

SWU

MOUTHFULS-AUTUMN 2005



As the lights come back up, Danny is shocked to find that the smooth, sleek skin and soft hair belong to none other than James. George is pleasantly surprised that he has managed to fold his clothes so well.

Welcome

Boys and girls what can I say, has been an ace term with a good bit of flood, frozen kit, massive surf, perfect water on the dart - what more could we want? Well, except Steve getting naked of course!

It all started in the depths of the cube with what I would say was the best extreme sports stand of them all! Loads of people signed up and still loads of you stayed on! Then mighty polo(/chav) Mike weirdly volunteered to down numerous snakebites, which sort of came up again, lovely. This was followed by an awesome pub crawl. Danny - our own favourite arm-wrestler! Unbeaten in Jesters...almost!

Then the training began, after some pool sessions and some Itchen action we decided to take you out in 8 ft surf - ideal! Everyone seemed ok from the experience, well, nearly. The trips so far have gone very well with some good drinking banter, bacon rolls and a new update to bacon sandwiches, as well as an attempt to reduce faff - which in some cases has worked, and others not. Losing the dart keys...oops.

On that note I hope you've all had a quality term, I know I have! Hope to see you all next term!

James

SPRING TERM TRIPS!

Lakeland fun and Frolics : 13th - 15th January

Christmas is fast approaching and though all of you might be thinking of the food, drink and festivities that are to come, there is also a sadder side to Christmas. For many, it means little paddling for 3 weeks!

But... there is hope!

Early next term we will be packing in revision for a weekend to visit to a land of mountains, sheep (George, control yourself) and hopefully water. Glass eating is not on the agenda this time (John, that's you!), just a great time of rivers and good company.

If you felt comfortable on the Dart trip then this trip is for you, we hope to be on slightly more interesting rivers than the Usk and Barle, if you're unsure weather you're good enough just speak to Tim Ripper or me.

SIGN UP will be as soon as we get back to uni next term, but keep an eye on the e-mail list for details.

Have a great Christmas,

Mike

**THE LAKES
13TH-15TH JANUARY**

**THE DART
10TH-12TH FEBRUARY**

**WOOLACOMBE
24TH-26TH FEBRUARY**

**STUDENT RODEO
10TH-12TH MARCH**

A Christmas Present from the Social Secs – Your own Social Events Calendar!

Due to sporadic attendance and subsequent deterioration of the Sharking Table, the social secs feel deflated and inadequate. Our job is to spread love, make peace and bring the club together, joining paddlers in a special closeness that all can share. This has not been achieved on the scale we usually aspire to, therefore maybe these upcoming socials planned for next term will invoke in all a willingness to partake with the clubs activities, on any level you feel comfortable with. As we enforced in Freshers week, beginners are welcome; many of our members would be delighted to offer guidance to those wanting to get involved!

Pirates to the Isle of Wight! - Do you dream of living the life of a swashbuckling corsair, beholden to none and master of all you survey? Once our crew of unabashed rogues is assembled, we shall take to the capacious expanse of solent to pursue fortune, fame, and hair-raising adventure on the Isle of Wight. Dressed as pirates we shall sale at least one of the seas

Our path may not be filled with the porcine comforts and technological marvels that Jesters provides, but we shall nonetheless move forward to carve a name for ourselves in the annals of bold insurgency and death-defying derring-do. Once you have an ale in your hand and the Jolly Roger is flapping high above you, you'll want to relive everyone's favorite social every night.

Frog and Frigate! – Disastrously we have not been on-mass to the Frog&Frigate to enjoy the delights of table dancing and our favourite Gary or Derek (oke). This will be rectified next term, possibly concluding a docks pub crawl!

Bowling! – We are all aware of everyone's paddling ability but what about your ball skills?

Bin Bagging – Who hasn't ever wanted to dress up in a big black plastic bin bag? Soon you can on a pubcrawl through Portswood. They are surprisingly versatile and adaptable items of clothing. Also completely Jesterproof!

Pink Party! – Last year everyone looked so pretty it would be terrible to not have another and denying Beth the opportunity to pop into that pink suit would be a travesty on the social secs' part.

Playzone! – Don't pretend you're too old to want to go to a massive kids play area, throw yourself around, jump in ballpools and swing into other people on ropes. This place opens especially on Friday nights so we can do this - get involved!!

More Drinking! – and of course our obligatory non-alcoholic social. Followed by some drinking...

Hope that tempts all you sharkers out next term! Have a Very Merry Christmas, Love Ham and George x x x

Awards 2005

It's that time of year, when those who have surpassed themselves deserve recognition. More prestigious than the Oscars, harder to come by than a Golden Globe, it's the SUCC annual awards!

Here are the nominations, winners to be announced at the Christmas meal:

Most Drunk

George "Village" Mortimer
Mike "MR BUNTON JUNIOR" Bunton
Steve O'Connell

Most Improved Fresher

Stu Forbes
Jenny Gales

Best BCU Beard

Tractor
Thom

Best Hair

Chris Vian
George Mortimer

Most "Involved Fresher"

Laura "We didn't do anything" McKelvie
Jenny "We were just dancing" Gales

All categories and nominations made up entirely by the President. No Tony, we're not having a "Best Mounting of George" award.

Swim Table Autumn 2005

Here is a by no way definitive list of unfortunate swimming incidents over the summer and this term, if you know of any more feel free to add them in the spaces at the bottom

Victim	Trip	Location	Description
Mikey Wannabe	Alps	Chateau Q	Messed up the first part of the final drop, swam and had to climb out the 20 m gorge to get to his boat, nice
Martin	Alps	Lower Guissane	Swam then thought he had lost his blades, only to find them 50 m down stream
Louise	Alps	Everywhere	Went over, didn't roll, swam but got back in again! Respect due
Sleepy	Alps	Rab Wave	After his most impressive performance, hit rock and swam
Mikey B	Zambezi	Something big	Made funny signs with fingers and pulled faces at the top, the inevitable swim on camera ensued at the bottom!
Damage	Zambezi	Most Places	It would appear that Damage can't roll with his new boat and paddles
Dr Matt	HPP	Top Wave	Deck Popped (again) time for a new deck (again)
Sleepy	HPP	Top Wave	After his most impressive performance, hit side and swam (anyone else see a theme here?)
Rich Hill & Girlfriend	Perranporth	The Sea!	Rich took his girlfriend out for a nice paddle (in both senses of the word)
Dr Matt & Ingrid	Perranporth	The Sea!	Dr Matt took his "girlfriend" out for a nice paddle and almost caused a full blown emergency
Freshers, lots of them	Perranporth	The Sea!	Its expected isn't it?
Thom	Usk	Mill House Falls	Ran the hard bit then fell over, wasn't too happy
Jack	Usk	Most Eddies	Jack discovered that the Topo isn't the most stable of boats when crossing eddy lines
Freshers, lots of them	Usk	Just before the get out	For some reason everyone relaxed and mass carnage took place leading to lots of boat chasing
Jenny	Barle and Dart	Just after the get in (Tavy)	As it is a new river it is traditional for someone to fall in as soon as they get on the water!
Laurent	Barle and Dart	Lover leap (Dart)	Hit a rock went over then had to empty his boat as Chris and Rich were wearing shorts (it was cold)
George	The mighty Weir	Well the Weir	Swam then decided to get recirculated, nice
Jack	The mighty Weir	Well the Weir	Still not getting those eddy lines are we?
Tom Wright	Dart	A vicious eddy line	Well not that vicious, he got lazy, went over and swam
Lots of people	Dart	Holne Bridge	For some reason they all decided to just jump in, very perculiar
Michelle	Secret Tavy Trip	Get In	Got in, then got out.
Steve OC	Secret Tavy Trip	Get In	Saw Michelle swimming and jealous of the attention she was getting, presumably rolled over to cry about not being Louise and Kev's favorite anymore.
Mikey B	Hardcore Tavy Trip	Nice mincing hole	Mike had to run the drop blind, oh dear, afterwards everyone got off
Mikey B	Hurley	The swirlies	It was all Dave's boats fault (and his £150 dry trousers didn't keep him dry)
Andy Webb	Hurley	The swirlies	Demoing a new boat, whoops!

The Trip Reports

In the following pages you'll find reports of the adventures had by the club known only as SUCC over the past months. All details found herein may or may not be accurate. Some might even be complete fiction. These documents will self destruct after reading. Or they would have done, but we couldn't afford the expensive paper. If you could just pour some beer over it so the ink runs, that would be most helpful.

Cheers, Steveo.

TRIP TOP TRUMPS!

Perranporth	
Paddling	
Water	2/2
Technical	1/1
Shenanigans	4/7
Location	
Views	1/1
Journey	2/3
Comfort	3/4
Pubs	8/10
Drinking	
Games	7/10
George	3/5
Total	31/43

The Usk	
Paddling	
Water	4/2
Technical	1/1
Shenanigans	4/7
Location	
Views	1/1
Journey	1/3
Comfort	2/4
Pubs	7/10
Drinking	
Games	7/10
George	3/5
Total	29/43

The Barle	
Paddling	
Water	0.5/2
Technical	1/1
Shenanigans	5/7
Location	
Views	1/1
Journey	2/3
Comfort	3/4
Pubs	7/10
Drinking	
Games	8/10
George	4/5
Total	31.5/43

The Dart	
Paddling	
Water	1/2
Technical	1/1
Shenanigans	6/7
Location	
Views	1/1
Journey	2/3
Comfort	3/4
Pubs	8/10
Drinking	
Games	9.5/10
George	5/5
Total	36.5/43

All scores completely subjective, possibly even made up. All total points issued on the standard club scale of 1 to 43.

The Trip Reports – Perranporth

The Freshers' Fayre had been a success, the welcome meeting went well, despite Chav "It would have been fine with cordial" Mike vomiting after half a pint of co-op snake bite. Many new people had been introduced to the Itchen, and said hello to new skills at the pool session. The time was ripe, to show them what a SUCC trip is all about!

So it was that we all met on an unseasonably warm Friday night at the boat hard. Despite most people being new to the trip thang, Faff was average, and we were well on our way by 6.30. The bus journey was interesting. My first time driving on a trip, and Tim Ripper navigating for me. It's his route home, no worries I thought. However, news of traffic jams on the A35 lead us to taking an alternative route. On missing the turning to Salisbury, we ended up on minor country roads for a sizeable portion of the journey. There is now no doubt that I can handle a minibus like a pro! A chip stop at Honiton later and we arrived just after closing time. Bugger. Oh well, straight in to the drinking games then....

I don't claim to remember details of the night, which is usually a sign that everything was successful. The freshers were mingling, the olds were drinking Woke™, all was as it should be. Until one or two people had a little too much. Both toilets had a vomiting person (both sexes represented), but Dickie chose the female toilets in which to ~~etch~~ offer valuable moral support. I think I nodded off just after a topless Dickie called someone a twat at 5am. Sounds about right.

Saturday everyone woke up bright and early as is usual on club trips (!). Bacon sandwiches all round and to the beach! 'Twas a lovely sunny day, so no one was in much of a rush. Much faff later and many people are enjoying themselves on the water. Fresher fishing for the committee was most enjoyable, but did lead to me discovering my dry trousers hold water in better than they keep it out. Doh. Dickie woke up much later than everyone else, but still managed to be first in the water, opting for the lightweight paddling kit of just boardies. On asking him "Dickie – are you still perhaps a little bit drunk", he replied "battered". Now that, ladies and gentlemen, is dedication.

After the majority are surfed out came the obligatory tea shop visit. Dickie and Thom lead the Freshers' (using a High Vis jacket – safety first kids) to the retro 80s café, for some Tomato Soup and Ice Cream (*Steveo, it's called Flitwick's restaurant, and is the finest purveyor of Tomato Soup in the UK – Dickie*). Er, of course. This then lead to a walk up the picturesque hill side. It is at this point Dickie and Thom stripped the Freshers' of their names, giving them all

The Trip Reports

numbers instead. A game of “Getting to know you, learning to love you” involved rolling things at them, and asking questions. I’m sure it was truly special, but I went for a pasty and sunset body board instead.

Saturday night, and everyone is again enjoying a beer or two, in the fine establishment that is the Green Parrot. There is a bit of an olds/youngs divide, until a game of I have never commences, and some olds join the youngs to see what the excitement is all about. I seem to remember most of the I have nevers being quite unsuitable for a pre-watershed publication, and that Number 8 aka Juvenile Delinquent was at the heart of the more scandalous admissions.

Back to the hut for further drinking, no vomiting this evening from my recollection. Instead many walks in the fresh air down to the beach. An extensive hilltop walk lead us to a new mini-bay slightly further down, requiring only slightly dangerous pissed rock climbing to reach. Back to the hut, and more drinking ensued. A Perranporth tradition, the vicious pass the parcel was commenced. I don’t fully remember the details, but I seem to remember Dickie and Laurent (sorry, I don’t know his number) rather enthusiastically swapping clothes (and getting very naked in the process). Another forfeit of note was the particularly brave Elly Pryce taking a shower with a semi-drunk Damage. Respect!

Towards the end of the evening/start of the following morning a few of the more artistic SUCCers formed a bit of a band. The original components being a reasonably talented guitarist and singer. However, the alcohol flowing in many peoples veins lead them to believe that what the duo truly needed was some accompaniment on the pots and pans. Hmmm, I went for a walk, and when I came back all was quiet. Except Dickie. Again.

Bright and early again Sunday, and down to the beach. Apologies if this is beginning to sound like an extended version of Tiny Tim (Mike no vomiting during this please). Much surfing again, some body boarding too. Dr.Matt found himself a lifetime companion, but tragically lost Inflatable Ingrid in a fatal Duo incident. May she be deflated in peace.

A fine journey home on the minibus, made only interesting by an obscenely long stop at Bridport, and the fine musical choice of Beth and Tim, including French language Disney songs and some Vengaboys. No finer driving music I say.

A good trip had by one and all.

The Trip Reports – The Usk

So Steveo, how good was the Usk trip? I was drunk, don't usk me!

Boom boom.

Now that I've got the first line out of the way I can start the trip report proper. After much debate as to which river would be best to take our lovely new people down, the Usk was chosen. Bonus – some motor way driving in the minibus!

It all began, as all good trips do, at the Boathard sometime after Countdown has finished. Yes, I did have to miss Deal/No Deal, but Noel Edmonds is getting on my wick anyway. It's not like the banker is really on the phone is it, it's just him improvising a rubbish conversation. Anyway, I digress. All things were packed, and people were on the bus. The lovely drivers for this trip were myself and Jackie. Unfortunately for most people on the bus, the age old law of "I'm driving, so I get final say on the music" came in to play. Which is why for the first half of the journey everyone on the bus was subjected to the Charlotte Church album at very loud volumes. At the food stop most people were happy to admit to any crimes they had or hadn't committed, and some were willing to walk the leg from Bristol to Cwmdu.

After much coaxing, and less controversial music later, we arrived in the idyllic ~~town~~ ~~village~~ ~~hamlet~~ house/pub combo that is Cwmdu. To the Farmers Arms, and half the pub is ours. Much beer later and back to the hut. Not sure why, but a few people hit the sack early, namely George, Tim and Tom. Those still awake find it highly amusing to see how much damage can be caused with a burnt cork to the aforementioned – answer = lots!

Saturday morning is a bright an early start, with everyone eager to get on the water. The level is reasonable, and everyone enjoys a paddle. Some enjoy it so much, they decide to continue paddling past the get out. The leader of the following group informs the observers on the bridge that a somewhat dangerous weir is ahead. Some Baywatch running along the bank reveals everyone is safe, albeit with one Fresher sat on a rock in the middle of the river for a while. Someone should point out eddies are found behind rocks, not on them. A notable swim is Thom. Not sure why, but I'm sure the reason will become clear at some point (*Steveo, it was my second only river ever—Thom*). What with the trip being so popular, two runs were needed. I volunteered to ferry people about in the minibus and take part in the second run. The hardened crew of people left with me were given the task of making sandwiches for the soon to be hungry paddlers getting off the river. Plates and plates of beautiful

sandwiches were made, and presented in a simply delightful manner. Unfortunately, we didn't think the logistics through completely and left the sandwiches in the hut. Much to the distaste of everyone doing both runs, who weren't returning to the hut. Ah. A quick sandwich run by Thom and everyone is much happier, and the faff is calmed. Some loudish Half Man Half Biscuit from the minibus helped to raise spirits.

In a mould-breaking tea, many sausages were fried and a trip to a not so local chip shop meant that everyone enjoyed an alternative club feast. Followed by one of the most creative puddings I've ever had the honour of; Bananas with grated chocolate (white or milk!) and various sauces, administered by Hugh and Thom in a variety of manners, including some, all or none of the following – creative, arty, thoughtful, generous, dangerous, messy. Sometimes people even got the sauces they asked for. Sometimes.

Evening falls and it's back to the Farmers Arms. A fine evening of beer, wine and a little bit of Tequila ensued. After some alleged Dart Banditers received a stern lecture on the wrongs of breaking access agreements and it's back to the hut for more drinking fun. But no! Only seconds from the door of the Farmers Arms and we're in the middle of a full scale midnight rally! What excitement! Cries of "ooh", "aaahh", "was that a Nova?!" and "I really think he needs to work on his lane management" were not uncommon. Thom even joined in for the small stretch between the pub and the hut, wheelspinning and attempting to take out the crowd in the hut car park.

After the good cars have gone, and everyone got bored watching Grannys carefully accelerating their Skodas past, it's inside for some Ring of Fire. It's around now I have to admit to going to bed somewhat early. All I know, is that the next morning people were eager to show me pictures of Stevie Shaw covered in cork, Jack with a giant shaving foam penis drawn on his chest and pictures of possibly the best game ever – Bucking Burto (information to be found elsewhere in this fine publication!).

Sunday, and the hardcore paddlers are greeted with a treat, the Usk is in Spate! It is indeed big, fast and chocolatey. Alas, those of us not so confident with our paddling decide it's not ideal for us. Instead, we head off to practice some skills in the canal and eat more cheese and ham rolls. Rock on!

By all accounts the Usk in spate was decidedly more exciting than the canal. However, those who did paddle the Usk missed out on a certain mischievous minibus driver repeatedly inching across a car park whenever Mike Bunton tried to get on. Still makes me giggle. Hehe.

A fine bus journey home, and another fine trip enjoyed by many.

The Trip Reports – The Barle

Steveo, do you know how to run a trip? Barley.

Boom Boom.

I'm getting better at these, don't you think?! It started at the boat hard, boats on van, chip shop en route, get to hut. You've got the picture by now.

Although it wasn't quite that simple, the hut was a little elusive. Just past the pub apparently. Just call the Scout master they said. Oh dear. It wasn't just past the pub, and all we could get was his answerphone. Solution – have a pint. It worked, the Scout master turned up at the pub, they'd been playing Charity Bingo. A couple of Cheddar Valleys (for those not in the know, it's the luminous orange cider available at the Seahorse Inn. Imagine a pint of Kia Ora and you're on the way) and the Scout master had finished his pint so was ready to introduce us to our accommodation.

There were a couple of rules to the hut, namely not going near the Karate stuff. Which was dangerously close to getting broken before the Scouters had even left us alone. Club curiosity eh?! After deciding what could and could not be used as a roll-mat replacement, a table and some cheers had materialized in the middle of the hut, and drinking games ensued. A slow start with some spot game and a bit of what the f*** (this is a family publication) and it was on to the hard stuff. My personal highlights were the beautifully choreographed introduction to Deutsches Erotica (I gave up on the family publication idea) lead by Danny, and of course Ring of Fire. John Goode took the position of chairman, but promptly needed support as he forgot which card did what. After Ring of Fire some went to bed. I'm not sure if John Stockley did or not, but he downed a pint of crap for the 4th king, and in good time too. A lot didn't go to bed. Danny introduced a few of the hardcore to a new game, a Chinese game, an intellectual game. He then introduced us to Taiwanese and Philipino variations of the game. All this became a bit too much for Fresher Charlie, who as far as I know is the only person to chunder on themselves, and sleep through it. Whatever Trevor, Ming Chowmein!

Away from the drinking however, romance was blossoming. Noted only by their absence were a certain social sec (I'll remind you Hannah and Lucy don't come on trips) and a certain fresher (we'll call her Laura, because it's her name). After some espionage, they were tracked down to the gate of the hut, "chatting". Mmmm, is that what the kids are calling it these days?

A good nights sleep and a bacon and egg sandwich later, we make it to the get in. A picturesque location, populated by some of those open boater types. The get in doubles up as a road to landrover owners, providing some mild pre-faff entertainment. After much discussion, suitable faff follows involving van and minibus relocation, and people hunting high and low for kit, which they had *definitely* packed. While the shuttle was taking place, president James took an awesome warm up, making sure everyone was ready for the adventure that lay ahead.

The Trip Reports

The Barle journey was notable mainly for the high rock to water ratio. Despite being bumpy, our group had fun playing the Chinese intellectual game on the water. After commencement of “Ping, Pang, Pong” by our leader Danny, last person to find an eddie had 2 digits banked for the evening. More fun was had when we realized we were the first to the bottom, but didn’t have any keys. Ah. Oh well, let’s run around until our feet actually freeze and drop off!

A particularly cold getting changed session later and it’s out with the traditional ham and cheese rolls, which are fastly becoming a favourite of mine. As darkness fell, some shuttling occurred, during which some British Bulldog was played in the car park, to everyone's delight. The excitement continued when we visited a spooky deserted mill on the way back to the hut. A giant weir keeps the hardened paddlers interested, and the Blair Witch stick men and cans hanging from the roof kept everyone else interested. It was agreed that for future trips it would make for ideal accommodation, the gentle breeze/draught would offer excellent kit drying opportunities!

Back to the hut for some traditional club spag bol, followed by not so traditional, but ever so lovely swiss roll and custard. After the culinary treat its back to the Seahorse Inn, to celebrate the growing old of Stu. He may or may not have been 21 at the time, I can’t remember, but it was a good time for everyone to donate some cash to buy the man a dirty pint. I tasted a bit, and it was worth every penny. Not sure who finished it, but well done that (wo)man! More Cheddar Valley was also to be seen – 2 nights in a row sounds like a recommendation to me, check it out next time you’re in that neck of the woods!

No points to anyone who predicted that we went back to the hut after the pub, it’s a bit of a recurring theme! Again, no points to anyone who predicted that Ring of Fire kicked off. My memory is a little hazy, but I think John forgot what the cards did and everyone was getting very good at banking mistakes. Good job! After many people had gone to bed, George provided much entertainment (as ever, thankyou George!) being quite the knowledgeable man. Those of us still awake managed to convince him that “cold heat” existed. George was puzzled but then justified it by saying the Sun didn’t exist, it was just a lack of dark. Or something. I’m not entirely sure what he was spouting, but I think it proves the fact that 8 cans of Red Stripe and some dodgy shots does not an astrophysicist make. Another lesson learnt - Mikey B loves a lemon in his mouth at midnight. Bonus Bucking Burto points!

Despite our love of rocks (remember kids, Rocks are your friends, hug rocks) it was decided that the Dart would be a better paddle for Sunday. A warm up was most definitely needed, the night before had been particularly cold and most kit was frozen solid. I had to crack my board shorts back in to shape, and Tim R had to remove the large blocks of ice from his wet suit boots before he could snap them back in to shape! Beautiful weather and a slightly better (ever so slightly) rock to water ratio made the Dart an enjoyable paddle for most. Some cheesy chips at the get out, and it was time to head back to Southampton.

Again, another trip enjoyed by all. (Of course they did, me and Beth only run enjoyable trips!)

The Trip Reports – The Dart

What happened on the Dart Trip Steveo? Dart would be telling!

It only works if you say it in a dodgy West Country accent. Ask George to oblige if you're struggling to get it.

Friday, Boat Hard, Boats in van. This time though, the Van is to be driven by me. After much arguing with Stu, Martin and everyone else in the Minibus, it was agreed I was allowed to keep my tape adapter. By agreed, I mean I dictated the result, despite claims that my sole passenger, George, should be entertainment enough.

Driving conditions were interesting; Me and George were constantly surprised just what high crosswinds can do to the direction a long wheel base, hi-cube transit (read giant sail) is traveling in. Ironically, after my victory with the tape adapter, it started playing up mid journey. George felt the best chance of fixing it involved holding out in the wind and rain for half a minute. We were both surprised when this didn't fix it. Honest.

Much dodgy local radio later and we arrived at the hut, and had time to make it to the pub for last orders, bonus! Many paddling tales were told by those who had paddled the Dart during the day, exciting those yet to paddle with stories of lots of water! Except George, who spent most of the time exercising his wrist with the Gyroscope (that thing that looked like an Ariel liqui-tab). He has a weak wrist apparently.

On returning to the hut, much drinking took place, and of course the odd couple of drinking games. The return of some old favourites – Deutsches Erotica, and the learning of some new – Knob, Plonker, Bollocks. It was shortly after these that George demonstrated his ability to entertain the masses. I don't fully remember the events leading to it, but me and George agreed that I would attempt to eat 3 dry wheat bisks in a minute (like Weetabix, only cheaper) if he managed to do so successfully, which he was adamant was not a problem. For those who haven't seen the video, George did not complete the challenge, he just ended up spilling wheat bisk all over the floor. You spill it, you snort it George. He did indeed, and I quote "Hoover it like a Bitch". Georges hoovering skills impressed Tony, who then proceeded to drop his trousers and mount George. Whatever floats your boat. (*Oooh you little tease—Tony (probably)*).

At midnight, the celebration of Mikey WannaBs birthday took place. Myself and Danny prepared a suitable beverage for Mr.B, containing a bunch of alcoholic things, some Pepsi and Paprika. After much singing of the classics

“Happy Birthday”, “Why was he born so beautiful?” and “Mike is the captain of our ship” he still hadn’t downed the pint. So we sang them all again and he did it. He claims it was quite nice, but that he really didn’t want another, thanks all the same.

Saturday morning and many people arose very early to go and paddle the Upper Dart. Many people stayed in bed and had a bacon sandwich instead, me included. Minimal faff (maybe, I can’t remember) later and we were at the get in, kitted up and ready to paddle. Some pre-paddling shenanigans took place, involving much bundling and chest jumping. All good fun! The loop was running at a decent (it looked good to me anyway!) level, and everyone enjoyed seeing the Dart a little fuller than it had been 2 weeks previous.

Off the water, some free cheesy chips were enjoyed by a lucky few, courtesy of the man in the Dart café. However, the main culinary excitement was to come later, Christmas dinner! Back at the hut, the festive spirit was high. Mark had managed to bodge the broken tape adapter to work in the hut, so that Christmas tunes filled the air! The traditional festive meal was served, club spag bol, and crackers were pulled. The same five jokes were told many a time, people donned colourful paper hats and no end of fun was had with crap plastic toys! All was followed by Christmas pudding. Alas, Brandy had been deemed “too expensive”, so some Vodka was scrounged and Mike Buntons pudding was set alight in honour of his growing old!

Off to the pub for some beer, crisps and chat. Which lead to Danny and some chums agreeing to paddle the loop in the dark. After I’d had a couple of pints, it sounded like an awesome plan, I’ve always wanted to sellotape glowsticks to myself and go down a river. However, on departing the pub, Me, Dr.Nick and Seb all agreed it was much colder and darker outside the pub, and probably not ideal paddling conditions. Instead, we returned to the hut and commenced the consumption.

Oh! What consumption it was. I don’t fully remember the night, and anything from here on in might be more speculation/retelling/Chinese whispers than the rest of my reports. It all started with a game of Ring of Fire, as all good evenings do. The cards were written on the whiteboard to prevent disagreement, although they were made up because we couldn’t remember them all. Oh well, you can’t win them all. It is at this point my memory is a little hazy. By all accounts of those sleeping, both in the hut and neighboring villages, I was quite a loud chairman. However, in my defense, the Bunton Brothers did need controlling. A game of categories lead to Tony Bunton (From hereon to be called MR.BUNTON SENIOR) claiming American was a language, and Mike Bunton (From hereon to be called MR BUNTON

The Trip Reports

JUNIOR) backing him up. After much arguing, and shouting on my half, the monsieurs Bunton had racked up approximately 20 fingers each. It was agreed for MR BUNTON SENIOR that a Stella bottle full of an Amaretto/Tequila combo was an acceptable substitute. He necked it, and looked much worse the wear for having done it. Respect. I can't remember what MR BUNTON JUNIOR did, but I think it's fair to say he was probably battered anyway. Any accusation that I got away with claiming "Antipodean" as a language can be combated by the fact I drank a triple Tequila to leave the table, despite being the chairman.

Beyond this, I know that Tim C downed a pint in record time, and that I did a Tequila suicide as did Tim C, because I have video evidence. I also know, that I attempted to recreate Machustard. I'm not quite sure what this years ingredients were, but they most definitely did not include Mini Cheddars and Stickle Bricks. Brown sauce, lager and plain crisps have been speculated as their replacements. It was tasty enough, but more fun was had flinging it, which I know occurred because of the state my jumper and the floor was in. Me and Mr.Casalis also incurred injury chasing Stu (probably being a juvenile delinquent again), which lead to cut knees. Which we both poured vinegar in to, in return for cheese on toast. I can only assume it was worth it.

After the events of Saturday night, I felt surprisingly well on Sunday morning. Some major faff this morning, I believe attributed to MR BUNTON JUNIOR having the keys on him to the hut, preventing us from locking up. Note – if you are trusted with the keys, it is in your best interests to remember you have them! The river was still at a good level, and the day was sunny. Ideal conditions for Team Fun! Myself, Dr.Nick, Seb, Tom W and Laura all jumped off of a cliff in to the unseasonably warm Dart (I may have been wearing a Beer Thermal. Oh, no I remember, it was just a pair of board shorts.). The seal launch was enjoyed by a few, and Holne bridge offered another jumping point. Most notable jumps included Seb, who got a nosebleed, making him look double hard, and George, who rotated during freefall, landing on his front. For those who can't see the immediate problem with this, his reaction was a high pitched "My balls!".

A smooth departure from the get out, and everyone was home in good time. Another trip enjoyed by all, touted by some as "the best trip I've ever been on, in the world, ever".

BUCKING BURTO

A game for all the club

This year we have seen the emergence of a new game on various club trips. It is a simple but enjoyable pastime with few rules and can be played with almost anything.

Equipment:

1 Burto (preferably very drunk and on the point, or having passed out)

Lots of willing players

Extraneous detritus from the nights drinking (e.g. half empty cans, chairs, toilet roll and the like).

Principle:

The idea is to pile as much rubbish on top of the drunk and passed out Burto before they come round and knock it all off. Participants take it in turns to place a piece of drinking finds on the subject. Extra points are gained for placing furniture and for getting the Burto to slur "fuck or I am going to Kill you". The ultimate accolade is for the Burto to emit its warrior cries of either "Do you want a punch?" or "Don't be a tit all your life". The use of citric fruit in the mouth to quieten and subdue the Burto is positively encouraged. The loser of the game is the first person that the Burto manages to touch after coming round or the person who adds one too many pieces of rubbish and causes the whole construction to collapse.

Below is an example of the game in full swing, please note the facial decoration of the player; though not essential this is to be encouraged:



Please take a moment to pause and think about all of the things you've just read. It'll give George a chance to catch up.



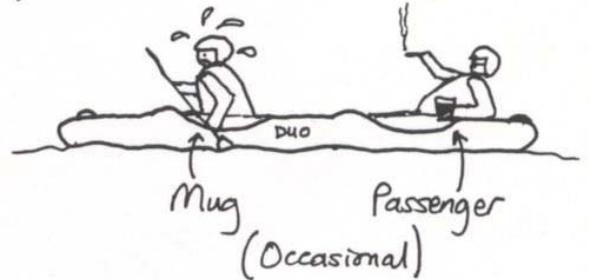
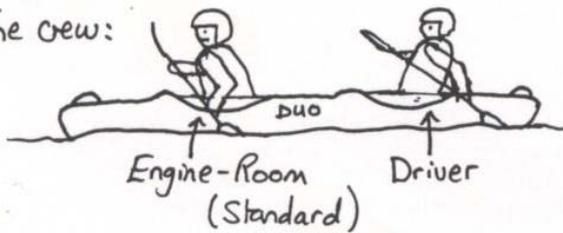
And now, as part of our SUCC:heritage programme and to celebrate 14 years of DUO action and our Rodeo DUO success and to see if we can get away with it, here are some mega radical DUO tips....

Mouthfuls summer 1992

THE USERS GUIDE TO THE DUO

Definitions: DUO: Mega radical 2 person canoe

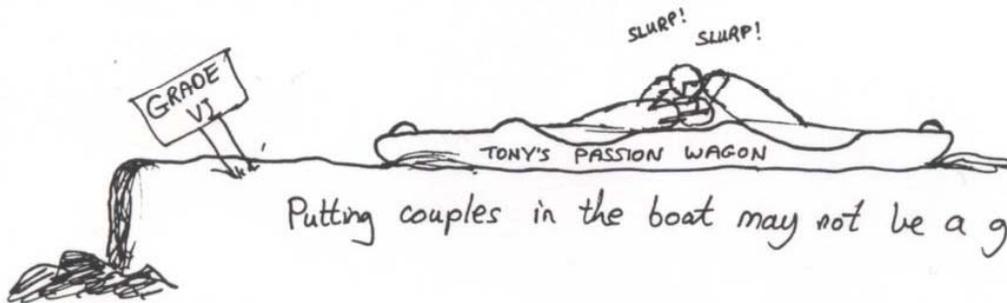
The crew:



The choice of crew is all important:



Colour coordination is essential



Putting couples in the boat may not be a good idea

On the River:



Pick your seal launch carefully unless you want baby spuds



It is a good idea to know your fellow paddler's intentions

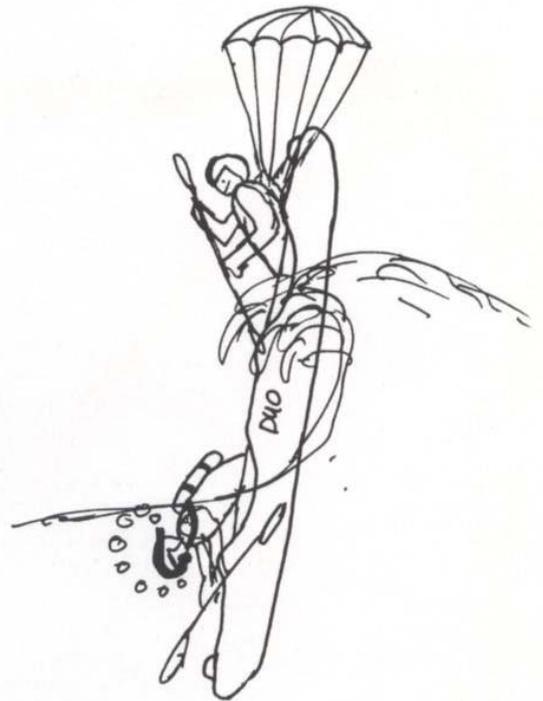
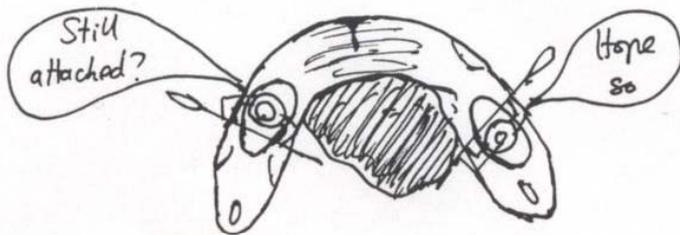


Watch out for back seat drivers

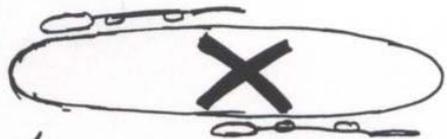
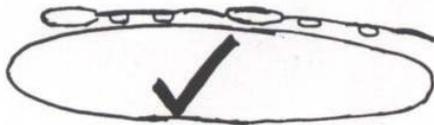


All paddlers need to master "The Chinook"

Pins will always provide entertainment

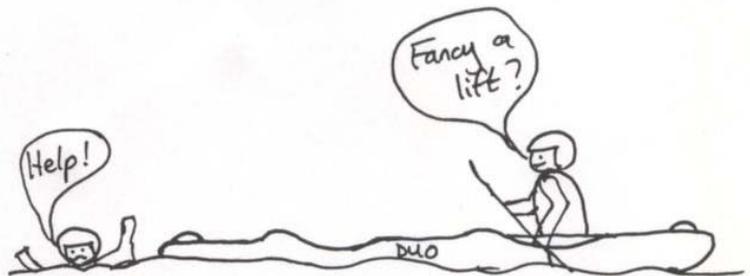


Extra equipment may be necessary if you intend to loop

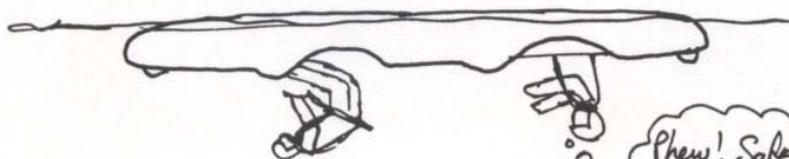


Rolling is a lot easier if you both set up on the same side

For extra street-cred, wait for your partner to swim, & then roll



And finally....



Swims are always credited to the first person who gets out!

SUCC Guide to Sharking

An insight in to the mind of Dickie Titz

In a fake committee meeting, a made amount of time ago, it was decided that that the Sharking going on in the club recently has been poor in quality and unpleasant in it's results, it was decided that some rules should be introduced to protect the innocent members of the club. Dickie argued that what was need was not rules, but just 'tips' so sharking in SUCC can be more effective and more efficient.

So exclusively* here they are:

It is a commonly held belief that sharking is an activity which primarily occurs after the hours of dark and after a fair degree of alcohol consumption. However, for the professional sharkier, the process begins far earlier. There are several things that are a must:

1. Clothing – Always, always take a jacket with you. This is not to keep you warm but to allow you give the impression of gentlemanly conduct. If required, several layers should be worn underneath to allow lending of the jacket without causing unnecessary discomfort.

Fancy dress – If there is a fancy dress theme for the evening, participation is vital. This will draw attention to you, provide a convenient talking point and, most importantly, naturally affiliate you to those who are also dressing up and, therefore, likely to be 'up for it'.

1 One of the most important aspects of sharking is the selection of a target. We will not consider issues of quality, as beauty is in the eye of the beholder, but will consider the factors which strongly influence the probability of success. There are several important factors which should be accounted for during the process to target selection;

1. Quantity of alcohol consumed – Alcohol lowers inhibitions and has strong effects on decision making ability. When consumed in large quantities alcohol can make targets 'ripe for the picking'. However, caution should be exercised when the matter of consent is under question.

2. Track record – This can be a strong indicator of the probability of success. Ideally a personal file should be kept on all possible future targets.

Place of residence – The targets need to be walked home in the opposite direction to other parties can provide an excellent opportunity. It may also allow you to avoid a longer walk back to your accommodation.

1 Finally there are a number of general tips which should help to improve your technique:

1. Attempts to introduce a culture of kissing and general intimacy can be very helpful. This can be in the form of drinking games or perhaps the exchange of various sweets between individuals.

While it can be important to be patient and persistent, placing all of ones eggs in the same basket can lead to disappointment. Other possible targets can be put off if they observe you making an obvious attempt on another female. Therefore, in the early stages, you should keep your options open and allow time for assessment of the situation. The 'tipping' point should be identified where it becomes all or nothing, at which point efforts should be redoubled.

*You may recognise these as the instructions for 'Rohypnol' however they got their idea from Dickie.

Scotland 2005

A merry band of students and ex-students from Southampton (and one hanger-on from Warwick) made their merry way to merry Scotland in April 2005 for a jolly old time. Thinking about it now, it is actually a surprise anybody got there at all. With lactose boy choosing roundabout exits to take us back the way we'd just come, football fans deciding that the motorway was the best place to park for the England game, the van voicing it's displeasure by locking itself with the keys inside and Rich Hill deciding that the pin at the top of the rev counter was a target rather than a limit, it was a pleasant surprise to find ourselves a while later in a bunkhouse with beds for all and enough alcohol to douse the Mountbatten building.

Sailors wile away the time talking about weather fronts, gardeners chat excitedly about the current rise in aphid population and paddlers chat about the river levels. It's just the way the world spins. But BOY did we do river level chat with a vengeance! The lack of water was a constant issue for the week in question and this meant hunting far and wide for rivers with enough water to float our boats (so to speak). Books and oracles were consulted, wise men were called up from retirement and every inch of paved road was used to get us to rivers worth making up stories about when we got home. In the end the people in the know managed to find enough fantastic rivers to keep us amused for the whole week.

The Spean Gorge provided a good start to the week enabling us all to get used to the local water temperature (some more intimately than others) a few to try out their skills on a brand new river and Louise to use her first aid knowledge and florescent jacket. The Findhorn was a drive worthy of a TV documentary but possibly the best river of the week containing lots of interesting sections that were testing and tons of fun – and new to almost everyone. Other rivers tickling our cheese and pickle sandwiches during the week were the Arkaig (slow, pretty, river polo, bridge jumping), Lower Tummel (bimble, one good drop, dam that should have been releasing), Tay ('elite' group, rafting, smallest waves in the world), Gary (raft dodging, play spots galore, river shuttle, dam that was releasing!) and the Etive (classic river, steep drops). The play wave at Falls of Lora also provided much enjoyment for both the participants (being an awesome wave with huge play potential) and the spectators (because the swirly water demons lurking after the wave were out in force with particular eyes for Palm and Tim!)

Even with all this excitement during the day there was still time to enjoy the evenings and it goes without saying that many of the highlights of the week weren't river related or remembered by many of the instigators. The keg of bitter and local pub provided respites from the usual beer and wine but all varieties contributed to some good times and unpleasant photos.

Scotland offers much more besides incredible rivers and some of us took full advantage. Ben Nevis was climbed, Tea shops were frequented, rugby balls were thrown (Chris disapproved), Diaries were written in (Chris approved) and climbing walls and restaurants were visited to get the most out of the short time available. It was a fantastic week that contained many more memorable events than can be told over dinner so I suggest you find someone who was there, allow them tell you some tall tales and then sign up for the coming Scotland trip to experience the highland water for yourself.

Fantasy Sharking!

Below are a random selection of names of club members, randomly arranged. Have fun joining them up to create fantasy sharking combinations!! Then see if you can provoke sharking to win the prize of most accurate sharking prediction!

Stu

Dr.Nick

Laura

Jenny

Rich

George

Mikey WannaB

Ham

Chris

Tom Wr

Dickie

Steveo

Lucy

Alan

Tim C

Name withheld—
victim support

Tim R

Beth

Chav Mike

Danny

Helen

Kev

James

Louise

Inflatable Ingrid

Tom Wa

John G

Dr.Matt

Sam

Jackie

Cat

Hurfo

Love/Compatibility Tests

The following matches have been run through two 'love calculators' which can be accessed at http://www.links2love.com/love_calculator.htm:

Actual Couples:

Louise Elias and Kevin page – 79% and 65%

John Goode and Jackie Gillespie – 87% and 33%

Andy Hurford and Cat Coleman – 58% and 21%

Beth Holden and Tim Ripper – 39.5% and 82%

Thomas Walby and Samantha Roe – 48% and 22%

Pete Eyre and Ange Prichard – 48.5% and 20%

James Gray and Danny Young – 69.5% and 91%

Sharking

Chris Vian and Hannah Garner – 0% and 21% (Unlucky Chris!)

Chris Vian and Lucy Morwood – 79% and 20% (Unlucky Lucy!)

Mike Allen and Helen Rossall – 88% and 75% (Watch out Helen!)

Chav Mike and Helen Rossall – 68.5% and 20%

Mike Bunton and Jenny Gales – 69% and 20%

Nick Thomas and Jenny Gales – 39% and 11% (Better luck next time)

George Mortimer and Laura Mckelvie – 95.5% and 81% (Impressive)

Plus all other sharking incidences.....

Possible Couples

Chris Vian and Noone – 32.5% and 86%

Chris Vian and A Minibus – 10.5% and 71%

Number One and Number Six – 60% and 72%

Steve O'Connell and Richard Fitzherbert – 73% and 50%

Thom Harvey and SUCC – 52.5% and 82%

Dr. Matt and Blowup Doll -60.5% and 71%

Plus many other possibilities of your choice, perhaps including Dave Sleep....

Rules for Shenanigans ~~2001~~ 2006

Definition:

she·nan·i·gan,(sh -n n -g n)

n. Informal

1.

a. A deceitful trick; an underhanded act.

b. Remarks intended to deceive; deceit. Often used in the plural.

2.

a. A playful or mischievous act; a prank.

b. Mischief; prankishness. Often used in the plural.

History:

2001 Some group of older quite good paddlers invented a game for those 'non-rainy days' It kept them entertained for a little while.

2005 Bored of discussing what George and his Go-Betweens have been up to the newly formed Southampton University Canoe Club Council Unhindered by kNowledge or Talent for Fun Using Canoes/Kayaks decided it was about time to commence a new generation of Shenanigans.

Rules:

1. The subject of the shenanigans must be canoeists or have involvement with aforementioned activity.

2. a) Water-based shenanigans may only be performed between the months of April and October or during spells of unseasonably warm weather (to be determined by the SHC).

b) Non- water-based shenanigans may be performed at any time as long as all other criteria are met.

3. The shenaniganer may only perform shenanigans that he/she, the shenaniganer, would be willing for the shenaniganeer to perform upon the aforementioned shenaniganer (although not too willing because that would spoil the fun of the above shenanigans).

4. Undue risk to life and limb will not be tolerated during shenanigans, and any disputes must be presented to The Shenanigan High Council (SHC) in triplicate.

5. Shenanigans must be introduced to other like/simple-minded people at all available opportunities.

6. No shenanigans may be performed on rivers of above grade 3 standard (as judged by the SHC), or at speeds in excess of 70 mph.

7. It's all fun and games until somebody loses a bollock.

8. Have fun kids- enjoy Shenanigans, but remember no one is safe!

Unacceptable Examples of Shenanigery:

1. Pushing Ham into the Itchen, even at low tide is unacceptable (as this would contravene rule 1).

2. Leaving people stranded indefinitely on the hard shoulder is unacceptable (as this contravenes rules 3 and 4).

3. Strapping someone into their boat and then throwing them, inverted into the Thames is highly unacceptable (as this clearly contravenes rule 4).

Acceptable Examples of Shenanigery:

1. Pushing George into the Itchen, especially at low tide is acceptable.
2. Leaving any Mike a runnable distance behind the bus is acceptable.
3. Removing Danny's deck and then throwing them, inverted into the Thames is acceptable.

For a comprehensive list of examples and clarification of any of the above, please contact the SUC-CCU*TFUC/K representatives on canoe@soton.ac.uk

At the end of the shenanigan year, shenanigans judged to be of a sufficiently high calibre will be nominated for the Performance Related Award for the New King Shenanigans (PRANKS), presented annually by Leyland.

DISCLAIMER: Nobody takes no responsibility for damage, injury, loss of life or prosecution, brought as a result of shenanigans howsoever caused.

plagiarism

n 1: a piece of writing that has been copied from someone else and is presented as being your own work 2: the act of plagiarizing; taking someone's words or ideas as if they were your own

Now, is it not unseasonably warm this evening?

Originally produced by the SHC in 2001, Ruined by Thom and SteveO 2005

Poetry Hour

(well it'll take George about an hour to read it)

*There was a young man from Devon,
Who tried his best to stay out of heaven.
He loved to ravage his sheep,
And prevent people from sleep,
While generally acting about seven!*

*If ever you find yourself near,
Then i suggest that you run in fear,
'Cos when he gets talking,
It'll turn into stalking,
And he'll end up calling you a queer.*

*While some may describe him as quite hunky, Or maybe even a computer junkie
His range of knowledge is quite astounding, Although I doubt it has much founding,
Its just a shame he dances like a rabid monkey.*

*In closing I'd just like to say,
(And George I hope that I may)
We love you like steak pie
And your a really great guy
And it doesn't matter to us that your gay.*

By Tim Casalis De Andrew Motion Pury 2005

SUCC PADDLING PROFILES

Freshers! The chances are if you've made it to the Christmas Meal then you've taken a shine to this paddling malarkey. Because we are just SO darned happy to have you as part of our big friendly family we think it's time to make some decisions, you've got four choices.

1. **The Social Paddlers:** Doesn't involve any actual paddling, just tea shops so it's ideal for the aquaphobes among you. Requirements: Renewing your (colour coded) kit at least once a year.
2. **The Commodores** (as in paddles once, twice, three times a year): The most flexible group, you can be an excellent paddler or a 'massive queen'. People will probably like you more if they don't get to know you, so for (probably) the first time in your life you'll be popular and exotic. Requirements: Some kit and some skill. The key here is not to be so annoying that people would rather pay for their own petrol than spend time with you.
3. **The Involved** (also known as the 'evolved'): You'll paddle whatever you can as often as you can, you'll get quite good, inevitably some parts of your house will smell of kit. On the positive side when you grow up you'll be slightly more exciting than most people you meet (it doesn't take much) you'll start paddling more exciting rivers in more exciting ways, you'll feel an unmistakable lightness of spirit and your relaxed, friendly and entertaining conversation will have a profound effect on those who are lucky enough to be within earshot. The world will become a better place because you went big when the Commodores and social paddlers just went home.
4. **The Chronically Abrasive:** You will believe yourself to be more informed because you read something about paddling once. A pamphlet perhaps, from the 1980s. While this is as good a source of information as any, your unfortunate and some might say 'condescending' disposition will have the result of forcing some people to assume the source of your wisdom is somewhere beyond your sphincter. Your conversations will normally flow thus, because you have not ever listened to anyone talk ever as you swapped your ears for some sewage.

You: Have you ever paddled at HPP?

Victim: Yes, I was there last week.

You: HPP provides an unusually safe learning environment, you know.

Victim: Yes, I know, I was there last week.

You: Boily currents and surging waves are a characteristic of the course, actually bearing resemblance to the conditions encountered on flooded natural rivers, you know.

Victim: Yes, infact that was why I went there, I designed a large portion of it, and have spent the last three years analysing it's hydrology and appeal to paddlers.

You: HPP, is infact a major paddling attraction it is about 800 metres long and drops 7 metres.

Victim: Yes I know, I know! You are miserable mannerless fool, your only the redeeming feature is that you only have to die once and it is a great mystery why you have failed to receive a fatal battering with a length of rusty scaffolding. Upon autopsy it will be discovered that there is more bile in your head than in your intestines, that your genitals were located in your face, and you do share a many of the characteristics of the female reproductive organ, just like everyone has been saying for twenty years. Eat shit and die you...

You: One of the most interesting things about HPP is the....

Mystic Mikey's Horoscopes

Aries Mar.21-Apr.19

You have a wild imagination and often think you have a gift for enchanting the ladies. You're not, she even likes George. You have minor influence upon your friends and people resent you for flaunting your power. You lack confidence and are a general dipshit.

Taurus Apr.20-May 20

You are practical and persistent. You have a dogged determination and practise extremely hard to become a better paddler. Most people think you are arrogant and odious. The only way that you could stay upright in a canoe, even on the Itchen is if somebody drained the Sea.

Gemini May 21-June 20

You are a quick and intelligent thinker. People like you because they think you are gay. You are inclined to expect too much for too little. This means you consider Jesters a 'Poncey wine bar with London Prices'. Gemini's are notorious for sharking.

Cancer June 21-July 22

You are sympathetic and understanding to others people's problems, which make you a sucker. You are always putting things off. That is why you will be voted onto the committee. Everybody in prison is a Cancer.

Leo July 23-Aug.22

You consider yourself a born leader. Others think you are socially inadequate, and assume you were raised by somewhat retarded pigs in a small under funded petting zoo. Most Leo's are bullies. You are vain and cannot tolerate criticism. Your arrogance is disgusting. Leos are habitually untrustworthy and enjoy masturbation more than sex.

Virgo Aug.23-Sept.22

You are the logical type and hate disorder. Your shit-picking attitude is sickening to your friends and family. You are cold, unemotional and have a gift for Polo. Virgos often misunderstand the concepts of 'irony' and 'sarcasm' as a result you are not funny. Ever.

Libra Sept.23-Oct.21

You are the artistic type and have difficult time dealing with reality. If you are a male, you are probably a danger to society. You do not have a 'gift' for fashion you have the worst dress sense since Hitler. Libras encourage hate crime.

Scorpio Oct.22-Nov.21

The worst of the lot. You are unhindered by talent, but mysteriously success in all your endeavours. You cannot be trusted. All of your romantic triumphs can be put down to your lack of ethics. The only people who get slapped more than Scorpios are Dickie, George and loathsome git-wizard Paul Daniels.

Sagittarius Nov.22-Dec.21

You are optimistic and enthusiastic. You have a reckless tendency to rely on luck since you have no talent. Sagittarius' are social paddlers as a result of this. You are as worthless and common as George's bodily fluids.

Capricorn Dec.22-Jan.19

You are conservative and afraid of taking risks, yet you pretend to be living life on the 'edge' you know nothing of the edge. You haven't even been there on holiday. There has never been a Capricorn of any importance. You should stay home, out of the way of everybody else.

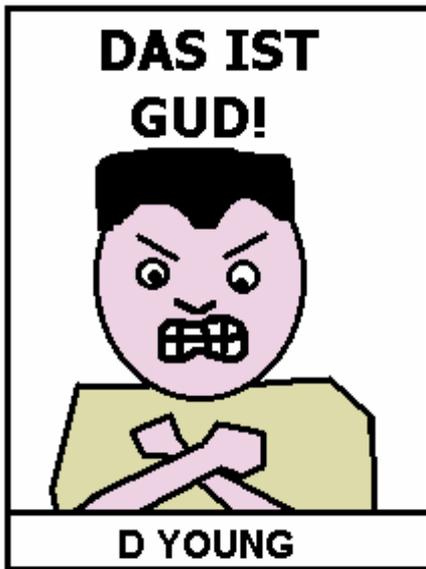
Aquarius Jan.20-Feb.18

You have an inventive mind and are inclined to be progressive. You lie a great deal. You make the same mistakes repeatedly because you are inherently stupid. Everyone thinks you could do better. You couldn't.

Pisces Feb.19-Mar.20

You are a pioneer type and think most people are dickheads. You are quick to reprimand, impatient and give scornful advice. You do nothing but piss off everyone you come in contact with. You are a prick. Paddling with you is like paddling in sewage.

new publications!



DAS IST GUD! D YOUNG

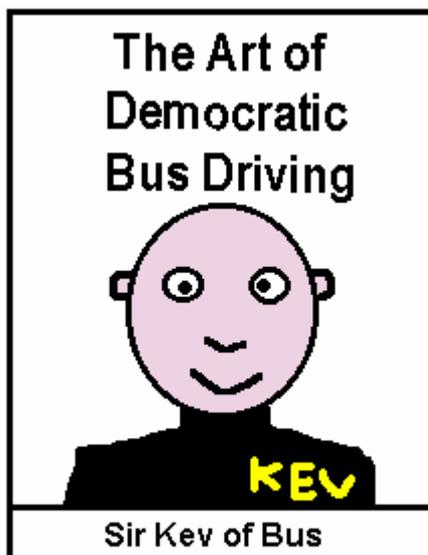
Your personal guide to Aggressive German Erotica (sweat patches not included).

Published by 'NotForTheFaintHearted Ltd.'

I like Fridges and Beer by George

Another comedy genius guide to fridges and beer from George. 'It's quantity not quality that counts'.

'Village Publications' 2005



The Art of Democratic Bus Driving Sir Kev

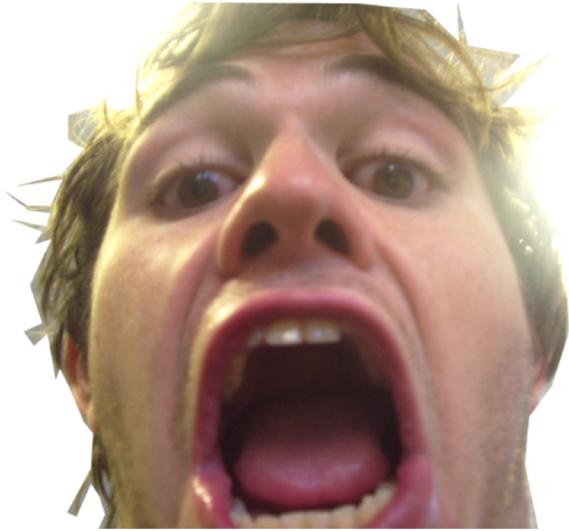
Revolutionary ideas from our very own canoe club representative. For those aged 38+ only.

Published by
'Vote for Kev Ltd.' £2.99

**Remember,
there is still
time to**



You too can look this beautiful:



Suce



“Spot the difference!”

Steve



Another fine Mouthfuls, bought you by the letter S and the number 43.

Thanks to - Chris Vian, Tim Casalis, Beth Holden, Nick Thomas, Rich Gibbon, Mike Buntun, Hannah Garner, George Mortimer, James Grey, Tim Ripper, John Leyland, The Mouthfuls team of 1992, Dickie Titz and everyone who made this publication possible and vaguely amusing to read!

Cheers everyone!

Thom and Steve