



The PITT SHIT

"All the booze that's fit to print"

Pittsburgh Inebriated Thirsty Thursdays

Issue #32

3/17/16

March 3, 2016

Trail #92

Thursday, March 3rd at 6:30

Nagel's Bar

2100 Spring Street Pittsburgh, PA 15210

Hares: Wroughten and Moon

Come experience the highs and lows of Lower St. Clair and venture to a corner of the city that Pitt has yet to romp. Trail is dog friendly and headlamps are encouraged.

TRAIL STATS:

RUN #: 92

DATE: March 3, 2016

MILES: 3.5

ATTENDANCE: 43 (27 M / 16 F)

START: Nagel's Bar – Arlington

TEMPERATURE: 32 degrees F

HARES: Moon, Wroughten Pussy

Commemoratives:

Tags (10 trails, 1 hare): Wheelbarrow Willie

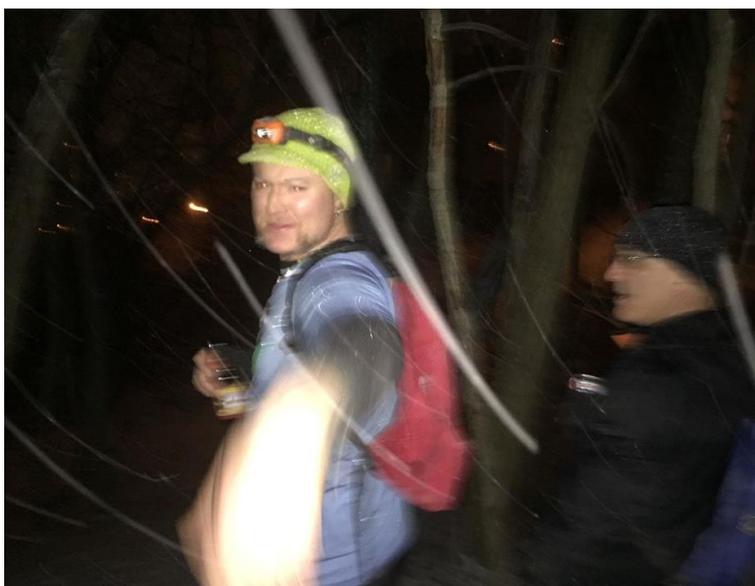
Visitors: Just Eric (Colorado), Crotch Thumper (Lexington, KY)

Virgins: Just Shannon

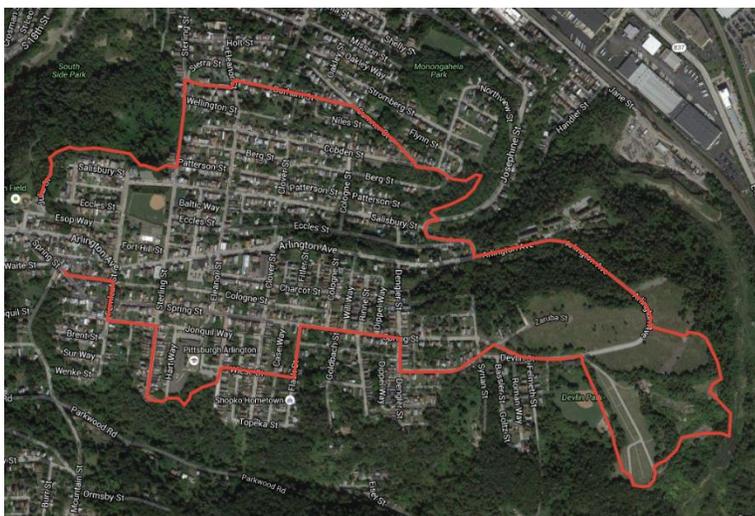
Hashshit: Double Stuffed

Hashers on Trail #92

Bubba Drunk	Lips of Steel
Cock in a Net	Major Pecker
Cock Smitten	ManGurglar
Cream of Mushroom	Mayor Bloomy
Crotch Thumper (KY)	Moon
Cuffed & Battered	Muff Warmer
Debends	No Code
Defender of Peedom	Ogre Under
Diaper Dan	Rex
Dirty Gerbil	Scrum Guzzler
Double Stuffed	Shameless Cussy
Gaggle Cock	Spermit
Gay Horse Dancer	Spinning Midget
Golden Showers	T-Boner
HLT	The Black Clap
ICP	Tight Embouchure
Just Desiree	Transsexual
Just Eric (Colorado)	Triple Dipple
Just Jacob	Twat's Up Cock?
Just Lela	Wheelbarrow Willie
Just Matt B	Wroughten Pussy
Just Shannon	



The hares, Wroughten Pussy and Moon, at a beer stop



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 #92 Review by HLT

Moon and Wroughten's Long Flexible Life-like Pitt Trail

I could start at the end (either end really) but let's back up first to a time not long before this hash. **Purple Princess**, the former heavyweight champion of our hash, asks me, "Can I give you the hash shit to return to the Pitt Hash?" Sigh. Sure. Cuz I'm nice like that. Sweet Jesus that was a mistake.

Purple wanders off and shortly returns with this...abomination. Abomination in the shape of a sports instrument gone really wrong. It started as a tennis racket and to this was attached (1) 18" flesh colored life-like (read "with veins") double ended instrument of naughty bits destruction. Added to that, like the spines of a wiggly trident of love, were (2!) 12" hot pink double ended dildos. If you were to take a step back and take the whole thing in (heh...), that's 42" of loneliness ending silicon satisfaction and...absolutely terrifying.

I brought this to **Moon** and **Wroughten's** hash, walking from my vehicle to the bar, hiding it on one side and then the other. Furtively scurrying from one shadow to the next...and took it straight to **Defender**. Let's be honest, who doesn't immediately think of Defender when holding roughly 6lbs of sex toys? No surprise, Defender took it off my hands without a question. Thank you, Defender. Thank you.

Now, the bar. WTF? I walked in. This place smelled of domestic violence and looked like an evening of disappointment. The 50's barstools like so many ribs on a dildo promised a night not worth remembering. Smoke hung in the air from one slimy end to the other and the locals were eyeing us not unlike I eyed the hash shit. WTF?

All week, leading up to the hash were warnings about this place being cash only. Not just cash only, there was also no ATM. Not that this was much of an issue seeing as Yuengling was the available "craft beer". All (4) varieties of beer in the cooler were \$9.50 a 6-pack except Yuengling which fetched a steep \$10.50. Gimme a Bud Heavy and I'll chase it with a shot of 2nd hand smoke! Lube me up!

So this is how the hares introduced us to "Lower St. Clair." Lower St. Clair. Come on! That's like calling Blawnox "Lower Fox Chapel." Let's just say... it's a stretch.

Trail was long, winding, and we went deeeep into poor old St. Clair. Trail made it round corners best left unexplored. It was slippery at times, bumpy at others and very very life like. Nobody got shot and there was decent beer.

At the end, much like at the beginning, we circled round the beer. Sorry, the WARM beer. Being somewhat more clever than the beer-meister, we left the coolers open so the beer could chill. It's takes special effort to produce warm beer when it's been in the 30s all night.

Major Pecker was reunited with his mug which he lost on trail. He should have had a strap-on it! Despite this folly, and the warm beer, the pack just couldn't help but award **Double Stuffed** who found a toy double barrel shotgun on trail, the excessively double ended hash shit. It was verily thrust upon him.

At last, while this write-up is truly water proof, hypo-allergenic and odor resistant, it's getting too long and I need to go empty my Amazon cart before I order anything. It's quite surprising what you can buy on Amazon!

A quick shout out to the visiting harriette celebrity, **Crotch Thumper!**

On-on!

HLT



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Upcumming Trails:

Thurs 3/17 @ 6:30 pm: PITT #94 – Murphy’s Tap Room
 Sat 3/19 @ 2 pm: PGH #1717 – Green Dress Run– Carson City Saloon
 Wed 3/23 @ 6:30 pm: Tn@ H3 #5/Co-Ed Blood Fool Moon Trail – Buford’s Kitchen
 Sat 3/26 @ 2 pm: PGH #1717 – Moon’s Beerthday Hash - TBD
 Thurs 3/31 @ 6:30 pm: PITT #95 – TBD

ON - ON

**YOUNGER,
LOUDER &
SNOTTIER**

ON - ON

Above: Defender of Peedom proudly carries the hash shit as it makes its triumphant return to the Pitt Hash, now with even more dildos!

Below: Wheelbarrow Willie gets his tags



SONG OF THE WEEK

THE DOGGIES' MEETING
 Melody - Itself

The doggies held a meeting,
 They came from near and far,
 Some came by motorcycle,
 Some came by motorcar.

Each doggy passed the entrance,
 Each doggy signed the book,
 Then each unshipped his arsehole,
 And hung it on the hook.

One dog was not invited,
 It sorely raised his ire,
 He ran into the meeting hall
 And loudly bellowed, "Fire!"

It threw them in confusion,
 And without a second look,
 Each grabbed another's arsehole
 From off another hook.

And that's the reason why, sir,
 When walking down the street,
 And that's the reason why, sir,
 When doggies chance to meet,
 And that's the reason why, sir,
 On land or sea or foam,
 He will sniff another's arsehole,
 To see if it's his own.



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March 8, 2016

Trail #93

Dark Side #12

When: March 8, 2016 @ 6:30 pm – 11:45 pm

Where: "The Huddle" in Beechview

1648 Broadway Ave Pittsburgh, PA 15216

Hares: Bubba Drunk, Any Cock'll Do, and Golden Showers

We currently have a 5 mile trail planned but this is a Dark Side and Beechview so expect some degree of difficulty.

COST: \$5 Hash Cash

IMPORTANT: Headlamp and/or light is mandatory

The hares plan on sending a Facebook location beacon on this event page to the pack once they arrive at the stops.

TRAIL STATS:

RUN #: 93/DS 12

DATE: March 8, 2016

MILES: 5.5

ATTENDANCE: 34 (20 M / 14 F)

START: **The Huddle** – Beechview

TEMPERATURE: 63 degrees F

HARES: **Bubba Drunk, Any Cock'll Do, Golden Showers**

Commemoratives:

Patch (50 trails): **Muff Warmer**

Virgins: **Just Ginny**

Hashshit: **Muff Warmer**

Hashers on Trail #93

Any Cock'll Do	Just Matt B
Assman Cumeth	Just Nadia
Bubba Drunk	Just Nate
Burning Bubbles	Lips of Steel
Butter My Korn	Lost in the Bush
Cuffed & Battered	Muff Warmer
Cuntscafer	Potty Guard
Death Marshall	Pounded in the Can
Debends	Scrum Guzzler
Defender of Peedom	Shitty Titty Gang Bang
Dirty Gerbil	Spermit
Double Stuffed	T-Boner
Gaggle Cock	Tasty Muff
Golden Showers	The Black Clap
ICP	Tight Embouchure
Just Ginny	Ur-A-Gay Gloryhole
Just Marcus	Wheelbarrow Willie



Above: The hares (Cock'll and Bubba) and virgin (Ginny)
Left: Muff receiving the hash shit and 50 trail patch
Below: Assman, Cock'll, Clap, and Lips at a beer stop





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Trail #93 Review by Cuffed & Battered

So there we were, standing alongside the trolley tracks right out of Mr. Rogers Neighborhood. The dogs were barking, the hashers inebriated, and the cops already getting wind of the debauchery that is about to unfurl. The hares didn’t waste any time in introducing us to the true topography of the neighborhood that is Beechview. We ran up and down and occasionally horizontal. Do GPS watches calculate altitude? Because we most certainly climbed a mile in elevation.

While running around (looking like we were preparing for Everest), we had an unusual number of spectators. It must have been “fat ass on porch night” in Beechview. Almost everyone had dogs, small children, and elderly grandparents on their front porch. They all seemed to stare, inquire, and silently shame us for causing such a disturbance.

After we crossed the himalayans we finally arrived at our first beer stop, camouflaged in hillside, with a distant downtown view. Now the funny thing about this stop is that the hares left in the OPPOSITE direction that trail was going. So once we all finished our generous Two-Hearted ales, and Dried Mexican Chow Chow mix, we headed the way they went. But we were soon to realize that the hares left us an arrow in the other direction. Those bastards were shortcutting! Pre-laid trail? How could they! But sure enough we were taken on a long jaunt around the woods beside 51 and the parkway. I might add that it was quite a lovely trail, relatively flat, only occasional mud holes, and sparsely laid broken bottles. Not to mention the lovely highway views the entire way. I was quite at peace with the world. That is until we came upon the next beer stop. Then my mind returned to the Two-Hearted and a new flavor of Mexican Packing Peanuts. Thanks **Just Matt** for the accurate flavor description.

Once we were done munching on flavored styrofoam we sauntered through the Naval base on the hill, and then climbed some more hills. Maybe down a hill and then back up. After we finished up this roller coaster, we ended up in a heaping pile of glass, the ideal place for circle. Now folks, if you’re looking for something to do with your old CRT TV, that no one will recycle, I highly recommend this secluded old playground. **Potty Guard** led us in a very succinct and timely circle. In fact, we were so efficient that many hashers were arriving halfway through circle. I would like to give a special shout out to **Muff Warmer** for handling the shot quest, almost single handedly. And his reward? The hash shit (for stepping in dog shit) and his 50-trail commemorative patch. No glaucoma to worry about here folks, his eyes were barely open at this point. Oh but we didn’t flour anyway

Shit trail hares, my burning calves thank you.