



PostScript

The Official Magazine of the Oxford University
Scout & Guide Group

ISSUE 1 OF
HILARY TERM
2001

NUMBER 325

In this Issue:

Hula

Spawny goit returns to the PostScript helm after his sojourn to the Pacific. Only he keeps forgetting to boast about it at meetings. Hawai'i, Waikiki Beach, Pearl Harbour... oh yes, and some conference-thing too...

Hoop

A savory flavour to the correspondence in this edition as your circular snack munching Editor hits out after a recent N'n'N debacle.

Shoe Shopping?

Termcard goes AWOL in Northampton-based start to the term. We reveal the truth behind Mike's secret visits to the leather-clad city.

Winter Wussing!

Current Members spurn OUSGG's top trip. Old Members fill in the blanks, ushering-in "the good old days" once again.

PLUS! FREE!
**Your pullout
Beagling Guide!**

LET IT SNOW !

OUSGG MEMBERS STRUGGLE THROUGH WHEN
WINTER WALKING™ TURNS A BIT WINTERY

EDITORIAL

Chris Seward, Jesus

Yawn. Merry New Year everyone. This issue has been cobbled together rather slower than usual, on account of your Editor losing track of the world (or, more precisely, accidentally installing "Command & Conquer: Tiberian Sun" on his PC). Anyway, it's here now.

I hope you all got what you wanted for Christmas? The PostScript office has been bolstered by the arrival of a new laser printer for the Editor... which makes printing even easier than it has been for years. More importantly, the PostScript editing suite is bedecked with more new sheep than the Editor knows what to do with... isn't Christmas great?

Plenty of stuff for this edition: thanks one and all. I've even held back Hayley's latest offering for the mid-term issue. You'll also find some handy additions to the Address List tacked on the back page.

With regards to this term, watch out for **Easter Activity**, to be organised by Matthew: provisional dates are **29th March to 3rd April**, and we'll be heading up to the Lakes. Stick it in your diary now, and more details will appear in the next issue.

Have a great term – and keep them articles flowing!

CHAIR'S ADDRESS

Mike Haley, Merton

Welcome back after the holidays to the new millennium proper, especially to all those who enjoyed what sounds like a first class Winter Walking™. So what does Hilary term hold in store? Well the full list is on the termcard but I'll pull out a few highlights.

I strongly recommend the chance to try fencing, free with full equipment provided and qualified instruction in 3rd Week. The trip to the dog races in 4th Week may appear a little alien to some people's tastes but I had my preconceptions smashed when I went for the first time last year and had a fantastic evening with Oxford's finest hounds. Erik's party with accompanying citrus fruit games (near Shrove Tuesday) should also be good. In addition to this don't forget the Rally and weekend trip to the Peak District (6th / 7th weekend).

Apologies for my early absence, and I hope you notice improved preparation after I return from my enforced Northampton exile.

LETTERS

To: KP Foods UK
P.O. Box No. 4
Ashby-de-la-Zouch
Leicestershire

1st December 2000

Dear Sir,

Missshapen Hula Hoop

On the 30th November of this year I opened the enclosed bag of *Hula Hoops*, which had been contained within a seven-bag multipack (dated best before 9th December 2000). The said multipack was purchased at a supermarket in Oxford (Sainsbury's or Tesco).

To my horror, I discovered that one of the enclosed potato snacks was, rather than a perfectly formed hoop, a somewhat messy potato splodge. Although the weight of this item was almost certainly in excess of the average hoop, I found myself unable to locate it on my finger prior to consumption. This led to a certain level of disappointment on my part.

In the past, my allegiance to the *Hula Hoop* brand of snack has always been a strong one, as I have had a firm belief in their relative health benefits compared to rival snacks. I also find *Hula Hoops* to be both very good value for money and amusing to eat.

I would be very disappointed if this incident were to reoccur, either to myself or another unsuspecting consumer, and thus seek your reassurance that this is but a "one off" event.

Yours faithfully,

CMP Seward

KP Foods Respond:

Dear Sir/Madam,

We were sorry to learn from your letter dated 1st December 2000 of your complaint with a packet of Original flavoured KP Hula Hoops, after you discovered a hard conglomerate of material to be in amongst the contents. Please accept our apologies for this occurrence.

The material found in the packet appears to be of the same ingredients as the finished product, but showing signs that it had become malformed at a point in the production process where heat is present, causing it to become hard. We would normally expect such conglomerated ingredients to be removed by the system.

All relevant personnel have been made aware of your complaint, with a view to ensuring their continued care and vigilance.

We hope you will appreciate that we exercise considerable care on the question of complaints, and would like you to feel assured that your complaint has only arisen in spite of an extensive system of precautions and not for want of such a system, representing a failure or breakdown which is very much regretted.

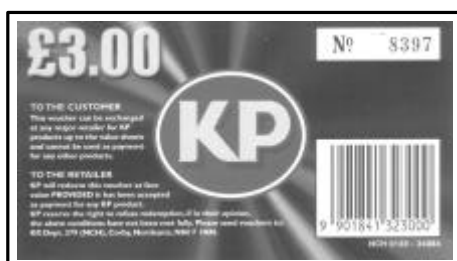
Please be assured that the highest standards of hygiene and housekeeping are continually and rigorously enforced at all this company's premises and we would ask you to give our products another chance to show

their normal high quality by using the enclosed voucher(s) which will be accepted by main stockists in exchange for KP Nuts, Crisps, or Snacks of your choice.

Yours sincerely,

Consumer Services

Three quid should keep me in Hula Hoops for some time to come... Anyway: an excellent response on the part of KP, I thought. But this issue's competition prize goes to anyone who can tell me what the word "discovered" means?



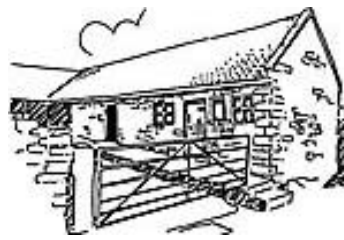
Westerdale Bunkhouse, Westerdale, North Yorkshire

Winter Walking™ started by me getting out of bed on Thursday morning, looking out of the window and seeing four inches of snow on top of my car. This did not bode well for the road conditions when I was about to drive several hundred miles further North, but I merrily set off anyway, having first stolen the dustpan from the kitchen to shovel the snow off my car (that got me some strange looks from the neighbours). As it turned out, it hadn't really snowed much north of Leeds, until I got close to the Moors. Then it started snowing hard, and quickly started to cover the roads, making for "interesting" driving conditions.

Having managed to find my own way as far as Middlesborough (and wondered why however far North you go, the A1 still directs you to "The NORTH"), I made the foolish mistake of following Ben's directions to get to the bunkhouse. I thought these had come from the farm where we were staying, but it later transpired that actually Ben had invented them by looking at the OS map, and consequently should have mentioned turning right where he said to continue on the main road. I eventually obtained much better directions from a farmhouse I thought might be the right place, but the man there must have been a bit bemused when Matthew also ended up at the same place later in the evening, also having followed Ben's directions. However, unlike me, Matthew didn't think he'd got to the right place even when he had, and consequently had quite an adventure before finally showing up.

Since it was snowing quite hard by the time I arrived, I decided I would turn my car round so that it wouldn't get stuck facing the wrong way when I wanted to leave. Unfortunately I got it stuck in the process of trying to turn round, so there it stayed for the rest of the week.

The bunkhouse was cold when I arrived, as Jo had not managed to light the gas fires. However, we soon managed to rectify this once we had worked out that you had



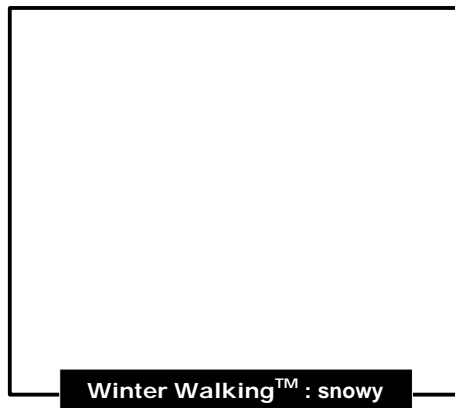
to turn on the gas first. Matthew arrived soon after, and started telling us about his adventure trying to find the place. Just as he was finishing, Ben and Katrina arrived, and so he had to start all over again. In fact I'm sure he told it at least three times that evening, which became very boring for some of us, much like this paragraph.

Ben cooked dinner, which we ate accompanied by a bottle of rather cold red wine that Matthew had kindly brought with him. Afterwards we played the "Friends" game, in which the girls ask a question and the boys have to guess how they would answer, and vice versa. The results were mostly predictable (well, it was Ben playing), although we still want to know what Katrina does with chocolate that is not of nutritional value...

The next morning, everything had been covered in lots of snow, and so we decided to walk from the bunkhouse. Roger was supposed to be joining us for the day, but by eleven he hadn't turned up and so we assumed the roads were too bad and he hadn't made it. We set out, and before too long, the first snowball fight broke out. We were all too nice for this to last very long though (or rather, we were getting cold), and so we continued our climb up onto the ridge.

About half way up, everyone's mobile phones started working, and Katrina got a message from Roger saying he was late. By the time she 'phoned him, he had already been to the bunkhouse and left again. We arranged to meet him a little further on at a car park, where most of us ate our lunch while Matthew made a long phone call to the US to do tech support (so much for getting away from it all). Katrina told us to expect Roger in a dark red Fiesta, but since he hadn't arrived we decided to make a snowman. Unfortunately it was the wrong sort of snow, and it ended up looking more like a snow bobble hat. Roger eventually turned up in a dark red Peugeot.

It was getting dark by the time we all got back to the bunkhouse, and we wondered



Winter Walking™ : snowy

when, or if, Gareth, Chris, Natalie and Simon were going to turn up. During dinner we got a message from the farmhouse that Chris, Natalie and Gareth were going to come the next day, but we were still expecting Simon. Ben went to bed early, but the rest of us decided at about eleven o'clock to walk the kilometre up the road to the crossroads to see if we could get a mobile signal. We first tried Simon, and left a message something along the lines of "It's twenty to midnight - oh, no it's twenty past eleven. Oh. I think I've been cut off". Someone had got a message from Gareth asking if the roads were passable, and so we left a long message saying they were. Unfortunately he received "swishhshshshspassableshshshshgoodbye", which was about as helpful as the message we'd left Simon. The excursion wasn't totally useless however, as the bunkhouse felt nice and warm when we returned to it compared with how cold it had been standing around at the crossroads, so we all went to bed quickly before it started feeling cold again.

We woke up to a beautiful, if cold, sunny morning. Having omitted the all-important teashop from the previous day's walk, we decided to walk into Castleton, where we hoped to find one. On the way we stopped off at the phonebox in Westerdale to phone Simon, who it turned out hadn't been intending to come the previous day anyway.

It was such a pleasant day that half way to Castleton we just stopped and sat down in the snow, and watched the world go by. We finally managed to drag ourselves to our feet again, and made it to Castleton, where there was indeed a very nice teashop. On the way back, we decided to take a route via some of the "scenic" roads Matthew had tried to drive along on Thursday night. Seeing them in the daylight, he was quite surprised he'd managed to get as far as he had up them (and so were we).

At some point during the evening, Hugh, Mad and Simon must have turned up, and we must have had dinner, but since it's now several weeks ago because I failed to write this until the deadline, I don't remember. The amount of wine and port that was drunk may also have had something to do with it. I do remember that we introduced *Mafia* to Mad - which was probably as good an introduction to OUSGG as any.

Hugh, in a fit of organisation and planning, decided to sort out the next days walk that evening. However, the decision was made

instantly, once we'd spotted "Great Hograh Moor" on the map. With a name like that, we couldn't go anywhere else. Of course, being posh Oxford types (or at least, pretending to be), we insisted on pronouncing this HogRAH, which we suspect is not the local pronunciation.

Having decided where to walk the night before, we then fuffed about it again in the morning, as we needed to go shopping (and it was a Sunday). So, some people found yet another route to walk to Castleton to do the shopping, whilst the rest of us went in search of the Great Hograh. We started off on the path across the moor, which was not to bad going, but at the top we struck out towards the trig point at the summit. This involved hacking through thigh deep heather and snow, which was fun but hard work.

When we reached the trig point, Simon sat on it. This was unfortunate, as there was a big switch on it which turned on a very cold wind (or alternatively it could just have been that we came over the brow of the hill and then stood around for a few minutes). Since the short-legged members of the group were finding the heather and snow hard going, we took the shortest route off the moor back down into the valley.

At the bottom of the valley, the path crossed a large stream. There was no bridge, but a few stones and things. Most of us were dubious, but Matthew decided it was easy. He promptly slipped on a wet stone and got two very wet feet. Simon thought he could do better - but he didn't do much better. The rest of us decided by this point that we'd rather have dry feet, and so we took a detour upstream in order to cross via a bridge.

By the time we got back, the wind was vicious and had piled the snow up in drifts against any available vertical surface. We could no longer see Matthew and Simon's tracks, although they were not very far ahead of us, which just goes to show how dangerous these sorts of conditions could be. Rather than stay in the cold barn, we went straight to the teashop in Castleton (driving this time).

By the time we returned, it was time to start preparing for the evening. We had intended to have a roast for the New Year's Eve banquet, but this plan had been scuppered when we discovered the oven didn't work, and so instead we had the slightly strange choice of Spaghetti Carbonara. Dessert was more traditional for the season, being Christmas pudding (thank-you Jo).

Dinner was very civilised (well, for a camping barn), and afterwards we got down to the traditional OUSGG New Year's Eve fare: the name game, the Hod joke (and all Gareth's other jokes, even an all new one especially for the new Millennium), and everyone generally making a fool of themselves. After much port, and even some mulled wine, we finally reached the Bongs (yes, we did manage to tune the radio in), and so were able to welcome in the New Year. Somewhere in Westerdale, there was a single firework.

The next morning (or more probably, afternoon), we decided to go to Whitby for the day. Unfortunately we didn't manage to co-ordinate where we would meet when we got there, and so Chris, Natalie, Jo and Gareth had to fend for themselves. Some of us wandered down to the sea front, some opting for the beach, while the rest of us took the less sandy option of the pier. After a pleasant amble, we went in search of a half price Gortex shop we had seen on the way in, but when we eventually found it, it was closed. Having thus exhausted one side of the river, we crossed to the other side, which had more teashops. We also bumped into the others somewhere along the way, and hence were all united by the time we selected a teahop.

Whitby having nothing else to offer (except arcades, which no-one except Ben was interested in), we returned to the camping barn. Some of us sat down to play cards, while Matthew, Chris and Natalie played "Dino-hunt". This was very entertaining for the rest of us, as it seemed to involve pretending to be a dinosaur. The different species were easy to identify by their calls - Matthew was clearly a large carnivore with a blood-curdling "RARGH", while Chris was a smaller, more timid "yarg".

The weather had definitely warmed up, and by the time we got up the next morning, most of the snow had gone. It seemed such a pity on the last day of walking to finally have to get all our kit wet and muddy, but off we went. Having just about exhausted all possibilities for walking from the camping barn, Hugh devised a cunning three-point car-drop so that we could do a straight walk along the ridge. This started out on a track, but before too long it veered off into the heather. The

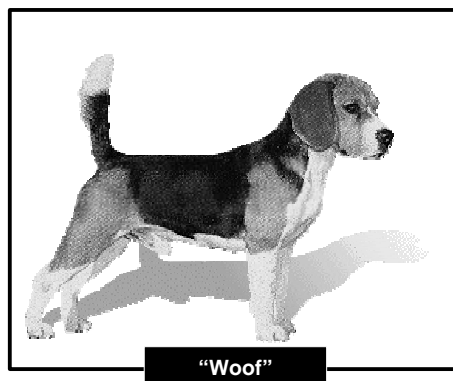
navigation was not too bad, as we just had to carry on in the same direction until we hit a disused railway. Unfortunately, Hugh had failed to notice a stream running alongside said railway (and to be fair, having looked at the map I don't blame him). It was quite amusing to see us all one by one plunge into the heather and suddenly find ourselves knee-deep in water, but we all made it onto the railway on the other side, and carried on with wet feet.

There would have been a fantastic view of the valley from the railway line, had it not been for the thick fog which had covered the ridge all day. However, we made fast time along the railway and before too long came to the turn off towards the pub where some of the cars had been left. Most people decided this was an excellent place to stop, but Matthew, Hugh, Simon and I carried on. The quality of the railway line deteriorated rapidly - there were some impressively huge holes where large sections had been washed away down the hillside, but it wasn't long before we had to strike out across the moor again anyway. The car was parked at a road junction ahead of us, and that was roughly where we were aiming for. As it happened, we came out only about a hundred metres away, but the fog was so thick we didn't see the car until we were much closer.

We drove back to meet the others in the pub (hardly able to see where the road was), and after a few hot chocolates and Irish coffees, returned to the barn. As it was the last night, we headed out to a different pub for dinner. The food was excellent, and the landlord was very nice even though we did manage to break two of his darts.

The next morning, it remained only to pack up, say goodbye, and see if our cars would move from where they'd been sat all week, which happily they all did (even if Matthew did manage to cover mine in mud). I think everyone had a really good time - I certainly enjoyed myself. Many thanks to Ben for organising it (even if we did give him a hard time) - and thanks to everyone who went and made it a really good trip.

Thanks, David, for keeping the current members up-to-date with what happened over the Christmas Vac. Shame I haven't got any nice photos to go with the article! If anyone gets any... send 'em in?



Comedy Falling-Over Competition

Because of the nine inches snowfall and widespread icy conditions, it was decided that Friday would be an excellent day to host the falling-over contest. All five entrants produced at least one entry (in Mr. Bateson's case, at least three), and their best efforts, in chronological order, were submitted for marking:

Katrina Bonninga: Ms. Bonninga started the competition within barely a minute of leaving the bunkhouse. She deftly used an icy patch of road to execute a full commando roll. Extra style points were awarded for removing her rucksack in mid-roll and landing face-first upon it.

Style: 2 ½/ 5 Technical Merit: 4 / 5 Total: 6 ½/ 10

Benjamin Bateson: Although many judges were impressed by Mr. Bateson's agile splits on a slippery gateway, more marks were awarded for his full slide from vertical to horizontal while maintaining a straight posture. Bonus hilarity marks were given for stabbing himself in the side with his penknife in the process.

Style: 4 / 5 Technical Merit: 3 / 5 Total: 7 / 10

Matthew Bemand: With the elegant style and grace that we have now come to associate with hippopotami wading in the Zambezi, Mr. Bemand lost his legs while crossing a heather patch. Although watching him fall flat on his posterior did not appeal to the judges' refined appreciation of style, they did find it highly amusing.

Style: 1 / 5 Technical Merit: 3 / 5 Total: 4 / 10

Joanne Miller: While traversing a hill, Ms. Miller demonstrated the scissors kick to great effect. More treats were in store, however. On attempting to get up, she lost her footing, and after finally regaining her posture, she repeated the initial scissors kick even more expertly, landing in a crumpled heap on the floor. The judges were enthralled and burst into spontaneous applause.

Style: 3 / 5 Technical Merit: 5 / 5 Total: 8 / 10

David Ball: Sadly, Mr. Ball did not enter into the spirit of things, and a half-assed stumble down the hill was the best he could muster. Special mention can be made, though, of his inspired breaking of a sheet of ice in an attempt to drop Mr. Bemand into a puddle.

Style: 1 / 5 Technical Merit: 0 / 5 Total: 1 / 10

QUOTES

Matthew: "I've got a baggy crotch"

Natalie on Chris: "He's very good at night"

Katrina: "Hedgehogs wear trousers; bears don't"

Chris: "With one highly accurate grope, I've got her"

Jo: "That sheep's got more horn than he thinks he has"

Ben: "I know the feeling"

Matthew: "I don't want to screw Jo"

Chris: "I wouldn't mind an all-over fleece"

Matthew: "For the record, I never intend to eat a beagle"

Jo: "They're large bananas. I couldn't fit one in my ice-cream tub"

David: "I can't eat prawns - shellfish aren't Kosher..."

Ben: "But they're tinned!"

Ben: "I don't have an injection for my nuts"

OUSGG Committee : Hilary Term 2001

| | | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------|------------------------------|
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23:59, 17TH FEBRUARY 2001 (5TH WEEK)

ARTICLES TO: cseward@jesus.ox.ac.uk

IN THE NEXT ISSUE: EASTER ACTIVITY... AUSTRIAN UPDATE...
