

First Edition • November 2021 • MSAV Uros

# Steddie

Presidential Affairs, Coaches DO Play  
Frank's First Row Seat at Love



## Storytime:

On the 5th of November....

Behind the scenes  
of the Uros Board

**Uros phenomenons**

**you should be aware of and much more!**



**ronforrun.nl**

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# Word by the editorial office

Dear **Urosians**,

As a quick foreword from the committee (as we're all dying to read the Steddie), we want to welcome all the new members to your first Steddie! The Steddie is the UROS magazine which reports stories about activities and competitions, and of course all gossip within UROS. The Steddie committee ensures that this magazine is published four times a year, full of stories and Privuros!

As this year has already been full of events, abroad experiences, competitions and of course gossip, we are very happy to offer you this first edition.

If you want to be part of the team (or just be an informant), don't hesitate to approach us during practice or shoot us a message. On this note, enjoy reading and have an amazing UROS year!

Cheers,

**The Steddie Committee**

***Teun, Mahault, Yoyo, Sara, Marta and Fabi***

# Word by the board

We as a board are still a bit recovering from the amazing Olympic members weekend. We danced and sang during the cantus, represented the different countries during the sports tournament and some of the members discovered their secret talent for twerking during the pubquiz. Although it was challenging to organise this weekend since the reservation got cancelled 9 days before the weekend, the weekend committee managed to make a great weekend out of it (the best ever according to team USA ;)).

Though the members weekend was not the only activity that took place. It started with INKOM. There were quite some people that joined the practices and especially a lot of them joined the beer mile that took place. A lot of people decided to become a member (we don't know if it was because of the practices or the beer) which resulted in a total of 116 members.

We went to the NSK Teams with a big group where we managed to immediately lose Stoffel and 2 out of the 3 flags we brought with us (lesson for us: never let Sven take care of Stoffel. But thanks to a very observing Fabi we managed to at least take Stoffel back home (lesson for Dedoka: don't lose sight of Stoffel during a Greek 400m).

We hope that it will be possible to keep having these activities despite covid. We will try our best to make this year an amazing year for all of you. Take care everyone :)

**Besturos '21-'22**

# Breaking Sculls: a Story of Perseverance

*A compilation of experiences by Fabi Marondel about making moves in South Carolina:*

**"From being threetard on the worst team in the country to giving hell to the big boy programs on the East Coast"**

Aight, most of you are going to be wondering *"what the heck is this dude talking about"* but since I was asked to give a little insight on my college experience in the States and the beautiful sport of rowing, or **crew** as it's called in America, here we go...

## Chapter 1: The threetard

As some of you may know, I'm fairly new to running and have rowed for the majority of my career. Yet, an injury had me sidelined before I went to the **States** and I hadn't been in a boat for quite a while. The only base endurance I had came from running, but that did not necessarily translate into a competitive 2k (*equivalent to a mile/800m time that is used for recruiting or assembling crews*). So I ended up going through the most brutal base training of my entire life, that lasted 8 weeks, experienced the worst humidity known to mankind, and had to evacuate due to **Hurricane Dorian** (you were a joke bro, sincerely). Did that do any good? No! Because still I ended up pulling the worst 2k-time of the men's eight and was placed on three-seat. The three seat in a men's the third person in the front of the boat and we count backwards in the direction of travel with the stroke seat (the guy in charge) being number eight-seat, the threetard is considered the position where you have the least impact on the boat and can consequently do the least damage to power output or feeling for the rhythm of the boat. If you ever want to have one person fainting in a race, you hope it to be the threetard. In other words, threetard means retarded threetard or the guy that didn't get cut but is still kind of to bad to be on the team. Or I was just *the dumbest fucking guy on the team...*

## Chapter 2: 10k everyday!

Did that stop me from waking up everyday at 5 a.m., being drenched in sweat by 8 a.m., constantly in pain during workouts and tired as hell by 7 p.m.? No. Although it made me feel less guilty showing up to practise completely pissed from the day before. Rumour has it that the latter contributed to being **threetard**. As time progressed and we've entered into "pre-season", where we only raced highschoolers due to a coaching change that had happened the semester prior, I gained one hell of a fitness over 5k/6k by doing 10k-erg-pieces at race pace or slightly below that every afternoon after water practise. I still do not know how I survived, but somehow I did and was finally *no longer considered threetard*. Just in time before our first head races, the Head of the Hootch and the Head of the South.

### Chapter 3: Hands on, up and over head! Sit on catch and send it!

Head of the Hootch and HOTS ended in a partial disaster, but also in a great victory (Fuck Auburn, and Jacksonville too) and at least we could qualify for the 2020 edition of the **Head of the Charles** (which was cancelled). After going to Florida twice, I realised that it has really become a shitshow for *retarded .and retired* people. But we dominated **Stetson Invitational** and **Tampa Fall Classic**. Rumour has it that *we've never been delayed due to bad traffic, but went to Disney World* instead and spent another day down in Florida before heading back to Charleston. For some reason, traffic seemed to be a better excuse than getting into the Christmas spirit in Orlando. Ain't nothing better than fake snow and Christmas music in 75 degree weather (that's kinda hot for December for everyone in the metric system). Btw that's 25'ish degrees celsius. After that, I did in fact do some road racing before going back home over the Holidays and had a great time celebrating **my first ever Sinterklaas** with some Dutch friends in Charleston and Chapel Hill. Wrapping up the Fall regattas, we don't necessarily have conferences or regional championships in men's rowing, since we are organised under **ACRA or IRA**, unlike the women who still are part of the **NCAA** franchise and therefore compete in the *CAA, ACC, Big Ten, Big Twelve, SEC*, whatever conference. Rankings are based on race results which are classified in different categories according to the quality of competitors (we also have handicaps in men's rowing) and times. At the end of each academic year, the best individuals and best boats are invited to IRA or ACRA and compete for the national title or an **"All-American"** spot. The biggest claim to fame nonetheless is the HOTC regatta at the end of October in Boston. If you ever get the chance to visit Boston at that time of the year, don't miss the chance and go to Charles River and watch the races, it's really a thing. And maybe, since you are in the area, go visit the famous Harvard Square and look out for a *"CofC > Harvard"*-tag on one of the walls near the square. For legal reasons, it wasn't me and I plead the 5th.

### Chapter 4: Sprinting into Coronacation - kind of...

The preparations for spring season started right after the Christmas holidays on January 6, again with two weeks of intense land practise, running up and down the Ravenel Bridge, Customs House or doing circuit training on **Colonial Lake** or at **the Battery** (name dropping, in case y'all wanna stalk some places or ever have the chance to go visit Chucktown). Even though we didn't have real seasons in SC, more like fake fall and fake winter, we had to do a whole lot of erging and conditioning at land because although the temperatures didn't drop much below 10 degrees (celcius, not gonna do the conversion this time), the winds from the north-east picked up significantly and king tide was exceptionally strong that year. I guess climate change might have contributed to that as well but you can never be too sure about that or at least say that it is to blame when you are in the South. However, we had our minds set straight for some indoor rowing at **Clemson** (*Fuck Clemson, sincerely*) and at **GTech**. Had I known that the race at the **Atlanta Aquarium** would have been *my last collegiate race* ever, I would have embraced it so much more! The first on-water competition was set up to be happening on the second or third weekend of March, right after spring break for CofC, and we were scheduled for an intense weekend of training from March 13 to March 16. I guess I will never forget the day when President Hsu (the only president I had acknowledged during my time in the US, forget about that orange thing in D.C. ...or is it Mar-a-Lago?) told us that the College would not proceed with in-person education after March 13 and that Spring Break

would be extended until further notice. For me that meant that I was told to get a flight back home, as the President and faculty were unsure about when we would be able to return to the **bricks** (aka campus).

### Chapter 5: The move

I only went back to the States briefly from June to August 2020 to finish my American course load at CCU (Dirty Myrtle, don't ever go there unless you stay in Murell's Inlet, Garden City or Surfside Beach...or wanna join Doc Antle's harem #iykyk). With all rowing events cancelled and no training options left, I had moved on and left rowing for running seriously for the first time in more than 1.5 years and recognizing that I really love competing. It also meant that I had to find a new place where I wanted to study for my master's. Rowing in the States is still a niche event, even though the Ivy League and Collegiate Sports as they exist today trace their roots back to the **Harvard-Yale-Boat Race** (the US equivalent to the **Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race** on Easter Sunday). Since all major competitions were cancelled from March 13 onwards, that also meant no spectators, no TV revenues, no other sources of income for most collegiate programmes. I was planning to do a programme on the east coast, but every lightweight men's programme was either cancelled or endowments were insufficient to offer any kind of financial support. Neither was I willing to pay north of \$ 65,000 per year in tuition and housing for another four years of law school. So I had to come up with alternatives, called my Dutch friends, and ultimately ended up in this beautiful city that I may proclaim to be my home now - Maastricht. Do I miss my friends in the US? Absolutely yes! Do I miss rowing? Absolutely and everyone that tells you otherwise must either be lying or Lord knows what. There are only a few things that can beat a sunrise on the water, being accompanied by dolphins after an exhausting piece, or the bubbling-sound of the river as it flows underneath your boat and you just glide over it, as if it was nothing. Do I regret any of my choices? Well fuck no, if I did then I would have joined Saurus or the rowing club here, but I would have never made the experiences I did now and this article would never have been created. "There is a time for every activity under heaven" and that is a quote I sincerely believe in.

**So here's to new friendships, to new gossip, to new victories and defeats, to new mornings when we're like *"fuck, I shouldn't have gotten that drunk last night, I hate alcohol"*, to busy exam seasons, and too so much more under the heaven. Until then, signing off.**

# Diary of a Marathoner

## 7:30 Friend's Place

*"Alarm goes off. Slept surprisingly well. I have 1.5 hours before leaving, so plenty of time to enjoy breakfast and prepare. I made a whole schedule of what to do, drink and eat at a certain time. Just follow the plan and keep it chill."*

## 9:00 Friend's Place; Eindhoven

*"Time to head off. Nerves are slowly kicking in. Grab a rental scooter and let's go to the start. On my way there I was freezing my hands off, the temperature was crazy cold. (I don't do Fahrenheit or celsius, it's either **cold or not**). I checked the weather forecast everyday last week. I know the weather is going to be perfect so no stress, just cold hands."*

## 9:15 Changing Room

*"Arrived at the location. It's time to take my final nutrition and get dressed. The moment you are standing in the men's changing room and you see everyone taping their nipples (so was I), is the moment you realise that running is actually a bit weird."*

## 9:50 Starting Lane, Center of Eindhoven

*"Now I realise it's about to happen. I think about all the effort I put in before: about my previous marathons (two of which I completely fucked up), about the half marathon I did a month ago that went great. After that race the plan of going sub-three changed to going sub-2:50 Eventually I started talking to a friend from Maastricht that was also racing. There weren't that many elite runners and I know how shitty it is when you get blocked at the start. After the race I saw pictures of me where I looked surprisingly relaxed and one picture standing just behind the African elites, at row 3."*



## 10:00 Centre of Eindhoven.

*"Bang! Lets fucking go! First K I am just vibing and pushing the brakes to make sure I am not starting too fast. Plan was to start around 4:05 pace, I started the first kilometers just under 4:00 pace, too fast. Classic me being me. Legs are feeling great and I found a nice group. I look behind and I see that there is a gap, and behind that just some solo runners. Running in a group is nice, so just head down and stay in the group. First woman is also in our group so there is a lot of cheering (kinda for her, but I neglect that), and a motorbike is showing the time all the time. After 5k I am in the zone, this is where memory gets blurry. Small details of the race I remember. Seeing **Stijn**, seeing **my parents**, enjoying the crowd that's everywhere. At the 30k mark I realise the finish is getting close. I still feel amazing, the pace is steady and I know that sub-2:50 is realistic now."*

At 34k I really want to accelerate but I manage to wait. At 37k I finally made the move, with someone else ***we decided to accelerate***."

### Approximately 12:30, Somewhere at the Oirschotse Dijk

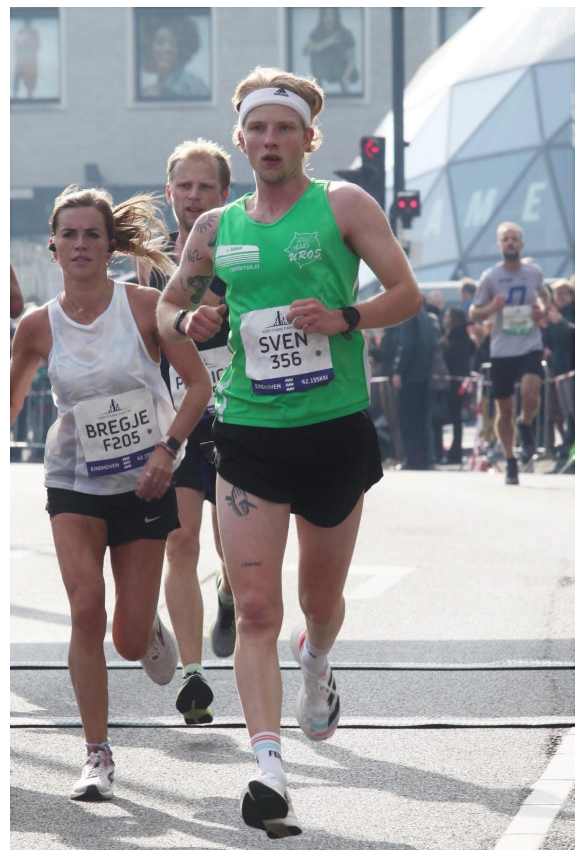
**"Shit!** What did I just do? I accelerated around 1k ago but now my legs are already dead. 4k to go, embrace the pain. I am actually overtaking people so that motivates me. Before the race I wrote some mantras on my arm and these are now on repeat. I am counting down until the finish line. From 38k-40k there isn't that much crowd (*or did my eyes and ears just turn off?*) so I genuinely don't remember anything from these Ks. The support in the city centre just before the finish was wild. With 500 meter to go I saw someone from **Asterix** running and I had to catch that bastard."

### 12:47 City Center

**"Wtf.** Did I really do this? I am not sure yet whether it was 2:47 or 2:48 but I know I was fast. I also know I can't think anymore. I feel pain everywhere and I hug the fence and give it all my love. Some guy from the first aid team asks me whether I am doing fine or not. I mumble that I am okay, when he asks me to look into his eyes I just probably looked like a drunk person because he took me to the

medicroom. After some blood tests and an EKG I was good to go. I took a step outside and I saw my best friends and my parents and got the euphoria back again. Still with pain everywhere but I guess I like that? ***Can't wait to visit hell again next year for another marathon.***"

*This story was written by our dear coach - and friend - Sven van der Pas, on his performance during the Eindhoven Marathon where he went sub-2:50 for the first time!*



# Stoffel's Nordic Adventures

*As we all - painstakingly - know, some of our members have temporarily left us to go on their adventures in Finland and Iceland. We asked them to share some correspondence on their time in the barren cold of the Nordic countries. We will start off with Lara Frijters coming in from Finland.*

"Hi everyone!

Hope you're all doing fine and enjoying the first months of the new academic year so far! As you may have noticed, I haven't been around lately (*sad story*). I'm currently living in **Kuopio (a small town in Finland)** for my minor. So far it has been an amazing experience and I'm having the best time! Meeting so many new people from countries all over the world has been so interesting. I made some great new friends, who I join on trips, to the gym, to parties and uni. *I even go for runs here*, so I'll be back **stronger** than ever ;). Next to the people, the country is really pretty and the nature here is so beautiful!

Sometimes I also study here, which is quite nice. In the beginning I had some trouble with my courses, but in the end it all worked out just fine. I mostly have courses in **philosophy and public health**, which I both really enjoy! My time here is one of the best things that have happened in my life, so I recommend you all to go abroad as soon as you have the chance! I will end my time here with a trip to **Lapland**, during which I will go **aurora hunting, ride on snowmobiles**, visit the **Santa Claus village Rovaniemi** and do a **tour with huskies**.

I could go on and on about my experiences here, but I want to leave a few stories untold so I can still tell you about it when I get back. Because don't worry, in January I'll be back as the *technical trainer*. I'm looking forward to meeting all the new members that joined!

Take care and see you soon!  
Lots of love, Lara"

*Now we move on to Jurriaan Berger, who is racing his heart out in Iceland.*

### Race report: Víðavangshlaup Fætur toga og Framfara nr. 2 & 3

"When Teun announced about the weekly race result post that he wants to put on Instagram, I realized that I did some races too. Although it was a few weeks ago. Apart from that, it is always a good idea to send in your results for the UWK.

I'm not sure if it was because I ran the races already a few weeks ago, the fact that the races actually took place in Iceland or that I don't have Instagram. At least one of these reasons turned the Instagram post request into a request for a story in the Steddie. No problem.



Let me start with a very short introduction, as there are probably many of you who have no clue about who I am. Unless the other **'old'** members have been telling you some strong stories about me. Anyways, I'm 23 years old and started studying/my membership at Uros about 5 years ago. I'm from Rotterdam/Zierikzee (Zeeland), far away from Maastricht at least. I will save the rest of the details for later, as I'm looking forward to getting to know all of you in January.

Yes, wait until January, because at the moment I'm on a semester abroad in **Reykjavik, Iceland**. Which is, shortly put, *truly amazing*. I could write a few more Steddie stories about that, but let's focus on the race for now. Because that's what I was asked to write about after all, and I haven't even begun. So how did I end up at the **"Víðavangshlaup Fætur toga og Framfara"**? (pronounce the first two words as: "vithavangsleup fytur", more or less)

Well, you should know that I like the regularity of having two running practices in the week. My first month in Iceland I was quite busy with travelling/hiking around and I had the plan to practice some swimming and go for a run every now and then. The last two things didn't happen though. At some point I started to feel a bit lazy and really wanted to be able to go to running practices again. Which made me start to look around for groups that I could join, **no student sport associations here** unfortunately. Eventually, I joined the running group of *Íþróttafélag Reykjavíkur* (sorry for cheating on the technical group, no hard feelings). On my second training, on Wednesday I was asked if I would want to join the race on Saturday.

And that is how I ended up at the **Víðavangshlaup Fætur toga og Framfara nr. 2** on the Saturday morning, 16th of October. It was a *chilly 0 degrees*, with not much wind and quite some sun. There was some ice on the bike lanes that I had to take on my way there, and the ground we were running on was pretty much frozen. The course was a nice 1.2 km lap on the Frisbee golf course (no joke!) of Gufunesbær. Most people do not only do the 1 lap 'kids' run, but they also do the long distance run (6 laps). Which starts only 10 minutes after the first lap finished. About my race result, about the first lap race I was pretty happy. **The 7.2k was just slaughter** - so I will be back at the technical group for sure, don't worry.

Two weeks later, the third and final race of the cross country circuit was scheduled. This time it took place in the 'backyard' of a former hospital in downtown Reykjavik. Again we were very lucky with the weather, I think 2 or 3 degrees, but at least the sun was shining again. The loop was slightly shorter. Which means that - after the one-loop race - the long distance race needed 7 laps. Now I'm even more sure about my place in the technical group.

*Not that running is that bad after all.* During the training, me and a few others train mainly for **800m/1500m**. Which means that we get to do less/shorter intervals at a bit higher speed. The best of it is actually that there is an indoor track here, to do the interval sessions."



# All Gas, No Breaks

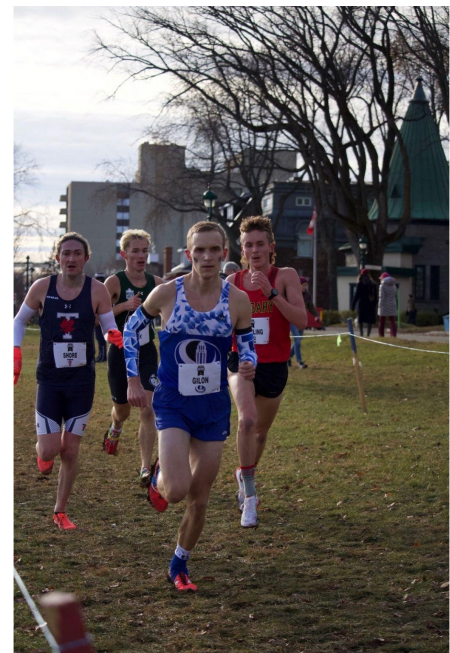
As most people have come to expect in Maastricht, people come and people go. Coaches are sadly not an exception. Since Jos Timans left UROS in September of 2020, the team has been on a search for a new coach. This replacement was manifested in the form of Selim Gilon, Sven van der Pas, and Jeremy Basset, all mates who train hard and have an affinity of pushing themselves through every hard encounter.

Luckily enough, I - Teun - have had the privilege to train with these athletes, and they took me along for the ride. I started writing this because I toyed with the idea of making an article about the change of coaching, but as I sit here overwhelmed by feelings of immense gratitude towards my peers, I will focus on just that - gratitude.

Everyone goes through hardships in life, and athletes are definitely no exception to that rule. When I got diagnosed with a heart condition in 2019 - that left me secluded and in solitude - I could have never thought that I would end up in this spot, with these people.

I want to give my best wishes to **Selim** - *mon frère d'une autre mère* - who is going hard in Canada right now. Making it to the Canadian XC Nationals, running along with the best of the country. Selim taught me a lot about *just enjoying everything*. The ability to run, cycle, drink, whatever it is, as long as you have fun doing it, you will be fine. Distance running can be tedious, but that never seemed to bother him, his heart was in it for the right reasons; to just have dumb fun.

To **Jeremy**, who saw me as a friend from the first time I joined UROS at an INKOM practice. It might be a bit out of pocket, but I can rightfully say: Jeremy lives for the extremes. He does not seem to have an intermediate, a middle ground. It does not matter whether it is running a 100 kilometer ultra-marathon, or spending long nights at the university pushing people through an MRI chasing his PhD. *Perseverance*, a word I will toss for him. I know what it's like to constantly be hooked up to EKG machines, and I could not be more proud of you to just keep the ball rolling.



To my fellow coach, **Sven**. For some reason you thought I was the right person to start running with. We probably started training together just under a year ago - but *fuck* - we have already gotten a lot of miles under our belt. From easy jogs, to the trails, to the religious Sunday Long Run. The hour long therapy sessions on the roads, the shirtless summer runs, the chocolate milk recovery, the short-shorts. I can't wait to be back out there soon.

*There are a lot more people that deserve my thanks, love, and gratitude. But hopefully I have shown that to you, and keep showing that in the future.*

At last, to **everyone at UROS**, either old or new. Thank you all for reading our first iteration of this season's Steddie. I am grateful to be in this position. It is not perfect, but it is for everyone. If you ever want to get things off your chest, share a story, or leave things on paper - feel free to do so. Hopefully my article encourages everyone to speak their thoughts, feel their feelings, and stop their fear from sharing their life, love, sweat, and tears.

***Stay hard, and stay lost.***

***Teun***



# Privuros

## **Presidential Affairs**

Starting off the gossip with absolute facts. This is set in stone. You can't hide. The Steddie will INVESTIGATE and FIND you. Miss. Reijans and Mr. Hilt we are speaking directly to YOU.

First of all, we all noticed Mr. Hilt's presence at practice. He even officially joined UROS. Could that be due to mouth to mouth promotion by our dear president? We all KNOW.

It was an inside job by a particularly CHAOTIC and DESTRUCTIVE couple - Mr. Ben Harira and Mr. Hilt himself. Mr. Ben Harira has been running around, spreading suspicious information during the whole weekend. But, on Saturday, as he left his guard down after the funnel\*, we GOT him. The information was delivered, out of a shared sleeping bag (for their defense, it was freezing cold). After a particular alcoholic event they left their Irish goodbyes, and let's just say that it wasn't to go to swimming practice ;)

\*The Funnel is a hardcore interrogation method that the Steddie Committee uses to get the truth out of ANYONE.

## **Fixed Gear Fabi has lost his Need for Speed**

Recently, our Strava observers have noticed some interesting change of speed for our new goat aka Mr. Marondel. As we all know, Mr. Marondel only has one pace (fast/KM!), and STICKS to it EVERY DAY. Every day really? Apparently, not. Last week, he even changed his route. What could have brought him to the other side of the river? After some calculations and data comparison, our editorial team puzzled it up together. Someone else from Uros also ran around this time, also around this pace. As she is a dear member of the Steddie Committee we will silence her name, but it has been NOTICED and we will keep on INVESTIGATING. However, when we were in full-investigating mode, another Strava post (usual route, usual pace) appeared, ensuring that the mysterious company wasn't in any way affiliated with UROS or Strava. As it constitutes a direct violation of the Privuros statute (only UROS members, or potentially FM), the Steddie Committee will disregard the second run and stay on its initial position.

**Frank's First ROW Seat to Love**

As per the last edition of the Privuros before the summer, we will do a follow-up on Mr. Joosten's quest for his muse. A little birdie (very close - and far away at the same time - to the action) has brought to our attention that we might have another interassociational affair in the works. Dear Mr. Joosten, because you have cared for UROS for such a long time - and you are still taking care of our board this year, we will make an exception for you and add Saurus to the list of available dating pools.

**Coaches DO Play pt. 1**

At first *stargazing* wasn't part of the members weekend program, but two very dedicated board members took it upon themselves to make this an impromptu (drunken) activity. After running around the camp grounds hand-in-hand like two six-year-olds, they found a - apparently not so - secluded spot near the chapel. They were spotted - by several hard working committee members - sharing a drunk kiss under the stars. But that is not where the story ends. On the day of the original COBO, which was unfortunately cancelled, this intimate contact got a whole new dimension. During a party with some of the UROS members, Mr. Prompers and Miss. van Willegen disappeared for almost half an hour. This was a reason for the host of the party to have a look where they were, since obviously no one wants annoyed neighbours after some drunk outside screaming sessions. After searching the whole house, he finally found a locked bathroom. When the party ended almost an hour later, the bathroom was still occupied. After finding a warm toilet, a girl shirt and sunglasses underneath the toilet, we can all guess what happened there, right?

**Coaches DO Play pt. 2**

Who knew that old -and current treasurers had to have such close knit contact? Well usually they don't. The KasCo meetings are supposed to be very nerve wracking for the current treasurer. Let us presume that this was still the case, only these meetings between Mr. van der Pas and Miss. Degezelle were held behind closed doors - until Mr. Basset showed up, he has an open door policy.

# Colofon

**The Board 2020/21**

President:	Guusje Reijans
Secretary:	Fleur Koeling
Treasurer:	Mahault Degezelle
PR & Sponsoring:	Iris Thijssens
Competition commissioner:	Fleur van Willegen
Vice President:	Teun Prompers

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**Bank information**

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**Membership fees**

Full year €45,00  
Spring semester only €20,00  
Competition license €20,00  
Administration costs €11,50 (only once)

**Sports Park Address**

Sportpark Jekerdal  
Mergelweg 120  
6212 XK Maastricht

**Practices**

Tuesday and Thursday 19:00-20:30  
Sven van der Pas, Teun Prompers,  
Lara Frijters, Lisanne Meijer

