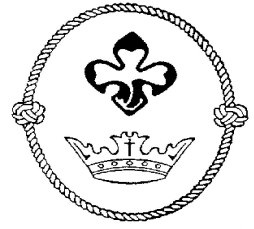




Postscript



365: 5th Week, Trinity 2005

We're Eighty-Six, You Know!



Celebrating in style at the Annual Dinner

Plus:

The Flossy The Sheep Awards

OUSGG's most dubious "honours"

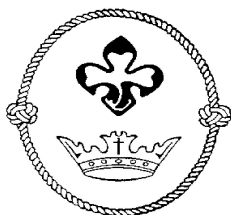
F&GPC Minutes

To make your textbooks seem more interesting

Why Maddy Loves Elections

As if we couldn't guess...

Postscript



Issue 365 – Second of Trinity
2005

An OUSGG publication

Editor: Alistair Green (St Hugh's)

Distributor: Mark Hawkins
(Queen's)

Chair: J. Roger Cotes (Somerville)

Chair-elect: Andrew Freer
(St John's)

Treasurer: Sam Snelson (Wadham)

Secretary: Catherine Blake
(St Anne's)

N'n'N organiser and Internet
Officer: Luke Carthey
(St Catherine's)

Membership: Sarah Berman
(Queen's)

SSAGO Rep.: Melody James
(St Peter's)

Scout & Guide Liaison: Katherine
Butler (Queen's)

Quartermaster: Michael Ramsden
(St Peter's)

Old Members' Rep.: Chris Seward
(ex-Jesus)

Senior Member: Gavin Williams
(St Peter's).

All correspondence and articles to
postscrip@ousgg.org.uk or by post /
pidge to Alistair Green, St Hugh's
College, Oxford. **Deadline for issue
365: Saturday Seventh Week
(11th June).**

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

Views expressed in *Postscript* are those
of their authors, and might not
correspond to those of OUSGG or
associated bodies.

Warning: Your sanity may be at risk if
you read any more of this magazine.

Printed and published in Oxford.

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Editorial

I'm watching my back. You see, the secret of getting a nice page layout is to wait until the chair report comes in and then write an editorial whose length exactly matches the amount of white space at the bottom. So although you, dear reader, won't hear about this until you get to the end of the page, I know that Roger has hired the services of an assassin. Fortunately, he hasn't said anything quotable recently, and so shouldn't need to keep me quiet. But I did get killed fairly quickly in the game of 'Mafia' after the film night yesterday, so clearly *someone* has got it in for me.

The trouble is that, what with this being the first issue since the Annual Dinner, an utterly ludicrous number of quotes was simply inevitable, and this, of course, means that at least half the group have a good reason to prevent *Postscript* from being printed. Still, when one takes up a position of absolute power such as that of the Editor, it is only to be expected that danger should go with the territory...

Why are you pointing that knife at me, Gillian?

Alistair Green, St Hugh's – Editor

Chair's Report

A chair's report seems to cry out for an account of the major events that have happened in OUSGG since the last edition of PS. In this case I must commit somewhat of a dereliction of duty in that I wasn't able to attend the annual dinner; however by all accounts it lived up to the high standards we've come to expect, with merrymaking continuing into the early hours of the morning (although – perhaps fortunately – few were capable of making it to witness the mayhem at Magdalen Bridge). Congratulations to Cat, and thanks to Michael for making my speech.

By contrast I can report on the punt and picnic, although I wasn't on the scene when the critical action occurred – we weren't quite able to keep up to witness Gillian's immersion into the true Oxford summer spirit. Punting is a skill which requires practice; whether I will be able to find willing passengers to gain the requisite experience is doubtful. Luckily, when I did try my hand, we were going down stream, and I found that if I stopped doing anything at all, we were just about capable of making progress. Maddy, in our punt, had been sufficiently foresighted to requisition some Pimms; alas we were rather short on lemonade. Piracy was most definitely required, although the more promising targets available – the ones with tea sets and plentiful provisions – unfortunately had no connection with OUSGG, and we decided with some reluctance that they did not constitute legitimate victims.

More opportunities for encounters with Oxford's water creatures will be provided this coming Monday with the canoeing. At so short a distance it seems foolhardy to make predictions in advance, but thanks to Alison and her friend Jonathan for helping us establish it. The punt and picnic was also useful in that it enabled me to recruit an Assassin (or perhaps I should say he volunteered his services), so I'm looking forward to Richard coaching us in the dark arts in fifth week.

Roger Cotes (Somerville) – Chair

EriX Asks...

**CULD YOU BE THE NEXT
POSTSCRIPT EDITOR?**



EriX would like to know who is going to produce his favourite magazine next year, after Alistair's term of office comes to an end. Unfortunately, I couldn't tell him because no-one has volunteered to take over at the end of this term.

Are you still going to be here next year? Have you got journalistic flair? Do you want to ~~avoid being chair~~ make a real contribution to the group? Would it feel good to ~~get into a position of absolute power by controlling all the quotes~~ make a cute little panda very happy? Then read on...

A lot of effort goes into producing each issue of *Postscript*, but as it's written by the readers the editor doesn't have to do all that much of the work. (At least, that's the theory.) It only really takes about one day every three weeks, and surely we've all got that much time to spare? Plus, of course, you will never have to worry about missing deadlines, since *Postscript* comes out when, and only when, *you* say so.

Did I forget to mention that it's also a lot more fun than the other committee posts that you could get lumbered with if you don't volunteer?

Give it a go.

Words of Wisdom

Phil: They're *all* attracted to me!

Roger: We'll have to decide which part of the anatomy to tie them to.

Phil: I'm going to scare young children.

Sam: No change there, then.

Sarah (to Gillian): I think you're dangerous with anything pointy and hard!

Gillian: It's not *my* fault I'm crap!

Luke: I can imagine Phil saying, "I did not have sexual relations with that monkey."

Keith: What page was that on?

Phil: Page 155 of Ceefax during Question Time.

Keith: I'm not going down the oral sex line with you.

Mark: At least it's not with a monkey.

Phil: Where's EriX when you need him?

Luke: He's a bit small to do anything with.

Phil: Speak for yourself.

A Night With The Stars

The ultimate guide to the Flossy the Sheep Awards

It's all too easy to take OUSGG for granted, which is why it's vital, once a year, to pay tribute to all those who have made an outstanding contribution to the society. Or, if preferred, to have a good laugh at their expense.

It was to this end that, before the annual dinner, Flossy The Sheep sifted through literally several nominations to decide on which members were truly worthy of recognition. Unfortunately, sheep aren't allowed into LMH, and so Sam very kindly volunteered to distribute the awards on Flossy's behalf. They were:

- **The Bullet Dodger Award.**
Presented to **Michael Ramsden**, who has got through four years without being chair.
- **The Tree Murderer Award.**
Presented to **Mark Hawkins**, in recognition of the vast number of pages of Postscript devoted to his exploits in the Far East.
- **The Longest-Running In-Joke Award.**
Presented to **Christina Mowl and Jennifer Robertson**. (Enough said. But, if you're confused, Christina's quote is a clue...)
- **The Evil Megalomaniac Award.**
Presented to **Andrew Freer**, for becoming chair-elect as part of his plan for world domination.
- **The Jaffaholics Anonymous Award.**
Presented to **Luke Cartey**, for doubling the share price of McVitie's biscuits.
- **The Little Miss Popular Award.**
Presented because Flossy couldn't decide which of **Gillian Bradley's** many nominations was the most worthy. Outstanding Commitment Award for Starring in the Fresher Presentation in the Year of Joining? The Pathfinder Award for Navigational Ability? The Ramsden Award for being "in a theatre this week"? Most Quotable Fresher Award with special mention for: "Guiding? What's that?" or possibly "What you need is a vibrator"? The Einstein Award for Love of Physics? Most likely to die in a feud-based shoot-out Award (shared with Luke)? Mud, Mud, Glorious Mud Award? The Timekeepers' Award for Punctuality? Fresher Faff-Tastic Award?
- **The Stalwart Award.**
Presented to **Alistair Green**.
- **The Quote Of The Year Award.**
Presented to **Jacqui Bradley** for asking Phil "what would look pretty in our little bed?"
- **The Desperately Hanging On Award.**
Presented to **Phil Alderton** for managing to extend his MPhil by another year.



“I Don’t Remember Saying *That* At The Dinner!”

- Gillian:** I don’t know where Christ Church is!
- Andrew:** We’re talking about Gillian’s raspberries... write that down!
- Luke:** The pudding was good – especially the second one!
- Christina:** *[On seeing the girls returning from the loo]:* There must have been an orgy going on.
- Phil:** Even Michael’s beard isn’t as cute to stroke!
- Andrew:** I think [Hogan] looks like a koala, but then again I’ve never been as far south as... Africa.
- Andrew (to Phil):** You’re so drunk, you’re bleeding wine!
- Sam:** Bonjela *is* delicious! It really is!
- Andrew (to Phil):** *I’m* desperate, but *I* don’t have that dirty a mind.
- Gillian (to Luke):** You are **not** going to torture Hamish with a pair of wire crimpers!
- Phil:** It was the crappiest red light district I’ve ever been to.
- Sam:** Part of my plan was to become a kipper.
- Sam:** I don’t mind being shot at, so long as I don’t have to get up in the morning.
- Christina:** *[Sipping on a Bailey’s and Orange]:* Actually, it tastes really nice.
- Michael (to Sam):** Life, the Universe and Everything – that’s *your* fault!
- Jenny (to Sam):** Play with yourself!
- Luke:** *And here are a few non-dinner quotes:*
Sam, make your leg more available!
- Sam:** There are often random girls in my flat...
- Luke:** We need something you can play with one hand.

Minutes of the 134th meeting of the Finance and General Purposes Committee

Catherine Blake *does her duty*

Present

Cat Blake (Secretary), San Snelson (Treasurer), Andrew Freer (Chair Elect), Alistair Green (*Postscript* Editor), Luke Carthey, Phil Alderton, Roger Cotes (Chair), Jacqui Bradley, Caroline Berry, Sarah Berman.

Apologies

Melody James (SSAGO Rep), Michael Ramsden, Gillian Bradley.

Meeting started at 19:36.

Approval of Minutes

Roger says they are fine.

Matters Arising

Phil has given the maps to Sam. Jacqui wishes to know if we actually appeared in the credits for *A Streetcar...* – will attempt to find out.

Officers' Reports

Chair – Three meetings down, have all gone well so far. There is a term card now! The rest of the term is pretty much sorted.

Secretary – we have nearly re-registered with the Proctors successfully, slight delay as our senior member disappeared with the form.

Treasurer –

Current Account = £441.66, of which Equipment Fund = £165.43
Events Account = £1107.01 (contains the Annual Dinner money which has yet to be paid.)
Ex-members Account = £149.40

Query over whether the ex-members' profit from the annual dinner 2004 has been given to them. Sam to check with Chris about this.

SSAGO Rep – no report received. Although Sarah points out that the next rally is in Manchester at the end of 10th week.

Chair Elect – Hasn't got the file yet! Still thinking about possible activities.

Motions

1. Photos

A) That a person appointed by the committee shall collect photographs, either digital or ordinary, from other members and reprint those that he judges to be of use for the Freshers' Fair stand.

B) That a budget of up to £30 be set aside for this.

Proposed by Phil Alderton.

Motion passes unanimously. **ACTION** – Phil to supervise this, and everyone to pass any photos to him.

2. The 'T' Word

That henceforth, in all OUSGG conversations, the 'T' word is forbidden.

Proposed: Sam Snelson

Motion passes. For = 5, Against = 3, Abstentions = 2.

A.O.B.

Elections

Sarah Berman resigned as Internet Officer. Luke Carthey stood for the position of Internet Officer. Proposed by Sarah Berman. Seconded by Sam Snelson. Luke Carthey unanimously elected.

Sarah Berman stood for the position of Membership Secretary. Proposed by Andrew Freer. Seconded by Sam Snelson. Sarah Berman unanimously elected.

9th Week Membership Meeting

Possibility of an overnight meeting about a recruitment drive for MT05. More details on Faff.

Why I Love Elections

Given how much Andrew Marr has been on TV recently, it's no wonder that Maddy Bunce got quite excited...

I think elections are great. On what other occasion is there an excuse to stay up night in your jimmyjams, quaffing drinkies in an immoderate manner, and waiting excitedly for a Portillo-moment?

During the election I felt as if three years of politics degree were not three wasted years. People asked me questions, and seemed happy to accept my answers. Oh, and I got to use the word 'psephologist', as in the phrase, "well I'm not a psephologist, but I imagine we're looking at a 70 seat majority; Labour, of course."

Nay-sayers will tell you it was a boring campaign, but that couldn't be further from the truth. Admittedly I was disappointed by the lack of cabinet members punching voters, but we were more than compensated for this by Gordon Brown eating a 99, and Michael Howard having to run for a train – the effect being only slightly spoilt when he boarded a first class carriage, got a seat, and didn't have a hoodie-wearing yob sat next to him with 50 Cent on his ipod and his headphones too loud. Oh, and a birth. I'm a right sucker for a good human-interest story.

However two events stand out as **THE** most exciting and surely make this the most memorable election campaign of recent times.

In second place was Andrew Marr on *Doctor Who*. I know it's not strictly related to the election, but the presence of farting aliens in Downing Street was probably a more important cultural event. It had more viewers than that Question Time with the three party leaders. (I don't actually know if this is true, but perhaps if I repeat it you might believe me). More people saw Downing Street being taken over by aliens than watched Question Time.

The most exciting event was also the most horrifying. When I picked up my weekly copy of Heat I thought little of the 'Tony Gets our Vote' cover story. I just assumed there would be an innocent article such as a poll of the party preferences (apart from Chinawhites) of various D-Listers. Nothing had prepared me for the Torso of the Week page. Which is usually occupied by the likes of Orlando, Brad and the Trousersnake, but in the week before the election was occupied by Tony Blair. I couldn't stop laughing. Nor could I stop looking.

Ten things to do in Oxford before you leave

Mark Hawkins *is planning ahead*

With the impending f***** word rapidly approaching, I thought I would take a break from revision and, in the style of *100 things to do before you're 30*, give everyone some ideas of what to do when f*****s have finished – apart from sleep, drink Pimms, go punting etc...

1. **Make a spurious stack request.**

Yes, I know the last place you want to go to is the library, but think about it – this is your last chance to request the 1983 'Cub Scout Annual', the entire collection of 'Mr. Men' books or all the 'Postscripts' ever published from the Bod.

2. **Visit the 'Oxford Story'.**

Well, to be honest, I've always wondered what was in there, and besides if it's rubbish then at least you'll have only paid the student price! ☺

3. **Go to Church.**

No, not just any church, but the University Church, St. Mary's on the High. Well, it's your church, and haven't you always wanted to walk round under that clock?

4. **Go to Church again.**

No, I haven't gone all religious on you. Visit Christ Church Chapel, a.k.a. Oxford Cathedral – well you live in Oxford, so it's your Cathedral.

5. **Cycle to Templeton College.**

If you're like me you will have always wondered where Templeton actually is, besides a cycle ride would do you good.

6. **Take a walk along the Isis.**

I know you've probably potted along a few stretches here and there, but have you ever yearned to wander along the river from the 'Isis Tavern' to 'The Trout'?

7. **Punt over the rollers.**

You've punted from the Cherwell Boathouse and from Magdalen Bridge, but have you ever punted the entire length of the river Cherwell in Oxford? I've always wanted to see the rollers in action.

8. **Play Monopoly.**

With the Oxford version – going round Oxford of course! A good way to visit all those colleges you've never actually stepped foot in.

9. **Lark on the lawns.**

Croquet, bowls etc – anything that your college deems worthy enough to be done on its hallowed grass!

10. **Surprise yourself.**

There's bound to be something in Oxford you never knew about. Who knows, you might discover some secret gem in following suggestions 1-9!

Remember you're only here once, make the most of it!

The author relinquishes any responsibility for anything that may happen by following his suggestions. He hasn't yet tried them out – he's been too busy with r***** but will be sure to in 9th week (well, as many as he feels like).

Out And About With EriX

Jacqui and EriX's last walk was to look at the punts at the Cherwell Boathouse.



This week they found time for a quick trip out before NnN, and luckily managed to avoid getting too wet. Can you spot where the picture was taken?

