

# PostScript

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Scout & Guide Group

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## In this Issue:

### Chair-elect ?

Keen Fresher proposes clothing order and is head hunted by smoke-filled room to be the next boss... revealed !

### Sub Aqua

Day walk turns into moisture-filled farce as Chris leads Freshers to their watery doom in the Cotswolds.

### Gareth Found !

Down South, apparently. Our reporter brings you the sordid details as Roadkill confesses all under extreme torture.

### Blonde Abroad

We open Hayling frequencies with OUSGG's latest European export.

### On Fire !

PostScript watchdogs carry out revealing flammability studies on the OUSGG sofa.

### Sheepy Scandal

Are the Flossy the Sheep Awards rigged ? PostScript brings you the damning evidence.

ALL THIS : INSIDE !

# FRESHERS FOUND

## EDITORIAL

Chris Seward, Jesus

Well, will you look at that. Another issue of *PostScript* rolls off of the presses and another few hours of my DPhil get flushed down the drain. Oh well. Somehow I've managed to drag enough articles out of people for this issue not to be filled with my own insane ramblings, which is probably a good thing. I'll keep my back-up articles for another time. Preferably one when I'm not trying to get this done at the last minute... (so it's unlikely you'll ever see them then...)

Tucked-in amongst the offerings in this edition are our first "Fresher" articles for the year, which is nice to see. Not that

many of them are Freshers anyway... but for Christina and Clotilde their OUSGG Fresher status is forever erased.

One thing which isn't mentioned again in this issue is

**\*\* Winter Walking<sup>TM</sup> \*\***

the New Year event to which you should all be going. It's all got a bit mangled this year, as we forgot to book a venue after the last one, but with some faffing and scrabbling around, it'll get sorted. Keep your screens peeled on email for more details. It really will be a top notch event - it never fails to be so.

CHAIR'S A

SOFA SPEAKS!

Natalie Jones, Wadham  
Caroline Berry, Keble

Hello, we're back. It was a close run thing as we nearly had to get the canoe out but we've made it at last. It's unfortunate but we have to report that the DFS sale cannot end this Sunday as it has been flooded and any sensible Sofa has made its getaway. Hopefully you've all managed to keep your

furniture under lock and key. Sandbags are the way forward...

You're lucky as we've been told we don't have to write very much as our article's going on the front page and your lovely Editor wants as much space as possible for his own "masterpiece". So we'll leave you all to get on with enjoying this fantastically wonderful magazine. (Cheque in the post please Chris...)

Enjoy the rest of the term.



<http://www.dfs.co.uk/>

## AN AUSTRIAN ADVENTURE

*Hayley Thompson, Oxford Brookes*

When I first chose Oxford Brookes University, I knew that I would have to do a year out but I was not, however, prepared for it to be the second year. So after settling into life in Oxford, I was uprooted to move to Austria. I had two options: to study at Salzburg University or to work. As much as I would have loved to follow in Julia Andrew's footsteps, I chose to work. So here I am working as an English Language Assistant in two schools here in Graz.

Graz is the second largest town in Austria but is probably the same size as Oxford. It is a flat town, apart from a little mountain slap bang in the middle called the Schloßberg. At the moment Graz looks fantastic surrounded by autumnal trees and has a smoky smell to it. There are chestnut roasters on most street corners that add to the whole end-of-autumn, beginning-of-winter feel.

I arrived in Austria on the 2<sup>nd</sup> October for a week of seminars and lectures. This was hard work with eight to twelve hours of lectures everyday. We were staying in a school's Halls of Residence but it also had the title of Sport Hotel. And I thought Brookes' Halls were bad! The food was 'interesting' and was fried, morning, noon and night. Natalie, you would have lived on fried cheese for a week - mmm! The small town we were in, Hollabrunn, quite rightly doesn't feature in any tour guides to Austria. As there was little to do, we all took the opportunity to make new friends and to get to know people who would be in our area. On the course there were six of 'your lot' and another one of 'my lot'.



On the Friday we said goodbye to everyone which was surprisingly hard considering that we had only known each other for a week. I bade Nick farewell and he disappeared up his little mountain, four and a half hours away from me. The train journey down from Vienna was fantastic

as we had to wind our way round the mountainsides through the mist. However at Graz train station, wobbly knee syndrome set in. Now it was a reality, life was about to start.



My *Betreuungslehrerin*, or the lady who'd look after me, met me at the train station. She seemed friendly enough and gave me a guided tour on the bus on the way to her house. At this stage I was officially homeless. My flat had fallen through the Friday before I left for Austria but I was quite calm. Especially when Katja mentioned that she had a flat I could have on a temporary basis. She took me straight there as it was in her apartment block. Oh my. Now, I went to the rally in Loughborough and slept in a tent in November. I have been in squalid places all over the place (hey, I lived in ASH!) but this was beyond belief. The flat belonged to her brother and I was only allowed in two rooms - the kitchen and a bedroom. There was no heating, no hot water, and no carpets but instead really rough floorboards. It was grim. Luckily she knew of another flat that was available. I went to have a look at it and two hours later I moved in.

I am living in a suburb called St. Peter just outside the main city centre. I go to school on the tram which is novel and more importantly, warm. The flat is huge and well furnished. I am sharing with an Austrian law student called Gerald who goes home at the weekend so I have company and space as well. It means that I am always speaking German which is hard first thing in the morning and late at night. The owner of the flat is also always in and out as he has an office here.

In school I am slowly learning the ropes. It is a totally foreign system to me. Firstly they start school at 7.30. I will never moan about a 9 o'clock lecture again. The teachers go to the pupils, not the other way round which means that I have to find my way around. I haven't yet done a Teddy Hall but soon, I promise you. They do not have lunch breaks or a school break, instead they have

five or ten minutes between the lessons for them to eat in. The biggest difference is the discipline. It is quite normal for pupils to wander in and out of lessons and they all talk. Unfortunately as soon as they have to talk English, they stop. English is compulsory until they leave school so I have found lots of resentment towards me because they hate English.



See all of these images of Graz and more on the rather swish Graz tourist website: <http://www.graztourismus.at>

I am expected to teach a diverse range of subjects. I am mainly doing the usual conversation lessons that we all suffered at school about shopping, hotels etc. etc. etc. I am also having to do English Literature which is hard for them and me. The preparation needed is fantastic as every class is doing a different topic. As I have twenty-five different classes over two weeks, there is lots to do. There are quite a few Assistants in and around Graz so we are sharing ideas and lesson

plans which makes life easier. I have also just found another three jobs. One is playing, singing and general mischief with an 8 year old (I knew those Guide songs would come in handy!), another is tutoring a 13 year old and the last one is conversation lessons with a teacher at school who is so rude it is untrue.

In general things are going well with enough to keep me entertained and out of trouble. My parents came over for half term and thoroughly enjoyed themselves but more importantly brought English stuff – Salad cream, OXO cubes, Cadburys etc. – so I am happy. ☺

I tried very hard to find a scanner to include photographs of this place as it really is lovely. I failed so they will have to go in the next article, as I'm sure there will be more nags, I mean, requests from Chris.

It sounds as if this term is going well for you back at 'home'. I hope that any Brookes members are settling in well and OU members of course!

Mit freundlichen Grüßen aus Graz,

Hayley

## SCUBA DIVING

Clotilde Morhan

### [ Also known as "A Day in the Cotswolds with OUSGG" ]

At nine o'clock on a bright Sunday morning we all jumped into the cars, full of enthusiasm and looking forward to a walking trip in the Cotswolds. Little did we know how the day was going to evolve.

Now if I had to summarise that memorable day in three words they would have to be cold, rain and mud. I guess it was a bit of an initiation rite for the neophytes like myself. To make things harder, Chris had said: don't bring sandwiches along and tried to convince us that we would stop in a pub for lunch. I suppose Mike's aunt at whose house we were supposed to stop for a break during our

walk was imaginary too! Oh well never mind...

In any case we had to wait 4:30 p.m. before we reached civilization and... a teashop! By that stage people had forgotten any rules of polite behaviour. We arrived dripping and muddy in our



"Last of the Summer Wine" was back for another series

stylish waterproof gear which some people (I won't mention names) had taken hours to put on. And then that long awaited moment: the joy of having tea and cakes after a long day in the rain and the wind. We were rather silent by then, too busy eating and too exhausted to bother making conversation. We left a sign of the OUSGG passage in the teashop; there was a pool under our table when we left the place.

Now Chris is going to wonder why on earth he asked me to write that article. I forgot one thing in my summary of the day: it was great fun! I would even do it again. Have I passed the OUSGG test?

## The Palm Pilot Diary of Stephen White, aged 20½ : Part II

*In the last exciting installment, you will recall that our hero, Stephen, made a bit of a boo boo by sending in an "unedited" version of his diary of the trip. After extensive promises to take out the embarrassing bits this time, your Editor has carefully left this until the last minute again... so who knows what might happen over the next two pages...*

### Thursday 6<sup>th</sup> July 2000

We got up rather late (after 9 a.m.) so by the time we set off on the "gentle morning walk" it was already 10:30. Combining this with the fact that we all decided to do the longer of the routes we'd planned it is hardly surprising that we didn't return from the "morning stroll" until 4 p.m. At this stage the plan of an afternoon swim was quickly dropped in favour of an ice-cream and a lie down.

### Friday 7<sup>th</sup> July 2000

We got up at the ridiculously silly time of 2 a.m. This wasn't an entirely random thing to do since the plan was to head up to the top of Gallihorn for dawn. However this attempt was aborted only part way up (at 1730 m) due to an approaching thunderstorm - for some reason we didn't want to head up onto the ridge in the storm. The original plan was to shelter by a house and see if the storm passed, but unfortunately the owners dog started barking and what with it being 4 a.m. we thought this wasn't a great plan. So we headed back (pausing only after the rain had passed to make hot drinks on the petrol stove). I had a nap after getting back, while some of the others went to a café for breakfast. When I woke they still weren't back so I thought I'd make sure someone had been to the programme office to report us back in from the hike - I discovered I was the third person to do so.

We decided something relaxing was called for in the afternoon, and besides the fine weather wasn't guaranteed to hold, so we decided on crazy golf. We were right to be dubious about the weather - there was a hailstorm while we were doing the indoor bit of the course, which was convenient. Chris won the game [*stormed it, whopped everyone's ass, should be playing PGA...*].

A drink followed golf before we headed back to the campsite. We did the shopping on the way back, which as usual took longer than it should have, due to having to decide on what to eat for the evening meal. I then rang Mum, having failed to contact anyone at Intercity UK. I'm assuming that the lack of messages for me means that nothing has gone terribly wrong (yet, he says remembering that we haven't yet tested a trillian

reboot - ever). [*Okay, right - so I should have taken that bit out. But I find myself really wanting to know what a trillian is...?*]

Dinner was then cooked - we made a nice chicken & vegetable risotto using up some of the mushroom soup from stores in the process. This was followed meringue & peaches.

After dinner we went to the campfire, which was good fun despite the fact we didn't do our stunt. Just for a change there then followed a thunderstorm and torrential downpour.



"And now we'll do a dance to make it sunny" Next up: the porcine aerial display team

### Saturday 8<sup>th</sup> July 2000

I lay in bed for ages waiting for it to stop raining - which it didn't so I eventually dragged myself up. We figured that whatever we tried to cook would end up boiled because of the water added to it by the rain, so we decided to have boiled egg for breakfast anyway .

After deciding that the rain really wasn't going to stop we headed into Thun. Once in Thun the first thing we did was to go to a café for lunch. Having forgotten the dictionary our orders were generally based on what we could translate, or in Jo's case something that she couldn't translate but wanted to know what it was.

After lunch we went to a gear shop where we failed to get spare parts for the petrol stove, then we headed up to the castle for a look round principally because it has a roof and the weather was still dismal. [*And because it had a Fladermaus centre*].



"I'll show those pesky Scots a real English game..."

Unfortunately we didn't keep careful track of the time and at 5 p.m. we suddenly remembered that (it being a Saturday) everywhere closed dead on 5 - we were too late! David stopped at a garage where we were able to buy the most essential items - mainly bread.

As a result of the lack of shopping the evening meal was an "interesting" (read "grim" at least in my humble opinion) concoction of ingredients thrown together by Mike and Jo. This was cooked in a little sheltered area we found behind the wash block. We booked meals at the Lötchenpass SAC, thus avoiding the need to buy any food or indeed carry much on our planned expedition the next day.

The evening was spent in the pub, where we chatted to the Scottish people who were camped near us.

Most of us went to bed fairly early, I mean all of us did except Chris and Natalie who we won't ask about.

### **Sunday 9<sup>th</sup> July 2000**

We got up early - 7:20 a.m., which meant that despite the normal faff we had left Kandersteg by 9:30.

As we approached Seldon we thought the weather was going to improve - it didn't.

*[Oh look - aliens had obviously stolen Stephen's palm pilot for this bit of the trip, as he hasn't written anything. Actually, that's really harsh, and I'm not surprised there's not much here. In fact, I'm amazed that the little electronic gadget made it through the 9<sup>th</sup> and 10<sup>th</sup> of July without getting soaked and shorting out.*

*Basically, as I recall, we'd decided to go on a barking mad trek up to the Lötchenpass Hütte. Whilst this seemed like an energetic and no doubt sensible plan in advance, we failed to account for the fact that it really was quite a long way away and quite high up... and for the fact that it was going to rain like it has never rained before. And I decided that I would be "hard" and carry a rope, some harnesses and a load of climbing gear in addition to my normal stuff. In the end I was more "muppet" than "hard", as all of my stuff filled with water (including my sleeping bag) and got even heavier. Doh! Still, we got to walk on some snow... for a few minutes.*

*The hut itself was a fantastic relief from the weather, and the wardens fed us with a fantastic meal. After some card playing, we all retired... knackered.]*

### **Monday 10<sup>th</sup> July 2000**

Why did we ask for breakfast at 8 a.m.?

The hike down started at 9:30 in wind and snow (which explains why it took us so long to actually summon up courage to leave the mountain hut); however we quickly descended out of the snow and into persistent drizzle. By 1 p.m. when we got to Ferden we decided we were bored with walking in the rain and got the first bus to Goppenstein, where we then caught a train back through the Lötchenberg tunnel back to Kandersteg.

Just to pretend that we weren't completely exhausted by the two days of hiking as soon as we returned we went shopping. David and I decided chicken curry would be easy to do and had the advantage of being something we hadn't yet done. The curry went down well as arguably the best meal of the trip so far.



Swiss Alps: just add water

## LETTERS

Dear Sir,

I was most disappointed to note the omission of "Gareth's Special Award" from the award ceremonies at this year's Annual Dinner. Now it has been pointed out to me that there were no candidates able to match the quality of previous winners of this award. This just goes to show the parlous state of the youth of today, they should just get out there and try harder. However, it is my understanding that there is a young man whose achievements over the summer vacation merit the attention of the Awards Committee. I speak, of course, of Mr Seward of Jesus College. It could justly be argued that his contribution in the field came far too late for inclusion in the award ceremony; however I feel that if decisive action is not taken we will lose an important and long standing tradition. Future generations of OUSGG members may spend their time at college never knowing of "Gareth's Special Award" nor understanding why it might be awarded. Strong leadership is called for, give this young man the recognition he rightly deserves and keep this prestigious tradition going.

*Disgruntled in South Wales*

*Chris Seward responds on behalf of the Awards Committee :*

The Committee thanks Disgruntled for his (or her) letter, which addresses an issue of considerable importance to the Group. The Committee was very concerned during the award allocation process that there was no suitable candidate for "Gareth's Special Award" and it was with considerable regret that this award was not made last term. The Committee would obviously consider your request for the award to be made now, were it not for the large five-figure bribe that the individual in question has made available to it's members. Consider that in the context of the campaign of death threats that Committee members have been subjected to from an as yet untraced individual residing in south-east Oxford, and I am sure you will see why inaction is the only option open to us at this time. Fear not though, for this Olympics-style corruption will be eradicated by next year's awards ceremony, as the Editor of *PostScript* has been elected to replace me as the Chair of the Committee. We are assured that he is of impeccable character and will guarantee that the awards will be allocated in a fair and just manner in the future.

## OUSGG CLOTHING ORDER

*Christina Mowl, Keble*

*Well, here's the thing: Christina sent me her contribution in Microsoft™ Publisher format. Unfortunately, I don't have a copy of Publisher which doesn't spanner-up my computer, so I couldn't load it up. I am assured that it was all fancy with forms and knobs and bells and whistles. This is what I managed to salvage by piping it into Notepad. Sorry Christina...*

Be the envy of your friends...

Get hold of some of the fantastic clothes sporting our very own OUSGG logo.

There will be a range of garments available, including rugby shirts and T-shirts.

For more information or to look at the Shirt Works catalogue contact Christina Mowl :

***christina.mowl@keble.ox.ac.uk***

the second year OUSGG Fresher (the one with the big brown hair!)

You never know I might have things organised by then...

## OUSGG Committee : Michaelmas Term 2000

Chairman	Natalie Jones (Wadham)	Scout & Guide Liaison	Alice Lovegrove (Queen's)
Chair-elect	Caroline Berry (Keble)	Lunchtime Meetings	Caroline Berry
Secretary	Mike Haley (Merton)	Quartermaster	Stephen White
Junior Treasurer	Helen Ensor (St. Hilda's)	Postscript Editor	Chris Seward (Jesus)
SSAGO Rep.	Richard Owen (Lincoln)	Winter Walking Organiser	Ben Bateson (Birmingham)
Membership Secretary	Natalie Jones	Old Members' Rep.	Matthew Bemand (Teacher)
	Stephen White (Keble)	Senior Member	John Singleton (away)

**COPY DEADLINE FOR ISSUE 324 IS 23:59, SATURDAY 25<sup>TH</sup> NOVEMBER (7<sup>TH</sup> WEEK)**