



pfh3.org

Winter 2010 - Spring 2011

My hash name is O, Bozo, Where Art Thou? and my family has a 300-year history in the Augusta area. I am the GM of the local hash here in Augusta (GM, meaning “General Manager” or “Grand Master” but the official hash term is “Grand Mattress” – you can use your imagination about the full array of connotations of that choice of terms, it is intentional - because I take the bulk of gripes, complaints and suggestions from all the other members or participants in our events, as well as whatever public relations we may need). The page which follows will give you a brief history of “hashing” and bring you up-to-date with what “hashing” is today, but to first situate you – if I had to immediately classify ourselves to you, I’d put us into the same general category as Frisbee golf. To extend that metaphor, what Frisbee golf is to real golf, “hashing” is to...track and field (cross-country, in particular). Let me also reiterate that we bill ourselves as “a drinking club with a running problem.” We are a multi-faceted group, and within the “hash” everything is subject to mockery. It is within the crosshairs of that activity and that sense of humor which we find our comfort zone.

First and foremost, we are people. Income, status, race, other social classifications are of no use to us. We even have nicknames for one another so that real life does not interfere with the time we spend at the hash, as it is a temporary escape from real life. What we are not are drunkards, druggies, or slackers. But we are...unusual. (And maybe I could take the slackers part back)...but we are all hard-working, tax-paying adults.

I mention that we are unusual because “themes” are common to what we do and extend to costumes and props which we use to express ourselves, or to individualize and differentiate ourselves among our peers.

All that being said, we are still a running group. My primary concern is that Augusta/North Augusta be aware that we, as a group will be running a trail teach Wednesday and that trail will be marked using flour, which we prefer because it is as effective as chalk, it is biodegradable and it is cheap. With the recent scares concerning white powder, and to make our event a smooth as possible, I’d like to make you aware of what we are doing.

If you have any further question, please do not hesitate to contact me via pfh3.org. Thank you for your time,

On-on

GM

Peach Fuzz Hash House Harriers



What Is Hashing?

Hashing is a game/sport that involves running, or rather several people chasing one or two people that set a trail of unknown distance or direction. The pack (people who chase) must remain in place for 10 minutes while the hare (the one or two setting the trail) begins marking the trail. After 10 minutes, the pack will attempt to find the hare, following the trail left behind. The goal is to have fun trying to follow the trail while trying to catch hare, and to enjoy the social time before and after the run. It is not a race, so you need not be fast nor an Olympic athlete to participate. Also, it is highly encouraged that you have a good sense of humor.



Hashing . . . it's a mixture of athleticism and sociability, hedonism and hard work; a refreshing break from the nine-to-five routine. Hashing is an exhilaratingly fun combination of running, orienteering, and partying, where bands of harriers and harriettes chase hares on eight-to-ten kilometer-long trails through town, country, jungle, and desert, all in search of exercise, camaraderie, and good times.

Hashing began in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, in 1938, when a group of remotely-posted British businessmen founded a hare & hounds running club. They named the group after their meeting place, the Selangor Club, aka the "Hash House." Hash House Harrier runs were patterned after the traditional British paper chase. A "hare" was given a head start to blaze a trail, marking his devious way with shreds of paper, all the while pursued by a shouting pack of "harriers." Only the hare knew where he was going . . . the harriers followed his clues to stay on trail. Apart from the excitement of chasing the hare and solving the clues, reaching the end was its own reward, for there, thirsty harriers would find a tub of iced-down beer.

Hashing died out during World War II (Japanese occupying forces being notoriously anti-fun) but picked up in the post-war years, spreading through the Far East, Australia, and New Zealand, then exploding in popularity in the mid-70s. Today there are thousands of Hash House Harrier clubs in all parts of the world, with newsletters, directories, and regional and world hashing conventions.

Despite its growth, hashing hasn't strayed far from its Kuala Lumpur roots. A typical hash today is a loosely-organized group of 20-40 men and women who meet weekly or biweekly to chase the hare. We follow chalk, flour, or paper, and the trails are never boring . . . we run streets and back alleyways, but we also ford streams, climb fences, explore storm drains, and scale cliffs. And although some of today's health-conscious hashers may shun a cold beer in favor of water or a diet soda, trail's end is still a party.

So . . . if you'd like to spice up your running program with fun, good company, new surroundings, and physical challenge, try hashing. Just remember one thing . . . never wear new shoes to the hash!

GOALS OF THE HASH

From the 1938 charter of the Kuala Lumpur Hash House Harriers

- * To promote physical fitness among our members
- * To get rid of weekend hangovers
- * To acquire a good thirst and to satisfy it in beer
- * To persuade the older members that they are not as old as they feel

