

Founders...keepers?

Bloody Squatter stole my line about ‘floundering around’. Damn him. He wasn’t even here and I got gazumped. Humph. Have to put the ‘roo hoodoo back on him. Anyhoo...

As you might expect, a great turn out for the annual Founders’ Run—the commemoration of the founding of Capital Hash, for any newbies what might be wondering, and **among those present were:**

Pop Tart; Dangles; Meat; Easy; Crying Dick; Date Diver; Sir Lance; JR; Suellen; Gerbils; Turkey Slap; Crash and Burn; Big Boy; Softie; Scarlet; Drunken Tiger; Hidden Flagon; Poo Shooter; Sex Change; Dickhead Too; Infallible; Rambo; Weatherman; Weatherdog; Grease Nipple; Phallus & Vomit; Just Aaron; Gnash; Horse; Dickhead; Furballs.

What time does the 6 o’clock run start? Gobbles and CountHerFeet arrived well past the appointed hour but managed to catch up with the pack.

Returns: Buns, an admitted fair-weather hasher, but no less welcome because of it; Toy Boy; Babbling.

Visitor: Sixpence, from the Gabardine (Wagga Wagga) Hash, who said, ‘if anyone could make me come, it would be Queen Latrine.’ He was adorable...may I keep him?

Returning visitors: our own Lash and Pussy Galore, down from the north coast.

Yep, I’m going ‘nah-nah’ at you, esteemed Grand Muffler: I wish I had a nice *gewürztraminer* to sip while I think about how, in next week’s circle, I’ll be experiencing *schadenfreude* when the GM loses his ‘diplomatic immunity’ and will be subject to the vagaries of random charges.

The run (walk): given as how the Founders’ run is set from (pretty much) the same location every year, there are only so many ways and routes one can run around Yarralumla, so there were no surprises. And on this night, second only to the AGPU, it’s less about the run than the circle. So, on to...

The circle

(and some random observations, because even wearing my glasses, at some point it got too dark to actually see what I was writing and I kept getting hauled in for spurious charges which of course distracted me from my appointed task...but perhaps I digress?)

I only realised this much after the fact, but we did not have the Hare Song and thus no opportunity for a new Weatherverse. I would have loved to hear him make a rhyme out of ‘Yarralumla’, but alas that will have to wait for another time.

But you can’t keep a good man down—or even Weatherman, sadly—and he piped up again, uninvited, during the **naming of ‘Just Aaron’**. His (unsolicited) suggestion for a name was ‘Doglick’, and, among all the responses to this suggestion, I have only written ‘WTF?’ in my notes. ‘Nuff said, I think.

It was only by the width of a gnat’s pube that ‘Just Aaron’ escaped being dubbed ‘Greedy Little C#%T’—which would have been a bit difficult to explain when getting embroidered on a T-shirt. This, apparently, had been Anklebiter’s contribution to the naming ceremony (and funny how he was mysteriously absent this evening; coincidence? I think not!), but wiser heads prevailed. It seems that, in addition to being a media slut, ‘Just Aaron’ has form as a procurer of young men and women into the armed services...so of

course the most fitting hash name would be (wait for it)...The Pimp. And, yea verily, ‘Just Aaron’ was dubbed The Pimp. Note the capitalisation: his name is ‘The Pimp’, and not just ‘Pimp’.

Note to The Pimp: it is still possible to have this name embroidered on a T-shirt or polar fleece by employing the judicious use of random capitalisation—just ask PeePing Pervert.

We will remember them...unless we forget: In February of 1982, Capital Hash was founded by a number of DFAT types who knew how to put the ‘pub’ into public servant. Dickhead gave us a lovely concise history of our hash’s beginnings, and there will be other places (on our website?) better suited to the proper recording and noting of these details. But, there we were, all these many years later...age has wearied us; sometimes we have more walkers than runners; some of us have now gone on to that great gig in the sky...and yet we hash on, every Monday, 6pm, exploring our fabulous capital city. That’s got to count for something.

There were a few ‘one twin drinks’ charges for a variety of reasons that now seem utterly perplexing, in the cold light of day. Meat and Gnash made abortive One Twin efforts, but the one I remember is: ‘Stache twins: Lash and Gobbles (I was going to go for the cheap shot, but I have refrained).

There were no particular birthdays of note—other than our own, fair, Capital Hash.

Awards:

Big Pri#K from Crash and Burn to Phallus and Vomit

FRB from Phallus and Vomit to Sixpence

At this point it was all about the chicken curry in two flavours: hot and hotter, and we duly tucked in. Another perfect Monday night in the ‘berra. On out until the AGPU!