



The

PITT SHIT

"All the booze that's fit to print"

Pittsburgh Inebriated Thirsty Thursdays

Issue #37

5/26/16

May 12, 2016

Trail #100

Who: Cream of Mushroom and Defender of Peedom

When: Thursday 5/12 @6:30 pm

Where: Jack's - 1117 E Carson St Pittsburgh, PA

What: PITT Trail #100

100 what? We've been doing this Thursday night thing for almost 3 years now and 100 trails. I don't feel that old. And I know I'm not as old as some geezers who have been to more pitth3 trails. (Have you checked your pitth3 trail count lately?

<http://www.pitth3.com/trail-count-commemoratives>)

TRAIL STATS:

RUN #: 100

DATE: May 12, 2016

MILES: 6.5

ATTENDANCE: 66 (39 M / 27 F)

START: Jack's - Southside

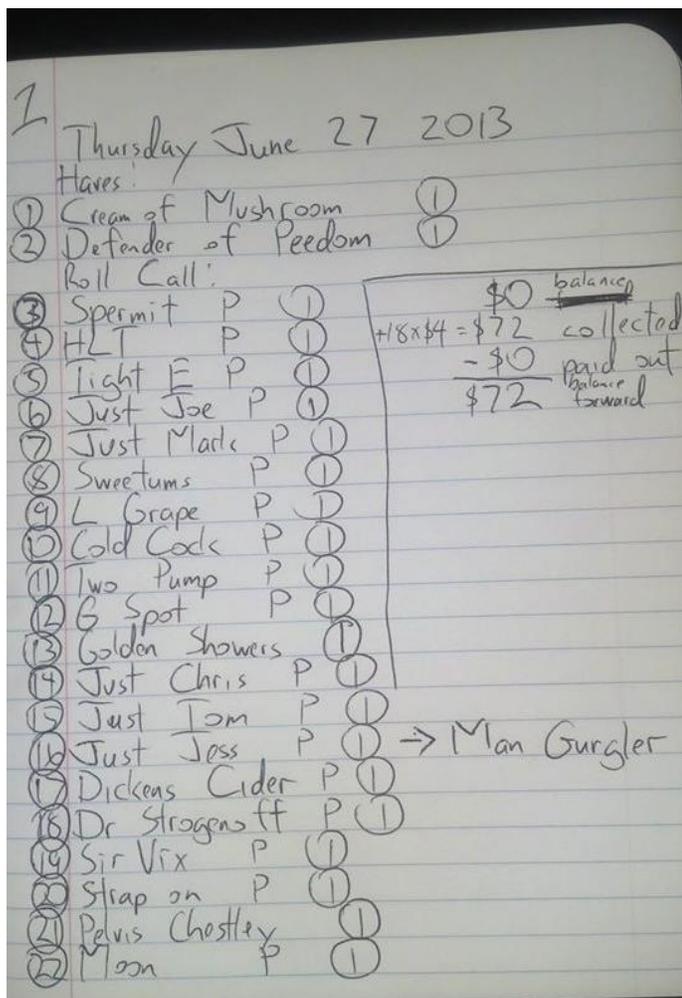
TEMPERATURE: 70 degrees F

HARES: Defender of Peedom, Cream of Mushroom

Hashers on Trail #100

7 Layer Dip	Major Pecker
Any Cock'll Do	ManGurglar*
Beets the Shit Outta Me	Mayor Bloomy
Bubba Drunk	Moon*
Burning Bubbles	Muff Warmer*
Cream of Mushroom*	My Hog n Me
C-scaper	Narco Polo
Curb Appeal	No Code
Dabenz	Noah
Death Marshall	Nobosexual
Defender of Peedom*	Ogre
Diaper Dan	Porn Again Christian
Dirty Gerbil	Potty Guard
Double Stuffed	Rex
Drunk Dynasty	Scrum Guzzler
E=MC Hammered	Shameless Cussy
Fantastic Foreskin	Shanghiney
Gaggle Cock	Sherpes
Gay Horse Dancer	Shitty Titty Gang Bang
Glitter Spitter	Six Cooter
Heart On	Spermit*
ICP	Squirter
IHOP	Sultan of Skin
Just Desiree	Sweetums*
Just Elise	T-Bag
Just Jack	T-Boner
Just Jacob	Tasty Muff
Just Jeff W	Tears for Sears
Just Lela	The Black Clap*
Just Steve K	Tight Embouchure*
K9 69	Titty Whiskers
Lips of Steel	Wheelbarrow Willie
Lost in the Bush	Wroughten

*Attended PITT Trail #1





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Trail #100 Review by GLTR SPTR

This last Hash marked the 100th anniversary hash for the Pitt Kennel of the Hash House Harriers. It seems fitting that the trail would be laid with essence of nostalgia of all the great trails that came before it. The 100th trail harkened back to a simpler time before the advent of GPS or even cognitive thinking. The hares started strong out of Jack’s Bar and led the punishing trek to the cusp of the south side slopes with an impressive array of false marks and fish hooks that would eventually reroute the 60+ hounds in the opposite direction away from the slopes across the river to Duquesne’s upper campus.

Clearly, these guys were not fucking around. Trail had almost tripled in elevation, and bitching was up nearly 300% by the time we found the 1st beer stop. ... And then the acid must have kicked in. What actually happened in the minds of the hares after this point is still unclear. All that is known for certain is shit was fucked 3 ways from next Thursday. The Genie was out of the bottle and that fucker wasn’t going back in peacefully. The next time the pack caught up with the hares was not at the second beer stop. Rather, it was at the downtown subway station. By the time I arrived, **Peedom** was down to his soggy boxers and **Mushroom** was sporting the kind of grin you wear when you smell a fart at a funeral but have nothing to say about it. It was obvious that the trains were not running on time. By the time the Hares had considered the fact that they were on a live trail and were not bound to local government for transportation, it was too late. The hares had managed to get caught by everyone except for **Sweetums** who was still blissfully ignorant of the whole ordeal by the time a few of us decided to run to the north shore and attempt to cut off the train everyone was still waiting on back in the downtown station.

We reached the north shore subway platform to find the hares had already laid a trail below it directing the pack towards the Taco Bell on Allegheny Ave. Don’t threaten me with a good time! Half way up the hill immediately in front of the taco bell the small group slowed to find the insignia of a shot stop drawn on the sidewalk. A brief search in the garbage laden bushes yielded a tiny 20oz Brisk Iced Tea bottle filled with a lukewarm translucent liquid. Now I don’t want to name any names here, but fucking **Diaper Dan** was the first to try it. After a sip, the concoction was passed to me which I foolishly imbibed. The fluid was slightly salty with notes of oak and coconut. I had to swallow it before mentioning that there was no alcohol whatsoever in that drink. **Porn Again** gazed back... “It’s probably piss”. Porn Again was right. I was drinking piss. I had been betrayed by Diaper Dan. Later, Peedom would reveal that the Mushroom drew the shot stop mark with the intention of leaving a shot stop but never followed through. No one knew where the piss bottle came from. Which means that some rando pressed his wang on the small bottle opening that I had to wrap my lips around and sip from probably in his car, probably in the taco bell drive thru line, probably after a tailgate in November. And here I was drinking it in fucking May. Awesome. I can’t really tell you what happened after that because the line at the free clinic was long that night and I got out just in time to baby bird **Lips of Steel** at circle for taking a fucking selfie on trail.

But yeah... fuck those guys. They suck.

-GLTR SPTR



YOUNGER,
LOUDER &
SNOTTIER

pitts.hhh@gmail.com

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

www.pitth3.com



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Upcumming Trails:

Thurs 5/26 @6:30 pm: PITT #101 – Spirit
 Sun 5/29 @ 2 pm: PGH #1727 – Double Stuffed’s House
 Mon 5/30 @ 2 pm: Nuts in May – Ohiopyle
 Thurs 6/2 @ 6:30 pm: PITT #102 Weekend Pre-Lube – TBA
 Fri 6/3-Sun 6/5: PGH Analversary Weekend Campout
 Thurs 6/9 @ 6:30 pm: PITT #103 - TBA

NEW HAB Available at PITT Trail #102 (Weekend Pre-Lube)

Cotton Tank Tops \$10

Grey Tech Shirts \$10



Front

Back