

SOUTHAMPTON UNI CANOE CLUB

# MOUTHRULES!



THE BOAT PARTY SPECIAL EDITION

SATURDAY 12<sup>TH</sup> MAY 2007

# HELLO EVERYBODY!

How lovely it is to see you all again! Congratulations for making it past the front cover and braving the contents of yet another shenanigan-packed, special edition of your favourite magazine - Mouthfuls!

I would like to say a big thank you to the following people for their comedy contributions!

Tim 'Rock Out' Roch • Village • Monkey • Squelcher • Tripper • The anonymous 'Dump Marry Shag' Team • 'Give me' Morley • Mr. Harvey • Tim Catalyst de Party • Wilko • Dr. Matt • Cat • Charli • Crutwell • and of course...the dreaded facebook!

I hope you have a great evening!!  
bethalina xx



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# The Tale of Braunton Fort

## and some surfing at WOOLACOMBE

### Friday

Everyone arrived at the boathard as excited as a class of primary school kids (especially me, who couldn't stand still, or stop going on and on and on...). It was just as well really since we were staying in a primary school! The van was almost packed with a surprisingly minimal amount of faff, when suddenly it became clear that Tripper wanted to fit his creeker in.... After the van was unpacked and repacked, we were on our way with cheesy songs galore! The van reported some problem about minimal fuel, although the details were sketchy due to the loud laughter of Laurent's travelling partners.

We arrived about 10pm, and threw the kit into the hall and moved to the pub. Many olds were there and after a few drinks we moved back to the school and the fun and games commenced.

The gym equipment was quickly brought out and many acrobatic stunts ensued. Thanks to a few onto crash mats every way possible, whilst I was trying my best to perform all requests, no matter how smaller hula George insisted I jump through!



The non-gymnasts of the club began to entertain themselves hurling projectiles across the room, with a fat ally heavy toy being quietly confiscated. After this barrage had ended, some crazy version of cricket commenced with everyone in a big circle around the "batsman", who could only move their feet once per bowl, and use a tennis racket as a bat.



Once this was over and Squelcher and I had completed our game of catch inside the gymnastic horse, a game of ring of fire was started with an intriguing new "pairs" rule. Rossall and Morley were quite the dynamic duo, providing loads of entertainment for everyone. Rich seemed to get every delegated digit, and Rossall seemed to incur every penalty possible including a classic game of sevens, and when spilling a can, trying to subtly put it back, only upside down.

# The Tale of Braunton Fort

and some surfing at WOOLACOMBE

Once another player had gone to the loo and Morley jumped into their seat, it was decided that the pairs were only the seats. At which point the game progressed into a game of "Avoid being paired with Rossall" with anyone going to the loo returning with heckles of penalties incurred by their new partner... After Louise had to down half the king pint, she immediately dashed to the loo. Everyone then began to retire, looking forward to a surfing adventure tomorrow.

## saturday

We all woke up to a lovely school dinner style breakfast, bacon, eggs and as many beans as you could eat, and I then joined Thom Harvey's expedition to find the ideal surfing location. We selected Croyde Bay, specifically the end near a car park to avoid tedious walking!



There were a few swims, and Tim CDP showed off his fancy shoe-looking surf boat. Many people attempted to surf in the duo, with me and George nearly obliterating Laurent whilst body boarding by bongo-sliding into him, who dove underneath us at the last minute. We also wiped poor Laura out, by surfing right into her... I think more practise at control is required... We all went back to the shore, got changed and sat on the grass watching George surf until the last possible second.

After a full days surfing we retreated back to the school hall and Dr Nick kept everyone entertained with many games, including an exciting variation of "Heads, Shoulders, Knees and Toes" or in our case "Clap, Spin, Jump and Cheese" (Or whatever the actions were!)



# The Tale of Braunton Fort

and some surfing at Woolacombe

After a fantastic lasagne dinner, everyone but Tolga, a select few others and I went to the pub to find the olds, with us deciding alcohol is cheaper by the can!

After a couple of cans, the many tables and the parachute found on Friday were converted into a drinking tent. Whilst the few non-pub goers rested inside, I continued until the monstrosity occupied about half the hall, with enough room for 17 seats, a fancy entrance and an emergency exit! At this point we gave it the title 'Braunton Fort'.



As people slowly returned from the pub, drinking games resumed organised again by Dr Nick. Once enough people had arrived for a repetition of ring of fire, we moved the group into the makeshift fort, but shortly after the game began the olds arrived and started to lay siege with basketballs. A select few remained and attempted to hold the fort, to no avail, and it was eventually abandoned for an external game of ring of fire. The pairs rule was continued, and players slowly retired to bed, leaving only the dedicated players. This game included consuming various concoctions produced by the "cooks" including a rather interesting cake from Helen Wilkins, and Danny's rather gallant attempt at making candy floss. Teabag eating was then introduced which caused Tom Bryan and Alan Vines to throw up violently in the sink.

## Sunday

The following day everyone was beginning to feel a bit worse for wear and so after packing up and giving the hut a quick clean we went to Woolacombe so people could enjoy the shopping alternatives. This included the purchase of Cornish pasties; cream teas; beer; fudge; flip flops with bottle openers in the soles; a surfboard and a mini-spitfire sized kite.

We trekked home and most people including myself slept a good portion of the way, and the unpacking was relatively faff free. A fantastic weekend was had by all, even though everyone was far too knackered to be cheerful about it!

by 'Rock out' Roch

### THE RHOSSILIAN COLLECTION

One cold night, at a beach far, far away,  
the legend that is Dr. Matt serenaded  
a select group of people around a fire...

Here are a collection of his most celebrated works,  
carefully preserved for your enjoyment.

#### I Used to Work in Chicago

*A delightful refrain involving group singing.*

I used to work in Chicago  
in a department store.  
I used to work in Chicago  
But I don't work there any more.

A woman came into the store one day,  
Asking for a ...

**CENSORED**

#### The Yogi Bear Song

*A song describing the lives of that lovable Hanna Barbera creation Yogi Bear and his friends Boo -Boo and Suzie.*

I know a bear that you all know,  
Yogi,  
Yogi,  
I know a bear that you all know,  
Yogi, Yogi Bear.

Yogi's

**CENSORED**

#### The Birth Control Song

*A delightful re-working of the Lennon and McCartney classic, Yesterday.*

Birth control, how I long for Birth Control,  
All I did was

**CENSORED**

What better to do on a free Thursday during exams than to run a day trip to the Dart?

Requirements:

- A uni minibus limited to 60
- A car
- Lots and lots of straps
- Playboats NOT creekers
- A unhealthily early start

After a Maccy D's stop to settle the Jesters stomach, we got to Newbridge and agreed that there was "Loads of Water!" (slightly optimistic). Luckily it wasn't too low, and the paddle to RDCP went without a hitch. Sightings included freshers loving the seal launch, Thom's comedy flop off Holne Bridge, and Stubbles grinning like a Cheshire cat down Triple 3.

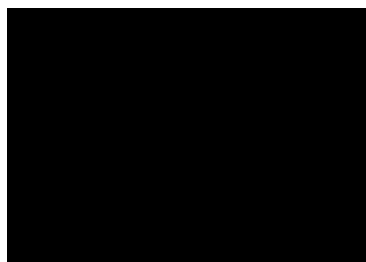
All boats and kit made their way up to the bus, where they were returned back to the river to continue on the mighty Lower Dart. Everyone was very nervous about the club's first descent, many of the leaders never having run continuous grade 1. Luckily Polo Nick had run it a few years back, and assured us there was nothing to worry about, informing us that he would meet us at the get out "It's by a bridge".

The lower proved to be a Dart horse (pun) and it was agreed in should be run on future trips. Not too dissimilar to the Loop, however a massive horizon line pulled everyone. It turned out to be a tall but shallow-sloped weir with exiting steps on the left designed to put the wind up dozy paddlers.

A quick change, and we were back in time for the pool session! Thanks, Tim!

- Village!

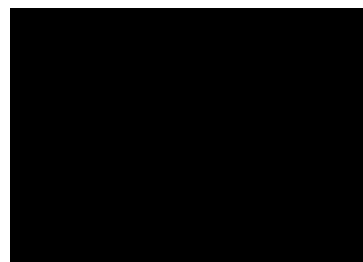
## The Hurley Night Run!



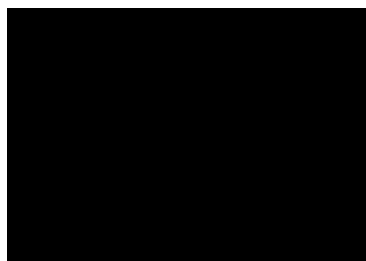
**Danny pulling  
a triple front loop**

Nothing was out of the ordinary that Friday evening, as Tom, Tim and I sat eating Ginger Nuts and Jaffa Cakes. Danny arrived about 5pm to drop my paddling kit off from the last Hurley trip. Motorbikes and Guns were the topic of discussion for the next hour, as well as joking about going to Hurley. Eventually the random idea of going paddling that evening seemed viable, despite being 7pm and over an hours drive away. The car was packed and boats were picked up. It was at this point someone pointed out we had forgotten to eat. A "Quick Trip" to McDonalds Drive Thru (Student

specials were negotiated) followed by instant winning even more food, which instant won even more. At this point it was almost dark and we were in Southampton still. No worries! A typical drive and we were greeted by not many paddlers at the Hurley car park, who had just finished their run. It was knocking on 10.30pm. On the water and over to the weir. To our surprise there were two other paddlers, who were slightly more shocked by the fact that we were just getting on! A perfect clear sky and  $\frac{3}{4}$  moon gave surprisingly good vision of the two gates. Two hours of awesome fun followed, with the wave to ourselves. Notable occurrences were Tim getting gracefully swallowed by an almost invisible eddy line, and Tim standing on the counterweight to one of the side-gates, opening it and washing my boat and all the paddles off the ledge – and also making me cr\*p myself as I was caught in a spontaneous mini-flood. Eventually, when everyone was hurting and knackered, we headed back with feeling of accomplishment and awesomeness. Better than Jesters any day!



**George performing a blunt  
into cartwheel into triple**



**Tom getting a pasting**

Lessons learnt from the trip:

- 1) Hurley is awesome fun at night.
- 2) Don't stand on the counterweights of the gates.

- Village!



It was one of the most hotly anticipated events in the SUCC calendar: purple pyrotechnics purchased; slogans stencilled on shirts and teams trained tirelessly...

## National Student Rodeo: GO BIG OR GO HOME!

But could the previous 4<sup>th</sup> position be bettered?

The weekend started well with everyone arriving at the campsite in good time and spirits. The attire for the first evening was T-shirts with the slogan "If at first you don't SUCCEED...bring more people and a louder megaphone". Both of which had been done. The club was second only in size to Leeds (who organise the event) and started the weekend in possession of three megaphones. The evening's entertainment took place in a large tent, which was remarkably similar to the one seen at the Teifi tour, with many beer funnels being undertaken. Midnight saw us enter a new era, Ripper turned into a real man (21)! A small collection of change was gathered and a pint purchased, I seem to recall it was 90% vodka, 10% coke and it was seen off in one go. Man up!

Saturday morning started too prematurely for most with Beth waking up to Tim vomiting 90% vodka and 10% coke and Sheffield waking up to Jo vomiting in the middle of their camp. Heats took place from 7 in the morning and continued well into darkness. Notable mentions go to Morley who ripped up the looping pool in club kit and an Inazone, Laurent for nose-diving his way into the intermediates, and Vian for swimming!



**Laurent goes for the loop!**

Results from the heats gave us representation in every final with Belcher in the women's novice, Beth in the women's expert, Simon Bottoms and Nick Thomas in the men's intermediate and (most humorously) Chris Vian in the men's novice. Southampton were taking over NSR!



The evening's theme was Rodeo with people sporting inflatable horses and leather boots. However, as we are mavericks we made our own theme: Cards. Again everyone was issued with a T-shirt that had been lovingly hand painted as a playing card. Paddling porn was watched avidly by much of the club while others chose to skip. Unfortunately Chav Mike took it upon himself to completely de-robe and skip in the nude. Thom and Nick went on an evening training run, which resulted in nothing but Mr Harvey falling over and rolling around in a puddle of his own urine from earlier in the night!



**Jokers, Aces and a 5 of Clubs!**



**Nicola, Fran and Charli lovin' it!**

Sunday ushered in the manic duo heats. Stave and I ruined our competition before failing to roll at the end of the course. Cat and Mikey got into the next round but somehow managed to loose the Duo to the gnarly grade 1 of the Trent...luckily it was retrieved by 2 green men/ cacti from Sheffield. But the duo was the time Nick and Thom had been waiting for- would all those tireless hours of training and team bonding on the golf course pay off??? No.



**Steveo and Nick, arm in arm!**



**George enjoying the duo a little too much!**

Hurfo competed in the open and did well gaining a 3<sup>rd</sup> place, even though his girlfriend was judging! In the student finals Nick (who apparently is a keen Morris dancer, part of a Bon-Jovi tribute band and collects dwarf porn) and Simon pulled some awesome moves with some great pop-outs and placed 4<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> respectively. *"You may think he looks no good now but give that man a Polo Ball and he's pretty average."* Beth showed her loop-love for the top wave and came 8<sup>th</sup>. However the novice finals proved to be our speciality... Vian surfed the twin wave like a pro with some great shudder rudders, cross deck grabs and pop-outs without a swim in sight.



His skills earned him a 2<sup>nd</sup> place position with one of his prizes being a free coaching session! Not bad for a young man who has only been paddling 7 months!



**Mr Vian with his winnings!**



**Squelcher...where are you?!**

Belcher started well with some practiced paddling moves and amazing pop outs, but the competition was stiff... something else was required. Mr Harvey had been waiting for this moment for some time. Two flares were duct taped to the back of Belcher's boat and during surfing smoked out the entire area. The competition tried their hardest to beat this but the addition of a flare to Anna's helmet sealed it for the judges. Anna won the event and a collection of some awesome prizes.

Overall the Club came ... 3<sup>rd</sup>! Get in! Well done to everyone and thanks to all who paddled, cheered, painted, drove, pitched or organised. Hope you enjoyed the free socks!

by Tim Catalyst de Party

## **Bring on the National Student Rodeo 2008!!**





# Dump? Marry? Shag?

A little game. The rules are simple. Pick 3 people. Then choose: Which one would you dump, which one would you marry, and which one would you shag? The ideal result is to be married. No one wants to be dumped. Being worthy of a shag is reasonable.

**Disclaimer:** All names and comments below are fictional. They have been made up at random. They in no way represent any real people, certainly not members of SUCC. Therefore, if by coincidence a name appears that matches your own, don't blame 'us'!

Dump	Marry	Shag	Comment
Robyn	Cat	Imogen	Because Robyn only gave Rich 4/10.
Stubbles	Tinsley	Kirsten	We just couldn't compete with Neil.
Gibbon	Jimmy	Sleepy	We'd have Gibbon on the side.
Joel	Martin	Goose	We speak from experience so by process of elimination, Martin must be better.
Darren	Hugh	Hurfo	It came down to boating skills.
Laura	Jenny	Rossall	We didn't want to go were George had been.
Rossall	Wilkins	Laurent	A little bit of social sex goes a long way.
Tom Bryan	Stave	Sam Keyes	It's the small nipples that swung it.
Chav Mike	Morley	Laurent	Because Elly would rather marry Morley.
Tinsley	Robyn	Greenwood	This time it was the skinny dipping that swung it.
John Dyke	Dr Nick	Chav Mike	Because you wouldn't want to marry a chav, or break down on the way to the Dart.
Rossall	Squelcher	Sam Roe	Everyone likes a stripper.
Neil	Clive T Bear	Sick Boy	It's the fur that does it for me.
Dr Nick	Thom	Stu	Nick is too tall.
Squelcher	Jo Monkey	Ella	We love you Squelcher.
Tim CDP	Walby	Stave	Webbed toes? Hole in nose? We love Walby's smile.
Leyland	Ayden	Damage	Leyland is scary.
Eric	Rich Hill	Dickie	Eric is too skinny, Rich Hill is pure filth.
Anita	Charli	Nicola	Charli would be like a trophy wife.
Tom Wright	Fran	Sophie	Tom – You're no nurse.
Vian	Tony	Burton	Seems like Tony would be a bit kinky.
Roch	Steveo	George	Rock out with your cock out.
Steve Lamond	Roch	Bunton	Hard decision.
Emma Craig	Wilkins	Kate	Emma is scary.
Jack	Simon	Crotwell	The lesser of 3 evils.
Dr Matt	Andy Webb	Kev	Big foreheads turn me on.
Louise	Jackie G	Michelle	It was a tough decision, but in the end the blonde won.
Danny	Tripper	James	Danny is too short. Tripper has a bark hat.
Claire	Elly	Beth	Beth - more than just a good shag. Would also make a good wife.





Last trip of the year, and if I may say so, also my favourite! I was quite impressed with the minimal faff at the boat hard despite me not getting there till about an hour after I was supposed to due to some earlier complications. Once again Laura demonstrated her amazing packing skills and got everything in the van. Unfortunately, whilst she was occupied no-one had brought her stuff over to be packed and it was found left on the grass. Luckily Danny came to the rescue and we were on our way.

We had a very enjoyable (if rather squashed and slow) journey across to Wales. We were entertained with the amazing DJing skills of Roch, Jo and myself (much to the distress of Eric), and Jo and I learnt the dance to the Birdie song with much delight. And so we arrived at Hill End campsite, only to be confronted by a very enthusiastic man telling us about rip tides and how many times they'd had to call the coast guard in the last week, very comforting!

After everyone had found a place to park their roll mat we set about getting reacquainted rather loudly. People's clothes were painted with glow sticks and Tony tried to tell everyone about taxes. We were having a lovely time until the campsite owner came over to tell us we were being far too loud. I think his precise words were: "either do it quickly and quietly or do it on the beach". So a few of us decided to trek off down to the beach...error! Helen and I got bullied by Chris and Sick Boy and ended up covered in so much sand that I am still trying to get it out of my hair.







Saturday was the day the hole was dug! There was some very enthusiastic digging going on all day. Danny even tried to persuade some small children to come and help, but they ran away at the sight of a strange man brandishing a spade telling them to come into the hole, a very wise choice. A small contingent including myself decided we were bored of watching the digging so we went off on a mini excursion to a big rock pool. Lead by Robyn's friend Abi we headed off across the dunes to a little bay we had to clamber down some rocks to get into. After a little persuasion we all jumped into the rock pool, which was flippin'

cold. We then played "getting to know you, growing to love you" in the sea, and discovered it doesn't work too well with names instead of numbers. Thom became convinced that Luke's name was in fact Chris! When we got back from our little expedition we found a very impressive hole, and people STILL digging.

In the afternoon preparations for the fire began. Laura, Jack and Thom went off in the van to fetch the wood and some others went over to shotgun our usual dune. Unfortunately the campsite owners spied us trekking into the dunes carrying palettes and told us if we were going to have a fire then we should do it on the other side of the river or they would take the wood away from us! So off we went. Luckily it all worked out and we found a very suitable dune further along. We sang campfire songs like the Old Department Store, Bohemian Rhapsody, and the Yogi Bear song and Dr Matt tried to lead us in some rather less tasteful songs, needless to say we mostly ignored him. We settled ourselves down to be entertained by the fireworks genius of Aidan and Tony. There were a few hair-raising moments like Anna getting hit in the face with a stray firework but it was a very good show. The usual fire antics followed which mainly consisted of George and Roch trying to throw themselves into the fire and Thom trying to save the shed front he'd found. We were joined by some randomers from Bristol and a very drunken Jo amused us with a rather moving speech and then led them all in song.



Sunday wasn't quite as nice a Saturday, with rain clouds threatening and a chill breeze, but we didn't let that stop us. I took Norman the inflatable Dolphin out for a surf, ignoring comments from Mr Vian like "we'll be calling the coast guard out for that soon". I got a lot of funny looks from the other surfers but it was worth it, heehee! On returning to the campsite we set about our first attempt at cake making.

There were some disputes about the recipe for cornflake cake which ended up with far more honey in it than it should have. The second attempt was even worse. Having run out of chocolate we resorted to cocoa powder and the result was a sticky mess of cornflakes honey and the cocoa. Plans to cook the actual cake in the hot sand under a BBQ were abandoned when the heavens opened, so we all sought refuge in Canvas Clive.

Thom, Chris and a few others constructed a make-shift shelter for our BBQ's using a piece of tarpaulin stretched between the van and Canvas Clive so we cooked quite happily and dryly. Later on a few of us decided the van was the best place to be, despite messages in glow sticks from the tent calling us losers. We played what is fast becoming my favourite game "Dump, Marry, Shag,". Some decisions were easier than others (sorry Roch) and everyone had lots of fun (well I did anyway). This soon deteriorated thought into "Marry, Divorce, Murder" but I didn't like that version so much! It was when the game of "I Have Never" led to several revelations about Roch that no-one should have to hear that I left the van and retreated to Canvas Clive for some more civilised conversation.



On Monday morning I decided it was time for me to get in my boat, finally. I surfed for a while but soon gave up. We decided that body surfing was the way to go so we all headed out for some shenanigans in the sea. We built human pyramids to get knocked over by the waves, and leap frogged and spent a long time pushing each other over, and it was all good fun. Then it was back to the campsite to pack up and go home (sob). I managed to reacquire several of the things I'd lost throughout the year whilst standing in that field. Steveo found my hat that I lost at the Rodeo, and Thom found my glasses that I lost at the Christmas Dart in the depths of Milky Joe, so I was quite pleased. Comments from Mr Casalis like "people who lose their glasses are blind and stupid" were not appreciated!



The journey home went quite smoothly despite some rather disconcerting swerving of the bus whilst Jo, Steveo and I danced rather over-enthusiastically to the Birdie Song. A short stop at Leigh Delamere services where Eric and Tinsel made good use of the Marks and Spencers "Beach" and Roch almost got left behind when he skipped past Jo's favourite song in the playlist. Complaints of it not really being the best time for Christmas songs were ignored, and we listened to it twice instead. We managed to keep Jo awake by feeding her flapjacks and we all got back to the boat hard in one piece. Once back we were rewarded with Georges Birthday "Carbecake" but I think that deserves a report all of its own...



# *The Story of George's very special Cake*

**Aim:** To please George on his birthday.

## **Predictions:**

Knowing that George “doesn’t believe in presents” made this little challenge somewhat more difficult, but based on the success of Stave’s post BUSA turbocake it was decided that George might like a cake, and since George is a very special boy we would have to develop a very special cake, a very special cake indeed. Although not ‘survival experts’, we were fairly confident that the discovery channel is full of people making a sort of oven out of sand and were pretty convinced that we would be able to locate some sand considering our current location. There was always the back up plan of some sort of ‘barbecue’ which we were hopeful would produce a fine product. In consulting with the scouting oracle that is Chris Vian my ideas were quickly poo-pooed and new plan was hatched. All it required was a bit of imagination, dedication and a trusty biscuit tin.

## **Ingredients:**

Flour  
Sugar  
Eggs  
Cocoa  
Butter  
Icing Sugar

## **Equipment:**

MK3 Golf Estate (Diesel)  
Disposable Cake Tray  
Kitchen Foil  
Mixing Jug (With Measuring features)  
Wooden Spoon  
String (‘you never know when you might need it’)  
A very very nice man from the AA  
50 Miles of good quality highway

## **Tools:**

George Mortimer

**Team Leader:** N/A

**Technicians:** Tim Casalis, Sam ‘Mrs Beaton’ Roe, Tom Walby, Richard John Morley, Anna Belcher, Robyn Tuerena, Robyn’s friend Abi who’s got bees and Thom ‘I’ve got a good feeling about this’ Harvey

## **Method:**

Plan A—Sand oven—after making a delicious although heavily criticised cornflake cake at the campsite, the team felt limber enough to tackle the cake, but as quick as George could say something stupid, it was raining and all was wet. Unfortunately we had to commit our resources to repairing tents and finding somewhere to barbecue—(yet more of my ideas were poo-pooed) and Wilkins and Rossall failed to provide any flour. You’d think one of them would have realised it was a fairly key ingredient in a cake!

Plan B—After a good bank holiday Monday in the sea we set off home, with Team A (Thom, Anna, Robyn and Abi who’s got bees) bumping into Team F (Thim C, Thom W, Sham and Rhich M) and becoming profoundly aware that three quarters of George’s birthday had elapsed and nothing had been created. We would have to cook something in engine bay, but the eggs were in the van and it was by all accounts (except Thom’s) a pretty stupid idea.

Plan C— Team F suggested that we could just buy 22 things from the services and put candles in them. This would provide George with his own personal buffet, an appealing prospect I think you’ll agree, but motorway services proved to be prohibitively expensive.



Plan B(ii)— A brief look under the bonnet of Milky Joe revealed that whilst there was a lot of space where the turbo should be, nothing really seemed warm enough for home economics, after a quick brainstorm revealing the parts of my car that I burnt myself on, we settled for the back box of the exhaust. At this point, everyone went to pee.



Feeling refreshed and light of bladder, we set about sourcing eggs. The request was met with some confusion by the man in the restaurant, but once we had passed the rigorous security interview ('you're not going to throw these at someone are you?') he apologised for the price (99p each!), produced two from under the counter and took us to the check out. At this point the man, Mike, had a crisis of confidence and as we left offered us an additional egg for free, 'in case you drop one'. We returned to Milky Joe, now very paranoid about dropping the expensive eggs.

At this point we discovered a perplexed Tim, pondering how exactly it would be possible to attach cake mix (a naturally soggy thing) to an exhaust in such a way that it would withstand 85mph of motorway movement.

This was not a job for string (for the nay-sayers were sure the string would 'burn'). Wire would be required, and after briefly considering sacrificing some of my in car electrics, we saw a sign.



So Robyn and Abi just aasked and after feeding the very very nice man their devilishly clever cover story they returned with plenty of wire. Rather too much for their cover story in fact!

The mixing and preparation was carried out under the supervision of fairycakegodmother Sam to an extremely high standard. It was then sealed, wrapped in tin foil. Tim was ably supported by the rest of the team who managed to avoid being run over by those rude people attempting to use the car park for reasons other than cake baking! Next a cake-o-foil was created to make the whole affair a touch more aerodynamic and suited to the sports car that is Milky Joe. Unfortunately it was made from tin foil (if only it had been made from that non-burnable string Thom praised so highly), so fell of onto the M4 almost immediately. Team A set off with support from Team F who maintained eyeball with the cake for the duration of the journey down the M4, A34 and M3. The journey went well, although Robyn occasionally burst out laughing as we drove along. A quick inspection at the boathard revealed that progress was good although a top up on Mike's barbecue wouldn't go amiss to finish off the tricky underside. A 'quick' scrape of the black bits, the application of the icing (M27) and a match for a candle, it was presented to George, who seemed to like it, despite the slightly industrial taste (which was covered up by the delicious icing).

Future Plans: Frozen Kit Sorbet, Bus Wellington (see [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Beef\\_Wellington](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Beef_Wellington) if confused), and Minted Van Burgers.



# BIGGLES

## *PIONEER AIR FIGHTER*

Capt G. MORTIMER



# an easy mistake to make

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**Life is complicated**, and sometimes it's easy to make mistakes...

Mr Richard Morley once confessed that he gets quite confused by the well known brands indicated on the right.

This has, of course, has lead to some particularly odd situations...



**Fig. 1 - Helping out with the Decorating**



**Fig. 2 – Attempting to Satisfy the Ladies**



...an easy mistake to make.

# NORTH WALES TRIP REPORT

Uni's not even started after Christmas and we're already off on another trip – good work SUCC! I was in the Georgemobile and after a wrong turn or two, we made it to Betwys, found the wrong Cotswolds shop, found the right Cotswolds shop, then finally found the pub next to it!

With the entire North Wales team together, a quick pint was had then it was off to find the Hut On The Hill. No roads lead to this place...only a steep, dark, rocky path. Beer crates were lugged up the hill, along with a few personal items and then the excitement set in. Everyone lent a hand unlocking the clues required to turn the water on, light the gas lights and start the fire. Certainly the most exciting hut of any trip! It would have been rude to lug the beer up there without drinking it, so we did, while discussing what rivers should be paddled over the weekend. I don't think James (in Southampton) was too impressed when Danny phoned him up at 2am to ask him to check the internet weather forecast!

Saturday's fun included a trip down the Middle Conwy, a couple of portages, an all-too-short good bit, then a get out above the infamous Conwy Falls. Because one river in a day is never enough, we then headed over to the Aberglaslyn Gorge for one of the best sections in the country. Two runs, three runs, four runs...the fun never stops! I don't think I've ever seen George so excited and that's saying something! Stave didn't find the river challenging enough in his boat and decided to swim a few rapids, while Beth must have had an argument with the Diesel or something – she certainly fell out with it.

The evening allowed for some more pub time then some excellent dinner back up in the hut, warming ourselves by the fire, listening happily to the rain falling outside.

On Sunday we drove over to the Ogwen and after some inspection decided to run the lower section first, then the upper...confusing, but it made sense at the time. We got changed in a lane not really designed for 4 cars and got on the river in an eddy not designed for 12 people, but had an excellent blast down this section. The upper section then beckoned, with a few people running the super fast entry rapids and a few more running the following part. Danny, Morley, Chris and I then did a blast of the gorge – superb!

Finally, cars were loaded and people changed and we set off back down south, although without Danny who was so keen he decided to stay for another day! But the best was yet to come...

George had been attempting to hone his BMW-driver skills with some overtaking, but hadn't quite mastered the commitment part. Finally, he decided to go for it:

Beth: "Ooh, ooh, aah, eerrrr!"

Tim: "No, no!"

Followed by George pulling out, straight into a rather large pick-up truck.

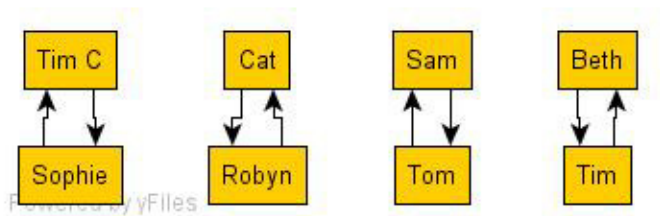
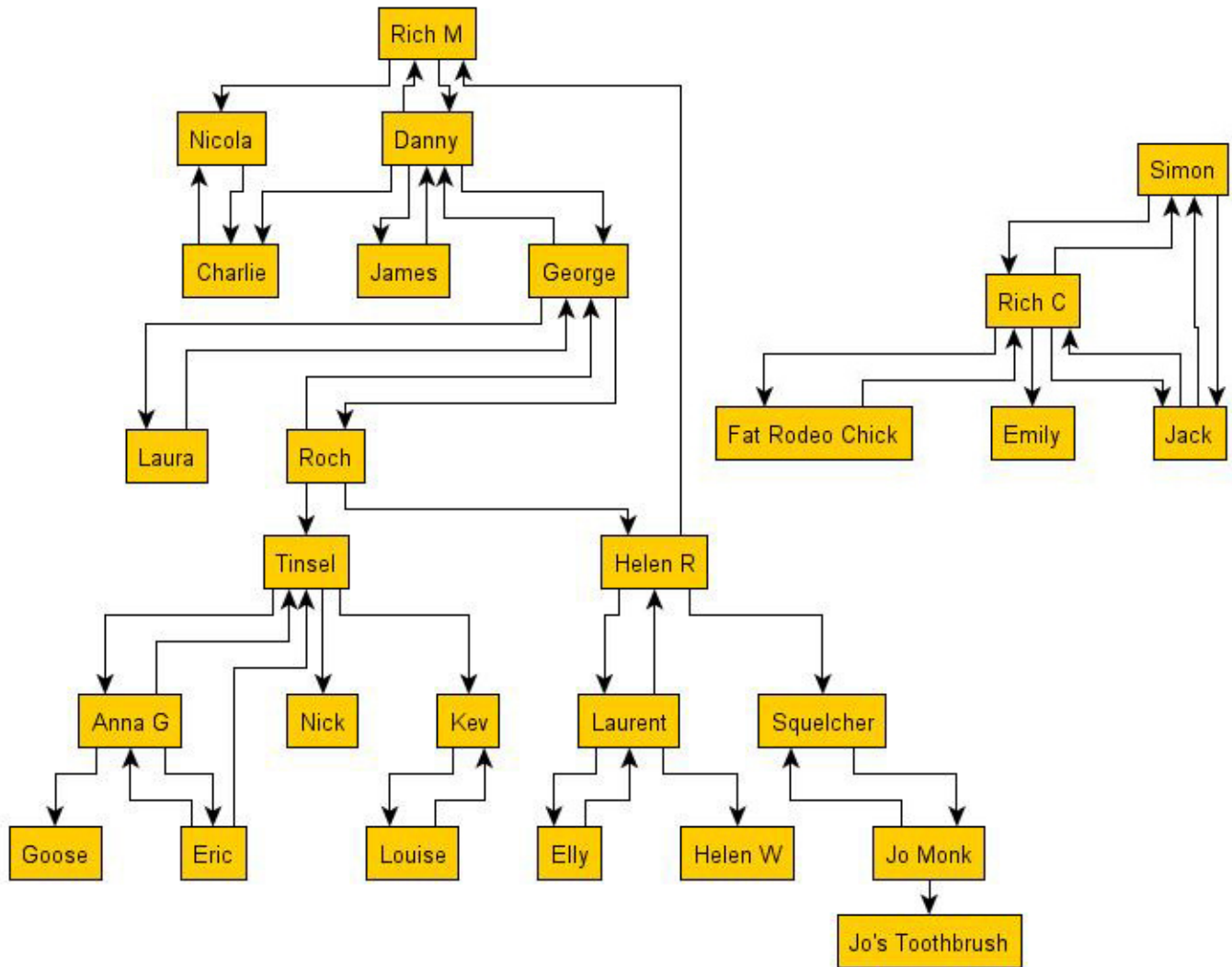
Later inspection revealed that the Beemer had lost a wing mirror and had a tiny dent, while the other chap appeared to have lost a lot of his excessive body trim...we were only doing him a favour really! The rest of the journey passed with a bit less excitement and we finally arrived back in Southampton refreshed and ready for a new term!

Tim Ripper



# THE SHARKING TABLE v1.3

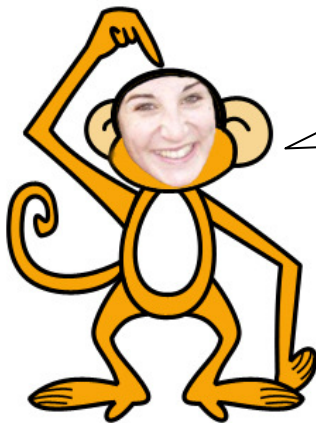
## ECS stylee!





# A Weekend at the Dart

---



By Monkey  
and Squelcher.

NO!  
Squelcher  
and Monkey!



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## FRIDAY!

As Jenny looked in dismay at the 3 of us being picked up from Glen, we grinned insanely! Somehow it seemed we couldn't quite comfortably fit all our stuff (*possibly because some of us had a little excess baggage - no names mentioned...ahem...cough\*\*Jo...cough\*\**) into the car. At this point the packing argument between myself and Squelch had reached a point where I was stressed enough to put on 2 hats and refuse to talk to her without using the word 'moron'. Having made it to the boat hard we spilled out of Jenny's luxurious automobile and loaded up for the journey ahead.

*Having shot gunned the fastest vehicle known to man, I set off (after firmly putting on my seatbelt) for an epic journey to the Dart - I was willing to lose a few limbs to get there faster! And I shot gunned the anti-tardis that is Mr Harvey's 5-boat-carrying-extreme-monster. Walkie-talkies in hand we set off heading straight for the Chinese. It seems the walkie-talkie idea was a perfect way to continue the banter between cars. The plan was going well, we sped ahead making it to the Chinese with all limbs intact!! I consumed the best jumbo sausage (battered of course) known to man and the somewhat 'phallic comments' had us politely requested to eat outside like the dogs we are... we obliged. We continued on, pas-de-problem and arrived safely at the DART (yes, I said DART hut)... but where was Speedy Mcspeedy? ...well Speedy Mcspeedy was indeed Speedy Mcspeedy but unfortunately it seems the tactic of driving to a place you've heard of is not the best of ideas. So we headed triumphantly to Bampton thinking there was no way anyone could catch us now! Hmm Kingsteignton, you'd think a place like that would be on the map - no where to be found - I was rather surprised seeing as my hamlet St.Donats had made the cut - hmm I guessed it was just special. The absence of Kingsteignton on the map was beginning to cause a bit of concern - ah yes the walkie-talkies would have been a great idea at this point, unfortunately Mr Thom Harvey's amazing technology seemed to lack battery power, therefore he is responsible for all driving errors made by team speedy. Cruising through Bampton we're all feeling a little excited that we recognise places - we must be nearly there -time to wake up Jenny and get the map out of Helen Wilkin's clutches! "There's the pub - wait...that's the pub for the Barle!! Shit we're in Bampton!" Cries Laurent in a rather squeaky high pitched voice!! Right on cue comes a phone call from Laura- how handy! Yup it was confirmed Bampton was definitely not the place to be!! After a little touring of the country with the map safely back in the hands of the only non-blonde in the car we made it to the right hut!! But damn it we were the first one's to the Barle hut!!*

Eventually, we ALL came back to the hut after some pint-age. A rather miraculous discovery was made. A mysterious, glittery pink tube. Found next to cement and chalk- but what could it be!? Only two ways to find out. Cat...obviously having missed any childhood experience of eating things she wasn't meant to... ate it. And our beloved captain Tim wrote 'TIM' on his face... *obviously out of politeness to those who had forgotten.*

# S A T U R D A Y !

The early rising olds set off for adventures new and exciting... then they decided to do the Upper Dart. We met them all at the Loop get in with one of their party looking slightly more moist than the rest. No it wasn't Dr Matt (who we thought would be too tired to paddle after his exciting night of drilling) *Bastard*. But, Mr Vian who it seems has no problems rolling a mini bus but can't roll a kayak. *The joys of the loop began - unfortunately my line seemed to be blocked by a humungous tanker captained by Mr Harvey*. Overall a fantastic day on the water, everyone did really well and levels were lovely. We continued on down the Lower Dart- chasing 'Dartmoor chickens' down the whole way and happily sliding down the 'DEATH WEIR' - *it went something like this...(approaching the horizon line) oh dear...oh no what's this...shit... I'm gonna die...(on reaching the edge of the weir) oh... that's rubbish -so much for the 'Death' Weir!* After 6 swims in my group I was beginning to crave the sweet sweet taste of swim beer - *alcoholic!* However it would appear that Sheffield are a little stricter on their swim beer regulations than Southampton... we ended up going thirsty! :- ( *Only fair when you're the one pushing them in!!* That line was fine last time I swear...

Off to the pub for some much needed Wales vs. Scotland rugby action - what a game eh Squelch? *No comment - it's all about lulling them into a false sense of security!!* We returned back to the hut for a marathon of peeling and the best club food ever- bangers and mash. Wonderful. Happy and full there was only one place to go- the pub. *After some throwing of twine ball fun - those mumblings of paddling the Dart at night were finally voiced by a drunken Danny*. So we set off... put on damp kit - *morons*, piled into Mr Harvey's car and gave clear instructions that he was to call the emergency services if we hadn't arrived at Holne bridge in 90mins. He gave us clear promises that he would be nowhere to be seen at the first hint that he was parked in a 'dogging spot'. But after all the excitement, the river had risen enough to give us doubts and we reluctantly decided that it would be more foolish than usual to get on... we returned home. Thom looked the most disappointed! *While this excellent demonstration of canoe club faff continued the pub crew had managed to form a karaoke team of old and new ready to mutilate 'Stand By Me' in ways you'd never think were possible! We did however show excellent ad-libbing skills by singing words that for some reason did not appear on the screen!! After which we promptly decided to leave the establishment in fear that our fans might get a little too friendly...*

# S U N D A Y !

A few of us started off on Sunday morning nice and early to fit in an Upper Dart run - *wasn't quite so early by the time you left!!* George started his car using a spanner as some kind of electricity conducting device and although a little concerned for his health after passing a voltage through him, we continued. *What my friend Jo here fails to mention is that even though they were in such a rush, somehow they managed to find time to tie a particularly fetching cone onto the roof of Thom's car and to decorate the car park with an array of boats and straps - carnage!!* The Upper was at lovely medium levels, and our group made it down with no worries. I seemed to spend a disturbing amount of time upside down but I firmly believe there is no better way to enjoy a river. Ahem. But after waiting at the Loop get on for the other group, we became a little concerned for the other group. They eventually turned up, and again Mr Vian looked a little soggy. Having become used to this, the thing that suggested all may have not gone to plan was the severe limp he appeared to have arrived with. But hey, if you do insist on swimming the mad mile what can you expect?!? *After much reorganising of boats on roof racks we made it to the start of the loop to meet the Upper crew of drowned rats. Rain a plenty meant water to the max, who knew the Dart Loop could actually have water!!! A great paddle by everyone in the harder conditions and we all made it to the get out ready for some of those tasty ASDA Smart price sandwiches. Home time - now all we had to do was try and avoid Bampton!!*

Agreed - a fantastic paddle this afternoon. Everyone did really well, especially Anna G in my group, who I have never seen smile so much after running triple 3 with no worries at all, and even staying calm while we got a bit of a spin dry! A fantastic but exhausting weekend - home time!

Thanks Jen for a brilliant time - *yeah thanks, and a special thanks to your folder of fun!*

Anna & Jo x



THOM HARVEY  
DR NICK

# BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN

FROM THE ACADEMY AWARD WINNING DIRECTOR ANGUS MACKENZIE  
WITH COSTUME DESIGNER ANNE KATZ AND MUSIC BY JAMES NEWTON HOWARD  
HEATH LEDGER JAKE GYLLENHAAL  
"BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN" IS A FILM BY ANGUS MACKENZIE  
CASTING BY JANE ROBERTS  
EDITED BY JANE ROBERTS  
PRODUCTION DESIGNER JAMES NEWTON HOWARD  
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JAMES NEWTON HOWARD  
PRODUCED BY JAMES NEWTON HOWARD  
SCREENPLAY BY JAMES NEWTON HOWARD  
DIRECTED BY ANGUS MACKENZIE  
P. S. V. A  
CLASSIFIED

LOVE IS A FORCE OF NATURE



# Valentines Menu

## FOREPLAY

### The Sea Of Love

A steamy fusion of Stilton and Potato Soup caressed by fingertips of asparagus

### Lets Get It On

Button Mushrooms whipped with a wicked garlic & cheese sauce, then enslaved in a pastry prison

### You've Got Mail

Smooth and Sensuous Pate whipped into a frenzy by an onion marmalade spread naked and bare on hot, buttered toast

## BETWEEN THE SHEETS

### Love Story

Your dream date, finest fillet of beef, dressed to the nines with a rich port and rosemary jus. Floating upon a cloud of rosti potatoes

### Harry and Sally

A Salmon Princess, locked in a pastry tower guarded with a lemon parsley butter

### Casablanca

Pan-Fried chicken breast heaving below a naughty negligee of fresh basil and wild mushrooms, adorned by a necklace of Chardonnay cream pearls.

## THE CLIMAX

### Pretty Woman

A mouthwatering orgy of dark chocolate sponge caresses with a white chocolate dribble

## RUNAWAY BRIDE

A frisky crumble base, feathered with forest fruit mousse finished with ice cold cream

## KERMIT AND MISS PIGGY

A selection of three cheeses accompanied by butter, biscuits and red and white grapes

Followed by Coffee with Kisses

£19.95 per person

Please book early to avoid disappointment on 01590 622225

# DISARONNO





## University of Southampton Canoe Club

### Minutes of Annual General Meeting - 25 April 2007

#### Opening:

The regular meeting of the University of Southampton Canoe Club was called to order at about 6.15 on 25 April 2007 in building 45, which is the one near the flowers estate by Tim Catalyst de Party.

#### Present:

At the start of the meeting there were 33 people in the room. Apologies from Jenny Gales, Secretary. As a result of her absence minutes were taken by the bold Thom Harvey.

#### A. Approval of Agenda

The agenda would have been unanimously approved had it been distributed.

#### B. Approval of Minutes

The minutes of the previous meeting would have been unanimously approved if they were distributed.

#### C. Open Issues

The meeting was called to order to review the last year's performance and select a new committee upon who to bestow the great privilege of club stewardship.

1. Tim whistled. The air was still. At once everyone in the room was an individual yet together a club. Mouths grew dry in anticipation of his words, part fear, part excitement. The pause seemed to last an age, yet at the same time a second. It had started.
2. The outgoing president welcomed everyone fondly. A dashing and capable secretary was appointed.
3. Tom Wright presented a treasurers report that was as informative as it was long. In summary we have less money than we had last year, but we might get some more sooner or later. We have spent a Rio on new kit, but had more than 150% of that matched by the AU. A pie chart broke down the distribution of sex in the club, with 52% of the club being female and the remaining 48% male. This was accompanied by a rather abstract illustration of the female form.
4. The Social Review was presented in round robin format, but soon failed. The club was reminded of 'good times' and encourage to come to the Isle of Wight on Saturday. In summary 'Well, it was a good year'.
5. At this point Tom Walby left to take a phone call.
6. Someone mentioned the boat party and something about a raffle.
7. The presidential speech was somewhat hampered by the issue that nobody really knows who the president is. Richard Morley had a stab at it, but got as far as 'Well, it was a good year' before concluding. Tim Casalis made a more convincing attempt, pointing out we'd had a good start, lots of members and lots of kit. He enjoyed the bunfight. He thanked the committee, and thanked the club. It was a wonderful moment. Really.

#### D. New Business

1. CONTROVERSY! The idea of 'training officer' was put to the club by the president, who pointed out the increase in the size of the club and increased enthusiasm for training over the past two years meant a training officer would be a good idea. Concerns voiced by email by various members was raised, but support from Laura, who pointed out it had taken a great deal of her time and organisation skills to bring the wonderful spring training programme together. Mike Bunton noted a tangible change in the levels of enthusiasm for various training programmes. Dr Matt added that his experience of the training officer role within a club has resulted in entirely positive results. A vote was called, it was probably unanimous. A new position on the committee has been created. Bonza.
2. It was decided that the patch of land next to the boatshed will be converted into the 'Thom Harvey Memorial Rockery' to celebrate his skillz, prowess and personal ethos.

At this point 2 more people arrived and there was 36 people in the room.

# the new committee:

POSITION	STANDING	WHAT HAPPENED
President	Jo Monk, Laurent Wallis, Seconded by Thom and Laura respectively.	Laurent stood on a bizarrely sexist 'masculinist' campaign, Jo wanted to build on her current positive experiences, pointing out that earlier in the day she had attempted to drown Wilko. Jo was elected unanimously. 34-0
Treasurer	Laura, seconded by George.	Laura was elected unanimously.
Secretary	George M and Anna B, seconded by Laura and Jo respectively.	George's campaign speech was incomprehensible, but did include the phrase 'get someone else to do it' Anna's campaign speech was considerably more interesting and involved a Madonna style costume change. Her campaign was based around 'giving back' and secretary was the position in which she could 'do the least damage'. Anna was elected 33-1.
Vice President	Tim Ripper vs. Steve McCorquendale, seconded by Tom Walby and Beth Holden respectively.	Tim's campaign was largely based around his 'punctual' character, Steve was keen to give something back, neither really new what the VP did other than organise Scotland (the trip, not the parliament). Steve was elected to the position of vice president 26-8 ish.
Kit Secretary	Helen Rossall v Jack Lunnon and Simon Bottoms (henceforth referred to as 'Sack' or 'Sick')	In the most hotly contested position of the evening both Rozzle and Sack put forward convincing arguments, but Rozzle was hampered by her fear of spiders. There was some controversy about two people standing for one position which went on and on.... It was clarified that the position would only carry one vote on the committee. 20 votes Sack, 7 Rozzle, 4 Abstentions.
<i>(At this point Stu tried on Anna's discarded dress, but his hips don't lie and it didn't fit.)</i>		
Social Secretaries	Robyn and Kate Masterson v. Hannah Tinsley and Anna Greenwood. Seconded by Roch and Alan Vines respectively. Probably.	All put convincing arguments forward, with Hannannah producing a pre-prepared speech. George asked some totally weird questions. Hannannah were elected, (I can't remember how many by, I think I was on the phone).
Training Secretary	Standing: Ella Darlington, seconded by Tim C.	Ella described her previous experience, put forward ideas for pool sessions and whitewater safety courses. Ella was elected unanimously.
Web Monkey/ Communications Secretary	Thom Harvey and Tim Rochester. Seconded by Martin and Rossall.	It was announced that this role will now involve responsibility for updating the manual notice board. Web-sign up will be reintroduced. Neither candidates offered convincing arguments and regrettably Rochester was appointed...

## E. Agenda for Next Meeting

1. A discussion of how nice the rockery is looking.
2. Ways to stop Rochester sharking freshers.
3. Purchase of some gay flatwater boats.

## F. AOB

1. Don't forget first aid training, bring some food.
2. Don't forget to come to Rhossili.
3. Current committee were thanked, commended and praised for all their work (hard or otherwise) that has resulted in a wonderful year for the club and creating a generally charming state of affairs.

## Adjournment:

Meeting was adjourned at 7.45 by everyone. The next general meeting will be held in the future on ..... in a TBA.

Minutes submitted by: Thom Harvey.

Approved by: Everyone.



## ode to jesters

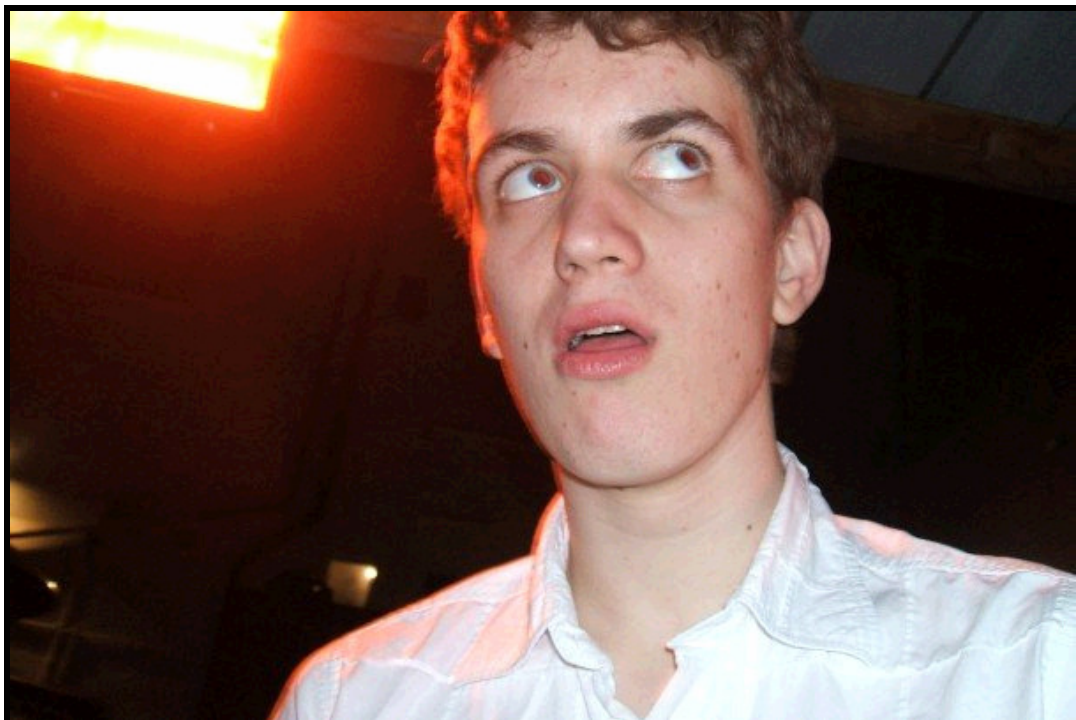
Last year every Wednesday in the Hobbit we'd be.  
I'd be sure that they'd all come to Jesters with me.  
But all of a sudden this is just not the clubs way,  
Alternative nights out seem the order of the day.

Now as SUCC stagger slowly past pubs  
We are on the lookout for new clubs,  
They all demand that we have some variation  
But I insist on Jesters for the location.

No matter the place the social ends up,  
Some members of SUCC will surely hook up.  
The Dungeon involved the most sharking of all,  
But Jesters is still my ideal drinking hole.

At the AGM social secs were warned of me,  
But after the meeting, in Jesters were we!

By Tim 'Rock Out' Roch





# National Student Rodeo 2007

(the abridged version!)



Once tents were set up we headed off to the marquee for a few beers, wearing our beautifully designed t-shirts designed by Helen Wilkins and team (thank you for all your hard work with them). As you can see hear being flaunted very well by Laurent. There was also a lot of funnel usage and some young men participated in stripping that night too...lets ask Mr Roch?

The first day of competitions everyone had a chance to show off some skill and be placed into heats. Everyone got in a boat, we had about 50 paddlers- Awesome!! A huge well done to those who made it into the next heat and the semi-finals.

That night we dressed up in t-shirts we made a complete set of cards. There was lots of drunken dancing, skipping, more pole dancing and much more... Obviously an early night was had by all for an early start for the finals the next day!

The next day was the finals and the duo competition. Cat and Mike got into the duo final- Wahooo! After nearly losing the clubs duo in previous heat, thank you for all those helpers in retrieving it!

The club came away in 3<sup>rd</sup> place overall, and Anna finished in 1<sup>st</sup> place in the women's novice final and Chris Vian 2<sup>nd</sup> place in the men's novice final.

**Well done everyone!!**

**By Cat!**





# WILL IT WHISK?

## THE OFFICIAL RULES



1. Select your whisk. It must be strong yet versatile and be able to probe deep places.
2. Select your location. A power supply is essential for best whisking results. A house full of unsuspecting housemates and plenty of cupboards full of all the main food groups, the mouldier the better, are ideal. Use your initiative... some places are excellent whisk playing-fields... i.e. places owned by other people!
3. Prepare your location- a 30-metre radius covering of plastic sheets should do the trick.
4. Drink plenty of beer/vodka/Caribbean twist... this will make the game twice as extreme and plenty more fun! Make sure other people have been sampling the drink as well for desired team playing.



**Ideal 'Will it Whisk?' Location**

Heavy Duty Whisk

A Steady Hand



Suitable Whisking Medium

Safety Device

5. Cram as many people as possible in one small kitchen for maximum spraying targets.
6. Select a 'whisk master'... usually the drunkest or oldest...sometimes both.
7. Start modestly- everyone knows liquids will whisk, but hey, prove it!
8. Build up to trying amazing things!  
Be brave - if in doubt, then whisk it.

**Warning:** Do not attempt to whisk entire loaves of bread wrapped in plastic - the centrifugal force will win. We suggest that if you get in this situation, deploy the safety device... let the wire wrap itself nicely around the whisk until it eventually rips itself out of the socket!!

Remember: **Safety comes first !!**

A successful game of 'Will it Whisk?' ends in the following results:

1. 'Boiled Sweets'  
a.k.a everything you can imagine whisked together in a tin of golden syrup.



2. Very sticky players  
(yes, it is that good!)

3. Absolute carnage, angry housemates and of course a rather deformed whisk!





# A final word from your social secretaries before we pass the torch...

I think we've had a pretty good year really. There's been lots of sharking, and lots of drunken misdemeanours (quite often involving people from Yeovil, ahem) so just what you want really. I hope you've all enjoyed yourselves as much as us. Thank you to everyone for all the support you've given us.

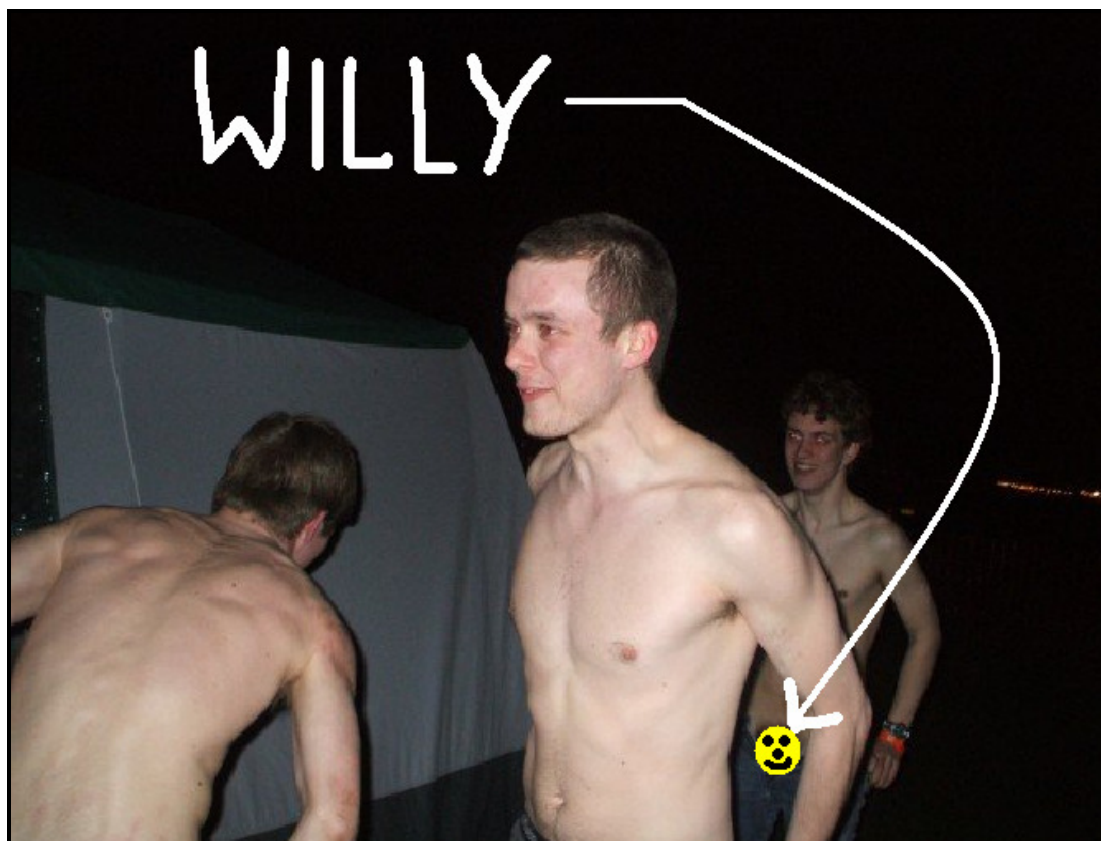
I'd like to say *Good Luck* to Anna and Tinsel; I know you're going to do a great job :-)

Just so you don't forget us, I thought I'd share my favourite pics with you.....





**ROCK OUT With YOUR COCK OUT!**  
**ROCK OUT With YOUR Crotch OUT!**  
**ROCK OUT With YOUR Crotch OUT!**



This photo contains 3 people. Tim Ripper, Rich Morley, and another who shall not be named to preserve his dignity. The 3 have something in common: They're all naked.

Now Tim and Rich have managed to do something the third person has not, that is to not have their 'bits' on display at the moment this photo was taken. Getting naked is fun. Having pictures of you naked on websites (such as Facebook) is not (unless you happen to be female, then it's ok). The willy has been blanked out due to popular demand (by a very small face), and to not turn Mouthfuls into a top shelf magazine. So to conclude, **feel free to rock out with you cock out, but put it away when the cameras come out!**

This short article is dedicated to the great '[Naked Ugandan Run](#)', first demonstrated by Ripper and Morley. Get out there and have a go!



**WHO  IS THAT  
SEXY MAN?**