

# Mouthfuls Summer 2008

## Also included inside:

Students invade school

Poems, including an Ode and some Scottish Rhymes

Classified Ads

Guitar legend supports canoeing

New Adult DVD advertisement

Report on worlds biggest freestyle kayaking event

Sharks Spotted!

A new take on a classic film

Reports from Dartmoor about local scout huts

A Love Story

Discount holidays

Canoe Club AGM invaded by local pensioners

BUSA Sports coverage

Tea time puzzles

## Old Woman Caught Plastered



Bethalina Holden (54), who can normally be seen in a shawl and perl necklace (see left) was caught pretending to be a student, incredibly drunk holding an appropriate sign (see right).

The morning after she was briefly interviewed:

“Hello Bethalina, how are you this morning?”

“Oh my goodness. I feel like I'm going to die.”

“Fair enough, I guess... Do you have anything to say to the other old folk you were out with last night, namely Timothy Casalis (56) and Thomas Walby (53)?”

“Is anyone else suffering from the dreaded liver quiver? sheesh kebab”

“OK. Have you learned any lessons from the large volume of alcohol you consumed last night?”

“You're never too old to get kicked out of a bar.”

Timothy Casalis and Thomas Walby were unavailable for comments.



This event is the latest in a series of childish behaviour from elderly members of the public.

We believe this was the act of a few people wishing to join the mischievous group that call themselves “SUCColds”.

Please keep an eye out for any old people suffering from the following symptoms:

- Excess faff
- Continuous reminiscing about “back in the day...”
- Long drawn out discussions about the way things are run
- Complaining about how much things cost

If you know of anyone suffering from these symptoms please try to keep them away from alcohol as “one quiet drink” can often escalate into events such as those last night.

Clive T Bear - Journalist



## Free Inside! Scotland Magazine!



# WELCOME!

Yes that's right, this year Mouthfuls is in glorious technicolour!

Hope you enjoy reading as much as I've enjoyed being completely distracted from my degree, it's been a rather manic couple of weeks!

My thanks go out to the old committee who were awesome despite me sulking in the occasional meeting!

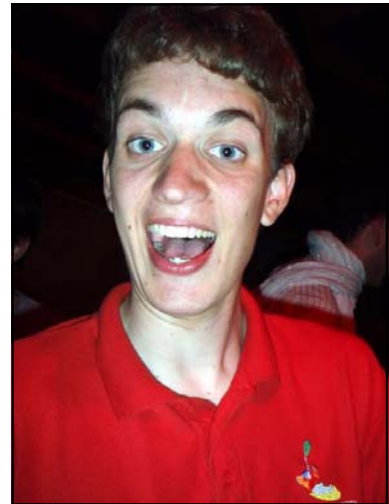
Also good work to the new committee who I'm sure will try to improve on our awesomeness!

Also to Mike Burton for organising the fantastic boat party which I'm sure you are all well on the way to enjoying, which is ironic because as I write this I have 3 deadlines in the next 24 hours and am sitting in a hot sweaty geek lab when it's hot and sunny outside! Make sure you seek me out and laugh at how drunk I am in celebration that this is no longer the case!

Enough waffle from me and my woes, get on and enjoy the glorious gossip rag that is Mouthfuls!!!

Cheers

Roch



# Woolacombe

In February we headed out for our first surf trip of the year, to Woolacombe. The advanced party, led by Mr Morley promised to carve up the waves in preparation for 2 more days of beachtastic fun! However, due to a diversion to a drinking establishment the waves were quickly forgotten...

Anyway, upon the arrival of the rest of the gang we were greeted with a typically bouncy Leah who swiftly divided us into teams and then the fun began! Rock climbing, hula hoops and basketballs culminated in the Roch vs. Chester challenge! Needless to say, with 3 more years experience at university, Roch's drinking prowess came to the fore with an overwhelming victory! Post challenge antics included missile wars, the SUCC



percussion band and of course, the hobby horse! Maybe drunken back flips aren't such a good idea?!

On Saturday the fun continued as we headed to the beach for our first day of kayak surfing. Most lasted for a couple of hours before relaxing in pools of water hoping that the distance between the sea and the van would get smaller. Unfortunately this wasn't the case and instead a trickle of SUCCers made their way back up the beach, dreaming of what the tea shop had in store for them! To the

delight of all, this included marshmallow hot chocolate, ice creams and chocolate pancakes, mmm... Following this, the biggest SUCC shopping spree of all time ensued (Possibly?), as the 70% SaltRock sale was found! All happy with our purchases we headed back on the minibus to the school for the night. That evening, the catering team led expertly by Squelcher cooked up a fine lasagne followed by colourful cakes! Meanwhile, the more sport minded yakers enjoyed England's victory over the French at the Stade de France! Other exciting happenings included an evening excursion to the beach for a spot of kite flying and boat building whilst others preferred to play some basketball or perfect their musical abilities.



Waking up to the smell of cooking on Sunday morning, everyone was ready for a second day kayaking. After the last mouthfuls of breakfast were swallowed we gathered ourselves and hit the beach! Well most of us... Anyway enough about the wimps who missed out on duo

rolling, big air moves and heroic rescues of rip-tide bound freshers! After a post-beach trip to the pub it was sadly time to leave Woolacombe behind us for another year. Personally I found this trip to be one of my best memories of my first year at uni and can't wait to get back there again next year!

Chris Stevens

## And ODE to Tim Rochester

At first I said look but don't touch,  
I locked my longing in a cage, like a rabbit in a hutch,  
But now I know, it's you I want, oh so much,  
Oh Tim oh Tim oh Tim

You tried to tell me that you didn't enjoy polo,  
I hope you lied as I can't bear the thought of going solo,  
You just melt my heart, like heat on a rolo,  
Oh Tim oh Tim oh Tim

With every breath you take my knees shake  
I will be your Feng shui garden if you will be my rake  
Please just hold me close and stop this heart ache  
Oh Tim oh Tim oh Tim

If you bring the Roch,  
I'll bring the Crotch,  
On your bed, I'd love to be a notch  
Oh Tim oh Tim oh Tim

With each day, my love for you festers,  
I do not want to be a man that just pesters,  
So let's get drunk and we'll pull in Jesters  
Oh Tim oh Tim oh Tim

Oh Tim, I hear you've had a threesome in your day,  
And definitely not in a good way,  
"Even if you were a man I would be gay"<sup>1</sup>  
Oh Tim, Oh Tim, Oh Tim

I just love the way you get drunk and become a complete state  
You show such chivalry running away leaving poor girls to fight riverside fate  
If we were together you wouldn't need to mast.....  
Oh Tim Oh Tim Oh Tim

I know you like to speak about Pentiums and AMD Athlon  
But when you mention RAM it just turns me on.  
Be with me and can put your Bytes and your Bits where you like son  
Oh Tim oh Tim oh Tim

To me, you are a leader and I will be your apostle,  
Though I fear you think me just an old fossil,  
Deep down we all know you are in love with a certain Miss.....  
Oh Tim Oh Tim Oh Tim  
ANON

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<sup>1</sup> T Harvey (2006) The boat ball to random girl. Mouthfuls Christmas Party  
Special Edition Friday 1st December 2006 pg 11

Cross dressing social

**Nick Thomas** (*longus willhe shutupus*)

Life is full of questions, was Tim Ripper abandoned as a child and raised by mermaids? Where does the wet go? On occasions we get answers, sometimes to questions we haven't even asked. The Wednesday in question was such a time. When I left my house at 8pm, how was I to know that a mere 2 hours later I would know the answer to,

1. Has the public's increased reliance on satellite navigation lead to a downturn in individual's awareness of their surroundings?
2. How do emergency first aid protocols vary across the European union?
3. How many roads must a man walk down before you can call him a man?
4. What is the best technique for immobilising a wild animal between two doors?
5. What is the density of a Vodafone clamshell mobile phone?

To preserve the identity of all concerned Latin classifications of the various creatures have been utilised. On joining the mêlée at the Mitre I was greeted by a veritable cacophony of colour in the form of *ohmygod yourdrivings goingtokillus* stunning top (incidentally what a man I would). *Youdrunkus irishidiotus* and *illegal immigrae* had warmed up resulting in a veritable display of hooliganism and European nudity accompanied by shrills akin to those of a newly castrated cat. Even oldum faftasticus was persuaded to enter the fray. The party moved on to varsity where the real crux of this story begins (it appears my ability to talk is only supper seeded by my ramblings using the written word).

Having eventually tripped fallen and stumbled her way to the pub the heroine/hero of the story *youdrunkus irishidiotus* spilt water down her top and decided she needed the loo. Despite the complete lack of familiarity of her surroundings she seamlessly acted to male stereotype, refused directions thinking she knew best and charged in the abyss that is the Varsity dinning section. Unperturbed by his/her failure she finally succumbed to suggestions that upstairs was perhaps where she wanted to be. Two minutes later looking partially refreshed she/he again tried to imbibe water through her chest and despite the lack of water reaching its intended destination she/he decided the toilet was again required. This neatly answers question one, without the aid of technology to help her remember (this can be the only explanation) *Youdrunkus irishidiotus* once again calmly waltzed back in the direction of the dinning section for another five minute search. Eventually following much confusion the loo was found.

Meanwhile confusion was breaking out. *Illegal immigrae* had clearly spotted that *tinsilatum* was quite unwell and in need of urgent treatment. Utilising methods of mouth to mouth resuscitation gleaned from his upbringing on the continent he clasped his lips to hers fell slightly a skew to one side and preceded, without question, to save her life. This interruption resulted in twenty ish minutes passing before the steady realisation that *Youdrunkus irishidiotus* had not been seen. Searches of the female toilets proved in vane. His/her location was only determined when *workinmaplin idrinkrealaleus* declared female noises emanating from a male cubical. It appears that instead of roads the mere act



of wearing boxers and baggy male jeans makes you a man and thus totally acceptable to enter their toilets sit atop the loo and vomit on to the floor whilst maintaining a huge toothy grin. I decided a horizontal location was best for our hero/heroine. She was walked out of varsity, past *tinsilatum* who sadly appeared to still be unwell but valiantly *Illegal immigrae* soldiered on in pursuit of her rescue I salute you and probably would have done at the time had I not been weighed down sum what by *Youdrunkus irishidiotus* claiming that because of her cunning disguise she would have no problem frequenting the location again.

Eventually at my house I realised that somewhat consumed by other occurrences I had forgotten my keys. This left me in somewhat of a dilemma. I had to go back and get my keys did I leave *Youdrunkus irishidiotus* alone very liable to aimlessly wander as alcohol had reduced him/her back to animalistic origins or did I carry it, literally, back. In the end he/she sat down (chance of her being coordinated enough to stand, slim) and was wedged between two doors. On return *Youdrunkus irishidiotus* (still present) ran (not in a literal sense but you could tell from her expression this is what she intended to do) and decided she wished to inspect the contents of my toilet, before adding to them.

At this point *Youdrunkus irishidiotus* decided it would be a good idea to see if her phone would float, using her phone and my toilet. 2000 years ago she/he would have been stealing Archimedes thunder, proclaimed a genius and then could have run down the street shouting (more likely to be a slow crawl, stumble whilst vomiting so probably a good job old Archimedes got their first).

I have tries to summarise the night as I saw it. There were others involved who had fun I am sure (I have been assured they did, hard to have fun oneself whilst propping up a vomiting ejit) but this is already approaching 1000 words so we shall leave it there..... oh and then. Only joking this really is the end!



**Live  
MASTERBOATING  
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- Looking for young, energetic and adventurous playboaters in your area?
- Are you a keen frequenter of your local 'playspots'?
- Love getting wet and dirty?

Text **MASTERBOATER** to:  
0773143342\*

Young, single, Maltese gentleman with GSOH

WLTM:

A small, fluffy, open-minded teddy bear for friendship and A LOT more!

**TEXT:**  
**MALTABEAR to**  
**0784722272\***



**Think you're allergic to alcohol?**  
**Want rid of this debilitating allergy?**



Text: **WILKINS** to  
0788889635\*  
For revolutionary "immersion" cures

**Unlimited  
emails!**



Feel un-loved?

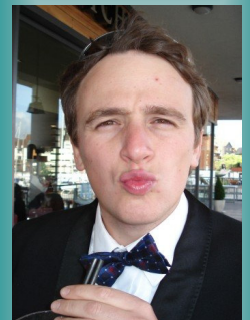
Un-popular?

No one wants to talk to you?

Dread checking your emails every evening?

Email **PIECHEE** to  
**owner-susu-**  
**canoe@lists.soton.ac.uk**

Feel **old** and  
**over the hill...**



...There's still  
hope!!

Would you consider yourself  
a sensible, respectable, high-  
standing member of  
society?

Are you looking for  
likeminded attractive young  
partners in your area?...



**...Well what are you doing here?!**

Brought to you by...



With Love xx

# Scotland Rymes

Can you guess who each rhyme should be sung to?  
Make sure you sing it to them as many times as possible....  
Remember, if they don't look amused,  
you're clearly not singing it loud enough!

She squawks, like parrot  
And loves her anal carrot

He's small, it's true  
Has a very regular poo

He's smooth, a shark  
But only after dark

He's small, it's true  
Has a very regular poo

He's big, he's bent  
He's an illegal immigrant

It's <NAME> be kind,  
He's got one thing on his mind...  
Kayak! Kayak!

She's blonde, love spunk  
She's always bloody drunk

His crotch, it festers  
Especially in Jesters

He's the wittiest by far  
But cannot drive a car

She's tall, with power  
She sneaks out of the shower

She sleeps, loves porn  
It does give her horn

He's tight, got guns  
He pervs at Greenwood's buns

She's stupid, when born  
An Irish leprechaun

He's old, loves faff  
He'd run safety in the bath

She's cute, she's fun  
She's working on her guns

He smiles, likes chat  
He has to put up with Cat

She's blonde, to the core  
She snogged JJ to the floor

She's blonde, she's brave  
She wants a bit of Stave

Short legs, webbed feet  
He really loves his meat

He's big, he's gay  
He could boof rock all day

Red kayak, red hair  
If he's coming up beware

A fool that boats,  
But damn can cook a roast

She's smiley, got stubble  
She's always causing trouble

She's small, can wine  
But damn can throw a line

He's shiny, he smiles  
He could paddle on for miles





Well they say the best nights out are not planned! This was true of an ordinary Wednesday night a few months ago. Southampton university canoe club set out for a quiet night in their local pub, the hobbit, unsuspecting of the antics which were to proceed...

The evening was passing pleasantly and the cocktails flowing aplenty, when the conversation was halted by the sound of a wondrous voice. It was none other than Gary Miles, the renowned singer and entertainer, which some of you may know from his (now quite rare) appearances in the frog and frigate, and from his classic remixes of songs such as "stairway" and "build me up buttercup." It was pretty much a private show; the only other people present were a small group from the "graphics" club. As the drinks flowed, one by one, members of SUCC joined Gary on stage, providing the background singing and accompanying actions. Members of the "graphics" club criticised the performance. Obviously they were just jealous. Overall the performance was outstanding, despite Leah's multiple attempts to end the show by cutting off Gary's power supply! The highlight of the night was when, in the excitement of the moment, some unnamed freshers ripped off the wallpaper on the stage, but then, as if by magic, a roll of duct tape appeared out of nowhere to stick it back on.

The show ended on a high, with the whole audience coming together to do (what I remember as) some kind of line dance. The remaining SUCCers then left to continue the party in jesters. I did invite Gary, with the promise of a free drink and a dance, however he politely declined my offer! Heartbroken, I dragged myself to jesters where the rest of the night was spent in true drunken style! What an awesome night! However, if anyone asks, we had it all planned from the start ;-)

Much boat ball love

Greenwood

**The Hardest Working Man In Show Business**



**"Scurrilously Enjoyable"**

*-Entertainment Weekly*

**"★★★★  
Fantastic!  
Hysterically  
funny!"**

*-Video Thrust Magazine*

**CRITICS  
PICK  
OF THE  
WEEK!**

*-New York Times  
-LA Weekly*

**"Refreshing!...  
A wonderfully  
amusing,  
kaleidoscopic  
portrait!"**

*-LA Weekly*

**FULL LENGTH,  
UNCUT & UNRATED**

(WARNING)  
This unrated film contains full frontal nudity, vulva shots, explicit  
language, and an explicit scene with the death of a man. Some  
audience may find it offensive, and some adults may find it  
disturbing.

**"Entertaining!"**

*-The New York Times*

# **PORN★STAR**

## **The Legend of JJ Valetta**

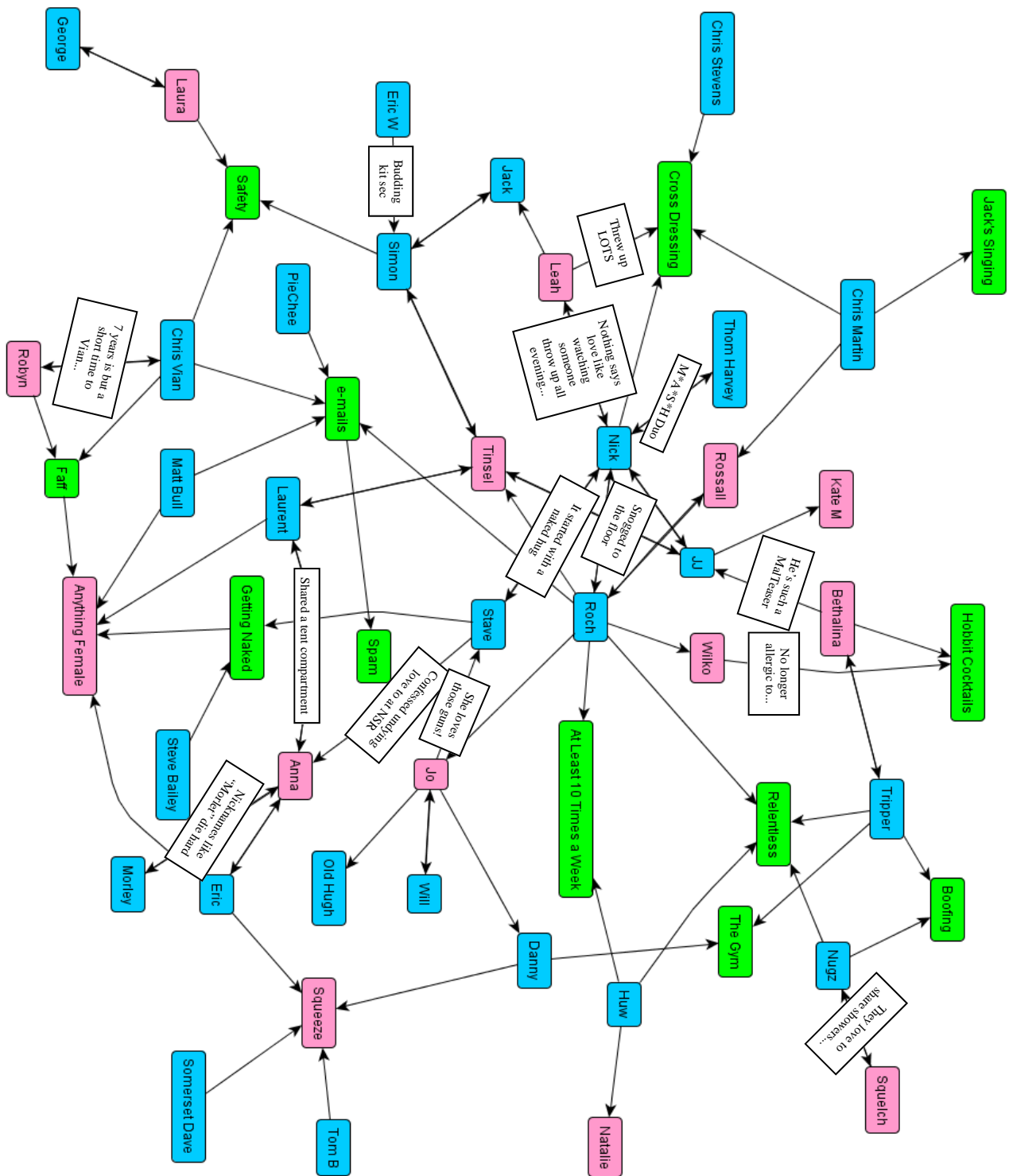
**DVD**  
REGION 1

Inst 2008



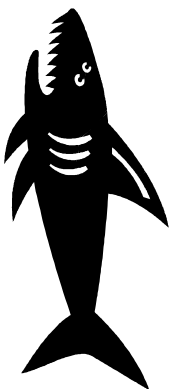
Wuff Said

# SHARKING TABLE!

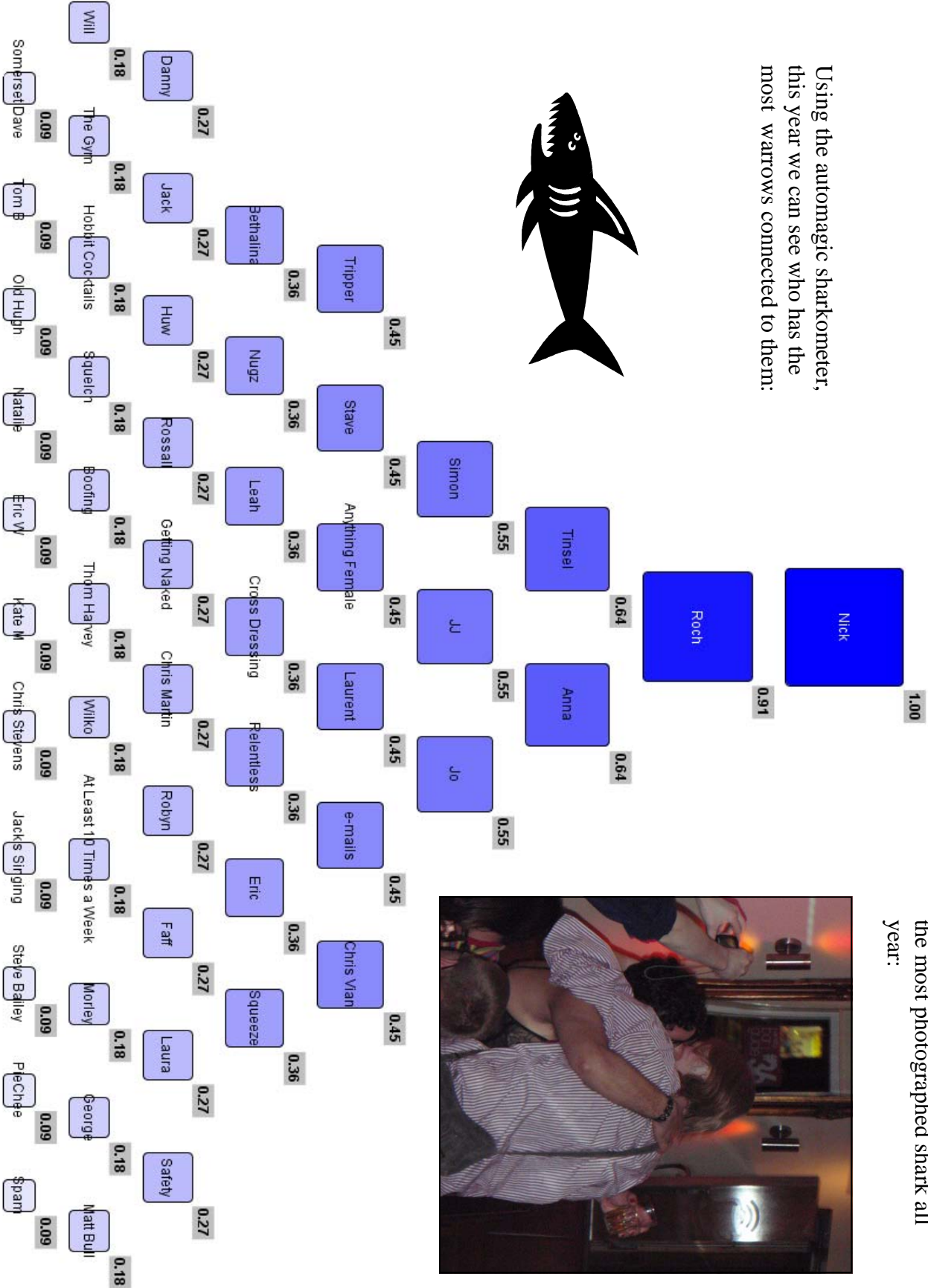




Using the automagic sharkometer,  
this year we can see who has the  
most warrows connected to them:



It wouldn't be the sharking table  
without some evidence, so here is  
the most photographed shark all  
year:



# An Irish Hobbit's view of the new V.P.

## ELEC1012: Solid state electronics

### Information Sheet

#### TECHNICAL DATA

Boltzmann's constant =  $1.38 \times 10^{-23} \text{ J/K}$

Electronic charge =  $1.6 \times 10^{-19} \text{ C}$

Permittivity of vacuum =  $8.85 \times 10^{-12} \text{ F/m}$

Relative permittivity (dielectric constant) of Si = 11.9

Relative permittivity (dielectric constant) of  $\text{SiO}_2$  = 3.9

Si electron mobility =  $1350 \text{ cm}^2/\text{V-s}$

Si hole mobility =  $480 \text{ cm}^2/\text{V-s}$

Plancks Constant  $4.1 \times 10^{-15} \text{ eV-s}$

Speed of light  $c = 3 \times 10^{10} \text{ cm s}^{-1}$

For silicon at room temperature (300 K)

$n_i = 1.45 \times 10^{10} \text{ cm}^{-3}$

bandgap = 1.12 eV

thermal energy of electron = 25meV

#### EQUATIONS

$$n p = n_i^2 \quad n_0 + N_A^- = p_0 + N_d^+ \quad p = n_i \exp\left(\frac{E_i - E_F}{kT}\right)$$

$$E_C - E_i \approx \frac{E_g}{2} \quad \frac{D}{\mu} = \frac{kT}{q} \quad n = n_i \exp\left(\frac{E_F - E_i}{kT}\right)$$

$$R = \frac{\rho L}{A} = \frac{L}{\sigma A} \quad \rho = \frac{1}{q(\mu_p p + n \mu_n)} \quad \Omega \text{cm}$$

$$\frac{\partial \mathcal{E}}{\partial x} = -\frac{\partial^2 V}{\partial x^2} = \frac{q(p + N_D^+ - n - N_A^-)}{\epsilon_s}$$

$$V_{bi} = \frac{kT}{q} \ln \frac{N_A N_D}{n_i^2}$$

$$C_J = \frac{\epsilon_s A}{W}$$

$$W = \sqrt{\frac{2\epsilon_s (N_a + N_d)}{q} (V_{bi} - V)}$$

$$V_{bi} = \frac{qN_A x_p^2}{2\epsilon_s} + \frac{qN_D x_n^2}{2\epsilon_s}$$

$$\mathcal{E}_{\max} = \frac{qN_A x_p}{\epsilon_s} = \frac{qN_D x_n}{\epsilon_s}$$

$$\delta p(x) = \Delta p e^{-x/L_p} \quad J = J_S (e^{qV/kT} - 1)$$

$$J_S \equiv \frac{qD_p p_{n0}}{L_p} + \frac{qD_n n_{p0}}{L_n}$$

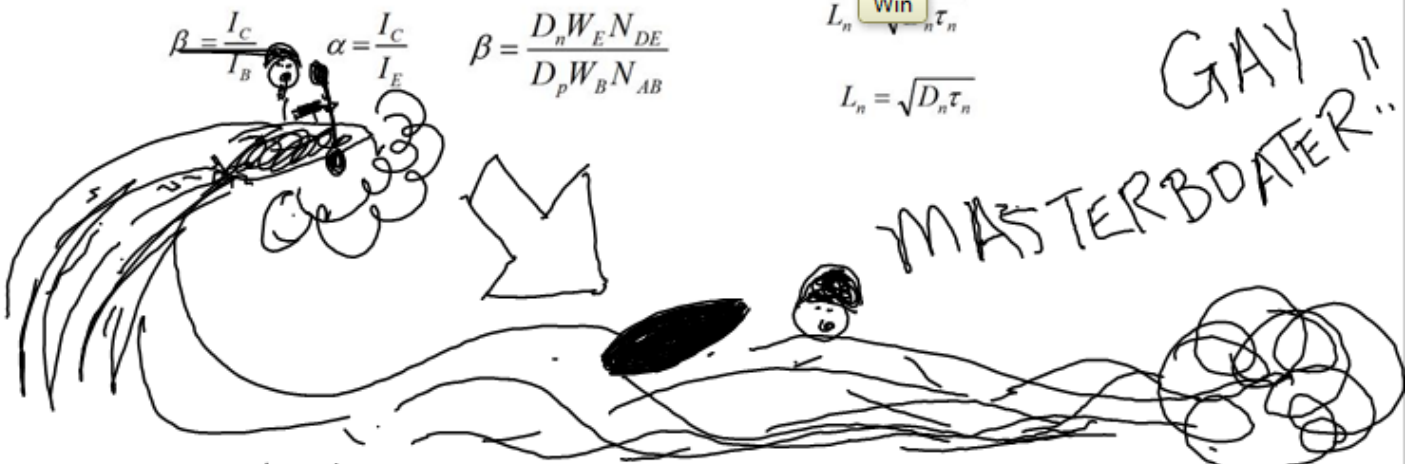
$$\beta = \frac{I_C}{I_B} \quad \alpha = \frac{I_C}{I_E}$$

$$\beta = \frac{D_n W_E N_{DE}}{D_p W_B N_{AB}}$$

$$L_n = \sqrt{D_n \tau_n}$$

$$L_n = \sqrt{D_n \tau_n}$$

D  
A  
N  
I  
S  
A  
SMELLY  
GAY  
MASTERBOATER!!





Let me set the scene, several SUCC members sitting watching many Disney films, until we watched the Jungle book. At reaching the scene when Baloo sings “The Bare Necessities” we were all struck by the thought that Baloo is just like George! Then ensued finding which members of SUCC could best portray each the characters!

After agreeing on who’s best for each role, we re-watched the film from the beginning and it has to be the funniest thing I have ever seen!

Next time you watch the jungle book, look out for Vian running to Huw’s safety only to groan when he finds him with George; Roch and Rossall taking turns to say “so what do you wanna do?”; Morley hypnotising his victims to “sleep” and JJ’s rampant dancing!



**Mowgli**  
Huw Edwards

**Baloo**  
George



**Kaa**  
Morley

**Shere Kahn**  
Laurant



**Bagheera**  
Chris Vian

**King Louie**  
JJ Valletta



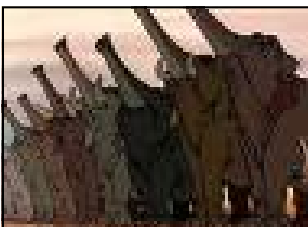
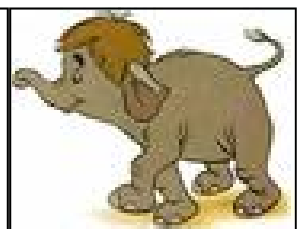
**Colonel Hatai**  
Kev

**The Wolves**  
Tim + Beth  
(Nugz and Anna as cubs)



**Vultures**  
Roch, Rossall

**Junior**  
Helen  
Wilkins



**The Elephants**  
The Olds

**The Girl**  
Jo Monk







## River Dart-take two! (Feb 2008)

We eventually arrived at the pub on Friday night, after an adventurous journey piloted by Hannah, Anna G and I. This was all because of a pre-empted road diversion which apparently wasn't even there. Sorry all women drivers we really let the side down. We were welcomed into the pub by being shown the door- so much for hospitality! Back at the hut, there was a much friendlier atmosphere especially between Danny and the present social secretaries.



### The wet stuff...

The mighty dart was flowing at a reasonable level. Overall a relaxed run in the sunshine! For most that went on the Dart at Christmas, it gave them a chance to enjoy the surroundings and stop and play on the features instead of chasing the water as they may have done at Christmas. Also thank you to the brave river leaders who gave a few SUCCers there chance to ride the might upper!

### Saturday night drew in...

After a lovely dinner, the consumptions commenced. An improvised game of hockey was played with state of the art kit!-broom sticks and mops. This lead the former social secretaries Hannah and Anna G, to compete against each other in gruelling contests of Stick fighting, wrestling whilst being duck taped together and who can get the others sock off first which then lead to tops! This kept us entertained for a while, before I realised that Dr Vian was in need of tormenting so he got covered in duct tape and other various objects.

Then attention quickly turned back to the Hannah and Anna's contest and Rich M was being stripped admittedly with out much resistance.

### Dawn on Sunday...

The early birds arrived back from a paddle geared up and content for the rest of us all to Dart it once again. There was seal-launching galore with George being snappy-tastic! With a smooth running decent we left Dartmoor and were back in Southampton in record time- 6.00pm!!



**Thanks to all drivers, drinkers, river leaders, trip organisers and fun makers who made it a chilled out and skillfull weekend!!**

**Cat Jones**



This is based on a true story. But to protect the identity of Stave and Anna, we have altered the character names, plots and actual occurrences dramatically.

## Stephen and Annabelle

As she wistfully gazed across the sun-glistened, bare and rugged mountainous landscape of Scotland, Annabelle cast her mind back to that fateful night. She longed to be back in the firm grasp of Richard and Judy, that she had naively tried to resist, restraining her inner desires and fantasies.

As Annabelle pulled the tight neck seal over her head, she brushed away her golden strands of hair which had fallen over her fresh bright blue eyes.

As she swept back her windblown locks, his rippling torso and pulsing muscles could not escape her gaze. Her breath caught in her throat as her eyes traced the path from his guns to his strong masculine hands, firmly gripping the shaft of his paddle.

Stephen tussled his hair and took a deep breath as he powerfully tugged on his cag; rolling down the rigid latex seal over his bulging head and stiff neck. He slowly eased the cag down his torso, brushing against his puckered nipples; clearly visible through his skin-tight thermals. Stephen then gently gathered the material and with one last tug, covered the lower half of his robust upper body. He was the epitome of masculinity.

Anna swallowed, choking back a gasp. She looked up and fought back a whimper, hoping that Stephen had not noticed. She was dreading the next few hours where they would both have to conceal their wantonness for one another. Stephen was particularly concerned as he would have to conceal his all consuming need to protect Annabelle as he led her for that day, hoping that she wouldn't get too wet too soon as he penetrated the deep, engulfing gorge.

As Stephen effortlessly drove through the 'Crack of Doom,' Annabelle received a rigorous working in the cavernous and retentive hole. Instinctively, Stephen dives in deep, only to be taken aback in sheer awe as he watches his love resurface, gasping for air and snorting to rid her body of the fluid that had entered her. It was at this moment that he saw her true independence of femininity and womanhood. He knew then that he must follow through and cast aside his doubt after that previous experience, when he first spoke of his need to have her.

After their close encounters in the Crack of Doom, the journey led them through the wilderness of 'Speed and Ecstasy,' climaxing in 'Jism.'

Worried about her inexperience, Stephen masterfully led his dearest Annabelle, sensing the impending awkwardness that could follow this journey of passion and desire, he was anxious in his approach to the all consuming, heart-racing white water of 'Right-angle Falls!'

Much to Anna's surprise, she winced when she witnessed Stephen 'fuck it up!!' She swallowed.

Having had a feminine moment, Stephen resurfaced from the depths to find Annabelle waiting. Extending her paddle towards him, she offered to him there and then, not only her assistance (and right to a swim beer) but her love, her unconditional passion and her desire.

It was at this very moment that they melted into each other's gaze (regardless of the fact there was a floating deer rotting in the water beside them) longing to be with one another.

Tossing his head back, allowing the cool water to roll down his cheeks, Stephen locked eyes with Annabelle and uttered that ominous question...



**"So Anna, Have you paid your trip money yet?"**

This episode of SUCC Mouthfuls is sponsored by...

# ROCHESTER HOLIDAYS

New: 2008 prices  
Flights AND Accommodation

*"Remember: You can't put a price on FCN!"*

Are you tired of those tedious, mundane and predictable package holidays?...

Your expert RochesterHolidays travel-guide will:

- Provide alcoholic reception on arrival \*
- Provide in-flight entertainment during flights and transfers \*



*"Details NOT provided on request  
\*Costs NOT included"*

- Not know any of the local transport links

- Have no knowledge of the local culture / famous sights, yet will fully immerse you un-knowingly in both



- Guide you on a mystery~ tour of local drinking establishments \*



*"A mystery to both yourself and guide  
\*Costs NOT included"*

**But, never fear...**  
All experiences are fully documented!

- Provide additional bedding if required \*
- Let you rest in peace, alone, in your luxury, open plan accommodation



*\*Costs NOT included*

**Experience our unique accommodation:**

- Spectacular river views
- Fully air-conditioned rooms
- En-suite
- Close proximity to local culture and famous sights
- Fully furnished, open-plan space with balcony over river views, modern and innovative recycled bed and storage units \*

*\*Bedding provided on request*



**NOTE: RochesterHolidays accept no responsibility for belongings misplaced / stolen during vacation**



# *The Big Spring Clean 2008*

Hello my dears... would you like a nice cup of tea? Custard cream?? Oh, I do like a good custard cream!



Watch my pearls...oooh, young man!

Where was I...? Oh yes - backgammon! Every Wednesday my friends and I like to indulge in a spot of backgammon, but - due to an unfortunate (Caribbean) twist of fate - we were found ourselves in 'Building 54'...(nice view, but rather too many stairs for my old hips!)

And cor blimey, what a rabble we came across! Southampton University Canoe Club were having their annual Spring Clean! Now I'm a big fan of spring cleans...out with the old, in with the new as they say! I couldn't resist a bit of heckling! Respect your elders!!

After much shouting (dash my whistling hearing aid), the following was decided:

|                         |                  |
|-------------------------|------------------|
| <b>President</b>        | Chris Stevens    |
| <b>Vice President</b>   | Chris Martin     |
| <b>Treasurer</b>        | Andrew Sylvester |
| <b>Secretary</b>        | Cat Jones        |
| <b>Kit Sex</b>          | Eric n Simon     |
| <b>Social Sex</b>       | Squeeze n Leah   |
| <b>Training Officer</b> | Somerset Dave    |
| <b>Web Monkey</b>       | Some allergen    |
| <b>Maltese Rep</b>      | JJ Valletta      |



Nice old lady dancing – keep up the good work!



I'm told there was a very nice musical element to the evening, though all I heard was dying cats... And happy birthday to young Stave, lovely fellow!





The youth of today!

Following the Spring Clean, the poor little chaps seemed hungry...and where better place to go than Mono for a slice or two of pizza (though I do have to be careful watching my cholesterol!). We had a lot of fun, and then they persuaded me to hobble to a place called Jesters...never before have I felt so youthful! We boogied the night away - and I met some nice young man called Chris who got very excited when I told him to man up. Fortunately colostomy bags aren't his thing!



Anyway, by the end of the night most of my grey hairs had disappeared in puffs of smoke!  
I swear being involved with the club has taken years off me!



Thanks chaps!

**Aren't phones a LOT of fun!**

**Names will remain anonymous for the sake of both parties**

**The extent of knowledge (of one or more of the parties involved) about this conversation ever occurring will also remain un-discussed.**

**Girl: Hello big boy ;) Remember me?**

**Boy: Hello, who is this?**

**G: Who do you want it to be?...**

**B: Choice of a few people but hoping for 1 / 2 in particular! Give me a clue at least?**

**B: Someone from work?**

**G: Potentially...**

**B: Come on, give me a clue; its only fair**

**B: Delloite paste?**

**G: Think wetter...**

**B: Do you have a name?**

**G: Now that's getting personal...;-)**

**B: Eh?! Confused now, who are you? When did I last see you?**

**G: When did you last come down south...?**

**B: Southampton?**

**G: What makes you think that? Do you still remember THAT night?...I do...**

**B: Which particular night are you referring to?**

**G: I think about it a lot...**

**B: How old are you?**

**G: I am but one-and-twenty; young and in my prime**

**B: And what is your name?**

**G: That would spoil the surprise!**

**B: But without a name, how do I know who I am talking to and therefore weather a date is a good idea? So why text me tonight?**

**G: Don't fear; we shall meet when the time is right.**

**B: We likely to see each other soon? Where?**

**G: Sooner than you think**

**B: But if you don't tell me then how will I know its you? Come on...give me a clue! Will I see you tomorrow?**

**G: I don't know if you will, but I will definitely be seeing you in MY dreams ;)**

**B: Eh? Who are you? How can we arrange that date if I don't know who you are? And when will that be? Whatcha up to tonight...**

**At this point, sadly the anonymous girl's phone ran out of credit!**

# SUCC at BUSA

Bringing fun where it's not wanted!



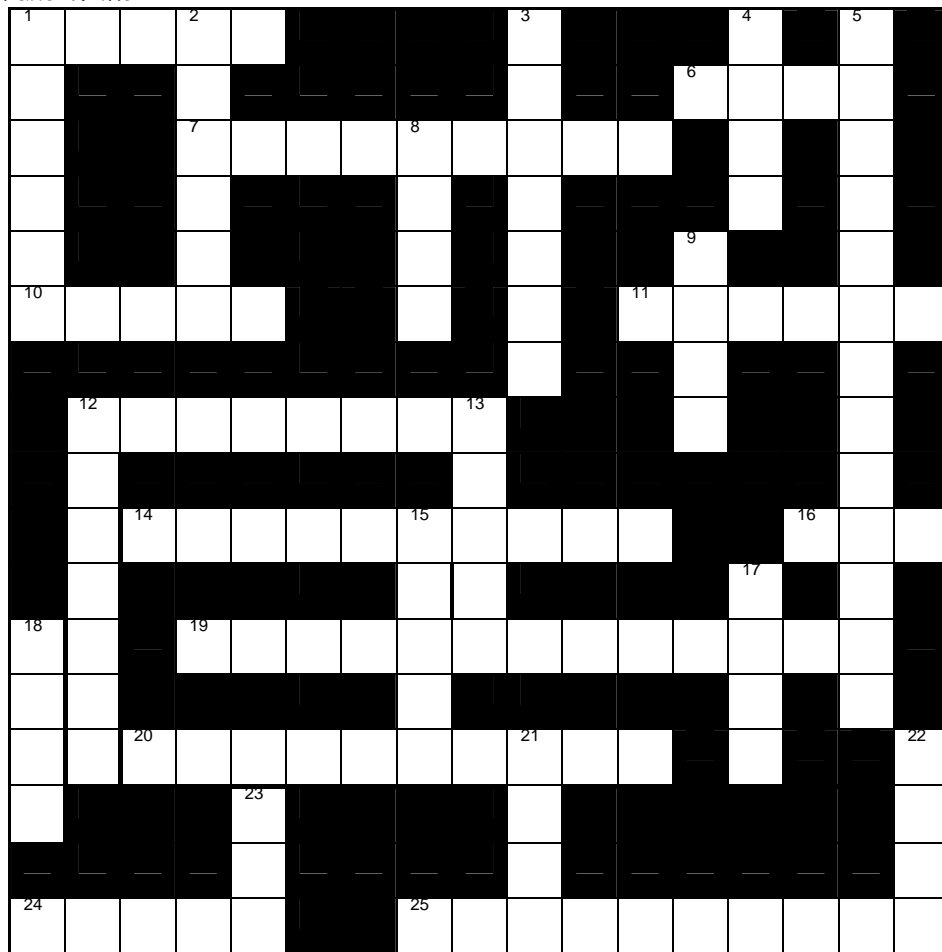
Having been convinced to go to BUSA and “cheer on” the teams, I decided a better plan would be to try and substitute the SUCP “win or die” attitude with our SUCC “have fun” ways.

So here are 6 comparisons of how SUCP and SUCC spent their time...

| SUCP  | SUCC   |
|---|--|
| <p>“Do that again and I’ll stab you in the face”</p>  | <p>“We cant be bothered to play, want to see what happens if after the ref throws the ball in, no-one moves?”</p>                                |
| <p>A-team up bright an early for hardcore training</p>  | <p>Getting up at 2pm, to go and vaguely cheer on everyone</p>  |
| <p>Entire A team bar 1 going to bed and completely missing the party. Only to send “the Guns” in to extract the rene-gade member.</p> | <p>Get completely slaughterd and return to camp at 2am, shouting “IS ANY UNIVERSITY STILL AWAKE?”</p>  |
| <p>Pack a minibus with as many testosterone filled men as possible and moon everything that moves.</p>                                | <p>Ensure the SUCC bus spirit is added to the minibus by playing cheesy sing along music until everyone grudgingly joins in with the singing</p> |
| <p>Women's team playing so hardcore that one girl starts crying and another dislocates her shoulder</p>                               | <p>Deciding playing on a lake in a rash vest is just stupid, and put on full dry kit to play half heartedly for the olds</p>                     |
| <p>Stay behind the goal-line and give tactical advice to the team mates and goalie</p>  | <p>Sit on the bank and shout/play music abusively down the megaphone</p>   |

# SUCC Crossword

By Anna G, Leah and Wilko



## Down

1. She may act like this animal, but she certainly doesn't sleep in trees. Her natural habitat being rivers, not forest. (6)
2. Home of Southampton's very own death gorge. (6)
3. Relentless hero and paddling legend. (7)
4. A term for intentionally colliding your boat with a rock! (Nugz does this a lot) (4)
5. Highly popular old school move - beware of dislocated shoulders. (7,6)
8. Abbreviation for the best canoe club ever.....but definitely NOT Sheffield! (4)
9. Large amounts of time wastage! (4)
12. Where gimp tops can be found and epic sharking occurs!! (7)
13. A severe kayak related affliction. Symptoms include throwing away your paddles and wearing bizarre kit. (5)
15. Describe Stave in one word. (5)
17. A river feature to be avoided, which can potentially suck you off! (Has been known to take advantage of a certain Mr Huw Edwards!) (4)
18. SUCC's most loved up couple (and no, it's not Vian and Robyn). (4)

21. Term used to describe an event.....can be either negative or positive. (4)

22. The most dreaded SUCCer of all!!! (4)

23. Always guaranteed to get a mouthful on Mill Falls! (3)

## Across

1. Dr Nick's favourite game. (5)
6. You'll find him in Jesters! (4)
7. He's old, likes faff, he'd set up safety in the bath! (5,4)
10. Surname of a former Vice President, famed for his military style sharking. (5)
11. An Old, the wittiest by far, but cannot drive a car! (6)
12. SUCC's favourite river. (4,4)
14. A sweet, chemical substance - giving energy to the SUCCers!! (10)
16. Abbreviation of a common phrase adopted by older members to control the mischievous young 'uns!! (3)
19. General paddling advice. (2,3,2,2,4)
20. SUCC's long-time abused mascot! (Currently recovering from a drop-kick into the Wye) (5,1,4)
24. Male/Female e.g. Morley/Eric (5)
25. Former treasurer.....has been known to get many a girl to follow his treasure trail! (6,4)