to be the next On Pres so On On Mike!



No 54. Don't you just love these school photos? This one is **Mike Davy** from Worthing who is now an ex pat after being a Bus Planning Analyst for a US Finance Co. Mike had done about 2 dozen runs already and spoken to about 3 people, but he is a really a good runner and has had much success with marathons and longer distances in the past. Drinks Keo and scoffs curry which helps with the runs no doubt, and is married to Sandy. His MEM is to be awarded the 'pisspot' on his first Hare when he didn't know whether he was coming or going for which he blames Mike Cawson! On On Mike!

No 55. This is of course a young **Stewart Glanfield** with his first try at Brylcreem when he was called up to be an air raid warden's runner. Stewie spent ages making it look good because he was desperate to get into a blue uniform, and preferably one being worn by a Girl Guide.

No 83 is the only photo in existence of the young **Jimmy Carroll** taken just as sweets came off ration in Belfast, and Jimmy wasn't getting any. In fact he wasn't getting any for a long time.

No 84 is young **Colin Garland** photographed by a box brownie on the beach at Tenby wearing a raincoat 4 sizes too big, as we all did in those growing up years. Colin still has it.

No 85 if you look carefully has to be our **Master Victor Tandy** on his very first day at school in Torquay. He still has the same old school tie and has used it to great effect all his business life.

No 56. This animated bog brush is **Pete Moore**, who was rescued from the scrap heap of life when he was discovered living in squalor inside a clapped out camper in the bondu, blind sober. The Hash soon put a stop to that little farce. Friar Tuck, his nickname at school in Harrow, was leeching a living off the detritus of the local community and so it was easy to identify him as a teacher. He had fled from civilisation to Oz teaching maths, then to the USA before he read in the Hobo Herald that life was a breeze in Cy where he had once represented WSBA at basketball. He chatted up his child-bride Christine and here they are. Pete likes EFES, curry leftovers, and Watford Gap Little Chefs for quality. On On Pete!





No 57. This is thought to be an advert for a used blow up doll version of **Mike Cawson** available on ebay as a pet for Welsh hill farmers to keep their sheep amused in the long, dreary months of winter. It doesn't actually hash of course, and nor does it recognise fellow hashers when one passes by, but it fills a chair in the pub now and then. Trained at Llanffrcagywplwll School for Kids Without Scissors, the long hair reveals how difficult it was for his parents to decide to buy skirts or trousers for Mikey, so he was sent to Teaching College where unisex was a sport rather than an option in the curriculum. He claims no fame at anything interesting and never sent in his Hash 40th CV homework even after 2 months of reminders. Thank goodness for the lovely Jane who was very helpful though, and so it has to be

On On Jane! And On On Mike!

No 58. In 13 years this chap **Andrew Cameron** has only spoken to one other person on the hash apart from a fellow teacher and that was by mistake when he asked On Pres to move so *he* could stand next to Frank Dolan. In real life Andrew teaches sign language to the blind or some such highly paid SCEAsinecure, and does very little else except to peep through his curtains at other teachers' houses just in case someone else gets to the front seat in the car he shares with Richard before he does. Andy did not bother send in his hash CV either. Nicknamed 'Shadow' for reasons that are now very apparent, Andy is probably a nice boy under that hardened exterior, and sad to say, that is all there is to say. On On, er, Andrew?



No 59. The original Yorkie-Bar Kid, **Richard Stenton** faded away into the summer heat haze once FD left for paradise in Pontefract. No more basking in the glory of Yorkiedom; no more slow-bowled one-liners from the safety of the rear of the hash; no more Teachers Only hash chops at Mahmoots, sob, what is there left to live for? An ex On Pres from the mid-80s, young Dick never aspired to being a Head, possibly because the school would have soon chosen a suitable nickname for him, but of course he can do the bloody job better standing on his, etc, etc. Sex Symbol of the Staff Room for generations of broody, blackboard-bashing spinsters, Dick is saving his money for a winter coat to wear in sunny Harrogate next summer. Dick did not send in his hash CV, of course. On On Dick!

No 60. What a grand chap is **Brian Liddell**. Sent in 2 photos and a very amusing CV. He should have had this job! Brian went to Blaydon Grammar, t'was on the 9th Jooone, etc, but he yearned to be the Ringo Starr of Newcassel. B did play drums with Sting, Eric Burdon and Alan Price on and off but money was what counted so he spent 2 years training as a hospital secretary and got a job as a drama teacher. He met Kathy back-stage at Rep and the clinch photo was taken in 1967 on a trial run in Rimini. The other was taken at an amateur home sex movie audition and 35 years later they both retired into Cy proper, sigh. B likes Keo & curry, has raced F1 at Silverstone, flown a microlite over Mt Everest, is Vic Tandy's oldest son, and tells porky pies. B starred at soccer (Subbuteo) and appeared in many Shakespeare plays at Curium in his curly headed days. He is related to Sir Michael Cain, norra lorra people know that. On On Brian!



"On balance, I think the RAF's best interests would be served by this officer's early return to civilian life"



No 86. Thank goodness for teachers like **Geoff Cosson** who produced reams of ancient Epi hash bumpf and photos for the mag. TinTin Cosson is an ex Epi Joint Master 76-79 (with Dave Barwell) and was Hash Words in pre-biro days too. He SCEA'd around the BFPOs from St Johns to HK and ended up in the UAE on the Al Ain HHH where no doubt he bragged about his experiences as a Big Man Hasher in Cy. TinTin prefers champagne to Keo, Italian to pork chops, and France to the Famma G and is here with Marion? He was born in and supports West Ham (try explaining that title to an arab immigration officer) and his aim is to be On Pres. On On Geoff!

No 61. This hairy highland cave dweller holding **Dave 'Doc' Smith** in a vice like grip with her lusty thighs appears to be his sex slave Lil. He clubbed her on the head in the students' union almost on the very day Epi hash was being initiated, dragged her to his cave near the 18th hole in St Andrews and started begetting. A retired GP on the Dole, Doc is never too busy to get stuck into hashy things and spawns masses of hash bumpf and data on a daily basis much appreciated by the author. Jokes drip off him; rugby & golf tales exude from his shorts and he supports any team that can lick England at rugby. Ozzies need not apply. Doc loves Balvenie Malt, haddock & haggis, Fiji & chips, and the Red Sea. His MEM was as a student swallowing a micro transmitter to demonstrate intestinal functions and having to speak out of his arse for 3 months until he gave birth to it one excruciatingly eye-popping ball-splitting morning. RAF Leuchars sounded an air-raid warning. On On Doc!



No 62. This fine figure of a Lowland Physician to the Gentry with the wind up his kilt can only be that portly Port Patrick laddie, **Bonnie Will MacDrysdale**.



This melancholy Medical Officer at No 63 is **Dr David 'Skippy' Hewson**, late of Oz but today in UK (6th Oct) he will be a closet Englishman again. Yorkie born and educated, David was exiled to Sydney in 1975 on the last ghastly convict ship before CY Airways set the latest trend and ended up in Tasmania - are people from T known as Tasmanics? David wanders around at the rear of the pack with his curious bounding motion, hands held in front of his chest and reacts to the sound of the hash horn by cocking his ears and boxing the air. He drinks Fosters, yawn, likes curry and frogs cooked in Provencal, eucalyptus leaves and the KB. His C2F (Claim to Fame) is that he can do spinal manipulation it is incredible to watch him take his T shirt off and start wriggling almost put Jack of his beer, almost. Good on you sport, and On On David!

No 64. This sweet little toddler grew up to fulfil his dream and became the anaesthetist **Dr David McGee** no less. An occasional hasher when ops permit him the time off, David has never really cottoned onto the idea that hashing is about moving around the trail as he loves to chatter. Of course his day job is to put folks to sleep so why change the habit of a lifetime? Another canny Scot, he never wastes his loot on silly things like decent clothes but prefers to parade with that lived-in look and a belt stuffed full of mobiles, beepers and clangers to alert him when it's time for someone's bye byes. David likes cold food, free drinks and supports the Distilling industry. A generous guy he prefers to spend his off days prowling Asia Minor for his property portfolio but hey On On David!



"Lt Col X is a most able staff officer, adroit with his pen and he knows how to handle Publicity his own in particular..."



At No 65 lives **Rindert van Zindred Bakker** which is Dutch for 'rented van selling cindered toast' or something and he was born in Holland and raised in Bloemfontein in the newly re-titled Mandelaland. Rindy admits to being a boring old fart which is noble of him; has climbed Kilimanjaro a few times and likes photography and watching vegetables grow. His aim now is to spend endless years of 'happy uneventfulness' with his wife for the last 40 years, Marie. As a GP he claims that all his patients will eventually die with or without his medical expertise, and he prefers red wine and lots of anything to eat. He sounds to be a real bundle of laughs, yawn, and for his holidays would select North Devon rather than the Gold Coast in Oz. If he mentions rugby we will do him. On On Rindy!

This smartly dressed pair at No 66 can only be **Mary & Tony Flower**, who have just celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary, so On On Colly & Mary!

The shy young couple at No 67 shown on a pre-nuptial under the Mediterranean stars are of course **Kathy and Brian Liddel** - On On in Paramythia!



No 68 is **Ray 'Vanman' Turford**, named after the Landrover Disco he used to drive to deliver the beer to the RVs way back when. An ex On Pres. Ray is based in TPMH where he is trying to teach the RAF the difference between a surgeon and a sergeant. He is a lover of Keo, Yorkshire pudding and the Baggies; a staunch England & St George flag waver but it can be a little OTT when he cheers wildly at every Red Cross on the ambulances that drive past. He hashed in Germany, likes the Famma G, Tony Blair, and Geoff Boycott. Ray's MEM was having his armpits shaved in Marmaris, Turkey. He met his lovely wife Ann in Sennelager where she worked in a dog shelter and he asked her if she would like to have a cute little Yorkie of her own? The rest is history and On On Ray!

Bobbie Bensley looks as if he would rather be somewhere else as he clutches **Thelma's** hand in No 69, and how did the girls ever keep their hair so perfect?

At No 70 actually on their honeymoon in the Norfolk Broads we find **Pete and Chris Moore** and one can see who is not wearing the trousers in this revealing little photo things have changed now, though, as Pete is a kept man.

Cutting the cake at No 71 are **Brian and Wendy Grainger**, now living in Armagetti where the winery is, and running often with the HVH3 and after too much of the wine.

No 72 is David Wright, who qualified as a Hospital Administrator at the age of 12, played soccer for Sunnerland aged 14 and won and lost two fortunes before he was 16. His tall Afro hairstyle nearly got him into the Police Cadets but one of his Cuban heels snapped and let him down. David is seen marrying the delightful Jenny and together they ran a successful sports travel agency sending aged runners to all corners of the world sounds like hashing to me and picking up more air miles than Jack Blocki. David likes Keo, his own cooking, and holidays at home, aah! Well done and On On David!



It is only because Bonnie Wee Maggie o' the Bank has hardly changed that one recognises this pair wearing white lace and big smiles as **Drew and Maggie Muir** at No 73.

No 74 is a blurry picture but it is our On Pres **Peter and Jean Viney** and his mother-in-law dividing up Pete's wages on his wedding day. They have just finished having a house built out of old Keo crates in Pachna.

No 75 has to be **Roger and Ann Smith**, taken just as Ann hands over the cash to the vicar. Now they live in Pafos and enjoy the climate. They also trot with the HVH3.

No 76 shows **Sid and Daphne Swan** at Fig Tree Bay in 1967 where they often went camping with the Nogsie's. Their slim figures are probably due to the lack of protein in shelf life expended Army compositions at the time...

No 77 is the long-legged lassie called **Lil Stevenson-Wallace** that young Doc Smith lusted after in Aberdeen. As a bonnet decoration she looks *gey guid* but now Doc is on the Brew they have to live in a bus shelter in St Andrews or in Lincoln Gardens, Erimi, where she still looks *gey guid*.

No 78 is a muscular **Vic Tandy** aged 18 in 1938 training for the 1937 Boat Race. Whoops!

No 79 is **Mike Cawson and Jane** acting all coy on the banks of the Thames. It looks to the trained eye that he was trying to hide a boner from the camera and - just what is Jane doing with her hands?

No 80 was taken on one of the superb beaches of Dares Salaam in 1968. This lovely Hariette keeps this photo on her fridge door to remind her perhaps of a Tarzan in Africa, or to warn her not to browse the biscuit barrel late at night, perhaps.

No 81 shows **Laurie and Dee Mitchell** holding hands in the sunshine at Weston-Super-Mare presumably during a Mods & Rockers rally as it appears that LM is still wearing his crash helmet or is that his hair? Dee was in her Breakfast at Tiffanies mood, so LM told me.

No 82 is those party animals the **Nogsies** again, painted and beaded for a Cowboys and Indians do in the Corporal's Club, Dhekelia. That is not the only game they played in the club when the lights went out, either. (Sid told me that).

No 83 was Jimmy Carroll, No 84 was Colin Garland, No 85 Was Vic Tandy, No 86 was Geoff Cosson, No 87 was Ed Parkin, No 88 was Kevin Luckhurst, No 89 was Peter & Jean Viney and so here we go:

No 90 Probably not recognisable to several younger hashers, but this old fart is **George Morrison**, one time Hash Cash and Hash Words and star runner of serious marathons. George is now the over-worked manager of the Akrotiri Theme Park Bowling Alley and spends his days polishing his balls and keeping his middle skittle perpendicular, although it does go down regularly after a big bang. His favourite food is curried haggis and he taps up Atholl Brose and Keo sandwiches; prefers to be stuffed by a Big Mac rather than having his Donut Dunked; and hopefully will return to hashing before he is too old to be On Pres. George loves statistics and manipulating figures, especially the ladies so On On George!



No 91 is that singer from the 70s Rock Band The Invaders, **Brian Smith** with his carefully pomaded hair and his James Dean surly lip. Brian is yet another Yorkie Bar Kid but rose to fame in Corby, Lincs where he was an electrician by day and a Sex God by night, so his lovely wife Jeannette was led to believe before they were wed. They flew off to the romantic desert of Libya for 3 years and later to Episkopi, to Germany then back here again where Brian starred at soccer and cricket, and rambling too. He likes curry, Brandy & C, Leeds Utd and South Africa because his pal Trev lives there, sob, so far away. Smithy still keeps in touch with his old group and they meet at the Corby Job Centre where they invented the dance that featured in The Full Monty, but sadly nobody bothers to watch them any more.

Smithy's MEM was being in a hurry between gigs he got caught *in flagrante* in the lift of the Corby Co-op! He is still sinning in his shower, and sometimes he sings too, so On On Brian!

No 92 is this cheery young man who became **Nev Rushton**? Born within the shadow of Blackpool tower, our Nev always wanted to be a donkey cowboy on the beach and has the legs to show for it. His nickname in the AMH3 is 'Sassenack' and is a ribald description of Nev's physique and mental ability, but you will have to ask him what it stands for. A dedicated world-travelling Interhasher with his charming wife Mo, they jet off to represent Cy hashing and return draped in trophy T shirts and paraphernalia from all over the globe. All Nev's hobbies feature drinking and eating in some form or another, and every other month he sleeps on an oilrig somewhere offshore and counts his gold. Never short of a laugh and a cheery retort, which is why beer and hashing is his sport. On On Nev!



A recent addition to the hash is No 93 **Jimmy Smith** from Pissouri, introduced by Will Drysdale his neighbour. Jim is from Motherwell, a remote Scottish football team only heard of in the days of football pools, where he started life as a Cost Clerk ending up as a Driving Instructor. Jim also starred at gymnastics, beam balancing and dancing with a hoop until his voice broke and he switched to parallel bars - the Bonnie Prince Charlie & the Red Dragon Wine Bar to be precise. His main menu is all malt whisky flavoured, and vacations are in Canada. His lovely wife Connie sings with Island Blend just to get out of the hoose, and Jim plays an awful lorra golf for some reason. We look forward to hearing you at the next Hash Burns Supper nicht. and On On Jimmy!

The next hymn for today is No 94, says **Padre Rod Price** from Welsh Wales and a long-standing member of the Epi Hash - in the context of No Running, Long Standing. Rod the Prod as he is affectionately known, has a unique sense of humour. Indeed, it is so unique nobody knows when to laughs at his jokes. Always cheerful despite this handicap, Rod came from an honest to goodness cha-pel town in one of the deepest of the vall-eyes and shot to fame as a guitarist in a Rock band of loud repute. The snapshot catches a young Rod playing his Leek Guitar which he grew himself on a slag heap and watered daily in his own private way with biologically recycled wine from the leftovers on a Sunday after Evensong. His favourite hymn was "Rock of Ages" until the bishop caught him doing a Chuck Berry riff across the chance! On On Rod!



Seldom seen so far but due to make a regular appearance from September 2008 after he retires to Erimi is No 95 **Doug Clark** who is a friend of Nogsie, as if that helps, and a hasher built for speed in the Duncan Mayhew style. No gold medals out there Doug, but lots of blue and yellow bottle tops to collect. Doug hashes a lot in Germany and spends his evenings scribbling on reams of potential trash in designing his new lifestyle in Cy with his charming wife Pippa. His arrival will make the Tuesday afternoon traffic jam out of Erimi even worse and Michael's will burst at the seams for future hash chops. Never mind, we will sort it and On On Doug!

No 96 is a rare photo of the schoolgirl charms of **Annie McSherry** in 1967 when she was sweet 16 and still at school in Germany and had never been kissed. Tom met Ann in Malaya and they got married, sob, and went back there this summer on their 40th honeymoon, sigh. Thank you Tom for sharing that with us today, 40 years later. On On Annie! (Apologies if I got the dates wrong, Annie, but it sounds so much better this way).

"If Dolly Parton had had triplets, this officer would have been the one on the bottle"

No 97. This young bushwacker getting his first taste of home grown humping doggie fashion is our old cobber **Dennis Blackburn**, or Dinny to his mates in Oz. In the outback there weren't any electric train sets and hardly any Sheilas to distract a bloke from the pains of puberty, but there were lots of Skippies. Shagging sheep was considered to be a pommie pastime so what better than to jump a jumbuck and kiss a 'roo when no bugger was watching? The dancing rhythmic hopping of a female 'roo is said to have been the origin of the expression 'Waltzing Matilda' which is why so many Australian males talk like they have a strangulated hernia. Dinny did not send in his CV. Good on yer, Dinny and On On!



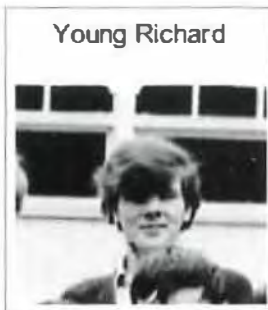
Another ex military man now settling in Pissouri is No 98, **Simon Carroll**. Paddy, as he is known in the Sappers, will presumably soon be called Pisspot 3 and opening a shop importing Afghanistan products to meet the demand for hats that resemble Nogsie's meat pies or the tops of toothpaste tubes? Paddy/Pisspot 3 will both be a welcome addition to the Hash as he will lower the average age by 40% and put up the annual turnover for Keo and fat cigars at the same time. A generous guy with a lot of tales to tell, he will settle down, meet a wicked woman and make On Pres one day. What more could a father wish for? And probably Pisspot 2 as well, come to think of it. On On Simon!

No 99 It's amazing where they all come from but here is **Dennis Mercer**, an RAF police officer and rather a good runner for a change despite the traditional flat feet. 'Den' hails from Liverpool where the choice was "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em" so Den left his tricky job as a milkman because he said he got fed up with being lifted for loitering around people's doors in the small hours or something. He met his lovely wife Cheryl at the RAF Hitchin Police Christmas do, where he popped the question without giving her the proper legal cautioning first and now she is claiming compensation for misrepresentation. Den only filled in his nickname on his CV as he didn't have his ID card with him at the time. The rest wasn't easy to make up. On On Den!



No 101 is **Richard Kingston**, man of mystery who dashes out of the trees whenever there is something going on but is seldom seen in Cy lately. Yes, he too is another Yorkie from Hull, and his CV is surprisingly vague for one of those self-adulating introverts from ee-ba-goom land. An unbeaten solo darts player, trekker and lover of red wine and seafood, Rich has worked in so many different countries he must be on the run from Interpol 'cos he certainly isn't running much with Epi

HHH these days. Rich doesn't have a favourite joke and so we will have to say On On Rich!



Young Richard



Creeping in at the last minute at No 102 is **Pat Moore** - Pat Who? to most hashers as his last appearance was so long ago. Pat the Pieman was born in Basin Lane Dublin and started off in the Merchant Navy as washer upper until he chucked the chief baker's puddings out of a porthole and was flogged, fined and sacked. Joined the Army where he met Shirley in the Paras (so he says) and has been looking up to her ever since. He drinks Guinness, supports Coventry City and likes Michael's cakes and nickname comes from his MEM when he was caught red-handed by Nogsie as he was nicking pies from the RV. On On Pat!



Young Pat



Not quite last in the line is No 104 **Mike Earp** and no prizes for guessing his nickname. Wyatt lives in Souni and hails from Nuneaton with a foothold in Anglesey as well. He works in Bark'Rain but exactly 40 years ago he became of fireman until his ageing body failed the 'Calendar Hunk' test so he switched to being an electrician in Durban SA. In 1977 the family returned to the UK where he worked on oilrigs off Aberdeen with frozen balls and an iced beard, then off to Bark'Rain for 26 years where he met Mike Borner, etc. He likes red wine, whisky (Borner again) spicy food and Coventry City and the Stables in Epi. Wyatt's MEM was falling through a ceiling in full rescue gear with one leg each side a burning joist bet that took the smile off your face Wyyaaaaatt!!! On On Mike!

Dropping in for his annual pep talk and for a top up of his suntan is young **Gary Viney** at No 105. Taught from an early age to lay the table and polish the silver, Gary was quite partial to recycled Beef Wellington and dried duchesse potatoes, in fact it wasn't until he started work he realised that other people ate their meals fresh and hot and not from a doggie bag. He didn't complain though as years of chewing leftovers had strengthened his jaws so much that at the age of 7 he could open Daddy's Keo bottle with his teeth and collect on the empties. Have a good holiday and On On Gary!



No 106 is **Ian Strang** or something like that in Jockspeak. Once famed for his highland cross-country dancing skills and nimble twitching of his haggis, Ian has put all that behind him in his determination to be seen as a serious challenger for the role of Scottish High Commissioner to Cyprus once they (the Jox) have their independence and have yet another bash at making a fresh start. Let's face it laddies, there is already a Nova Scotia, a New Caledonia and a Neo Hibernia so maybe it will be fourth time lucky? If he gets there, he has promised all Burns fans a free '*nicht oot doona toon*' or something including hot McArdle-magnets aka hash meat pies. I have never spoken to Ian in my life but hey On On Ian!

No 107, for want of a better introduction, is **John 'Spud' Armstrong** from Upper Pissouri. Another seasonal visitor to the island and donor of his home as a prize in the recent Hash Auction. The lucky winners will be sharing it with John's mother-in-law and 3 of her bingo pals, a fact he failed to make clear to Benza at the time. In his early years Spud was actually a child model true! The makers of Potato-Man had to set a benchmark somewhere and he was on the casting couch before you could say 'gissa fag' yes, John is our token hash smoker. There's always one in any given group of fitness fanatics, and he is ours. We keep him as an example to the rest of us what would happen if we gave up staying fit. There is a place for everyone in the Epi Hash and so, cough, On On John!



The End - On On!

[Www.episkopihashhouseharriers.com](http://www.episkopihashhouseharriers.com)



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!!





Another Saturday Sport that drags hashers away from their TV is Go Kart racing. This is the one time when Harriettes can't moan about their driving - quite the opposite in fact. They scream and shout to urge our hashers on to take greater risks like Roman charioteers from ancient Curium Stadium. There is blood lust in the air as normally gentle chaps hurtle into corners as tight as a McArdle's Sporrán on hogmanay and attempt to force slowcoaches like George Morrison into the few remaining old tyres that Laurie Mitchell hasn't, er, 'recycled'?

The world famous Epi Hash Pisspot is a coveted trophy awarded at the discretion of the On Pres for any trail laid by the hares that he considers to be an absolute disgrace to the noble art of hashing - or whenever Mike Cawson is one of the 3 hares involved. Were it to be engraved, his name would now fill the inside as well as outside as the majority of the trails laid by him were 'a load of shite' - for which this utensil was originally intended of course!



1967 **The Inside Angle** 1997

30th Anniversary issue

"I was a little disappointed at the turn out" Brig Gris Davies-Scourfield (1st On Pres)





ΚΕΟ

The Taste of Cyprus



KEO Brewery & Winery - daily group tours and tasting at 10:00 a.m. (excl. weekends and national holidays)
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