

a sparkling blend of exotic fruit



Caribbean

Mouthfuls



Boat Party Special Edition
Saturday 13th May 2006



welcome !

Welcome to this edition of Mouthfuls, your trusty SUCC mag, full of photos, articles, doodles and other random stuff! Have a gander at what shenanigans you've all been up to recently (you can only laugh or cry!).

Big thanks to everyone who has contributed... Laura, Rich M, Tim R, Tom, Thom, the Helens, Laurent and....(is that everyone?)

Did you know that '**BASIC BANTER WIT**' is an anagram of '**CARIBBEAN TWIST**'?

How about 'Southampton Uni Canoe Club'....Boat munch, canoe until soup...

(...hehe, oh the fun of anagram generators...!)

Enjoy the boat party!!
Bethalina

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THE REPUBLIC OF SUCC

GEOGRAPHY: PRIMARILY MOUNTAINOUS THE LANDSCAPE TYPICALLY
CONSISTS OF RIVERS, BEACHES AND PUBLIC HOUSES

COASTLINE: 0.1KM OF THE ITCHEN GORGE

ECONOMY: THE CHIEF EXPORT OF SUCC IS HANGOVERS.
SUCC HAS ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELF RESPECT
DEFICITS.

NATURAL RESOURCES: BRAVERY, IN LARGE DOSES. ALSO A TRAILER.

NATURAL HAZARDS: DICKIE, DAMAGE AND VILLAGE.

POLITICS: AT PEACE. SOME ALLIANCE WITH RUCC, SUSSEX AND
ROWLAND

NATIONAL HOLIDAYS: ST. CLIVES DAY

LEGAL SYSTEM: 'YOU SPILL IT, YOU SNORT IT'

DART TRIP

10th – 12th February 2006

Another issue of Mouthfuls, another opportunity for you to enjoy what I remember about trips. The highs, the lows, the fun, the games. The exhilaration of the paddle, the excitements of the journeys, the long nights, the fantastic food.

Unfortunately, I can't really remember anything about the trip. From this point forward, things may well be completely fictional. They may have actually happened on another trip, or I might have dreamt them. This probably means it was a very good trip!

Ok, so I'm guessing like most trips it started with a bus and a van at the boat hard. I'm pretty sure I was driving, and that there were some people getting drunk in the second row. I'm not sure, Dickie strokes my face even when sober.

As is tradition with trips, especially at the Dart, there was some Ring of Fire on the Friday night. However, this game was a little special, in that I had a bottle of Caribbean Twist¹, left over from the Lakes Trip². The rest of the circle were intrigued by the new drink. It is quite mysterious, only 3% of the ingredients are accounted for.

Alas, Caribbean Twist does not have memory enhancing properties. Things I remember are ringing Leyland to confirm Ring of Fire rules, and much debate as to what a ten actually does. I also remember Tim Casalis taking a leak in to his drinks bottle, because he didn't want to take the hefty 8 finger toilet penalty. He was however happy to drink his own pee, diluted with Fosters. Mmmmmm.

A lack of Burto meant that Bucking Burto was difficult to play. Instead we played Trapping Tripper, covering the sleeping Tim in empty cans and a large traffic cone.

While everyone else rested in preparation for a good days paddling, Dickie pulled an all nighter, and put in a strong attempt at trying to hide the minibus in the car park. Minibuses are by nature quite large though, and it didn't take long to find it.

¹ It was the Mango one. Not that horrific Pena Colada crap, that's still in the Lake District, where it belongs.

² The first documented drinking of Caribbean Twist in the club. 3 bottles for a fiver in the supermarket in Ulverston – also the cheapest I've ever found it.

The Dart was suitably low for a club trip, lots of scraping³. While researching this trip report, Dickie informed he backed up Cat's group after his all nighter. Cat wasn't so sure "backed up" was the right phrase.

Saturday night was, I believe, the first en mass consumption of Caribbean Twist. The minibus has taken everyone to stock up, and all the flavours⁴ were present. A lot of Ring of Fire later and mischief ensued. Jack was under the biggest pile of chairs I have seen in a long time. I honestly don't know how he got there. Neither do Rich Morley or Dickie. Honest.

In an effort to help the clubs future attempts to gain sponsorship from Caribbean Twist⁵ me and Mr.Morley invented Orange, Mango, Pena Colada, a fantastic new drinking game. Similarities to roman numeral 21 should be ignored. We also took lots of pictures, demonstrating just how much we love the stuff.

Surf was the order of the day on Sunday. A mischievous drive across Devon to Croyde and we were at some awesome surf. I didn't get my ruler out, but it was big. Maybe 20-30ft⁶, but I can't be sure. I think it's safe to say it's some of the best surf we've seen this year, and in future we should disguise surf trips as river trips, then we might getsome surf.

I think we may have stopped in Wetherspoons on the way home. Or the drivers might have told everyone else to be quick, and then gone to Wetherspoons. Ooops, sorry!

As with all trips, everyone enjoyed themselves immensely, and lived happily ever after. The end.

³ This is probably true because we went elsewhere the next day.

⁴ I think some monkey even bought Pena Colada.

⁵ Money or crates of the stuff. Don't mind. No Pena Colada though.

⁶ More accurately it was probably 6ft.

RHOSILLI

So, after 5 long hours on the mini bus, made worse by Jack and Simon's attempt at singing, and some seriously scary driving from Laurent in a desperate attempt to reach the campsite before the gates were locked at midnight, we arrived in Rhossili. Greeted by the largest amount of Old's I have ever seen and a mass of tents the weekend began.



Saturday morning and the weather was good, so some of us headed down to the beach for a surf while others went climbing...May I suggest to the fair haired among us (Steveo) that sun lotion is a particularly good idea when the sun is shining.

In the afternoon, Tim, George, Ham and myself went looking for driftwood in an attempt to find the biggest piece. Feeling fairly confident when we got back to the campsite with a tree strapped to the roof, we were somewhat put out by the return of a van full of wooden pallets. Never mind, there's always next year I suppose.

Evening arrived and the bonfire got going. Evidently the biggest bonfire the local chavs have ever seen, (if you missed them, Welsh chavs are portrayed pretty damned closely by GLC). It was an interesting night, George balancing on top of a pole amidst cries of 'Burn the witch!', pocket rockets setting the dunes afire (and nearly me thank you...you're lucky it bounced off me and into the fire, I'd rather not end up like Chardonnay from 'Footballer's Wives'), fire hurdling (Roch you're a natural stunt man)...



...and a foolish Mr Ripper being buried in sand for falling asleep.

As if that wasn't the limit to the fun someone, three guesses who decided it would be an 'awesome' idea to get the RPM for some sand duning....(thank you Steve for returning it, at whatever time in the morning that may have been.) Highlights of the duning were Aidan hammering it and kind of landing on his head (which didn't look comfortable), and five relatively drunk SUCCers riding it down together.

Sunday was pretty much the same as Saturday and surfing, climbing or walking was on the agenda. It seems that walking is a lot more perilous than I thought when Mr. Vian returned with pieces of shell in his foot.



Waaa! Hide your children!

Surf was much better on Monday morning and some of us headed down to the beach to take advantage. For those of you who weren't there, you missed Jack attempting to play in Simons boat and some amazing duo action (I don't think it was designed to take the weight of both George and Jack, who spent more time in the water than the boat.)

After a surprisingly little amount of faff we bid farewell to Rhosilli by flinging a tub of butter across the campsite by a very rustic see saw.

A Small Tribute To Steve'O (The Drunk)



In a Phone box
with Helen...



I have got...
One big spot?!



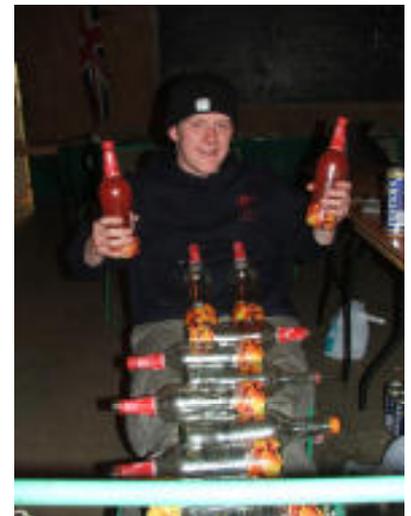
With Danny,
Barle Weekend



In Jesters



Student Rodeo
(In case you hadn't
heard, he did indeed
throw up on the roof
of the mini bus)



Super Hero Social.
Captain 'Anti Faff'

Caribbean
Twist at
the Dart



A tasty
snack at
the Dart

Passed
out...

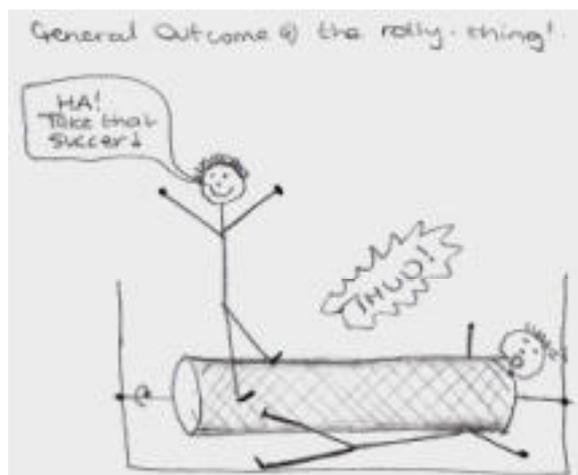


Playzone: A brief report for those who thought they were too mature (ha!) to go or who simply can't remember it. (Sorry guys, you can't use alcohol as an excuse this time!)

Did anyone else have as much 'fun' trying to find the place or was it just us?! Maybe we should give Portsmouth a lesson on the difference between a traffic light and a roundabout. Eventually we got there and found an interesting array of slides, obstacle courses, rope things, and just general bruise inducing apparatus- more than enough to keep a bunch of canoeists happy for an evening.

The evening started fairly calmly- testing out the slides, reeking the various obstacle courses and just generally having fun. However, as the evening wore on one or two individuals decided that simply sliding down a slide feet first, one at a time was just boring so instigated the start of the 'how many people we can get down one slide at the same time in as many different positions as possible' races. Ow.

There were several parts of the evening that stuck out for me- one of which was the roller thing where the aim (as far as I could see) was to stay on it as long as possible, whilst making everyone else fall off and get repeatedly beaten on the head by this contraption- surprisingly satisfying ☺.

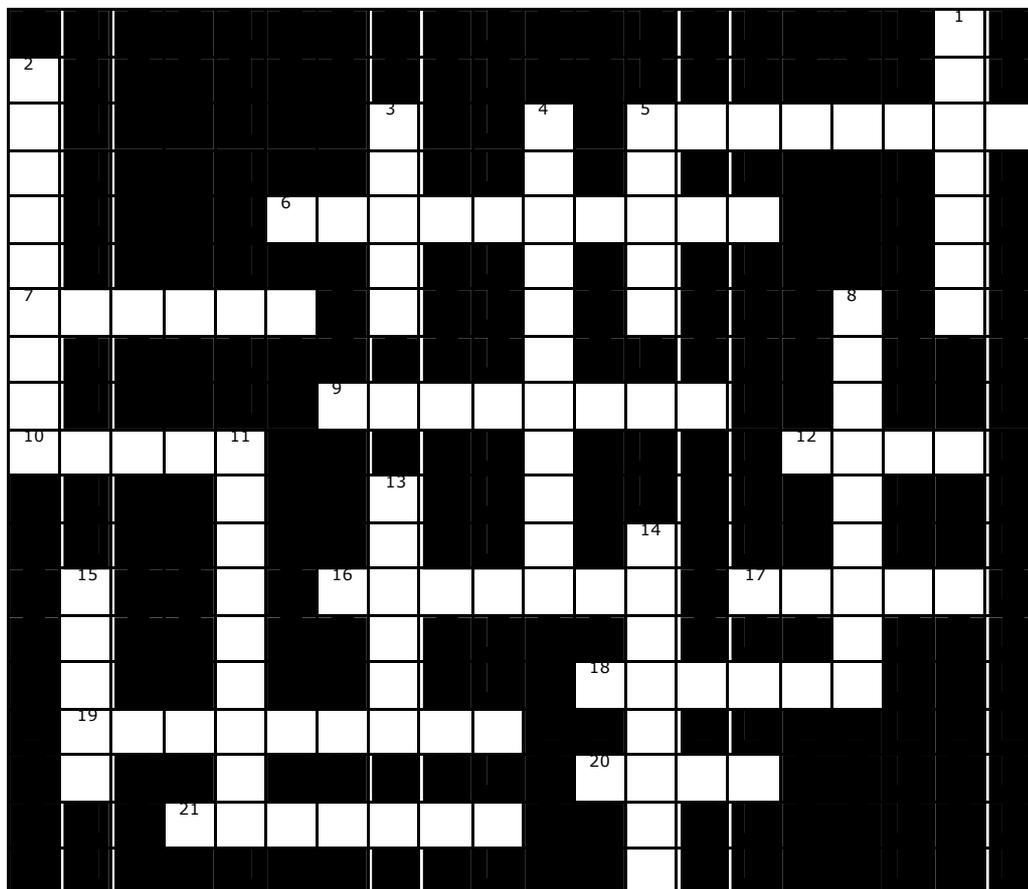


Another favourite was the bungee rope pain inducer. For those who weren't there, basically this is a 5-layered maze of bungee cord in a cobweb style arrangement- the aim of which was to throw oneself through these without the rope getting caught in too many delicate places or tying yourself together- not as easy as it may sound, especially when George, Steveo, Tim R, Beth and several others decided it would be a good idea to bundle down it...with me and Laura T underneath! Many feet and arms and other body parts were damaged severely. Somehow my arm never quite made it down this thing at the same time as my body and ended up being crushed, jabbed and pulled by several large SUCCers and turned a most attractive shade of purple. Apologies to whoever's foot got erm....re-arranged! I think a special thank you has to be given to those lovely Playzone 'safety' people who obviously didn't care what we did and how much damage we inflicted on ourselves!

I'm sure by now you're all getting the general idea of this social, but the only way to really appreciate it is to experience it first hand. Watch this space for details of the next outing to Playzone, and....wait for it...Playzone + Lasers (Lazerzone!).

Conclusion: A great place for a non-drinking, bruistastic social for SUCCers, but maybe not the best place to send your small child for his/her 5th birthday party (unless they wish to be rid of a few limbs or turn purple).

S U C C R O S S W O R D !



ACROSS

- 5. Ideal location for a Hail Mary at Rhosilli. (4,4)
- 6. The missing mascot! (5,1,4)
- 7. Essential driver sweets. (6)
- 9. The effects of a SUCC Friday, felt on Saturday morning! (8)
- 10. The trip where... Leyland ate glass. (5)
- 12. The trip where... M'Chustard was bom. (4)
- 16. Carnage for two in this boat! (4,3)
- 17. SUCC jumper of choice. (5)
- 18. Up sh*t creek without a (6)
- 19 and 3 down. 95% unknown! (9,5)
- 20. The guy with the most talked about haircut in the world, ever. (4)
- 21. Most likely final destination for a SUCC social...guaranteed to be messy! (7)

DOWN

- 1. Used to transport SUCCers to anywhere (especially with Tim navigating...)! (7)
- 2. Retro paddle spins and airguitars! (3,6)
- 3. See 19 across.
- 4. SUCC phrase. (3,8)
- 5. Most likely to be lost at Woolacombe (also Vengaboys' Biggest Fan). (5)
- 8. Used to make shouts of abueslouderat the Student Rodeo. (9)
- 11. Dickie's drink of choice. (9)
- 13. Village. (6)
- 14. The 10 Challenge. (8)
- 15. Low, high or air! (5)

national student rodeo

Steve had driven all day from Scotland and he wanted to paddle – paddle he was going to!

The van screeched to a halt in the car park at HPP and a quick run into the office told us we had half an hour left before the course closed. Cue the most faff-free unloading of the van ever known. The secret to this involves opening the back doors of the van and allowing everything to flow out. This was followed by high-speed faff-free changing and we were onto the water in five minutes.

Our brief assessment of the course, each of us planning our tactics for the following day, left us feeling refreshed and ready. Being highly sensible students we opted to set up the tents early in the evening. This sensibility also led us to phone the other half of SUCC's rodeo squad, on their way from Southampton, and inform them that the rodeo was again cancelled due to more flooding, but that they should really come for the party anyway. I don't know the rest of the story, but I hear there was some serious consideration given to turning back early...

Now feeling quite hungry, we decided the six of us needed to go find some food. Problem: a Ford Transit van only has 3 seats. Solution: there's plenty of space in the back, plenty of boats to sit on, and a bottle of vodka and coke to pass the time.

Friday night's antics can best be summed up as follows:

Steve + Alcohol + Minibus = ...(Get someone who was there to describe it if you really want to know, it wasn't pretty).



Helen W surfing Top Wave

Saturday morning was taken up by the Extreme Slalom, in which everyone paddled down the course, attempted to stay upright on top wave, hit a ball hanging over the water, pulled some old skool tricks and tried to splat a 'rock'. As far as I can remember, everyone paddled well, the only note being that there is video with sound clip evidence that Dickie's Mum can surf better than Mr Leyland. No comment.

Saturday afternoon was the heats for each category. A lot of effort and some enthusiastic paddling went on. Cat and Beth both made it to the Women's Expert Finals, and well done to Helen R for making it to the Women's Expert! Tony, Eric and Chris all made it to the Men's Intermediate Final, despite both Tony and Eric not actually being students (and being under strict instructions NOT to get in to any finals as they had no student ID!). Steveo powered through to the Men's Novice Finals.



Tim in the Looping Pool

Finally there was the King and Queen of the Wave events, where they all piled onto the Top Wave together and the last remaining paddler won! Eric and Beth were representing Southampton. Eric made the mistake of being first on (and hence first pushed off) the wave, while Beth bullied her way to the top and won herself a sparkly tiara as Queen of the Wave 2006!

We might have appeared to do alright on the water, but it was at the bar that SUCC members really showed what they were made of. We are now officially the best university drinking club in the country, and we think probably in the world seeing as teams would have been welcome from worldwide just they chose not to compete! Mr O'Connell kept up his high standards of entertainment as a turtle, and I believe still has possession of the legendary 'buff'.

Sunday morning started much the same way as Saturday morning – dragging Steve out of bed. It was duo-day! We entered at least four teams, with quite a few comedy events including "Team Tiny's" attempt at a duo-loop and the Steve & Dickie's non-roll! Rich and I got into the heats where we proved we could roll...and that's about it.

Steve seemed to excel under the influence of incohol and pulled all his tricks out of the bag to gain second in the Men's Novice event! In the Women's, Beth came 8th and Cat managed an excellent 4th overall. As a club, Southampton just missed a mention in the speeches at the end with a totally acceptable 4th. Go us!

Thanks to everyone who came along, we all had an awesome event and I'm looking forward to next year already!

(Oh, we finished off the trip with a stop at a classy Nottingham kebab joint, highly recommended by Mr Harvey himself. Call him for directions if you're ever in the area.)

SUCC AGM

As many of you know sometime before easter on a indeterminded date and undisclosed location (to protect the innocent) we stumbled through the motions of our annual AGM so all the old commitee could sit back have a rest and put their feet up (well except for George but we never expected him to leave he takes after Vian). Fortunately I don't have the minutes for the meeting so this account is purely from memory (and may therefore be entirely fictional... feel free to laugh at the glaring errors where I've forgotten what actually happened and just made up some utter crap).

The dress theme was somewhat mixed with most of the Old commitee looking mostly respectable wearing evening dress and in one case even bringing in a very proffesionally put together finance proposal. Unfortunately Thom thought what the hell and proceeded to make it up as he went along, the general gist however was that we'd finished the year with a positive balance as high as my overdraft and begun it by owing the bank money. Always a plus! Well done Thom, although Rhosilli wasn't included in that so a re-evaluation may be necessary!? The new commitee hopefuls were set there costume themes by the commitee member who they were hoping to succeed.

I won't go into the viscious political sparring but suffice to say that following some peaches and ice-cream the positions were voted on while the candidates were out of the room and the following layabouts, reprobates, drunkards, drop-outs, foreigners, and one member of a highly exclusive secret society are now representing and running your club. Here is a breakdown of the new committee and their AGM alias':

President	Richard Morley	a.k.a Superman
Vice President	Tim Casilis de Puirya	a.k.a A Pimp from vice city
Treasurer	Tom Wright	a.k.a A jersey cow
Secretary	Jenny Gales	ak47 A secretary
Kit Bitch	Tom Walby	a.k.a The 1st ever paddler complete with original equipment (a collectors item but devalued due to an enthusiastic young lady removing his packaging)
Monkey (no web necessary)	George Mortimer	a.k.a Pants
Social sec 1	Helen Rossall	a.k.a Mickey Mouse
Social sec 2	Helen Wilkins	a.k.a Minnie Mouse
Social sec 3	Laurent Wallis	a.k.a Akela the Wolf
GM	Laura Mortimer	a.k.a A Pictsie (and also "vice president")

You'll notice George has a rather descriptive alias and this is because he had to meld the two costume themes a suit and also Steve O's classic succession choice of underwear as the costume. So George solved this problem in a practical rural manner and wore his Y fronts on top of his suit (a man of style and panache I'm sure you'll agree).

So congratulations to the new committee and many thanks to the old one for a great year. Good luck to all those who are bugging off to real jobs or off on an extended continental holiday in Germany. Just before I move on I'd like to give a special mention to the new Canoe Polo Captain Seb for such a stirring speech. For those of you who weren't there It began with "The main reason I decided to be canoe polo captain was to improve my sex life. I can already feel it happening, I'm feeling cool, confident....." I could go on but why we all know him. Seb you are a legend!

So the AGM finished up around then and it was time to head into town to Monobrow for or wonderful bog of Pizza, some more speeches and ice-cream, cocktails, an ice fight, and people stroking my furry costume was to follow. After many wonderful pizza (cheers for organising that Ham) and alcoholic beverages it was time to begin the crawl back towards portwood. Stopping at the Alex (gotta love that place), the Sobar (where several people put my mask on and drank through it), and of course Jesters. In the queue to which the Helens almost managed to start about 19 drunken brawls, break 3 windows and fracture 2 of my ribs, oh, and a couple of innocent bystanders got crushed into Klowns. Fun was had by all (except everyone else in the Jesters queue) and we all lived happily ever after and died quite young doing the sport we all love. Goodnight, good luck, get to the BAR now!

Where is Clive T. Bear?

I don't know about you but I'm getting a little concerned for the poor fellow. I'm getting desperate...I have searched across the internet to see if I can find Clive T. Bear, but without success. Just take a look:



[My home](#) [My messages](#) [My profile](#) [My photos](#) [My friends](#) [Message boards](#) [Other sites](#)

Name search results for Clive T Bear

[Name Search](#) > [Search results](#)

0 matches found

At the moment there is no-one listed matching your search for: Clive T Bear, No age specified, No location specified

What you should do now...

- ◆ **Check you have spelt the name correctly**
If there's a mistake, correct the spelling and try searching again.
- ◆ **Try an alternative version of the first name**
For example, jobs may be listed as Jan or Jonathan

Search again

First name

Surname

Age
All ages

Country
All Countries

Location
All Regions



PEOPLE FINDER ADDRESS FINDER BUSINESS FINDER HELP & SUPPORT SUBSCRIBE CORPORATE

Begin your Search - Enter the last known information on the person you are searching for

First Name 2nd Initial Last Name Search Area

PEOPLE FINDER

- People Search
- Electoral Roll Search
- Birth Index 1984 - 2004
- Death Index 1984 - 2004
- Marriage Index 1984 - 2004
- Multiple Marriage Search
- Surname Count
- Forename Search
- Surname Search
- Multiple Name Search
- Neighbour Search
- Smart ID

REFINE SEARCH

PEOPLE SEARCH

SEARCH RESULTS SUMMARY

R	TOTAL RESULTS	0
E3	ELECTORAL ROLL 2003	0
E4	ELECTORAL ROLL 2004	0
E5	ELECTORAL ROLL 2005	0
E6	ELECTORAL ROLL 2006	0
R6	ROLLING REGISTER 2006	0
T	TRACESMART REGISTER	0
A	PROFILES WITH AGE	0

[Click here](#) to refine your search.

NEED HELP?

Let our **Smartfind** team find CLIVE T BEAR on your behalf or call 0906 4040192* for assistance.

We can't find "www.clivetbear.com"

You can try again by typing the URL in the address bar above.
Or, search the Web:

Go to [MSN Search](#) to see complete results for "www.clivetbear.com".

So I came to the conclusion that he must have hit desperate times and is now selling himself on ebay. Even so.....

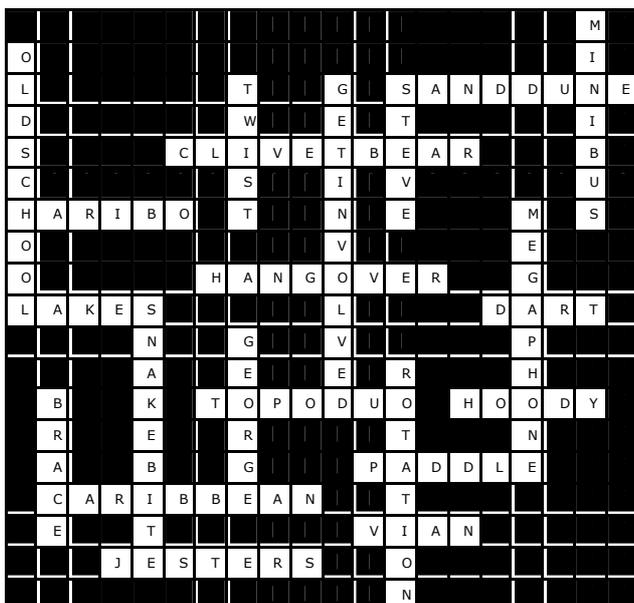


There was nothing for it, I had to take action.

I wrote to Robin Brown at www.findanoldfriend.co.uk in the hope that he would help with the search for Clive T Bear.



I am still waiting for a reply.



Crossword Answers

(come on...don't tell me you need to look at them!)

Scotland 2006

"What's pink and white and brown all over?..... Battenturd!"

- George Mortimer 25.03.2006



The eternal quote from Mr Mortimer set the tone for the week as we stood around in a Morrison's car park waiting for Tim Ripper to finish his business.

The night drive had gone without incident but fortunately plenty of shenanigans in motorway traffic jams involving window wiper lifting and Dickie hanging out of the van door in a true action man stylee.

The first river to be conquered was the Spean Gorge. A low water level and the warm sun were just what was needed for an easy first day. The only mentionable points were the Head-banger (Witch's Cauldron) and the constriction with it's horrible portage, oh and of course the miserable git at the end who came and took photo's of the nasty 'Solent University' kayakers getting changed near his house (Good call Danny).

The Epic – Roy (Upper and ½ Gorge)

The pre-paddle activity for the day was snow-boating but with an absence of snow and no sign of the shuttle, we did it anyway.

A mighty hill + Robson NRG + Roland = An awesomely funny video



With the dent popped out of Roland's boat and the shuttle returned we set out. The upper section was a good bouncy grade 3 with Serpents Tail catching a lot of people out and dumping them in a big hole. The rest of the section went smoothly... the calm before the storm.

The gorge section started with a long inspection of a relatively easy rapid, and then a portage of the "Grade 5-it's gunna-kill-you-huge-undercut". 50 metres downstream disaster struck in the form of a rather large hole resulting in numerous swims and a spectacular injury to Georges head. The group lead by James, on the sighting of frantic arm waving and carnage made a near vertical exit from the Gorge and went to investigate. The situation we were greeted by was that of 3 swims, 3 lost boats, 2 lost paddles and the group being separated by a large gash. We trundled down the river and by a stroke of luck we spotted Matt's boat pinned by a large tree just above a small rapid section. A rescue effort ensued whilst Tim and Martin walked out to fetch the transport.

The boat was rescued and people ferried from one side to the other. Then it was only left to walk out up a very steep hill! Thanks to Nottingham Trent University must be issued at this point as they gave Tim and Martin a lift to get the Van and also found and rescued the remaining equipment.

"One up the bum, no harm done" – Group

Day 3 – The Orchy

Some great rapids, a fast and fun playwave, an example of how not to run safety on a rapid from another University and some exciting jumps off a rock wall into a Grade 6 rapid sums up the Orchy.



Grade 6 Rapid at the bottom of the Orchy...any takers?

The evenings entertainment was a viewing of Shrek 2, German pornography, lots of Vodka and Im-Bru and the Ten rotation challenge (Ten rotations followed by a challenge) in which in short was drunk people spinning round until very dizzy and then trying to run in a straight line in a confined space. Tim Rippers attempt guaranteed him a place in the Ten Rotation Hall of Fame (Good work Timmy).

The Next day offered some respite to anyone in need with the choice of a tinkle down the lower Roy or a high water run down the Spean gorge.

The lower Roy was unbelievably dull so will not be mentioned here. The more enthusiastic group of 'messers' set off to the Spean Gorge where they met another paddler who was described as "Straight out of the 80's" and whose kit looked like it came from the depths of our very own kit shed. The river was run, smiles ensued and all was fine. So off to the café they went where they had a moment of clarity and realised there was time to run another river. The obvious choice was to return to the Roy Gorge and salvage some pride. Little is known of what happened here but what we do know is that Danny said it was one of the best rivers he had ever run and in honour of it his first child will be named 'Roy Gorgina,' so my guess is that it wasn't too bad!

Day 5 – Falls of Lora

An early start was needed to catch the tide and the awesome wave which it brought. As the tide falls, the entire content of Loch Etive tries to do the same and piles under a bridge to form a massive surging wave. The long arm of the law appears to reach to every part of this country, including the stanchions of Connel Bridge. With the police banning us from using this usual photographer's hotspot there wasn't really any point in enduring the massive beatings following the wave. A few people endured some trashings for the adrenaline rush of the wave, and it wouldn't be nice to name and shame the young red Riot Air paddler who parted company with his boat. Most people had some old-skool fun on the small wave 'round the side, with paddle spins and guitar playing being the hottest moves on show.



Old School Air Guitar from Tom



No caption required

Day 6 – Ben Nevis and River Etive

With the weather looking stunning for Scotland at Easter (i.e. slightly less cloud than usual), some of the group decided to attempt the mighty Ben Nevis. This merry band of intrepid explorers set off in earnest with promises to be back by 1pm to go paddling. As they struggled on upwards, this time was moved to 2pm. Then 3pm. By this stage they were sliding along through ankle-deep snow. Upon reaching the summit, Dickie decided that the only thing left to do was to get naked, so strip off all his clothes he did. Photos can be supplied on request, for all those that are interested in what the fuss is about. Meanwhile, the rest of the party decided to go and paddle the Etive. When the weary mountaineers arrived they found the paddlers approximately 20 yards downriver from the get-in, with one boat recirculation at the bottom of Triple 2, having already rescued Mr Hill, whose 'deck popped, forcing him to swim'. When everyone (boats included) was safe back on the side it was decided to abandon the idea of paddling the rest of the river. Lots of fun was had running Triple 3, with different challenges: how deep can you go; run it backwards and a hammer to finish the day.

Day 7 – No Etive

After packing up the huts, we said goodbye to Roy Bridge and headed south. We stopped to look at the Etive but it was still too high. After lots of faffing about who was to be in which car, we left Scotland behind and trundled on down the M6.

Notable sightings: Pyranha Truck
 Rolls Royce Phantom
 Huge dump truck

And so we managed to survive Scotland, (quite amazing considering we didn't go to the pub once the whole time we were there! I know, it's unbelievable...). Big thank you to Danny for all his effort running the joint, and also to the river leaders, van and car drivers – we couldn't have done it without you.

Socials 2006/2007

You may be wondering what your lovely new Social Secretaries have got planned for you next year! Well here is a taster of some of the socials we hope to have!

Go Ape! - for those of you who don't already know we are heading off to Moors Valley Country Park for a post exams treat! Keep an eye on your e-mails for more details. Here is a little quote from their website (www.goape.co.uk) to wet your appetite:

"Go Ape! is a high wire forest adventure course of ropes bridges, Tarzan swings and zip slides up to almost 35 feet above the forest floor (60 feet at Grizedale!). Ideal for friends, families and corporate groups, Go Ape! provides approximately 3 hours of fun, laughter and adventure, as well as an exciting way to explore and enjoy the forest."

Laserzone - imagine all the fun of Playzone in the dark with lasers! Sounds bruise-tastic to me

Isle of Wight Social - I know you're all disappointed that you haven't had the opportunity to dig out your eye patches and cutlasses yet this year so once all these nasty exams are over we will be donning our best pirate outfits and taking to the high seas to raid, pillage and plunder all the pubs on the Isle of Wight.

Ice Skating - due to the success of our last trip we will be taking to the ice again next year, just watch out for Seb, you never know when he might attack!

Splashdown - picture this: water flumes + bundles = fun! (Sorry George no wetsuits allowed)

House Crawl - In order to beat the rush and actually get some alcohol join us on a crawl from Highfield to Portswood through as many willing houses as we can find!

Dublin/Edinburgh- For those who fancy a change of scenery we may be hopping on a cheap flight for some drunken shenanigans in a different city.

And of course there will be all of your old favourites: Beer & Skittles; Playzone; Three-Legged Pub Crawl; Pub Golf; Extreme Ball; Fireworks Party; Pink Party

Lots of Love Helen and Helen xxx

Thank you and goodbye!

PLEASE NOTE: -

**CARDS THAT DO NOT SWIPE,
CHEQUES WITHOUT A BANKERS
CARD AND SOME NOTES/COINS ARE
NOT ACCEPTABLE MEANS OF
PAYMENT. PLEASE CHECK IF IN
DOUBT.**

**WE APOLOGISE FOR ANY DELAY IN
AUTHORISING YOUR PUMP; ALL
REGISTRATIONS ARE
AUTOMATICALLY BEING
RECORDED.**

**ALL LOSSES REMAIN AT THIS SITE
SO WOULD THIEVES PLEASE TAKE
THEIR CUSTOM ELSEWHERE!**

**THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT.
UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN, PLEASE
DO NOT DRIVE FASTER THAN YOUR
GUARDIAN ANGEL CAN FLY!**