

PostScript

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Happy New Year!

Yet again I open a PostScript Editorial by saying 'Happy New Year'. This time though, the phrase is not to usher in a new academic year, but to welcome all of OUSGG to 2003. It has just occurred to me that I can re-run a similar editorial as this one twice more this academic year. Watch out for future PostScript's welcoming you to the Chinese New Year, and of course for the economists amongst us the financial year.

That aside I hope that all of you had a good Christmas break with much seasonal fun had stuffing turkeys, finding pennies in puddings, receiving presents ... [*Who needs OUSGG quotes with seasonal phases such as these – Ed*]. And why am I editing my own editorial (answers on a postcard please)?

Anyway the festive season gives you an excuse for the 'non-conversation' with all your mates when you get back to Oxford. You know the sort of thing, where you ask your

Chair Report

I suppose I had better start this in something resembling a normal fashion by welcoming you all back. I hope you all had a happy Christmas (or similar festival, can't go narrowing down our religious beliefs) and an entertaining new year. I will also use this space as I have it (and I am obliged to put something here each and every issue), to thank those people who made it to Winter Walking, apologise to Natalie for leaving her at a train station for a hour or two and to say the money is in the 'post'.

I am greatly looking forward to seeing the article on Winter Walking to see if it matches up to the epic that was written last year, and trying to match the quotes to what actually happened.

best mate how their Christmas vac. was, don't end up gaining anything from the brief 30 second nicety and are still left wondering: so what exactly did you do? However ask (virtually) any member of OUSGG this question, and once the initial niceties are out of the way they will probably slip in: "Yeah, I also spent a week at Winter Walking™, with OUSGG..." and so continues the conversation, with details of walks over Ilkley Moor, New Year celebrations, snow, mafia... For those of you of course did not go on Winter Walking™ (shame on you) can find the details of our adventures in this issue courtesy of Sarah and Libby (and me)... and unfortunately will have to continue to post Christmas 'non-conversations' with your non-OUSGG friends (which of course is also a great shame).

Mark Hawkins – PostScript Editor – The Queen's College.

Traditional OUSGG timing prevailed on Monday but when we did actually get going I think everyone had fun pretending to be an elephant in a toaster. Chances are by the time you are reading this we will already have found our way down into deepest darkest Didcot to fight the massive (to a mouse) surf.

Mr Crane sends his apologies for not making the first week meeting but says he will try and make a reappearance at some point in the term. Anyway enough rambling as it is 6 and a half hours after the deadline, oops.

YISAG

Keith - Your Wickerwork Chair



Winter Walking™

Monday started late, and got later. Eventually we did all (or all except the non-walkers, but they hardly count, do they?!?) finally set off for a delightful drive through Yorkshire- charming, picturesque villages, wild open countryside, shops full of tourist junk, garage forecourts- you get the idea. Unfortunately, something, somewhere, went slightly wrong and gradually the navigation slid from “this way” to “this way, I think” to “um, there should have been a turn there, oh no, I know where we are. err we should be in a village”. At this point we stopped (in the middle of nowhere- no villages, only sheep) for a navigators’ conference. 3 map readers had 4 opinions, so we resorted to the GPS to settle the question [*I wonder whose GPS that was* – Ed]. It put us on a different map. Us being some way from where we should have been, daylight being limited and it being later than it had been earlier [*No s***t, unless I’m not mistaken time travel is not yet possible* – Ed], we abandoned the Hebdon bridge plan in favour of finding the nearest car park and walking. This proved to be an excellent plan, and an enjoyable (if cold and windy) walk was had by all. It even included a small amount of “that way!” navigation for the benefit of Mike and Keith.

Returning to base we found that the non-walkers, Christina, Jenny and Ben (who matter a lot really) had surpassed themselves by not only going food and alcohol shopping but also managing a walk round the campsite/ scout hut.

Later, Tristram and Angharad arrived complete with blow-up mattress (thus solving the bed shortage), brand new electric pump and.... duck shaped popcorn maker! Once we had worked out that Natalie was getting the train to Bradford, not Bingley (from where Alison had been trying and failing to collect her) and Gail and Libby had managed to navigate their way to the right one of two Bradford stations, she was allowed to join our (not so) select band for another evening of games (probably involving names and mafia) and alcohol.

The hard core walkers (these things are relative) decided they wanted a proper walk on Tuesday (New Year’s Eve) and, such was their dedication, they even left (more or less) on time. The plan was to walk up to Ilkley Moor (from a car park, not Bingley(!)), cross it by one route and return round the edge. Highlights of the crossing included a long, slippery boardwalk over a bog, which made sliding sideways à la Maddy, (who managed to make a hole in her boot by getting it stuck on a peg in the bog) inadvisable and Phil’s realization that he’d spent a good 5 minutes talking rubbish [*What Phil talking rubbish!* –Ed]to the person behind him under the mistaken belief that it was one of us (I’m not sure who I feel sorrier for).

It had been thinking about snowing all morning, but it was not until we sat down for lunch that it became heavy. Amazingly, the information that there

was a pub about ten minutes away converted us from rock-hard walking types into weeds and wets – we didn’t walk back. The decision to go to the (very nice and very warm) pub was based in part on the belief that one of Keith’s friends who lived nearby would be able to drive up and return our drivers to the car park to collect their cars before coming to pick us up. Things weren’t quite that simple, and Keith and Alison ended up having to walk then get a bus, and another bus, or walk, or both, or unicycle, (or something), back to the car-of-Keith’s-friend before they were able to get back to the car park. The details passed me by, but the pub, as I may have mentioned, was nice. (The transport faff did have the further advantage that we got back about when we would have done had we walked- which at least made us look more hard core than of we’d rolled up just after lunch) [*Well you’ve blow our cover now Libby* – Ed].

The short walkers had leisurely breakfast, followed by a walk to Bingley where we stocked up orange squash and chocolate cake, looked at the impressive 3- and 5-rise locks and sat for a long time in a nice warm tea shop. We then headed back, met Chris who had just arrived and Ben and Gail who had stayed in due to illness (Ben’s suspected hangover turned out not to be (entirely) self-inflicted). Five of us girls played the highly intellectual (well, probably not) and competitive (definitely) game of ‘Floundering’ while others preferred ‘Call My Bluff’ and introduced such wonderful words as ‘willy-willy’ and ‘angekok’ to OUSGG parlance. Dinner was a three-course Christmas meal, complete with what Ben delicately termed ‘inter-course games’ and a delicious and seriously tipsy custard made with Keith’s Bacardi Spice. After dinner Gareth’s Joke was relayed to us by mobile, the honorary Gareth (Chris) having forgotten it [☺ - Ed].

We welcomed New Year with the chimes, Auld Lang Syne, poppers, balloons, an impressive, (free) firework display from the other group on site and some expert dancing to Alison’s ‘Kids’ Party’ CD (Saturday night, Macarena, Agadoo.... who could resist?) before returning to game playing, including (what appears to be) the ritual humiliation and humour of the Dream game (bitter victim? Moi?), the excitement of the lemon game (made all the more interesting by the attempt to use a satsuma instead of a lemon; drunk people can’t aim and the satsuma soon disintegrated into a sticky mess), and the truly bizarre (and disturbing) hamster game – think of, then mime, as many different ways as possible of propelling and/or killing a hamster, and keep track of all the invisible hamsters as they fly round the circle) [*No actual hamsters were harmed during the course of Winter Walking* – Ed]. Sadly, not everyone got a chance to join in- certain members having retired to gossip (within easy retching distance of the toilets). Happy 2003, and so to bed.

Elizabeth Hunt – Lincoln College.



Winter Walking 2002/3 – a Fresher’s-Eye View

Sunday

Ben: Arse – I knew I forgot something.
Ben: I’ll lie here and rub Gail.
Phil: Libby’s looking very happy, but no-one’s fingered her yet.

My first OUSGG trip experience [*Nothing to do with illicit substances I take it* – Ed] began at Leeds station where Jenny and I were met by Alison and her mini and taken to Blackhills Scout Campsite in Cottingley, West Yorkshire. Unfortunately, there are two Cottingleys in West Yorkshire and Keith managed to get himself directions to the wrong one so the event’s organiser arrived somewhat later than expected! Alison, being a West Yorkshire resident, knew where to go, but our journey time was somewhat lengthened by four stops for her to repair her broken windscreen wiper! On arrival, we inspected the hut and found, to our surprise, only 16 beds, despite there being 22 advertised in the brochure and on the internet. Given we were due 18 people by New Year’s Eve this didn’t look good, but thankfully when Tristam and Angharad arrived later in the week, so did their inflatable double mattress!

Once everyone had arrived, including Libby, who had nobody’s number to call for a lift so was taken as far as Cottingley village by a confused taxi driver and left to walk the rest of the way, we had dinner of Ben’s spaghetti carbonara and embarked on the first of the trip’s several games of Mafia. Here the themes of Sam *always* being the Mafia, Mark *always* looking guilty and Colin *always* using the inspired last defence, ‘It wasn’t me and I didn’t do it’ were firmly established. Following Mafia we played Psychologist, but I won’t reveal details so not to ruin the game for anyone reading this who hasn’t played and may be a future ‘psychologist’ [32A – Ed]. Suffice to say that it took Ben and Gail (tired from her mammoth six-hour drive from the South coast) quite some time to work out what was going on, and eventually succeed in embarrassing us all. In our last game of the night we were introduced to the latest honorary member of OUSGG, Steve Crane. We were playing a version of the ‘Name Game’ [*Version 24567849308754* – Ed] where we all had to name a celebrity and everyone had to guess who was who. My ‘Steve Cram’ was misread as ‘Steve Crane’ and the result was a lot of confusion before Sam guessed it was me and Mr Crane became the trip’s first in-joke.

Monday

Christina: You get them in your mouth when you are older and they are painful.
Col: My experience of girls wasn’t bad.

Finding the car park from which we agreed to start our walk as probably the biggest challenge of the day and I’m sorry to report that Jen failed miserably... we ended up driving around in circles before Libby used her GPS to find where we actually were! We

parked in a random car park next to a wind farm, quite some distance from where we wanted to be, scrapped the planned walk and made up a new one as we went along [*We knew exactly where we were going* – Ed]. This was the first time I had really experienced the legendary OUSGG faff, of which there was plenty! Meanwhile, Ben, Christina and Jenny went shopping for food... and copious quantities of alcohol of course!

That evening Tristam and Angharad arrived, complete with blow-up mattress, brand new electric pump and... duck shaped popcorn maker! Natalie also arrived on Monday, by train into Bradford, but Alison had been sent by Keith to collect her from Bingley! Once everyone (except Chris who was to arrive on Tuesday) was finally in the hut, we had an enjoyable evening, and in some cases (Ben and Keith in particular!) made up for Sunday’s sobriety by consuming considerable quantities of alcohol, resulting in being even louder than usual!

Tuesday

Alison: You have to bend it a special way then it goes in.
Mark: Keith doesn’t have any ammunition.
Alison: These puddles are filled with water!
Keith: Tristam got his hand wet then felt Alison’s leg.
Jen: Engineers are good at screwing.
Ben: I knew an engineer who couldn’t do nuts.
Ben to Chris: Shall we have an intercourse game?
Ben: Dinner will be willy-willy.
Mark: Keith, are you a dick-dick?
Mark: Wales is in Bangor.
Ben: If you get yourself you can have fun with yourself.

Today the more hardcore walkers drove off and walked around Ilkley Moor, before reaching a pub and enjoying the mulled wine, but I don’t know much about this as I, along with Sam, Jenny, Natalie and Christina, opted for the ‘short walk’. This meant a leisurely breakfast, followed by a walk to Bingley where we stocked up orange squash and chocolate cake, looked at the impressive 3- and 5-rise locks and sat for a long time in a nice warm tea shop.

We then headed back, met Chris, who had just arrived, and, Ben and Gail who had stayed in due to illness (we thought Ben was just hung over, but he was actually ill) and played games. Five of us girls played the highly intellectual (well, probably not) and competitive (definitely) game of ‘Floundering’ while others preferred ‘Call My Bluff’ and introduced such wonderful words as ‘willy-willy’ and ‘angekok’ to OUSGG parlance. Dinner was a three-course Christmas meal, complete with ‘inter-course games’ (Ben’s words not mine) and a delicious and seriously tipsy custard made with Keith’s Bacardi Spice. After dinner we drank plenty, heard Gareth’s Joke (over the phone as Chris had forgotten it) and it was soon time to put on the radio and hear the chimes for the New Year.

Mark had provided us with party poppers and flying balloons (though I failed to blow mine up!) and we then went outside and watched the fireworks set off by the group in the other hut. The only mishap was a rocket landing on Angharad's head on its way back down to Earth. Fireworks were followed by some rather drunken dancing to Alison's Kids' Party CD (including such masterpieces as Macarena, Saturday Night and Agadoo). Jenny started to feel the effects of a few too many 'Jenny measures' but most of the rest of us continued with games. Libby, Sam and I were chosen as victims for the Dream Game, but I knew exactly what was going on from the start as I discovered I had played a variant of the game before! Games got more and more random as the night went on, culminating with the apple game (throwing an apple around the group, that really was all there was to it) and the hamster game involving the miming of original ways to kill a hamster... I blame the alcohol!

Wednesday

Christina: What did I just say?
 Keith: If I think about it I do Ben or Gail, but I have to think about it.
 Mark to Phil: Put it over your head and pretend someone's popped one over you.
 Chris: Libby's just sat there idly stroking one.
 Ben: Alison was playing with Chris's thing.
 Alison to Phil: Do you want to play with Jenny and me?
 Phil: It must be good having your senses blown off.
 Jen: I did it once with my Dad – he was showing me how to do it.

Unsurprisingly, we all had a lie-in today, except Gail who had to set off home. When we eventually got up, the more energetic among us (Mark, Libby, Michael, Maddy, *have I forgotten anyone?*! [No it was just the four of us – Ed]) set off for a walk starting from the campsite while the rest of stayed in the hut. We set about cleaning and tidying the place before playing games (Angharad's game of 'Fluxx' was particularly enjoyed) and tacking a newspaper 'quiz of the year'. Once everyone was back the 'Trivial Pursuit' masters (aka Ben and Phil) took on the entire rest of the group, and sadly beat us emphatically! The main event of the evening was dinner of jacket potatoes and Ben's famous chilli, with a scale of chilli content from 'wuss' to 'Chernobyl'. Chernobyl was experienced by both Tristam and Ben himself ('If this doesn't clean out my system, nothing will,' he said!). Despite the vegetarian version being slightly over-chillied and the 'wuss' contingent's dismay that theirs contained any chillies at all, the meal went down very well and was followed by yummy chocolate fudge cake and whipped cream [*Which a certain author of this article ate copious amounts of* – Ed]. As usual, dinner was followed by games. This time we played two 'Name Game' variants [*Versions 22 and 97* – Ed], one with animals and another with holiday destinations (Jenny's choice of Blackpool was inspired, we all forgot it instantly) and our own version of 'Taboo'.

It was decided that given some of us hadn't even left the building that day and none of us walked very far, an earlier start and longer walk should be attempted on Thursday. Amazingly, we didn't faff

(much) and were even organised enough to make our lunch before going to bed!

Thursday

Thanks to our aforementioned

Alison: Ooh, I've just seen something exciting between Sarah's legs!
 Christina: Aww stop!
 Alison: You've got a very sexy voice tonight Michael.
 Keith: I don't play with my joystick any more.

organisation, we left nice and early in three cars and headed to Howarth. In the summer this pretty town heaves with tourists as it was the home of the Bronte sisters, but it was hardly recognisable on a drizzly January morning. Alison requested that her car should lead our convoy and given Mark, who so far had a clean slate on the trip as far as map-reading was concerned, was navigating for her, I thought that for once we might reach our destination without a mishap. How foolish I was! As we entered Howarth, things were going just fine, but Mark missed the signpost to our agreed car park [*The map was wrong!* – Ed] and as the rest of us turned in and parked up, they were off on a few laps of the town centre. Twenty minutes and several phone calls later, the red mini arrived and we began our walk on the Bronte Moors. The group split into two groups ('strenuous'; and 'relaxed', insisted Alison, not 'fast' and 'slow') and both had a very enjoyable walk. Memories include Michael leading us up a grassy bank on a total wild goose chase, wading and falling in the mud and Alison's refusal to stop for lunch for fear of getting cold, so she walked around the reservoir while the rest of her group sat down and ate. The 'relaxed' group finished first and faffed for a short time over which tea shop to choose, and eventually we all met in the pub for a pint/hot chocolate/Bailey's Latte (me and Jenny) [*No orange involve* – Ed]. The way back involved an alcohol run to Safeway's for some, and getting hopelessly lost for others – it was all my fault that time!

A game of team 'Trivial Pursuit' was played on return. Ben and Phil were banned from helping with any of the questions and the inevitable 'How can you not know *that*' was heard. Alison, Mark and Keith didn't need their help anyway – they ran out easy winners. Continuing the 'Trivial Pursuit' theme, dinner was followed by our own version of 'The Weakest Link' with TP cards and starring Ben as Anne Robinson, where Maddy triumphed over Sam in the final. Further games followed, including Mafia and a bizarre team chess game was played by Mark, Tristam, Chris and Ben while others of us opted for the much less taxing 'Fluxx'. All in all, this was a great day to end my first experience of an OUSGG trip, and I think it's safe to say that both Libby and I will be back again!

Sarah Berman – The Queen's College.

Winter Walking Part3

And so it falls to your illustrious editor to complete the telling of the saga that was Winter Walking™ 2002/3...

Friday



'Let it snow' the song goes, and indeed it had snowed during the night, so that there was a blanket of good thick proper snow covering the ground (none of this pseudo snow aka slush/frost). Unfortunately Libby and Sarah were leaving so they could not enjoy a walk in the snow, so leaving them in the care of Ben, the rest of us headed out towards Hebden Bridge for a walk in the snow.

Thankfully we found where we supposed to be parking, and started our walk from a National Trust car park up the valley, taking a detour to see the mill. Colin was our expert navigator for this early section of the walk as he had spent a holiday working for the National Trust there. We headed past some big rocks (for Alison's personal and professional benefit) then up the side of the valley (ooh there's nothing like a good bit of near vertical walking☺). At the top we split off into three groups: 'short', 'medium' and 'long'; based on the lengths of the walks we were to attempt.

I was in the long group (unsurprisingly) along with Jen, Col, Maddy and Alison; so apologies to everyone else as I don't know what happened on the other walks – except for seeing a picture of a large snow ball. We headed along the top of the valley until it split into two, at which point we descended into the valley with much comedy falling over and sliding. I was the first to go a**e over tit, but it was Maddy and Col's comedy slide down the hill which got top marks for entertainment value: especially given they went straight over Col's ski pole with no injuries!

We then navigated the river and headed up the side of the hill on the opposite side of the valley. The snow was particularly thick going up the hill, and you could walk along without seeing your feet! We stopped for lunch at the top of the hill (yes Alison too) before setting off across the top of the hill to find the Pennine Way. The top of the hill turned out to be one massive bog, which covered in half a foot of snow looks deceptively un-bog-like. However we successfully navigated the bog, even crossing a bridge (I had wondered why it was there initially) to the Pennine Way. We then continued along the valley before descending to Hebden Bridge and the car park where Keith's car was, or so we thought. It actually turned out it was an identical car parked in the same place! Luckily we didn't send out a search party but phoned Keith, only to discover they were in a tea shop.

Once everyone had returned we headed to the nearest pub for tea. This proved more hassle than it was worth since the pub was a 5 minute walk away, and it took us

a quarter of an hour drive, after much faffing because Ben didn't want to drive. Once we had returned from the pub many games ensued (can't remember which ones), and yours truly found himself covered in a bizarre rash! Luckily Alison informed me it wasn't meningitis, so I wasn't going to die! And so I retired to bed early.

Saturday

Alison: I pulled it off...must be my magic touch.
Alison: Does anyone want to share my sausage?
Angharad: Hands off Phil, or I'll bitch slap you.
Alison: Phil's been beaten to a pulp!
Angharad: Sam are you rampant?
Ben: I'm not big on porn.
Maddy: I'm attracted to big ones.
Alison: You lift it up and it goes ping.

And so Chris, Natalie and Christina left our happy party to go home. Everyone had got up late and was generally feeling ill – I now had swollen hands to replace the rash – so we decided not to go for a walk. Keith, Ben and Michael, opted for doing manly stuff and building a fire to burn rubbish on, whilst the rest of us went to Skipton Castle for the day. We all made it to Skipton in Alison's and Tristram's cars, and headed for the castle.

At the castle gates there was a sign (in common with most tourist attractions) proclaiming in a variety of languages that guide leaflets were available, including in Esperanto – Mucho apreciados! Having paid we followed our picture guides (no, not as in Scouts) round the compact but rather stoutly built castle. It was held under siege during the civil war for 3 years you know! Once our tour round all the rooms, including the dungeon were completed we retired to a tea shop, and I did the Yorkshire thing of having Wensleydale cheese with my tea cake.

We then returned to a meal of left overs (described by Ben in his menu, as the more attractively titled 'Bubble and Squeak') before presenting Keith with a bottle of Old Barcadi Spice and a Yorkshire Calendar, for all his effort in organising the trip. Then it was Chinese Charades, before bed.

Sunday

We cleared up then cleared off.

Mark Hawkins – PostScript Editor, Scout and Guide Liaison Officer, Chair of the PJCC – The Queen's College.

Letters to the Editor

Dirty Old Man?

Dear Sir,

I write to inform you about a terrible form of discrimination that is rocking OUSGG and years of tradition.

It would appear that all OUSGG Freshers are now pre-conditioned to think that I am some sort of drooling pervert who will latch onto the nearest female and automatically attempt to bed them.

Not only is this ruining my own pulling chances, but it means that OUSGG's other dirty old men (cf. Richard Owen) are getting more than a fair crack of the whip, so to speak, whereas I get left with Mr. Flumpty-Egbert and endless games of Trivial Pursuits.

Fresher-pulling has always been a noble part of the OUSGG curriculum (to wit: Chris and Natalie and many other examples). Please can your members do their most to see that the tradition survives.

Yours etc.

Ben Bateson (ex-St. Catz, ex-Birmingham, ex-heterosexual[possibly])

"Some time later I met a young graduate

When I had nobody to call my own

I told her I was looking for somebody to appreciate

And I just couldn't do it alone"

Thanks for your contribution Ben. Also thank goodness for email, so as I did not have to wipe all of your drool off of your letter. Well what can I say: your reputation precedes you. – Ed.

Enraged Old Member

Dear Sir,

I write in response to the article in the last issue of your publication (no. 342) entitled "Chair Report" (page 1) wherein – and I quote – it was claimed:

"There have been a few changes during [Alison's] time as Chair... the final departure from Oxford... of Chris. [Alison] think[s] it's important that a club such as OUSGG does undergo change from time to time, to reflect the wishes of its current membership..."

If that is indeed the current membership's wishes, then I must apologise most humbly and sincerely for troubling you all for these last few years. If, however, this was merely an unfortunate grammatical confusion, then I would request that our esteemed ex-Chair issue a

full and unreserved apology. I've been crying myself to sleep ever since.

Yours etc,

Disgruntled,

London

Well what can I say?

I can say that the ex-PostScript editor twice over certainly knows how to editor a piece of text in order to twist its meaning. The cut piece of text refers to closer links with Scouting and Guiding, as well as Oxford Brookes. Which is what Alison is referring to when she mentions OUSGG changing to reflect its members wishes – Ed.

Dear Sir,

I write to complain about the quality of the recent trip, Winter Walking™. I find myself in the awkward position of being a candidate for multiple Winter Walking™s these days. This year the overlap was imperfect and I was permitted to attend both trips, I was disappointed to find that when I arrived at the current members trip (on the 31st December) it was just as good as the ex-members trip. This really won't do. How am I supposed to choose between the two trips in future years if they're both great?

To compound the problem, the two trips offer complementary social and geographical breakdowns. See the attached charts for a summary of this observation. (Aside: my statistical prediction suggests that there are going to be some very interesting marriages coming-up over the next few years...)

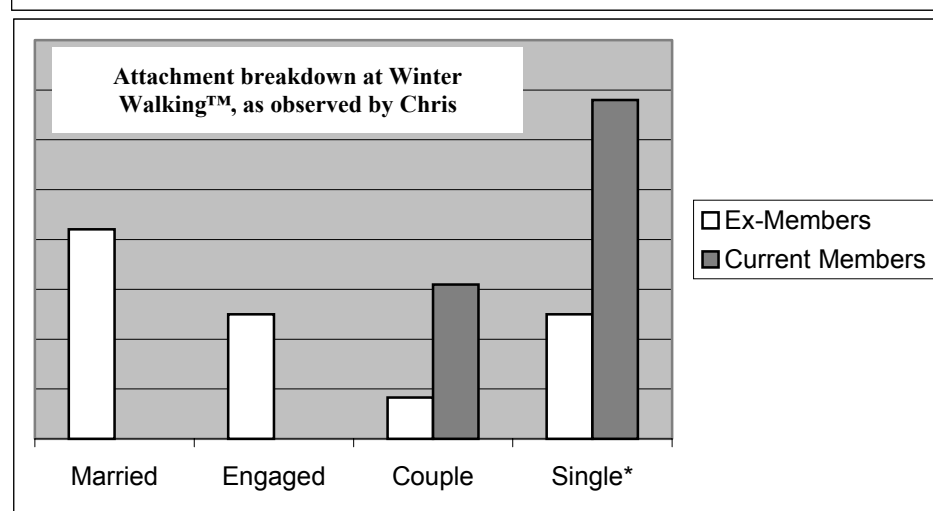
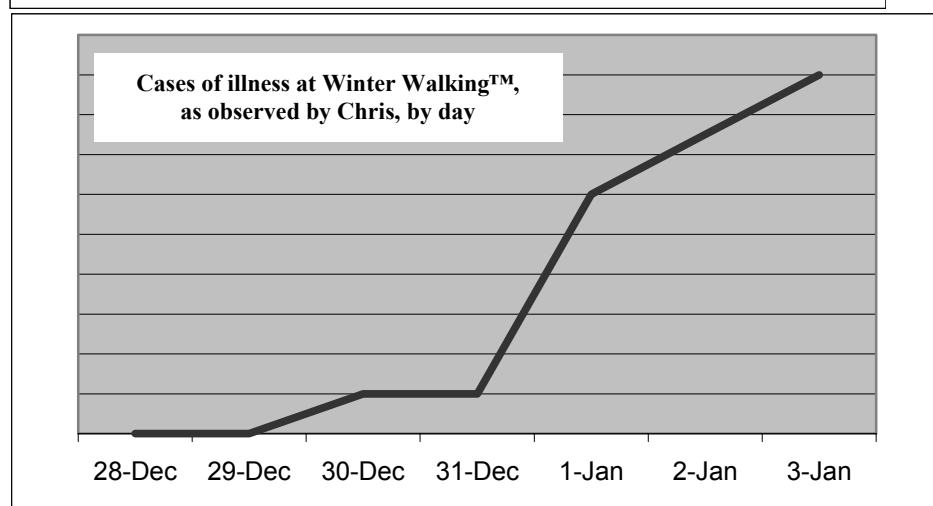
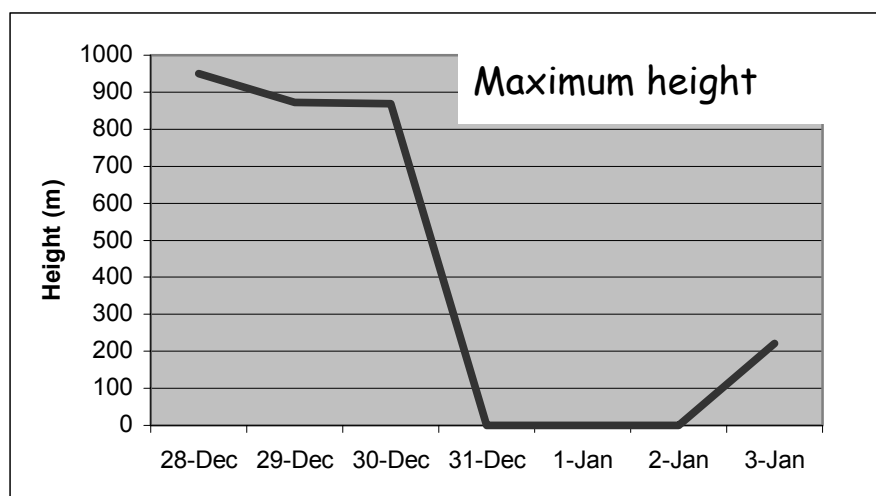
Anyway, I hereby request that the OUSGG Committee take steps to ensure that Winter Walking™ helps make my life easier by appointing a willing volunteer to seek out suitable accommodation in the Lake District for the 2003/04 season. Surely there should be no more of this milling around the Moors? The Lakes are always beautiful for Winter Walking™ and, in truth, OUSGG hasn't been to the decent bit of the Lakes for several years now.

I really think it would be shame if OUSGG continues to miss out on what is undeniably the most diverse and spectacular Winter Walking™ venue available. But accommodation starts to disappear really quickly and it will need some rapid hunting if I'm not to have to make a difficult choice next time round...

Yours requestingly/encouragingly,

C M P Seward, CBE
Ex-Jesus

Letters Continued: Chris's Graph's



Chris you seem to be knocking the current members trip. As for the Lakes, Michael has volunteer to organise Winter Walking™ in the Lakes in a couple of years time. May I also warn the ex- and old-members that OUSGG takes their trade mark of Winter Walking™ very seriously, if they think they can go about using it quite 'willy' and 'nilly' they'll hear from our lawyers. As for your graphs, a slap on the wrist for not labelling your axes – so that's what they teach you as a civil servant. With regards to your height gain graph, I didn't see you on any of the long walks, in fact your zero height gain on several days implies you didn't even leave the Grimley Centre – Ed.

Yet More Letters

Missed Anniversary:

Dear Editor,

I notice, upon perusing the lengthy and incomplete history of our fine society on the website (I was doing an essay on Locke's theory of the mind at the time, so you can understand why I was conducting such research), that the three chairpeople during the calendar year of 2002 CE failed to notice that aforementioned year was the 40th year of the group being called "OUSGG". Should I get out more, or is the failure to latch onto yet another pointless anniversary a worrying sign of the times?

Yours,

Phil Alderton, St Peter's.

Erm...were you not one of those chair people Phil – Ed.

Phil's Photo's

My good man,

Is it me, or is our beloved Membership Secretary (who is also half of the

Sofa-elect) the only member of OUSGG, past or present, to have a leading role in a hit cartoon series? I think we should be told...

Yours,

Phil Alderton, St Peter's.

Mr Editor,

Should your readers (who now number in the high tens) be informed about your previous incarnation stranded on a desert island after what was supposed to be a three hour tour? Or was Gilligan, from cult US sit-com "Gilligan's Island", actually a different person entirely? I think we should be told...

Sincerely,

Phil Alderton, St Peter's

Dear Sir,

Am I the first person to notice absolutely no similarity, in either appearance, character traits, or both, between Mr Burns and/or Niles Crane, and myself? I think we

should be told (or maybe I should do some work someday)...

Regards,

Phil Alderton, St Peter's



Are you trying to all make us fall out or fall over with laughter – Ed.

Postcard From Switzerland

Dear OUSGG,

Happy New Year from Switzerland! The weather's grim today, so no mountains, but we've managed to get up to the now on a couple of days.

It's gorgeous (at least when the cloud's high enough to see anything!)

Hope you had a good time on Winter Walking. It sounds like it's been pretty wet there. Have a good term, and I'll see you at the annual dinner.

All the best,

Jo.

PS Have just found lots of snow & built a snow-erik. He's got a fine view over lac Lamon & the Alps.



Ou est Eri>| ?





The rally committee is looking for people to fill a number of vital roles as preparations for the summer rally heat up. These provide a fantastic opportunity to be closely involved with the rally planning, to work in a fun and exciting team and to improve a variety of valuable skills.

Jamie Oliver - £ competitive + cheeky cockney accent lessons

In charge of co-ordinating all food related aspects of the ball [*Rally?* – Ed]. Bearing in mind that a rally marches on its stomach a well balanced and exciting menu is essential. You will need to arrange supper on Friday, breakfast, lunch and dinner on Saturday and breakfast and lunch on Sunday. Ideally all weekend long snack and drinks will be available too.

Logistics Co-ordinator - £ (six figures/six figures) - 1

You will be responsible for organising and co-ordinating all rally based logistics, with specific responsibility for transport arrangements, obtaining large-scale equipment and ensuring sufficient personnel. Rally committee experience would be an advantage.

Activity Organisers (2 positions) - £ negotiable

You will combine existing activity ideas with your own to come up with a comprehensive and varied set of activities for the Rally. Needing to cater for all tastes you will also need to ensure that activities are feasible within the Rally structure.

Silly Games Tsar - £105 000 if we can get Keith Hellawell or £0 if we get anyone else

With responsibility for all things silly you will need to organise approximately 2 and a half-hours of tomfoolery. Needing to balance fun with competition and challenge an eye for the custard pie would be an advantage.

Wide Game Supremeo - £ special package (of jelly babies) for the right candidate

Organisation of the Saturday morning widegame will be your main responsibility, from refining ideas into a workable game, to on the day co-ordination the successful start of the rally will be in your hands. Making sure the Monopoly theme is present throughout the game will be second only to the need to constructing an enjoyable experience.

In all cases

You will be a well organised team player with an eye for detail. Keen to take on board other people's ideas you will none the less able to drive a project forward on your own merits.

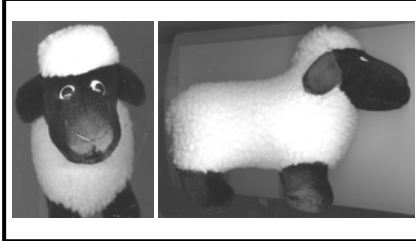
IMPORTANT NOTE: This is a bit of a joke (okay may be only I think it's funny but someone has to amuse me). While this is not a formal rally committee we are looking for people to help out, in particular with some of the above areas. If you interested in lending a hand then have a chat with Alison or Me (Rob) – or if you're amused by the article e-mail iwanttohelp@oxfordrally.org.uk. Oh, and don't forget the rally dates – 4th-6th July

Robert France – St John's

Rob has obviously been looking at too many job adverts recently – Ed.

Ovine Top Trumps

Ovine Top Trumps: 2



Bramhope Sheep

Fleece factor	65
Portability rating	39
Cuteness	56

Ovine Top Trumps: 3



Phone Sheep

Fleece factor	21
Portability rating	75
Cuteness	42

They're back again! In case you are wondering why card 2 is being reproduced, apparently the font was reproduced incorrectly in the last edition, apologies – Ed.

12th World Scout Moot
UK Contingent Taiwan 2004
July 30th – August 10th 2004
 plus post Moot tours & opportunities

Join 500 participants from the Scout Association and GirlGuiding UK for the experience of a lifetime!

The theme is: Scouting – Unlimited Challenges

- * Take part in a four day expedition in international teams of 10
- * Adventurous activities, Global Development Village and traditional Chinese hospitality
- * Post Moot options being researched:
 - Time by a beach
 - A city trip
 - Chance to do an Explorer Belt expedition
 - Home hospitality
 - A community project
 - Trekking
 - Or... do your own thing!

Open to all **Scout Network** members, **Explorer Scouts**, **Venture Scouts**, **Scout Fellowship** members & **Guides** born between **July 30th 1978 & August 10th 1986**.

To register for further information contact

Tian Bersey

Moot 2004 – UK Contingent

The Scout Association, Gilwell Park, Bury Road,
 Chingford, London E4 7QW

Email: moot2004@scout.org.uk

Website at: www.moot2004.org.uk

For a flyer about the Moot see Mark Hawkins – Scout and Guide Liaison Officer.