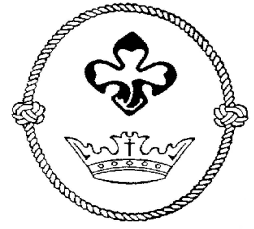




# Postscript



364: 2<sup>nd</sup> Week, Trinity 2005

## OUSGG Goes Down Under!



*Subterranean goings-on at the Easter Activity*

**Plus:**

**Walking through central London, at night, wearing a bra!**

*It's all in a good cause...*

**Life After OUSGG**

*What SAGGA Can Do For You*

## Postscript



Issue 364 – First of Trinity  
2005

An OUSGG publication

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Views expressed in *Postscript* are those  
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## Editorial

Trinity term is upon us once again: a time for punting and picnicking, sipping Pimms by the Isis while watching the strange boatie types slaving their guts out during Summer Eights, or simply lazing in the sunshine in the university parks. Or, alternatively, for something beginning with 'f' that I'm not allowed to mention.

But whatever the term holds for you, OUSGG will be on hand to provide a little light relief. Be it an excuse to stop work for a few hours, or (for second year artists) a reason to get out of bed, Monday nights just wouldn't be the same without it.

*Alistair Green (St. Hugh's) – Editor*

## Chair's Report

Trinity term 2005 feels a little like New Year's Eve from an OUSGG perspective. This isn't only because alcohol and exam stress have the potential to provide the touch of insanity which can lead to very dodgy card games in an isolated, mountainous location somewhere on the morning of the 1<sup>st</sup> of January, but the fact that we're planning to have a lot of fun in strange ways, whilst knowing that things are going to change drastically soon, does have something to do with it.

First week certainly did play the drink card, with wine tasting as the first round of a Quiz which went on to identifying the flags of pacific islands and the vital knowledge of whether Craig Evans was the egg thrower punched by John Prescott or Claire Short's long-lost son. The wine was a selection of Sainsbury's finest cheapest, and whilst the details produced weren't always accurate, there were some fine descriptions, with some vintages 'having a hint of nettle' or being 'a bit like lime juice.' Next week plans to shake off the post annual dinner lethargy with a bang with balloon popping; other highlights include croquet, canoeing, structured faffing (maybe with some debating thrown in) and assassinating each other.

The change after this term is going to be dramatic with a mega contingent of OUSGGers drinking their equivalent of Lethe (to be drunk after finals when everything learnt can finally be forgotten) and passing into the real world (or some of them will anyway). Perhaps appropriately, this voyage of discovery will begin for some with a long boat voyage through the wilds of East Anglia on the other side of the Great Divide. Those of us left behind (or anywhere in Oxford's vicinity) will need to rally behind Andrew and EriX in conscripting freshers to the cause.

*Roger Cotes (Somerville) – Chair*

## **Letters to the Editor**

Sir,

I much enjoyed Mr Freer's five reasons as to why he should read 'Scouting for Boys'. I could only come up with one reason as to why he shouldn't:

'Rovering to Success' is better.

Yours,

Philip Alderton, St Peter's College.

Dear Sir,

I was very excited to read the Oxford University Entrance Exam General Paper. However, I am still waiting to hear from the university about my place for the coming academic year. I have enclosed my answers for you to read in the hope you have some influence over the entrance committee. I have also put the Oxford Brookes Entrance Paper should anybody want to transfer their degrees over.

Oxford University answers:

1. *What language is spoken by French Canadians?*  
American.
2. *Give the important characteristics of the ancient Babylonian Empire, with particular reference to architecture, literature, law and social conditions, or give the first names of the Spice Girls.*  
Nutmeg, Cinamon, Clove, All, Mixed.
3. *What religion is the Pope – Jewish, Catholic, Hindu or Anglican? (One only.)*  
I did here that the next Pope might be Jewish.
4. *Who won the Second World War? Who came second?*  
The Americans, single-handedly.
5. *What is a silver dollar made from – gold, lead, silver or polyvinyl chloride? (One only.)*  
Gold.
6. *Explain Le Chatelier's Principle of Dynamic Equilibrium, or spell your last name in BLOCK CAPITALS.*  
NOSPMOHT (extra marks here I think)
7. *Approximately how many commandments were given to Moses?*  
Now this I do know – Thou shalt hand all essays in in duplicate; thou shalt not forget thy candidate number; thou shalt not argue with the library opening times; thou shalt work every hour I send, for this is the way to illness; thou shalt walk the extra mile and a half to the new site, even in the dark down a scary, deserted road; thou shalt complete assessments before, during and after each term; thou shalt not expect your views to stand for squat; thou shalt respect thy elders – they sign your competencies; thou shalt not be rude to the doctors (even if they are wrong); thou shalt remember the reason you started to train as a nurse. (Answers on a postcard!)
8. *There were six kings of Britain called George, the last one being called George VI. Name the other five.*  
George, Georgie, Georgie-Porgie, Big G, Brian.
9. *Who invented Stephenson's Rocket?*  
Mr. Rocket.

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10. *Write down the numbers 1 to 10. (Marks will be deducted for every number out of sequence.)*  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.
11. *Dublin is the capital of which country?*  
Wales.
12. *Name the odd man out: Cardinal Heenan, the Pope, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Jack the Ripper.*  
Cardinal Heenan – the only one to have a school named after him.
13. *Who was the winning jockey in the All Ireland Greyhound Derby 1971?*  
Number 7.
14. *Who built the Great Pyramid – Rameses II, W.B. Yeats, Wimpey or the Amey Roadstone Corporation? (One only.)*  
Perhaps a more fitting question is: Did they have planning permission?
15. *In the 1973 Sheepdog Trials, how many were found guilty?*  
Only 4, the rest were let off on appeal.
16. *At what time is the News at Ten – 9 p.m., 6 p.m. or don't know?*  
Depends on the football....
17. *Would you ask William Shakespeare to build a bridge, sail the ocean, lead the army or **WRITE A PLAY?***  
Ha ha! A trick question, clearly Shakespeare died in 1616.
18. *Which holiday falls on January 1<sup>st</sup>? Christmas, New Year, Augus Bank Holiday or St Patrick's Day?*  
New year.
19. *Do you understand Newton's Law of Gravity? Answer Yes or No.*  
No, but I know it has something to do with apples.
20. *Approximately how many questions were there in this exam paper?*  
About 2 sensible ones.

## Oxford Brookes University Entrance Exam

1. Please write your name below. No extra marks will be given for joined up writing.

2. Can you pay your tuition fees? Yes or No?  
If yes, congratulations on your place at OBU!

## Playtex Moonwalk 2005

This year I have a place to take part in the Moonwalk. For those of you who don't know, this is a sponsored walk through central London in aid of Breakthrough Breast Cancer and the Bristol Cancer Centre. So, the night of the 18<sup>th</sup> of June will see 15,000 men and women wearing bras as they walk the 26.2 miles. Three of these will be the 3<sup>rd</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> Rochester Guiders (although the jury is still out on the dress code!) After so many years of challenging the guides, we felt it was time to challenge ourselves, and this is certainly a challenge. This year is particularly poignant as several friends have been affected by breast cancer. A friend's mother shared a consultant with me for many years and, sadly, she died in August. This woman was fantastic and I feel privileged to have known her. So, in her memory and on behalf of the people affected by this disease, I would like to ask you support the 3<sup>rd</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> Guiders. There are several ways you can do this.

1. **Take me for a walk.** I need to walk the 26.2 miles in less than 8 hours and this takes training. So if you feel like getting some fresh air, just shout!
2. **Shout at me.** If you see me at a bus stop, stop me! Please note, this is not a challenge to have all the term's meetings in Abingdon or somewhere equally far-flung!
3. **Sponsor us.** A small amount will do so much for the charity. We are very fortunate to have an offer to match whatever we raise which is great. You can make a donation on-line at [www.bmycharity.com/3rdand8thGuiders](http://www.bmycharity.com/3rdand8thGuiders).
4. If you were feeling very adventurous, settle into a pub in central London and cheer us on. Lucky us to be walking through central London, wearing bras, at pub closing time, on a Saturday!
5. They still need official volunteers to help. Go to [www.walkthewalk.org](http://www.walkthewalk.org) for more details.

Our training is going quite well. Jo, my old Guider, is being thrown out of her husband's car at various points on their route home. Alison, the current Guider, spent 4 hours hiking in the Hollywood Hills in preparation. Or that's what she told us anyway. And me? Well, I'm trying (in every sense of the word) to keep up with them. It should certainly be a memorable way to mark the end of my course.

Thank you for your support.

*Hayley, Jo and Alison*  
*3<sup>rd</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> Rochester Guiders.*

## In4mers

**Caroline Berry** gets all "horribly guidey and geeky"

Firstly, sorry, this is horribly guidey and geeky, but I thought someone might be interested in what I've been up to when I've been turning up late to OUSGG. Also, it might be of use to anyone who runs a unit (scouting or guiding), youth group etc. Oh, and apologies to anyone who opens OxLIP, you'll recognise large chunks. Anyway, last November, off I trundled to Wales for the weekend (as you do) to discover what an In4mer was, to train to be one, and (hopefully) <geeky guidey bit> count it towards my Queen's Guide</geeky guidey bit, well, kinda>. Anyway...

### ***Who are In4mers?***

They're senior section members and Girl Guiding UK's peer educators, trained to run sessions for all ages. These are not just guide units, but scouts, schools, youth groups, or any peer group which would find it useful (even OUSGG)! The sessions are designed to make difficult and controversial topics fun and interesting.

***What sort of topics?***

So far, I am trained to run sessions in eating disorders, refugees, disability awareness and the media. There are opportunities to expand the list with new topics every year. This year In4mer training is covering bullying, sexual health and binge drinking. Just don't challenge me on any of the topics: being trained does not mean I know everything about them, more how to provoke discussions. I suspect there are quite a lot of you who would do a far better job, but you can only do *your* best.

***Who can be In4med?***

Sessions can be run for any peer group from a rainbows meeting to trefoil guild, or even at a guiders' day. It shouldn't just be guides though; scouts, schools or youth groups are also groups who would benefit from inviting an In4mer to your unit, and they are more than willing to come.

***I want a session!***

Just get in touch with me (Caroline Berry) to arrange a meeting (or, if it's for OUSGG, just collar me via email or at the TGM). To organise a session, I will need to know who and where you are, rough numbers, what dates are suitable, what topics you are interested in and any disabilities I need to be aware of while planning.

***I'd be interested in more In4mation!***

Feel free to contact me and ask any queries you have about In4mers, or even organise a session. There is also an article coming in the May issue of guiding (just in case you're actually interested, 'cos the guides in OUSGG can also become In4mers themselves!)

**“I Can't Believe I Said *That!*”**

**Gillian:** What you need is a *vibrator*, not a cue light!

**Hayley:** Was it you I've heard talking about speed-dating?

**Phil:** What's that got to do with contacting the dead?

**Sam:** Personally, I'm against the dead speaking.

**Luke:** I spend a lot of time waiting outside toilets...

**Alison:** I don't care, so long as it's horizontal.

**Alison:** I've got the worm. Do you want one?

**Alison:** I can think of things I'd rather stroke...

**Alison:** By the time they're fourteen to fifteen they're OK.

**Caroline:** We want [Gillian] in bed at some point this evening.

**Jacqui:** We'll be here all night while Keith and Gillian trade double-Ds.

**Gillian:** Ooh, I've thought of a double-D now!

## OUSGG's Spring Faffing

As his request for Easter Activity articles produced no responses, here **The Editor** presents his revenge in all its libellous glory...

According to the Tourist Board, it's "The Big Country". According to Gillian, "it's the one to the right of England." Whichever way you look at it, Wales is a great place to get away from it all and forget about your [expletive deleted]. And so it was that, during the Easter vacation, OUSGG spent a long weekend at the Islwyn Scout Parc, just outside the village of Newbridge.

Just after half past twelve on Friday afternoon, Maddy and Jenny were at the checkout in Tesco, stocking up on alcohol for the coming trip, when Jenny's phone beeped. The text message read, "Luke and I are in the station car park. Alistair." "Tell 'em we're still in Bristol!" Maddy replied, somewhat sheepishly.

About an hour later, they arrived to pick us up from Newport, only to reveal that the boot of Maddy's car was so full of wine that there was no room for our luggage. Now, I am notoriously bad at travelling light, as anyone who saw my kit for the Lancaster Rally in 2004 will testify. On that occasion, I had a 75-litre rucksack that was so full I couldn't stand up while wearing it, and a small daysack that was also bulging with 'indispensable' items. Not to mention last summer's trip to Italy, where Jonathan's first reaction on seeing my luggage was "That looks \*\*\*\*ing heavy!" Fortunately, this time I had been given prior warning that my kit had to fit into a Volkswagen Polo, full stop, and so I had somehow managed to cut it down to only two day-sacks. Luke, however, had to squeeze a large rucksack into the back of the tiny car and sit directly underneath it for the journey to the camp site.

Maddy's navigation strategy consisted mostly of looking for signs to Newport and then making sure she went in the opposite direction. This proved surprisingly effective, and before long we had arrived in Newbridge. The last half-mile, however, proved rather more tricky and took as long as the rest of the journey put together as we went in circles round the village at least three times, succeeding at first only in finding a hill

that the car was only just able to climb.

When we finally located the Scout Parc, the facilities proved to be truly luxurious: the hut had central heating, two comfortable bunk rooms and a well-equipped kitchen, complete with plates and cutlery that were actually clean(!). After unpacking and meeting up with the others, we all headed for a local nature reserve for a afternoon stroll. This was notable mainly for the bizarre "Alien Invasion Trail", and for Alison coming out with the first two quotes of the trip: "I'm very attractive to insects," and "It's erotic, talking about rocks. [Pause] Oh dear."

**Alison: "It's erotic, talking about rocks."**

The next morning, Michael was up bright and early to cook a fry-up for breakfast – give that man a medal! – while the rest of us tried to convince ourselves that we were awake. Once the smell of bacon had worked its magic, we set off for Crickhowell in the Brecon Beacons, and split up into two equal groups. While the mad walkers went off to climb three mountains in succession, I elected to stay in the bottom of the valley with the more sensible people.

**"Michael had so much nookie that the noise kept me awake all night."**

There are no prizes for guessing which party got to the pub first at the end of the day. That's right, the people who had just climbed Table Mountain. Alison was subsequently dispatched in her car to pick the rest of us up from a field, where we had stopped because some of us were too tired to continue. (Well, it wasn't our fault that Keith's map didn't indicate that the bridge we had been planning to cross was on private land and impossible to get at – increasing the distance we had to walk by a factor of four.)

To add insult to injury, after dinner Michael proceeded to have so much 'nookie' – back-stage at the theatre, no less – that the noise kept me awake all night. (Make of that what you will; it wouldn't be nearly as funny if I were to reveal the true context! Besides, this kind of slander is the price you pay for not writing *Postscript* articles yourself...)

The next day, the weather did not look very

promising, so going down a coal mine (as one does) seemed like the obvious course of action. As luck would have it, we were within easy reach of the National Mining Museum of Wales, at the site of the former Big Pit Colliery. Better still, admission was free.

Within minutes of our arrival we were being piled into a lift, ready to descend three hundred feet into the bowels of the earth for a tour of the mine workings. Strangely we had been forced to hand over all items containing batteries – even wrist watches – because of the danger of sparks, and then issued with head-torches powered by giant batteries the size and weight of a bag of sugar.

Soon we were at the bottom of the pit and the tour guide was talking enthusiastically about the Boat Race as he took us through the narrow, low-ceilinged passageways. He also mentioned in passing that one of the nation's last great coal seams lies directly below Oxford.

When we returned to the surface, there were plenty more exhibitions to keep us entertained for the rest of the day. The scientists among us (for which read 'pyromaniacs') were a little disappointed that the explosives magazine was not open to the public, but at least the ladies were all right as they got to look at the miners in the showers.

Perversely there was also a fake, plastic mine shaft for us to wander about in and "experience" what it must have been like to work down there, even though we had just emerged from the real one.

The evening brought the usual selection of OUSGG games. Once again Sam was one of the Mafia, and everything was pretty much as you might expect. There was, however, a record-breaking Name Game which began at about eleven o'clock and finished at half past four the following morning. At least, that's what Keith, Gillian and a few others *claimed* they were doing at 4:30 a.m. Most of us, myself included, had had enough by two o'clock and so there was much

speculation about what might really have happened after that. Was it the XXX-Rated Name Game? Or maybe the Strip Name Game? Who knows? EriX is believed to have witnessed the whole sordid affair, but the following morning he declined to be interviewed as – like most of us – he was feeling rather "tired".



Still, after Michael had revived us all with another cooked breakfast (see, I *told* you he deserved a medal), we began to make preparations to leave. The final outing was to be a visit to Castell Coch. Unfortunately I cannot tell you anything about the history of the place, as I had to catch an early train home and so only had half an hour to look at as much of it as possible.

To be honest, from the outside the castle looked rather like something that you might find in Disneyland. On the inside, it was very much a grand stately home rather like any other, except for the steep, narrow spiral staircases and Ye Olde Medieval Vacuum Cleaner parked discreetly behind a wardrobe.

All too soon, the trip had come to an end. We all certainly needed the break, and thanks are due to Alison for the effort she put in, at very short notice, to make it such a success.

All that remains for me to say is this: **Maddy, if I hear your Britney Spears CD once more then I shall be forced to set EriX on you, and You Wouldn't Like That!**



## The Other Trip To Wales

Jo Miller *tells it like it was*

“Trip to Wales?” I suppose you mean the trip to the Brecons, but we had a bit of a rival trip to Snowdonia last term, and since four OUSGG (Old) members went then maybe that qualifies for a PS article. Hum. This was back in March, so we still had some snow. Lots of it, in a thick compacted layer above about 700m. It was decidedly icy, and the first day’s walk up Snowdon by the Rhyd Ddu path was on the “interesting” side, as we picked our way cautiously along the ridge. I was quite glad it was misty – you couldn’t see just how far you would fall if you did slip. The ice crystals near the top were some of the longest I’ve ever seen, elaborate sculptures built up by the wind over weeks of freezing but quite dry conditions. On the summit, of course, we met dozens of people who’d come up by easier routes, though I wasn’t convinced that the large jeans-and-trainers-clad party knew what they were doing. Fairly safe by the way they had come, but those conditions make it easy to get separated and end

up on one of the trickier arêtes. Good for the gene pool, if it didn’t endanger Mountain Rescue too... Comedy encounters further down included “the highest gig in the world”, practising for their Everest base camp attempt, and a stag party wearing mediaeval costume.

On the Sunday we decided that some ice-axe practice somewhere a little less pointy would be wise, and headed north to the Garneddau. So much for this being a southern Snowdonia trip, but we simply couldn’t waste all that snow. I shan’t tell you where we parked because clearly too many people already know about it! Eventually we managed to squeeze enough parking space and went to play. Of course it’s hard to persuade yourself that sliding down the mountain is a good idea when you’re on the way up and don’t want to lose any height, but on the way down we got some lovely runs and were soon all confident about using the axes to stop. The top around there is fairly flat and some careful navigation had also been required, in the usual low visibility. A fine tea-shop in Betws-y-Coed rounded off an excellent weekend.



## The Scout And Guide Graduate Association

Jo Miller says there *is* life after OUSGG after all.

SAGGA is basically SSAGO for graduates, adults in scouting and guiding who want to do a bit of service work, share ideas and experience, but also have an active programme for ourselves. Some highlights coming up this summer:

### July 2<sup>nd</sup> – Malvern Challenge (Cotswolds)

London and Birmingham SAGGA help run bases for a 4000-strong Guide and Scout challenge hike. Last year this turned into singing in the rain, keeping the kids warm and cheerful in the most hideous weather; the previous year we were more worried about sunstroke! About 20 SAGGA members go to set up and run two challenge bases.

### July 9<sup>th</sup> – Sailing weekend (Staffordshire)

Messing about on the water at Rudyard Lake – near last year's Winter Walking. 30 SAGGA members of all ages converge on a sea-scout headquarters at Rudyard for sailing and windsurfing run by the ex-OUSGG Miller family. No experience (or boat!) required.

### August 5<sup>th</sup>-14<sup>th</sup> – Summer Camp (Durham)

Mixed work and leisure camp, helping to improve a scout camp site. Last year up to 80 members at one time helped paint, build fences, set up a site shop, a totem pole, quiet area and woodland trail for a site near Kidderminster. The hard bit is persuading the site staff of how much work SAGGA can get done in a week! There's time for a break too, and this year there'll be a barn dance one evening, and one weekend particularly aimed at SSAGO members.

SAGGA is organised in regional groups, but these are only loosely adhered to, and you're welcome to come along to any SAGGA events that are convenient or take your fancy. There's always something going on somewhere. Simply contact the relevant event organiser, via the website: <http://www.sagga.org.uk/>.

## The Return Of The Dreaded Quotes

*Admit it: we both know this is what you really read Postscript for...*

**Andrew (to Alison):** Can I have your love, please?

**Alison:** We'll have to wait for Sam to come back from the loo.

**Phil:** I think I'll go and join him then.

**Caroline:** It's quite easy to lose a whale.

**Phil:** I'm notoriously bad at nookie.

**Alison:** [*The Lord Of The Rings*] is almost as scary as *Star Wars*.

**Gillian:** Who's Ben Bateson?

**Alison:** I wasn't aware [Mussolini] had a first name.

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- Maddy:** In what way does “Einstein” begin with an ‘I’?
- Gillian:** [Jacqui] has already had him. She didn’t have his brother, but she had him.
- Michael:** For lack of anything better, I’ll have Mark Hawkins.
- Alison:** We’ve already had George Purdy – hands off!
- Alison:** We’ve had too many people having each other already.
- Alison:** I had a good pee earlier, and now it’s gone.
- Jacqui:** If we are going with dodgy ladies...
- Luke:** We haven’t touched Lisas at all.
- Gillian:** It’s spelt ‘Kohl’, with a ‘k’ – like “cabbage”.
- Alison:** Ah, Mark! I’ve been spying on you!
- Mark:** I’ve just had Gillian come flying at me.
- Sam:** I’m **not** going to fall down a hill just for the sake of a photo!
- Alison:** Ooh! If I take the handbrake off, the car goes faster!
- Jacqui:** About half a lemon is my limit in one go.
- Keith:** It’s a game where you turn the knobs and the bits fall down.
- Keith:** I can’t remember what her name was. She was sleeping between the two of us.
- Phil:** We’ve all been there.
- Jacqui:** I pre-date Gareth!
- Jonathan:** Alison is licking herself!
- Alison:** And I’m not doing a very good job of it either.
- Gillian:** [*Pointing south down New Inn Hall Street*]: I don’t think I know where that way goes.
- Keith:** If it’s not got a battery in, it’s not worth it.

## Out And About With EriX

*Jacqui Bradley keeps us guessing once again*



**E**riX has been off on another walk with Jacqui, enjoying the early summery weather in Oxford. But where did they go this time? The picture in the last issue was from his trip to Keble for Tristram and Angharad's wedding, when he posed with the dinosaur on Blackhall Road.

