

Postscript

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Don't miss the
shocking
conclusion of
Simon in final
postscript this
year

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**Advanced
Warning:**
Next issue is the
last of the year,
and as is
traditional I want
an article from
every member!
So get writing
now!

Welcome to OUSGG

Did you know? In a government poll in 1973, 31.5% of the population believed that the highest number that Queen's second favourite corgi could count to was 337

Chair's report – Rob

Well it happened, somehow. I was caught off guard, in a weakened state, plied with flattery and threatened with a big stick. Some of you will understand, one minute you're wandering along enjoying the diversity of OUSGG events and thinking how great it is that people run the society you enjoy so much [*ed: don't tell them this, or they'll all turn up to the next TGM with pre-prepared excuses!*]. Then suddenly, when you least expect it, one mister Christopher Seward sidles up to you and says: "You've not been chair yet - have you?" This is the critical moment, escape is not beyond all hope but you must act fast. One momentary hesitation and your end is assured. An uncontested election [*ed: are society elections ever contested?*] to OUSGG's most senior post while the Seward chuckles mirthlessly and turns his gaze to other matters that need his personal attention.

So I'm chair for Trinity term and I have to say that, having avoided the job for over five years, I'm really looking forward to it. I have always enjoyed my time in OUSGG but I am really excited by the current spirit of the group. We have a good number of members, a variety of interests, a real feeling of community and a willingness to get involved, not to mention the best attendance at rallies and vacation trips since I joined the society. Also a large number of members are active in local scouting and guiding (at least 20 percent of the societies current members are heavily involved locally [*ed: is there a reference for this statistic?*], and many more



in their home districts). This is obviously not for everyone (I certainly didn't have the time or inclination as an undergraduate) but it really does add an extra depth that benefits all of the society's members.

So this is Oxford in summer, for the freshers a time to find why some of us just can't seem to leave, for the finalists a chance to spend the gorgeous days in the library and the balmy nights, well, in the library. In between the punting and the pimmsing [*ed: is that a word?*], May morning and college balls, croquet and cricket, avoiding lectures and skipping tutorials [*ed: This activity is not condoned by the management of Postscript!*] I hope my term can live up to the great examples set by my predecessors and provide a range of activities that will appeal to you all.

Rob (Chair, Trinity 2002 - if you hadn't worked that out by now!)

Easter activity – Sam

I had only been coming to OUSGG for under a week when, at a post pub-crawl gathering, I was entertained with tales of lurid activities taking place at Winter Walking. Therefore when the opportunity to go the Easter activity arose I leapt at the chance to see what all the fuss was about. So it was that I found myself at Penrith station with a hastily packed rucksack ready to catch a train to Stone in Staffordshire. Accompanying me on the train would be Michael, the organiser of the aforementioned activity, the rest of the participants/ victims making their own way there and arriving at various times throughout the week. Keith being relatively local to the area was there to meet us at the station after an uneventful journey and we soon arrived at Kibblestone campsite, shortly to be joined by Alison and not so shortly by Jenny whose late train made her miss a connection and left her stuck in Stoke. With most of the day gone we did a bit of food shopping for the next day, had a meal at the very flexible local pub, not wanting to cook, and deciding to wait up for Rob we settled down to a quiet evening of card games and light drinking. By the time Rob arrived, fed up with card games and having played many rounds of He met, She met... , we were glad of the stack of board games he carried under his arm. Highly enjoyable was Perudo, a South American dice based gambling game in which Jenny showed a remarkable ability in getting consistently good throws. Amusement was also provided by a many sided beer can *[ed: eh?]*. After a long evening of game based entertainment we finally got to bed....

...only to be wakened very early in the morning by Keith and Michael *[ed: kill them, kill them all]*, who, running on “camp time”, had got up and were fixing the stoves to the welcoming accompaniment of the smell of gas. Not everyone was pleased with their decision, but their offer to fry breakfast helped to soothe many frayed tempers. Not wanting to embark on anything major on the first day, we visited Stafford in order to get some idea of what was available in the area (and it also had a climbing shop to the delight of Alison). After visiting a tourist information centre the question arose as to what to do that afternoon and we quickly decided that Stafford castle was the answer. The visitors’ centre was exceptionally good value and with a student discount cost a little over a pound, although the proprietor caused some offence after pointing out that he didn’t need to check ID because he could tell we were students. Inside there were the usual displays and a short video, but the real value for money came when we were given access to the dressing up box, possibly intended for people slightly younger than ourselves. There was much fun to be had in trying on the suprisingly heavy chainmail suits and helmets but unfortunately there were no weapons available to complete the outfits. We then spent the remainder of the afternoon visiting the castle itself and attempting to play hide and seek variants around it to little success.

That evening saw the arrival of more OUSGG members stretching the sleeping capacity of the building we were staying in to its limits. Considering more were going to arrive on the following day this would mean that some of us would be sleeping in tents for the nights to follow (thankfully not me). While continuing the same sort of activities as the night before we received a knock on the door of our hut, which turned out to be members of a local Venture Unit, performing Service crew work on the site for the weekend, inviting us to their hut where they had a roaring fire burning. Unfortunately by the time we were ready to follow them they had disappeared and we spent some time wandering round the site looking for them before we decided to consult a map. Having found their hut we were welcomed inside and spent the rest of the evening socialising with them, the competition in the “picking up the gradually decreasing in size cardboard box with your teeth” game proving especially fierce. Having shown them the “cardboard box picking up” game, they reciprocated with their own variant which involved picking up a beer bottle with your teeth while standing on one leg. People appeared less keen to try out this version for some reason.

With the increased numbers on the Saturday it was decided that we should do something a little bit special, so we went to a pot factory, but not just any pot factory, we went to the world famous Wedgewood pottery *[ed: Stare hard here to read about the pottery]*. A combination of informative displays of the products through the ages, including a history of Josiah Wedgewood, and a behind the scenes tour of the factory made this visit more interesting than it at first seemed. The ability to spin your own pots or test your knowledge with a computerised quiz rounded off a highly enjoyable trip (although the gift shop was quite expensive). Then it was back to the site for a quick lunch before walking to another part of the site for abseiling. More entertaining than the actual abseiling, however, was the cajoling of the slightly more acrophobic members who were just as keen to stay on the ground. An effective encouragement to attempt the abseil seemed to be bribes of chocolate, but while large amounts were offered it all failed to materialise.

That evening seemed the ideal time to hold a campfire and with the bumper numbers of OUSGG members and the invited members of the local Venture Scout unit this proved to be a highly social affair. The fire itself, though initially very hot, soon died down and there was a slight shortage of nearby fuel to keep it going *[ed: I’m sure there was still a table and chairs left when I arrived a few days later...]*. It certainly didn’t rival the thirteen pallet high fire that the local ventures had seen on one camp at the same spot as ours. As seems to be the case when large numbers of OUSGG members get together, the alcohol flowed freely, although it was the Ventures who seemed to be most affected and their drunken antics proved quite amusing to watch. Eventually as the fire died down we made our way back to the hut for much needed sleep.

With the large number of historic railways in the area it seemed stupid to pass up on the opportunity to have a ride on a steam train so this is what we agreed to do. The first station we arrived at didn't appear to have any trains running that day, but it did have some static displays so we were able to look inside the various trains on display. This lacked the thrill of a moving train however so it was on to the next station. This did have a working train and shortly, with tickets in hand, we boarded it to make the brief journey down the line to a pub. Having spent longer than expected here we almost missed the return train, which might have jeopardised our plans of archery for the afternoon, so we frantically dashed back to the station with seconds to spare. For the archery we had some very well equipped instructors who were extremely thorough in their tutoring even going so far as work out which eye was dominant for everyone taking part. Having practised on the normal targets, the real challenge came when they fastened slightly inflated balloons to the centre of the bull and gave us the opportunity to attempt to burst them. This was a welcome addition as it added a lighter and almost fairground feel to the activity. With everyone having had as many goes as they realistically wanted we left to the sight of the instructors demonstrating how it should be done with their fancy bows. That evening saw the departure of those who had only come up for the weekend so we went to a pub for a meal to see them off *[ed: tut tut – you missed out that I turned up at this point :) (obviously being the most important part of the story)]*.

After the hectic weekend there was a noticeable drop in pace on the Monday morning. We decided that at some point we wanted to go cycling, but thankfully we had chosen to do this on the Tuesday because the weather on the Monday was overcast and generally unpleasant. Instead we went to the Nantwich nuclear bunker in Cheshire and it was amusing to follow road signs towards the “secret nuclear bunker”. Inside was a large collection of Cold War memorabilia including displays showing the destructive capability of the explosions at different distances from ground zero, various pieces of protective clothing and a nuclear warhead! (presumably without the dangerous bits). Also entertaining were the “Protect and Survive” animated video sequences detailing what to do in the aftermath of a nuclear attack and slightly disturbing was the film banned by the BBC showing a post-attack Britain as it descended into anarchy. Due to a very low ambient temperature in the bunker we went to the teashop, resembling a military canteen, to warm up before leaving to find the microbrewery we had seen signposted on the way in.

Unfortunately we found it closed, so instead we ate our lunch watching some swans and returned to the campsite *[ed: after a massive fuff about managing to all arrive in the same place...]*. While some of the group went shopping and prepared for the evening meal the rest of us started construction of the pioneering project - a trebuchet. After eating, the entertainment for the evening consisted of more games including some card games like gangsters where the sole aim seemed to be to get Phil to defend himself, a version of Just a Minute, with Tristram and myself coming up with a potentially winning tactic of mutual support, a couple of goes of Chinese charades and Alison's revealing game of Psychologists. One of the members of the service team we had met on the Friday who was checking round, demonstrated a remarkable ability to guess bra sizes, an important feature of Alison's game thanks to Tristram's strange lines of questioning.

The next day saw us driving to a local bike hire centre for the cycle ride we had planned the previous day. Luckily, rather than getting worse as we might cynically have expected, the day had turned out very sunny, perfect weather for cycling, and we were thankful that we had chosen this way round for the past two days' activities. In addition to hiring individual bikes we obtained one tandem for the sheer novelty value, which proved far harder to cycle than it looks because you are very reliant on the person you are sharing with. Taking it in turns to use the tandem we followed the route provided taking us to Thor's Cave, a natural formation which we decided to explore. Climbing around inside the damp interior Alison was able to demonstrate her climbing skills despite still suffering from her leg injury. Back out in the sunshine we cycled to the teashop for lunch and while Jenny paddled in the river the rest of us cycled ahead to see a tunnel (which was as exciting as it sounds) . Possibly not having left enough time to get back to return the bikes the return journey was slightly more frantic and decidedly quicker although the owners seemed to be quite relaxed about our slight tardiness.

On returning to the campsite we continued to provide final modifications to the catapult including a water/concrete counterweight , but despite this it still had the throwing capacity of an arthritic OAP. Although the catapult didn't quite work we're sure we know what went wrong and had we had more time I'm sure we could have got it working, but it was getting dark so we decided to call it a day. This evening we did more of the same activities as before but with many of us all having to catch relatively early trains in the morning we didn't stay up as late as we had done the night before.

After oversleeping by an hour or so and well aware that we needed to be at the station to catch our trains we frantically tidied the site in an attempt to leave in time. This involved sharing out the large quantities of food left behind and many of us ended up with very large lunches for the train. Eventually we finished, just in time to throw our bags into the car and hurry to the station in time for our trains. So ended a highly enjoyable week of activities.

The characters in this account are purely fictional, and bear no resemblance to any person, living or dead. The author accepts no responsibility for loss of income, faculties or will to live as a result of reading this article *[ed: additionally the management of postscript accept no responsibility for the content of this article]*.

<blue>OUSGG Enjoys an Educational visit to The
Wedgwood Story Visitor
Centre...</blue> – **Christina**

The
WEDGWOOD
Story

W

[ed: why did you bother putting this title in blue? Postscript is in B&W]

“One man and the company he founded in 1759. Changed forever the pottery industry throughout the world. The Wedgwood Story is a new multimillion pound celebration of that man and his great legacy.”

Well after an introduction like that how could OUSGG resist making the centre one of our Easter activities. After reading all about the centre and the life of Josiah Wedgwood in the pamphlet the night before (well I tried to read it to everyone) we all got up early (well before lunch time) eager to learn about the pottery process from start to finish....

We knew we had arrived when we approached the large statue of the man himself, old Josiah and us girls were most excited to see that personal stereos were included in the entrance fee. In fact the headsets we were given were part of the “free flowing, audio guided tour of the real working Wedgwood factory”. Did this mean that this museum would not have lots of white panels with black writing on them to read? Not exactly there were still lots of panels and the audio stuff did seem to go on a bit. It was at this point that stressed finalists Natalie and I (The Mowl) decided to stick together for the tour, after learning to press our buttons for the audio tours simultaneously we soon discovered that if you look carefully there were many interesting things to be found....especially once we sneaked off and began our factory tour....

The following are all genuine parts of the pottery process:

The Sponging and Diddling stage, to which our commentator said “It takes years of practice to become good with a diddling stick”

The Jiggering and Jolling Stage

We then moved to the room containing the “large Vibrator” and the machine with “a rubber tip pointing down”

After moving past the “disk Vibro” and observing “the fettling process” we witnessed “back stamping” (sounds painful!) before things were heated up and moved “so they could be handled by the cranker”

After a bit of “Grinding” the spouts are fixed with a squirrel hair brush or a rubber roller.

Each item is then dealt with by hand one at a time to achieve the unique final product.

To the rest of OUSGG who enjoyed a sophisticated tour and innocently ignored these things, I apologize for our juvenile giggling. Maybe its all the revision we had been doing but to me “the Wedgwood story is a new multimillion pound celebration of the man and his pottery packed with carry on style innuendo”well worth the visit!

Oh and I don't know who said it but during the amusing ghost style pottery attempts someone said to Alison “You'll never get that up again”.

And if no one else finds this stuff funny, maybe this little psychologist needs help!

Oh and a couple more quotes from my birthday pub crawl ending at Christ Church

Phil: “ I think we (he and Keith) get on well in a CAMP Situation”

Sam: “I think ~~Tristan~~ Joe Bloggs fingered me in the last round”

~~Tristan~~ Joe Bloggs: “I can't control it, its keeps bubbling up and overflowing, do you want to blow or suck it for me” (and no changing this one editor)

This week's scouting rant – Phil

The Programme Review is a missed opportunity. Many important questions and issues remain unresolved, unanswered, or fudged. Oddly enough, when I've contacted various key people highlighting various points, I get answers that are fudged, incoherent, or ignored. So I thought I'd pose five of the most pressing questions here, in a desperate attempt to get some answers.

- 1) Why does chapter four of "Policy, Organisation *[ed: is that a word? – I would have just corrected it – but not having read (or even heard of the document I don't know :)]*, and Rules" read: "Members or Associate Members of The Scout Association do not have any rights, actual or implied, to take part in the national management of The Scout Association or the World Organisation of the Scout Movement"? Why shouldn't they? *[ed: coz it's not a democracy?]*
- 2) Who approved the hideous 'corporate identity'? *[ed: probably some Oxford graduate getting paid lots to much, doing consultancy in the city]*
- 3) Justify, with evidence and sources where necessary, just why atheists are incapable of being leaders and a threat to young children. *[ed: oh, isn't this obvious? They are clearly evil devil worshipers, oh, oops maybe not...]*
- 4) If Scouting claims to be apolitical, why does the Promise endorse one form of government over another? Justify why "duty to the Queen" is not considered to be political *[ed: coz she's the queen, and doesn't do anything]*, whilst, say, "duty to the European Union" or "duty to Radio Four" would be.
- 5) Why celebrate 100 years of Scouting in 2007 when it's obvious that the centenary falls in 2008? *[ed: is it?]* And yes, I am willing to engage in a debate over email on this one *[ed: well feel free to email any new comments to tfm-junk-which-gets-binned@earth.li]*.

Canoeing – TFM

Last week OUSGG went canoeing, well maybe I should re-phrase that, last week all of the non-wussy members of OUSGG went canoeing, and the rest chickened out due to being scared of the rain *[ed: this is probably unfair – some of them were probably not there due to recovering from Saturday night rather than being worried about getting a little wet]*.

Anyway, as I was saying *[ed: until I interrupt you again]* bloody editor, screwing up the flow of this text grrr.

Anyway, canoeing was a good laugh for the five of us who turned up, we had fun jumping off weirs, climbing up them (very hard work) and played silly games which lead to all of us falling in the water.

A special thankyou needs to go out to the Ventures who gave up their time to take us out *[ed: what you mean they didn't wuss out coz it was raining and they had exams the next day like the OUSGG members?]*



Call for help – *Noga*

Got a spare evening? *Fancy helping with a cub pack?* If so contact Robert Walker - 9733583@brookes.ac.uk

Details if you're interested:

We meet at the 2nd Oxford Scout hall, Ridgefield Road, Cowley, on Wednesdays from 6 until 8pm.

We have four young Cubs and some interest from other children wishing to join, with about seven kids turning up most weeks.

Random Google of the week – *TFM*

This week during the ongoing search for Eri>| I decided to do some research into past cases of panda napping. After the first google search returned links about pandas taking naps in the zoo I changed the criteria to “panda kidnapping” the first handful of results were as far as I can tell about some random Japanese Manga cartoon involving kidnapping school girls or something (I didn’t bother to read it to find out where pandas came in). Anyway looking a little further down the list I found my first historical case, a mystery kidnapping of a panda – with a solution. The mystery is called “The Wacky Zoo” and is available at:

<http://www.isd77.k12.mn.us/schools/dakota/mystery/mystery96/KelseyDarci.html>

Maybe the lessons learned from this story can be used to work out which of our members is responsible for stealing Eri>| and hiding him in Chris’ house...

[Ed: The management of postscript do not endorse the use of the internet as the web is a big strange place which may be unsuitable for some readers]

Summary of the 123rd F&GPC meeting – *Sam*

The meeting was held at N’n’N at Wadham and started at 1:15.

Officers’ Reports: There were reports from the chair, the treasurer, the secretary and the social secretary and the summer activity organiser.

Allocation of Award Distributor post: The Award Distributor will not be an elected post and each year the current distributor will nominate the next one at the start of Trinity. Chris will be nominating someone for this post.

Discussion concerning Scout Network: The effects that the changes in the Scouting movement would have on OUSGG, especially the forming of a Scout Network were discussed and Rob will find out County’s and SSAGO’s position on it before the TGM.

Any Other Business

There was a further discussion relating to the CE forms and also about the current Brooke’s situation.

The meeting closed at 1:43.