

# Mouthfulls



Christmas 2004

Good Evening and Welcome to the Christmas edition of Mouthfulls, the Canoe Clubs very own magazine. Inside this bumper issue you will find such delights as a Social report, a couple of trip reports and a thesis on why beards are great. There are also the obligatory Sharking and Swimming tables for you to argue over and complain that you didn't do that honestly. This copy of Mouthfulls was brought to you by an extensive list of people who were bullied into doing something at the last minute. They are (and yes I am sure I've left someone out): Kev, Louise, Cat, Thom, Sleepy, Goodo, Mikey B, Will, Tony and Toby. Many thanks to you all. This edition is sponsored by PWC who kindly (and unknowingly I suspect) donated the colour printing! There are a few sample copies of Mouthfulls here this evening but as people have a tendency to loose them whilst drinking more will be available at the pool session tomorrow evening. Enjoy your meal and remember not to put any milk based products anywhere near Rich Gibbon as he will go all funny and have to go home!

Smile

Chris

Coming to a Club trip near you:

# Lakes 2005

Yet another Faff team production brings you the first trip of the new term which will be coming your way on the 14-16 January well before the exams start. This is your opportunity to visit one of the most beautiful national parks in the country and go boating on some of the nicest rivers about. As the trip is so near to the start of term we are running a slightly odd sign up system; A trip list will go up on either Thursday or Friday but you can also sign up by emailing [cjv199@soton.ac.uk](mailto:cjv199@soton.ac.uk). Spaces are I am afraid limited so sign up quick. You know it makes sense.....

**This is an excerpt from Clive T Bears speech given from the top of a minibus to an assembled crowd of Club Mascots.**

One score years ago I sat in a cold Scout Hut somewhere in the south of that damp country Wales when some great men and women dressed in rubber showed me a new life. A life where I had the opportunity to see the world and carry out incredible deeds. Now though I am hampered by my age and failing health I still have a dream:

I have a dream that at every river I paddle there will be signs to the get in and hot showers and cream teas at the get out. I have a dream that somewhere there is a pub, in the back of beyond with a waterfall behind, that will serve tequila and allow me to play ring of fire all night.

I have a dream that one day I will be able to go to Jesters and wake up in the morning with a clear head and settled stomach. And that one night I hope I will leave the Hobbit at closing time and make my 9 o'clock lecture the following morning.

I have a dream that there will be a Scotland trip where boats don't appear on islands overnight and it rains so much that all the rivers are full. I have a dream that one day there will be, in the shadow of the Rab wave, a night where snorting Ströh 80 from someone's belly button won't make sense

I have a dream that one day, in this sceptred Isle, Paddlers and anglers will be able to live in harmony and enjoy the natural heritage of our rivers together in peace, and that in my life time, in the desert of misunderstanding that is Llangollen, an agreement can be found to allow little fresher boys and little fresher girls to swim side by side down Town Falls.  
I have a dream today

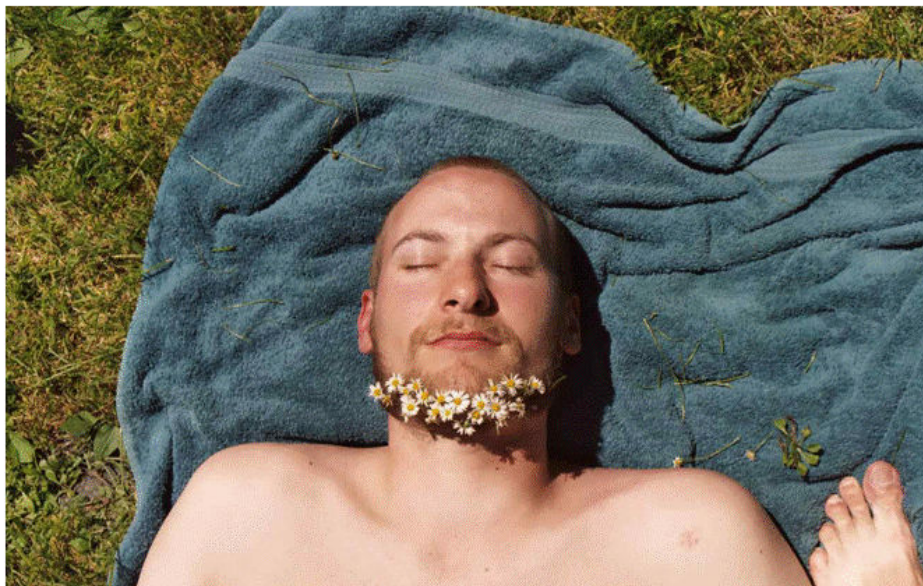
I have a dream that one day there will be a trip where faffing will be a thing of the past and two runs in a day will be possible. I have a dream where I am a paddling God and Grade 5 epics seem easy.

I have a dream today, I have a dream that one day my boat will not be judged by the contours of its plastic but by the competency of the person who sits within it. I have a dream where I am a paddling God. I live the dream; **I SUCC.**

## The Truth Behind Beards...

*A short missive from our President on her love of facial hair:*

As I'm sure many of you will know, I have a particular fascination with male facial hair, specifically the beard. I'm not proud of this fact, but similarly I feel no need to be ashamed of the way I feel inclined. Beards are marvellous. There's no two ways about it, they are the essential essence of what it is to be a Man. No mere child, no boy, could sport a beard. It definitely creates an aura of masculine outdoorsy ruggedness, a certain attractive arrogance and oozes waves of sex appeal. You can almost hear it screaming, "Hey baby...fancy a bit of scratch and tickle?" Girls...how can you resist? Surely it is the epitome of all our fantasies come true, Brad Pitt's current experimentation, Jonny Depp in Pirates of the Caribbean, Father Christmas, not forgetting the ginger tinge of Mr John Goode. It's not only women who find the covering of chins in a layer of short and curls totally irresistible, but men absolutely love the banter and 'question & answer' sessions that come with the territory. Beards are the best pub conversations ever. Boys never cease to tire of the age old questions of, "How often do you condition yours?" and, "Do you always find the odd long one on your upper lip, which needs trimming more regularly...I know I do." For the blokes reading this who have never seriously considered the bearded life, I suggest you take a bit of time to ponder over it. And if you're still unsure, what's the worst that can happen? Just try it, you might like it!





# Parish of St Clive

## BIRTHS, DEATHS, MARRIAGES AND A DIVORCE

### Births:

Many Freshers have been born in our Parish recently. Doing particularly well are Tim Ripper and Beth Holden who are putting on paddling skills rapidly and looking like healthy little babes.

### Marriages:

**Dave and Jackie:** After many attempts the pair finally found matrimonial happiness together in the summer. It was a beautiful evening with plenty of alcohol when the pair made their true feelings known on the patio of the rectory

**Dickie Titz and Lucy:** Though many denials of nothing going on were attempted, it soon became apparent that with the right level of encouragement (well snakebite and black) the pair were inseparable.

**Kev and Louise:** The exact nature of the marriage is up there with the Gordian knot in complexity but we all know its there. The most couplely of non-couples their relationship has stood the test of time.

**Mike and Jackie:** Well they must be married as they share a bed and nothing happens, not even a kiss (allegedly though Mikes storey is evolving)

### Deaths:

Mikey Wanna-Be-B's self respect (1984-2004) passed away on the evening of 26<sup>th</sup> November 2004, dieing of alcohol poisoning in the quiet village of Kingsteignton in Devon. Michael Burton, Mikey's estranged father commented "What a f\*ckin' blow". The death was particularly distressing for many, as it came so soon after John Goode lost his prowess in a terrible swimming accident on the River Itchen.

**Clive T Bear:** The Minister of our parish has been declared missing presumed kidnapped by wicked olds. He has been sighted under the Golden Gate Bridge and is thought to currently be travelling around New Zealand.

**Plum:** A former paddling God he has disappeared form the scene to make sure that his marriage is maintained to Jen and appears to be lost to us for the moment.

### Divorces:

**Dave and Jackie:** After a brief but stormy loving marriage the parish is sad to announce that Dave and Jackie have gone their separate ways claiming irreconcilable differences; Dave spending 4 hours turning up his pyjamas rather than speaking to Jackie was said to be an indication that the relationship was coming to an end.

## *Dart Trip report*

Twas dead of night, well 6.00!  
All was calm by the mighty itchen,  
Only to be disturbed by the thunder of a transit,  
All burst into action.....well chris did.

The straps were found, the boats loaded,  
Loaded  
Unloaded  
Loaded  
Unloaded.....  
It was meant to be simple  
It ended physical.

You see I was going to write a hilarious poem for the entire trip, but hey, lifes too short. Instead I will write a mildly funny, probably ranting description of the trip.

The trip down was simple for most people, i.e. straight down to Honiton, onto Exeter and then a left to Kingsteighnton. Gibbons car, I'm afraid including me, decided that they wanted to explore (well to be honest we missed many crucial turnings). This meant that we saw the delights of Poole, went round one roundabout three times, and were really only sustained throughout the journey by the thought that once we got to Honiton we could indulge in the feast that are the Honiton Fish and Chips. We weren't amused that by the time we got to the fish shop, we only had to wait five minutes and the minibus crew were in. Apparently they left twenty minutes after we did, and they were in a crappy minibus! Things were not looking good for the street cred of the gibbon car. Despite the fact that we probably averaged well over ninety on the entire way down, the minibus still managed to beat us to the pub by half a pint.

Friday night, as some people know more intimately more than others, involved drinking, drinking, drinking games, and maybe a few more drinks. Some enjoyed the drink more than others, with Mikey WannaB proving that yes it is possible to get hideously drunk, .....when no one else is! Well done my friend.

The hardcore group (Beth, Stevie, Rich, Will and someone else – to be honest I cant remember) stayed up playing 21's till the early hours. We didn't get past number 8 most of the time, which resulted in Dr Matt the following morning being able to recite the entire game, having had to listen to us half the night.

Oh and I believe that it was also the night that Hurfo and his ladies were getting to know each other – the night ended quickly when they realised that Hurfo had fallen asleep – smooth.....

The following day, .... Mikey WannaB looked shit (sorry Mike but you did!)

Hurfo looked as though he realised he had just lost his chance of fulfilling his teenage dream.

We made our slow way to the Dart, and unloaded at the pick up... what madness was this I hear you cry...yes we unloaded the boats only to load them again and drive to the drop of. I hear a repeat of the rhyme coming on.

The river was low, but good for us that were (are), frankly, a bit shit. The run was pretty uneventful, but did involve some swimming on sections, that frankly, were not

even on features. Sam?.... Most people came out at the pick up smiling, cold, and a bit knackered. For the hardcore paddlers on the club, of which I believe even Chris was included in, it was straight back on the river for round two. For me it was about an hour and a half of hanging around in wet kit (don't ask, even I don't know why), and then back to the hut to make supper. After many accusations of forgetting to put the meat in the Bolognese, of putting meat in the veggie dish (that really didn't happen), and trying to burn down the hut....don't panic Chris it was just spaghetti 'overcooking', we all ate in manner much reminiscent of communist Russia. (Where that came from I don't know, its getting late....)

That evening was surreal in so many bizarre ways, many which I can't even remember, but I will attempt to give a sense of the scene. Scattered in little pools around the floor were strewn portions of Spag Bol, (we will return to pools of other kinds later on..... Mike?) in a corner was Mikey WannaB refusing to touch any drink ever again, and vowing to become a new man from this point on (enjoying your beer mikey?). I believe that Dickie (more of him later) initiated a game of spots, resulting in Essex Mikey resembling a little boy they used to send up northern chimneys.

As the evening wore on we saw the horrific return of the Custard used earlier. This time it involved much force feeding of me (it was actually quite nice). Stevie then commented that he could do much better. By the time it actually got to him, it had evolved in the mighty monstrosity that was MACHUSTARD. (other spellings are available, ask Stevie). Machustard, to be called machustard, must have the following ingredients, Custard (obviously) brandy, and mini cheddars. It must also have a man that has been dirtied enough by Dickie, and therefore insane enough to take up the challenge. Stevie looked a bit worse for wear after....not bad enough to jump on Dave, when asleep. Dave is renowned for being an angry man, and cant even remember throwing Stevie and me off him.

***Dave is a very angry young man!***

Returning to the pools, of various kinds, there were accusations on the Sunday morning, of Essex Mikey feeling the need, shall we say to 'relieve himself', in a places not suitable for the task. Oh dear Mikey, when will you learn.....

This could have been parallel to Dickie and Lucy playing 'truth or dare'.....

Next morning, Dave gets everyone in the mood for yet more extreme paddling, by throwing Stevie out (much like a cat) onto the wet grass. He is such a nice man, is he not? We unpacked in the right place on Sunday morning. Although tempers began to get frayed as tiredness wore in – Jackie, poor Jackie, had to withstand the wrath of angry Chris.

Paddling, cold, fun, more water, woo hoo! The water was higher this time. Repacking the transit proved, well, difficult to say the least. I'm sure we ended up gaining a boat, because they would just not fit in!

There are so many other things that went on, I probably have missed out the funniest moment of the trip. However I hope this gave you a sense of the trip – there was some paddling, honest, much drinking, and I'm sure you will all agree, a good time had by all.

Cheers, Will

# Social Highlights Homework Sheet – Autumn 2004

(Answers to Miss. Elias by next Monday)

Ah, those were the days. What a wonderful term we've had, but in case the alcohol had too much of an effect, here are a few notes to bring back the \_\_\_\_\_.

## **Introductory Meeting (12<sup>th</sup> October)**

Dickie's sterling efforts as Tiny Tim - no \_\_\_\_\_ this year - worked a treat in persuading lots of \_\_\_\_\_ freshers to join the club and part with their \_\_\_\_\_ of cash. Swiftly followed by a trip to the Gate where they were introduced to what the club is really about (\_\_\_\_\_).

## **Pub Golf (19<sup>th</sup> October)**

Tally ho! With everyone looking suitably \_\_\_\_\_ in their plus-fours and check jumpers, off we set from the Union, \_\_\_\_\_ through Portswood while \_\_\_\_\_ a few \_\_\_\_\_ on the way. One of our \_\_\_\_\_ older members, Dr. Matt, celebrated his \_\_\_\_\_ in style.

## **Cube – Halloween Fancy Dress (27<sup>th</sup> October)**

The \_\_\_\_\_ ghosts, ghouls, \_\_\_\_\_ devils, and \_\_\_\_\_ of the club were out in force while Cat proved how \_\_\_\_\_ she could be with a \_\_\_\_\_ over her \_\_\_\_\_ – which proved too enticing for Louise not to get \_\_\_\_\_! Down on the dancefloor everyone strutted their \_\_\_\_\_.

## **Fireworks Party (5<sup>th</sup> November)**

Jackie, our hostess with the \_\_\_\_\_ gave over her house to the club, so we let rip with the \_\_\_\_\_ and trampled \_\_\_\_\_ everywhere. And she took her \_\_\_\_\_ to new levels when she kindly offered a homeless guest her \_\_\_\_\_. Best not to mention the damaged \_\_\_\_\_!

## **3-legged Pub Crawl (10<sup>th</sup> November)**

What could be better than being strapped to a \_\_\_\_\_ of the opposite \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ between the many fine inns of Portswood? We wonder whether Steve O'Connell and James have worked out how to operate a \_\_\_\_\_ machine yet? A great club \_\_\_\_\_ experience, especially those intimate \_\_\_\_\_ moments!

### **Wordbank:**

balls	bangers	beautiful	birthday	bonding	
condom	doo-doo	drinking	esteemed	goods	
head	hobbling	horny	hospitality	involved	
member	memories	most-est	potting	ridiculous	sex
sheet	staggering	stuff	terrifying	throwing	
up	toilet	versatile	wads		
things that go bump in the night		"spare room"			



### ***Teifi Megabash (13<sup>th</sup> November)***

\_\_\_\_\_ it up to the max in Mid-Wales, then \_\_\_\_\_ the night away in a large \_\_\_\_\_.! What better than a little \_\_\_\_\_ based fun? Our entrant in the inter-university games faced disqualification after \_\_\_\_\_ his opponent's \_\_\_\_\_.! Perhaps he should keep his \_\_\_\_\_ to himself!

### ***Extreme Boat Ball (17<sup>th</sup> November)***

Everyone looked \_\_\_\_\_ in their \_\_\_\_\_ as we set sail, but things didn't stay \_\_\_\_\_-shaped for long. When Jackie heard about James \_\_\_\_\_ in the toilets, our \_\_\_\_\_ social sec came to the rescue by procuring a \_\_\_\_\_. Or as Miss Coleman might sum up the evening "how much can we get away with without anyone \_\_\_\_\_?"

### ***Gordon Arms and Hobbit (24<sup>th</sup> November)***

\_\_\_\_\_ ourselves to the Gods of \_\_\_\_\_, a few quiet drinks. Rather out of turn, and not worth \_\_\_\_\_.

### ***Cube (31<sup>st</sup> November)***

While the olds were back at Canoe HQ watching \_\_\_\_\_ videos, everyone else was \_\_\_\_\_ up in the \_\_\_\_\_. Everyone was reunited in the cube for yet another \_\_\_\_\_ canoe club night out. Dickie nearly got thrown out for \_\_\_\_\_ with Lucy, while Mikey displayed his \_\_\_\_\_ side sharing both his \_\_\_\_\_ and his \_\_\_\_\_.

### ***Isle of Wight Pirates (10<sup>th</sup> December)***

A rag-tag collection of pirate \_\_\_\_\_ (and the odd \_\_\_\_\_) set sail for Cowes with a yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum. Thom beat Andy in the \_\_\_\_\_ department (though was only one hat away from \_\_\_\_\_ icon), Ray was rather \_\_\_\_\_, Lucy wouldn't stop showing us her \_\_\_\_\_, and Dickie couldn't keep his \_\_\_\_\_ dry. Then back to the Frog and Frigate to watch a man play with his \_\_\_\_\_.

Thanks for being there! See you next year for another term of \_\_\_\_\_ socials!

### **Bordwank:**

bed	breasts	bucket	camping	carrot
cavalier	cross-dressing		dashing	evening-wear
feet		gay	generous	grooving
groping	guitar	hands	humdrum	intoxicating
marquee	mentioning	noticing	passing out	ravishing
scintillating	scum	ship	sword	tent
tigger	Union Bar	warming	wedding	wench
whoring				

# Spot the Difference

One of these buses has been driven by Chris the other hasn't.... Can you guess which is which?



## SUCC Ireland? December 2004

Last summer whilst all sat round waiting to take accountancy exams or term to start it was suggested that we should go boating and drinking in Ireland for a week in December. After much non-planning and plenty of faff we ended up going to the wrong Celtic country and spent a week in and around Fort William in Scotland. Our team of star quality consisted was: Mikey "The Prospector" Burton, Rob "Evil Twin" Burton, Steve "The Tramp" Shaw, Tony "Old Man" Woodcock, Chris "I'll Walk" Vian, Andy "The Website" Webb, Ben "Blind Probe" Bolt(man), Chuck "Token girl and Evil Drinking Pixie Number 2" McAuley as well as guest visits from Phil (Chucks mate from Cambridge), Toby, Emma and Jackie "Evil Drinking Pixie number 1" Haynes, as well as the Wee Man and the hardcore Edinburgh boaters.

The drive up was mundane being punctuated by the discovery that both Mike and Rob had, of their own account and completely separately, walked into petrol stations that morning intending to buy Tangfastics and ended up walking out with Fruit Pastels! The drive got interesting as we passed Loch Lomond and the rain started falling. As Mikey's car stereo blared out Highway to the Dangerzone from the Top Gun sound track, we flew across Ranock moor with about 10 m of visibility and Tony complaining that Mikes car was a pile of shit, bring this shit on. After a quick stop in Safeways for Beer, Wine and Pizza we headed off to the bunkhouse. Mikey Rob and Tony decided to welcome the week in by finishing off four bottles of wine between them. Needless to say Mike passed out and had the indignity of being coloured in with a burnt cork by his twin.



Sunday we got up early and had a full cooked breakfast, well those of us who weren't too hung over did! Arriving at the Orchy we found the level was just below three on the big gauge and tanking through. For most this was a unique experience; Scotland with water! The Orchy at this level is more similar to an Austrian big volume river rather than an English ditch. It is always good to be avoiding one huge stopper only to meet another that you probably don't want to go into either. At the first major rapid, the Chicken Shoot, the hard core (Mike, Rob, Tony, Ben and Chuck) ran the main line and Stevie ran the river Left Chicken Shoot. Andy took photos so walked round. Chris set up safety then decided to run the Chicken Shoot, then decided that he didn't like the look of it and not paddle it. Unfortunately he decided this a bit too late and then lost his blades and had to breach himself across 2 rocks and exit his boat. Easan Dubha was at the kind of level where any line is asking to get spanked within an inch of your life, so even Chuck and Ben portaged. The same could be said for Eas a' Chathaidh with both the river left and right lines looking like death on a stick (though the Wee Man has assured us it does go!). The final drop, Witches Step flipped everyone so we all got some well needed rolling practice!

On Sunday night we had found a 1000 piece jigsaw puzzle of 2 dolphins that was mainly blue and for a lack of anything else to do it was decided that we should try and complete it before the end of the week. This lead to Tony confirming that he really has become an old man as he got a piece in and would then shout "Get in there, you know you want it, you slag..."

On Monday we decided to try out a new river called the Pattack. Whilst trying to find the get out for the river we came across a large BMW full of men wearing white shirts with black lapels. Wondering if they could help us with directions Chuck went over to have a word. As the policemen wound down their window she was heard to say "Oh sorry, we thought you were a car of Chauffeurs" To which there was a stony silence as the officer obviously wondered he should breathalyse her. The start of this section is the 10 m monster the Falls of Pattack. As no one wanted to go home in a body bag we left it unrun and got on below. There were a couple of nice grade 3 drops that could of done with more water before we got to an easy grade 4 leading into a gorge. Andy messed it up and was sat in the hole below as Mikey knocked him out of the stopper and took a roll for his pains. Chris went over on the top drop lost his blades and had to swim the hole. Suitably admonished he then lost it before the next drop and walked out. Tit.

Having seen the amount of water flowing through the Roy and Spean the night before on Tuesday we decided to head to the Roy Gorge and Spean Gorge on the way home. Following a recurring theme Chris got on the river ran one drop the decided that he fancied a 4 mile walk with his boat down to the cars. The others had a great run down the gorge portaging the minging grade 5 but then having to carry their boats out at the end up a very muddy path. When we got back to the Spean it had now dropped to 2 (from 5) on the gauge. It was a nice level with Head banger a fun little drop that managed to fully back loop Ben's RPM. The Cauldron was a proper mess and a bit of a scrape over the river right line. At the Get out the Canal level dam was releasing ensuring a hard ferry glide to get to the otherside

In the evening we decided to take a break from the jigsaw and that we would go to the pub at the top of the road. Once there we were accosted by a rather drunk woman who was the wrong side of 40 and showing it. After talking to us for a bit she placed herself on Steve's lap and proceeded to stroke Mike's leg. Even more amusement was had when we introduced Mike as Robin and explained that the twins had been carelessly named by their parents. Having realised that we could easily convince her of almost anything we informed her that the reason for our trip was to celebrate Robins (Mikes) last week of freedom as his 17 year old girlfriend was due to drop her sprog in a week. In the mean time Chuck was being chatted up by a Begby look a like who appeared to get all his sustenance from beer. Eventually he lent over and tried to kiss Chuck at which point she politely declined,

grabbed Chris and tried to convince him that it was time to leave! Once everyone was back in the bunkhouse there was a knock on the window and then the door. After turning all the lights out and pretending that we were asleep to no effect eventually Chris was dispatched to tell the old drunk lady that we had all gone to bed and no she wasn't welcome to come join us.

With no more rain and water levels dropping on Wednesday we headed over to the east coast to have a go at running the Findhorn. Ben, Tony, Rob, Mike and Chuck ran it with Steve and Andy shuttling and Chris trying, and failing, to take photos of them from the bank. The river started with Randolphs leap, a grade 5 at certain levels but not at this level. All but Ben took the easy line. Ben though in his calm calculated manner ran the Cauldron which everyone else had decided looked far too minging to bother with.

The river then flattened out for a bit, but kept us entertained with some amusing grade 3, however after a while we were back in the Gorge and got to the proper rapids. Triple steps didn't present any particular problems for the group, with Ben showing all the prowess of one of the best blind probes in the business. Some more nice grade 4 rapids followed, with Tony showing the Huck boaters how to paddle big water in a playboat. One portage was made on The Slot rapid, as we all decided that the undercut rocks didn't look particularly appealing. It was then a float down to the get out, however unfortunately no one had bothered to read the guidebook to find where the get out was, and some faff ensued until we heard the dulcet tones of Mr Webb calling through the woods. Everyone was saying how great the river was until they had to do the 15 minute carry out by which time they weren't so keen on it! In the evening Ben and Tony finally finished the jigsaw to everyone else's relief, well they had almost finished, it turned out that Mikey had stolen one of the three missing pieces so that **HE** could finish the jigsaw.

On Thursday there was again no more rain so we went to look at the Upper Spean and even though there was water streaming over the top of the Iagan dam, no pipes were releasing so the river was too low to run. After much cursing we decided that we would run the Spean Gorge again at a slightly lower level than earlier in the week. Headbanger looked worse then it was and was washing through and the Cauldrons left line was completely dry and easy it being unseasonably and unreasonably warm Mike ended up in the water with his boat was floating down the river without him, it was shenanigans season!

After a quick shower and a spray of deodorant we headed off into Fort Bill on the train. Stevie, Andy and Chuck went swimming whilst the rest of us went to the pub to play pool and have a couple of drinks. It was just after we had ordered our first round of drinks that Tony pointed out that Neighbours was still on the TV! After watching the twins Burton play one of the worst games of pool that any of us had seen we headed off to the Grog and Gruel for food and yet more beer before heading off to the train station to go back to Corpach to guess what more beer.



Friday morning several people were feeling a bit worse for wear (although Mikey was genuinely ill whereas everyone else was hungover). We cleared up and headed over to the Etive for some low water waterfall action. How wrong we were. On the way we inspected the Nevis. We followed the road up to where the infamous Mad Mile or "Mildly Angry 200m" was. With this much water it was definitely MAD. Tony and Rob agreed that it all would go except for one rather nasty unportageable, unprotectable drop so we decided to head off to the Etive to see what was going.

The Etive certainly wasn't low, it was humongous! So high that Triple step was two steps and a minging stopper where the second step should have been. As for the right angle there was no risk of anyone getting pinned it wasn't there! The flow was going over the rocks you can seal launch off and the ones next to that and the ones next to those! Instead of the normal 8 m drop it was more like a 6 m drop that lead into a huge boiley mess that was coming up 15 m from the fall. Seeing this we decided to run the Coupall a tributary of the Etive. This had a "Coupall" of good grade 4 drops next to each other that the bank support photo team were able to cover in great detail. After deciding that the Grade 5 drop at the bottom was eaming a plus and was going to be left alone we deserted the barren North and headed for the bright lights of the City with seven hills.

On the way over Andy's Car had a close encounter with a sheep that left a large dent in his bonnet, bugger. We collected Haynso, Toby and Emma and ate large amounts of Chinese take away. Then it was off to the bar to do what we do best, get drunk and fall over! Chuck introduced us to the Wee Man and a whole bunch more of the Hardcore Edinburgh Boaters. After several rounds of After Shock (1 red, 1 Green, 1 Blue) and plenty of beer we were all having lots of fun. Tony was explaining that the waterfall he swam in Norway was "only" 8 m not the 18 m that Chuck had told them. When they finally closed the bar (we like Scottish opening hours) we all got a bit split up; Chuck went home with the Wee Man; Toby, Emma, Andy Webb and Stevey went left, and the rest of us right. The majority of us managed to end up in the city centre trying to find taxis. We eventually got back to the flat and let ourselves in and waited for the others to appear. After a couple of useless phone calls Toby, Emma and Andy got a taxi back to the flat. At this point we all realised that we had mislaid Steve. Tony and Chris kept trying to phone him leaving a barrage of useless comments on his answerphone. After a while we started to get a little bit anxious but decided that there was very little we could do until the morning. At 10 the next morning there was a ring on the doorbell and a slightly dishevelled Mr Shaw appeared. Apparently he got a little bit lost and had ended up spending at least a proportion of the night under a pallet in Homebase carpark!

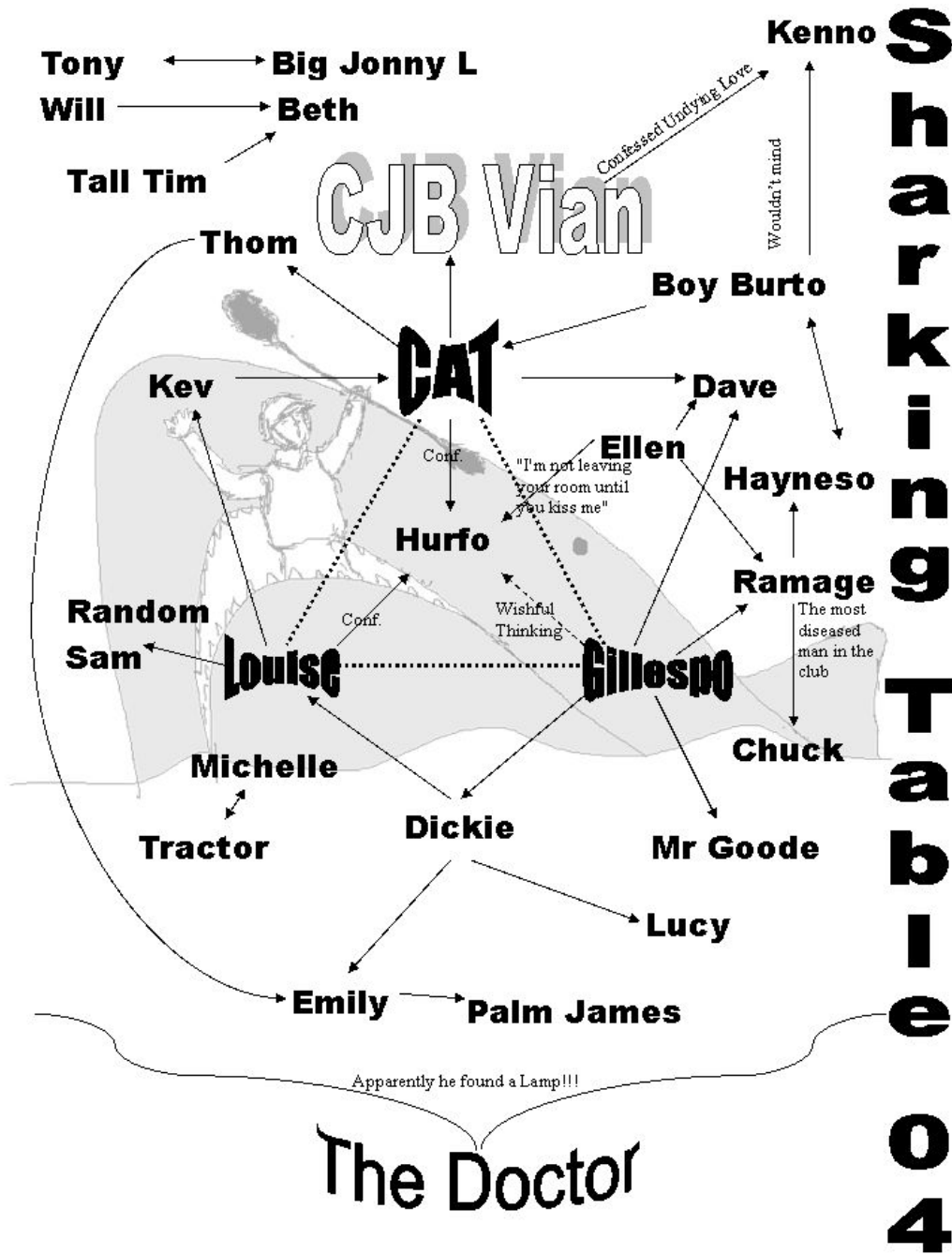
Saturday we wandered around Edinburgh and then went to a loud pub called Bambu where Chris managed to break part of the decoration. The group then split half being boring and going to the Standing Order pub until. The Evil drinking Pixies lead the remainder off to a club to "dance" the night away. Mikey was doing well but failed to properly stake his mining rights, though not for lack of opportunity.

*This is a shortened(!) version of a longer trip report that will appear on the web at some point with more photos.*

# Swim Table

Autumn 2004

Victim	Location	Forgivability	Comedy	Description
Cat	Nene	0	10	Lost blades in the pump outlet then forgot how to handroll whilst being watched by assembled nene boyz 'n' Girlz
Louise	Nene	3	5	Its moving water, Louise goes over, enough said
Chris	Perranporth	0	10	Tipped over by small wave only to forget how to roll, oh dear
Freshers x lots	Perranporth	10	0	Hey its their first trip, give them a break
<i>Duo swims:</i>				
Chris & Nick	Perranporth	2	10	Front looped the duo, Chris rolled, only to discover a lack of Nick in the front!
James & Rich	Perranporth	2	10	After several manful attempts to roll the beast they finally gave up to much cheering
Steve O & Will	Perranporth	10	10	Incredibly brave/ stupid but did provide five minutes of entertainment to the vultures on the beach
Alistar	Usk	7	0	Swan once; foregivable, then got back in the water to go and find his boat; BAD
George	Teifi	8	0	Maybe a bit too difficult
Jackie	Teifi	2	9	Ran drop, fell over, couldn't roll, swar at all and sunder
Beth	Teifi	9	7	Ran the hard section blind after getting caught on a rock swam twice but was still smiling at the end!
Will	Teifi	9	3	Dave broke out, John rolled as for Will he blind probed. No chance really
Sam	Dart	9.5	5	Following Chris is never advisable, pinned then no chance
George	Dart	9	1	First river syndrome all good
Louise	Dart	0	10	Swam trying to rescue Lucy, Muppet. Someone needs to go to the pool more!
Lucy	Dart	10	10	Went for the rescue as she had been taught only to find the rescuer swimming alongside
Steve O	Dart	7	3	Folowing in the gloming got a bit disorientated on triple and had to stand there in his shorty wetsuit, cold
Tim R	Dart	4	10	Simple pinning, comedy for his first words being "where are the blades they cost a fortune?" as his mates kit left him!
Karl	Dart	10	0	First river syndrome all good
Thom	Dart	10	0	First river syndrome all good
Chris	Olds Scotland	0	9	Hmm easy grade 4 I think rolling practice is in order for you. Also don't WALK OUT
Steve	Olds Scotland	2	5	Fliiped on the Zambezi like Orchy. Wheres the roll Steve?
John G	Mighty Itchen Gorge	0	10	It was his kit! No seriously it was; well that plus letting go of his blades!





# SUCC Awards 2004

**Most improved Paddler:** Beth, George and Tim Ripper

**Most enthusiastic/committed fresher:** Mikey Wanna B, Sam and Tom

**Most comedy moment on a social:** Steve O & Palm James in the toilets buying condoms together! hum....

**Best driver:** Chris (need we say more?)

**Most drunk:** Mike Allen, Mikey Wanna B, Dickie Titz and Palm James

**Best swim:** John G on the itchen, Chris V for the numerous numbers, Jackie on the Teifi, The freshers Duo crew in Perranporth

**Best Sharker:** Dr Matt, Dickie

**Best beard:** Tractor, Thom Harvey, John G,

**Best dodgy shirt:** Tractor, Palm James, John G

**The how not to get to a trip award:** Rich G for getting lost three times on the way to the Dart, Mikey B for getting lost between Kingsteignton Scout hut and the Dart, Neil H for having to stop in a petrol station overnight on the way to the Teifi, Louise, Jackie, Dave and Kev for going to the Teifi tour via Bournelouth for Daves grading that never even happened.

Cat will introduce the awards towards the end of the meal and will let you vote on who you think should win.