

# PostScript

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Shock as  
OUSGG involved  
in international  
kidnap plot.

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## WANTED: Dead or Alive



These were the exclusive pictures leaked to PostScript by a government source earlier this week. The pictures show some two of the most notorious members of Qiar regime, 'Elmo' and 'MTF', who are wanted 'Dead or Alive' by both the British and Americans. The pictures were believed to have been taken by an undercover agent, and show the two masquerading as OUSGG members, at the recent Annual Dinner. The genuine OUSGG members, who the pair were impersonating, are believed to have been kidnapped during the post dinner drinking session when the rest of the group were suitably inebriated so as not to notice!

Specially trained undercover PostScript journalists have managed to piece together the following evidence about the snatch.

The first kidnapping was thought to have been of Christina Mowl, and involved the pair of Qiar's snatching her whilst she was in the

toilet. Her screams for help were apparently drowned out by the loud music playing in Alison's room, but it is thought that one of the pair, 'MTF', injured his foot when bundling Christina out of the first floor window. 'Elmo' then seamlessly switched places with Christina and



impersonated her for the rest of the evening, and the next day at the Punt and Picnic.

The second kidnapping was of Tristam, and was thought to have happened when he was walking back to Alison's after having walked Hayley home. The circumstances of the snatch are less clear but it may be that Hayley knows more than she has been letting on – it has been suggested that she was involved in the kidnap. 'MTF' took over Tristam's place, but raised our undercover reporter's suspicions when he said he had just come from the hospital with an injured foot – it would also seem that Tristam's girlfriend, Angharad, was in on the plot, driving 'MTF' to the hospital. Could her conspicuous absence from OUSGG meetings be a sign of a guilty conscience?

PostScript has recently received a message from the Qairi's, from both Christina and Tristam to OUSGG. Christina's said: "Bailey's and Orange", whilst Tristam simply said: "Beer".

All members of OUSGG are warned that both 'MTF' and 'Elmo' are very dangerous and should be reported to the CMPS (Central Military Police Security) immediately.

PostScript Undercover Journalist.

# 'Chair'io

## Chair Report

[*Editorial note:*

Hayley's bits in this type.  
Maddy's bits in this type.]

Ah, summer! The time of year when you pray for rain so that revision seems almost appealing...[*Sounds familiar* - ed] The time when your productivity is inversely roportional to your expertise at Solitaire... The time of year when you can't see past exam week... The time of year when you have to say goodbye to OUSGG for several months.

Yes, the end is nigh. Most people will have finished their exams by now (I still have three weeks before mine) and it brings time to reflect on the year. As a society we have been very active and seen a whole host of diverse activities entertaining us each week. And of course we still have the rally to look forward to.

This term has not run as smoothly as we'd like, possibly due to what seems like the wettest trinity term in our history and partly my fault for being ill and volunteering (?) for nights but we hope you still have had fun.

And now for some philosophising, life is more exciting when you don't know what a Monday evening will hold, and I think I've managed to keep you guessing on several occasions this term. Firstly was the wet and not windy soggy kite grounding evening. We then had an enjoyable evening in the pub and G&Ds not playing croquet. Blessed with

lovely weather we had one of our few indoor meetings (thanks for the room Michael) complaining about the lack of snails who fancied playing in the heat. Alison's snail eventually emerged as the victor in a very closely fought competition! The Pimms drinking last week was fantastic, the sun shone [*Err, not it didn't it chucked it down* - Ed], we lazed and all forgot about work for an evening. OK it hasn't happened yet (early PS deadline) but this appears to be one of our only records for posterity and I have a large space on the front page to make any unsubstantiated claims I want [*Sorry but breaking news made the front page* - Ed].

Sadly I won't be with you when you're reading this, as I have a free banquet to attend, so I'll take this chance to say a little. I've almost enjoyed co-chairing this term, although I'll be perfectly happy going back to being a pleb. Hayley has been absolutely fantastic, always getting in contact to remind me its Monday tomorrow. Therefore allow me to highly recommend her for other jobs. Thanks to everyone else who's helped with this term, I'm going to stop rambling now and let Hayley get on with the important bits.

To everybody leaving Oxford, I wish every possible success in the future. I look forward to seeing you all again at future events, and especially at the 85th Annual Dinner. It just remains for us to wish you a great summer and to bow out gracefully for Mark to take our place [*Can't wait!* - Ed].

Hayley & Maddy

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## Editorial

Alas it is the last PostScript of the year, and unfortunately my plan of getting it done last night failed, which is why I am finishing the editorial instead of doing the old 'r' word. So what is there to look forward to inside this issue of PostScript? Well if you've got this far in it is likely that you have read our first class piece of investigative journalism on the front page, and the last chair report from the hammock who must be congratulated on their term. Further on inside are Phil's Favourite things, a dark insight into Sam's alter ego as a Mafia gangster, details of Alison's climbing exploits, some letters (yay!), details of the summer trip - and Winter Walking™ for next year! (Yep that's a real year, not an academic one)...Plus lots more!

I have enjoyed editing PostScript and hope my successor (whoever that may be: come along to the TGM and it could be you) will carry on this great publication with much enthusiasm. Thanks to everyone who has contributed, even if I have had to resort to writing a couple of issues! Thanks to all the chairs - Alison, Keith, and Maddy & Hayley - for their  
Continued on Page 3.

  


# The Godfather Speaks

As OUSGG's Godfather I thought I would make you an offer you can't refuse and find some mafia related jokes for you to read. While they're not incredibly funny, you'd better laugh or you'll end up sleeping with the fishes.

The Godfather, accompanied by his attorney, walks into a room to meet with his accountant. The Godfather asks the accountant, "where's the three million bucks you embezzled from me?" The accountant doesn't answer. The Godfather asks again, "where's the three million bucks you embezzled from me?"

The attorney interrupts, "sir, the man is a deaf-mute and cannot understand you, but I can interpret for you."

The Godfather says, "Well, ask him where the money is." The attorney, using sign language, asks the accountant where the three million dollars is. The accountant signs back, "I don't know what you're talking about." The attorney interprets to the Godfather, "He doesn't know what you're talking about." The Godfather pulls out a pistol, puts it to the temple of the accountant, cocks the trigger and says, "Ask him again where the money is!"

The attorney signs to the accountant, "He wants to know where it is!" The accountant signs back, "Okay! Okay! The money's hidden in a suitcase behind the shed in my backyard!" The Godfather says, "Well, what did he say?" The attorney interprets to the Godfather, "He says that you don't have the guts to pull the trigger."



Q: How many Mafia hitmen does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: Three. One to screw it in, one to watch, and one to shoot the witness

## Top Ten Signs Your Neighbour Is in the Mafia

10. He seems to do really well for a guy who runs a candy store that's open one or two hours a day
9. His partner in the neighbourhood 3-legged race: Vincent "The Chin" Gigante
8. For his son's birthday, he buys him a U.S. senator
7. Your tomato plants keep getting singed by the cars exploding in his driveway
6. Tuesday: paper boy misses porch; Wednesday: paper boy gets "iced"
5. All his anecdotes end with, "So I blew his head off"
4. Two goons show up and make your wife reveal the family recipe for apple crisp
3. At their Halloween party, they bob for mob informants
1. His lawn gnome is riddled with bullet holes

Don Sam

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Editorial from Page2.

chair reports, and of course for organising their terms. Thanks must also go to the trip organisers: Keith, Tristram and Maddy. In fact thanks to everyone in OUSGG!

All that remains to say is good luck with exams for those of you who have them, good luck in life for those of you leaving Oxford. See you at the rally, summer trip, and of course next Michaelmas term, when I will be chair! Over and out, roger.

Mark Hawkins – The Queen's College - PostScript Editor, Scout and Guide Liaison Officer, Chair-Elect.

## My favourite things...

For the grand end of year issue, I was going to contribute a masterpiece entitled "The Sound of OUSGG". Heck, I'd even got as far as writing lyrics and picturing Alison running across Port Meadow proclaiming "the hills are alive", Chris Seward singing "I am 28 going on 93", putting the names of pubs to the tune of "Doe a deer", and the show-stopper "How do you solve a problem like a Tristram" \*, before I realised an important omission. It simply was neither funny nor interesting. At all. Moreover, I suddenly realised that transposing the classic tale of the Von Trapp family singers to an OUSGG context would probably also lead me to disregarding my studies, leading to me gaining a third, causing me to get depressed and go on a misery-fuelled killing spree down Cornmarket whilst ironically singing "So Long, farewell".

So instead, I thought I'd nick the title of the second worst song in the Rogers and Hammerstein classic ("SoM" enthusiasts will know which song is even worse than this) and would produce another set of lists, much like I did last year. Gosh I'm original...

### **The Silent Films of Buster Keaton**

Yes, they're silent. So what? Don't let that put you off - after five minutes of a classic like "The General" or "Sherlock, Jr" you won't notice that there's no speech, as you'll be laughing too much to care. I was going to suggest one of his films, but of the ones I've seen each contains routines that are ingenious and hilariously funny, and stunts performed by Keaton himself) that show what a masterful acrobat he really was. If you've got 45 minutes, perhaps "Sherlock, Jr" is the best showcase for the beginner, for in under an hour he shows all that he is capable of, be it comedy, direction, or timing. Probably better than Chaplin, in that the character Keaton plays doesn't consciously seek for our sympathy, but earns it through his dogged devotion to the task in hand.

### **Budweiser Budvar**

If you like your lagers, this Czech lager from the fine town of Budweis is one of the better ones. It's crisp, slightly bitter, with a highly inviting aroma. Not to be confused with a mass-market American beer of a similar name that tastes like rats' pee.

### **Radio 4**

The finest broadcasting outlet in the known universe (excluding 'You and Yours' and 'Quote, Unquote', but we all make mistakes). Responsible for...

### **"I'm Sorry, I haven't a Clue"**

There are other comedy panel games. Shows of greater intellectual humour. Shows which don't rely on unsubtle innuendo for cheap laughs. Shows that can operate quite happily without the need for lovely ladies who always score and keep the teams' points up. Yet none of these are as consistently funny, in the "I'm crossing three lanes of the motorway like a drunk driver for my laughter is distracting me from my driving" kind of way. Hard to describe if you've never heard it, but until you do you are missing out.

### **The Films of the Marx Brothers (especially the early Paramount ones and the first two MGM ones)**

If screen comedy were an Oxford College, the Marx Brothers would eat at High Table +. Except that they would completely subvert it from within, Groucho trying to woo the wealthy heiress (played, of course, by Margaret Dumont), Chico and Harpo generally causing nuisance and outwitting Groucho, and Zeppo playing the straight man. As with the other comedy greats discussed, it's hard to describe their humour or appeal without either quoting or witnessing it for oneself. Which I urge you to do. Now! The best one? Either "Duck Soup", "Monkey Business" or "A Night at the Opera", but even the later ones have enough material to put modern comedy writers to shame, just not as much as in the early ones.

### **OUSGG**

Oxford University's most prestigious society. Obviously.

### **Port Meadow, Christ Church Meadow, and the University Parks**

The perfect retreat for any stressed out student.

### **The Three Goats' Heads**

Oxford's quirkiest pub, but surprisingly cheap. Has a curious range of brews (pity the ale's keg..grrr).

### **Far from the Madding Crowd**

Oxford's proof that a good range of beer and contemporary look are not mutually exclusive.

### **The Isis Tavern & The Trout**

For when you need to justify your drinking by a fine walk through the countryside.

### **Canal Trips**

Can we do one again sometime?

For good measure and balance, here's a sample of the many many things I don't like:

Silly Scout or Guide rules, people standing in doorways or other narrow passageways, The Goose, Union & OUSU hacks, people who only drink insipid heavily marketed lagers, Scrappy Do, the Baroness (go for Maria, Cap'n von Trapp, go for Maria), trucks and lorries who do not stick to the outside lane, inane DJs on local radio, boring and uninspired articles in 'Postscript' that are merely lists of the author's prejudices...

\*I also had a subversive scene in which Keith, Mike, and Caroline would get up early on a camp and sing "Good Morning" - the toe-tapping highlight of "Singin' in the Rain". But I digress.

+ "Horse Feathers", incidentally, is set around a university. Not that plots matter much to the Marxes.

Phil Alderton – St. Peter's College.

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## Trinity Speaks

Firstly, we'd like to assure you that this article is written by genuine OUSGG members and is in fact not a hoax. We'd also like to apologise for our severe lack of attendance at OUSGG events. We could bore you with a list of very boring reasons why we weren't there (glandular fever, work, Prelims, work, clashes with other things...) but we won't. However, we promise to come next year in order to ensure the continued success of the Trinity takeover bid.

We've very much enjoyed the events we have attended...highlights included trying to fly kites when there wasn't any wind, the walk to the Trout, and dressing up in 70s gear for the Murder Mystery Night...and of course the spectacular Annual Dinner.

Thanks for a good year, and hopefully by this time next year you'll know who we are....

Alex Smith and Susannah Rudge (Trinity)

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## Vote of Antipodean Thanks

As an unassuming member of OUSGG I have generally kept my head down but apparently still managed to attract the attention of Flossy-the-sheep.

Luckily for Flossy, I am not one of those other Antipodeans (i.e. the fesh un chep kind from across the Tasman Sea) so even though I do possess a pair of gum boots (aka wellies) Flossy has not attracted the attention of me!

I had thought that coming to Oxford would mean time-out from scouting with my one year MSc not really allowing the time to take up a leadership role at a local group (boo-hiss I hear you say). I was pleased to unexpectedly find the OUSGG stand at Freshers Fair, even if it was wedged in an obscure back room between the OU Mongolian Camel Hair Weaving Society [*So that's what the Volley Ball club is known as these days.* -Ed] and the OU Penguin Spotters Club

(note for committee, work on OUSU for a better location).

After a slow start with infrequent appearances during Michaelmas, I was able to become more of a familiar face during Hilary but exams in 4<sup>th</sup> week of Trinity drove me back to college and the books (not the bar!!) early in the term. N'n'N has also provided a welcome break to the week and thanks to Maddy, Phil and Gail for hosting during the year. Thanks must also go to the committee members for organising activities and events and to everyone else for just being OUSGG. Thanks to you all I have been able to continue to enjoy the activities and friendship that scouting and guiding provides.

Cheers to all and YiS&G  
Mark Shephard – Worcester College.

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### Font - A Girl's Eye View

(© Alison Parker)

12.30am on a Monday morning at the end of March saw me standing on a street corner in Marston wondering quite what I had let myself in for. Suddenly an overloaded looking Nissan pulled up and out leapt Tim and Geoff, who shoved my bag on my seat and told me to get in. I sat down and realised that my head was hitting the roof of the car. I had insisted we take three bouldering mats, and promised to sit on one of them, so now I was paying the price, as the only way I could sit was leaning on all the bags, with my feet dangling in the footwell. The small advantage to this arrangement was that I could sleep all the way there!

I woke up at Dover, and we were put onto one of the smallest cross channel ferries I have ever seen. After more sleeping we were in France, with several hours of driving ahead of us. With Tim's expert navigation we avoided Paris entirely and pulled into the Cuvier campsite at 10.30am.

We got onto the boulders at Cuvier at the earliest opportunity. It's easy to see why this area is so popular, with loads of quality, varied routes, but now its puffed to within an inch of its life, turning sandstone with friction into something resembling glass! (For anyone who doesn't know, pof is a resin that some climbers use instead of chalk. However once it dries it becomes instant polish!)

After some more complicated logistics and an encounter with the French police, we managed to pick up Greg, Keith, John and the shopping, and returned to Cuvier. We also learnt about the concept of a Font circuit, supposedly meant to replicate a mountain route in terms of length, stamina and technical difficulty. They are graded with French mountain grades.

Keith and I were quite fascinated by this concept, so the next day at Apresmont, we stuck rigidly to the yellow circuit, and nearly made it all the way round. The problems weren't that challenging, but they gave us a good introduction to the huge variety of climbing techniques that Font demands. Everyone else played around with some red and blue circuit problems, including the legendary 'orgasm' problem.

Having decided that blue was a grade that pretty much suited everyone, we followed the blue circuit round Rocher Canon the next day, with some deviations to other appealing looking problems and other problems that apparently looked appealing because they had scantily clad French women on them. The appealing looking problems included 'the nicest slab in the world' with a trick involving thumbs, 'the second nicest slab in the world' which I spent quite a lot which was until John rocked up onto it from the ground at we all felt

a bit foolish. We also got attacked by a mob of small French children who took great pleasure in wandering under us while we teetered on the top outs, amazed that there are still some French school children in France and they're not all in Oxford!

The evening saw us return to Cuvier on foot for some torchlight bouldering, extreme hopping and beer drinking in fairly equal quantities.

We followed the blue circuit again at Trois Pignons or 'the three pigeons' the next day, although by now the ibuleve was being applied with alarming regularity and the lack of skin on people's fingers was becoming quite an issue. Still, a few nice problems were completed in the - aux sabots area before we trekked across the sand to the Cul de chien area. This is named after a distinct rock that we tried to make into a dog's arse for quite some time until we realised that we'd translated it wrong, and it was in fact a dog's head. This was also a classic example of that Font phenomenon where you realise you've just climbed up the easiest way down, and in fact the only way off it was to jump. Despite this, we all ascended it by a variety of routes, including l'ascent de Greg. The area had a lot of other problems, including an impressive roof which we watched some other Brits on for a while, and a not so enjoyable problem I found that seemed to encompass all the worst bits about Font - despite being only just taller than me, its ascent involved a tiny crimp, a polished footholdless wall and a lovely rounded top out!

In the evening we decided to shun the previous night's illegal campfires, and go out for dinner. John and Geoff found the cheapest restaurant in the local chic town of Barbizon, and for 22 Euros we had a very pleasant meal, and amused the French waiter with our attempts at his language. The most exciting thing was that the restaurant had flushing toilets and hot water, a first since the ferry four days ago! And the steak was nice too!

For the final day we returned to Apresmont to complete the problems we'd had issues on earlier in the week. However, by the time we got to the Piano it had started raining heavily, so we sat under it for a while and ate biscuits. Eventually the rain eased, but the friction was still terrible, and John, despite impressive efforts on the mantelshelf, couldn't hold the sloper above. The boys insisted I try the orgasm problem, and with some reluctance, two mats, two spotters and two bouldering-mat-unfolders I managed it, although I'm still unsure as to exactly which hold was meant to be the orgasm - maybe there's some parallel to the real life difference between the sexes!

Sadly it was now time for Greg and John to depart, so they left with Geoff whilst Tim and I worked Science Friction. We both got a reasonable way up, standing and holding on to nothing, with Tim even making it as far as the big jug that marks the completion of most of the difficulties, only he thought it was a sloper and came off. However, he had his moment of glory later in the day, with the hardest problem of the week, the 5b John Gill's Roof, which Geoff also topped out but without the traverse in from the left. Finally we returned to a 3c problem on the yellow circuit which me and Keith had failed to complete on our initial attempts, and it was interesting to see how much we'd improved over the week as we both completed it within a few minutes.

And that was the last problem of the trip! We repacked the car, I inserted myself back into my seat and off we were towards Calais. It was at this time, chasing the ferry check-in time, that all of France decided to go out for a drive, and Tim's navigation failed, so we had a stressful hour or so, before getting back on schedule and once again making the previous ferry to ours, and safely (if somewhat tiredly and achingly) back home.

*[Next time let's have something original Alison (this is the OUSGG publication remember) – Ed].*

### Glossary for non-climbers:

Blair witch – legendary problem at Iffley bouldering wall. Bouldering – climbing on small rocks with no protection. Bouldering mat – glorified, expensive mattress used to preserve your ankles/back when you fall off aforementioned small rocks, and more importantly to sit on round the campfire. Circuit – series of similarly graded problems. Crimp – Very small handhold, generally involving the removal of skin. Extreme hopping – a hands free, one-footed ascent of a problem! Fontainebleau – the best bouldering location in the world, located SE of Paris. Font is to bouldering what the Alps are the mountaineering. Geoff – third year LMH engineer. Tall, daring and incredibly thin! Greg – visiting American student to St Peter's and brick-hard boulderer. John – second year Worcester Geographer. Small but immensely strong. Jug – very good hold! Keith – seventh year (?) philosopher – converted from caving! Mantleshelf – Move which results in you standing on top of what you are currently holding with your hands. Imagine climbing onto a high and often narrow table. Orgasm – legendary problem with an enormous hold just when you need it. Piano – legendary problem involving an enormous mantelshelf. Problems – well, occasionally I get an ache in my... A particular route up a particular boulder. Rock-up – a climbing move involving stepping onto a high-placed foot. Roof – horizontal rock the wrong way up! Science Friction – legendary Font slab Slab – wall of rock sloping the right way! Sloper – hold that is a hold merely by being less steep than the surrounding rock. Spotters – people who's job it is to catch you and ensure you don't injure yourself when you fall off! Tim – third year Teddy Hall physicist. Refuses to do any other sort of climbing than bouldering. Top-out – the final move onto the usually flat surface at the top of the boulder.

## Postgrads, and Pandas

I saw a certain likeness... can you see it in these photos from the Annual Dinner – Ed.



Rob shows a striking resemblance to Eri>|.

Thanks to Natalie and Chris for the photos.



Whilst Tristram looks a bit like this chimp I found. Come on physicists where did I get the picture from...

# Letters

Everyone's Favourite Page(s) of PS

## **Pandamonia**

Dear Sir,

I was very disappointed not to see Eri>| at the Annual Dinner or Punt and Picnic. I realise that it might be difficult for him to attend the rally, where there would be a high risk of pandanap by rival groups, but he has always been able to come to the dinner in previous years. Mr Fork is always a slightly disappointing replacement.

Yours,

Dismayed of Malvern.

*Well you will be glad to hear that Eri>| is off on his travels once again – better not say too much as its currently a top secret operation, but I'm sure he'll tell you all about it at the rally – Ed.*

## **Head for the Hills**



Dear Sir,

At Easter, I was up a hill in the Lake District when a random bloke (possibly Swiss) noticed my Kandersteg 2000 T-shirt. It reminds me that it has now been three years since OUSGG has been abroad. Obviously this year running the rally provides something of an excuse, but I hope that the younger members don't think that a trip abroad is impossible to organise. That year 8 of us spent two weeks in Switzerland, and had a great time. We didn't spend the whole time climbing mountains, there's plenty of other stuff to do too. Go to the Alps - it's gorgeous!

Jo

*I totally agree, OUSGG should get its act together and get away properly next summer – it would be great to have a trip abroad... errr does that sound like I'm volunteering, oops – Ed.*

## **PS, Pointless?**

Dear Sir,

I would like to congratulate you on your time as editor of such a prestigious newsletter as this. It seems that some members of our beloved group don't appreciate what a fine time wasting publication it is and have not seen fit to submit lots of pointless articles or letters so that I can read them instead of revising for f#@[s.

Yours

Keith

*I hope you don't think that PS is pointless - why else would I be up past midnight the week before my exams start, editing the damn thing! <breathe Mark, breathe> - Ed.*

## **World Domination**

Dear Mr Always Really Keen,

It has been noted that you have managed to get yourself into the position of having three ex-officio posts. It seems that you are trying to take over OUSGG from the inside. It should be noted that while Chris Suggests Extra Ways Around Real Difficulties and Mr Snelson Silently Adjusts Minutes you Must Avoid Really Killing on your route to the top.

Can't Resist Offering Totally Hopeless Explanations Regarding Situations.

*Ha, ha my plan for World domination has been foiled... too late <Editor falls about cackling> - Ed.*

## **Prize outrage**

Dear Sir,

Apparently everyone has to write an article for the last edition of PostScript every year. I seem to remember that the year before last year we were offered a prize for the best article – and I won. Now a “Scout is to be trusted” so I assumed that the prize would be forth coming. Was it? Not a chance, I've never seen hide nor hair of any such thing. Typical. I just hope that the ex-PostScript editor doesn't end up in public office.

Yours [*illegible* - Ed],

Rob France.

*A total outrage Rob – Ed.*

## Millennium Volunteers

Those of you who've made the mistake of talking to me recently will know that my mind is generally occupied with one of a few topics. These would include millennium volunteers, rally, Netguides and Scottish dancing. So, for those of you who have escaped me recently, I'm afraid you're going to get the spiel scattered through Postscript. Firstly, short and sweet (I'm sure someone else will do a proper article): Monopoly Rally, 4th-6th July. Be There! Secondly, possibly less of you know about this, but I'm in the process of becoming a millennium volunteer ( <http://www.millenniumvolunteer.org.uk> ).

If you're helping with the Monopoly rally, this will give you about half your hours straight away.

Realising this (and the many other hours the core committee spends on the rally, especially when we should be working) I thought I would probably manage to get somewhere before I hit the deadline of my 25th birthday. The idea behind Millennium volunteers is that you volunteer for between 100 and 200 hours between 16 and 24 (25th birthday). This is an achievement which is recognised by the government, as well as various employees. Think that's enough here, but if anyone is interested in knowing more (like the fact helping at Scouts/Guides, or even taking an active OUSGG committee post, as well as RALLY, all counts), ask me!

Caroline Berry – Ex-Keble.

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## Monopoly Rally, 4-6th July 2003, Please Help.

Hmm, the last rally spiel appears to be from me, sorry. I hope by now everyone at least knows this is happening (if not, where have you been hiding!), but if not, here's the important information.

When: 4-6th July 2003

Where: Youlbury campsite, Oxford

Who: As many SSAGO members as we can encourage to turn up. We were nearing the 80 people mark last time I looked (see <http://www.oxfordrally.org.uk> for who as well as more info).

Of course, to make this all run smoothly, we really need help from all you wonderful people. Interested (assuming you didn't miss the initial rush), then email [iwanttohelp@oxfordrally.org.uk](mailto:iwanttohelp@oxfordrally.org.uk) . Currently

there are more Cardiff people going than OUSGG! I'm afraid we're still going to have to charge the standard SSAGO helpers fee of £15, but this covers at least food, bed, transport and a great laugh. There's even talk of an after rally party, so we get to natter once everyone else has gone. If you feel you're going to miss OUSGG once term has finished, this is the perfect excuse to hang around. Even if you don't: OUSGG needs you! Oh, and anyone who has escaped exams and wonders what to do with themselves (or just wants to escape the tedium of revision), we have various jobs with your name on. That's probably enough waffle from me, please email or come talk to us if you can possibly help, have any suggestions, questions or just want a natter.

Caroline Berry – Ex-Keble.

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## Wadham Ball 2003

As your unofficial social secretary I take the opportunity to organise your end of year party – Wadham College Ball!

When: Friday 9<sup>th</sup> Week.

Theme: Carnival Ball.

Price: £65.

Tickets: (Hopefully still available when you are reading this).

- go to [www.wadham.com](http://www.wadham.com) for order form.

From what I can remember (writing this in Magdalen Bar) there promises to be a whole spectrum of music from jazz to good old cheese (unfortunately we aren't offering Supergrass this year...), lots of scrummy food and a ferris wheel.

It would be really great to get a large OUSGG contingency coming along to what promises to be a great night – hell I will have finished my exams the day before so I will be having a great time (or really hung over – one of the two...)

-Hopefully see you all there !!-  
\*\*The only way to end the year.\*\*

Jenny Robertson – Wadham.



## Trips:

### Summer Activity

Well it's more of an autumn activity.

1<sup>st</sup>-5<sup>th</sup> September  
Dewerstone Cottage  
Dartmoor

Look at [www.activities.devonscouts.org.uk/campsites/dewerstone](http://www.activities.devonscouts.org.uk/campsites/dewerstone)

More information coming soon via email.

### **Winter Walking™ 2004/5**

Like to book your holidays well in advance?

Not this year, but the year after I plan to organise Winter Walking™. As such I thought I would inform you of my intentions.

*Winter Walking 2004/5*

OUSGG once again braves the wilds of Cumbria for a week of drinking, silly games and possibly some walking. Last time it was South Lake District, this time it's the North. Probably based at Ennerdale Scout Campsite a completely different set of fells becomes available.

Plus, as a less active alternative, many local towns have tourist attractions & pubs, or combined together at the JENNINGS BREWERY TOUR, which might be arranged as an evening meal.

Set the date in your diary now.

Winter Walking™ New Year 2004/5

Michael Ramsden – St. Peter's College.

## Hayley's Contribution:

My special thanks to Richard Digance, entertainer and comedian, for his permission to use the words to one of his songs. I think the sentiment is just right for the end of Trinity term.

Till the Fat Lady Sings, Richard Digance.

They say there comes a time  
When even very best of friends must part.  
They say there comes a time  
When it's right to make a brand new start.  
For me and you, that is true  
Tomorrow is another town,  
Tomorrow's one more show to do.

They say there comes a time  
When the best of friends meet up again.  
Everybody laughs and sings and says do you  
remember when.  
For me and you, I hope we do  
All meet up and laugh and sing,  
Together in a year or two.

If things get bad, recall this song.  
Don't give up, remember this when everything is  
going wrong.

The show isn't over till the fat lady sings.

The show isn't over while she's waiting in the wings.

Just remember when things are going wrong  
The show isn't over till she's sung her final song.

They say that if you try and try  
You'll get what you want to be.  
They say that maybe by and by  
You'll meet up with that long lost friend.  
For me and you, I hope we do,  
Have the opportunity to share another hour or two.

To laugh and sing and do the things that people  
our age shouldn't do. Not caring what the others  
think, cos after all they never knew For me and  
you, old and new, The show isn't over, it's just  
we've other things to do.

The show isn't over till the fat lady sings.  
The show isn't over while she's waiting in the  
wings.  
Just remember when things are going wrong  
The show isn't over till she's sung her final song.

Hayley Thompson – Brookes.



TT 1: Easter Activity at Cardiff Bay.



MT 1: Barge Trip.  
MT 3: Sorry can't circle Eri>|. Bingley.



MT 2: Marlow near Longridge.



HT 1: Eri>|s on top of the church. Walk during Phil's Term.

HT 2: Jo in Switzerland, Sorry even I can't find where Eri>| is hidden.



HT 3: Eri>| is at Youlbury

