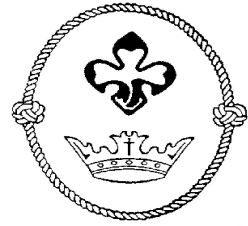




Postscript



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Special!

The Italian Faff



OUSGG's Summer Trip

Plus:

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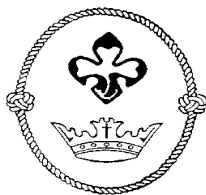
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Postscript



Issue 358 – First of Michaelmas 2004

An OUSGG publication

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Any items received will be presumed to be for publication unless otherwise notified. The editor reserves the right to modify contributions for his own nefarious purposes.

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Editorial

So, it's that time of the year again. Time for some of us to return to the dreaming spires; time for freshers to nurse their hangovers; time for Jenny and Maddy to read their first issues of *Postscript* as old members. And, now that I have taken the helm of this esteemed publication, Phase One of my dastardly plan for World Domination is now complete!

The freshers amongst you may well be asking, "Who is this lunatic, and what is he on about?" Well, *Postscript* isn't just any old student rag. It is OUSGG's official magazine, published three times per term, and serves as the main record of our history. One copy of every issue is stored in the Bodleian Library for future generations, and another goes into our own archives. So be careful what you say, lest your incriminating comments be preserved forever! Simple advice, you might think, but as we shall see later in this issue, it is all too easily forgotten in the heat of the moment.

None of this would be possible without you, the readers. All contributions are welcome: accounts of recent events, photos, humour, long and rambling discourses on the philosophy of Scouting (at least if you happen to be Phil), and generally anything which will inspire and enlighten the reader. Or at least fill up / waste some space, as the case may be. Also remember that, by tradition, all members of OUSGG remain "freshers" until they have had an article published – and people have been known to graduate without losing fresher status!

If the thought of that dreadful fate does not get your creative juices flowing, then just bear in mind that a well-timed article might, possibly, let me fill an issue without printing *those* photographs. You know the ones I mean...

Alistair Green (St Hugh's) – Editor



007 Rally

The James Bond Rally is taking place at Southampton between 19th-21st November (weekend of week 6/7). Activities range from swimming to visiting the naval museum to the traditional pub crawl. Of course there will be a campfire and barndance all with a 007 theme. For more details contact Mark Hawkins (ssago@ousgg.org.uk) the SSAGO rep. You could also take a look at www.ssagorally.org.uk the rally's official website.

Chair's Report

Welcome to a new term and a new year! I've only had one meeting as chair and it seemed to go well (except the panic over sugar, tea and coffee... and yes the Scout and Guide motto is 'be prepared', hmm...) so I'm happy so far, and even happier to see lots of new faces! There are lots of exciting meetings coming up, including an opportunity to taste and learn about fair trade wine and chocolate, our annual bonfire and firework display, a chance to see Jesus Christ Superstar and, the meeting I'm probably most looking forward to, a display of Dark Age re-enactment from the Wychwood Warriors!

I'll also take this opportunity to plug the Freshers' Camp which is taking place at the end of 5th Week. Everyone (non-freshers too!) is very welcome to come, and it will be an excellent chance for our new faces to get to know us better and do some activities you don't normally get a chance to try in Oxford, like orienteering, air rifle shooting and amateur radio. More details will follow soon, watch this space!

Nothing organised by me would be complete without a hint of stress, so don't be surprised by the occasional panicked email, but everything will be under control in time, I promise! I hope you all have a fantastic term and that I will continue to see lots of people on Monday nights and at N&N on Thursday lunchtimes.

Sarah Berman (Queen's) – Chair

A Letter to the Editor

Dear Sir,

I wish to make it absolutely clear that reports of my death are greatly exaggerated.

It is indeed true that The Godfather sliced me in half with his laser last summer¹. However, we pandas are very resilient, and Caroline's Brownies did a superb job of stitching me back together. Clearly they learned their skills from a true master, and their First Aid badges are thoroughly deserved.

Although I am no longer working for "Universal Exports" [*I think he means MI6 – Ed.*], I have every intention to continue to serve as OUSGG's mascot, as has been my privilege for the past 30 years.

Yours sincerely,

ERIX

1 See comic strip in Postscript 357 – Ed.

The OUSGG Alphabet

Phil Alderton *presents a guide for confused freshers...*

OUSGG, you might have realised, has over the years developed its own sub-culture. To help you understand what older OUSGGers might be going on about, we present the OUSGG Dictionary of Received Ideas...

Annual Dinner – Posh black tie event held once a year to celebrate another successful three terms, which under university statutes all university clubs must hold.

Aunt Sally – Traditional Oxfordshire pub game, involving throwing large sticks at things. Worryingly popular among male members of the group.

Bailey's and Orange – OUSGG girly drink of champions.

Chair – Handy tool for sitting on. Also the poor conscript who organises the term's activities. Your turn will come.

Constitution – Long and confusing set of rules allegedly received and transcribed by a couple of members from Erik during a caffeine and alcohol fuelled essay crisis. This would explain a lot.

Drinking – Not big, hard, or clever. But we are all three, so that's all right then. Feign surprise when OUSGG meetings end (or even start) with this.

Drying Room – The big mystery of Winter Walking™ 2003-04. Pretend you know about it.

Easter Activity – Trip over the Easter Vacation, obviously.

Elections – OUSGG elections are about as fair as any conducted in Florida. Though with even less candidates and far more certainty about the winners.

Erik – God, in stuffed-panda-wearing-subfusc form. And our mascot. Claim to think anthropomorphism is acceptable for people our age.

EriX – Misspelled and ugly looking name for Erik, used by blasphemers. Forgive them, they know not what they do.

F&GPC – Futile and Generally Pointless

Committee. Meets at least once a term to decide to do nothing.

Faffing – Popular OUSGG game. Requires no equipment and as many players as you want. The more players there are, the more fun can be had by all. We even have a mailing list devoted to it.

Fresher – Any OUSGGER who hasn't published in Postscript.

Freshers' Camp – Short break to get to know everyone and have some "fun".

Graduate studies – Trick used by members to remain in the group (and indeed Oxford) beyond their undergraduate life by feigning interest in higher level studies.

In-jokes – We have plenty. Laugh along, and pretend you understand them.

James Bond – Theme for this term's Rally, and the universal costume for fancy dress parties whatever the theme.

Knapping – What happens to Erik when we're not careful.

Mafia – The greatest game in the OUSGG repertoire (other than Mornington Crescent, natch), in which we find out who's been murdering others in their sleep (usually Sam).

N&N – A way to make Thursday lunchtimes actually enjoyable, by taking over someone's room (usually in breach of college fire regulations), having coffee, tea, biscuits, and a good gossip.

Old Members – Former members of OUSGG who have left Oxford but remain in touch. As opposed to members who are old.

OUSGG – Oxford University Scout and Guide Group. The oldest and greatest student Scout and Guide club in the world (it says here). And the only club in Oxford worth joining.

OUSGGER – A member of OUSGG. We look after our own.

Oxford Romance – Online hang-out for certain sad, lonely OUSGGers. If you think you spot one, send them a message saying, "Aren't pandas good enough for you?", and win a mystery prize. Or lose a possible happy and long lasting relationship when it turns out you guessed



wrongly.

Oxfordshire Scout Network – If OUSGG were sharp political satire, the local Scout Network would be Iraq’s weapons of mass destruction. Arf.

Postscript – Thrice-termly quality publication, written by YOU. That’s subtle, isn’t it?

Punt and Picnic – The perfect post-annual dinner hangover cure.

Rally – Termly weekend spent with other groups like ours. Highlights include the campfires, the drinking, the obscene songs, the barn dance and fancy dress competition, the drinking, the sheer stupidity of sleeping under canvas in February, the drinking, the silly games.

SSAGO – Student Scout and Guide Organisation. Sinister confederation which OUSGG belongs to. They like to irritate us.

Summer Trip – Trip over the Long Vacation, obviously.

TGMs/AGMs – Termly General Meetings / Annual General Meetings. A chance to catch up on missed sleep. [*Surely “for the group to meet and discuss matters of importance to the society”?* – Editor]

“The Sound of Music”, disturbing obsession with – Only one OUSGGER currently known to suffer from this severe affliction. Humour him.

“The Sound of OUSGG” – Unfunny, over-long “parody” of the “popular” musical that filled up pages of *Postscript* last year. Nobody really understood it, least of all the original author.

Uniform – 21st letter of the phonetic alphabet. Oh, and something we don't have. Other than sub-fusc and a rather funky neckerchief. Wear at rallies or in the Purple Turtle.

Winter Walking™ – First trip of the year, held over New Year. The events of Winter Walking usually set the pattern for conversations and in-jokes for the rest of the year, so don't miss out. Also serves as a chance to work off that Christmas dinner.

The Italian Faff

Alistair Green *on the summer trip*

“*Il Castello Sforzesco è molto bello.*” That was all I could remember from the “Mastering Italian” book which I had borrowed from the library in preparation for the trip. And although we would later discover that the Sforza Castle is indeed very pretty, it must be said that this isn’t a particularly useful phrase.

Jonathan and I were acutely aware of this fact as we stood at the Stazione Centrale in Milan, a textbook example of 1930s Fascist grandeur, trying to work out how to catch a tram. You see, in Milan you can’t buy tram or bus tickets from the driver. You can’t even buy them at the stop, or from the ticket office in the station. Instead, it turns out that they are only available from tobacconists and newsagents.

Once we had figured this out, getting to the youth hostel should have been easy.

It wasn’t.

There were tram stops all over the place, each one of which served just one route – identified only by a number. We tried asking the driver of the wrong tram where to find the right one, and he sent us off in the wrong direction. Then, doubling back, we found a bus whose driver said it would take us where we wanted to go.

Within minutes of setting off the bus was packed like a can of sardines, and yet more people were still getting on. Eventually we were forced to start shoving our way towards the door several stops early to be sure of reaching it in time.

Then we had to walk the last quarter of a mile or so, during which time we were at the mercy of the notorious Italian drivers. Everything that I had heard about them proved to be true: they would charge across pedestrian crossings as soon as the light turned green, *even if there were pedestrians directly in front of them*, and motorcyclists thought nothing of riding 100 yards along the pavement to get to a parking space. The basic technique for crossing Italian roads seems to be to wait for a gap in the traffic, and then run as if your life depends on it – because it does.

Amazingly we reached the Via Burigozzo in one piece, only to discover that the youth hostel wasn’t there. It turned out that the entrance was

not on the street given as the address!

Fortunately Alison had arrived some time before us and sorted out all of the paperwork, so we were able to move straight in. We couldn't help noticing, however, that there was no sign of her, or any other OUSGGers for that matter.

Fortunately, a few minutes later, Phil and Alison appeared with bags of food and wine from the local supermarket. Things were looking up.

After dinner we headed off in search of a late-night ice cream shop – a sort of Milanese G&D's – to plan the next day's sightseeing. Alison seemed quite interested in the "Love Shop" that we passed on the way, and was perhaps still a little distracted when she accidentally ordered cinnamon-flavoured ice cream instead of caramel.

On Saturday morning we headed off to our first port of call, *il Duomo* (the cathedral). The guidebook contained a photo of the front of the cathedral towering over the Piazza del Duomo, but we arrived to find it covered in scaffolding. On the other hand, at least the other three sides were still visible.

We decided to go in and have a look around. This meant being searched by guards on the door, partly to ensure that we were not terrorists, and partly to check that we weren't wearing shorts – which, it seems, are banned in all Italian churches.

After admiring the paintings and ornate statues within, we turned back towards the main door, which was wide open, revealing the Piazza del Duomo beyond. Right in the middle of this view was a large, bright yellow McDonald's sign.

It's nice the way Milan is so unspoilt by commercialism.

Next, we decided to climb the cathedral. There is a staircase running up to the roof, which is flat

and provides a perfect observation platform for looking down at the city. (Alison also commented that it would make an ideal set for a fight scene in a James Bond movie.)

This took an hour or so since there were several levels to stand on, and we lingered on each one. The views were spectacular, encompassing all of the city's major landmarks and stretching to the Alps beyond. We also discovered that the highest level was ideal for taking comedy photos – two of which are shown on the front and back covers.

The afternoon disappeared in the Castello Sforzesco, which is entirely filled with museums and offers superb value at €1.50 for the lot. There were, in fact, more exhibitions than we could cope with – although we did still manage to see



some original Picassos, an unfinished statue by Michaelangelo and some Egyptian mummies before we got completely "museumed-out". Phil particularly liked the naked women painted on the Egyptian coffin lids.

To round the day off, Jonathan suggested heading off to another church whose name none of us could remember afterwards. It was mainly notable for its crypt, which contained a shrine to two martyrs – and their skeletons, displayed in a glass case.

And so it was that we returned to the youth hostel that evening, tired but happy. Over more post-dinner ice creams, we made our plans for the second and final whole day in Milan. Little did we know that Sunday would be full of surprises...

To be continued...

The World Scout Moot

Mark Hawkins *on the biggest event in Scouting*

Firstly, in case you are new to OUSGG and don't know who I am (or have got amnesia and forgotten, or have been living on Mars for the past year), I am Mark and I went on the 12th World Scout Moot in Taiwan over the summer, after which I did an Explorer Belt expedition in Malaysia. Before I went I wrote an article on all my planning (see last issue of PS), so this is technically part 2 (unless of course you didn't read part 1). The Moot is a large international camp for scouts and guides aged 18-25 (Network and Ranger age). There were over 2,000 participants from 80 different countries and I was a member of the 130 strong UK contingent who travelled to Taiwan for this experience of a lifetime.

The first job was getting to Taiwan and so, having packed up my bag the night before, I was waiting at home for a lift from Matt (my friend who was also going on the Moot) – well, technically his Mum – to take me to Manchester Airport. It was a horrible rainy day at the end of July – a perfect day to be heading out of the UK and halfway round the world to Taiwan! Having got to the airport we met up with the other UK scouts travelling from Manchester and proceeded with the lengthy group check-in procedure. It was just a case of killing a bit of time in the airport shop before going through passport control. I made it successfully through the metal detectors but a couple of our group got stopped: one for having tent pegs in his hand-luggage and the other for having manicure scissors (a bloke too!). Having made it out of the country we only had a short time to wait for our flight to Kuala Lumpur in Malaysia from where we were catching a connecting flight to Taipei, Taiwan.

I won't bore you with a minute-by-minute account of a 12 hour flight (that would be REALLY boring). Let's just say that I really enjoyed playing the in-flight Nintendo games!

We then arrived in Kuala Lumpur (or KL as it's known) and met up with the scouts from the London flight before heading into KL to kill the 8 hours before our flight to Taipei. We successfully made it through immigration again and were in Malaysia! A short train ride took us from KL airport (which isn't anywhere near KL

city) to KL city, before catching a taxi to the Petronas Twin Towers. The towers are really spectacular – 88 floors high with a bridge at the 42nd floor! We had a look round the rather expensive shopping Mall at the base of the towers, got some food then headed back to the station and airport to catch our flight to Taipei!

Thankfully the flight from Malaysia to Taiwan was shorter (only 4 hours long!) and we landed in Taipei airport in the late evening. Having filled out lots of immigration forms and chatted to the immigration officer about why we were visiting Taiwan (the Moot) we entered a country which most of the world doesn't acknowledge exists – Taiwan, the Republic of China.

We then piled into buses to be driven to The Fortuna Hotel where the UK Contingent were assembling. We were kept entertained during the journey by a local tour guide who told us all about Taiwan and Taipei – all of us that is except those who had dropped off to sleep!

The next morning it was up early and breakfast in the hotel before getting on buses for a tour of Taipei. Our first stop was at the CKS Memorial Hall – a grand civic building in the centre of Taipei surrounded by beautiful gardens. The building is a museum to the political history of Taiwan and was very spectacular. The weather I should say was very, very hot – about 37°C! We were then off to the National Museum of Taiwan, situated on the outskirts of Taipei. We only had a short time in the museum to browse all the ancient artefacts, most looked as if they had been made yesterday but had in fact been made about 3000 or more years ago!

The final place we visited before lunch was a Chinese Taoist temple. Our guide explained about how Taoism works – there are many gods each representing something different – and showed us how you could tell your fortune by throwing some kidney shaped 'dice'. The temple again was a spectacular building with lots of brightly coloured carvings of dragons and other creatures along the roofs. There was a central area surrounded in a kind of courtyard surrounded by small shrines to each god. The Chinese religion is very bright colourful and not sombre unlike ours – quite a different experience to visiting a cathedral in Europe for example.

It was then time for lunch in the local YHA.

There were about 10 of us to a table with a rotating centre and a whole variety of Chinese foods. It was all very good – with lots of rice – even if we weren't sure what everything was. Also it was a good opportunity to get practising with chopsticks – knives and forks don't seem to exist in Taiwan!

The afternoon was spent at Tower101 a newly built skyscraper. We were supposed to have a tour of it but the guide told us that apart from the shopping mall at its base it wasn't yet open. James who had been on my table at lunch had been in Taipei a few days before the rest of us and knew we could get as high as we could in the building by visiting the bookshop. So James, Matt, Hayley and I headed up to the bookshop to see the view. Whilst in the bookshop I took the opportunity to buy a Mandarin phrase book and map of Taiwan. Having decided that the rest of the shops were a bit expensive I bought some postcards and sat down to write them.

We then had to return to the buses, which required being able to navigate out of the building – a harder task than you might think. To check that everyone on my bus had returned Chris and Anthony who were in charge of the bus made everyone stand in the place they were sat on the bus on the pavement! Once everyone was back we got on the bus and headed to a restaurant for a traditional Chinese banquet for dinner.

At the restaurant there were a group of us per table. Each table had a cooker in the middle and one waitress assigned to the table who cooked the food in a big wok on the cooker. The Chinese food was certainly unusual – most people were a bit uncertain of it and didn't eat much, I quite liked it and ate lots! Each course was simply put into the wok when the previous one was all eaten. Similarly when you had finished the food in your bowl it was filled up with the next course – not a good situation for those who didn't like one of the courses! As the person who ate most of the food first on our table (I eat quite quickly) I was tasked with trying to identify the food: a mission impossible!

After dinner we visited a busy night market before heading to Linkou University on the buses. Linkou University was where we met up with the rest of the countries on the Moot. Luckily we had indoor accommodation in the

student rooms – I was sharing with Kevin. That evening everyone gathered with the other contingents and there was a big sing-song, quite amazing with it going on in several languages!

The next day we sorted out our stuff, registered and got our Moot badges and neckers. It was funny seeing everyone after getting their badges sitting down and sewing them on their shirts. The opening ceremony was in that evening outside the CKS Memorial Hall in central Taipei. There was a big operation getting everyone onto buses and giving them packed lunches, but we all got there. The opening ceremony was a bit of a show and the President of Taiwan was even there, complete with his bullet proof screens! Well, someone *had* tried to assassinate him the year before... Everyone was waving their flags and the Taiwanese were going round and grabbing people and taking lots of photos of them!

To be continued...

Words of Wisdom

Remember what I said about quotations in the editorial? Don't say I didn't warn you...

Mark: “Phil and Alistair, stop flashing at us – and you can quote me on that!”

Alison: “Ooh, naked men!”

Alison: “I keep finding naked people in Oxford... I was putting my canoe in the water, and I looked up and thought, ‘there's a penis!’”

Phil: “EriX is available for weddings, christenings and Bar Mitzvahs, you know!”

Phil (last year's *Postscript* editor): “I think the editor [of *Postscript*] should be like God...”

Mark: “I thought they might be computer wires coming out of your bag, but they looked a bit kinky to me...”

Mark: “[Alison] was climbing it, not straddling it...”

A Bosnian Diary: Part 1

Alison Parker *on her charity work in the Balkans*

This summer I travelled to Bosnia and Herzegovina with a Christian charity called Novimost International to work as a climbing instructor, based at their Youth Centre, Klub Novimost. A very brief history of Mostar, for reference is: Mostar used to be very ethnically integrated during a Communist regime that discouraged religion. However, in 1992, the Serbs decided to take Mostar for their own and put it under siege. The Croats and Bosniaks (Bosnian Muslims) were united against this enemy. However, rumours started to spread, and eventually they turned on each other for another year's fighting, until the Washington Agreement of 1994 brought a fragile peace to the city.

20th June

As we landed it became clear why Vernon had envisioned an Outdoor Pursuits team for Mostar – the limestone scenery was spectacular and demanded to be explored at closer range. We were met by Boris who drove us from Dubrovnik (Croatia – it's still too expensive to fly direct to Sarajevo) where we'd landed, to Mostar. Our continuing amazement of the scenery (now interspersed by pretty Mediterranean villages) was hampered by our fear for our lives as our driver overtook on blind bends and swerved dangerously. This came to a head when he was stopped by the police for speeding!

Initial impressions of Mostar suggested it was much like any other European city but I suspect that underneath the neon and cheap plastic façade we would find something tragically different.

We went out for a meal and even now I started to notice more of the "Mostar underneath". Once you look above the brightly painted ground floors, all the buildings almost without exception are covered in round holes – small ones for sniper bullets, large ones for shells. Some even give you an impression of the direction of approach, and you can peer through the buildings to the hills beyond – hideout for the Serb forces during their siege of Mostar. And it is easy to see why the city became such a target, surrounded by towering hills on either side – to me expressions of great beauty, but to the people

of Mostar only 9 years ago the source of oppression and terror.

After our meal we headed out for a short tour – first to the recently completed Stari Most bridge – a single soaring arch spanning the Neretva in a way that seems to defy gravity. It's hard to come to terms with the idea that the original bridge, built in the 15th century by the Ottomans, was destroyed by the Serbs in 1993. Not only did this destroy an item of architectural beauty, it also represented the bisection of the city into East and West. Originally seven bridges spanned the river, but these were gradually destroyed until only one connection remained – joining the two halves of the city by a thread. Men risked (and lost) their lives trying to erect shelters to protect the bridge from the bombings, but ultimately to no avail.

Since the war the bridge has been rebuilt using Dutch money. This project has met with mixed reactions – hope of a new, united city where Croats and Bosniaks can live in peace, but also a feeling that in a city where basic human needs frequently remain unmet, the vast amounts of money spent on the bridge's construction and lavish opening ceremony could be better spent elsewhere.

21st June

We started today with a trip to the West side. As we wandered through the city, another aspect of the city's "other side" became apparent, which was that although most of the houses had been fully or partially restored after the war, some remained in a ruinous state. Presumably belonging to people living on the "wrong side" they are bombed out shells, overgrown by vegetation with only the masonry on their outside walls indicating their former glory.

Another shocking reminder of the feelings remaining between Bosniaks and Croats was a school where the ground floors are for kids from one half of the city, and the upper floors for kids from the other.

We'd been warned to keep on the West side for tonight's England-Croatia match, as the Muslim East side would be firmly against the Croatians, and hence supporting the English. This was

cool for us, but sad that the feelings still run so strong.

22nd June

Tonight I made a map of the old bombed out Orthodox Church, so we could run an orienteering activity. Counting paces through piles of rubble, being grazed by goats is a new experience for me. And I've never seen a map where the key contains "path; wall; rubble; concrete post; metal object". What the "metal objects" were I never identified – most were too mangled to determine.

25th June

Our second climbing session and one of the most rewarding so far – Samira, Amra and Sabaha again – good to take out an all female group. I felt they were all challenged to the limits of their abilities and found something within themselves to overcome a task they had previously thought impossible – which I think is what as an instructor you should aim to get from a session, and what climbing is all about.

In the afternoon we went to see the Mostar kayak club. They train every day on the Neretva, the fast flowing river which cuts through the heart of Mostar – separating East from West – a geographic divide perpetuating the political situation. It was somewhat incongruous to be sat on a river beach with minarets rising on one side and church spires on the other and the occasional kayak negotiating the rapids dividing the two.

I should at this point confess that the actual "front line" is a few streets west of the river, but certainly the bombing of the bridges during the war accentuated the divide which is still evident today.

27th June

This morning Vernon and I headed back up to Dreznica to enter a comp we'd been invited to. It soon became evident that this was quite a big thing – sponsored by Red Bull and with an audience of about 150. We suddenly felt like frauds among all these talented climbers, but I guess we added a touch of internationalism to the field. As my class lined up I suddenly became quite nervous. We'd both opted to enter the top-

rope class, rather than leading, but in my class I was clearly the eldest. In addition, I had my own pride and the knowledge that I could do the route (having climbed it the previous day) working against me, and the pressure of 150 pairs of eyes! Despite the fact this was meant to be an informal competition, the other girls seemed to think it was highly important, cheering and consoling each other depending on their performance. Bosnians seem to be highly competitive about climbing – a notoriously non-competitive sport

The first girl set the standard by climbing confidently to the top. Only two other girls in this class made it to the top, one of whom thankfully was me – never have I been so glad to top out before! We never worked out how the judge was going to distinguish between competitors since the rules and commentary were all in Bosnian!

28th June

Today we took Mohammed and Jelena climbing. After a shaky start Mohammed climbed with confidence and his pleasure at overcoming obstacles was evident. However explaining how to lower off when you have no common language is harder than you think!

29th June

I was telling Jo how shocked I was at a computer game the small boy next to me was playing at the Internet café yesterday, which not only involved shooting everything in sight, but also graphically displayed the victim's pools of blood. After a short pause, Zaha described to me how during the war he had become accustomed to the smell of blood which was running like streams in the gutter – more of the "Mostar underneath". You wouldn't realise what Zaha has been through – he seems like an over-confident teenage lad.

Another revelation of the morning was the fact that I was on Bosnian TV! Apparently the comp was on the sports news and there was film of me climbing!

To be continued... [*Yes, we're very fond of serials here at Postscript! – Ed.*]

A Cautionary Tale

Jacqui Bradley *is faffing*

I was sitting in my room, thinking about writing my essay (deadline only three hours away) and actually reading back issues of *Postscript* when I thought to myself, “Jacqui, stop reading back issues of *Postscript* and do something constructive!” And then another little voice popped into my head: “Like writing an article for *Postscript*!” Since I still haven’t written an article as such, I thought to myself, “Why not?” Then the first voice said, “Because your deadline is getting increasingly close – maybe you should just do some work instead.”

So I carried on reading the back issues. Until, somehow, it has become four o’clock (deadline now only two hours away), and I am sitting at my computer typing away at an article for *Postscript*. Huhm... So I suppose this article comes as some kind of dreadful warning to all the Freshers, who are currently trying to decide whether to join – and whether we’re really as mad as we seem. (The answer’s yes! But don’t worry – the little voices probably won’t come and visit you until your final year!)

OUSGG does eat up your time. You will eventually end up on Faff, even though you knew it would be a bad idea. You may even find yourself attending the F&GPC when you don’t have to, or – horror of horrors! – idly leafing through a copy of the constitution. But then OUSGG is the best excuse I can think of for avoiding doing any work. (At least, it’s a bit of a toss-up between that and computer games, but OUSGG seems more reasonable somehow.) And it’s fun – honest! So join.

Now, only 1¾ hours until I have to hand my essay in...!

The True Meaning of OUSGG

Hayley Thompson *on why you’ll never truly leave*

The bones are quite creaky now. The bank keep sending me subtle hints of major financial events I should be aspiring to – buying a house, getting married and paying of debts. My friends have started going grey and losing their hair - well the male ones at least. Friends are marrying and having children. Conversations now start with “do you remember...?” My ideal evening involves a book, a cosy duvet, a bath and an early night. The Brownies are 90 and I can remember the 75th celebrations vividly. It all points to one thing. I am getting old. But instead of embracing the million pound market of anti-ageing creams, I am going to renew my OUSGG membership.

OUSGG is many things to many people. Some don’t understand the appeal, but those of you reading this know what OUSGG means to you. For me, at the very heart of OUSGG is friendship. At all stages of my Oxford life, there have been OUSGG people around to share in it, both when life is good and when it is not. Holidays away or just Monday nights in Oxford are always occasions to catch up with friends, to laugh, joke, swap ideas and generally relax. Whether it is feeding stressed finalists, meeting people from Schools, helping out with a project, lending kit, offering advice or taking people to hospital, no act is too much for the people of OUSGG. And it’s not even in the constitution! Scarily, I am heading towards qualification and leaving Oxford.² I have been assured that there is life after OUSGG but you only have to look at the number of people that come back for the Annual Dinners to realise what a great society this is. So just for the moment I am going to enjoy my last year surrounded by friends.

² N.B. I don’t know what I will do next year and I may just kill the next person that asks! You have been warned!



THE END... FOR NOW

Don't forget to send in your articles for issue 359 by Friday of 4th Week (Bonfire Night)!