

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers) R-ns/trash #201 February 2014

Find us on



f facebook or at http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/

All r*ns are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start unless stated.

All directions/ timings are approximate and start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction unless stated).

DATE ON ON HARES

1859 Fox & Hounds, Haywards Heath (2nd attempt!) 337 218 3rd February 2014 Rik Psychlepath

Directions: A23 to A273 over Clayton Hill. Right on B2112 through Ditchling. Straight across Ditchling Common and Wivelsfield roundabouts. Pub on left approx 1 mile. Est 20 mins.

10th February 2014 1860 Royal Oak, Newick

Spreadsheet & DP

Directions: Take A27 to Lewes, A275 to Chailey. Turn right at junction with A272. Go through village and turn right at the green. Pub is on right hand side. Est. 25 mins. Dildopeds 250^{th} r*n!

17th February 2014 1861 The Neville, Hove

282 068 Pat Rides It Baby

Directions: A27 west and take first exit; 3rd exit from roundabout on King George VI Ave. 2nd right is Neville Road. Pub on right. Est 5 mins. Rides It Baby's 250th r*n!

24th February 2014 1862 Downs Hotel, Woodingdean

357 059 Kit & Dave Hash Gomi

Directions: A27 east to Falmer. Right on B2123. Pub is on right hand corner at traffic lights. Est. 10 mins.

RECEDING HARELINE:

03/03/14 Swallows Return, Goring - Pondweed

17/03/14 Duke of Wellington, Shoreham - Wiggy

24/03/14 Chequers, Steyning - Anybody

10/03/14 George & Dragon, Dragon's Green - Anne & Don

CRAFT H3 #67 - Hove Beer Festival SATURDAY 8th March Joint with SLASH H3.

10am - Keeno's for a short r*n from Hove Station. 11am - 3pm - Beer festival, Hove Town Hall - short P trail from station. You are advised to get tickets in advance from venue or various other outlets: http://www.sussexbeerfestival.co.uk/

Henfield H3 #128 11.30am George & Dragon, Dragons Green Bollocks & Split Pin

Call Everyone Dave Day - 8th February

On 8th February the late Roger Lloyd-Pack would have celebrated his 70th birthday. Let's use that day to honour him by calling everyone Dave for the day.

#DaveDay

RIP Roger Lloyd-Pack

Quote of the day: "If it's a girl they're calling her Sigourney after an actress," he said of Del Boy's child-to-be. "And if it's a boy they're naming him Rodney, after Dave." RIP Trigger

BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

I asked the missus if she fancied going away for Valentines Day. She took it surprisingly well. So we're off for a dirty weekend in Guernsey, taking on the GH3 Mud'n'Fun run!

2014 UK ALTERNATIVE TO INTERHASH - Friday $14^{\rm th}$ to Sunday $16^{\rm th}$ February 2014

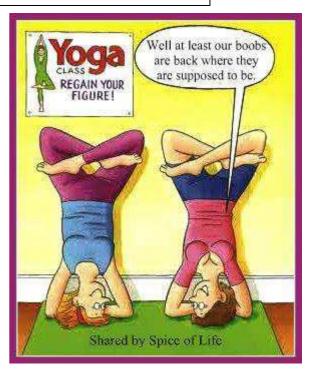
Registration forms online:

http://www.guernseyhhharriettes.org.uk/node/39 More info: Agent Orange onzeonze@suremail.gg

Already booked from BH7 are Angel, Bogeyman, Bouncer & Roaming Pussy. Also G3 and Testi!

Sussex CAMRA branches Beer Festival - 6 - 8 March 2014 - Tickets will be on sale from 13th January for all sessions (Thursday 5 - 11pm £5; Friday 11am - 3pm £4; Friday 5 - 11pm £8; Saturday 11am - 3pm £5; Saturday 5 - 10pm £6) from the following outlets: Evening Star, Brighton; Beer Essentials, Horsham; Bell, Hove; Gardeners Arms, Lewes; Stanley Arms, Portslade; Buckingham Arms, Shoreham; Selden Arms, Worthing. CRAFT H3 are having a joint meet with SLASH H3 so will be going to the Saturday afternoon session following a short hash from Hove Station at 10am.





Hash Relay - May 2014 - Provisional date is 17^{th} May, however, 24^{th} could also be a possibility as we try and leave a 2 week gap before the 100 relay which isn't until 7^{th} June this year. That said, when the year ends in 4 we usually do the alternative Round Sussex route as a fund raiser for Lorna Elwick, so can be flexible with the date! Phil is talking about a poll to find the preferences so hopefully there really will be more definite info for your diaries next month!

With sixty employees at Lancashire brewery Thwaites facing the axe as the firm looks to relocate, workers appear to have hit back – by altering the neon 'THWAITES' sign on the town centre building to read 'TWATS'. The sign is mounted on a giant tower and is visible across Blackburn and much of East Lancashire.

Brewery bosses were left red-faced after some of the lights on their iconic sign were switched off to spell out a rude message just days after the firm announced a string of redundancies. The red neon sign above the Thwaites brewery in Blackburn, has blazed out like a beacon across the Lancashire town for decades. But shortly after the firm announced they would be axing up to 60 jobs, the letters H, I and E mysteriously disappeared, leaving a rather indignant message presumably aimed at bosses. Although it has not been confirmed that the sign change is linked with the job cuts, suspicions are disgruntled employees are to blame.

The first sightings were made at around 4.40pm on Friday. Within 15 minutes the entire sign was blacked out before the lights were restored to normal working order. A spokesman for Thwaites said that on being alerted the brewery turned the lights off and launched an investigation into what had happened. He said: 'When made aware of it, all the lights were immediately switched off. It's not clear what happened, whether there was a fault or other problem but only a few people have access to that part of the building.'

Twitter went into overdrive on the topic last night. One Twitter user Luke Gilrane said: 'Think Thwaites Brewery might have annoyed one of their employees.' Another, Matt Bury said: 'Thwaites Brewery lay off workers in Blackburn. Here's their response for all the world to see.' David Corrigan said: 'I have been awaiting this moment for years. I am



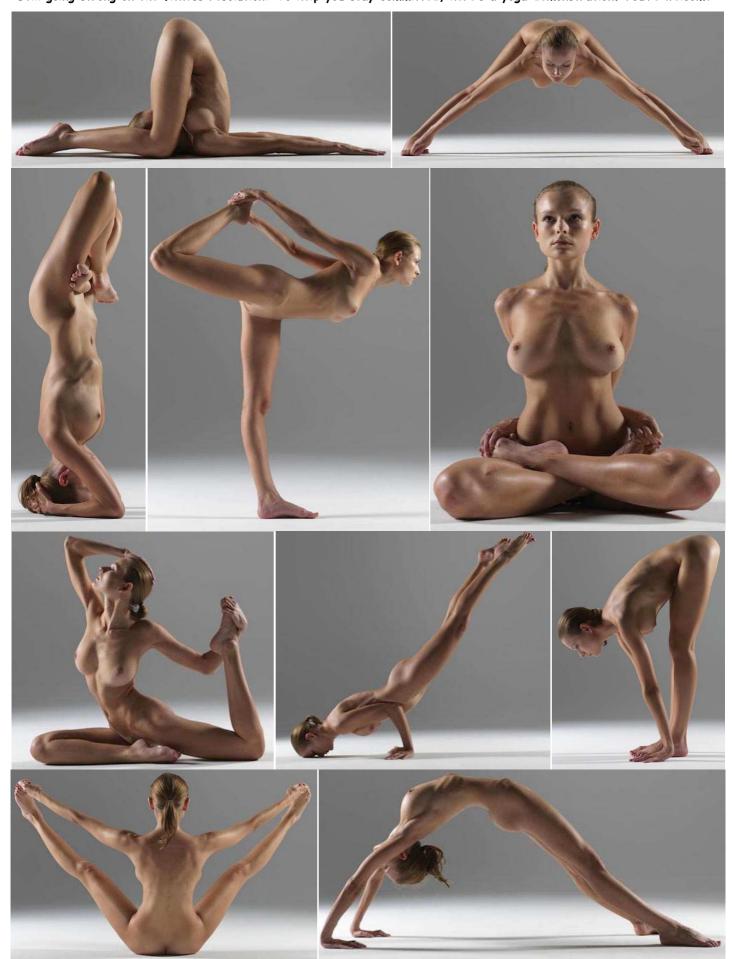
overjoyed' Samuel Williams tweeted at Thwaites: 'Your sign's a bit unfortunate at the moment!' And Andy Hicken added: 'A superb employment of knackered bulbs.'

Redundancy announcements were made after the firm announced plans to close the majority of its Blackburn brewery. Bosses at the firm said negotiations with the council and supermarket chain Sainsbury's to build on the site had failed. A spokesperson said: 'The lights at the brewery were affected for a very short time on Friday. They are now back to normal but our main concern continues to be for those valued employees who have been affected by our proposed restructure which was announced last week.'

The move means large-scale brewing at the town centre site will cease, but Thwaites intends to keep the visitor centre and craft brewery, Crafty Dan, on the current site.

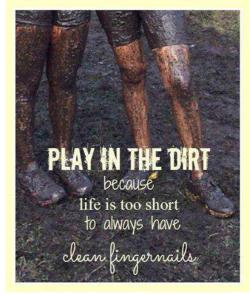
Inside 3 Today

Still going strong on the fitness resolution? To help you stay committed, here's a yoga demonstration. You're welcome:



REHASHING — check out the website for actual r^*n routes!

#1855 Green Man, Horsted Keynes - Keeps It Up & Wildbush A few words of wisdom from our hare KIU (Never Mind the Dollops) before the off, mostly drowned out by the usual abuse, and we were following Bogeyman. Well, those who'd been listening, heard the bit about it starting same trail as EGH3 on New Years Day, and had the added knowledge that Bogeyman had been on said trail! So a mostly mark-free and wet start up through the churchyard, squelching through mush, even a couple of decent forest trails. At the mirror, Who's Shout announced a hair check, but hare was less than helpful! Looking back we could see distant torches wending through the woods and assumed the walkers were catching up, but it later turned out that a few hadn't heard the call and had gone a long way wrong. Despite the ever present sinking feeling, r*n was mostly pretty good until we hit the railway line, ran along there, through a lovely stretch that cleaned up the shoes perfectly, before a finish through one last load of shiggy, and up to the pub. Inside Phil discovered a lost ale trail t-shirt in the hash bag. Then down downs were awarded to the hares who also received 250th tankards. Liam was welcomed back after serving aboard Illustrious in the Philippine aid



mission and earned the moniker Imelda for his trouble. After lots of whinging at Christmas about why he failed to retain wettest hash, Prince Crashpian was elevated to back-up to the hash horn with a duck call, but attempts to drink through the beak were a failure. Continuing the theme Pondweed had to down his own OJ under protest for bragging about getting every check right, until Bogeyman's knowledge ran out, when PW went spectacularly wrong. And finally Bogeyman was awarded numpty of the week by holder Black Stockings, threatening to set up a phase of endless vicious reciprocation. After that it remained only to reunite Rides It Baby with her purse which she'd left on the table and we could all go home, except Wiggy's car who ended up with Rides It Baby's purse which she'd subsequently left in the ladies! Another great hash!

Footnote: A few days later Bouncer received an e-mail from Rides-It-Baby asking for bank details so she could transfer Burns hash deposit over. Despite losing her purse twice she'd already paid!

#1856 The Dragon, Colgate - Bogeyman & Roaming Pussy More whinging beforehand and a threat (?) to again stay close to home from the Lewes crowd could only mean they would be the ones missing out on a fine run through St. Leonards Forest, from a pub that banned us many years back, as we were considered a coach party and therefore a bloody nuisance. Only partly right there, but the welcome could hardly have been any clearer this time! Despite being in a fair amount of pain co-hare RP still managed the route and provided an excellent sip stop featuring cheesy feet and brownies. In the pub Lily the Pink presided over down downs to hares, and other usual suspects. Another great hash, and decidedly better than the concrete of Lewes! #1857 Saddlescombe farm - St. Bernard A superb run from Saddlescombe. Well done Charlie.!! You said it would be as flat as a f*******g pancake and it was. Just don't want to eat YOUR pancakes. You also said that there would be no mud. Maybe the mud was in the pancakes. Anyway, most enjoyable SLOG around the environs, up and down, squelch and slurp, then back for excellent old ale or cider or mulled wine and soup at incredibly reasonable prices. Bloody good evening Mate! It was I am reliably informed a 3.75 mile short run. but we still got back at nine...so a slowish slog. To emphasise how good a run it was. Pondweed moaned. SO it must have been good! Beautiful evening with multitude of stars above...no light pollution here...and just right for an old fart to enjoy. I also liked it.

Who's Shout.

Really enjoyed the whole evening...magical stars, lovely company and excellent nosh and drink. Didn't see any pancakes or mud though....!?

Come Again

No walkers maps but hare marked well enough and Saddleshaft found a short-cut that got most of us back at the same time as the r*nners, although Angel & Wildbush decided to attempt full trail and ended up using technology to get them back. Good old ology's. Not sure how I felt about Airman's story while we strolled, about the French habit of filling a sterile po with champagne, then adding a sausage and rice paper for wedding guests to drink from. Excellent set-up inside and veggie glutenfree soup hit the mark perfectly, along with Local Knowledge's crumble, Pirates cider, and of course the beer! Down downs were awarded to hare (cider, as we know how much he likes it), and returning boot Comes Again (who eventually has!). Peter Pansy and Pondweed got special mentions for trying to get free beer by, well, PP unusually did b*gger all, while PW was whinging all night. Saw through that attempt! After the down down competition between St. Bernard and Lily the Pink a couple of weeks ago there was another down down competition of a different kind, with Wiggy & Bogeyman both having multiple falls in the shiggy, Wiggy winning 3-2 (and earning a special mention for sneaking into the Ship after the W&NK hash the day before under Bills nose, getting other people to buy his beer, then blowing it by getting overexcited over a wooden elephant). Chris Tello got a naming at last, suggested by Airman, and is now the highly appropriate Pompette - French for tipsy, because she gets that way. After months of trying to get a hash t-shirt when she joined us she also received an appropriate item, but calls of skin were vetoed in the cold. Wildbush & Angel then got downed for keeping us waiting while Bouncer was called up for sending them astray. Finally, St. Bernard was awarded numpty of the week for his imaginative take on flat dry road r*n, but somehow Bogeyman missed Saddleshaft's 'moment', bringing a selection of his wife's books instead of the hash bag!

With that over we retired to the lounge for some pleasant après chat and cards, finishing up with a fascinating tour of the old house. Too much information to mention here but St. Bernard was talking about faggots, leading to inevitable comments about Brighton, and gave us the wonderful snippet that, years ago when women and men were not allowed to co-habit on the golf course, the Brighton ladies course was known as Dyke ladies golf club! Another great hash!

REHASHING (ctd.)

#1858 The Partridge, Partridge Green - Bouncer & Angel BURNS HASH

It was muddy, it was wet under feet, but the wee dram stop courtesy of Kit, a well marked trail by Bouncer Hasher & a great Burns evening was had by all. The Partridge at Partridge Green has its own brewery & the Dark Star was most enjoyable (especially for the non drivers!). A great turnout last night, must have been 35/40 of us, Scottish poetry, haggis (vegetarian one-was very nice!), neeps & frivolities abound. Another great Monday evening.

Indeed it was exceedingly muddy and wet with plenty of tartan to be found in the pack along with Prince Crashpians good weather for ducks call. After finding ourselves too far down the trail while setting, we discovered that two of the footpaths in the area had been closed off! That caused minor confusion with 3 r*nners being called back from a check ahead, as I created a trespass to get us

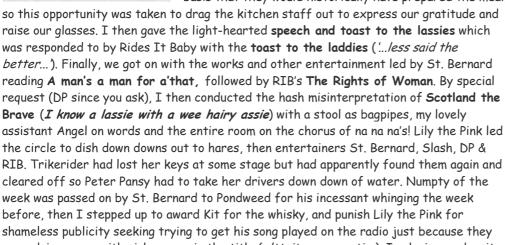
back on trail (marked in reverse but I forgot at one

stage so the arrow went against the flow doh!). With Angel having marked much of the next stage but having gone with the walking group, we were rudderless for a while, but it all worked out to find the sip and a nice road stretch to give the shoes recovery time!

Inside glasses were quickly charged and seats filled as for once we followed the stated pattern for a Burns evening! So, after a wonderful bit of Scottish flautism by Dildoped, I pretended to host with a quick welcoming speech giving the reasons for the evening (Burns a hasher born too early; and Young Les and Angus McGoose forming a BH7 tradition by keeping it going after the first celebration way back in 1999) before declaring the evening open. The Selkirk Grace was reeled off rapidly before Matt came back to pipe in the haggis, and Denis Slash Gordon gave us his unique hash interpretation of the Ode and whisky toast. After a substantial feast,

'surprise guest' Don stood to give a short speech about Robert Burns' life, and toast the man.

The next toast would normally be to the lassies, on the basis that they would historically have prepared the meal,



rousing Auld Lang Syne for most of us, although what the hell Cyst Pit was singing he alone knows! It remains only to give a special mention to Bogeymans 'elephants head' sporran which found favour with the gurlies, not least because of the stock of jelly babies it contained!

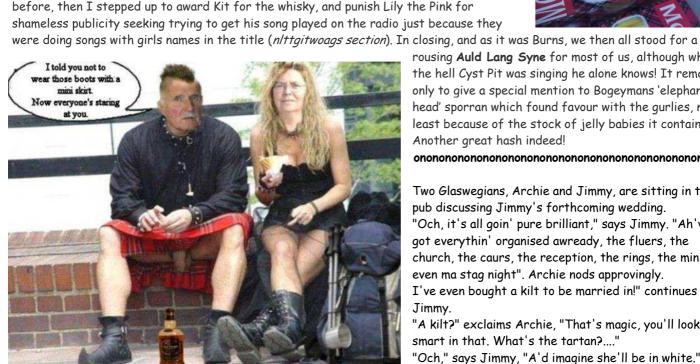
Another great hash indeed!

Two Glaswegians, Archie and Jimmy, are sitting in the pub discussing Jimmy's forthcoming wedding. "Och, it's all goin' pure brilliant," says Jimmy. "Ah've got everythin' organised awready, the fluers, the church, the caurs, the reception, the rings, the minister, even ma stag night". Archie nods approvingly. I've even bought a kilt to be married in!" continues Jimmy.

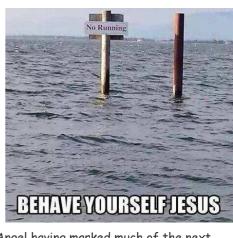
"A kilt?" exclaims Archie, "That's magic, you'll look pure smart in that. What's the tartan?...."

"Och," says Jimmy, "A'd imagine she'll be in white."









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Flavoured Condoms

Apparently this was planned! A Mans a man

Is there for honest Poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that;
The coward slave-we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that.
Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The Man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine, Wear hoddin grey, an' a that; Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine; A Man's a Man for a' that: For a' that, and a' that, Their tinsel show, an' a' that; The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor, Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord, Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that; Tho' hundreds worship at his word, He's but a coof for a' that: For a' that, an' a' that, His ribband, star, an' a' that: The man o' independent mind He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight, A marquis, duke, an' a' that; But an honest man's abon his might, Gude faith, he maunna fa' that! For a' that, an' a' that, Their dignities an' a' that; The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth, Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may, (As come it will for a' that,)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Rights of woman

While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things, The fate of Empires and the fall of Kings; While quacks of State must each produce his plan, And even children lisp the Rights of Man; Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention, The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the Sexes' intermix'd connection, One sacred Right of Woman is, protection. The tender flower that lifts its head, elate, Helpless, must fall before the blasts of Fate, Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form, Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right-but needless here is caution, To keep that right inviolate's the fashion; Each man of sense has it so full before him, He'd die before he'd wrong it-'tis decorum. There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days, A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways, Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot, Nay even thus invade a Lady's quiet.

Now, thank our stars! those Gothic times are fled; Now, well-bred men-and you are all well-bred-Most justly think (and we are much the gainers) Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest, That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest; Which even the Rights of Kings, in low prostration, Most humbly own-'tis dear, dear admiration! In that blest sphere alone we live and move; There taste that life of life-immortal love. Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs; 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares,

When awful Beauty joins with all her charms-Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms? But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions, With bloody armaments and revolutions; Let Majesty your first attention summon, Ah! ca ira! The Majesty Of Woman!



I saw a flyer for the Scottish Independence campaign that said, 'Ever wonder where Scotland's wealth goes?' Erm, is it into the till at The Tartan Arms?

When my parents divorced and dad got custody of me, my mum became very cold and distant. She moved to Scotland.

I've never understood people who wear wigs. In Glasgow they say 'Why pay good money for a wig when you can get the same effect by putting glue on your head and sticking it in a barber's midden?

My parents used to take me to Lewis' department store in Glasgow. They were skinflints, they used to take me to the pet department and tell me it was the zoo.

My parents are from Glasgow which means they're incredibly hard, but I was never smacked as a child ... well maybe one or two grams to get me to sleep at night.

Hash name - subtypes: Cribbed from "Hare of the Dog", a hash history by Stu 'The Colonel' Lloyd.

Burnt Sox of Mt Vernon H3 wrote a brilliant piece on the glory and honour of hash handles. "It allows the Hasher to flaunt law, ordinance and customs in relative anonymity. It also makes rejection much easier" he surmises. He breaks hash names down into something of a science with different sub-types, but concedes that "It is the rare hash name that falls into only one category". GIFTED NAMES, he says, arise from a Hash event involving said Hasher, and the name itself is funny, or even witty. Example: Saddleshaft, whose saddle stem broke whilst cycling the hash relay. Note the double entendre! Similarly, Lily the Pink. HEADLINER names report a Hash incident involving the subject Hasher, but lack cleverness or originality. Example: Gotlost HALE-BOPP names arise from a special, one-time Hash event that is never to be repeated. These names are especially honoured because someone must be sober and awake enough to notice the special event.

SPEAKING IN TONGUES names arise from an unfortunate utterance made by the Hasher in question, a statement unfortunate enough to merit naming. Witness Bogeyman who said he "likes to keep his nose clean"

GOT A LIFE names arise from a non-Hash related hobby or pastime. Witness **Prince Crashpian**, derived from his acting activities, which worked in nicely to his crash & burn on hash night! Also, **Badger**, who let slip that he enjoys pot-holing. The Got a Life name shows that someone has been paying enough attention to the Hasher to find out more.

PLASTIC SURGERY names refer to a distinguishing (or possibly, disfiguring) physical characteristic. Witness **Peter Pansy**'s somewhat camp running style, coupled with his permanent youthful looks. Also **Pirate**'s Johnny Depp style.

THE NAME YO' MAMA GAVE YA, is based on the hashers nerd name, and we need look no further than Wiggy for that one. HAPPILY EVER AFTER names usually tie two or more people together, given to one Hasher based on his or her association with another Hasher. Consider that if the association ends, both parties will certainly keep Hashing. Yet to happen with BH7, although it came close when Daryl almost became Ciderwoman to tie in with Bogeyman.

FRUIT OF OUR LABOUR (FOOL) names are related to the Hasher's real-life day job, such as Angel, and Airman. DIRTY ETHNIC SLURS should be used sparingly and only with evil purpose as "in my experience no one has returned to the Hash after receiving the Dirty Ethnic Slur".

In the absence of all else there's the **BARBRA STREISAND** option." If the Hash fails to determine a name, it should stop trying, drink more beer, and go home. If the effort persists, however, Barbra Streisand is the universal fall-back name.

Love actually/vive la difference part 1

He said "I don't know why you wear a bra, you've got nothing to put in it." She said "You wear pants don't you?"

He said "What have you been doing with all the grocery money I gave you?" She said "Turn sideways and look in the mirror!"

Women's Logic v Men's Logic

Woman: Do you drink beer? Man: Yes

Woman: How many beers a day? Man: Usually about 2 Woman: How much do you pay per beer? Man: About £3.50

Woman: And how long have you been drinking? Man: About 20

years, I suppose

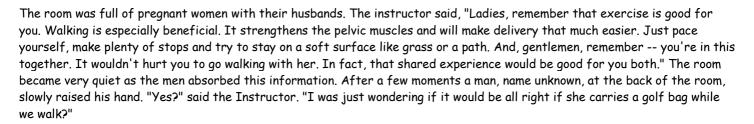
Woman: So a beer costs £3.5 and you have 2 beers a day which puts your spending each month at £210. In one year, it would be approximately £2500 ...correct? Man: Correct

Woman: If in 1 year you spend £2500, not accounting for inflation, the past 20 years puts your spending at £50,000, correct?

Man: Correct

Woman: Do you know that if you didn't drink so much beer, that money could have been put in a step-up interest savings account and after accounting for compound interest for the past 20 years, you could have now bought a Ferrari?

Man: Do you drink beer? Woman: No Man: Where's your ****** Ferrari?



A father buys a lie detector robot that slaps you when you lie. He decides to test it out on his son at the supper table. The father asks the son, "Where were you last night?

Son replies, "I was at the library." The robot slaps the son: "OK! I was at a friend's house, watching a movie!" the son says. "What movie?" the father says.

"Toy story." Robot slaps the son.

"OK. It was porn," cried the son.

Father yells, "What? When I was your age, I did not know what porn was." The Robot slaps the father.

The mother laughs and says, "He certainly is your son." The Robot slaps the mother.

A group of women were at a seminar on "How to live in a loving relationship with your husband." The women were asked, "How many of you love your husband?" All the women raised their hands. Then they were asked, "When was the last time you told



your husband you loved him?" Some women answered today, some yesterday, some couldn't remember. The women were then told to take out their cell phones and text their husband: "I love you, sweetheart." The women were then told to exchange phones and to read aloud the text message responses. Here are some of the replies:

- 1. Who is this?
- 2. Eh, mother of my children, are you sick?
- 3. I love you too.
- 4. What now? Did you crash the car again?
- 5. I don't understand what you mean?
- 6. What did you do now?
- 7. 2!2
- 8. Don't beat about the bush, just tell me how much you need?
- 9. Am I dreaming?
- 10. If you don't tell me who this message is actually for, someone will die.
- 11. I thought we agreed we would not drink during the day.
- 12. Your mother is coming to stay, isn't she??



Valentines – vive la difference part 2

PERSONAL HYGIENE PRODUCTS

MEN



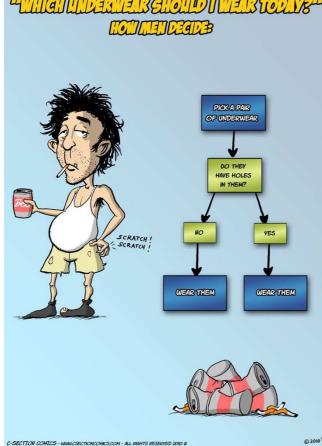


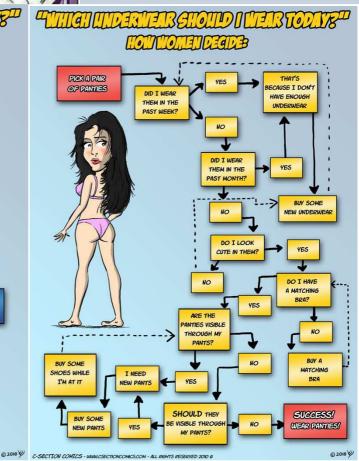












REHASHING the CRAFT

CRAFT #66 - Lindfield - Bogeyman and Roaming Pussy

It's been years since we went to Lindfield after the shock of the amount of strolling the first time, but as our hare's live here it would've been rude not to revisit! With the rail access in mind #1 the Burrell, offering Harveys and Broadside, was the obvious starting point albeit chocca with office staff having a swiftie on the way home. For a while it looked likely that Comes Again would be joining us but in the end myself and Angel drove to the pub, with the plan to leave the car at Dave & Daryls, where we were crashing, before pub 2. As it was RP had also driven so it was a simple matter to chuck the rest of the pack of Keeps It Up, Wildbush and Psychlepath into the two cars for the onward trip to #2 the Witch. Although somewhat foodie (we were asked for the name of our reservation!), HHH here stood for Harveys, Hophead and Hobgoblin. The stroll factor was well neutralised by now, so on to Dave & Daryls to drop off the cars, where we found an impromptu sip stop. Somewhat unusual in the middle of a pub crawl but Dave's garage was a revelation and so to the Bonfire Boy, and Old as Roaming Pussy plied us with cakes and sweets "to stop Dave eating it all". With the tankard charged with Harveys Christmas Ale, we wandered on to #3 the Red Lion where we got stuck into the burgers. At pub #4 the Bent Arms, Angel had a moment of over-excitement when, having received first a card from New Zealand, then some hand-me-down magazines picturing brown bears earlier in the day she headed for the powder room to find a full size stuffed brown bear, standing outside the loos. Despite a certain amount of grumpiness about the way Dark Star were unceremoniously evicted by the landlord last year, we still went to #5 the Stand-Up Inn for one more Hophead, and to laugh at Keeps It Ups attempts to piss in the Toad in the hole game, before staggering off to our various pits after another great CRAFT hash!

U.S. Explodes Atomic Bombs Near Beers To See If They Are Safe To Drink



So you're minding your own business when all of a sudden, a nuclear bomb goes off, there's a shock wave, fires all around, general destruction and you, having somehow survived, need a drink. What can you do? There is no running water, not where you are. But there is a convenience store. It's been crushed by the shock wave, but there are still bottles of beer, Coke and diet soda intact on the floor. So you wonder: Can I grab one of those beers and gulp it down? Or is it too radioactive? And what about taste? If I drink it, will it taste OK?

This could happen, no? Not to everybody, but let's say it happens to you. Have you been wondering what to do? Well, wonder no longer. Thanks to my friend, science historian Alex Wellerstein, we are now in possession of a 1957 U.S. government study called "The Effect of Nuclear Explosions on Commercially Packaged Beverages," which addresses this very question: After the bomb, can I drink the beer? Written by three executives from Can Manufacturers Institute and the Glass Container Manufacturers Institute for the Federal Civil Defense Administration, the study says that after placing cans and bottles of soda and beer next to an actual atomic explosion, after measuring subsequent radioactivity and after actual taste tests, go ahead: Grab that can, pop it open and drink away.

"These beverages could be used as potable water sources for immediate emergency purposes as soon as the storage area is safe to enter after a nuclear explosion."

If you can make it to the store, you can drink. How do they know this?

Well, in 1956, the Atomic Energy Commission exploded two bombs, one "with an energy release equivalent to 20 kilotons of TNT," the other 30 kilotons, at a test site in Nevada. Bottles and cans were carefully placed various distances from ground zero. Notice, on this list, some of them are "returnable."

The closest containers were placed "less than a quarter-mile away," says Alex, "a mere 1,056 feet," the outliers a couple of miles off. Some were buried, some left in batches, others were placed side by side. These images, copied from bad photocopies, are in the report. The cans, as you can see, survived

Lots of bottles survived, too. Some were shattered by flying debris, fell off shelves, or got crushed by collapsing materials, but a surprising number stayed intact.

Will the beer be radioactive?

As for radiation, they checked, and found that bottles closest to ground zero were indeed radioactive, but only mildly so. Exposure, the authors say, "did not carry over to the contents." The sodas and beer were "well within the permissible limits for emergency use," which means, says Alex, "It won't hurt you in the *short* term."

Will it taste good?

But what about taste? Post-bomb beer might not poison you, but will it keep its flavor?

The report says, "Immediate taste tests [gotta wonder who got that job] indicated that the beverages, both beer and soft drinks, were still of commercial quality, although there was evidence of a slight flavor change in some of the products exposed at 1,270 feet from Ground Zero." The most blasted beers were "definitely off."

The first tasters then passed samples to selected laboratories for further testing, and this time the contents were rated "acceptable." So here's your government's considered advice: Should you find yourself near an atomic blast and run short of potable water, you can chug a Coke or a beer, but don't expect it to taste great.

What's the lesson here?

There's a second lesson here, Alex thinks. Because beverages in bottles and cans keep you safely hydrated in dire emergencies, it makes sense to keep a six-pack or two or three (or four), in the basement, *just in case*. What if there's no lootable convenience store conveniently close by?

"For me, the takeaway here is that the next time you find yourself stocking up on beer, remember, it's not just for the long weekend," he says. "It might be for the end of days."

Table 2.1 — REPRESENTATIVE BEVERAGE CANS AND BOTTLES EXPOSED TO NUCLEAR EXPLOSIONS

Metal Can Types 1. 12 fl oz, cone top crowned; contents soft drinks 2. 12 fl oz, flat top; contents soft drinks 3. 12 fl oz, flat top; contents beer 4. 16 fl oz, flat top, contents beer Glass Bottle Types (Crc. n closed) 1. 28 fl oz, clear returnable; contents carbonated water 12 fl oz, clear returnabl.; contents cola type soft drink 3. 7 fi oz, green returnable; contents lemon soda type soft drink 6 fl oz, green returnable; contents cola type soft drink 6 fl oz, clear returnable, contents carbonated water 12 fl oz, amber export returnable; contents beer 12 fl oz, amber export 1-trip; contents beer 12 fl oz, clear returnable; contents beer 12 fl oz, clear 1-trip; contents beer 12 fl oz, amber stubby 1-trip; contents beer 11. 12 fl oz, green ale-shape 1-trip; contents ale Note: The bottled beer and ale samples were paper wrapped in pairs to exclude light during the layout period on the desert before the test explosion, in the early investigation.

cases or en interior shelves of buildings.

All test beverages during Shot II were exposed in closed shipping

In the news...



Britons urged not to panic after possible sighting of 'Bulgarian'. The government has appealed for calm after a woman in Braintree, Essex claimed to have seen a Bulgarian lurking in some bushes near a local petrol station, leading to fears of hysterical panic-bigotry among thousands of Daily Express readers. "It was walking upright like a man," said Cicely Flanagan, who reported the incident, "but was clearly hunting for benefits, scrabbling through bins and scaling trees. I tried to chase it off, but it just threatened me with a picture of what I think could have been its wife and small children. I can't be completely certain, as I was recoiling in horror at the time."

The Department of Work and Pensions (DWP) moved quickly to reassure the public that the lone 'Bulgarian' had probably escaped from a container lorry somewhere and urged people 'not to jump to conclusions that we actually are dealing with anything as serious as a Bulgarian'. It could simply be a confused Frenchman, they suggested, and reassured the public that lots of humane measures were already in place to deal with those. But the DWP spokesman urged vigilance, saying; "If you do spot the suspected Bulgarian - perhaps attempting to put its name down for social housing and a new fridge freezer - our advice is not to approach it. If cornered it could turn into a Romanian and we don't want British people putting their own benefits in jeopardy."

Local UKIP candidate Roger Bentos said: "I suspect it had been lured to the petrol station by the freeze on fuel duty announced in the budget. I wouldn't be surprised if there isn't a boatload

of them on their way over tempted by our ridiculously inexpensive warm beer." Mrs. Flanagan's daughter Ursula Godwin said her mother had been left shocked and dismayed by her ordeal. "My mother has been left shocked and dismayed by her ordeal," confirmed Ms. Godwin. "You wonder how in this day and age, what with all this new technology and wotsit, Bulgarians are still able to get out of their hutches, or whatever. Damn you, European Court of Human Rights. Damn you."

Prime Minister David Cameron writing in today's Daily Mail has promised to vigorously throw Bulgarians and any other Eastern Europeans who aren't planning to open large bank accounts directly back into the sea. "Bulgarians are of course amphibious and would be perfectly happy wading just off the coast off Folkestone until the necessary paperwork is completed," the Prime Minister wrote, "or an urgent vacancy arose at the local Asda." And to further reassure the public, Deputy leader Nick Clegg unveiled plans on Monday for foreign workers to rent oxygen whilst working in the UK. "It's only fair that they pay for the air they breathe, and don't just go around filling the place with carbon dioxide. If you're going to take something out, you must put something back, which is why in the interests of fairness the charge won't apply to any workers from overseas who photosynthesise."

Justin Bieber was caught doing 50 in his Lamborghini. Mr Cent was unavailable for comment.



'Knox Knox' "Who's there?" "Interpol, now open the bloody door."

Ariel Sharon, former Israeli Prime Minister, died yesterday aged 85. He is survived by his brothers, Helvetica and Comic Sans. Doctors in Israel have officially ended their Ariel surveillance. Where have all the flowers gone?.. I need some for Pete Seeger's wreath.

One of the Everley Brothers has died. Phil. Was he the one who Smoked Everley or the one who Drank Everley?



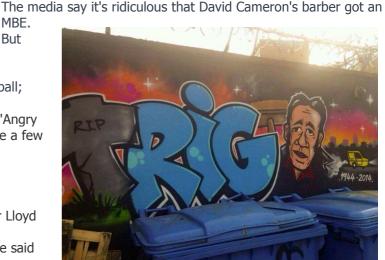


Manchester United were once the Goliath of English football; then along came David...

BBC: The NSA has been collecting data from mobile app 'Angry Birds' This latest revelation from Snowden is sure to ruffle a few feathers.

A US Military helicopter has crashed in a field in Norfolk, destroying the tail fin, pointed nose and retractable undercarriage... ... of a local farmer's wife.

What was Trigger's favourite TV channel? Rodney. Roger Lloyd Pack died suddenly. I wonder what triggered that off? Roger Lloyd-Pack died suddenly on the toilet today. Police said when he was found there was "only stools and corpses"







This months round-up from SPOOJ:



Did you hear about Starbucks' new Viagraccino? One cup and you're up all night! I know some people really like poetry but not me, I'm quite a verse to it.

So today I changed a lightbulb, crossed the street, and walked into a bar only to realize my entire life is a joke..

The other day I held the door open for a clown. I thought it was a nice jester.

I hate it when i don't forward a chain letter and i die the next day

Is the definition of a Onesie a Selfie taken by a member of the Royal Family? Thought I had £707 in my bank account; turns out I was holding my statement upside down and it was "LOL".

What's red and bad for your teeth? A brick

I love exaggerating how difficult cooking is. I make a right meal out of it.

"I had a bad accident with my flies in Northern Ireland" "Belfast?" "No just a bit of my foreskin".

Fart jokes. Not to be sniffed at.

It's ironic how people who wear track suits all day every day are the laziest bastards in the world.

I think one of the lamposts by near where I live has got a birthday today. Someone has bought it loads of flowers.

Ignoring an erection at a funeral is no easy matter. Especially when it's wedging the coffin open.

When aliens from Jupiter say "Many moons ago...", they actually mean yesterday.

Huge prams with hidden compartments and incompetent security staff. That's why Mums go to Iceland.

I'm addicted to my Ipad, Nexus, and Kindle fire. But I've started to just use my Nexus. I'm down to one tablet a day now. Every time I play snooker I get a 147. That's the bus that stops outside the club

A coachload of Irish tourists on a mystery tour had a sweepstake at £10 a head to guess where they were going for the day. The coach driver won £800.

My friend is taking me dogging in the morning. I don't know what it is, but I presume it's like jogging except you're on all fours.

I hate it when you're sitting on the bus and the local weirdo gets on and sits next to you. You know the type. The ones that watch you masturbate. There is ALWAYS a weirdo on the bus. If you can't see a weirdo on the bus, that means YOU are the weirdo on the bus.

I sometimes worry that Russia might accidentally get the Kremlin wet, or feed it after midnight.

The women in my family have always kept their surnames after getting married. They're not feminists, just from Norfolk.

If cartoons are a reliable guide, the secret to never aging is wearing the same clothes every day.

Have you heard of 50 shades of red? It's a period novel.

Jonny was playing nicely in the garden, when bursting for the toilet, he ran indoors. He quickly opened the bathroom door to find his Grandma stepping into the shower, and looking at her crotch, he asked "What's that nan??". "Well it's my beaver, Jonny" she replied. The next day a similar thing happened, but this time he catches his Mum in the shower. "I know what that

is mum", Jonny says. "That's a beaver, but I think Grandma's might be dead, as the

tongue was hanging out"

I'm not saying it's a bit rough round where I live, but the kids play hopscotch around chalked body outlines.

The Swiss must've been pretty confident in their chances of victory if they included a corkscrew in their army knife.

While playing golf today I hit two good balls. I stepped on a rake.

This year I've hit the ground running. There was a power cut at the gym while I was on the treadmill.

We had a fire drill at the sperm bank today 'but everyone gathered in the car park before the alarm went of 'it was a premature evacuation

Thanks to my big brother I grew up thinking Johnny $\it Cash$ was a special currency needed to buy condoms.

What's the difference between pornography and art? A government grant!

A bloke approaches Paddy and says: "Paddy will you take part in a race for charity?"

Paddy: "I'm not as fit as I was and I can't really be arsed"

Bloke: "Oh go on paddy it's for spastics and blind kids"

Paddy: "Oh fuck it go on then, I could win that one"

