

Mouthfuls



Summer 2010

Hey Succers,

Welcome to another Boat Party, I'm sure you will all have an amazing night that you will never forget, well scrap that last one and ask the people around you about last year although their memories may be a tad hazy of last year!

Thanks to everyone who has helped write the articles in record time as, in true Westenbrink fashion, I collated it this morning with a bit of a fragile head after being sent everything last night!

Many thanks to this years committee who have (very nearly) managed to run all the trips and socials successfully. Its been a fantastic year and we have managed to keep a cracking bunch of freshers for next year.

Also a massive thanks to Mike Burton for organising tonight, enough of my waffle – enjoy tonight, if you can walk home though, you failed!

Sherman x





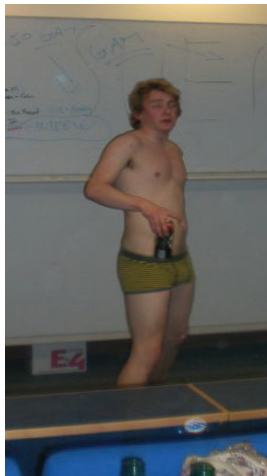
Photographer: ANON,

Location: Rhossili Beach,

Time: Sometime over the bank holiday weekend.

AGM

This one is actually quite difficult to write, mainly because nobody remembers it. So if you are one of those here is a collection of pictures to help jog your memories.



Christmas Dart! By Dan 'Beardy' Woollard

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the SUCC,

No one was stirring...

Except Chav Mike, who was throwing up outside.

If you are of a squeamish nature, look away before looking at the following picture.



This was the weekend when we headed up to the Dart for one final weekend of river-running tomfoolery before heading home for the holidays, and, after arriving at the hut, unloading all the alcohol, and setting the heating to something called 'Party mode', the madness could begin.

As I remember, (or don't remember), Friday night was a normal process of playing Ring of Fire, which resulted in Chav Mike quickly 'Dart'-ing outside (ha) and everyone else getting quite/very drunk as well.

On a side note, I feel I should apologise again for my horrendous snoring that night, which I am told kept everyone awake. These things do happen though. On every trip that I go on anyway...

I am afraid, SUCCers, that I cannot report on the first day of paddling, nor the second, as, due to the fun and games of the night before... I was not feeling at my best...

However, legend speaks of a seal launch from the riverbank, in a Duo. Many images were captured of this proud moment, but one in particular provokes the imagination, as only a Maltese head is visible.



The rest of the Duo, along with Chav Mike, the hero of this tale, was never seen again... until a few seconds later anyway. Hooray!



Saturday night was much more fun and games, involving an excellent roast dinner, cooked mostly by Matt Kelly himself, with help from various minions.

Then, after some very explicit Pictionary, (again, courtesy of Chav Mike), came the event everyone had been waiting for; Secret Santa!

I do not recall every present that was given out... therefore I have decided to give the best recollection I can... in the form of a much loved Christmas song.

On the first day of Christmas, Canoe Club gave to me...
A sit on Eric Westenbrink's knee.

(deep breaths everyone)
One electric keyboard,
A bottle of Lambrini,
Bird's Custard Powder,
A picture of Tom Parker,
One battered sausage,
Cheese, Chips, and gravy,
One toy tractor,
BRIGHT PINK GLOVES,
One cuddly Santa,
Three tiny condoms,
Two Fairy Wings,
One pointless Swede,
AND A SIT ON ERIC WESTENBRINK'S KNEE.

And that's enough of that...

Finally came the cake-decorating competition. All manners of topping were utilised here. Syrup, sprinkles, even jam!



And then came the losing cake, topped with pickled onions, ketchup, Branston, tea, coffee, instant gravy, apple sauce, amongst other things. And whose brainchild was this? Well, Chav Mike's of course. Having lost the competition, our team of four had to split the cake between us... pickled onions and all. I finished my piece, but I wouldn't say I enjoyed it... and Chav Mike, once again, threw up.

And that's the end of my tale of SUCC Christmas antics!
Until the next time I have to write an article anyway...

The Lakes Trip, 29-31 Feb

*By Matt Kelly: Bringing News from the North, in an accent you understand.**

The Lake District, also known as The Lakes or Lakeland, is a mountainous region in North West England (in layman's terms, a bloody trek from Southampton). A popular holiday destination, it is famous for its lakes and its mountains (or fells), and its associations with the early 19th century poetry and writings of William Wordsworth and the Lake Poets. It's also where Pete Curtis comes from, but that's not nearly as interesting.

The central, and most visited, part of the area is contained in the Lake District National Park, one of fifteen National Parks in the United Kingdom and the largest National Park in England [1]. It lies entirely within Cumbria, and is one of England's few mountainous regions. As a result, there's some pretty badass paddling to be had. All the land in England higher than three thousand feet above sea level lies within the National Park, including Scafell Pike, the highest mountain in England. Though frankly, pretty much the only people who gave a crap about that were Olds like Mike Bunton, who decided they'd spend several hours in a minibus to *walk* instead of paddle there. Can you *imagine*? Going to the lakes so you can go for a *walk*? Bloody stupid. We fuffed to get his boat and everything.*

During our delightful visit to some of England's finest scenery, levels of both water and freshers were below optimum for the ideal trip, and the abundance of rolling hillside and Olds put some initial doubts in my mind about how sedate the trip could easily become... Was it bollocks.



The nights saw an alcohol-laced combination of extreme gingerbread house decoration, human curling and mediocre live music. For the record, Anna Belcher is both a mean xylophonist and an outstanding curling stone. JJ, on the other hand, is neither of these things.

To say the trip was a tad chilly would be an understatement. Defrosting a wetsuit so it's flexible enough to put on is NOT something I ever want to repeat. Also, no amount of Manning Up will solve the problem of putting on a spray deck that's scrunched into a ball and frozen solid. I hit it against a tree and everything.

Anyhow, after using body heat or the bonnet of a transit to warm our kit up to the point of being wearable and throwing the larger chunks of ice from our boats, we hit the water and began to experience Tim Rochester's unique style of leading.

Those of you who haven't been in Roch's group before, take it from me: Approach any line he takes with caution. After an unexpected capsiz at the end of a drop, followed by my first whitewater roll just before taking another drop sideways, I was given some of his unique retrospective leading:

"Yeah, you should have gone down the right. Don't always follow what I do, sometimes I decide to do something silly for fun."

"How do I know when you're doing something silly, Roch?"

"Er... Guess?"

"Righto."

The rest of the paddling went improbably smoothly (experiences with power station inlets aside) including my first taste of a decent waterfall on Force Falls. Backbarrow was so good I went back for seconds... and smashed the rock in the middle. Epic Lakes Fun.

**No offence intended to Northerners or Mike Bunton. I love you all really.*



This years AGM sparked a vicious Facebook based Presidential campaign.

It all began innocently enough...



George Holmyard i thought whilst procrastonating i would invade your page and begin a campaign melee. VOTE RED! hehe

9 hours ago · Comment · Like · Report

... but little did George know the mayhem his comment would unleash ...



Paul slandered the current much loved President and his policy of constant Westenbrinking.

Whilst Matt Kelly used some shocking photography to reveal Paul's secret tyrannical tendencies.

Photo 1 of 2 | Back to Group | See All Photos

Previous Next



However possibly the most shocking attacks, of them all came in the form of poetry!



Paul Clark Oh Matt Kelly what have you done?
By competing on facebook, you've stopping being fun!

These pictures of tanks, are far too immature
And definite abuse will follow if we see any more

But don't worry yourself, don't become a social bum
I'll buy you a pint just as soon as i've won.



Matt Kelly ► **Paul Clark:** Poetry, Paul? In an election campaign?
I know you're doing badly, but come on - that's lame

I expect creativity, not a censorship war
Cheap rhyming wall posts? Lets see something more!

SUCCers, ignore what this essex boi sez
And do what makes sense - vote Matt Kelly for Pres.

- eagerly awaiting your response, Matt Kelly, the people's candidate.

4 hours ago · Comment · Like · See Wall-to-Wall

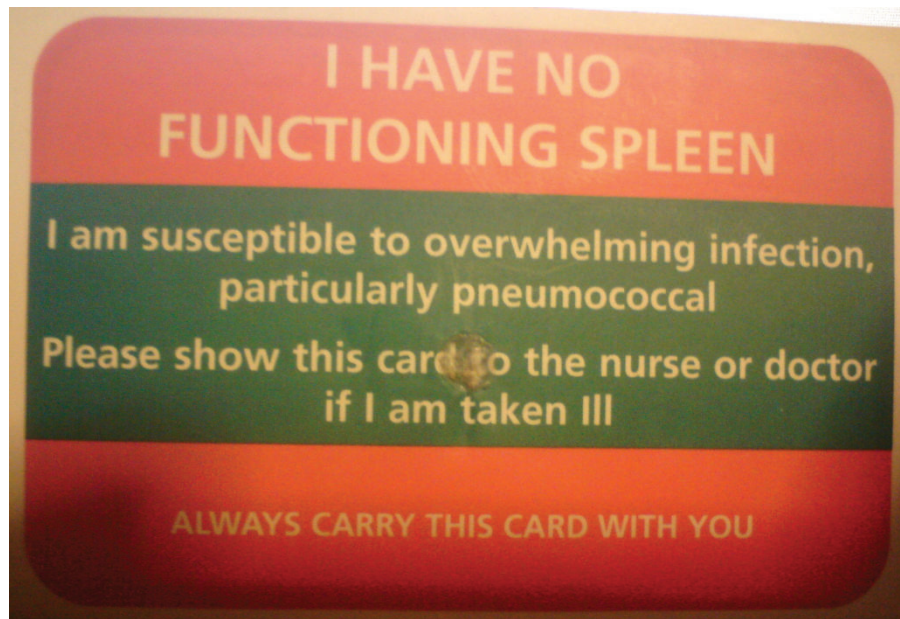
A SUCC safety announcement by Curly George

An important warning about rocks!

If you insist on doing silly things like following the club to Scotland for a week of canoe based fun please remember that rocks are not your friend.

They will jump out at you at the least appropriate of moments and will attempt to destroy your spleen.

You have been warned.



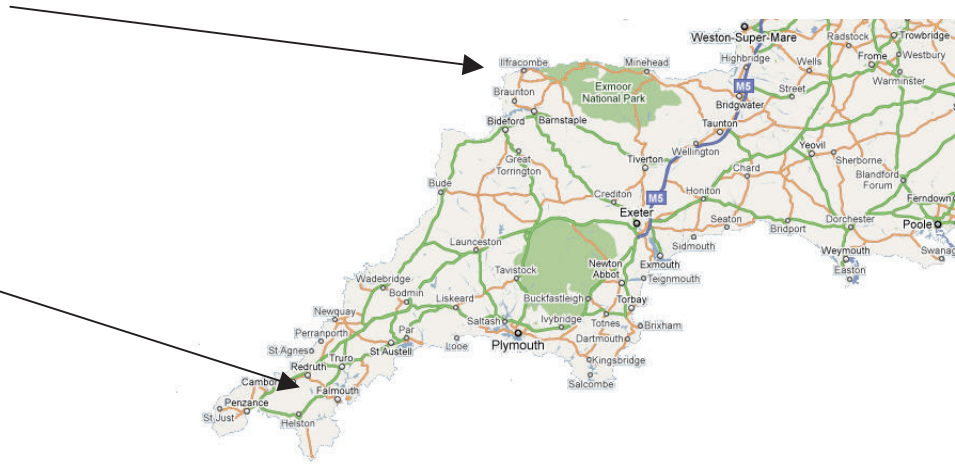
~~WOOLACOMBE~~

NEWQUAY!!

Supposed to be going here....

(What Happened there?)

Ended up here....



From the very start it was always going to be a
FAFFTASTIC weekend absolutely full of
WESTENBRINK'ing

*Minibus with lights that worked at SHB but not at the
boat hard...*

Cars getting stuck in the mud, all by themselves...

*Mysterious Minibus damage... But how did that
happen...? We didn't take it anywhere....*

Mystic Symbols appearing on peoples boats overnight....

Strange banging noises and screaming heard in the night...

*Mystic Symbols appearing on peoples boats overnight...
Again.*

Well I think the evidence is fairly conclusive

This trip was clearly ***CURSED***

“I’ve never voted Conservative
before as I was too young,
I didn’t this time either as
I sent my Butler”



Conservatives,
Remember rocks are your friends

The vote Sillyvester 2020 election fund is now open

Quotes – Collected, Collated and Twisted by Alex Payne

Hannah B: 'The taste in the morning gives you a damn hangover'

Anyone the morning after the AGM: 'what actually happened last night and who is the new committee?'

Anyone: 'Why is Rob naked... again?!'

Rose (whilst reading the last mouthfuls): 'Why am I not on the Sharking table, I know loads of people that fancy me!'

Curly George's special card which says: 'I have no functioning spleen'

Matt Kelly: 'We're really just a drinking club with a kayaking problem.'

Paul C: 'I think this was when I was sat on you'

Tom P: 'That lettuce confused me so much I actually had to Google 'Exploding lettuces''

Whilst planning the next socials:

Rose: What's 7 added to 26?

Emily: 33

Rose: OK, so what we doing on the 33rd of May?

Various times at Southwestern Arms:

Alice: 'I always thought the Karma Sutra was a religious book'

Somerset Dave: 'The steak was good but the sex wasn't great'

Rose: in regard to a game of cheat: 'I'm not playing anymore, Dan's cheating!'

Pancake social:

Helen R: 'Pancake batter + honey + ketchup + beer + flour + egg + chocolate + fairy liquid makes an ideal hair gel - guaranteed long-lasting effect.'

Newquay trip:

Rose: '... what if I wanted to sleep with everyone in the club!'

Tom B: 'How do you turn the [van] headlights on?'

Alex P: 'you can't the switch is physically not there!'

George: 'where's the rest of the food?'

Alex P: 'I dunno, the freshers put the food into the cars.' [to the freshers] 'Did you pack all the food?'

Freshers: 'yeah we put all the food from the minibus into the car'.

Alex P: 'Then where are the eggs, spaghetti, porridge, all the chopped tomatoes, the ketchup, teabags, sugar, coffee and pickle?!'

--turns out they were left on the minibus at the boathard – lesson: don't left freshers be responsible for anything!!

NSR:

Dan C: 'Best touch on the rabbit!'

The Pancake Social and a 'battered' kitchen

So I had agreed to host the pancake social at my house. After the carnage, I have learnt some valuable lessons:

- 1) A man with an egg is a very dangerous man indeed.
- 2) If you leave pancake batter on t-shirt to dry and proceed to go to Jesters it can give you very sore nipples.
- 3) Olds are far more devious than expect; age is just a cover up.
- 4) A crutch is a useful implement if you want to lock Piechee in my downstairs toilet.
- 5) Always be prepared as you never know when Sherman will pour 4 litres of pancake mixture over you.
- 6) Pancake mixture makes floors very slippery, especially when wrestling.
- 7) Pancake batter along with the toppings are very hard to clean and very persistent as I still keep finding reminiscent patches from the night.

8) When two or more people are poised to fire their ammo, things can get a little tense much like the scene in 'The Good, The Bad and The Ugly'.

9) Sometimes there is no where to hide.

10) If pancake batter throwing was an Olympic sport, the Maltese would be all conquering champions.

Remember these lessons and you may survive the next pancake social – you have been warned!!



NSR MMX

(Why we didn't win)

Here in lies the true account of events that unfolded in the ancient world of NSR MMX.

In the beginning LUUCC made the heavens and the earth, well... actually they didn't make the heavens and the earth, more accurately, they sent an email to me.

Several months later SUCC arrives in Nottingham! Anticipation as the next few days events will lead to Southampton's inevitable domination of the rodeo... Unfortunately the gods were against us, Dionysos had left several hundred litres of cider at £1 per pint, along with shots and other "judgement clouding" equipment lying around for us to pick up!

Still drunk many awoke on Saturday morning to the warm 1°C atmosphere outside of the protection of sleeping bags, this of course was greeted fondly. Several hours into the rodeo the first of the completely true events happend... during the SUCC demonstration of our finely constructed longboat a void opened in the water course, the black whole opened (another story)...

and whomph! long boat gone, along with 7 SUCC competitors who were going to win their events!!

7 SUCC'ers

Whomph!

Black hole



Unfortunately our luck didn't stop here, in Georges expert heat, after completing what can only be described as the world's first, blunt back-loop mcnasty phoenix monkey or the Mc bluntic monkey for short, was eaten (temporarily) by a tiger shark.



Tiger Shark

George

More SUCC'ers where lost to the party, but the final killer was -2°C on Sunday morning, here is a picture of Pete Curtis frozen completely flat...

Flat



Finally the last day arrived, with less than a hand full of SUCC'ers left the chance of winning was nearly completely gone, if it wasn't for that damn wabbit... Being a tricky bunny more and more people where sucked in with the false hope of winning stickers and the spirit of the rodeo was gone.... Next year that rabbit's going down!



I'll get that damn wabbit...

Trafalgar: The real reason we won



Two by Two Social

The SUCCers came in two by two, hurrah hurrah! This social involved dressing up in pairs as animals, meeting first at Varsity watering-hole. Many animals took time away from practising their roll to parade around Portswood. Zebras turned out in their dozens, to varying degrees of success, from outfits that clearly took at least a trip to Primark to create, to men with duck tape on their faces. A lone penguin found its way from the Antarctic, despite her partner excusing herself from the evening to drink many a bottle of wine. Of course, the faithful president-ark lead us, sporting a hat that put all our efforts to shame. We galloped to The Gordon Arms, then to The Hobbit for some animal fun with the rare creature known as Gary-oke. The usual carnage ensued, except with added giant cardboard pincers to hit fellow SUCCers with. When the Gary-ing was over, the group split, some going home to hibernate the next few days away, and a brave few entering the Jester's jungle. There we danced to a very fitting tune of the Lion King and tried not to get our tails/ears/animal appendages pulled off by drunkards. Moral of the story, apparently lions and turtles are compatible (who knew) and crabs don't dance.

By Kate Herbert



Scotland

The legend of Spleen George

(Peacock Abridgment)

On the 19th March 2010, in the sleepy city of Southampton, SUCC was about to go on its Scotland adventure, hosted by Somerset Dave! There was much banter between mini bus and van, the van claiming arrival in Scotland by 4am and that its occupants would receive a decent night's sleep! However their upance came as they hit a traffic jam on the M6, which was big enough to cause the occupants of the van to spend 13 of their finest hours enjoying each other's company! The second day is the day our legend really begins, the spean was paddled, head banger conquered and constriction slain! But not without consequence, the gorge had claimed one of our own.... None other than Curly himself! As our legend moves forth two are bed stricken. One, who shall not be identified, was maimed by a blasted Peacock! Snapping the poor souls mind, believing they saw peacocks everywhere.... However our hero Curley battled through bruised face and ruptured Spleen!! But will our hero survive?!

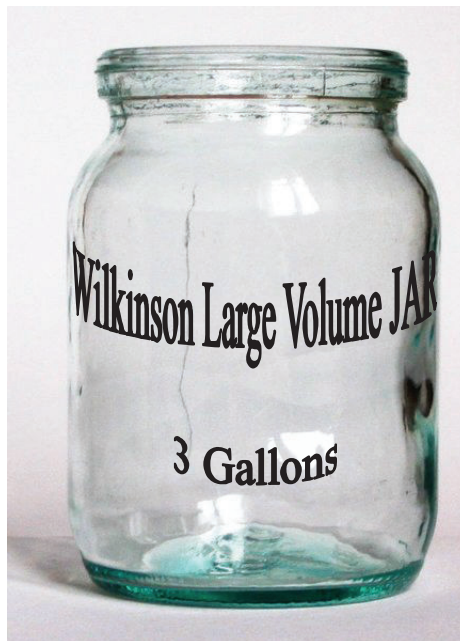
61 peacocks where harmed in the writing of this 4228 epic page novel...



THE JAR of WILKO

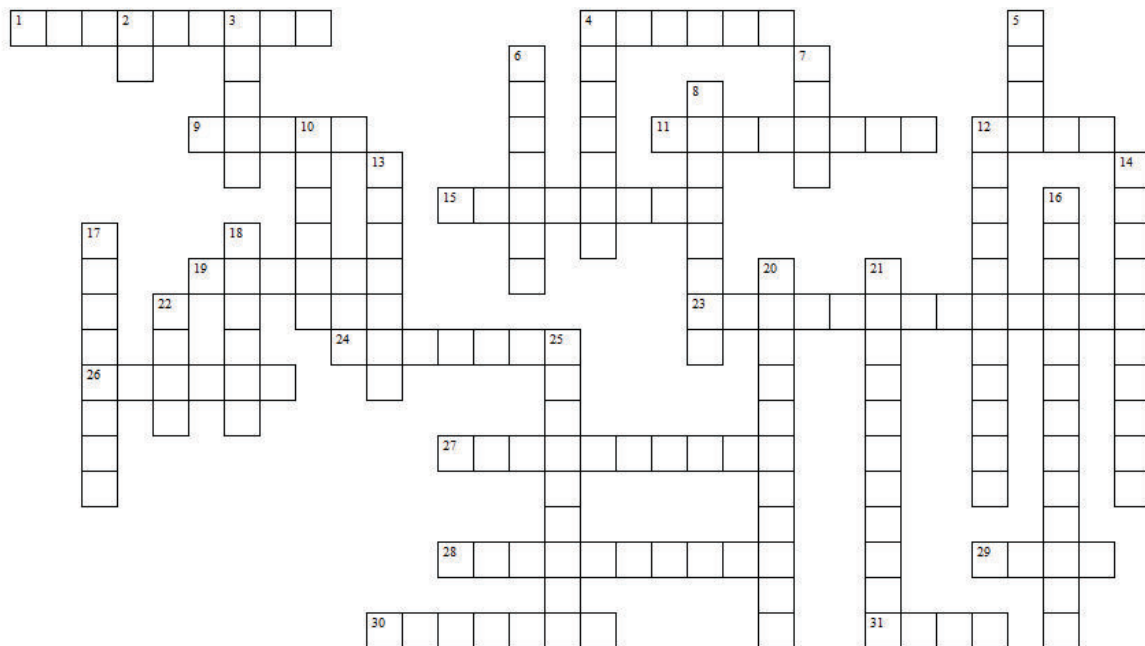
(Fifth Game Edition)

Legend tells of the “collector”, who harvests the ecto-plasm of fallen (asleep) men, the collector refers to this as her 5th game, a game that involves 2 side notes... The contents of each jar is now taken to “the lair” where giant vats of ecto-plasm are used for lotion or pharmaceutical purposes, tested by Slyvester himself, bathed in by wilko for added viscosity.



Fifth game edition includes free jar! Plus scratch and sniff “realism” picture pages.
(Page's 9 through 13 may come stuck together for authenticity.)

SUCC 2010



ACROSS

- 1 Most common member playboat?
- 4 Organ, goes 'pop'
- 9 Beardy Dan has a ...
- 11 SUCC trip, full of olds, lots of drinking & lettuce
- 12 Canoe ****, for those who like the warm
- 15 A SUCC member has a freezer full of these
- 19 Gaffer-taped to a tree on the Usk trip
- 23 Has a giant condom for their boat
- 24 Help you get down rapids, also tend to get lost on rapids
- 26 Wet, dirty and smelly
- 27 Next week's SUCC social
- 28 Favourite fresher dry cag
- 29 A flower, friendly to all.
- 30 Our favourite guitarist (just not EVERY fortnight)
- 31 Can never be found when needed (start under the rock!)

DOWN

- 2 Token black guy
- 3 Hug rocks, hate *****...
- 4 Gravy
- 5 Canoe ****, for those who like the warm
- 6 Explodes in fires, something to do with expanding gases

- 7** Got bored of kayaking right after a rapid, 'decided' to go for a ****.
- 8** Everybody's favourite place (for 'tea' & late nights)
- 10** We hate them, they hate us (unless we're rescuing them)
- 12** Thursday nights, nice and warm, use these funny thin boats...
- 13** Club porn star
- 14** Recently returned to where they belong
- 16** Ran down NSR course naked.
- 17** Abolished trip substance to be reinstated next year
- 18** Playspot - How many gates?
- 20** SUCC trip, full of olds, aim is to scare off as many freshers as possible
- 21** Faff.
- 22** Drinking club, some kayaking involved.
- 25** Much like a sieve, allows the boat to slowly fill with water (club kit)



SCOTLAND DIARIES 2010



Featuring:

Somerset Dave
Fresher George
Eric Westenbrink
Sherman
Andrew
Piechee
Dan Crowley
Squelch
Stave
Wilko

Nat
Cat
Ad
Eric Starkie
Pete
John Dyke
Andy French
Matt Kelly
Rob McWhirley
Curly George
Danny Young

Guest Starring: Rich Hill



Saturday 20th March (and a bit of Friday Night)

WILKO'S BIRTHDAY



Nat and I arrived at Chieveley services at the time we had arranged to be picked up, but on phoning the bus we discovered that they had not yet left Southampton. A further phone call an hour later and they were "near Eastleigh"! Thus started the theme of the week FAFF...but what more can you expect when Eric Westenbrink is involved?! Piechee drove until we picked Stave up in Warwick, and then Stave drove until we got about half an hour away from our destination when Squelch took over. Minibus antics included cheering every time Stave stalled (which was a lot) and a quarter hourly countdown to my birthday which culminated in the best birthday present, and new Scotland Mascot.....Scotty the Sheep ("Scotty doesn't know!!!!").

After many hours of driving the minibus arrived at the Green Welly with enough time to spare for a couple of hours sleep before it opened for breakfast. At this point I don't think the van was even in Scotland due to an incident turning the M6 into a car park! Quote of the hour going to Miss Belcher with: "I wish I had no limbs, think how much more comfortable I could be!" Unfortunately sleep was hard to come by so we amused ourselves with talk of giant mirrors, which turned out to just be another minibus next to us. Eric Starkie's response to this was "What, you mean that ISN'T the van?" The van finally caught up after we'd finished breakfast and we set off to paddle our first river of the week.

Today we paddled: **THE RIVER ORCHY**



River Groups:

'Team no-swim': Stave, Curly George, Somerset Dave, Nat, Piechee.

Group 2: John Dyke, Anna Belcher, Wilko, Andy French.

Group 3: Fresher George, Matt Kelly, Dan Crowley, Pete, Sherman.

Group 4: Eric Starkie, McWhirley, Audrey, Westenbrink.

Now, I feel I must point out at this point that the Orchy is my nemesis due to an unfortunate incident on a previous Scotland trip and therefore I was not feeling particularly good about this river. After swimming at the get on I proceeded to cause immense faff at every rapid for which I must apologise to my group, but anyway, enough of that! The Orchy was at a good level and everyone had fun (including me, mostly). Some people even did the two grade 5 sections. Andy French took a very interesting line backwards into the slot on the first grade 5, luckily he managed to pull it off but we were all holding our breaths for a while. Fresher George on the other hand nailed the line along with a couple of others. Today also saw the first sighting of the now infamous Scottish "Peacock" after Andrew took a swim out of the new boat. In the words of Somerset Dave: "His head got pinned in a rock and his shoulder got ripped sideways by an evil gremlin of doom!"

At the get out we all had some very yummy muffins thanks to Mummy Holmyard and then set off towards Fort William to buy our dinner. Once dinner had been bought for the evening we all grouped round the minibus in Morrison's car park. At this point we realised that Pete had been given the bus keys and then disappeared. Nat and I decided to leave them to it and hitched a lift with George so we could shotgun the best bedroom!

After dinner Squelch, Nat, Dan and various others entered the big Chalet to the sound of the smoke alarm, with THE BEST birthday cake I have ever seen, a giant pink teapot!! When everyone had had their cake and eaten it too there followed a bit of a sweet fight, with Rich Hill throwing half chewed sweets at people's faces.

Number of Peacocks spotted:

Far too many to count, although one was even caught on camera!!!



Sunday 21st March



Today we paddled: **THE SPEAN GORGE**

River Groups:

'Team no-swim': Stave, Curly George, Somerset Dave, Nat, Piechee.

Group 2: John Dyke, Anna Belcher, Wilko, Andy French.

Group 3: Fresher George, Matt Kelly, Dan Crowley, Pete, Sherman.

Group 4: Eric Starkie, McWhirley, Audrey, Westenbrink.

Top Quotes:

Stave, whilst watching Gok Wan in the morning: "Wilko, would you go on 'How to Look Good Naked'? I mean not that you don't look good naked... Ummm..."

Audrey, all day: "My shoulder"

Antics:

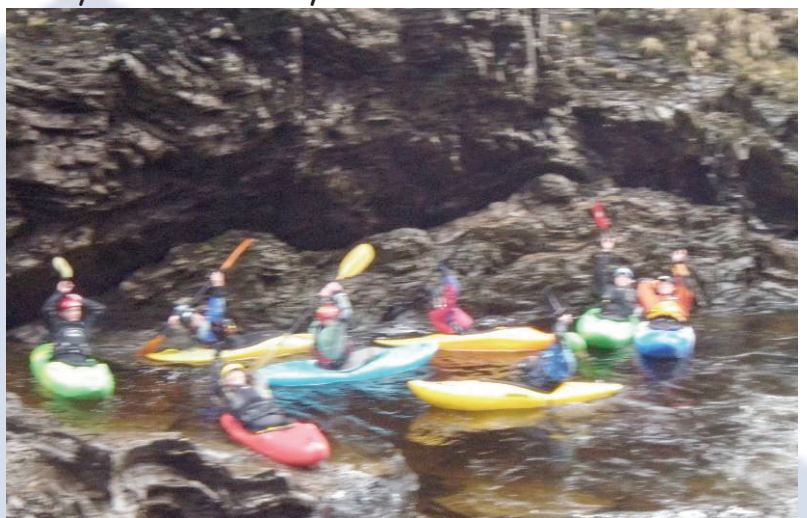
We got back from paddling the Spean Gorge at 5:00pm to find that no-one had thought to buy dinner for the evening. Cue a mad dash in the minibus to see whether Morrison's was still open (bearing in mind it was a Sunday evening). Luckily when we got there at 5:45 we discovered that they were open until 6, phew, we were imagining pot noodle from the shop in the village for dinner! On the way back to the Chalets Stave got wind of some gossip about a certain person and a certain trip to Nottingham, and had to pull the bus into a lay-by to hear the full story. Unfortunately this then lead to him abusing me all evening about said gossip!

FAFF:

Piechee, last one out of the Chalet, and last on the bus!

And of course.....Stave stalled!!!

Number of Peacocks spotted:
24





Monday 22nd March

Having driven all the way to the Etive due to the lack of rain around Roybridge we discovered that it was at a crazy high level. Yes, that picture is of triple 3 believe it or not, hence Ad's facial expression! So...

Today we paddled: **THE LOWER ETIVE**

River Groups:

Group 1: Stave, Wilko, Westenbrink, Audrey.

Group 2: Starkie, Matt Kelly, Nat, Andy French.

Group 3: Cat, Ad, Squelch, Pete.

Group 4: Somerset Dave, Fresher George, McWhirley, Piechee.

Group 5: John Dyke, Dan, Sherman.

Top Quotes:

Stave (driving): "Look at the river!"

Starkie: "Look at the road!"

Audrey: "My shoulder!"

Dave: "Audrey, Where have you been hurt?"

Audrey: "I'm not allowed to say, I get abuse if I do."

Dan: "The Head bone's connected to the neck bone..."

Dave: "the neck bone's connected to the neck bone!" (Well Done Dave!)

FAFF:

Having sent the van off to go and buy dinner for the evening the minibus started driving back up to the top of the lower etive to pick up Toby (Cat and Ad's van). However, when we got there Cat discovered that she'd left her keys in her dry bag, which was in the club van on the way to Fort William. Stave put his foot down and we speeded after the van. After a few metres we met a crazy woman coming over a very narrow bridge. She refused to move, which meant Stave had to pull right over onto the verge to let her past. I think you can guess what's coming next, that's right, we got stuck in the mud and we all had to get out and push. Once we





were back on the road again we spotted the van up ahead so Stave started beeping his horn and flashing his lights to get their attention. Eventually they did slow down so Ad got out and ran towards them, but just as he got there they sped off. And so we set off after them again, leaving poor Ad standing on the side of the road. They did

eventually stop and everyone went chasing after them. Sherman claimed that he had not heard our horn or seen us chasing them as he hadn't looked in his mirrors!!!

Antics:

On driving back from chasing Speed-Demon-Sherman to unlock Toby, I spotted a pair of paddles on the other side of the river. They looked like quite nice ones, honestly. So, after looking at Dalness falls, John Dyke decided to walk back up the other side of the river to get the paddles. Once we picked him up at the bridge we discovered that they were in fact just a pair of crappy plastic paddles, definitely not worth the trek to get them. Needless to say John Dyke was not a happy man.

A tornado may also have been spotted at the get out; I think Fresher George was pretty scared! And it definitely made walking back up to the van pretty difficult, there were boats flying everywhere!



Also, TWO PEOPLE KILLED TWO TOADS, and I saved a toad!

Oh, I almost forgot, Stave stalled!!!

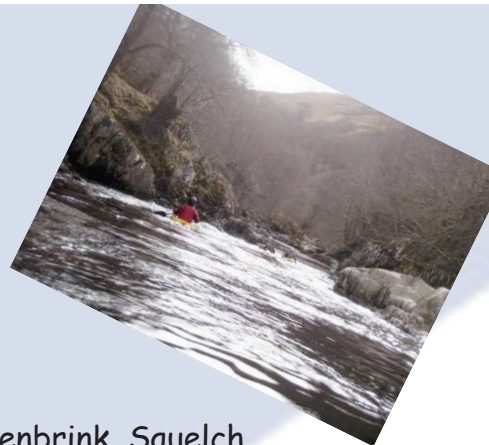
Number of Peacocks spotted: 18





Tuesday 23rd March

Today we paddled: **THE ROY GORGE AND LOWER ROY**



River Groups:

Group 1: Danny, Stave, Westenbrink, Squelch

Group 2: Starkie, Matt Kelly, Andy French

Group 3: Cat, Ad, Pete.

Group 4: Somerset Dave, Fresher George, McWhirley, Piechee

Group 5: John Dyke, Dan, Curly, Sherman.

Top Quotes:

Audrey: "My shoulder"

Eric: "Some people might call it faff... but I don't like spending all my time worrying about how long something's going to take."

SUCCer 1: "What are we paddling today?"

SUCCer 2: "Your mum".

(I would like to say Matt Kelly was involved in this exchange, but I can't be sure)

Cat (on the kestrel hovering over a field on TV): "Do you think they actually filmed that?"

Dave: "Maybe they used a stunt rat..."

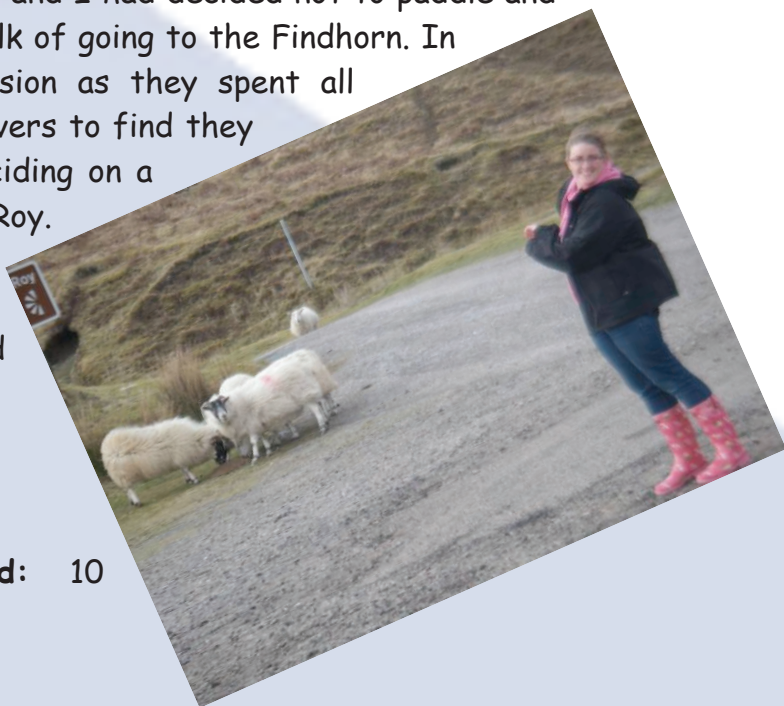
FAFF:

Today there was a lot of faff. Nat and I had decided not to paddle and stay at the Chalet as there was talk of going to the Findhorn. In retrospect this was a good decision as they spent all morning driving round different rivers to find they had no water in them, before deciding on a very low Roy Gorge and Lower Roy.

George's reaction to this was: "Personally I might not paddle; I might just get a grinder out and sand the bottom of my boat."

Stave probably stalled!!!

Number of Peacocks spotted: 10



Wednesday 24th March

Today we paddled: **THE ETIVE**

River Groups:

Group 1: John Dyke, Sherman, Dan, McWhirley.

Group 2: Dave, George, Curly, Danny

Group 3: Cat, Ad, Pete.

Group 4: Starkie, Matt Kelly, Andy French

'Team Lady': Stave, Squelch, Wilko, Nat, Westenbrink

'Team vehicle': Piechee, Andrew.

'Team one-etive-run-is-not-enough': Stave, Danny, George.

'Team two-more-rivers': Stave, Danny, John Dyke.



Top Quotes:



Audrey: "My shoulder"

George: "If you show me any more side boob I'm going to be sick".

Audrey: "Why do people always call them pics? It makes it sound like a pedo organising their collection of pictures..."

Dave: "I'm gonna have a word with Ben Nevis"

Audrey: "I have to drive at 50mph on a single carriageway road."

Dave: FAFF.

Piechee: "No, minibuses do have to drive at 10mph under the speed limit"

Matt Kelly: "Does that mean minibuses can't drive in 10mph limits?!"

Helen (to Matt Kelly): "Get my camera out of your pants!"

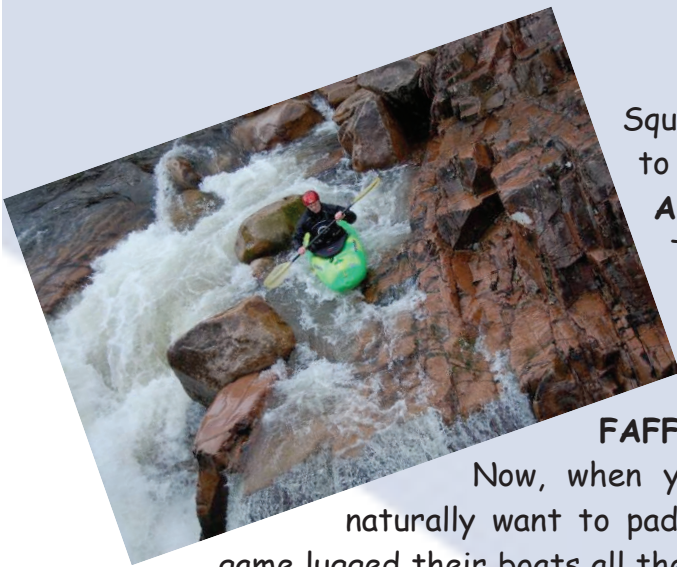
Dave: "Andrew, can Sherman drive the Scotland leg of the drive home on Saturday?"

Audrey: "Why?"

Fresher George: "Because you drive slower than a dead badger!"

Fresher George: "So George and Rob are making up the curly whirly team."





Squelch: "But are they edible? We might have to ask Wilkins!"

Antics:

Today we were all quite shocked to discover just how many dead baby jokes there are in the world. Andy French managed to keep us entertained all evening with them.

FAFF:

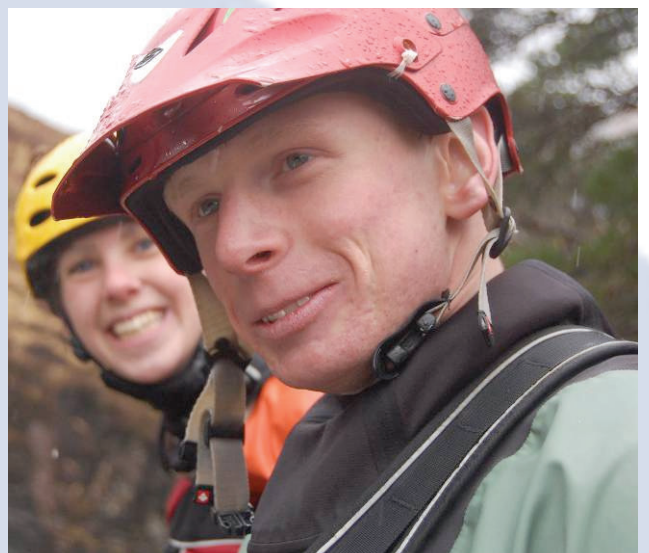
Now, when you go to the Etive, a lot of people will naturally want to paddle the Allt A' Chaorainn. Those who were game lugged their boats all the way to the top only to find that is was at a crazy high level that even Danny was loathe to paddle. So, they had to bring their boats all the way back down again without even getting in them!

Team Lady:

I wasn't sure whether Team Lady's epic day should come under faff or antics, so I've given it a heading all of it's very own! Team Lady (consisting of Stave, Eric, Squelch, Nat and myself) did not get off to a particularly good start. Nat was feeling particularly nervous about the Etive and it took some considerable persuasion from Stave to get her on the river. Her nervousness made me start to worry, and then Squelch started to worry too. Three worried ladies, not a good start to the river! Stave, Squelch and Eric managed to get down triple 1 and 2 with no problems, but I did the classic line of upside-down backwards the wrong side on the rock on 2, and needless to say, I swam. Eric took a couple of rolls in the eddy but I finally got back in my boat and we went for triple 3. Squelch went over first but had a bit of a boat pinned against rock experience, luckily hero Stave was there to rescue her. I went over next and swam for the second time, but Eric had no problems. We met Nat round the corner as she hadn't wanted to do the drops and carried on. A little way around the corner I got pinned on a rock and decided I'd had enough and walked off the river. The others carried on but on inspecting letterbox Nat decided she really didn't want to carry on the river and walked off as well! Unfortunately Squelch got stuck upside-down in the slot of letterbox and lost her paddles. She just about managed to get out and was doing an Eskimo rescue on Stave's boat as they went over ski jump. Both of them decided that they'd had enough of the Etive after that scary experience and walked of the river as well. So, of the 5 people who started in team Lady, only Eric Westenbrink finished the river!

Bet you can't guess...Stave stalled!!!

Number of Peacocks spotted: 3





Thursday 25th March

Today we paddled: **THE UPPER FINDHORN**

River Groups:

Group 1: Stave, Squelch, Wilko, Fresher George.

Group 2: Starkie, Westenbrink, Curly, Piechee (7 rolls)

Group 3: John Dyke, Sherman, Whirly, Matt Kelly.

Group 4: Cat, Ad, Nat, Pete.

"Team Findhorn Gorge": John Dyke and Eric Starkie

Top Quotes:

Fresher George: "I'm just looking for a good tree to grind..."

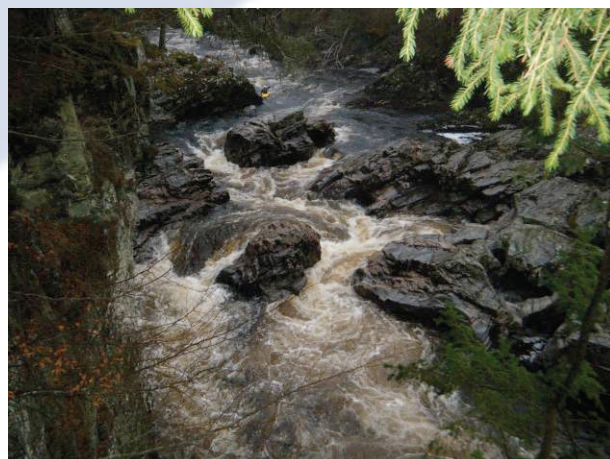
Wilko: "I rolled today!"

Westenbrink: "Well done, I didn't!"

Wilko: "Does anyone want this last truffle?"

Pete: "We could share it?"

Piechee: "Pete, what kind of man are you that shares a chocolate?!"



Antics:

Whilst my group were sat in an eddy we saw a green boat floating downstream, with no sign of its owner. A little while later we saw Eric (back-up) Westenbrink clambering down the bank after taking a little dip. Later on we drove to the Findhorn Gorge and left John Dyke and Eric Starkie to run the above rapid, where Eric took a very interesting (upside-down) line!



FAFF:

According to Nat's notes there was getting up faff, however I don't remember this because I was still in bed. Oh wait, that must have been the faff!

And...Stave stalled!!!

Number of Peacocks spotted: I'm sure there must have been many but we were too busy paddling to notice!





Friday 26th March

Today we paddled: **THE PATACK**

River Groups:

Group 1: Somerset, Piechee, Fresher George, Matt Kelly, Nat.

Group 2: Ad, Whirly, Sherman

Group 3: Stave, Squelch, Pete, Cat

Group 4: Starkie, Curly, Dan, Westenbrink

Group 5: John Dyke, Wilko, Audrey

'Team shit': Stave, Fresher George, Squelch

'Team swim-in-shit': Dan, Dave, John Dyke

Top Quotes:

Dave (swimming very fast out of the "cave"): "IT'S A SEWER!!!"

Stave: "I'm not going to re-italiate"

Squelch: "We need an inflatable one of those for the pool, it'll teach you to keep your head back when you roll."

Starkie: "Inflatable cave or inflatable sewer?"



SUCCer: "Come on Wilkins, drink up whilst it's still warm!"

Antics:

Now those of you who went to Scotland last year will remember, and those who didn't will have heard, about a certain ex-treasurer expressing his rage at having his boat strung up in the air by cutting someone's throw line. Needless to say everyone thought it would be a good idea to try and recreate this event. So, Audrey's boat was hung from a tree! He did manage to control himself this time and not take it out on innocent kit. Once the boat had been released it was Squelch's turn to swing from the tree, however the sound of cracking branches soon put an end to that little game.

The river was good fun, if a little scrapey and a lot of people ran the last little gorge section again. While people were playing around on the wave at the get out, Stave found a cave! Intrepid explorers, Stave, Squelch and



George, decided to check out this cave and paddled into it. Dan, Dave and John Dyke decided that looked like fun and swam in after them (it was quite a low cave, the boats didn't fit in easily, particularly not Dan's barge!). A little while later, Dave came swimming out of the cave, faster than I've ever seen anyone swim, shouting "IT'S A SEWER!" The intrepid



explorers emerged covered in what can only be described as shit, although looking rather pleased with themselves, none-the-less. Now, Andrew and I decided to have a race to the get out, but the evil man pushed me out of the eddy, where I got stuck in a tree and lost my paddles. This seemed to provide some amusement for everyone!!

There were quite a few antics at the get out while we were getting changed today. George did an impression of me with my cape and jar, which I'm told was very funny, however I unfortunately missed the spectacle! I think at this point

everyone was getting quite fed-up of Piechee-cam and decided to "hide" his helmet in retaliation. This actually involved just putting it up a large tree, and as Piechee is quite tall he got it down with no problems at all!

As it was our last night in Scotland we decided to celebrate by spending £1 per person on vast amounts of pudding! You'd be surprised just how much pudding that can buy. Once everyone had eaten as much as they possibly could, the "pudding challenge" was instigated, where no-one could leave until all of the pudding was finished. This was fine, until the golden syrup and hundreds and thousands started to be passed around the circle! Then some incredibly funny SUCCers decided to make me drink "sperm" from a jar, which was a disgusting mixture of warm angel delight, water, salt and various other things!

FAFF:

Apparently there was no faff today, but I don't believe that for a second!

Stave definitely stalled, many times!!!

Number of Peacocks spotted: 5



Saturday 27th March

(almost) SOMERSET DAVE'S BIRTHDAY

Today was the day before Somerset Dave's 22nd Birthday and as a special treat he got a present of "Jellied Helmet". Unfortunately, as we learned, jelly is very penetrative, even though said helmet was covered in about 10 layers of cling-film. Luckily Dave took it particularly well, many wouldn't.



Today we paddled: **THE ALLT A' CHAORAINN**



River Groups:

Group 1: Stave, Squelch, Cat, Ad.

Group 2: John Dyke, Whirly, Somerset.

Group 3: Andy French, Matt Kelly, Sherman, Westenbrink.

Group 4: Dan, Pete. (I'm sure there must have been more people in this group, but I didn't see them!)

Top Quotes:

Squelch (to Stave): "Less inspecting of the guns, more driving."

Starkie: "If you shop at Makros you'll end up with confectionary in the airing cupboard!"

Piechee: "Dan, can you pour me some millions please?"

Dan: "How many would you like?"

Piechee: "Somewhere between 5 and 10."

Dan: "Would you like that closer to 5, or to 10?"

Danny: "Ok, so put your crappy Jack Johnson music back on then."

Stave: "What do you want to listen to then? Metallica? Gunfire on tape?!"

Danny: "Just because your favourite film is Titanic Stave..."

Wilko: "I don't know how they can drink beer at a time like this!"

Squelch: "You mean like on a Saturday night in Spoons?"

Andy French: "It takes more than a little sperm to put me off my food."



Antics:

Today was our last day in Scotland, so after cleaning the chalets and packing the van we drove across to Glen Etive so Squelch could finally fulfil her dream of paddling the Allt A' Chaorainn. Squelch took the most amazing line down speed, John Dyke took a very interesting line down pinball and ended

up looking very shocked, and Dan Crowley ate rock on Chasm.

After some van packing faff, we set off on our long journey home. To ease the boredom Nat, Eric and I decided to do impressions of the sweets that Eric found in his bag. I bet you can't guess what we are impersonating in the photo?!

We had dinner at Spoons in Kendal and then made our way back down south to be greeted at 3am by the very lovely and much missed Mr Valletta



FAFF:

There was quite a lot of van packing faff, however I think this was mainly due to most people not wanting to help as it was pouring with rain (well done to those who did pack the van!). But apart from that the journey home went smoothly until Danny decided he would rather be in the van as he needed to get home quickly. Cue faff trying to meet up with the van in Kendal and swap Danny for Dave.

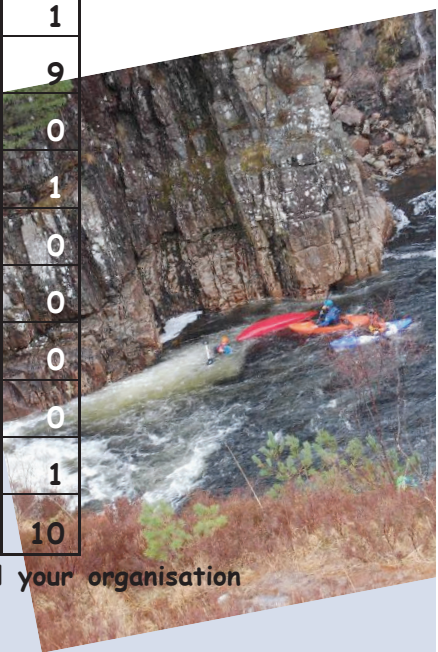
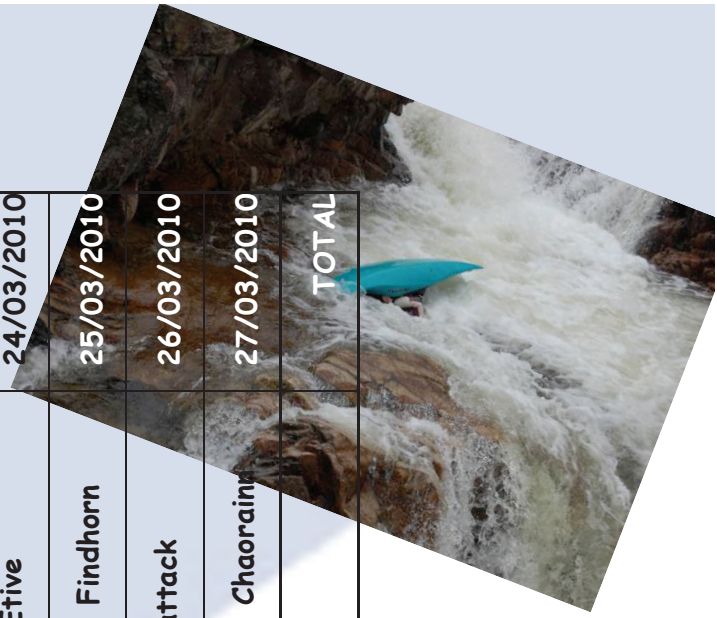
Stave stalled for the last time!!!

Number of Peacocks spotted: 8

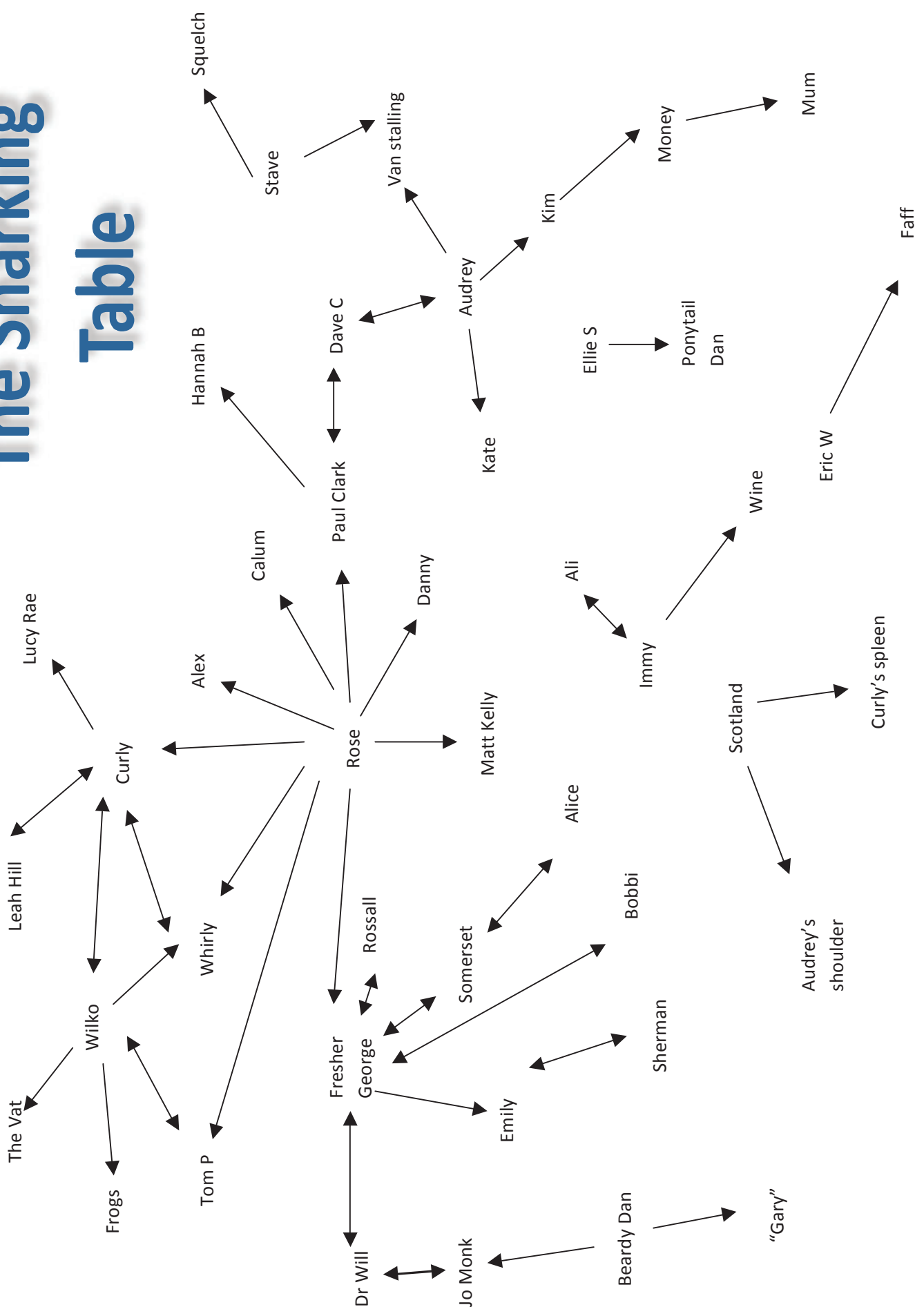
SWIM TABLE

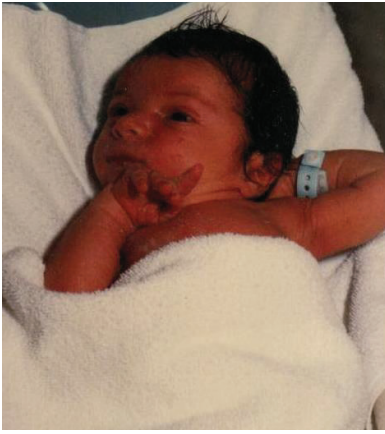
	20/03/2010	21/03/2010	22/03/2010	23/03/2010	24/03/2010	25/03/2010	26/03/2010	27/03/2010	TOTAL
	Orchy	Spean Gorge	Lower Etive	Roy Gorge and Lower Roy	Etive	Upper Findhorn	Pattack	Allt A' Chaorainn	
Ad			0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Andy French	0	0	0	0	0			0	0
Audrey	1	0	1				0		2
Cat			0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Curly George	0	0		1	2	0	0		3
Dan	0	0	0	0	1		0	0	1
Danny				0	0				0
Fresher George	10	0	0	0	0	0	0		10
John Dyke	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1
Matt Kelly	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	2
McWhirley	2	0	0	0	2	0	1	1	6
Nat	0	0	0		0	0	1		1
Pete	3	1	0	2	2	0	0	1	9
Piechee	0	0	0	0		0	0		0
Sherman	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1
Somerset	0	0	0	0	0		0	0	0
Squelch	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Starkie	0	0	0	0	0	0	0		0
Stave	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Westenbrink	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1
Wilko	2	2	1		2	2	1		10

Thus concludes Scotland 2010. Thank you to Somerset Dave for all your organisation and to everyone else for helping!



The Sharking Table





YOUR FACE



Author#1 at 3 days of age, wondering why people are staring at his face.

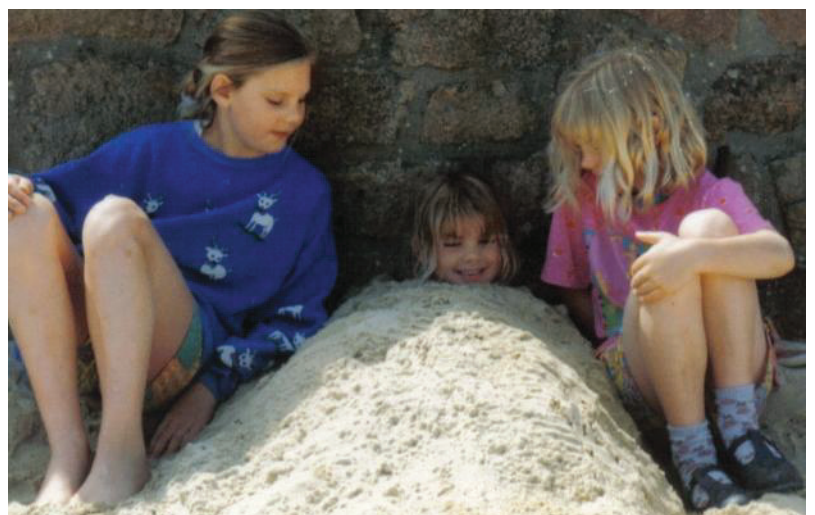
Author#2 at an age of 1, wondering when they will let her go so that she could start causing mayhem.

Have you ever wondered why (according to the only source available) it took God 6 days to create the world but then it took 9 months to form your face? (Yes for some people it is clearly obvious that 9 months would be needed to sculpt something that hideous). Well, your face is the most important thing that you own, something that no one can take away (well rocks can take bits of it occasionally, but eh what are you going to do) and it identifies you as a person. It is the first thing you look at when meeting a person for the first time (maybe not entirely true for some perverts out there). Round, oval, elongated, symmetrical, unsymmetrical, foreign, your face is your face and it's precious. We usually take it for granted and make fun of other people's faces – well in certain cases it's very hard not to. Why are we rambling about faces? Because we have a strange fetish for them and thought we would share this with you in the most boring way possible by rambling...face face face, ah we love the face...ok we'll stop now! The actual reason being we decided it's about time to admire some of them (there's your first clue, this article was definitely written by blind crazies!).

On the next page you are going to see a number of curious faces – try and guess which SUCCer they belong to. For now we'll leave you with the authors' faces to laugh at :)



Author#1, still wondering why people are staring and taking pictures of his face – is there anything wrong with it (other of course than the fact that there seem to be 5 of them?)



Author#2, getting (literally) grounded after causing too much mayhem – It's not fair, I'm the smallest one!! (Curiously they seem strangely content for someone buried up to their neck in sand)

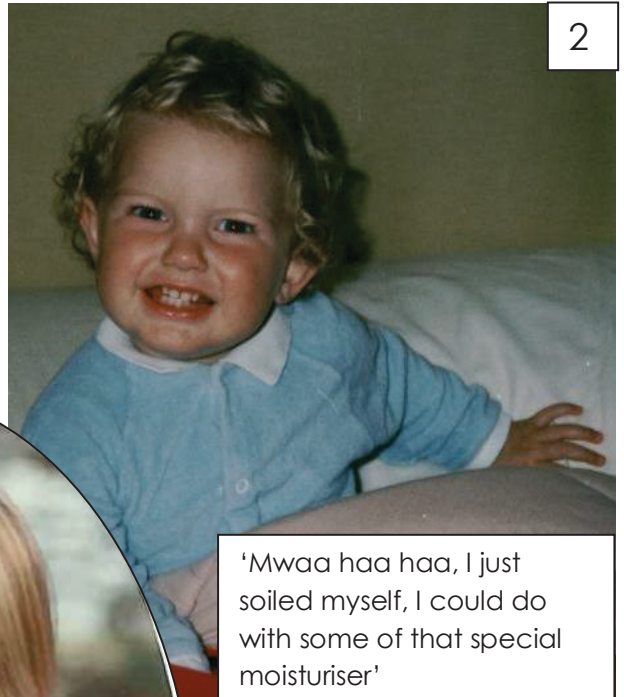
SUCCER'S CURIOUS FACES

1



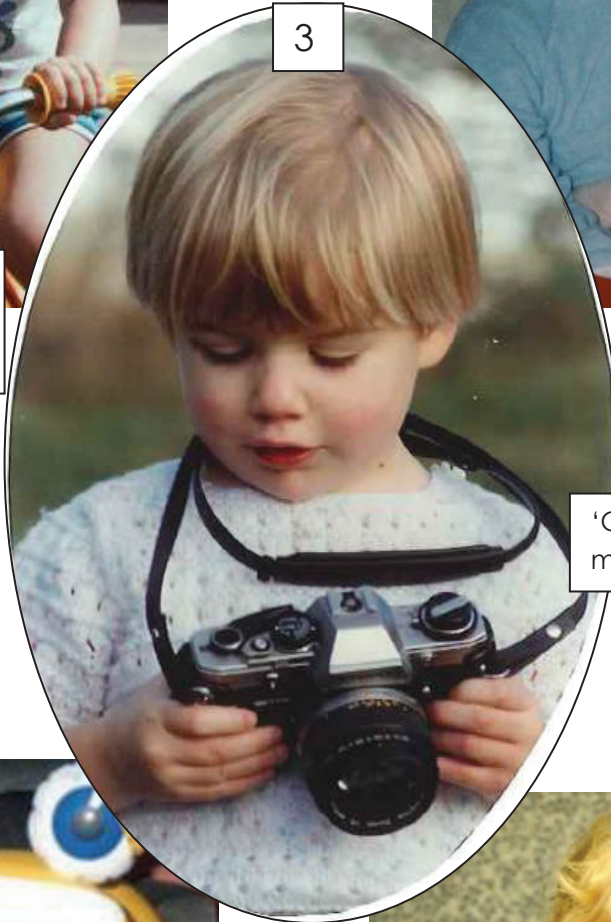
'Look at me again and I'll drive my trusty steed right into your crotch!'

2



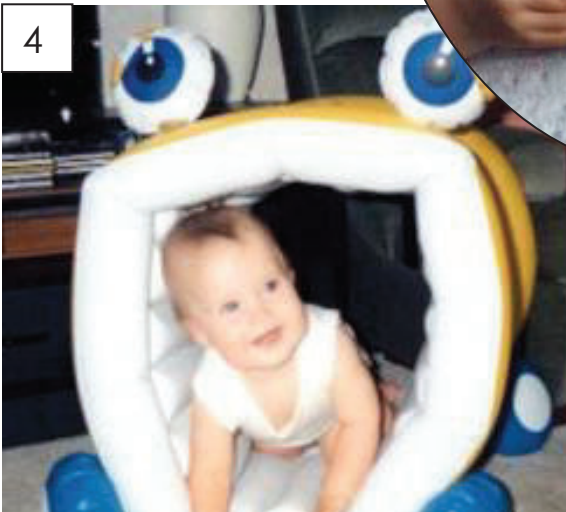
'Mwaa haa haa, I just soiled myself, I could do with some of that special moisturiser'

3



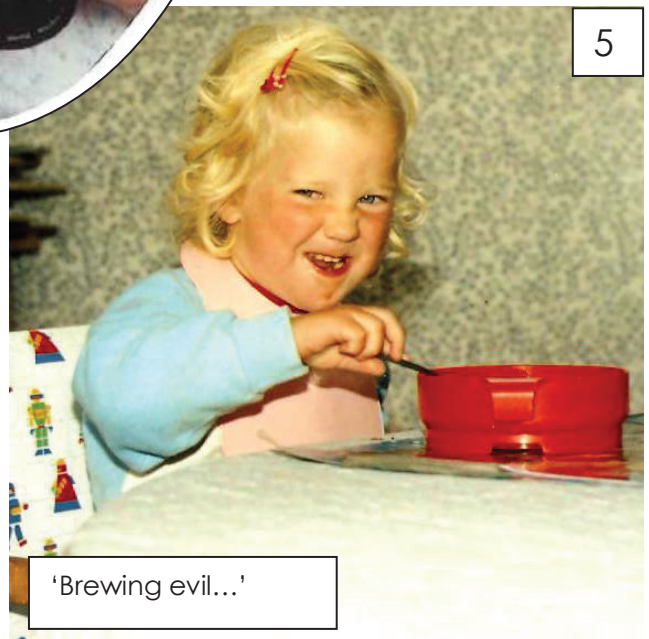
'Come on darling give me the camera back'

4



'Further examination has revealed that yes this monster has a giant gaping hole at the back of his head...now time for Moore hugs''

5



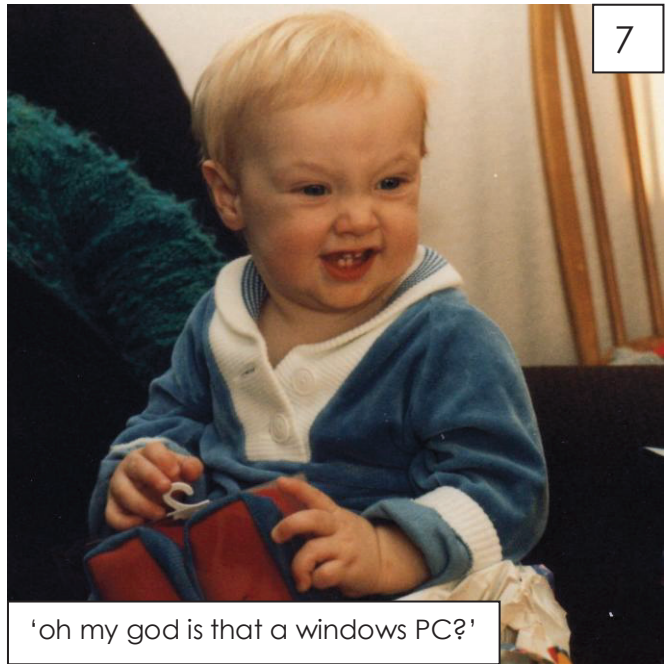
'Brewing evil...'

6



'erghhhhhh, if I concentrate hard enough I'm pretty sure I can grow a beard'

7



'oh my god is that a windows PC?'

8



'Check out my 200 acres of the finest lands in England'

We do hope you've enjoyed this selection of exquisite faces – although if you're chundering, it's questionable whether it is the alcohol, the boat, or the sheer hideousness of the faces!!

To leave you with a final inspiring quote:

'I never forget a face, but in your case I'll make an exception!'

Mucho Love,

Author #1 and Author #2

Rhossili

The Rhossili surf weekend was a very successful trip this year. Both Olds and freshers alike, sat around the camp fire talking about exploding lettuces and seeing who could get closest to the bonfire. Added to the mix were a copious amount of alcohol and even more wooden pallets! We saw Dr. Will nearly kill a couple of freshers as he showed off his pallet caber toss. We also had fun in the boats both on and off the water. Some of the more serious kayakers went out to sea to ride the waves whilst other club members decided that a boats best use was riding it down a sand dune off a seven foot drop! On Sunday we also had the amazing spectacle of a cart-wheeling duo, much to the amazement of passersby. There were more fun shenanigans going on back at camp where pasties were being barbecued and freshers were being introduced to the infamous Clive T. Bear.

