



The PITT SHIT

"All the booze that's fit to print"

Pittsburgh Inebriated Thirsty Thursdays

Issue #25

12/9/15

November 12, 2015 Trail #79

The Two Virgins, One Trail Hash

When: Thursday 11/12 @ 6:30pm

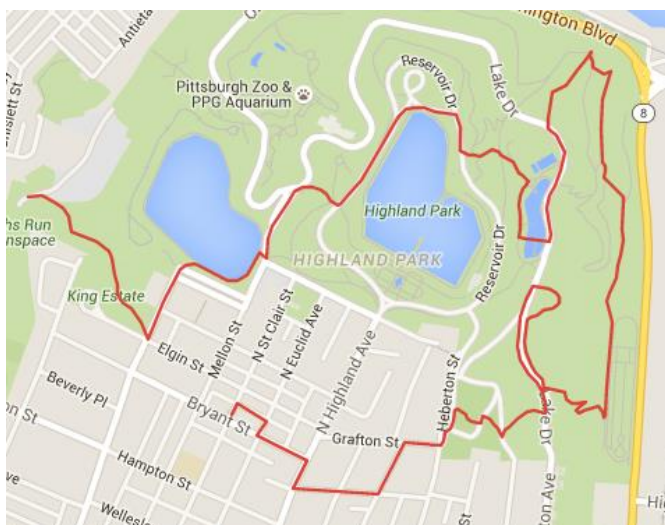
Who: Just Brian A, Just Chris B, Diaper Dan

Where: Park Place Pub

5719 Bryant St, Pittsburgh, PA 15206

Once upon a PTA meeting, Diaper Dan invited Just Chris to a hash. Little did he know he was creating a monster. Before long he was inviting his father-in-law and one of his neighbors to hashes. That neighbor, Just Brian, has become as addicted to hashing as his mentor. Now the dynamic duo is popping their haring cherries, with some help from Diaper Dan. Join them for a trail that doesn't start from Zano's and doesn't go anywhere near Greenfield, Hazelwood, or Squirrel Hill. Beyond that, they make no promises of originality or quality.

Pre-lube and apres are both at Park Place Pub. The kitchen closes at 10, so order before on-out. The trail has a high shiggy potential, and ticks are out in force, so dress accordingly. Headlamps are a must, unless you're a masochist or can see in the dark. The trail is probably canine-friendly, but the pub isn't.



TRAIL STATS:

RUN #: 79

DATE: November 12, 2015

MILES: 3.9 miles

ATTENDANCE: 37 (26 M / 11 F)

START: Park Place Pub – Highland Park

TEMPERATURE: 52 degrees F

HARES: Diaper Dan, Just Brian A, Just Chris B

Virgins: Just Lela

Naming: Just Chris B is now My Hog N Me

Just Jeff shows off his ass at the first beer stop after falling in the marshy trap planted by the hares.



Porn Again re-enacts how he broke the bench at the second beer stop. Lay off the orange food, PA.





Trail #79 Review by Major Pecker

We find the pack in the parking lot behind the Park Place Pub on a brisk autumn night. After sending the hares off with a traditional prayer we launched into a rousing rendition of Father Birmingham, much to the confusion/embarrassment of our virgins. This was a particularly noteworthy rendition because **Zippy** decided to sing along with us. This wasn’t annoying at all, and definitely did not cause the back neighbors to come out and see WTF was going on in their alleyway. Before we knew it, we were in hot pursuit of the hares.

In an attempt to injure the maximum number of hashers, we were led up and down slippy, leaf covered hills and to an oft-used shelter in Highland Park. A few warm beers later (it was a chilly night, so this wasn’t too bad), we slipped and slid all the way down to the bike track by Washington Boulevard. Sadly, we knew deep in our hearts that the only remaining direction to go from there was up (or into the river). **Muff Warmer** decided he would get a leg-up on the competition, and ran straight into the marsh at the bottom of the hill. Unfortunately for him, a swim was not a part of the trail. Instead, we headed straight back up the hill we had just twisted our collective ankles going down.

At the second beer stop, **Porn Again Christian** apparently had one too many cookies, because he sat down and broke the picnic table that had been on that hill for years. This is why we can’t have nice things. Everyone was grateful for a chance to catch their breath (and slake their thirst) after the climb. In fact, I was just thinking how smoothly the trail was going as I left with a belly full of beer. How naïve...

As we were running around a lake in Highland Park, a small group split off from the pack and literally stumbled across a delicious shot stop hidden behind a cabin. As we stood around and drank our shots, something alarming happened – hashers came from all directions, all claiming they were on true trail. Even more concerning, most of the pack seemed to have gone a completely different way, bypassing the shots completely. Fortunately, we remembered that **HLT** and **T-Bag** had come across a map that **Diaper Dan** carelessly left laying around at the beer stop. They told everyone that the circle was going to be up by the reservoir.

So up we went, climbing the hills up to the high point of Highland Park. Now, I’m not sure if they misread the map, or just wanted the best circle beer to themselves (but let’s be honest and think about who we’re talking about here), but there was no beer (or trail) up at the reservoir. After some wandering, the little group I was in saw headlamps in the distance and met up with another section of the pack (who, incidentally, were also lost). We did manage to stumble upon trail, however, and made our way down to the circle in the zoo parking lot. Despite being completely lost, we managed to beat the beer there, as the parking lot gates were unexpectedly closed and the hares had to drag the beer a mile from where they parked. Better them than me.

Circle was rambunctious, as seems to be the trend these days. We learned that one of our hares got misled, and had to hide from the pack in a blind alley as they all ran past. **Sweetums** helped us demonstrate some (steamy) sex positions with **Just Chris B**. They must have done the trick, since we decided to give him a name – he will now forever be known as **My Hog ‘n’ Me**. It was a long cold slog back up to the bar, but worth it for the burger I got at the end. Shit trail.



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TIME FOR A NAMING

Just Chris has over time finally managed to attend enough trails and lay one that it was his turn for a naming. There had been some dirt going around pre naming that he is a very graceful fellow. In fact he is a professional strip dancer, and by professional I think his wife pays him to strip. The real dirt though is that he is a ballerina. He probably even owns more tutus than Pelvis. The other little known fact is that he likes to work with wood, probably his own wood when he's doing the paid dances, that was never really clarified and some people assumed that it may be wood from an actual tree. He did keep alluding to anal after various questions so I'm still confused which wood he likes to play with. He mentioned that Mahogany was his favorite, but it worked out funnier for now and forever that Just Chris will be called **My Hog n Me**.



Above: Just Chris demonstrates his sex moves on Sweetums

Left: Newly named My Hog n Me is baptized in flour

Hashers on Trail #79

Any Cock'll Do	Golden Showers	Just Matt B	Porn Again Christian	The Black Clap
Cock Smitten	HLT	Just Matt S	Scrum Guzzler	Tight Embouchure
Cuffed & Battered	ICP	Just Shelley	Shitty Titty Gang Bang	Ur-A-Gay Gloryhole
Death Marshall	Just Brian A	Lips of Steel	Spermit	Urine the Closet
Defender of Peedom	Just Chris B	Major Pecker	Strap-On	Wroughten Pussy
Diaper Dan	Just Dave R	ManGurglar	Sweetums	
Dirty Gerbil	Just Jeff M	Muff Warmer	T-Bag	
Gaggle Cock	Just Lela	Noah	T-Boner	



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November 13, 2015 Trail #80

Dark Side #8

When: Friday, November 13 at 6:30pm

Where: Satalio's

27 Bailey Ave Pittsburgh, PA 15211

GPS: 40°25'37.3"N 80°00'15.2"W

Hares: Shitty Titty Gang Bang (STGB), Golden Showers (GPS)

The "Dark Side" hash occurs on the new moon focuses on our secret innermost desires of running and the rewards the come from our yearnings. The Dark Side concentrates on the fundamentals of hash "running", "beer" and a good trail. This month's Dark Side trail will be an another typical extremely difficult trail with, steep finger gripping climbs, rocky kidney busting downhill slides, tree hugging cliff traverses, knee deep shoe sucking mud, , PI index of 1/5, thorn index of 2.27/5, possible SWAT team intervention, and a survival estimate of 87.765 – 92.315%. For the survivors this will be a challenge of a lifetime and others will be coyote meat. Our four legged friends are welcome with a survival estimate of 88.289%. This trail will be a no whining event so if you plan on whining it may be a good night for laundry or grocery shopping.



E=MC Hammered, Shitty Titty, and Lips of Steel

TRAIL STATS:

RUN #: 80/Darkside #8

DATE: November 13, 2015

MILES: 6.5 miles

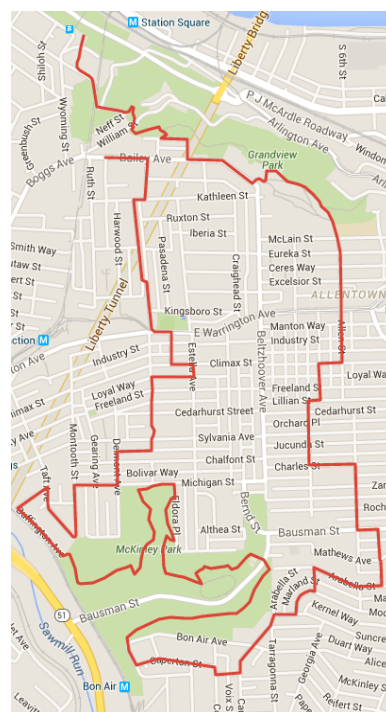
ATTENDANCE: 13 (7 M / 6 F)

START: Satalio's – Mt. Washington

TEMPERATURE: 45 degrees F

HARES: Golden Showers, Shitty Titty Gang Bang

New Boots: Just Nate



Hashers on Trail #80

Bubba Drunk

Burning Bubbles

Cuntscaper

E=MC Hammered

Golden Showers

ICP

Just Matt B

Just Nadia

Just Nate

Lips of Steel

Scrum Guzzler

Shitty Titty Gang Bang

The Black Clap



pitts.hhh@gmail.com

To sign up for a trail, submit write-ups for the newsletter, etc. please send us an email.



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Trail #80/Darkside #8 Review by Bubba Drunk

A light but lively crowd gathered at Satalio’s for the start of a Friday the 13th Dark Moon Hash. **Any Cock’ll Do** made a pre-hash appearance before heading out to some kind of Pussy (cat) film festival. **Tight E** collected hash cash but also skipped trail in favor of Netflix n Chill with a Gobblerito and Margaritas. On Out!... and immediately **E=MC Hammered** crashed on a sunken slab of sidewalk. She shrugged it off like a badass and carried on. Trail curved into the local neighborhood and we serpented the streets down the mountain side. On-On communication was in full force and our fun-sized group was staying together as back hashers were able to shortcut through empty lots of bulldozed homes. Eventually trail turned down a dark abandoned road and the first “B” was discovered. Just the B was found though as the hares mismarked the location and lost their own Beer! Eventually, **Golden Showers** yelled “beer here” from some shiggy and drug out a treasure chest of tasty craft beers. The beer stop was above the south end of the Liberty Tubes. **Burning Bubbles** demonstrated her navigational awareness and schooled **Bubba Drunk** on the age old hash question of “where the hell are we?” **Bubba Drunk** lost his license and debit card but **Just Matt** discovered and kindly returned them without stealing Bubba’s identity. **Shitty Titty Gang Bang** was not at the beer stop and we thought she may have been the first victim of Jason Voorhees as it was Friday the 13th. The vivacious blonde is always the first to go in the movies.

From the beer stop we entered an obstacle course of low branches, logs, and shiggy which eventually led to an established, leaf covered, but flour-full trail. A couple well placed falses shuffled the group up a few times along the way to the first shot stop. The shot stop was near a big curved wall which **Bubbles** had hoped was a tunnel but sadly it was not. A yummy cinnamon applesauce moonshine concoction was found in a Coors Light soft side cooler which had to belong to **STGB** cause **Golden** ain’t drinking Coors Light. **ICP** proudly urinated “ICP” onto the no-tunnel wall and shouts of “I See Pee” were heard when he presented his pee art. We downed a few shots and trotted off.

We found ourselves on a long, straight, tree lined path which had stretched the group out across McKinley Park. We passed a spooky, swaying tree which sounded like a creaking door opening and made some of us pick up the pace. We came upon another well timed shot stop but **E=MC Hammered** didn’t make it there. Another victim of the man in the hockey mask? Meanwhile, **Lips of Steel** showed off her fresh blood-on-trail and ripped pants. We sent out a couple texts and navigational beacons to Hammered and after waiting a bit, continued out of the park and back onto city streets. We zigged and zagged and traversed some calf burning hills. Eventually **Hammered** made a miraculous recovery and caught up to the pack. Hoots and Cheers celebrated her return and survival. Along the way, we found a split for Turkey and Eagle trails. Most of the group went Turkey while **The Black Clap** and **Bubba** went Eagle where the dirt trail had some spectacular views of our fine city.

We soon all merged back together and shuffled into Beer Stop #2. It was on a scenic city overlook and had more quality beers. From the second beer stop, we followed a bunch of dots and arrows which led us down the steps/trails below Bigbee Field. Everybody passed a down deer that had a huge gash torn in it. By the time **Cuntscaper** and **Just Nadia** got to it there was a coyote actively ripping into the deer! YIKES. Their screams went unheard by the front of the pack, but must have scared the coyote off long enough for them to pass. No, **C-Scaper** did not get a selfie with the coyote if anyone was wondering. **STGB** and **GS** were waiting for us at our favorite Mt. Washington Circle spot and we congratulated them on another shit Dark Side trail. Great beer, a ton of flour, and a little bit of everything that makes a DS entertaining, including an urban “circle of life” demonstration. **Scrum Guzzler** conducted the CliffsNotes version of circle where **Virgin Nate** was properly down-downed and told to bring 5 bucks next time. We hiked the cooler back to **Black Clap**’s Beermobile after which the entire group headed to Redbeards. **WMD** and company joined the post trail festivities at the back of the bar. We ate, we drank, we sang some more songs. Fun night, shit trail



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November 25, 2015 Trail #81

3rd Annual Sand Turkey Trail

(PITT H3 #81/PGH-H3 Fool Moon)

Who: Sir Vix, John Handycock, Twat's Up Cock?, Transoxual, T-Boner, and Dirty Gerbil

When: WEDNESDAY 11/25 @ 6:30 pm

Where: Brunswick Playmore Bowl - 5840 Buttermilk Hollow Rd, Pittsburgh, PA 15207

Hash Cash: FREE if you bring some canned food/other non-perishable items for the food bank.

Ever since the inception of the PITT-H3, the Sand Turkey Trail has been a pre-Thanksgiving staple! (We don't care if Sir Vix made the whole thing about mythical Sand turkeys up to cover her own ass! It's a gosh darn institution at this point!) Come one! Come all! To the Third Annual PITT-H3 Sand Turkey (and PGH H3 Fool Moon) Trail!

Who will reign maxim as kennel supreme!? Come test your kennels mettle against the other kennel in games* of skill and chance** at the Brunswick Playmor Bowl***!

Meet up at 6:30 for drinks in the bowling alley bar and then it is on out precisely at 7 for a flat, dry, shiggy free trail and some beers! The alley is open until 11 pm so pick your team and challenge the other kennel for bragging rights!

*There may not be actual games

** Depending on your level of skill it could easily be a game of chance

***We have inside information that this place may actually be run by Juggalos. Whoop! Whoop!

TRAIL STATS:

RUN #: 81 **DATE:** November 25, 2015

MILES: 2.5 miles **ATTENDANCE:** 50 (30 M / 20 F)

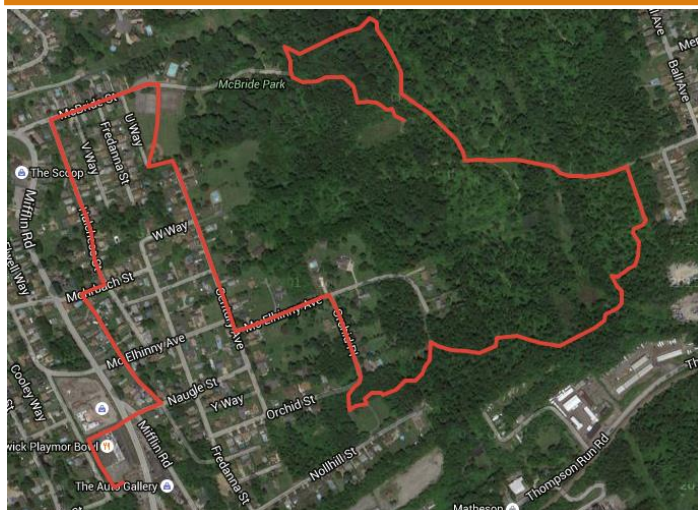
START: Brunswick Playmor Bowl – Lincoln Place

TEMPERATURE: 50 degrees F

HARES: Sir Vix, T-Boner, Twat's Up Cock?, John Handycock, Transoxual, Dirty Gerbil

Visitors: Cuntput (Indyscent), Sucks the Dick (Indyscent), VD (Dayton),

Long Lost Pitt Hashers: Moaning Lisa, Glitter Spitter, Blackout Mount



**YOUNGER,
LOUDER &
SNOTTIER**

The Dynamic RA Duo of Glitter Spitter and Defender of Peedom are reunited

www.pitth3.com



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Trail #81 Review by Tight E

It’s the best holiday of the year...No, not Christmas. Not Thanksgiving. I’m talking about Sand Turkey. Created when a (probably drunk) **Sir Vix** misheard someone saying “Santarchy,” and decided to create a holiday around a mythical desert-dwelling bird. Always held on the biggest drinking day of the year, Sand Turkey is a day of drunken, revelatory hashing. This year the holiday also happened to fall on a full moon so it was twice the turkey, twice the sand, and twice the hares! Not sure why six hares were needed to lay a 2.5 mile trail but pretty much all rules go out the window during Pitt/Full Moon Collaboration trails and the Great Sand Turkey generously bestowed trail credits to everyone.

Trail started at a bowling alley in Lincoln Place, a neighborhood in the most South Eastern tip of the city. I think the idea was for us to bowl after trail but I don’t think anyone did. We were surprised by a visit from former RA **Glitter Spitter** who has been going to “Med School” in Erie. This unlikely story paired with his new haircut makes me think he may actually be in hiding from the mafia. Our very own undercover Canadian, **Moaning Lisa**, came back from DC and graced us with his presence. Apparently he wants to move back to Pittsburgh but its “complicated.” #Cockward. We were also joined by **Cuntput** and **STD** from Indianapolis, **VD** from Dayton, and **Blackout Mount** from Boulder.

Trail was short and sweet, half pre-laid and half live hared, with plenty of shiggy and beer. The details are fuzzy seeing as the circle coolers were stocked with craft beer and I had hitched a ride to trail in the **ManGurglar** taxi, but I do remember having a good time. Shit trail and a happy Sand Turkey to all.

Hashers on Trail #81

7 Layer Dip	Just Brian A	Shitty Titty Gang Bang
Any Cock’ll Do	Just Harley	Sir Vix
Bend Overture	Just Jeff M	Spermit
Blackout Mount	Just Maghen	Steph Infection
Bubba Drunk	Just Shelley	Sucks the Dick
Cock Smitten	Lips of Steel	T-Boner
Cream of Mushroom	ManGurglar	The Black Clap
Cuntput	Moaning Lisa	Tight Embouchure
Cuntscaper	Moon	Transsexual
Defender of Peedom	My Hog n Me	Triple Dipple
Dirty Gerbil	Narco Polo	Twat’s Up Cock?
Double Stuffed	Nurse Ken Doll	Twerkin’ Overtime
Gaggle Cock	Porn Again Christian	Ur-A-Gay Gloryhole
Glitter Spitter	Potty Guard	VD
Golden Showers	Scrum Guzzler	Wanking Dead
ICP	Shameless Cussy	WMD
John Handycok	Shart Appreciation	



Shot Stop at a Moon family gravestone

SONG OF THE WEEK

Twenty Toes

There’s a game called twenty toes,
It’s played all over town.

The women play with ten toes up,
The men with ten toes down, down,
down, down....

Upcumming Trails:

Wed 12/9: **PITT #82/DS #9** – Black Clap, T-Boner

Thurs 12/10: **PITT #83** – Tight E, Muff Warmer, Just Jeff

Sun 12/13: **PGH #1703** – E=MC Hammered