

# MOUTHFULS



WINTER 2011



# Welcome



Good Evening gentle SUCC'ers,

Welcome to the Christmas meal and this winter instalment of Mouthfuls!

For those of you that have never seen one of these before we hope you find yourselves suitably proud/embarrassed of your "achievements" that have been so kindly documented by all of your new friends here at SUCC. We trust that this will jog your hazy memory of all of those Wednesdays and weekends that you so naively believed had been long forgotten. Thanks for all the contributions!

It's been an action packed year so far, from fresher social sharking all the way to food fights of epic proportions, and we have even more planned for the coming months! There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that you will all make it even better in 2012!

It's been an amazing term, enjoy the meal tonight and have a great Christmas!

See you all in 2012,  
SUCC Love,

Matt W  
xx

Upcoming Dates:

27<sup>th</sup>-29<sup>th</sup> Jan – Lake District  
10<sup>th</sup>-12<sup>th</sup> Feb – Valentines Dart  
2<sup>nd</sup>-4<sup>th</sup> March – **NSR!**  
16<sup>th</sup> – 25<sup>th</sup> March – Scotland  
20<sup>th</sup> – 22<sup>nd</sup> April – Newquay  
4<sup>th</sup>-7<sup>th</sup> May - Rhossili



# Xmas Meal Awards

*(The nominees)*

## **Best Swim**

- Chris Vian (Upper Dart)
- Piechee (including 20 minutes of pinned Molan fun)
- Curly George (Upper Dart)
- Rich L

## **Most Improved**

- Danger Nat
- Pete Spokes
- Doug
- Tristan Edey



## **Biggest Faffer**

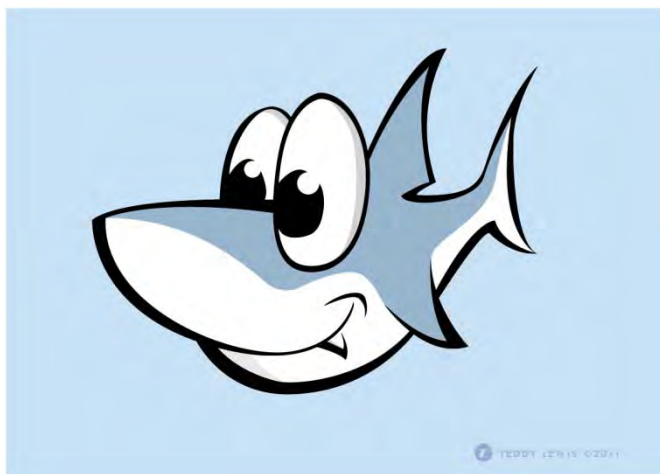
- Wallace Cuthbertson (for horrendous minibus directing)
- Paddles (for being Paddles)
- Thom Guy (For faffing so much over the Twyi and Wye he was hospitalised and diagnosed with Faffitus)
- Michael Green and Luke Kelland (for sending half the club helmets to Scotland without the club)

## **Biggest Newcomer**

- Will Innes
- Pete Spokes
- Danger Nat

## **Biggest Sharker**

- Carla Tate
- Vicki Stannard
- Will Innes (man love)
- Pete Ainscow
- Thom Guy
- Hazel Aslin



## **Most Carnage Caused**

- Rich L
- Tristan (failed attempt at towing a mini)
- Elaine (for a knarly van grind dude!)
- Curly George (number of associated swims on the xmas dart)
- Piechee (Most notably the fort wars at Perranporth that lead to Thom breaking Nat and the upper dart)

**Best Illness** – Thom Guy (undiagnosed, probable leptospirosis) vs. Doug (viral meningitis) vs Andrew (Acute Peacock Syndrome)



# That Fresher's Social

*Proof You Don't Necessarily Need to Remember a Social to Write a Mouthfuls Article on It*

So fresh from seeing Luke Kelland get smeared with baked beans, Ambrosia, and Chardolini – somebody mentioned going on a social. Chaos ensued, as unsuspecting first-, second-, and really-should-know-better-years were introduced to SUCC.

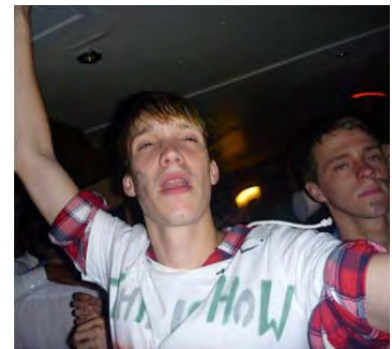
Each sporting this very fetching freshers' social t-shirt, off we went. On the back of said t-shirt were 'fun' tasks to help us poor, innocent, disorientated Freshers get socialised, including 'Buy Someone You Don't Know a



Drink' (more than one Fresher was a victim of sharking as a result), 'Best Touch on Pres' (just an excuse to grope Thom Guy in Varsity), 'Committee Signature on Shirt' (see left for what some 'signatures' ACTUALLY consisted of), 'Human Pyramid' ('nuff said, though pretty sure I've STILL got bruises from this one...), and 'Pass Through Gordon's Bookcase' (whoever built that is a wicked, wicked person!).

So for reasons that have since been lost in the mists of time and alcohol, this awesome Freshers' social ended up in Sobar doing...

Something, I'm sure. Either way, people were introduced to the infamous club faff as... Something... Prevented us from ending the night in the fabulous Jesters – which was for many their first trip to that rather eximious establishment. Nevertheless, very soon 'only the coolest' Freshers snuck into the Palace of Dreams, eager to cross off their last tasks – 'Jesticle' and 'Baywatch'. Beyond a vague memory of Frank Sinatra's 'New York, New York' at the end of the night, and temporarily losing the t-shirt during Baywatch, 'fraid I'm f\*\*ked if I remember much more. So a brilliant night, of course!



Marcus R. Burton

# Freshers trip - Perranporth

Another Fresher's Trip has passed and hopefully everyone enjoyed themselves. In time fresher's flu will start to wear off, and anything caught at Perranporth will have been killed by the alcohol from the first social. The trip started as always with maximum faff, people turned up late, the keys were in the wrong place, the van door would not close (it might have fallen off). All in all, a good start to the weekend.

When the majority of the group arrived it was to find the hut in a state of warfare with fortified positions at either end of the village hall, and to be shouted at to choose a side. What ensued next was either a mass lowering of the mental age of the group or everyone is just immature at heart and this was before anyone had decided to partake in the liquid gold we call cider.



After everyone had worn themselves out, we did what students do best – mingle and start playing some games (ring of fire, three man, to name just a few). The Ridge had brought it upon themselves to bring along the good old favourite, the funnel, for the pleasure of all. For some this meant being cornered and encouraged to have a go “thanks for that” others queued up to show everyone what they are made of. It was then off to the beach for the old classic skinny dipping. On the way there, someone spotted a phone box so what do any sensible people do try and break the world record number of people you can get in a phone box, I think we made 14?



This year there were some very friendly naked people; small groups gathered to chat and I can only assume discuss the weather. High 5 to you all or should I say High 10 (you know who you are Immi). Time to warm up so it was back to the hut for more fun and games. Heading to bed at the totally reasonable hour of 6am

(not sure I have ever done this on a trip before).

Pass the parcel was the second nights entertainment kindly prepared for us by the lovely Social Secs. It is a remake of the good old birthday party game but each layer meant more carnage ensued. Next morning it was time to clean the hut and head back to the beach for another day of surfing, before heading back to Southampton!

By Andrew Sylvester

## Exercise 1a:

Have you ever thought that some SUCCers seem to resemble the personalities of the boats we keep in the shed. We have. So try and match the boats to the SUCCers below.

**Inazone with the broken nose:**

An inazone which took a painful hit to the nose, on a club trip.

**Inazone:**

You like getting wet and everybody has a go in you.

**Zet Raptor:**

The new kid on the block. No one quite knows what to make of you.

**Perception Dancer:**

You've got a lot of stories to tell and a lot of lessons to teach. However young people don't seem to care anymore.

**Carbon Sprint Boat:** An exotic individual, we don't see many of you in the club. You weren't designed for whitewater.

**CFS:**

You are a funny slightly awkward boat. Everyone desires your more attractive siblings.

**Method:**

Your a tiny person but that doesn't mean you can't keep up with the bigger boats.

**Mega Surf Boat:**

Is missing a key component but it doesn't make him any less of a boat.

**Matt Kelly  
Will Innes  
Danger Nat  
JJ  
Chris Vian  
Rose  
Kate Herbert  
Curly George**

# Harry Potter

## *and the prisoner of*

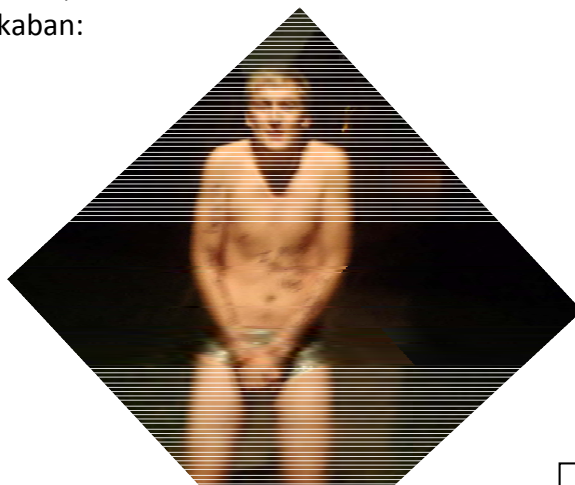
For some reason The Usk trip turned into a weekend long Harry Potter convention. Loosely carrying on the theme, here are some of the main offenders of the trip, now spending their days in Uskaban:



**Name:** Unknown

**Sentence:** 2 years on the AUC.

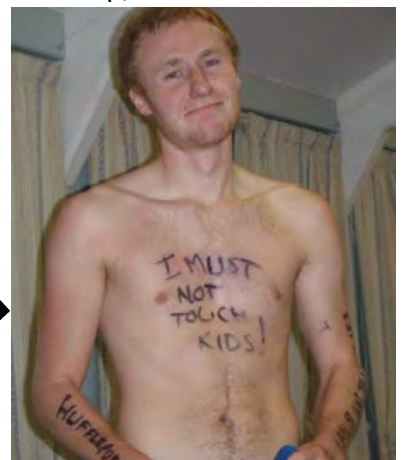
**Crime:** Dangerous use of kitchen hardware (namely frying pan), indecent exposure (same incident). Last seen chasing Thom Guy with a frying pan out of the Usk hut whilst wearing nothing but a skimpy pair of Y-fronts; the offender has not been seen since. The above E-fit has been composed from the little we know about this elusive character.



**Name:** Tom 'fire hands' Pritchard

**Sentence:** 15 years in self made gaffa tape hot pants.

**Crime:** Being a tit (multiple counts).



**Name:** Harry Davis

**Sentence:** 2 years living with a Norwegian.

**Crime:** See photo (self-explanatory). Fortunately the real horror of this crime has been cropped out.

**Name:** Michael 'Green Fingers' Green

**Sentence:** 10 years in Azkaban.

**Crime:** Floraphilia (sexual relations with plants). One of the more vulgar cases on display here. The photo (left) shows Green caught in the act of what he calls 'innocent tree hugging'. However there is nothing innocent about this dirty little wizard. Seen using, whips, gaffa tape, kayak straps and even a crystal ball, Michael 'Green Fingers' has a history of getting his wood in the Forbidden Forest.



By J.K. Whirly



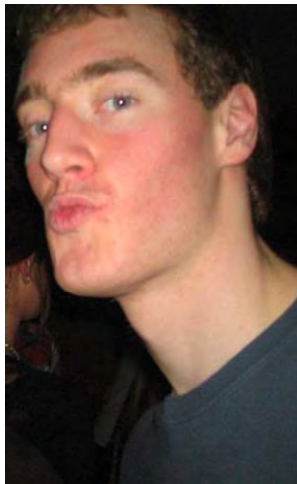
## Tavy and Dart (a.k.a. Double Dart)

To be honest I'm probably not the best person to write an article as all this tends to blur together in my memory... (N.B. Large amounts of alcohol consumed during first year can have this type of negative effect) I will however give it my best shot!

We managed to leave the boathard on Friday without too much faff, the trip organisers having overcome the restrictions provided by a rather smaller van than they would have liked. (see right)



However disaster struck on the way there when a fresher car broke down, resulting in a lovely relaxed break at Tesco. After a valiant recovery effort, we were on our way. Friday night was passed in true SUCC style with much drinking and epic spooning. I feel the need here to warn future generations of the rapey



spooning power of Piechee, who may or may not have been aware of his actions at the time... I also vaguely remember a game of lime which may have become satsuma at some point. There was also apparently some attempt at reasoning with a drunk Ali that he couldn't run the upper tomorrow due to group faff, but thankfully Hazel managed to console him in both the boys and girls toilets...

Saturday morning arrived, with some of club feeling a little worse for wear and having finally managed to secure enough leaders to not have to run the river twice, we all awoke for some lovely SUCC porridge. All feeling delighted with our quality breakfast, we left for the river. Not feeling too wonderful myself after the night before, I took to the

river with the rest of my rather overqualified group and took on the dart, ready to hug those rocks. Some of the better club members then ran the upper, guided by 'a local nutter in a leaky g-force'. We then made our way up the long hill from the get-off to the minibus to be rewarded with hot showers and fake meat for lunch.

Saturday evening resulted in the first club spag bol in my memory with non-soupy pasta (which Luke and I are very proud of) and yet more drinking.

Sunday morning meant it was obviously time to clean the hut, and then off to the river. The run was good, if a little scrapey in places, and I was happy to be allowed to lead for a bit in team CurlyWhirly. With relatively little faff and a fair amount of rock hugging, we finished the river and packed everything up, and were then off home. The jovial SUCCers then filled McDonald's, and once nourished with wholesome fare, made their way (slowly for those in the minibus) back to Southampton to the welcoming face of a dark boathard and wet kit ready to be put away.





**ACCEPTED!!**



# Overheard at SUCC!

**Alex Payne** - Jailbait, that's why I could never become a teacher

**Thom H** - Steve O can pull a nature tour out of literally anywhere

**Emily M** - If I were a man I'd turn gay for mens legs

**Curly** - Emily Moore's whole appeal is looking a little bit "learning difficulties", then fucking you

**Paul** - The whole committee thing frustrates me a little bit; they're doing a good job, I just know I could do it better

**Ross** - He was going to sign my shirt, but then decided to sign my face

**Matt W on Perranporth** - We left Luke in charge of the food. We forgot he wears Hollister clothing, for God's sake.

**Stabby** - Have you seen the old man watching us change? When I'm older that's who I want to be

**Lucy Rae** - Penises are more accommodating to my throat than bananas (bananas are quite abrasive)

**Rob** - Who the f\*ck is Paul Clark?

**Ruth (fresher)** - He hangs around with kayakers?

**Wallace** - does Paul Clark actually exist? Is he a real person?

**Matt Kelly** - Mate, you could turn this into a legitimate sex dungeon

**Curly** - Don't talk to me about sex dungeons

**Paddles, after talking to Tom Parker** - He's so cute, I just want to give him a big hug!

**Paddles, about a disabled person on the beach** - Silly bitch, why doesn't she just get up and walk?

**Curly** - Paul has engineered it so we have to ask him about everything with the pyranha boats

**Elaine** - Then don't ask anything, just blindly assume!

**Alex P** - Why do women never look more attractive than when they're terrified?

**Michael Green** - She doesn't know what a turkey twizzler is, that's how middle class my girlfriend is.

**Curly George about Danger Nat** - She seems like a "lock you up and throw away the key" sort of girl, I'm not sure I'm ready for that sort of danger in the bedroom

**Eric** - Helen's pretty reasonable, for a woman

**Emily Moore** - I don't believe in badgers, I've never seen one.

**Ross** - Next time I get a noisy girl in bed she's getting the interrupting starfish. Then  
crab of sexual tension.

**Tiz** - If a girl screams then she's obviously faking it.  
Dirty Alice: I scream!

**Stabby** - Paddles, can you put xmas songs on  
Paddles: Where will I shit xmas songs from!

**Stabby** - I think we may have raped Matt Kelly  
Dirty Alice: I got money so I don't care

**Tristan** - Paddles is really nice but she keeps ripping my shirt.

**Bridges** - I'd like to point out; I'd at least like the lady to have a pulse

**Pete** - If there's no anticipation of anal then it's not really a good bed time

**Elaine on the double dart trip** - "It makes me gag but I love it"

**Emily Moore** - 'My dick's coming out in about 10 minutes'

**Emily Corden to Tristan** - You going to paddle over there doggy style...oh no I mean  
doggy paddle!

**Stabby** - A long term relationship is staying 'til the morning.

**Curly George** - I imagine Paul uses the phrase "I don't mean to be rude, but..." a lot  
more when talking to non-white people.

**Paddles** - Oh look, it's Paul and Kate and a black man

**Matt Kelly** - I can imagine that a fight to the death with Elaine and passionate love  
making are the same.

**Elaine** - 'I don't know what it is but it's sticky and it's up my nose'

**Matt Kelly to Emily Moore** - 'If I was a Merman I'd totally motorboat you'

**Conversation between Dirty Alice, Stabby and Harriet:**

**Dirty Alice** - We are literally the worst committee members.

**Harriet** - You're my favourites. What are you Joe?

**Stabby** - Safety Sec

**Harriet** - Oh! Fuck you are the worst!!



# Tywi and Wye!

## Friday

One November evening a group of excited paddlers and I met at the boat hard and leisurely threw our boats into the MASSIVE VAN we were somehow legally insured to drive, and we were off on our way, once again, to South Wales. At the hut we were met by kid's climbing frames and ropes. And so fresher conkers began! Which promptly led onto committee conkers! Needless to say, Stabby beat me, who's bright idea was that? Oh right...mine. Others tried out some manly gymnastics with spring boards and ropes, providing hilarity and rope burn all round. Best moment for me that night was Will Innes hiding Emily Moore's shoe and then forgetting where it was in the morning. Worst moment for me was being put in Michael Green's bag and hung from the climbing frame.

Oh my God,  
IT HAS A  
TAIL LIFT!



## Saturday

We woke up to a breakfast of yummy **sausages** and packed our things, and off we went to the river Tywi, which was met by groans of "oh crap, it's low". Regardless, JJ and I merrily sang our way down the river, stopping only occasionally to realise that one of our freshers was swimming 100 metres behind us ("Where'd Rich go..?").

Carnage ensued on the last feature, making for some interesting paddling faces>>

After a scrapey days paddling, we settled down to a meal of **more sausages**, and birthday cake. As well as receiving this, birthday girl Emily Moore got more than she bargained for upon request for a strip tease from the Ridge (Somerset Dave to Alice "You may hear stories of me showing my penis to Emily Moore; it's all lies").

## Sunday

We woke to freshers serving us a breakfast in bed consisting of, that's right, **even more sausages**, while Andrew moaned "I'm not even a member of the club!" as we tried to get him out of his sleeping bag.

Reaching the River Wye, we watched as Surrey Uni Canoe Club debated whether to paddle the small trickle of water in front of them. In stepped George Mortimer with a brilliant idea of paddling the ~~Claydog Cryweed~~ Clywedog. Whatever its name was, it was low, so low that the top part deemed 'grade 4' was easy enough for most to paddle down with only a couple of face plants. We all managed it to the end, dodging a few trees here and there, packed the van and made our way home. Some got to Southampton sooner than others, with some interesting diversions into such places like Monmoth and Reading. All round, a sausagey, fun filled weekend in Wales.



By Kate Herbert



# SUCC

believes in the  
important theory of eating your 5  
fruits and veg a day....



### **Choosing Your Line: What's Right For You?**

As you become more adventurous as a kayaker you might like to make a more informed choice about your style of paddling and which group of paddlers best suit you. So here is a short guide to the political paddling of SUCC.

- 1) The Dictatorship: The river group is strictly controlled by the one and they shall only be referred to as the ONE in all circumstances. What *he* (or *she* in some parallel universe) says goes. You must follow their line to the last drop and any dilly-dallying and straying from said line shall be severely punished with often deadly consequences. This can be experienced under the rule of Chris Vian and in some cases Fresher George.
- 2) Communism: Everyone leads. Under this guidance there is no one to follow. All paddlers are leaders and will successfully lead themselves down that difficult river. However, theories are great, in theory and this will never happen. This open and laid back style, where everyone is equal, can enhance your paddling skills but chaos will ensue, resulting in fresher carnage. Some members may have had communist training from comrade Valletta.
- 3) The Monarch: wisdom, expertise and skill are often falsely associated with this style of paddling governance. They may profess to know the ins and outs of everything but you rarely see them in a kayak, especially when they are in power, let alone on a trip. Therefore, always take their advice with a pinch of salt and if they are on a river be very wary of them. This was most felt under the rule of King Abdulla Who The Fuck.
- 4) Fascism: The freshers are to blame for everything. They are responsible for the lack of water this year, why it was 'always better back in my day' and for the dilution of the pure bloods. In an ideal world the freshers would pipe down and go away but then SUCC would not be able to function. Pretty much everyone has or will experience this from the olds and you will dish out the same criticism when you're an old so deal with it.
- 5) Flower power: This is a much laid back form of paddling with no rush to get on the river and faff is essentially. Carnage is inevitable but so is sun rise. If you swim don't expect to be rescued anytime soon as the water is our friend and we are at one with nature – nature will guide us to safety. In fact, many followers are encouraged to get up close and

personal with natural objects, such as rocks. You may find this teaching integral to the leadership of Roch or Westenfaff.

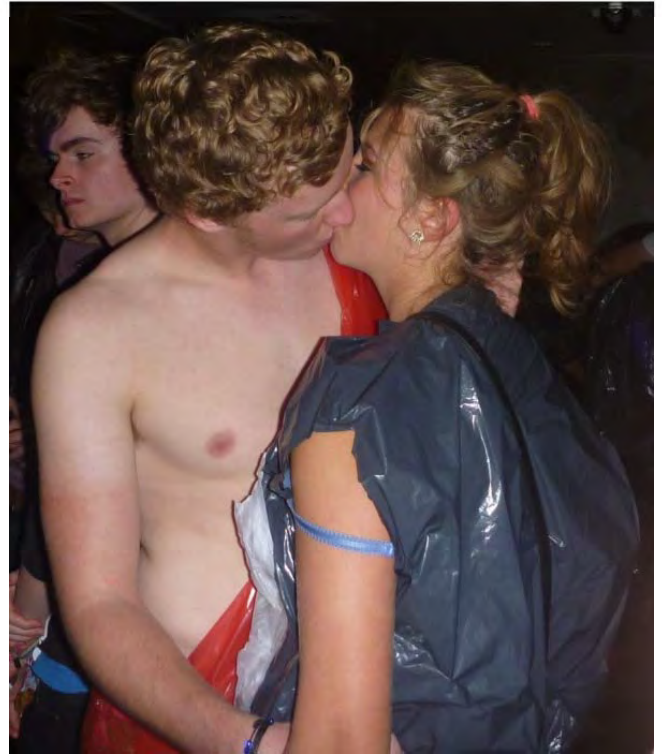
- 6) The democrats: no matter what happens a discussion will need to take place before any action is taken. You can't crap yourself at the sight of the next drop without having a meeting to deliberate how you will crap yourself, in what manner and what the possible consequences will be of said crapping. This will indefinitely be instigated by the committee of any year with great influence from Audrey.

And just when you thought it was  
safe to go back into the water...

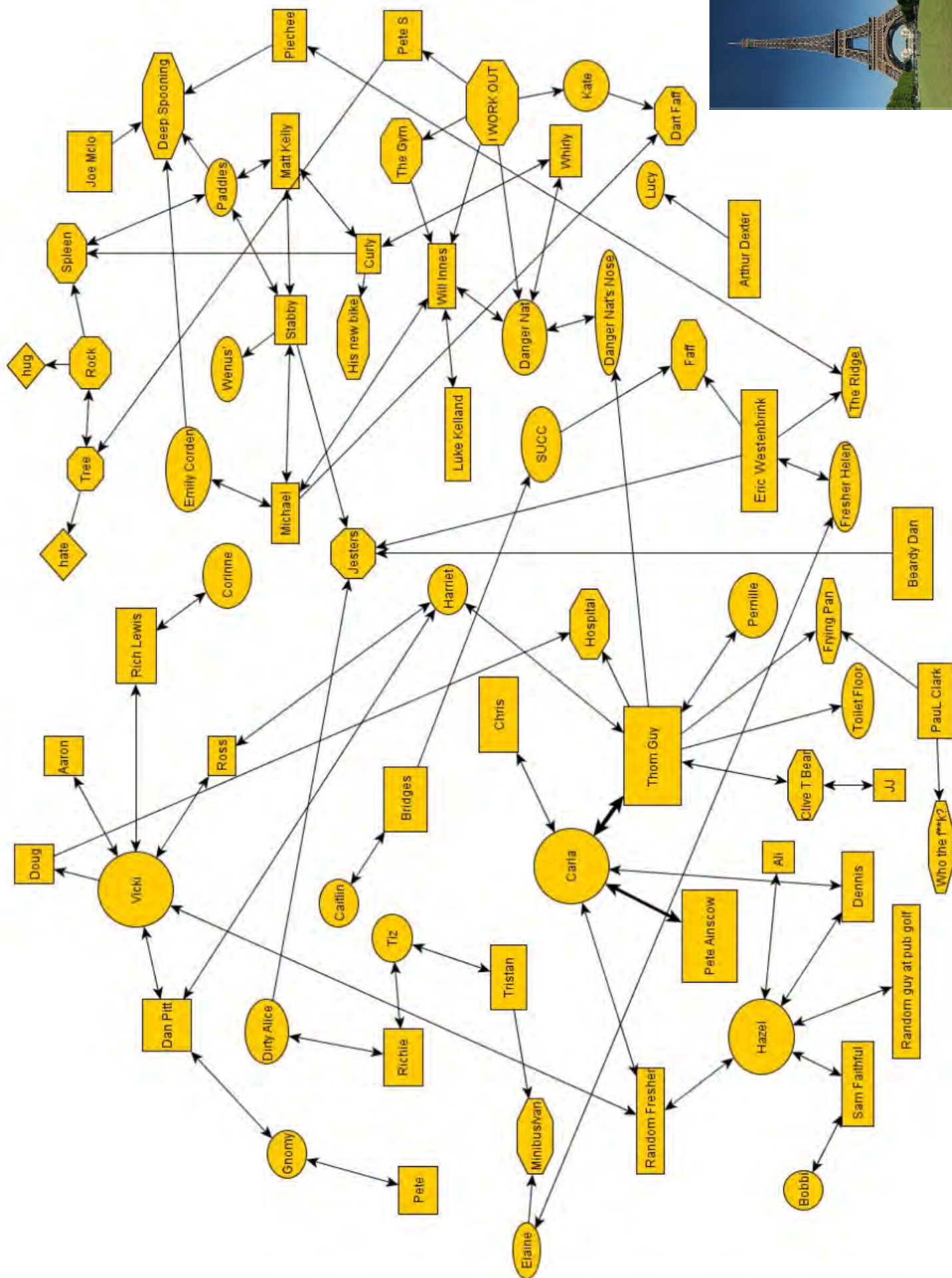




# SHARKING 2011!







# Pub Golf

In all their golfing finery, SUCC was ready to play Pub Golf. Awash with stripes and socks, hats and glove, the players were ready and the course was set.

## **The Stag's – Hole 1**

Snakebites all round.

## **The Highfield – Hole 2**

A test tube shot, but no talking.

## **The Mitre – Hole 3**

FORE!

Some catching up was to be done for those of us who turned up late (whoops!). Penalty points on the score sheet, a shot thrown in for good measure, my course started here. Beer or Cider, it was up to you.



## **Varsity – Hole 4**

Jagerbombs were bought and subsequently downed. Being a water hazard, the walk to the Gordon Arms was swift.



## **The Gordon Arms – Hole 5**

After making a beeline to the bookcase, rum and mixer of your choice was the next drink to be consumed.

The problem: The Gordon Arms was out of Rum.

The Solution: Mali-boom-boom!

## **A house? - Hole 6**

A house, but who's? I didn't know.

I did know that it was strawpedo

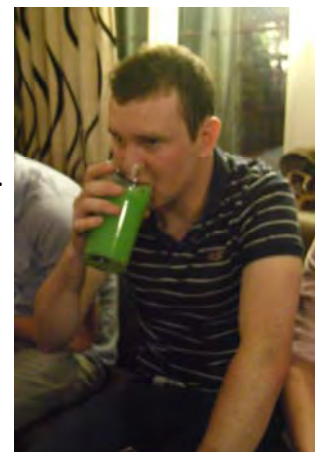
time!! A stash of Alcopops was distributed, to be consumed in one, naturally.

## **The Hobbit – Hole 7**

FORE!

Not sure the Hobbit staff were best pleased with the arrival of SUCCers! Lord of the Rings cocktails were of course on the menu. Suitably merry, it didn't take long before we were asked to move on. That wasn't going to stop us, it was time for more cocktails...

## **Clowns – Hole 8**





...in the form of a Juicy Lucy. Alcohol truly kicking in and after a sit down, it was time to try and make it downstairs to Jesters!



### Jesters – Hole 9

A Jesticle signified the course's end. The night however was still young(ish), so we hit the dance floor...well those of us who were left at least!

Highlight of the night?

Vicki attempting to get into the tumble drier. It worked...almost!!

By Carla Tate





# Playzone





Demonstration\* from Stabby of how to fit into a Childs Fire Engine Ride....

1. Casually attempt to step into the



2. So casually stepping in didn't



Now attempt to make yourself as small as possible and if that fails...stick your head out the front windscreen\*



3. Now you're sitting, just time to squeeze your head into back into the



4. Smile and Relax, you've succeeded now you just have to get out without the help of the real fire brigade...

*\*We do not advise you try this at home...SUCC accept no responsibility for your actions  
\*this method will only work if there is no windscreen*

# The Christmas Dart

'Twas the night before Christmas  
(Well, the SUCC Christmas Dart)  
And the SUCCers were faffing  
With gusto and heart

Down at the boat hard,  
With great piles of kit,  
Curly George was relentless:  
"I know seven will fit!"

Kathryn and Michael  
Nobly ran the whole thing,  
Even telling the freshers  
What stuff they should bring.

And boy did they bring it,  
With plenty more crap  
And two-pound secret-santas  
In shiny gift wrap.

Finally we were packed up  
And ready to go!  
"But, wait, where's Kingsteignton,  
Does anyone know?"

In time we arrived there  
In the dark and the cold,  
To be met at the door  
By a group of SUCC olds

Quick, get some floor space –  
A mad frantic scramble!  
Sleeping by the main door?  
Marcus, mate, that's a gamble...

Drinking games started,  
With three-man and more  
Until the police turned up  
For a word at the door :/

Trying to sleep now?  
Erm, sorry, hard luck



**But Piechee's still quite keen  
To play What The F\*ck**

**Up before sunrise,  
Swiftly out the door,  
The uber-keen set off  
For the thrills of Dartmoor**

**Backloops and tumbles,  
Rock splats and pins,  
What brilliant carnage,  
And olds taking swims!**

**The club put their boats in  
For a blast down the loop  
And a great time was had  
By all of the groups**

**Back to the hut then,  
To cook Christmas Dinner!  
The cooks were spectacular –  
The meal was a winner**

**Was desert any good?  
Erm... I can't help you there  
I didn't taste any –  
It was all in my hair**

**Gravy and Pickle,  
Butter and cream,  
Jam, salt and coffee.  
A SUCC food-fight-supreme.**

**One big cleanup later  
And the hut shone like new!  
Unlike its inhabitants  
Who still smelled like sh\*t**

**On Sunday we went out  
To the Dart one more time  
The freshers getting good now  
Nailing line after line**

**My rhymes are drying up now,  
So I'll round it off here  
One and All: Merry Christmas  
And a Happy New Year.**

