

## MOON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS AND PENAL COLONY

"Hashing around the Moon since 1995"

Grand Master: Will He Peter

Date: 8-6-87

- This is our first Monday run of the year, now that daylight saving has kicked in.
- A quick reminder to you new boots. Bring warm clothing, since there is a mean temperature drop of about 275 degrees at sunset. Oh yeah, and flashlights. Preferably something in the 100 Kilowatt range.
- The **Sierra Club** is demanding that we file an environmental impact statement every time we lay a trail. Seems as if they have a bug up their poop-chutes and claim that the trails don't dissipate for around 47,500 years. Typical elitist, wimp, pinko fucking liberal crap. But, for the foreseeable future, please refrain from using the weapons-grade plutonium for trails, and confine yourself to granulated Uranium.
- While we're on the subject, please remember that no Hasher can lay more than three trails in any given Lunar Year due to safeguards in handling fissionable/fusionable materials. Unless of course you don't care about your dick falling off. **Butt Wipe** was heard to ask if he could lay trails just until he needed glasses.
- One final note on the subject. Please, please, please keep an accurate map of your trail for our records. That mysterious explosion last month was caused when **Pussy Tosser** unintentionally layed a 17 kilometer back-check parallel to the first leg of **Madd Maxx's Flat Top Run**. The resulting chain reaction registered about 170 kiloton, and the tide shift back on Earth swept seven thousand California surfers to their deaths. On second thought.....
- Speaking of **Madd Maxx**, how did he find any flat terrain on the Moon anyway ?
- The "**Full Earth Run**" will be run as scheduled for the next 172 days in a row.
- We're going to start an "On the Rag" Hash, just as soon as we get some women up here.
- For the foreseeable future, **Licks-His-Own** has been ordered to refrain from baring his ass whilst singing "He may be a joy to his mother, but he's a pain in the asshole to me...." Seems as if some of the lonelier guys are singing that last part with a little too much enthusiasm. This

practice has been suspended until further notice, or until we get some women up here.

- Due to lack of participation, **Mr. T** has cancelled his biweekly **Republican Charm School** workshop until further notice, declaring the Moon a "cultural wasteland". No, T. It's the Hash that is a cultural wasteland. The Moon is simply a wasteland.

- A vote was taken Monday as to whether we should invite the Russians to run with us, as a gesture of international solidarity. It wasn't even close; 3 in favor, 47 against. As **The Rev** so succinctly put it, "Fuck 'em. Ever since Glasnost, ain't a one of 'em with a sense of humor."

- Our new arrival, **Keezer**, has been complaining about the lack of down downs and singing at the ON-ONs, until somebody explained the logistical problems of attempting these activities in a vacuum. He then suggested that we all get in a circle and harmonize while touching helmets, but this was ruled out on the grounds of being, if not outright faggy, at the very least provocative.

- This still doesn't explain how **Hooter Bill** get's his horn to work in a complete vacuum, he just does.

- Of course, nobody has bothered explaining why they shipped an immigration lawyer to the moon either, they just did.

- Quick note to **Half-Moon** in response to your recent letter: No, your Hash name does not entitle you to any special privileges, although it should give you the inside track for Homecoming queen.

- Also in response to a letter by **Swamp Rat**: It's penal colony, as in "punishment". You are thinking of something else. And no, we do not accept applications.

- **Geek** is still missing from the **Sea of Tranquility** run last April, so his rations are being raffled off every night. We figure he's got about a five day supply of air left, after which we will raffle off his grip.

- A word of warning. If he comes back, **Never Follow Geek**.

- **Muscle Phart** has only been here for two weeks, and he already has his first client.

- Holy Shit, it just occurred to me. They shipped all the fucking lawyers here.

On On.

WILL-HE PETER

MHHAPC