

# INTEROFFICE MEMORANDUM

Date: 04-Sep-1992 08:25am BST  
From: [REDACTED] Mark [REDACTED]  
Dept: Catalysis Branch  
Phone: +44-(0) 932-764513

TO: See Below

Subject: Worst drunk award

## THE WORST DRUNK AWARD

As we know in the past the behaviour of certain persons alters from their normally pleasant selves to totally noxious behaviour. The person showing the greatest affect wins the worst drunk of the year award.

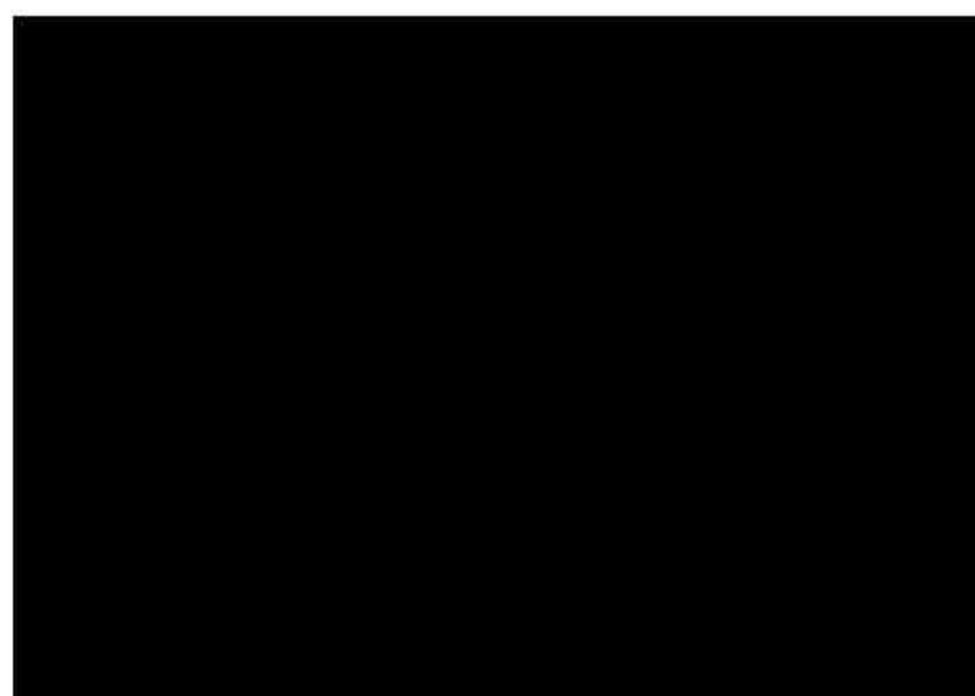
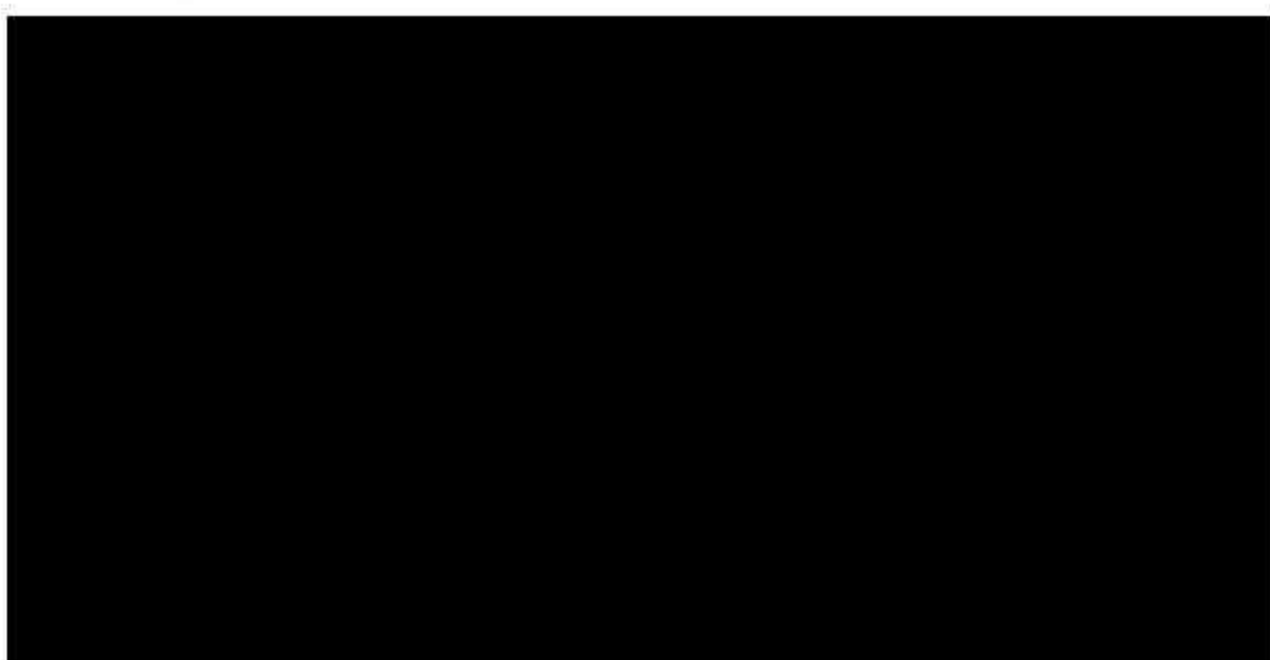
As usual, in last place, failing to score any points at all, is Peter M[REDACTED]. I'm sorry Pete but engaging in pleasant conversation whilst acting in a sober manner just fails to catch the judges eye. It's over 4 years since his legendary Dr Forehead meets T[REDACTED] M[REDACTED] won him the title. After much early promise he's just faded away.

Well down the list are the likes of Dave [REDACTED], Bernard [REDACTED] and Steve M[REDACTED]. Dave's usual ploy of trying to irritate people by asking for money just appears to wash off most backs. I had hopes for the Methi Gosht eating H[REDACTED], but drinking what I can only assume is a new brand of narcotic coffee (perhaps that's how Gold Blend gets people to sleep with you!) puts him out of the running. I was most impressed with the boy M[REDACTED]'s attempt this year. Normally he vies with Pete M[REDACTED] for the nil points position. However his treat the woman mean act is a big step forwards for this lad. Not the stuff champions are made of I'm afraid, but a good effort.

I suppose you all think that 4 times champion Pa[REDACTED]ers has retained his crown, but shock no. I knew something was wrong when he immediately started to engage me in intelligent conversation. A late burst of get your baps out for the lads to a passing young lady scored a few points, but he lost all chance of redeeming his title at Richmond station. R[REDACTED]...dribbling on the platform and shouting alright is not the behaviour we expect from a champion. This is the man who did wonders with a sausage at Kew a few years ago and still had it photographed after he'd eaten it.

The new champion worst drunk is Maddo. What a performance. From the off he spoke in alliterative sentences with the letter F appearing frequently. His messages telling the world where to go were tremendous. As for his behaviour on the way home what can I say. A speechless performance. The riot on the platform, GBH inflicted on my specs and finishing by worrying the fellow passengers, standing there swaying, threatening a technicolour yawn, was tremendous. The best performance seen for a long time. Well done lad.

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INTEROFFICE MEMORANDUM

Date: 04-Sep-1992 09:00am BST

From: A [REDACTED]

Dept: Structural & Surface Science

Phone: +44-(0) 932-764005

TO: See Below

Subject: One Thursday night journey into oblivion, almost..

Hi there

I have received a dictate from the demi-god to put the exploits of a certain man from the valleys on the airwaves so here goes but don't expect any great literary masterpiece this morning.

Where do I begin to tell ....

Oh yes, we were approaching the bus stop in Turnham Green I think, we being Maddo, myself and A N Other. Maddo was making a bee line to chat up a couple of birds waiting at the bus stop (don't try and deny it) when A N Other did a strategic throughup, it was a good one, watch Beadle next week cos he was there. Anyway A N Other was very apologetic and so was Maddo on his behalf.

Then various other bodies turned up, we waited for the bus + got on it. By this time the vast quantities of beer (always the weakest available) which I had drunk was making me suspect that I had got on the wrong bus and the lads were just winding me up and it wasn't going to Richmond. The bus driver confirmed that it was but by that stage I thought he was in on the plot. The lads all got off at Kew Garden's to go to another pub but I know my limitations so I was going home, or at least I hoped I was. When the bus came to a halt I asked the driver where Richmond station was and he said "right behind you, mate" and there it was, large as life, I was not embarrassed.

I eventually found my way to Waterloo where I asked for the fastest train to Guilford (don't forget I'm aiming for Cranleigh). Anyway some kind chap from another country told me which train to get on. After about an hour travelling I realised I was on the slow train and the old alcohol was affecting my neural networks. Suddenly this guy came up to me and the following conversation ensued "I don't like the look of you" ... "You what?" "I don't like the look of you" "Oh give up will you" at which point he hovered a bit and went away. What do you reckon, was he trying to pick a fight (I was fighting to stay conscious) or was he a gay trying a new chat up line, or another drunk like me, I guess i'll never know.

By the time I got to Guilford I was in a hurry to get home and so got out of the train the side nearest the exit. Woops, someone had taken the platform away or I had gotten out the wrong side of the train. As I pick myself up off the track, bruised, shaken but alive and scramble back on to the track before a train gets me (its remarkable how quick you sober up) a load of BR guys swarmed around me informing me I'm an arsehole and lucky to be alive, they are so helpful! Anyway I now have an excuse for not doing the 3 pubs run!

I wish you lot would stop sending mail messages and let me finish my story (Dave is forwarding them on to me).



I then had to phone home to be picked up from the station . What an effort! Could I remember my telephone number, was the phone out of order (no said the operator), had the missus gone to bed in disgust? Well it was 12.30 what else could I do but phone the next door neighbour to ask my wife to come and pick me up. I don't think I'm very popular back home today!

Anyway I got home at about one thirty for oblivion at last and woke up this morning with more than a hang over e.g. a lump on the side of my head from where I hit the rail so I couldn't even forget that!

But the story doesn't end there Roy, cos my missus didn't feel like bringing me all the way to work, so I caught the train to Walton where I proceeded to walk to work. At Walton bridge I spotted a certain RUMOUR in her car. So thanks to the kind Miss K [REDACTED] (sorry R [REDACTED] your secrets out) I made it to the breakfast by 8.20 where i still manged 540 points, you lot are lucky I din't get there early cos I'd have had a decathlon total!

I've just heard you've made a mess in the lab R [REDACTED], yet another disqualification, where's your stamina man call yourself a fell runner.

Well folks I must go and chuck it out the other end now.

ologies to A N Other

Anon

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INTEROFFICE MEMORANDUM

Date: 04-Sep-1992 09:06am BST  
From: [REDACTED] Pete [REDACTED]  
Dept: Catalysis Branch  
Phone: +44-(0) 932-762081

TO: See Below

Subject: RE: Worst drunk award

Smudger,

Well you must have been in very early this morning to have written this piece, so why were you not over at breakfast with the lads. You would have heard a few tales over there that invalidate your award.

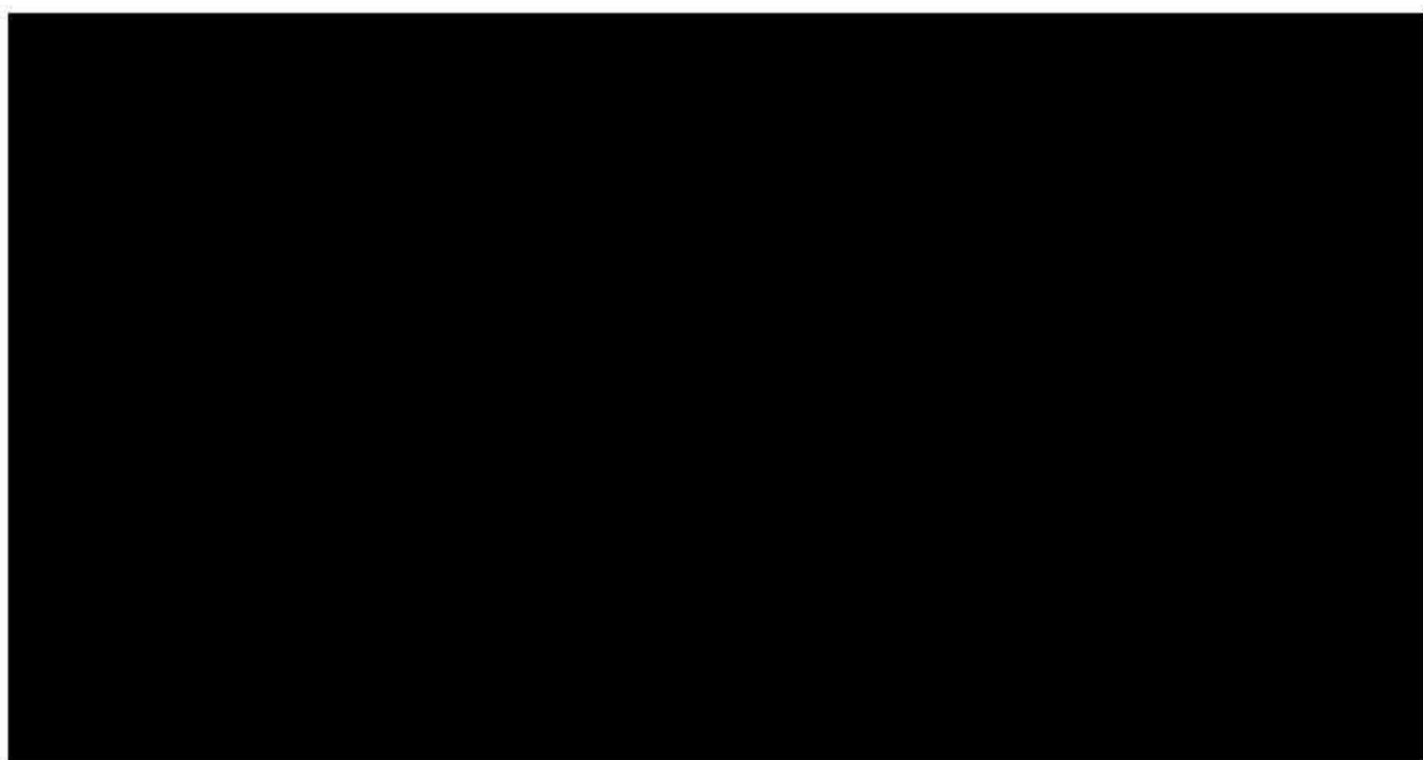
I gather that the boy M [REDACTED]"O" was also trying to "chat up" a few lovelies at the bus stop last night and was only prevented from this by a technicolour fountain from the boy B [REDACTED] (and I had him down as one of the favorites). Apparently it was a real gusher, carrots were found several feet away.

On the subject of chating up totty ask the king cat what he was doing on the bus home to Sunbury last night, the sly old fox.

However top marks must go to the Boy A [REDACTED]. You must ask him about his journey home! He could have been the first posthumous winner.

Pete "Dr Forehead" aka "The Fuel Tank"

Distribution:





INTEROFFICE MEMORANDUM

Date: 04-Sep-1992 09:25am BST  
From: [REDACTED]  
Dept: Catalysis Branch  
Phone: +44-(0) 932-764335

TO: See Below

Subject: RE: Worst drunk award

Dear M [REDACTED],

Thanks for the honour. This is the first time that anyone has been both Cat Crackers Golf Champ and Worst Drunk. I am truly honoured - and quite glad I cant remember very much after Turnham Green, when I wasnt sure whether to get on the bus or not, such was my confusion. I can report that I fell asleep in the taxi, which was unfortunate as the driver asked me to direct him to Dinton Road as he wasn't a local driver. No wonder it cost a lot. On getting back it took an eternity to get my contact lenses out, and then I fell asleep in the lounge. I finally discovered my bedroom at 2 am.

Worra slob.

M [REDACTED]

Distribution:

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

INTEROFFICE MEMORANDUM

Date: 04-Sep-1992 09:34am BST

From: [REDACTED] E [REDACTED] H [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

Dept: Catalysis Branch

Phone: +44-(0) 932-764301

TO: See Below

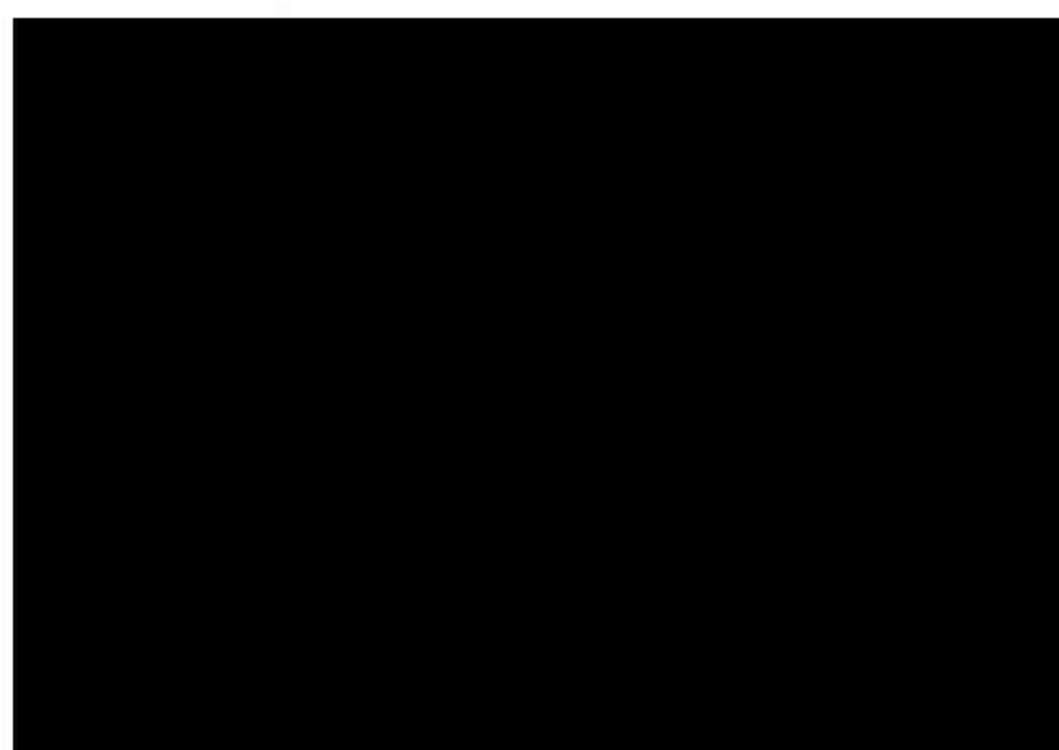
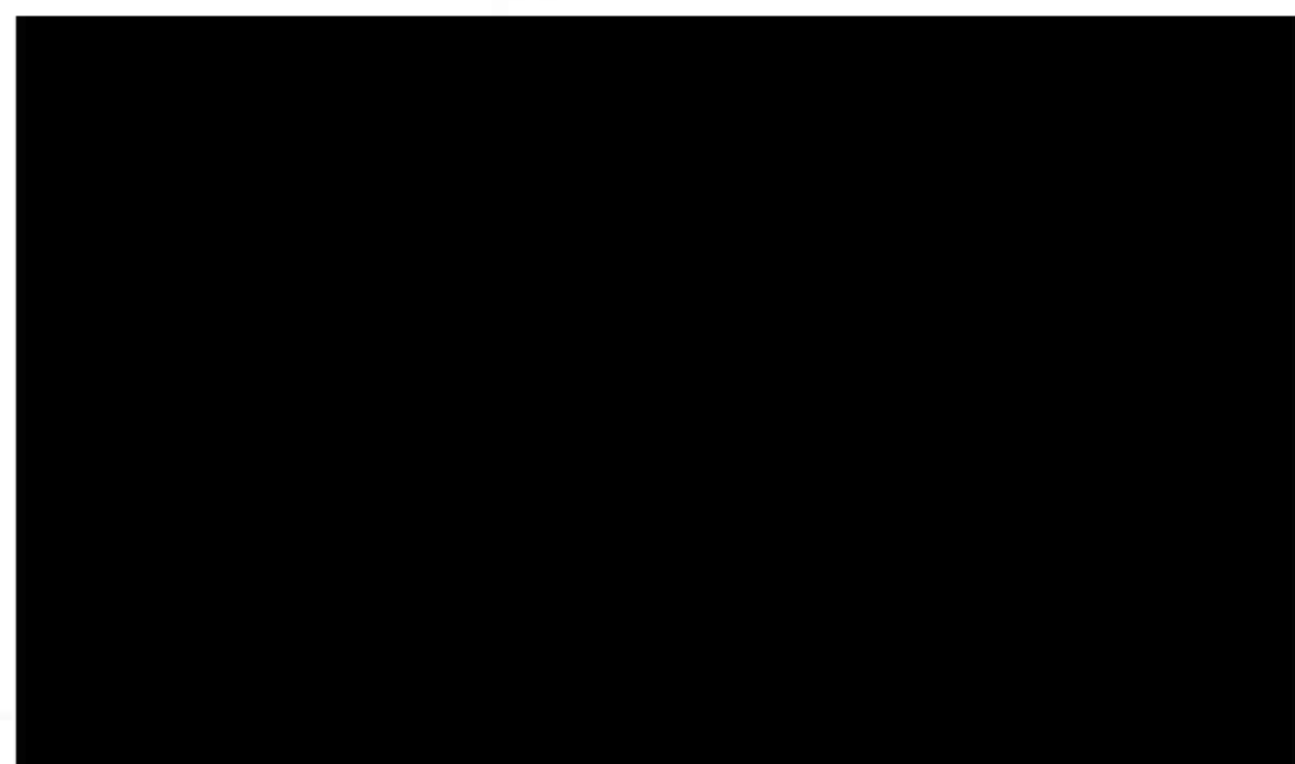
Subject: RE: Worst drunk award

M [REDACTED],

I'd just like to put in a word for the people's champion, P [REDACTED]. You are probably unaware that he has just thrown up in Lab 132.

B [REDACTED]

Distribution:



INTEROFFICE MEMORANDUM

Date: 04-Sep-1992 09:34am BST

From: P [REDACTED]

Dept: Catalysis Branch

Phone: +44-(0)932-762081

TO: See Below

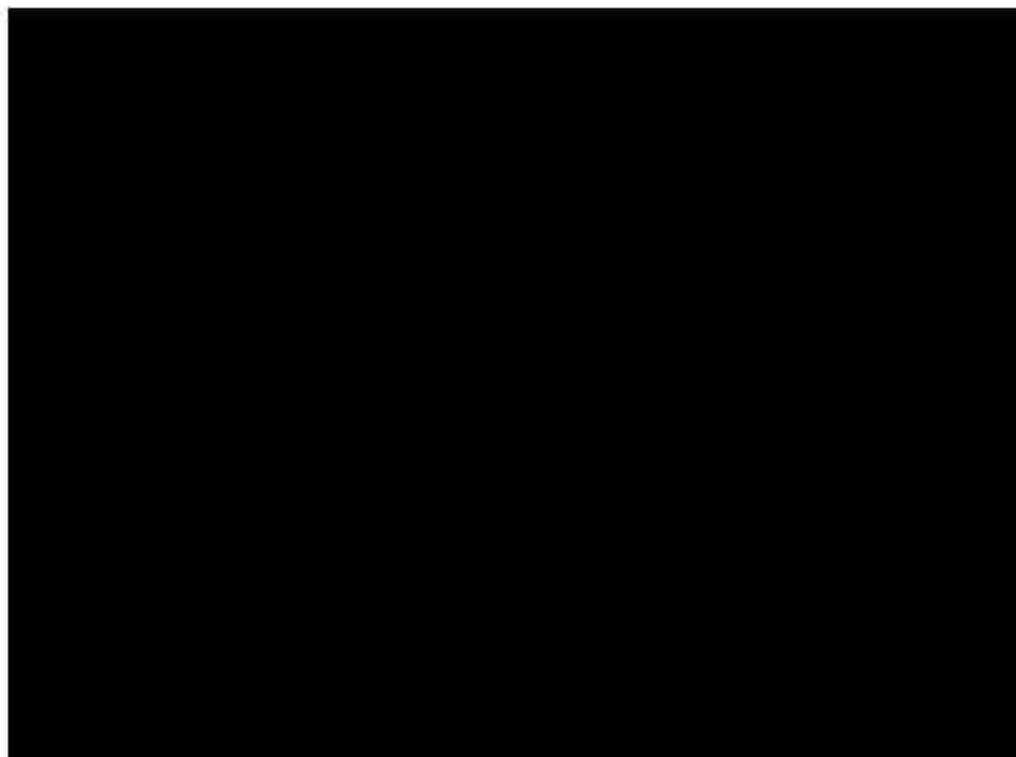
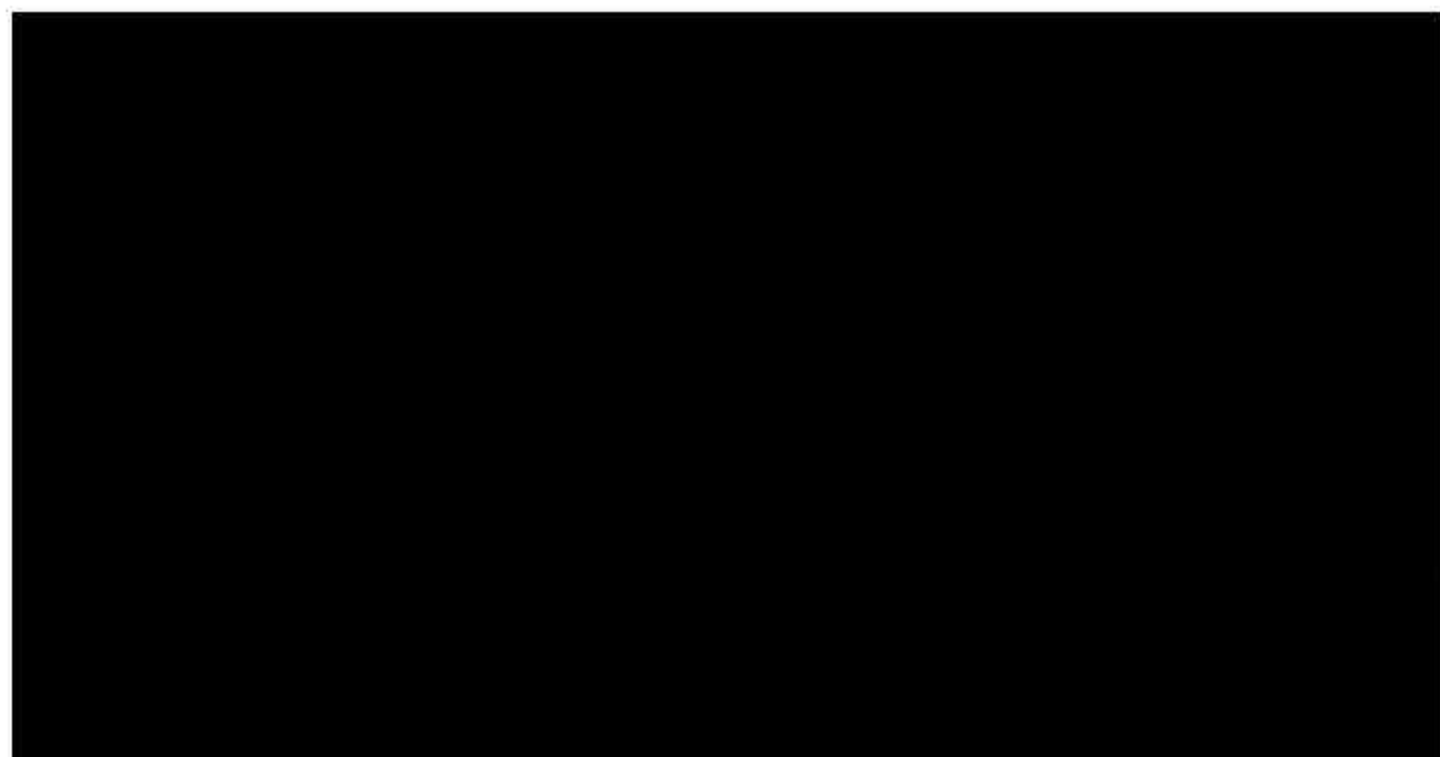
Subject: RE: Worst drunk award

Hello everyone. This is not the lad with the fuel tank replying but your freindly lad P [REDACTED] in room 107. Well have I got a story for you. I had an unfortunate experience this morning. I didn't manage to get to breakfast which was a very good job considering state that I was in when I reached lab 132. The sink has not forgiven me yet. The lads in 211 have not forgiven me either .... I did a real rip snorter in there this morning as well.

Give me a new head.

P [REDACTED] O

Distribution:





INTEROFFICE MEMORANDUM

Date: 04-Sep-1992 10:12am BST

From: [REDACTED] S [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

Dept: Catalysis Branch

Phone: +44-(0) 932-763506

TO: See Below

Subject: RE: Worst drunk award

Dear All,

Gosh. What is this monster we have unleashed? No, I don't mean R [REDACTED]. No, I mean the Modern Pentathlon. Is it too dangerous? Should we stop it before someone gets killed? How can it continue with A [REDACTED] doing Bungie jumping from trains (without the Bungie rope), M [REDACTED] O crashing out in a facist taxi, B [REDACTED] spontaneously exploding, Top Cat chatting up women (on a bus!) and R [REDACTED] sticking his head down the sink. Questions will be asked. Do we need strict guidelines imposed to limit alcohol intake?

After all, it's not big and it's not clever.

S [REDACTED]

P.S. I got 475 points for event 1 and 425 for event 2. I think A [REDACTED] is in the lead. Event 3 to be held in the Sawyers from 12.45. See you in there.

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