

TARTAN TIMES

August 2005

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It's August...

It's the end of August, so take advantage of the fact that there's not much going on and brew some beer up for the upcoming competitions @ the end of this year and into 2006. There are lots of competitions right around the corner!

Pics from the 8/189/05 meeting



DBG Competition Medal Count

BOS: 1

Gold Medals: 11

Silver Medals: 17

Bronze Medals: 3

Honorable
Mention: 1

Total: 43

The 7th Annual Great Canoe Adventure

With coolers full of homebrew, the DBG had a big time paddling down the Hillsborough river this year. The weather was great...other than a welcomed thunderstorm to cool everyone off. No one ended flipped over this year, which is a big improvement from years past. Practice makes perfect!

Brewer of the Year Standings

NAME	POINTS
Nelson Crowle	17
Ron Lutz	16
Butch/Dave	15
Mike Cotheman	13
Chris Wilson	8
John Hesting	7
Danny Williams	6
Jason Cofield	5
Jeff Allen	5
Chad Gould	5
Tim Scholler	1
Clay Hogue	1
Wes Meadows	1
Zoltan Bouwhuis	1
Scott Wilson	1



Paddle Salute!



How To Rank Your Hangover

One Star Hangover: No pain. No real feeling of illness. You're able to function relatively well. However, you are still parched. You can drink 5 sodas and still feel this way. For some reason, you are craving a steak & fries.

Two Star Hangover: No pain, but something is definitely amiss. You may look okay, but you have the mental capacity of a staple gun. The coffee you are chugging is only increasing your rumbling gut, which is still tossing around the fruity pancake from the 3:00 AM Waffle House excursion. There is some definite havoc being wreaked upon your bowels.

Three Star Hangover: Slight headache. Stomach feels crappy. You are definitely not productive. Anytime a girl walks by you gag because her perfume reminds you of the barleywine. The depth charges your alcoholic friends dared you to drink. Life would be better right now if you were home in your bed watching Lucy reruns. You've had 4 cups of coffee, a gallon of water, 3 iced teas and a diet Coke ---yet you haven't peed once.

Four Star Hangover: Life sucks. Your head is throbbing. You can't speak too quickly or else you might puke. Your boss has already lambasted you for being late and has given you a lecture for reeking of beer. You wore nice clothes, but that can't hide the fact that you only shaved one side of your face. (For the ladies, it looks like you put your make-up on while riding the bumper cars.) Your eyes look like one big red vein, and even your hair hurts. Your sphincter is in perpetual spasm, and the first of about five craps you take during the day brings water to the eyes of everyone who enters the bathroom.

Five Star Hangover: You have a second heartbeat in your head, which is actually annoying the employee who sits in the next cube. Beer foam is seeping out of every pore of your skin and making you dizzy. You still have toothpaste crust in the corners of your mouth from brushing your teeth in an attempt to get the remnants of the poop fairy out. Your body has lost the ability to generate saliva so your tongue is suffocating you. Any attempt to defecate results in a fire hose like discharge of beer-scented fluid with a rare floater' thrown in. The sole purpose of this 'floater' seems to be to splash the toilet water all over your ass. Death sounds pretty good about right now...

True Beer Science

The DBG's Ultra Super Scientific Research (U.S.S.R.) has made a discovery that will rock the prohibition fanatics to their very core. That's right, after years observing & experiencing the effects of drinking; a theory has been developed explaining just exactly what happens to a human when he or she carouses with beer on a regular basis.

It's been well documented for generations that beer drinkers are better dancers, better looking and more popular than their non-drinking counterparts, but there is one mystery that has escaped the scientific community until now....

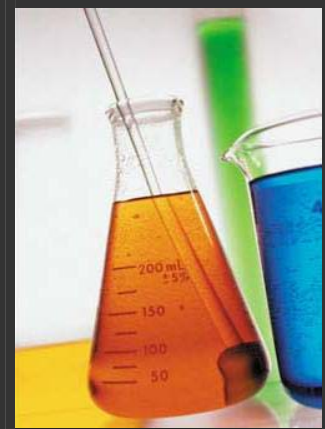
Beer Muscles.

We here at wilsonbrewing.com posed the question "What makes the drunkard bulletproof and physically stronger after a few rounds of beer than when stone cold sober?"

It has happened to all of us, and it's one of the most common and welcomed "side effects" of beer drinking. If you want to see beer muscles in action, just go to your local pub, belly up to the bar and order up a pint of your favorite grog. Then just listen to the conversations around you. It's not uncommon to hear drunken rhetoric such as:

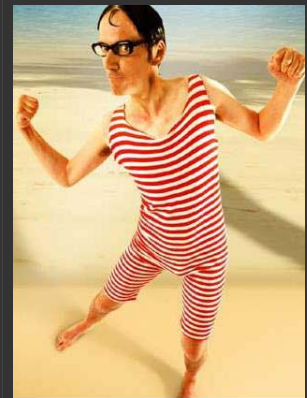
- "I can kick his ass!"
- "He's not that big"
- "I got your back dude!"

Using our U.S.S.R (patent pending) the secrets of beer muscles have been revealed. Just take a look at figure 1. This is a sketch of a person who doesn't drink beer. Notice the lack of muscle. I present this to you as scientific proof that non beer drinkers are just not all there.



"Scientific research"

Whimp



This poor bastard has never had a beer in his life. He probably doesn't eat meat either. Don't even get me started on that. Somebody force feed this loser a double whopper and a Guinness.



This specimen in figure 2 seems to have all his parts. He looks strong & healthy, which shows he is a beer drinker, and most likely a home brewer. If he hands you a pint glass of something that is dark and REJOICE! You are in for a real treat!

Study



This heathen just had a few home brewed barley wines and chased them with an imperial stout. His beer muscles are preventing the broken glass he's laying on from breaching his skin. Now that's undeniable proof that beer muscles are real!

