

SOUTHAMPTON UNI CANOE CLUB

MOUTHEFULS



Christmas Party
Special Edition

Friday 1st December 2006





the beautiful sprout of joy!

“Oh come all ye SUCCers!”

Welcome to yet another edition of Mouthfuls, and how very nice it is to see so many of you here tonight!! A big pat on the back for taking over the Terminal!

A **big thank you** goes out to everyone who has made this Mouthfuls what it is...Steve L, Rich, Laura, George, Helen W, Helen R, Laurent, Emma, Sophie, Robyn, Cat, Belcher, Andy W, Chris Vian, and of course, a special thanks to our trusty friend Steveo. Thank you to our stunning social secretaries for all their hard work providing many shenanigantastic social venues so far this year!

I hope you have a lovely meal!!
bethalina xx

Santa and Clive say....



eat those
tasty sprouts!

barle and dart



Sophie

Packing for the Barle and Dart weekend proved that the ultimate weapon against faff is a list, and Laura had a fair few of those! Yet again I avoided travelling in the minibus and hitched a lift in the amazingly economical Jamesmobile. In spite of leaving first we arrived last ...this could be something to do with driving round looking for a Morrisons (the car park of which contained a cold Danny and Rich wanting a shuttle) but we kept finding a Tesco, and trust me, every little doesn't help. It did lead to a new game though ...spot the survival bag...which I won!

The hut was very definitely standard, separate boys and girls toilets and a comparatively spacious kitchen, but it smelt of dog and the fire alarm was as sensitive as Romero Hall's (for the 6 weeks I lived there we had 7, nothing to do with me living there I assure you!).



Laurent looking lovely!

Started to feel very sleepy at this point, at least until everyone else came back from the pub - no one can sleep through that! The drinking games ensued...

Prime examples being: what the f***, 21's, 7's, deutch erotica and the inevitable Ring of Fire. The damage of the aforementioned games included (but not limited to) Tim Casalis chewing the cloth used to mop up an excessively large puddle from the floor (he then left the game to find entertainment in the form of a locked caravan...), Laura 'wasting' a Chinese, and Helen R wearing her 4th king pint...that's what you get for not drinking it fast enough.

Meanwhile the minibus was taking some abuse...Eric and Kirsten, have you received the bill for damages yet?!

barle and dart

The next morning was an early start considering the short four hours sleep, this was very much rectified by the most amazing bacon and scrambled egg sandwich I have ever eaten, I kid you not.

Whilst waiting for the final decision for paddling, someone had the inspired idea to use the large length of rope in the hut for a tug of war, we won once, to prove a point we swapped ends, we won twice, and then because the losing team were losers they let go of the rope 'because it was funny'. It was not. The game ended there.



Jack is a special man

We then set off to paddle, although this was easier said than done, as always there was an element of faff involved (no good trip without it), during which Jack pimped his boat, six pack, tinsel, icicles, the works! And the shuttle was delayed by a hunt, but I think they liked us, when they saw us on the river they shouted a cheery hello (or words to that effect) :p.

The Barle itself is a fairly hard river to write about, this is probably due to the high rockage and low rainage, not great when you are as attached to your boat as I am to mine. There is however a foolproof method to detect and therefore avoid rocks, you need a Huw, wherever there's a rock there is a Huw and you can therefore track his progress down the river and take an alternative route. Despite this the river was a huge confidence builder, being nearly impossible to swim in (though if persistent enough I'm sure it's possible, see Tolga or Helen W for advice). It certainly lived up to its reputation for being the most constant grade two paddling around. The get out was distinctly up market, with a spacious car park for changing and general kit shuffling, a distinct lack of brambles and toilets, inside ones...wow. However we all know the sun doesn't shine forever, with things going so well we definitely needed some kind of hindrance or distraction or plain bad luck. The handle on the back door of the van obliged, it broke. Side loading the van anyone?



Anna looking very pro!

barle and dart



Don't let children play with fire

Followed by lover's leap where we had a swim and due to a lack of footrests we ended up chasing a wetsuit and B.A. down the river. The Triple Falls saw a swim and a near swim (sensing a downhill curve anyone?), Jacks chief excuse being that the compulsory cowboy hat duct taped to his helmet filled with water, making it harder to roll, however it was at this point that you lost the hat Jack... After that we came to the spin dryer, which had washed out and presented no problems.

The journey home was relatively uneventful, having temporarily repaired the van door the boats could be loaded in the traditional fashion, and stopping only for quality nourishment (McDonalds all the way) we powered on home, arriving back at what was quite frankly a shockingly early time, Laura and George you are amazing. And after all that I have only one thing to say: "bunny bunny bunny bunny bunny".

Lovingly written by Emma :p

That night after a trip to the pub, in the words of Chris Vian, 'manic poi-ness' occurred. Mike Bunton, Tim Ripper, Rich Morley and Robyn Tuna all showed off their skills, some more 'special' than others, Rich's talents seemed to lie in burning his hair which he managed not just once, but twice. There was also a short lived, but no less enthusiastic attempt to fabricate a swing from a hook on the ceiling in the hut, using a B.A. and a karabiner, needless to say it failed. In spite of these activities an unprecedented amount of sleep was had, eight hours! That's some hardcore crashing.

Bizarrely enough it was the following morning that a local woman chose to complain about the amount of noise we had supposedly made that night, or she would have done had she been able to comprehend that George was in charge...

The Sunday we paddled the Dart, which luckily had more water in it and also had more 'extracurricular' activities, such as bridge jumps and seal launches. The river was still low though which meant the more numptyish paddlers were not out of their depth (!), and that the classic features were not too threatening. The washing machine rapid passed without incident for team bunny.



Smiling Robyn on the Dart!

Cultural Learnings of Europe for Make Benefit Glorious Canoe Club of Southampton

Hallo Southampton!!

I write you to learn many things zat I have seen here in country of Germany, Europe. No, I haven't completely forgotten English just yet, but it seems that way. I have been known to ask "can I become a sandwich", which is funny if you know German, or read my interesting grammar footnotes¹! Life here is good, but it would be hard not to in a country where there are laws governing brewing! It is actually easier to buy a bottle of quality beer than it is to buy a bottle of Coke. Walking down the street, on the train and for breakfast are all perfectly acceptable occasions to drink beer. In fact it's positively encouraged! As you can imagine, I have struggled to adopt this culture, but am slowly adapting. No one said it would be easy.

My language skills are slowly coming along, and I can have a conversation in the pub with a real German person. They even claim to understand most of the time. I can also slur in German, and have narrowly avoided a scrape with the police - "What? I can't sleep here!? You want my identity card? I don't think we have them in England, will my Sub Club card suffice²?" I have mastered the art of ordering Döner without problems, so I'm not starving.

As well as German people, I have met many international students. I can now say "cheers" in lots of languages!! However, here you have to make eye contact with every person you are toasting with. It's a bit odd at first. I would like you all to start doing this, with everyone failing to make eye contact consuming two digits³!

Here are some interesting things I have learnt:

It's perfectly acceptable for beer to have head here, you still get your full half litre⁴ but head is ok, because of the natural beer laws. Ironically, no one laughs when you say "Would you like a flake with that luv?" in a northern accent.

Every country has Englishman, Scotsman, Irishman jokes, but they change the nationalities. However, in Poland it is normally the Polishman who comes off worse. Which is nice.

Fancy dress here among students isn't quite the same as in England. There is one week in February where they go nuts, but not until then. So when you turn up to a Halloween party with a blood stained t-shirt and an axe through your head, you actually look like a bit of a knob.

Although the lectures are in German, I understand them as well as English ones, because when you're asleep it really doesn't matter!

I hope that you are all having an enjoyable year, and that you all get very merry this evening. Especially the lucky person who has won the jug of Jesticle. It's a memory you'll cherish forever, but only from photos other people take.

Merry Christmas!

Steveo

SUCC Foreign Correspondent

¹ The German verb bekommen means to get/receive

² Sub Club cards are identical here, so it's not as crazy as you think

³ The punishment here is 7 years bad sex, so consider yourselves lucky! At this point someone should shout cheers. Consume!! You clearly didn't make eye contact with the other 59 people at the meal!

⁴ Yes, people survive with measures a full 68ml short of a pint!



Top - Midday drinking games! Bottom - you can buy beer in vessels almost as big as your average Portugese man.

SUCC Committee 2006/2007!



THE MIGHTY USK

by Sophie Stubbles

Friday:

After arriving at the boathard for 6pm thinking that this would be a sensible time I was shocked to discover that we were actually ready to leave! Was this to be a trip which didn't involve faff?!

We arrived at our beautiful Welsh village destination at about 10pm. The hut was more of a church hall/women's institute hideaway rather than the usual scout huts I had experienced on previous trips. It was even decorated with a chandelier!

Soon all peace in the tiny village was destroyed as we cracked out the booze and started the drinking games. It wasn't a particularly heavy night for most although I do remember a certain person claiming in very slurred words that people had been drinking all of his rum!



Chris styles it on the Usk

Saturday:

A small group of select paddlers were up bright and early to test the waters for the rest of us, rather than me as I would not have wanted to get up at 7!

After being told that the Usk was a nice easy beginner river I was shocked to see the raging torrent that awaited us! Luckily (for me anyway) it was deemed unsafe to paddle for beginners. We went to check out the Wye but this also had very high water levels.

We then had a very difficult decision to make...was it to be the tea shops of Brecon or a paddle on a canal? Surprisingly by the vast majority it was decided to paddle a canal. This proved to be just as flat and shallow as we thought it would be, however I was told that it's all good practice. It was then straight to the Farmer's Arms for some liquid refreshment before dinner.



Emma tackles the club grub...

Kev is loving it, but Sam isn't too convinced!!

After a couple of pints it was back to the hut for a lovely pan flavoured chicken korma, followed by rice-pan pudding and jam. Back to the pub after dinner for a few more drinks and some rather tasty mulled wine donated to us by the landlord. There was also some interesting live Welsh music.

The rest of the night consisted of the usual drinking games, namely ring of fire, and then a reasonably early night (about 3am).

Note from the Ed: And of course, I understand there were more of George's wise words to be heard!:

George: That's Ian.

Neil: I'm Neil.

George: Well that's close enough, it's Ian backwards.

Sunday:

After a small amount of faff (nothing more than expected) it was decided to split us up into two groups, sending the first group as guinea pigs to see if the river was suitable. A few swims occurred but nothing out of the ordinary so it was decided that the river was in fact suitable. The second part of the river had a few ledges which most of us walked. Only one group actually made it to the get out (well done to them!) the rest of us ended up blocking the drive way of a rather irate Welsh man. This was mainly to do with the lack of daylight left when we still had about 4km to paddle! After cheese and ham and chicken and beef sandwiches we emptied the hut and went on our way.



Cool as cucumber!

Despite the not so exciting paddling on the Saturday it was an awesome trip!

EXTREME BALL SNAPSHOTS!



nick and tim,
handsome young men



a random
drunk person



helen, beth,
rich + laura



village!



get involved!



tom walby -
comedy genius

An evening at the Extreme Ball

Occasionally, we say things that looking back on it, might not have been the best thing to say.

Occasionally, we try and chat up women.

What you are about to read is real. Don't be alarmed.

To set the scene, a SUCCer (whose identity has been withheld for reasons of a personal nature), went to the Extreme Ball. While there, they spotted an attractive young lady. After sitting next to her at the table, the conversation began...it must be noted that there was also another female, a friend of the young lady sat near by.

We, (un-named for reasons of national security) proceeded to eaves drop on every word. Italics represent actions rather than speech. Normal text is what the man said. Word for word.

I'm not really sure what to do in this situation; I want to touch you more.

I'm sorry.

The three most excellent things about yourself are, your eyes, your breasts, and errrr..... your face.

Sorry.

I'm sorry about this.

They kiss.

Fact.

Man gets slapped.

SUCCer puts fingers in mouth for an unknown reason.

I believe you're the most attractive female I've ever been near to.

You're the only person that's ever kissed me that way.

Can I have another kiss on the lips please?

Are you aware of the formation of your legs, and your hips, and your chest, and your breasts?

Man gets slapped again.

I don't think you are aware of how attractive you are.

Friend turns, evil glare.

Have you made a decision yet with regards to what you want to do?

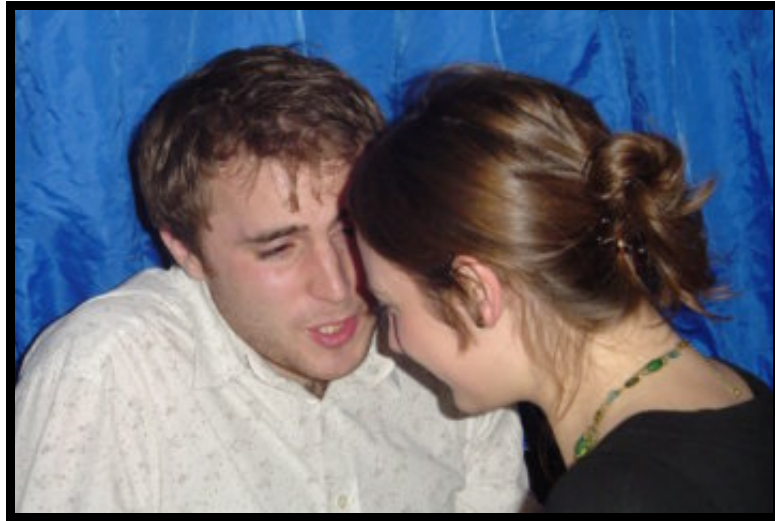
My overwhelming desire is to touch you.

Even if you were a man, I'd be gay.

Young lady turns, the two women kiss.

The two women are now holding hands.

It turns out the two women are lesbians, unlucky for our man, but still he continues...



A Totally Unrelated Photograph

We take a photo.

I'm not getting access to an area

Some light petting.

Man puts hand on woman's upper thigh.

Man leaves for a short moment.

Hello,

I've just been for a wee.

The area I have been looking at is between here (***points to her head***) and here (***points to her lower breast***).

....at this point we decided we should probably leave the happy couple to it.

Written by Rich, however I do not confess to having any part in the eaves dropping. It wasn't me.



Yeh...it wasn't us either....

Socials Report

Three-Legged Pub Crawl

Possibly the most SHARKTASTIC social I have ever been on, and also the one prompting the most e-mails to the list I have received in one day. A good night was had by all (so it would seem). Argh, I've just been looking back through my old e-mails, anyone else remember the rubber gimp suit guy.....that was quite bizarre!

Here is a report for you from Laurent:

What a night. We met in the Mitre in Portswood for the first drink and to sort out pairs. All previous planning went out the window at this point and people got taped to whoever they were standing near. As ever I began the evening in my usual fashion by speaking before thinking "This isn't right I'm meant to be tied to a lightweight"...sorry Tinsel. From the Mitre we staggered and stumbled along Portswood high street to the Terminal where more alcohol was purchased and rapidly consumed (Mr Forbes you still owe me a pint). Then twas on to the safety and wonder of the hobbit, where we were told to remove our tape before we could go downstairs....some obeyed the 3 wise men others did not. By this point there had been a small amount of low key sharking by various club members and also all the lovely Freshers who came along, as the beer and cocktails flowed the sharking incidences became more frequent and more apparent. It was up to Dr Nick to bring things back to order with a bit of group song. The Grand old duke of York was the song in question. 1st verse all the words, 2nd verse no ups, 3rd no downs, 4th no ups or downs. It's amazing how difficult it can be to miss words out from a song.

After the hobbit came the finale for the evening...that's right the dungeon. This is where the Sharking really kicked off. I'm not sure how many people got it together that night but I'm sure Laura's Sharking table will sum it up very well. I'll not mention any names but if anyone wants details I'm sure I can remember a few bits and pieces. We were also treated to some amazing dancing by Bethalina and Tripper. Unfortunately there was a slight downpour and I think everyone got absolutely soaked on their respective walks home.

For those of you who were on the mailing list by then you'll remember the Sharktastic emails which got George so amazingly worked up. George has now banned the word Sharktastic so any emails containing it will not get delivered.

More dungeon socials to come next term :) Love from your ever tired social secretary
Laurent

Winchester

In honour of our very own Mr Vian and his leaving, we hopped on a train to my home town of Winchester. Dressed as "The Anti-Faff Team" Helen and I led the SUCCers through the pubs of the Old Capital, it was indeed a lovely evening. The highlight of which was the lovely speech given by Louise (and a few others), where Mr Vian's contributions to the club were summarised, and he was presented with his "Captain Faff" T-shirt. He will be missed, though I don't think we'll ever get rid of him for good!

Fireworks Party

When someone suggested I ask Aidan for his firework expertise I was somewhat sceptical, especially since the only time I'd ever met him he was having a firework duel with Mr Leyland and they set the dunes on fire!!! However, all went according to plan and a spectacular display ensued with hardly any hitches. I was, however, slightly worried when the rescue flair tied to the make-shift Catherine Wheel flew off and into next door's garden, very nearly causing an emergency, especially given it's close proximity to the children! Thom and Tony's 'fire in a barrel' contraption was very impressive, I especially liked the custard powder and leaf blower combo, caused a rather nice column of flame. A minor disagreement between Dickie and myself over whether his scarf should go in the fire resulted in him wearing my work uniform and my underwear, much to my surprise. I also believe Mr Burton had a collision with the snack tray, sending it flying over our lovely carpet, I'd forgotten I was going to send him the bill to clean it! Good fun was had by all...

The Dungeon!

a night to remember...or maybe one to forget...!!

One evening in October, the canoe club made a rather obscure decision to brave the 'Dungeon' - and quite an experience it turned out to be! As we tripped through the doors it was soon obvious that we were not amongst the usual clientele, many of which seemed to have been involved in severe DIY accidents ...nails all over the place. How unfortunate. Even so, we made ourselves at home, and things soon warmed up to be one of the most spammed about socials of the year...

With so much sweat and rubber for inspiration, our Much Respected Canoe Club Bachelors decided that it was time to well and truly 'Get Involved'...



(Clive T "Dungeon" Bear)

SHARKTASTIC!!!

Your Guide to Sharks of the Dungeon

Tim Casalis *Rogerious Metatarsalus*

This cunning shark can be identified by the distinctive hole in its snout as well as webbed toes used to compensate for its fragile metatarsals. This fiendish fish lures prey through sympathy votes and is known to abduct victims and then talk them to death.

DANGER RATING: 



Mike Bunton *Mikeus Beeseeyous*

This water fearing shark is mostly harmless and will only attack under prime conditions. This appears to be in the Dungeon. One the whole, this shark is a safe shark.

DANGER RATING: 

The Roch *Crotchesterious Curlyhaireous*

This quiet and seemingly innocent predator disguises himself with a crop of curly locks and is most likely to be spotted returning to his habitat at around 7am. It claims to be a solitary beast, although this is not generally accepted.

DANGER RATING:



Polo Nick *Polo Nick*

Usually this shark feasts upon prey found in swimming pools, but it has recently escaped to hunt in other territories. It has been known to take advantage of the rich resources of the river prey. This shark is a true shark and should be approached with caution (or a harpoon).

DANGER RATING:



Rich Morley *Richardoss Givememoreleyous*

A rather rare shark that, when suspended in alcohol, becomes wildly vicious. This shark will attack when you least expect, and when it bites its prey, it will never let go...ever.

DANGER RATING:



Never has so much sharking 'success' been seen before! And the aftermath?....

STOP IT!

**So far today 4530 e-mails subjected 'sharktastic' have been sent by the list mailer!
4 Freshers have so far unsubscribed because of it!
Talk about something else ffs!
Also, I have banned the word sharktastic!**

(Angry) George

Good work!! Definitely worth another visit to the Dungeon!!
bethalina x

The Mighty Teifi!

What a great source of stress that was.....my first time organising a trip, and a lot harder than I first thought it would be! Of course that wasn't helped by a certain Mr Wright and Mr Thomas' behaviour. *cough*

Anyway.....the journey started well enough, with Thom and John's cars leaving the boat hard only about an hour later than planned! Though somehow, despite leaving at least 3 hours before the rest of the cars and the van, we still managed to get there only an hour before them. Must've been all the faff trying to find somewhere to eat.....

So.....we arrived in the dark and set about trying to find somewhere suitable for a SUCC style campsite. We decided that the bottom field where the rest of the uni's were camped was far too common (well it was really in case of flood, some of you may have seen pics from previous years of cars with water up to their bonnets) so we trudged up the hill to pitch our tents very close to the party tent. Following a very speedy (considering it was so dark, and I didn't have a torch!) erection of tents the evenings festivities commenced. After a brief trip to the party tent, which was less party and more... empty, everyone had found a beverage and a place to park their bum in Canvas Clive (as I believe it's called). Thom decided he was bored so he challenged Mr Rochester to bring something back that looked like him. He did surprisingly well, returning with 'Barnsley Seb' from Bangor University... "but how can you tell I'm from Barnsley?". They really could've been twins! A rather tipsy (as usual) Helen Rossall was then duct taped to Seb, despite her protestations, and they were sent out to find an umbrella, some snacks and something charmingly agricultural. They brought back with them a forester carrying an umbrella and a bag of crisps, therefore fulfilling Thom's criteria. Unfortunately, unlike Seb, this one could get away from us quick enough, possibly something to do with Thom's drunken ramblings! The third challenge of the evening brought the best prize of all. The challengees (for some reason my brain in telling me Seb, Rochester and Danny, though that may be a complete fabrication) were told to fetch something "big, green, and fun", whereupon they returned with a gate. What followed can only be described as gate Olympics, with Danny demonstrating his ability to fit through the smallest hole in the gate and lots of people trying to jump over the top of it. Meanwhile Rochester proceeded to do anything anyone told him to do, no matter how dangerous, and a new catch phrase was born: Steady the Gate (quite possible Danny's favourite phrase!).

After a good (ish) night's sleep I awoke at 8 and then spent almost two hours trying to drag Richard out of bed so he'd help me organise everyone. By about 1 o'clock everyone was finally kitted out and ready to get on the shuttle bus. Quite a lot of that was due to someone leaving poor Imogen's wet kit at the boat hard so she had to find stuff to borrow from everyone! I do believe that is record amounts of faff even by Vian standards (5 hours between getting up and being ready to leave, blimey!). The organiser even came over especially to tell us we had caused the most faff he had ever seen!



George takes the plunge!

After a shaky start (on my part) I soon got back into the swing of paddling. A good time was had by all, with all the committee keeping a particularly close eye on the number of times the freshers in their group swam. You see, we had set up a secret ballot in which every committee member was assigned a fresher, and the one with the fresher who swam the most won the money. Tom Wright won with Sophie Stubbles as his fresher (she swam an impressive 11 times!) and cries of "it must be a fix" could be heard around the campsite, with George even refusing to pay up.

The most entertaining swim of the trip was had by a certain Mr Rochester who swam on a chicken shoot and then got out on the bank without telling anyone he'd swum. When asked by Emma and Rich to get back in his boat as they wanted to get on with the river he just pointed vaguely downstream in the direction his boat had gone. Emma continues to ridicule him to this day! We had a rather comical moment in our group also. At the first get out Fran had put her paddles on the bank but then got pushed out of the eddy, she got dragged down the hard(er) rapids clinging on to Goose for dear life. She managed to stay in her boat though, well done Fran!

As we were the first group to finish I thought I would head back to the get out to see if any of the other groups had made it that far yet. It was at this point I found George sat on one bank with Hannah Tinsley on the other, trying to throw a rope to her to drag her over. Sophie Stubbles (who had also swam, what a surprise) was nowhere to be seen. What a shambles, Kev was not impressed when he joined us! I then spent a wonderful few hours walking down the bank helping the many swimmers to sort out their boats etc.

The main attraction of the Saturday night was, of course, Man in a Dress...in a paddling pool. I think Mr Leyland managed to amuse quite a lot of people with his antics. Lot's of fun was had that night, I can't remember everything that happened but there was lots of crazy dancing and apple bobbing. Rich and Danny entered a cart wheeling competition, and did quite well, I think anyway. The evening ended with Mr Harvey and a certain fresher getting rather friendly, nice one Thom! (Rumours were being spread earlier that evening about the same fresher and a certain other person, names will not be mentioned so as to protect the innocents involved).



Mr Walby on a mission!

After being very proud of myself for not swimming on the first day, I think I got a bit too cocky and managed to swim twice trying to get into an eddy on a rather flat bit of water...that'll teach me!! Just don't say anything about the lost schlegals.....oops! We reached the get out but then had to wait another two (felt like longer) hours for the shuttle bus to pick us up, more faff. To keep warm we played skipping games with a sling and wrestled each other to the ground. I even tried to sing some songs, but I don't think anyone really enjoyed that!

When we finally arrived back at the field, we had to pack the van in the dark and then try and remove it from the mud. A relatively smooth journey home followed, we stopped at Burger King where, to the horror, of Helen, Robyn, Cat and myself, Danny had a disgusting 17 sugars in his coffee. I'm sure there must be something wrong with that boy! Despite getting caught in traffic very close to a nasty accident (where we found Surrey Uni also waiting) we made it home in good time. A good trip was had by all!

Steady the Gate!

By Helen W

PERRANPORTH



WHO NEEDS THE NAME GAME
WHEN YOU'VE GOT DRINKING GAMES!



PASS THE PARCEL!



BURNING OF
LOUISE'S
LION!

BY ROBYN,
CAT AND
BELCHER



REC 02:38

PERRANPORTH



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REC 02-38

Seven Years of SUCCing

or how Clive + Bear ruined my life

What had I let myself in for? Here I was in a pub full of slightly odd people downing shots of Tequila and talking to a bloke with a BO problem and an unhealthy interest in this odd sport of Canoe Polo. A week into my uni life and I had my first experience of SUCC; how was I supposed to know that after such an inauspicious start I was to spend far too much of my life with these crazy fools taking away my self respect and sanity?

At first it started simply enough; Monday night sessions of canoe polo, enjoyable times where if you hit some one with a pair of metal tipped Schlegals they had a habit of trying to drown you and regardless of how bad you played there would always be a kindly word of encouragement from Stevie. Then the Wednesday socials became a fixture where the same quiet understanding Stevie with his evil side kicks Mike and Toby would be demanding much beer drinkage and Tequila slamming until everyone fell over. Next after most of a term I succumbed and finally decided to go on my first club trip (convinced by an old bloke called Kev). It was a foretaste of what was to come; I arrived bewildered and scared at the Boathard ready to help load boats and kit onto the trailer. We then started my first experience of playing the great game of making at least some of the lights on the trailer to work occasionally when they were supposed to (you young ones don't know how easy life is). The trip itself involved much lemon Vodka, indoor rugby, ming beans and being led down my first ever river by Kev and Neil which all resulted in waking up to find a naked Damage strapped to the bottom of a table with gaffa tape, a minibus driver with a broken nose, me not letting anyone else cook breakfast on a club trip for the next 4 years and my first river in a club creek ending with 3 swims on the loop. Though I didn't know it at the time I was irrevocably hooked.

From then on I fed the habit as it took over too much of my life. To the distress of my friends and family I started considering the smell of half dried thermals normal and treating Tequila as a normal drink. I couldn't help myself it was all so much fun. In order to feed the habit I drove minibuses all over the country, taking them through manoeuvres and dimensions they didn't even know existed. I cooked countless fried breakfasts in freezing huts where I had to thaw the fairy liquid before washing up. I suffered countless bouts of Itchen flu and visited hundreds of drinking establishments around the country. Then finally after seven years I broke free managing to leave SUCC behind me I headed for sanity and sobriety.

But I wasn't cured, it was all an illusion and I had to go back to a small damp hut full of odd people. It's Ok now, I accept it, I SUCC and it is all Clive's fault.



"He's not the Messiah, he's just a very naughty bear"

Everyone, please raise a glass for **Mr Chris Vian!**



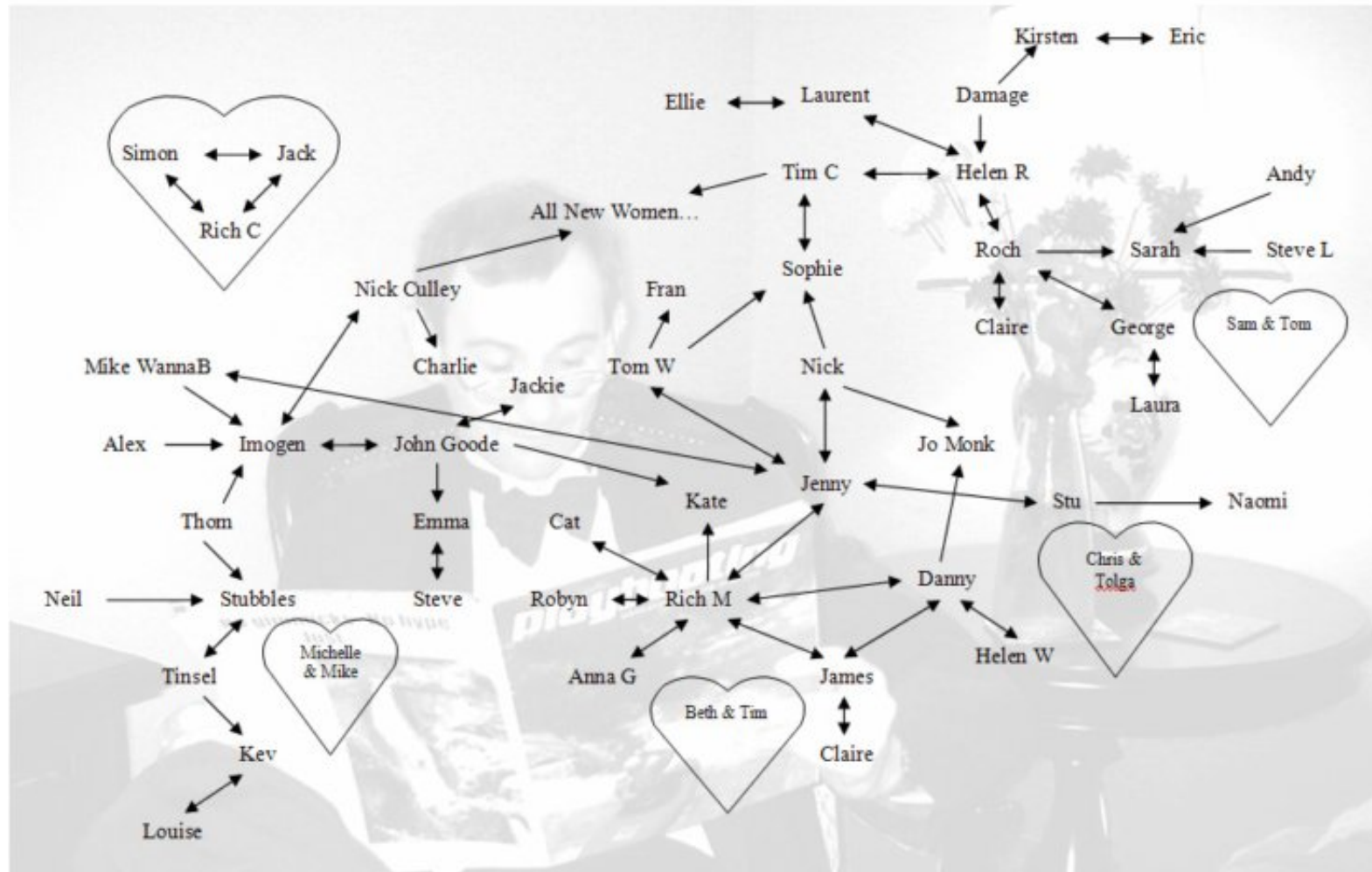
James Gray...

...catwalk potential?





Sharktastic...!!



A Little Taster of what your ever lovely and imaginative Social Secs have got planned for you next year...



Keep the 7th **February** free for the Star Attraction... we are going to play **laser quest**... in **Playzone**! Now I don't know about you but I'm already tingling with excitement. For those of you who missed out on the amazing (and bruisetastic) Playzone social last year, Playzone is a massive children's indoor play area in Portsmouth... the bungee rope net thing being the most painful part of all! The only problem with Playzone is that it is often occupied by a whole host of Portsmouth's Chavs. I have however solved this problem by hiring it out so we will have the whole place to ourselves. Get ready to compare bruises everyone...

Then of course we have...**Beer and Skittles**...where we will be boarding a train and making our way to a charming little pub in the centre of Brockenhurst. Once there we will eat Scampi and Chips from a basket and play skittles to our hearts content. Let's just hope we don't have a repeat of last years fiasco and get bottled by some horrible children from New Milton.

Next year will also see the return of the **Pink Party**, where everyone has to dress up in pink and there will be pink jelly and pink cake and lots of pink decorations. Lots of fun for everyone.

There will inevitably be lots of drunken trips to **Jesters** and various other establishments in Southampton, and we'll definitely include at least one more **Frog** trip for some table dancing action!

We have of course got some others planned, but we'd like to keep them a secret from you for just a little bit longer. And if anyone has any burning desires for social ideas then please let us know and we'll see what we can do.

Have a good time in Jesters everyone
Lots of Love, hugs and kisses
Helen (Wilko) xxx

DECEMBER



2006

AWARDS!!!

The following people have been nominated. The winner for each category will be voted for at the Christmas meal...

MOST IMPROVED PADDLER:

- **Sophie Stubbles**
- **Hannah Tinsley**
- **Helen Wilkins**
- **Huw Edwards**



BEST COMEDY MOMENT ON A SOCIAL/ TRIP

- **Gate incident on Teifi**
- **John Leyland- 'Man In A Dress'**
- **Thom's 'pulling' technique at Extreme Ball**
- **Danny's car vs. Minibus antics on Barle trip**

BEST QUOTE

- **'Ian is Neil backwards' – George**
- **'I very much like the formation of your legs and breasts' – Thom**
- **'If you were a man; I'd be gay' – Thom**
- **'The real key to videos is the use of a video camera' – Leyland**
- **'Hadn't we better check they have the same International Drinking Rules as we do?' – Someone at Warwick**



MOST DRUNK/ AMUSING DRUNK

- **Helen Rossall- Everywhere**
- **Thom Harvey- At Extreme Ball**
- **Mike Bunton- Everywhere**
- **Hannah Tinsley- At fireworks party**

BEST SWIM

- **Sophie Stubbles-** for sheer quantity on Teifi!
- **Simon Bottoms** at Woodmill Weir
- **Tim Rochester** on the chicken shute on Teifi
- **Helen Wilkins** for swimming 2m away from the get-out and CDP, consequentially loosing her paddles
- **Dr Nick** on Dart



BEST HAIR/ BEARD

- **Thom Harvey**
- **Rich Morley** – Melting it doing fire-poi at Teifi
- **George Mortimer**
- **Tim Rochester**

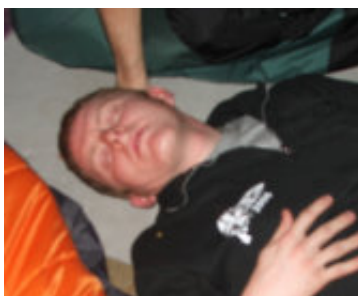


MOST 'INVOLVED' FRESHER

- **Cat Jones**
- **Robyn Tuerena**
- **Huw Edwards-** 'He's a real trooper'
- **Emma Craig**

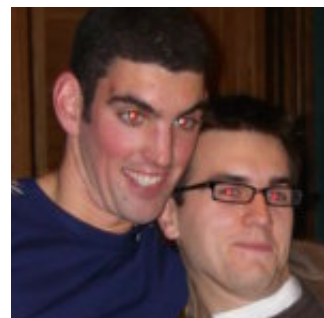
BEST STEVEO

- **Cat Jones**
- **Robyn Tuerena**
- **Helen Rossall**
- **Steveo himself!**



BEST SHARKER

- **Rich Morley**
- **Tim Casalis**
- **Thom Harvey**
- **Dr Nick**
- **Tom Wright**



AND THE WINNER IS...

**THAT'S ALL FROM
MOUTHFULS...**



...ENJOY YOUR DINNER!