

IAIN RICHARD ANDREWS – 1 APRIL 1938 to 22 NOVEMBER 2015

A TRIBUTE TO THE MOST AMAZING MAN

This is a tribute to Iain. He enriched all of our lives, and this is one way of trying to gather as many memories of him in one place - so that we can all share the bits that we know about - and find out about the bits we didn't.

Thank you very much to everyone who has contributed. I hope you all enjoy reading this.



FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA (FROM A TO Z)

A	Altruistic. Affable. An AH3'er. Wannabe archaeologist. Adventurer.
B	Benevolent. Bubbly. Bon viveur. Could BBQ just about anything.
C	Curious. A cheeky chappy. An avid collector. A great chef. Colourful. Loved his cricket. Camera shy.
D	Diligent. Do-er. Diplomatic.
E	Enthusiastic. A 'good egg'.
F	Proud father of four children. Fascinating. Fabulous. A true friend. Funny. Fun loving. A foodie.
G	Grandfather of a beloved granddaughter. The gentlest giant amongst men. Generous. Thoroughly genuine. 'Guinness' – his dog in Australia.
H	Hamish McTavish Esquire. A true Hasher. Humble. Honest. Hilarious. Hairy.
I	Intelligent. Inquisitive. Interested. Interesting. Impish.
J	A joyful joker.
K	Kind.
L	A lusty lover of life. A leg puller.
M	A 'Mollies' regular, especially to watch the rugby or cricket. Magpie.
N	A really nice guy. Non-judgmental.
O	"On, on!!!" Organised, and an organiser of others (bossy!) One in a million. One in two million. Eternal optimist.
P	Perpetually young. A POSH'er. A piss taker. Peaceful.
Q	Quintessentially Hamish.
R	Rugby nuts. A rock. Completely reliable. Enjoyed a rude joke.
S	Proudly Scottish. Sociable. Self-effacing. Serious. Serene.
T	A true friend. Thrifty. Thoughtful.
U	Unique. Unique. Utterly unique.
V	Frustrated vintner.
W	Wine, wine, and more wine. Wise. Workaholic. Well read. And more wine!
X	The X traordinary factor. Iain could fall asleep, full glass of wine in hand, and never spill a drop. Go figure.
Y	"Why was he born so beautiful???" (A line from a Hash song).
Z	Zingy, zany zest for life.

IAIN'S EARLIER YEARS – CUPAR, SCOTLAND

George Taylor School and life-long friend

Iain Richard Andrews – also known as “Curly Andrews” by virtually everyone at Bell Baxter High School, and Hamish McTavish (Esquire) by virtually everyone who knew him in Athens, was born on 1 April 1938 in Cupar, Fife. His parents were Dick and Bertha who lived in Cupar. Dick had a prominent position in town - being the Manager of the Sugar Beet factory on the outskirts of town. Those of my vintage remember it well as at certain times of the year and when the wind was coming from an easterly direction, a rather sickly sweet cloud seemed to pervade the whole town including the school classrooms. As we passed on our way to school, dozens of tractors with trailers and lorries loaded with sugar beet for processing drove by to the nearby factory.

Sadly, Cupar lost its main industry in, I think the early 60's and Dick retired from work. Iain was a bright lad at school, did very well academically and was a member of the first 15 school rugby team and first 11 cricket team. He was well known at school as a “character” and if you mentioned the name “Curly” everyone would know who you were talking about.

Though initially I knew Iain at school it was only after school that I got to know him better as we had both decided to become apprentices with firms of Chartered Accountants in Dundee. We attended the same lessons so our paths crossed quite a lot. Also Iain organised a holiday for a group of four (Iain, myself and two others) to Holland, Belgium and France. We went by boat from Grangemouth (near Edinburgh) to Amsterdam where he had organised a trip to the Heineken Brewery (no limit on drinks taken at end of visit), a cheese making factory and a walk down one of Amsterdam's famous streets where the “ladies” sat at their open windows or balconies, advertising themselves. Our next stop was Brussels where we visited the newly erected Atomium, we went to see some very old buildings and we had to see the statue of the little boy having a pee, the “Manneken Pis”.

Our last stop was Paris, where visits to Notre Dame Cathedral and the Scare Coeur Church, the Artists Quarter were in addition to a trip on the Seine on the Bateau Mouche and a visit to the famous night club the Folies Bergeres. For an 18 year old who had never been out of the UK I became hooked on travel. Perhaps it was Iain's love of travel and this last trip that rubbed off on me, because upon qualifying as a Chartered Accountant I went to work in France.

A number of annual holidays followed including the Costa Brava in Spain, the Cote d'Azur in France and the Adriatic coast in Italy. The Spanish holiday was particularly memorable in that four of us travelled in an Austin A30 car - which was so heavily laden that three of us had to get out and walk the last 200 metres to the top of a high peak near Andorra. - the only way the car could complete the climb.

In the mountains of Andorra (July 1958)

Left to right - Percy Fekety, George Taylor and a very handsome twenty year old, Iain Andrews in his shorts.



Obviously, we met less frequently while I lived abroad but we still kept in contact and Iain asked me to be best man at his wedding to Pat in Edinburgh. Fiona and I met with Iain and Pat on a number of occasions. We lost contact when he moved to Uganda and eventually to Australia but thanks in a large measure to emails we linked up again and we visited him, Alison, Blake and Catriona in Sydney. One lasting memory is of a visit to the grape growing areas north of Sydney (Hunter Valley) and also to Iain's vast wine cellar in his Sydney home.

An invitation to visit him when he moved to Athens came as a bit of a surprise. The invitation became an annual visit and thanks to Iain's link with the Australian Archaeological Society we had new sites to visit and new places of interest to see, not only in Athens but the Greek mainland and islands.



Prefects from Bell Baxter High School (1955-1956)

Iain is in the second row from the bottom, second from the left

Pictures sent by George and Fiona Taylor

There was a young man from Fife
Who led such a colourful life
He was permanently 'game'
No two days were the same
He caused mayhem, and laughter and strife.

Who else do you know who could both be born on April Fool's Day
AND have the initials IRA???

He must be having a larff!

**Sean Andrews and family
Iain's son, born in Scotland**



Proud granddad Iain with eldest son Sean, and granddaughter Amber (Oct 2014)



Iain with granddaughter, Amber



Iain with Amber and daughter-in-law Rachel

Aidan Andrews
Iain's son, born in Scotland

All I have in this world are these two pictures of my Dad. They're hardly professional portraits, but they speak volumes. His love of history and a good story; and anywhere of character shines through. It must be where I got it from. I hate pictures or any fuss. Just like him. I'm so glad of the times we got to have together.

On hot autumn evenings we talked and got to know each other. I loved that. Then one evening he said he needed to talk to me about something. He said "Son, let's have a brandy. I think you're drinking too much". By the time he'd finished telling me about all the evils of drink we'd finished two bottles of brandy and several bottles of red wine. I passed out on the floor of his living room; and he, trying to go to the toilet, took a wrong turn and walked out of the front door, locking himself out in the process. After several hours of regaining consciousness and much confusion we eventually got to a bed each.

The next day we did two things. We found a hidey hole for a spare key, and we didn't get more than one bottle of brandy at a time from the shop. I miss my Dad.

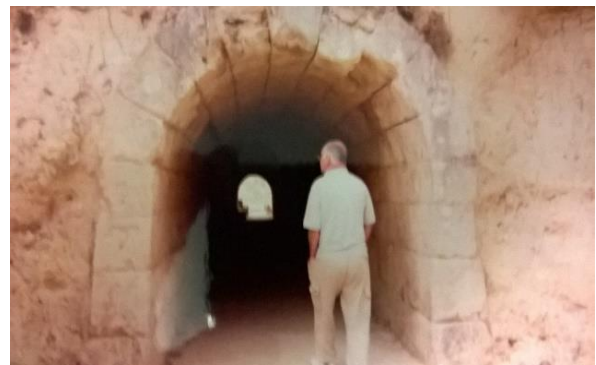


Corinth Canal (Circa 2012)

Quote from Dad: "Why do you want me in the picture? Are you stupid, the canal's what we came here for!" Can't argue with that.

Ancient Olympic Stadium in Nemea (Circa 2012)

Dad said to me: "If you must take my picture at least get the arch in!" I love this one, he's not looking sideways he's shaking his head. That was a great day.



(The Corinth Canal and the Ancient Olympic Stadium were two of the very many places that Iain enjoyed taking visitors. See page 26 for just a few of his other favourites).

SOME OF THE THINGS THAT IAIN LOVED

Iain loved:

- telling everyone that Queen Elizabeth II was still only Queen Elizabeth I in Scotland; and that in 1952 the Scots blew up all the post boxes that had been installed with the E II R royal cypher (the year before her coronation) and had to be replaced
- talking about his family and friends
- sweet potatoes
- being in control of the BBQ
- travel
- learning new things, and broadening his mind
- boring everyone to death with the new things he had learned and the broadening of his mind
- rugby
- cricket
- fine wine
- good food
- hosting good company
- collecting
- talking until the wee hours
- not having a television or a DVD player
- The Millennium Trilogy by Stieg Larsson ('The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo' series)
- Anything to do with Alexander the Great
- He also had a particular fascination with all things 'Mycenaean'
- Living somewhere sunny
- Semi-retirement
- Going for his coffee and his newspaper in the morning
- Life



*Beach art at Skinnias, near
Marathonas, Greece (30 Nov 2014)*

OFF ON HIS TRAVELS – THE SECOND “FLYING SCOTSMAN”

Unfortunately, Iain died the same year that the iconic steam locomotive the “Flying Scotsman” was restored and went back into service, on 26 February 2016. If he could have seen any of the footage, he would have been delighted. (Shhh! Don’t let anyone tell him it was made in Doncaster, England).

KUWAIT

Michael Navesey Professional colleague and friend

1963 I met Iain, or sometimes known as IRA, in Kuwait in the ‘post-Kennedy’ era. His initials might have been OK on his gold ring (which he lost in 1974/75 but promptly found one hour later – the Midas Touch?), but they were not so good on briefcases etc. Iain was very good at looking after money. I remember we were in a Beirut night club once, and he spoke in Gaelic to keep the girls at bay. He wasn’t so easily tempted!



Kuwait (1963)

Left to right – David Habbits, Iain, John Paramour, Michael Navesey

1965 IRA sent me a card when I got married, calling me a “couthy lad”. (‘Couthy’ meaning ‘comfy’ or ‘comfortable’).

1966 IRA then moved back to Edinburgh. We went to a festival and saw the ex ‘Footlights’ – Peter Cook, Dudley Moore and Alan Bennett who is still going strong. IRA was always very polite. He wasn’t sexist or lecherous. He had one or two girlfriends and the rudest thing he ever said was “She had blue eyes. Aye. They matched her panties”.

Mid 1970’s He met his first wife Pat, who was very good at table tennis.

1982 We had a boat trip on the Broads with sons Sean and Aidan and my youngest, Andrea aged eleven. Typical – said she felt grown up being with older men.

IRA moved to Australia with his family. Unfortunately, divorce followed shortly afterwards but IRA remarried and went on to have two more children. I didn't see him much again UNTIL ...

1997 September. He said he wanted to visit me for three weeks but seemed to be having problems fleeing from the 'wrath of Khan', or whatever! He actually stayed for ...

Jan 1999 ... 16 months. But he was very helpful. He bought me two commodes – which are still unused. He helped me with my accountancy business and was very bullish with Her Majesty's Revenue and Customs (our tax authority in the UK). He was a good host, and an excellent cook – mainly curries – although he still never managed an 'Ostrich Curry'.

To present I continued to see him once or twice a year (last March in fact) doing the usual things, for example – buying out of date food and quality sausages. My friends found him a very interesting person. Yes, they certainly broke the mould after they made IRA. Even Sainsburys sent out a flyer saying "Iain we'd like to see you again".

So sadly missed.

Kuwait (1963)

Left to right – Iain (looking quite fetching in his shorts again), Teddy Desa, Michael Navesey, John Paramour



There was a young man who loved cheese
Especially his Stiltons and Bries
He said "It's no hype
They're much better when ripe
And if 'blue' I go week at the knees!"

LUSAKA, ZAMBIA

Christopher Harris
Professional colleague and friend

I was the Financial Controller with Zambian Transport Services (this may not be quite right name), formerly United Transport Overseas, Lusaka 1968 – 1971.

Iain was the Accountant to the Bulwark Division, based in Ndola, with along with local manager John Coventry.

We were, therefore, in regular contact and I found Iain very helpful and easy to work with. He also fitted in well and co-operated with other members of our rather sprawling transport group. He was with his wife, Pat, at the time, Pat who I also found to be particularly helpful – mainly on the social front. I was very sorry when they split up later.

Pat remained a good friend and I remember seeing her and the boys many times when they were in Bromley, but we lost contact when they moved on.

After further nationalisation Iain was transferred to Uganda, which was then under Idi Amin. Finally, he had to get out rapidly, and with not much after which he moved to Australia.

I didn't have much further contact after that until he turned up in Athens, and we maintained contact ever since. I last stayed with Iain in Athens at the time of the 2004 Paralympics, when he took me on an interesting tour of the Peloponnese but I have sadly not seen him since.



UGANDA

Ian Stewart

E-mail dated 31 January 2015.

Hi Jackie

From a hot sticky sweaty Sydney, 40c plus and humid up to today 30c plus today, so a bit better but not much good for ripping out old wardrobes looking for old photos that are only in a memory and not seen for at least 45 years – so no luck on that front.

However in 2007 I was staying with Iain in his apartment in Athens and he took me along to Terry's antique/art shop where Iain was carting arts etc from UK to Terry's shop. As we walked into the shop Terry and one other male were looking at this instrument in a beautiful glass case. They were trying to figure out why it didn't work. Terry told me it was an atmospheric clock, which I understood Iain had picked it up in UK. It was working then and they were wondering where they could find a clock maker who knew about those things. I had never heard of an atmospheric clock but being an old yachty I was aware of atmospheric pressure. Walk into any yacht club in the world and all they talk about is weather (ie. no wind, too much wind from the wrong direction, atmospheric pressure systems affecting tides etc.) So my first thought was 'why don't they take it out of the glass case'? I got Iain to mention it to Terry and they removed it and set it up on a shelf next to his table. A short time later the thing started to move. EUREKA!!! It was mentioned that maybe I should receive the freedom of the city but I declined as I was flying out in a few days' time. Iain did keep me up to date on the clock in his emails. It kept good time and I think it was sold after a while. I did think about adding atmospheric clocks to my CV but thought better of it. I caught up with Wendy Hand back home in Sydney for a couple of days from her travel business. Iain did some advising to her and her business. We toasted Iain in the appropriate manner.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

Blake Andrews Son, born in Australia

Dear Jackie

I personally don't have any photos to pass on but I will contact my Mum to see if she has any that I can send on to you.

What I do remember is his quirky sense of humour, which I think I inherited some of the drier side of. He would also constantly badger me about doing my tax return, which I would always procrastinate over and end up doing a year overdue. He was always trying to be helpful and concerned about trying to be a peacekeeper for the conflict that I have within my family.

I'm sorry I couldn't be of more help and thank you very much for taking the time to do what you're doing. I'm terrible at showing appreciation for this kind of thing but it really shows how much you care and brings out the many people who care just as much.

Regards.

Blake

(Don't worry, Blake. We have plenty to share with you and I hope you enjoy reading this tribute to your Dad. I know he kept in touch with you frequently because I was often there when he did. He was immensely proud of all of four of his children. Jackie)

Robert Armour Brother-in-law through Iain's second wife, Alison

Iain's friendship has enhanced 30 years of my life. We shared many ups and a few downs with family members, but highlights were Christmas holidays in Sydney or New Zealand when the children were young, a boating holiday on Keppel Island, a houseboat weekend on the Gold Coast and later, joint ownership of a cruising yacht.



Turrumurra (Circa 1984)

At his home in Turrumurra (a northern suburb of Sydney) – and still looking good in his shorts!

Alas, Iain's Whitsunday cruising was cut short and he left for the UK for approximately one year, and then onto Greece on behalf of a former employer. Divorce came about yet I remained in regular contact with Iain who I now regarded as my 'elder brother'. Daily emails often passed between us on business or family matters.

I regret not having visited Athens prior to 22 November 2015 upon Iain's passing. On my subsequent visit I came to realise what a wonderful lifestyle he'd enjoyed over the last 14 years.

Iain, IRA, or *Hamish* as he was better known by many, enriched not only my life but also those he came to know ... all around the world.

Iain was full of kindness and love. His life was cut short too soon, yet his legacy to me is the contact I now share with *friends of Hamish*.



(Both taken circa 1990)

Pictures sent by Robert Armour

Sydney POSH Hash House Harriers and The Beefsteak and Burgundy Club



David Buckwalter
Beefsteak and Burgundy Club Member, POSH Harrier and friend

G'day Jackie!

I received your email via Bruce Macpherson of Sydney, Australia. We both knew Iain through the Beefsteak and Burgundy Club (a wine club) and the Posh Hash. I have started to circulate the email to those that knew Iain and will try to coordinate a group answer to make it easier. FYI we have intended to have a Memorial Lunch and a drink on Iain may be his birthday may be the appropriate day. Iain lived and worked for me for a short while and I unfortunately only visited him in Athens once, where he took me from the airport to set a run for the Athens Hash.



Beefsteak and Burgundy Club (1990 ish)

Iain with David Buckwalter

There was a young Hasher, McTavish
Whose tastes were really quite lavish
He said "It's because ...
... I'm from POSH in Oz
But also because I am Scottish!"

Bruce Macpherson
POSH Harrier, Beefsteak and Burgundy Club member and friend

I joined The Sydney Hash House Harriers (The POSH Hash) in 1983, where I initially met Iain. The Sydney HHH ran on Monday nights, was male only, and started, I think in 1967. It was one of the first Hashes out of South-East Asia and probably the second or third in Australia. It grew quickly to become a "closed" Hash at 100 members, including expats from Hong Kong, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur and Jakarta, and had few leave over the first twenty years. Today it still has twenty old members who joined pre-1970, hence our nickname of the "Geriatric Hash", as these days we are largely walkers. Iain was affectionately known to us all as Hamish McTavish Esquire, his SHHH nickname.

Iain, as a single man, was involved in the start of a women's Hash House Harriers around 1981, known as the Sydney Harriettes, which ran on Wednesday nights. My wife Romaine was there the night the Harriettes began. Iain was always a great rounder up of any Harriettes who couldn't keep up in those early days. He also may have had a hand in the South Sydney Hash House Harriers, known as the Larrikins, which ran on Tuesday nights,

partly made up of people who were unable to get into the Sydney HHH. Iain held several committee positions over the years in the Posh Hash and was a very regular member. He was also part of the Committee for the Sydney Interhash in late 1984, the first Interhash out of Asia, which was a challenge but ended up as a very successful meet, from all reports.

Whilst attending the Hash I became interested in wine (the drinking of particularly!) through a number of enthusiasts including Iain, John Evennett, David and Denis Lynch, which eventually led to me joining The Rocks Beefsteak and Burgundy Club, which had a lunch on the second Tuesday of each month. There Iain mentored me initially. This club of thirty members, with strict rules of attendance is a strong club and continues to be so.



Iain in full Highland dress, with his usual bottle of wine tucked under his arm! We believe this photo was taken at the The Rocks Beef Steak & Burgundy AGM (1999).

(Photos courtesy of Allan Pike – The Rocks Beef Steak & Burgundy.)



Iain, giving his opinion about one of the courses at the BS&B AGM (above). Also John Ewen pouring for the next course from a magnum, with John Houston and others unknown. **(1999)**



A rather youthful Iain at a BS&B lunch, with Denis Lynch, Stewart Brown and Phil Wilson (above)

(Date not known – probably 1980's)



The boys, taking a rest from digging out the Rocks BS&B wine cellar under David Lynch's Surry Hills house – **probably in the 1980's**. Also there, from top right, is Phil Wilson, David Lynch, Iain (bottom left), Stuart Brown – an old friend, and Dennis Lynch – mostly Hash guys doing the dirty work for the BS&B!

Desmond Sandford
Professional colleague, POSH Harrier and friend

I was an expatriate Insurance Broker at that time and Iain was the Chief Accountant for my most important client, a long distance freight transport group to which he had been seconded on an expatriate basis. He was a great friend, amusing, highly intelligent, generous to a fault (unusual in a Scot some might say – but certainly not me!). Rosalind and I were married at his house in an expensive Eastern suburb in Sydney which was attended by a large number of Hash House Harriers and possibly Harriettes too. Earlier on in our friendship Iain suffered the painful departure of his wife and their two young children. Pat returned to the UK 'en famille' and Iain was inconsolable. In an effort to help him overcome this, I encouraged him to join the Sydney Hash (known as the POSH Hash!), after a period of fitness training in Centennial Park. He really took to this activity and eventually ran a full Marathon. He made many new friends there and the Hash became an important part of his life thereafter.

I returned to Kenya and sadly we never met up again. We were planning to visit him in Athens in April 2016, but sadly it was not to be.

I believe Iain had a role, before I met him, with a bulk liquid transport company called United Transport, which at the time had a large amount of the bulk wine transport.

As I got to know Iain better over time he invited me to join another group of wine enthusiasts, totally unassociated with the Hash or BS&B, known as the X5X Club. The members came mainly from the chemical industry and we met usually monthly on a Saturday night at one or other member's homes, where a tasting theme was followed on the night, followed or accompanied by matched food put on by the hostess (or host if no lady assisted). These evenings were a lot of fun even with the very serious side of wine-tasting. By the time Iain married Alison and they had a young son Blake, they lived on the upper North Shore of Sydney at Turramurra. Great bottlings for the X5X were enjoyed by all over the years and

their home there was a wonderful venue. I remember a great BS&B AGM there too, with Alison catering for the evening.

Iain then left United Transport and I cannot remember what he was doing, however, in the 1990's Alison started a Friday night food market in the North Sydney Council grounds, which became very successful. Iain and Alison also did some of the catering for this Noodle Market and Iain seemed to be the fetcher and carrier each Friday night during the summer for this. In winter it became a Sunday lunch venue instead.

Iain and Alison's daughter Catriona duly arrived and they moved house in the same upper north shore area but his life in Sydney started to fall apart. This resulted in their divorce and other problems which caused Iain to depart Australia for Athens, where I'm sure you can pick up his story.

Romaine and I caught up with Iain four years ago in Athens, where we went on a Military History tour of the WWII areas in Greece, following in the tracks of Romaine's father and uncle who were with the 2nd AIF and fought on the Greece mainland and on Crete. Iain came to the Anzac Day Service with us and took us all off to the British Consul's get-together after the service.

After the tour we stayed with Iain at his flat near the golf course in Athens. We had a very memorable few days with Iain as he showed us his Athens, we met some of his friends - Terry Stamataris amongst them, and enjoyed breakfast at his usual morning coffee spot. He drove us around some of the archaeological sites that he had come to know well and up to stay at a vineyard where we had open house.

Since then we had kept in touch at times and have enjoyed hearing of Iain's Athens Hash events.

Iain was always a wonderful host, good company, had a wonderful turn of phrase in his never lost Scottish burr, and rather naughty sense of humour.

AND FINALLY ... ON ON TO ATHENS, GREECE

There once was a Hasher in Athens
From Scotland, as it just happens
He said, "I'm no runner
If I do, I'm a gonner
And I'm NOT doing any triathlons!!!"



The Parthenon, Athens, Greece.

Jackie Atkinson (aka 'Camel Toe')
Harriette, chauffeur but first and foremost a very close friend

Iain landed in Athens at some point in 2001 with just his boss and a suitcase. He worked for an Australian media company that was gearing up towards the 2004 Olympics in Athens so they could beam the games over to the millions of Greeks living in Australia. One of the first things Iain did was turn up at the Athens Hash House Harriers. I was Hash Cash, so it was down to me to do an initial 'meet and greet' and generally make sure he knew when to begin coughing up. We got chatting quite quickly and I can honestly say that my life has never been the same since!

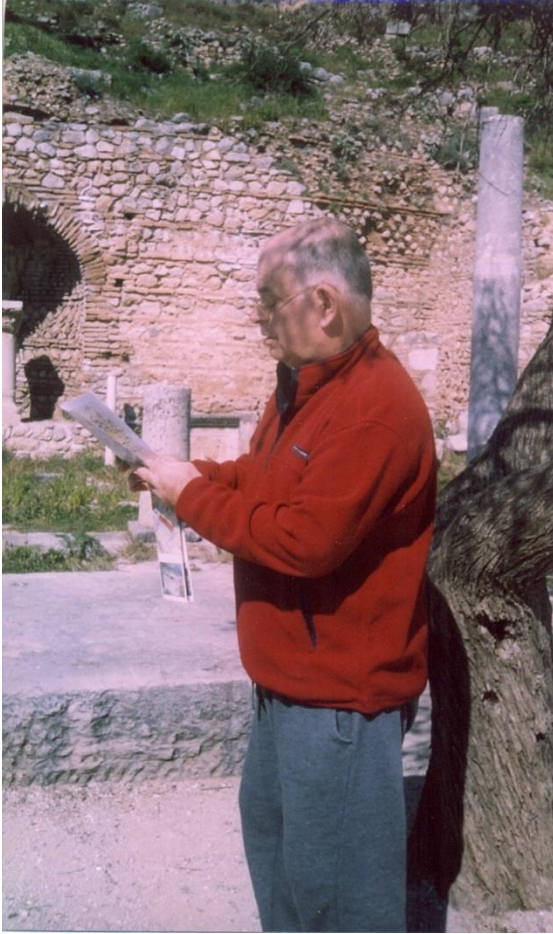
Iain immediately worked out that (1) not only were we neighbours, but that (2) I didn't drink. (Well ... I didn't back then ... but that's another story). I could quite literally see the cogs going round when he promptly suggested that we travel to the Hash together and shared the ride. What he actually meant was, he would drive there, he could drink as much as he liked at the On-In, and then I could drive us both home while he slept it off.

Also, being an experienced Hasher, he very quickly became involved in organising various events, or sorting out the food. Another one of his ruses (which he never actually discussed with any of us) was to recruit a team of 'little helpers'. Namely me, Yvonne Haydon and Meree Nicolaou (aka 'Triple Sex'), who all lived nearby and for some reason that we never really understood we didn't actually have a choice. It was a bit like being one of 'Charlie's Angels'; except that unlike Charlie we saw Iain quite frequently.

Greek Easter Day (2002)

Iain ('Hamish McTavish Esquire') in his element behind the BBQ after a Hash run on Easter Day. Iain very kindly offered to have the On-In at his apartment in Lykourgou, Glyfada, where we celebrated Easter Day 'Greek' style.





Delphi (2003)

Iain, when we went for some divine inspiration from the Oracle at Delphi.

We had a lot of shared interests. Alexander the Great. Greek history, its myths and legends. Archaeology. Art. Lots of things beginning with 'A'. So our friendship blossomed and we used to meet up regularly in between Hash runs, going to various places such as Quiz Night at a pub (the name of which I can't remember) in Glyfada, Athens, where we both lived. We used to run each other to the airport when either of us was going anywhere, and he even used to look after my cat, Samba, for me while I was away. Once, when he had been looking after her, I went to go and collect her and he opened his front door looking very sheepish. "I've lost Samba", he said. The conversation went something like this.

Hamish: She's just not here Jackie. I've been looking for her for hours. Honestly.
Me: Well ... how Hamish? You live on the fifth floor! You definitely haven't been letting her out, right???

Hamish: Right!
Me: And there's no other way out, is there ... other than over the balcony?
Hamish: Right!
Me: But this is the top floor. When you go to work, are the balcony doors open or closed?
Hamish: Erm, well. No one would be able to burgle me up here. So I leave them open ... to let the breeze in.
Me: (Becoming somewhat hysterical) And you're *definitely* sure that she hasn't sneaked past you when you've gone to work in the morning?
Hamish: Yes!
Me: Did you remember to feed her, so she had no need to try and escape?

Hamish: Of course I did!!! (Looking offended). Honestly, Jackie. She was definitely here this morning, but now she's gone. I just don't understand it. I'm so sorry. I don't know what else I can say.

We both searched every room, cupboard, nook, cranny and any possible hidey hole for what seemed like an eternity, and it was true. She was gone. She was nowhere to be found. Eventually, we sat down in the lounge after having exhausted all possibilities – except, the one that neither of us dared mention.

We sat there for ages – just waiting to see if anything happened – and sure enough, eventually there was a rather pathetic 'miaowwww' from outside and coming from up above. Neither of us could work out how she had done it, but she had somehow managed to jump up onto the precariously thin ledge of the balcony (on the fifth floor!) and then taken a gargantuan leap from the balcony up onto the roof. It was an impossible feat; but what was worse ... despite all of the food offerings ... she couldn't get back down. Hamish had to stand on a chair, while all the time making sure *he* didn't look down, so that he could try and grab her. I've never seen anyone look so relieved in their life. He still broke into a sweat whenever this came up in conversation years later. Needless to say, he never offered to look after her again and I didn't ask him to either.

I could go on and on. For example, there was that time he set a run – but a considerate Greek thought the blue powder on the ground was a form of pest control someone had laid down for the local feral dog population. Compassionately, he had swept most of Iain's trail away. The shortest and most confusing Hash run *ever!* Then, there was the time he offered to let a visiting American Harriette drive his car, because she said she had never driven a 'stick shift' before. Very kind. We 'kangaroo-ed' violently while she tried to work out what a clutch was for. There was a brand, spanking new Mercedes parked immediately in front of us ... so I opened my door ... and jumped out. I promptly disappeared down a ditch, which – in my abject terror – had completely forgotten was there. Those readers who are familiar with Kareas will know exactly where I'm talking about! *Fortunately*, she didn't crash into the Merc. *Unfortunately*, Iain laughed all the way home and then told (and retold) the story to anyone who would listen. The memories are far too many and there simply isn't enough space.

Alas, I eventually had to return to the UK but we remained the very best of friends. I used to go back to Greece and stay with Iain quite often. Once, when he had been up in Edinburgh visiting friends and family, he stopped off and stayed with me in Cheshire before continuing on south to stay with Michael (see pages 7 and 8) in Essex. Iain had friends everywhere.

During Iain's last year I spent six very happy weeks with him. We travelled extensively throughout the Greek mainland ... with *you-know-who* doing the lion's share of the driving.



A painting of **Lykavitos** hill from central Athens, much favoured by Iain.

By **Paris Prekas**



Tolo, Peloponnese (1 April 2015)

Iain, on the morning of his last birthday reading my birthday card to him. He was very well, and very happy.

This is the last known photograph taken of Iain.

Tolo, Peloponnese (1 April 2015)

I'm not sure I believe in Heaven, but I'm guessing it must be somewhere like this. Wherever it is that Iain has gone, that's where I'm going too.



The view from the balcony in Iain's lounge at his second apartment in Themistokleus, Glyfada, Athens, Greece (2 Dec 2014)



The view from Iain's kitchen balcony at his second apartment in Themistokleus, Glyfada, Athens, Greece (1 Dec 2014)

(Foothills of Mount Immitos in the background)

**Melanie Ipsilantis
Friend**

I miss the old boy. It seems very empty and quiet without him here in Greece.

I knew him for a considerable period of time, at least 15 years, and we shared many good moments going on wine trips together and to the wine fairs here in Athens. As you might realise, we shared a love of good wine!



Above – Evcharis Wine Estate situated in Megara (near Corinth) 2008.



At the same event (celebrating the traditional harvesting and pressing of the grapes – before and after a hearty meal and the obligatory glass or two of wine)



I also went on trips with the Archaeological Society with him and until some months ago, before they closed the Deli Bar in Voula, we used to meet there and enjoy a curry once a week, when they had their special curry day or evening.

He always loved animals and was especially fond of my four cats. I will always be grateful to him for helping me over the years to bury three of my cats from the older generation who died over the years that I knew him.

He arrived with a shovel and worked hard to dig the graves under the lovely almond tree that I have which hangs over my balcony. We then would have a little ceremony and celebrate their lives, toasting them with of course, a good bottle of wine!

He then helped me some time later to decorate and paint my balcony and there are photos of him 'on the job'. Of course when it was all finished after a couple of days, there is a photo of him getting his just reward, which of course was some nice food and the obligatory bottle of good wine.



A hot summer's day (2010), where Iain is helping Melanie to paint her balcony.

Iain, getting his just rewards after a two day slog – doing what he did best and opening a bottle of wine.



It was so sad that he never got to meet the lovely little dog he decided to adopt from a shelter. I got to meet him at Molly's when I went to the Remembrance drinks evening they put on for Hamish. He was absolutely adorable. I did my best to find him a good home, but I think the lady who was taking temporary care of him got to love him so much that she decided to keep him.

Hamish would always treat me every year to a lovely lunch at Lent, on Clean Monday. We would first go up on the hill above my house and above the Lake in Vouliagmeni and fly a kite, then we would drive to Lavrion for this lovely lunch in a restaurant that I had been going

to for the last 30 years I've been in Greece. The owners are good friends and always offered us a wonderful spread.

I was trying to think of funny stories to share, as there were many, because Hamish had the most wonderful humour. He was always 'up for a laugh' but I think because there were so many occasions we laughed, I couldn't recall any one specifically.

What I do know that made him laugh was when I would tell him the quote by Groucho Marx (from the Marx Brothers) which was "money can't buy you friends, but it can certainly get you a better class of enemy". He always would have a chuckle with that and at the Remembrance Service they had for him here in Athens at St. Pauls, I stood up and talked about him and the good times and included this quote which gave everybody a laugh.

Tim Hughes sent me details and photos of his funeral service in Scotland which is nice to remember him by. Good for him that he ended up in such a nice place!

He had a lovely way of bringing people together and creating a platform of fun and enjoyment. I'm sure he is still 'up there', in the great pub in the sky raising his glass to life.

Tina Ali
Friend (through his friend Michael Navesey)

Tribute to Iain. I have known him 11 plus years. I visited him in Glyfada about 5 or 6 times. He made me feel very welcome. He used to drive me to the beach in the morning, then I used to ring him to collect me in the evening. On my last trip there I took my new fiancé, and he looked after us both. I'm frightened of cats so I always had several emails from him telling me how all the cats in Glyfada missed me when I was gone. I used to collect wood for him from the beach to light his BBQ because he was too tight to buy charcoal. Very funny man. RIP, Iain.



At a taverna in Kareas (an area which specialises in rabbit dishes), Athens (2015)

AH3 – Athens Hash House Harriers



There was an old Hasher in Athens
For whom running had been one of his passions
Must have been a past life
Perhaps while in Fife
But more recently he just did small rations.

Robert Horne (aka Mad Dog) Harrier and friend

Ah! Hamish! What a great character he was. Larger than life and always with a keen sense of humour.

I first got to know him well when we co-edited/produced the Athens Hash House Harriers 2002 Year Book. It was a huge undertaking, with a lot of information gathering, persuading various hashers to do a write-up, and tons of typing and graphics work. On a number of occasions when my enthusiasm was flagging, Hamish would give me firm encouragement and we finally finished it. It was then that I realised his true dedication to *'all things Hashing'*.

Other projects we undertook together were organising a hash Island Weekend on Skopolos with an AGPU ('Annual General Piss Up' – pardon the French), which turned out to be a bad idea. Because the GM at the time (S4S) was away on business, for a laugh we built an animated dummy to replace him, took it to the island and seated it at a table in the taverna for the Saturday evening – with remotely-operated pull-strings running over the ceiling beams to move its arms and head. Unfortunately, the hashers got drunk and mischievous and the meeting descended into chaos.



(April 2007)

Hamish McTavis Esquire welcomes new Harrier 'FU Gasper'

We also arranged hash wine-bottling parties – where the best part was visiting various wineries in Attiki to buy bottles, corks and equipment, but most of all to taste all the wines and choose the ones to buy in bulk.

As he slowly became less able to run and then even walk he still made the effort to drive to the Hash, usually all the way across Athens from Glyfada to ‘see his mates’ and attend the circle and often the taverna meal afterwards.

Very often he would then go home and write-up an amusing description of the day’s Hashing events and send it to me to include on the Hash website. Instead of taking credit for his work he would write it as if another Hasher had written it – which he thought, would be much funnier.

We both had an interest in Greek history and archaeology and often swapped information on things we had discovered that week. He would regale me with tales of the adventures he had on coach trips with the Australian Archaeological Society and e-mail me about interesting places to visit. His suggestions were very useful when I had family and friends visiting and needed to take them sightseeing.

I thought he was joking when he told me his birthday was on 1 April, but it really was. This brings me to say that he never failed to remember my birthday and would remind me a few days before ‘just in case I forgot’. So “Happy Birthday” Hamish, wherever you are, and I hope they have plenty of wine, women and friends for you there.

**Raman Singh (aka ‘Playboy 2’)
Harrier and friend**

Asked to write a birthday tribute to the man I used to fondly call the Scottish-Aussie-Sahib? That’s easy. And a pleasure to recall his memorable individuality.

Good old Hamish, or Iain, or whatever you know him as *never* forgot my birthday. He must’ve arranged at least a half dozen surprise parties (everybody knew about them, of course) for the occasion. There was one big problem: every birthday was announced as my 69th! That of course garnered me a thoroughly disreputable but welcome reputation, but also some memorable snide remarks from the envious, boozed-up guests. “Don’t you ever get older than 69? I attended your 69th three years ago!” At which point, old Hamish grinning characteristically, would answer for me. “No! He doesn’t! But he won’t tell his Punjabi secret to anyone!”



Skopelos Island Hash (Circa 2002)

Playboy 2 (third from left), with Hamish (centre – being called into the circle no doubt for some heinous crime), S4S (far right)

His use of “Punjabi” indicated his fondness for recalling words of the British Raj in India: punkahwalla, sahib, and a few other choice ones that can’t be repeated here.

He was generous to the point that one could take advantage of it. I met him when I lived in Athens, but after many years there I eventually moved to the island of Aegina. He was always the go-to guy whenever I (or anyone else) needed to overnight in Athens to catch a late night/early morning flight. We often used his pad as a way station whenever the boat from Aegina could not make it in time for a flight out. At some point, he did the sensible thing: gave me an extra key to the apartment so we could come and go whenever. One more anecdote will suffice as evidence of the kind of man he was: my grandniece was arriving from India late at night and needed to stay overnight in Athens before taking the morning ferry to Aegina. I asked our go-to guy Hamish if my grandniece and her girlfriend could “borrow” his place. Sure, he said. He’d leave the key in the mailbox because he was going to be out of town. To cut a long story short: my grandniece arrived with not one but six friends! On his return Hamish was delighted to find that the seven ladies had given the apartment a thorough spring cleaning, and later often asked me when my grandniece was going to visit again!

Hamish: Wherever you are, rest in peace. We love you still.



(May 2008)

Hamish McTavish Esquire, GM of AH3, at Asine near Tolo.

Australian Archaeological Society

Unfortunately, no one from the Australian Archaeological Society has contributed, but here are a few of the places he visited with them.

He had the memory of an elephant. He used to harvest all of the information and became an ‘unofficial tour guide’ to all of his very many visitors. These are some of Iain’s favourite places.



Epidavros (Epidauros) – Left

Reputed to be founded by or named for the Argolid Epidauros, and to be the birthplace of Apollo's son Asclepius the healer. Epidauros was known for its sanctuary situated about five miles (8 km) from the town, as well as its theater, which is used to visit to watch Greek theatre.

Gla – Right

An important fortified site of the Mycenaean civilization, located in Boeotia, mainland Greece. Despite its impressive size, more than ten times larger than contemporary Athens or Tiryns, Gla wasn't mentioned in the Iliad. It is situated in extremely fertile plains.



Acro Corinth – Left

"Upper Corinth" (the fortification in the background) is the acropolis of ancient Corinth, a monolithic rock overseeing the ancient city of Corinth, below.

Metéora – Right

The six monasteries are built on natural sandstone rock pillars, at the northwestern edge of the Plain of Thessaly near the Pineios river and Pindus Mountains, in central Greece.

Metéora means quite literally the 'middle of the sky'.



Mollies (Irish Bar in Glyfada)

Philip Minor

Mollies regular, ex-AH3 Harrier and friend

Hamish, Jackie and I formed a trio at a weekly quiz at 'The Sussex Arms' in Glyfada some 15 or so years ago. Hamish was a fount of general knowledge and Jackie was an expert on a couple of subjects, but being some 20-25 years younger was also able to mop up on all the music and popular culture questions. Our win rate was about 50% and the prize was a bottle of whisky. Jackie didn't drink, and Hamish didn't like whisky (a bit strange for a Scot?), so I went home fortnightly with the loot.

Spot the Difference

You may need to look increase the page size to 150% or more.



The regulars at Mollies arranged for a plaque to be put up just under the bar in Iain's honour, and this was duly organised.

However, the plaque that was returned said HAMISH McTAUISH because – the Greeks do not have the letter V. If he'd seen it, he would have laughed his head off. A replacement was duly arranged.

Anzac Centenary - 2015

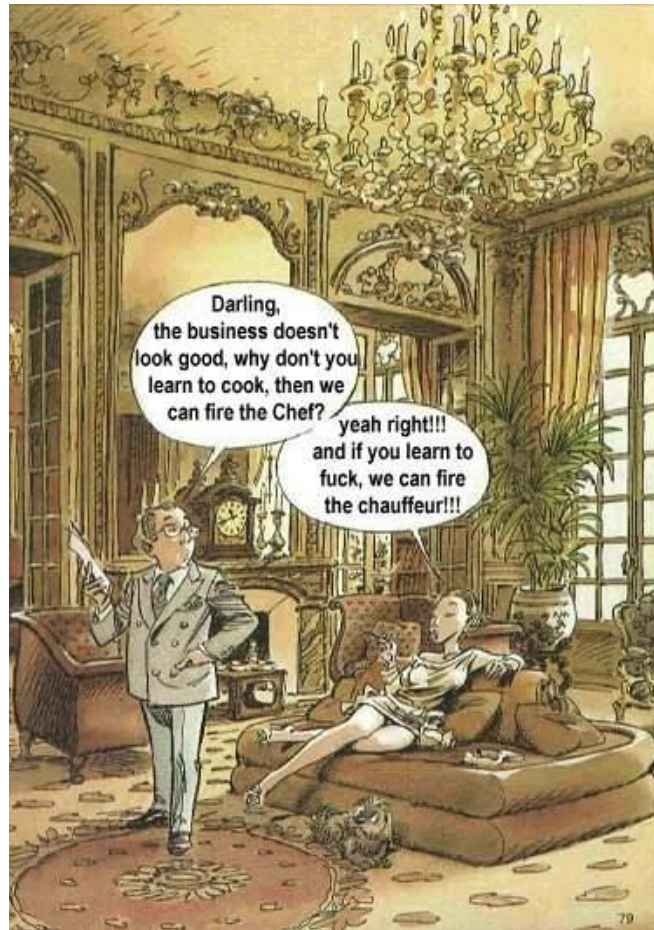
Iain always attended the Anzac remembrance services in Athens and the last one he attended was the centenary remembrance service in 2015. He was as patriotic and as respectful as a true Australian.

He sent the following line in an e-mail afterwards.

"... a very moving and somber occasion. It was quite awful really and I admit I shed a tear, but I'm glad that I went. It was very well attended and it made me proud to see how so many other people had also made the effort."

SOME OF IAIN'S FAVOURITE 'LAUGH OUT LOUD' JOKES

SPOILER ALERT – Some of these are a wee bit rude so if you are easily offended please turn away now.



XOXOX

Two Italian men were sitting behind a woman on a bus. "Emma come first," one of the men said to the other. "Denna I come. Then two asses ... they come together. I come again. Denna the two asses, they come together again. I come again and then pee pee. Denna I come once a more."

Having heard enough, the lady yelled "You pigs! In this country, we don't talk about our sex lives in public!"

"Hey, coola down, lady," the one man said. "Imma just tellun him howa to spella Mississippi".

XOXOX

An Englishman an Irishman and a Scotsman were in a pub, talking about their sons. My son was born on St George's Day", commented the Englishman. "So obviously we decided to call him George". "That's amazing!" remarked the Scott. "I canna believe it. A real coincidence. My son was born on St Andrew's Day, so obviously we decided to call him Andrew". "I can't believe it either" said the Irishman. "Truly coincidental. Exactly the same thing happened with my son Pancake!"

XOXOX

A Californian businessman, while in Japan for some business meetings and a few rounds of golf, arrived in Tokyo a day earlier than expected. Feeling lonely that evening, he employed the services of a beautiful young Japanese girl to be his companion for the evening, though he was a little bit shy and insisted that the lights were turned off. Although the Japanese girl spoke only a little English and the businessman spoke no Japanese at all, their passion roared and in the heat of the moment she began yelling "Gama Su!, Gama Su!". Hearing this, the Californian knew he had pleased his female Japanese friend and soon afterwards went to sleep. The next day while playing golf with his Japanese business colleagues, one of his Japanese partners holed his shot from 170 yards away! Everyone went crazy and began yelling excitedly in Japanese. Wanting to impress his friends, the Californian joined in and began yelling, "Gama Su! Gama Su!"

Suddenly everyone became quiet. After a moment of silence, one of the Japanese turned to him and asked "What do you mean 'wrong hole'?"

XOXOX

Nice Sporrans

If you haven't spotted it yet ... look just a little to the left of Her Madge.



© PA

FINAL TRIBUTE

Iain. You were very much loved. By so many people. In so many places. We all miss you and you are still present in all of our hearts.

PHOTOGRAPHS

If anyone would like a digital copy of any of the photographs in this 'Tribute to Iain', please contact Jackie at jackie2020hrm@btinternet.com