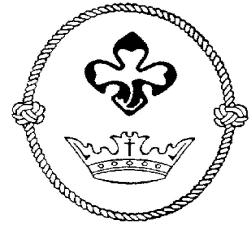




# Postscript



366: 8<sup>th</sup> Week, Trinity 2005

## End Of An Era



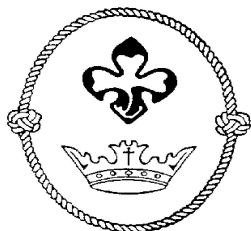
*Goodbye Jacqui, Hayley, Gail, Alison, Sam, Mark and (possibly) Michael...*

**Plus:**

**How To Identify Your Panda**

*Beware of impostors!*

## Postscript



Issue 366 – Second of Hilary  
2005

An OUSGG publication

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## Editorial

It seems like only yesterday that we were impressionable freshers, wandering around the Examination Schools, choosing stalls at random and signing up for societies that, with hindsight, were either of no interest to us at all or just plain bizarre. (Fortunately for us, OUSGG was in the latter category.)

Yet here we are, at the end of another academic year and, for some, the end of life as a student. Somehow it seemed inconceivable that we would ever have to enter the real world, but in the end we know that it will happen to all of us. Even I, a mere second-year, never thought that I would retire before the age of twenty, but after just nine issues it is time for me to put down my keyboard and hand down the post of Editor to someone foolish enough to volunteer to become my successor.

All that remains for me to say is farewell, and I'll see you in October – or, failing that, at Winter Walking!

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

## Chair's Report

The sun is shining across the Somerville quad; music is in the air, Merton Street is strewn with glitter and flour and conveys an aroma which suggests the recent presence of cheap alcohol. (No comment is passed on any OUSGG contribution, continuing or otherwise to any of these states of affairs... but congratulations to those readers who've finished and those who are about to know what's coming!) Trinity Term is all but over, the Broads beckon and my term as chair is (touch wood) about to pass smoothly away into the safety of the OUSGG archives.

By the time some of you settle down to enjoy your last Alistair-inspired edition of *Postscript* you may already have been persuaded to fill committee positions: we do have one nomination so far. I actually found this term much less of a burden and much more fun to organise than I had expected; I was particularly lucky to have good weather so we could spend most of the meetings frolicking in various ways in the open air. Baden-Powell might not have fully approved of everything about OUSGG, but I trust that he would have said "good show" to our canoeing (although perhaps not if he had witnessed Mark's and my multiple accidental adventures as submariners). He may also have been equivocal about the assassinations – killing people is good, of course, but it must not be done in an underhand way! I was most impressed with the group's argumentative skills (another B.P. no-no I'm afraid: the patrol leader should have decided whom to chuck out of the balloon. There's no room for indiscipline.) Given the controversial nature of some of the proposals waiting at the TGM, I'm looking forward to seeing them deployed on the issues that really matter!

Anyway, good luck to Andrew and I hope everyone enjoys the summer. Sorry I can't make the canalling, but I promise Alistair's successor that I shall report in Michaelmas on whether Philadelphia kids are more or less insane than Durham cubs – no, correct that, whether they are *as* insane; the other is a contradiction in terms. The very best of luck to those who've finally succumbed in the struggle for eternal procrastination and are entering the real world!

*Roger Cotes (Somerville) – Chair*

P.S. the sun is no longer shining across the Somerville quad; it's dark now.

## A Letter To The Editor

Dear Sir,

Whilst reading the latest issue of your esteemed publication I was horrified to discover that, when describing the Annual Dinner Awards, Jaffa Cakes had been classified as “biscuits”. Now, as any good Jaffaholic knows, Jaffa Cakes are “cakes” and not “biscuits”. (I refer you to the 1993 court case, United Biscuits vs. Customs & Excise.)

The important distinction is that a biscuit starts hard and goes soft, whilst a cake starts soft and goes hard. Through this definition a Jaffa Cake is most certainly a cake.

I hope this will put the matter to rest,

Yours etc.,

A concerned Jaffaholic.

## Important Notice



In the unlikely event of you reading this before the voting on motions in the TGM, I would like to attempt to solicit your vote on behalf of the ATF (Anti-TAFF Faction) for the motion that will stop the insidious spread of theatre-related talk.

In studies it has been shown that conversations about TAFF and the technical aspects of theatre currently represent the world’s most serious threat to mental health; the group of lab monkeys whom we subjected to three weeks of continual TAFF babble will now only type Shakespeare’s plays from the point of view of the technical crew: ... *profile lantern with gel # 354 on witch # 3* etc.

So, in the TGM, exercise your democratic right and vote for the motion that will seek to limit the freedoms of this subclass of humanity.

For more information email [keptaffoutofousgg@gmail.com](mailto:keptaffoutofousgg@gmail.com) or contact Sam Snelson, (soon-to-be-ex-)Wadham or Luke Cartey, St Catz.

## That Abandoned MPhil Thesis In Full

*“Of all the different kinds of government in the world, ours is the easiest and fairest for everybody.”*

– Robert Baden-Powell, *Scouting for Boys* (40<sup>th</sup> Edition, 1948).

*“No, it isn’t.”*

– Phil Alderton, at *Far from the Madding Crowd*, rather late one night (682<sup>nd</sup> visit, 2005).

## All Good Things Come To An End

Says Hayley Thompson

Well, I didn't manage to beat Chris' eight years, but I gave it my best shot. After six years, it's time to move on. A year in Oxford, a year in Austria, a complete about face and the beginning of nursing, a year of 'faffing and bedpans' followed by three years of nursing. And still the membership list says my degree is faffing – blame the Membership Secs, not me! It's strange where life takes you. I certainly didn't expect to be in this position when I started OUSGG back in the dark ages. Back when going to the pub was an occasional event, not a weekly occurrence. Before the days of the faff list. Scandalous to think of now, of course. I've seen, done and achieved a lot whilst being a member. The memories of the amazing team work for the rally will stay with me for a long time to come. As will the smell of bacon.

There aren't many things in life that I can say I excel at, (3 Firsts for Pharmacology while 15% of the year failed, being the exception! ☺ ) or was the first to initiate. I can however say that I was the first Brookes member for a goodly while – it's all Jo's fault. Back when I started it was an

relatively unheard of for the two universities to meet on social grounds. Now I am delighted that there are two of us – a 100% increase! In the future I hope the trend continues so that more people from Brookes can benefit from the adventures and experiences of OUSGG.

The last three years have been an uphill struggle and I'd like to apologise for all the griping and moaning along the way. It's been tough financially, emotionally and at times physically. However, in true Oscars style, I'd like to publicly thank those who have dragged me across / carried me over / encouraged me to the finish line. The oldies – Chris and Natalie (I wanted yellow!!), Jo and David – and more recently Jacqui and Jonathan but the whole group has added enjoyment to an otherwise stress riddled three years. I don't know where I am going to be working but you can be sure that like the proverbial bad penny, I will turn up, when you least expect it! You have been warned! ☺

So, from a very grateful soon-to-be-qualified staff nurse, thank you.

Hayley

## Words Of Wisdom

*You know, back in the 1970s, all quotes published in Postscript were anonymous. But where was the fun in that?*

**Jacqui:** I should be careful how I phrase this, *but...* I could offer myself as a stress-reliever.

**Jacqui:** I'm being victimised for being orange and furry!

**Jacqui:** Bloody historians!

**Sam:** I'm going to download hardcore German pornography until they kick me off the network!

**Jacqui:** Actually, no, I'd rather have Gillian.

**Alison:** You go round a roundabout anticlockwise.

## The Non-Techie Guide To Technical Terms

Mark Hawkins *is not a techie!*

If, like me, you are having some trouble understanding what certain members of OUSGG are talking about, here's a helpful guide to technical terms designed especially for us non-techies.

1. **Wash** – something one does with soap and water to maintain a certain level of cleanliness and stop oneself from smelling too much.
2. **White Wash** – white paint used for painting houses; very popular around the Mediterranean.
3. **Gel** – hair product used by those who sport gravity defying hairstyles.
4. **PM** -
  - a. The second half of the day: when arts students wake up.
  - b. The Prime Minister, Tony Blair. He is believed to be ginger and to possess a beard as Michael often acts as PM when Tony is on holiday.
  - c. Radio 4 news and current affairs programme on at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.
5. **Follow spot** – a book featuring 'Spot' the dog where readers follow Spot on his adventures around Oxford.
6. **TAFF** – a Tab who is also a Toff.
7. **Stage** – verb, meaning to set up and carry out. For example staging a robbery or a concert.
8. **The BT** – a tower in Central London. Not to be confused with the 'PT': a drinking den located underneath the Union which has the dubious feature of being purple and the misfortune to be opened by Michael Heseltine.
9. **Playhouse** – small wooden or plastic structure in the style of a house where play can take place safely away from those nasty adults.
10. **The 'T' word** – surname of Mr. T from the A-Team.
11. **OULES** – arcane spelling of the word 'Owls'. Owls are nocturnal birds of prey which eat small mammals. They are renowned for hooting.
12. **Play** – the main occupation of small children, for the purposes of entertainment. Often also indulged in by adults from time to time in the form of a game.
13. **Cans** – cylindrical metal storage containers used for pre-packaging food and beverages in.
14. **Props** – the two players who stand either side of the hooker in the front row of a rugby scrum.
15. **Mallet** – implement used for hitting the balls with in the game of croquet.
16. **Actor/actress** – the most common 'occupation' given by fast-food workers in Hollywood.
17. **Script** – abbreviation of 'PostScript', OUSGG's esteemed publication.
18. **Get-out** – exclamation of disgust, which indicates you no longer wish to be in the presence of another person for example because they have told a particularly 'groan-worthy' joke.
19. **Get-in** – exclamation of happiness often shouted by sport fans when a point is scored.
20. **Light** – electromagnetic radiation of between 300 and 700nm in wavelength... spot the physicist. *[I think you'll find that the visible range is actually defined as 380-780 nm (spot the pedantic chemist who's done far too much spectroscopy revision!)] – Ed.]*



## How To Identify Your Panda

Michael Ramsden and Jacqui Bradley present “the sort of random gibberish often found in the last issue of the year”

Pandas are an important ingredient in the life of every good OUSGGer. And it’s important to be able to work out which panda is which. So we’ve prepared a guide to some common pandas to help you as you go about your daily business. (We know you’re all obsessed with pandas really!) Of course, some pandas are more important than others, so we’ve also included a few hints and tips for classifying and categorising the pandas you meet.

### The Adult Panda



This is the panda you’re most likely to see on a trip to the zoo. Perhaps not so common in your local high street, but still fairly ubiquitous. Unfortunately they eat rather a lot, so keeping one in your room is not really practical. Besides, we’ve heard it’s quite difficult to get hold of that much fresh bamboo on a regular basis. A fully grown panda also likes to roam around a bit, and your housemates might not be happy if they found him ambling through the house. And anyway they probably snore.

**Cuteness: 7/10**

### The Baby Panda

This is hard to get hold of – apparently they don’t breed all that often – but much better when you do. They’re fluffy. And small. And generally cute. Baby pandas are a much better option for keeping at home. They don’t require as much food or space as the adult version. But be warned – they grow! In only a few months’ time they become really quite sizeable. But wouldn’t you want one? We think the pictures here give you the answer.

**Cuteness: 10/10**



### Panda Car

Well, at least it’s practical. Although while it doesn’t need bamboo, it does require a lot of petrol. You should try to avoid travelling in one of these. Not suitable for keeping inside. (And don’t start getting pedantic about garages please!)

**Cuteness: 0/10**

### **Red Panda**



Found in the Himalayan mountains, a distant cousin of the raccoon, this has the advantage that it is also quite small. But it's just not as cute. Although at least you know it won't grow up to eat you out of house and home. But could you really give your heart to anything that wasn't black and white?

**Cuteness: 6/10**

### **Jimmy**



Although still quite young, Jimmy has already won a place in the affections of many OUSGers. He's small and cute, but doesn't require constant feeding. He fits conveniently into the average student room. Not to be confused with an actual baby panda. Unfortunately he is unique. Although various of his friends and relations did appear from Co-ops across the country over Christmas, and you might be lucky enough to find one of them.

**Cuteness: 9/10**

### **Impostor**



We're not very impressed. While this does fulfil the black and white criteria, it's lacking something in the cuteness department. Beware that these imposters may be trying to infiltrate panda-loving societies, and manipulate genuine panda fanatics.

**Cuteness: 1/10**

### **Isabella**



The OUSDS mascot is not as revered by society members as Erik. In fact, she was hidden away for the best part of a decade. Attempts to rehabilitate her have been largely unsuccessful, as Jacqui has been reluctant to hand her over to the new president. In the meantime, Isabella languishes on the mantelpiece. This does at least prove that, like Jimmy, she fits conveniently into a room, but she lacks his overall charm.

**Cuteness: 4/10**

### **Eri**



And finally... No panda article would be complete without a mention of our own beloved mascot. Now rather elderly, and perhaps lacking some of his earlier good looks, Eri has retained all of his appeal. Eri is very domesticated, having spent most of his life passing through various student rooms. Unfortunately he is very definitely one of a kind, so getting your own could be difficult. This is **NOT** an excuse for panda-napping!!

**Cuteness: 8/10** (But what he lacks in cuteness he makes up in character.)

## **Great Faffs In History**

**Phil Alderton** *explains how Faff shaped the world we live in*

**W**hilst the OUSGG collective might have turned faff into an art form, we are by no means the first people on the planet to have been devotees of the craft. Since, thanks to ‘Chrononauts’ and Christopher Ecclestone’s Ninth doctor (or Eighth if we ignore Sylvester McCoy), time travel is back in fashion, we thought it would be good to step into the OUSGG Time Machine (currently in a cardboard box somewhere off St Ebbe’s Street) and take a peek at some notable Faffs in history.

### **Ford’s Theatre, April 14<sup>th</sup>, 1865**

Backstage staff, who were probably members of the mysterious CAFF (Confederates are for Flying) begin to argue over types of luminescence to paint on stages, allowing John Wilkes Booth the opportunity he needed to take a shot at Abraham Lincoln.

### **North Atlantic, April 9<sup>th</sup> 1912**

Had a few pedantic Sea Scouts not interrupted the evacuation process to debate whether the order “women and children first” meant that women should board the lifeboats before children, many more lives would have saved from the Titanic. They wouldn’t have prevented the film, though.

### **Ancient Egypt, circa 3000 BC**

No matter how hard the slaves tried, the Pharaoh and the priests simply couldn’t agree on how the nose of the Sphinx should look. They were so distracted by arguing whether it should be more Roman or more button-shaped that they failed to notice an army of advancing Sumerians. The building contractors are currently charging for 5000 years of overtime.

### **Somewhere off the coast of Spain, Summer 1492**

A group of explorers and conquerors are poring over a map, trying to find the best route to India. After an extended faff, Columbus storms off and points his ships west. The egg is on his face, though, as they hit the Americas instead.

### **Mafeking, late 1899.**

An under-rated general refuses to leave a minor and strategically unimportant besieged town until and unless somebody can tie an Alpine Butterfly.

### **The Swindlestock Tavern, St Scholastica’s Day, 1355, Oxford**

A group of drunken students let a faff over whether to stay in this bar or continue their crawl get out of hand, resulting in a major town v gown riot and the death of 63 students.

### **A grassy knoll, Dallas, Texas, 22nd November 1963**

Vain and sinister agents of the Illuminati/Bildeberg Group/10 foot lizards (delete as appropriate) all want the honour of killing Kennedy, but there’s only one rifle to go round. As the entourage passes, they begin to fight over the gun, causing it to accidentally go off. Four times. Any attempt at fame is lost when a loner in a book depository is fingered instead.

### **The Houses of Parliament, late 1640**

After having not been called for over a decade, King Charles I suddenly summons a Parliament to raise more money for his latest ill-judged foreign adventure. After days of painstaking debate, Oliver Cromwell and several others suddenly realise that Charles only really wanted to discuss the design of the lighting rig for his next King’s Speech, leaving the House of Commons in uproar and a bloody civil war to come.



### **Bosworth Field, 22<sup>nd</sup> August 1485**

Henry Tudor becomes King of England when his opponent, Richard III, spends too much time weighing up the costs and benefits of owning either a kingdom or a horse.

### **Oxford, 11<sup>th</sup> November 1919**

A meeting to establish a society for those members of the university interested in Scoutcraft almost collapses as nobody wants to be the founding chair. Thankfully a bored time-traveller steps in, allowing the creation of the group, the existence of the magazine you're currently reading, and the OUSGG Oxford World Peace Conference of 2432 which finally ends war and suffering for ever. Or at least until that asteroid hits the planet destroying all life in 2436.

### **Mount Sinai, one bright Tuesday, 2000BC**

Lengthy negotiations between the Creator and the leader of the chosen people break down after only ten of the proposed 400 Commandments have been agreed. Commentators attribute the collapse of the talks to a failure to reach agreement on what exactly "coveting your neighbour's ass" is supposed to mean. Other peoples decide not to hold referendums on the commandments and they are quietly dropped.

### **The Forum, Rome, March 15<sup>th</sup>, 44 BC**

Brutus and his fellow senators take drastic actions to stop Julius Caesar from discussing technical theatre instead of important matters of state by all... [*That's enough – Editor*].

## **Everything I know about Japanese, I learned from Animé**

**Andrew Freer** *goes multicultural*

### **Vocabulary**

Okasa	Dad
Otosa	Mum
Arigato	Thank you
Kawaii!	Cute!
Kawai	[make of piano]
Hai!	yes
Hai!	yes, Ma'am
Hai!	okay
Hai!	Well, I suppose, in a way, you're right
Totoro	Big cute furry thing
No-face	Metaphor for Japan shaped like a shadowy helpful monster
Hentai	[Just don't ask.] [ <i>A rough translation would be 'strange desire' - Ed.</i> ]

### **Important facts**

- The Gods are everywhere. If they give you cake, it may come in useful.
- It doesn't hurt much if you're thrown through a wall.
- If you move fast, coloured lines appear beside you to show how fast.
- The slightly weird looking quiet girl in school is either the embodiment of an ancient magical spirit, or a robot.

PS Please note, the author will not be held responsible for any ridicule and/or abuse you may receive when trying to use the above knowledge.

## Parlour Scouting

Phil Alderton *has gastronomic ambitions*

One of Baden-Powell's better insults was his condemnation of what he termed "Parlour Scouting". Whilst he cleverly left the precise meaning of this branch of the Movement undefined (although what a great book *Parlour Scouting for Boys* would have been - "I suppose every boy wants to play bridge in some way or another"), I do recall the *Hackney Scout Song Book* having a rather rousing ditty entitled "Johnny was a Parlour Scout" detailing the various difficulties the eponymous Johnny got himself into when he braved the outdoors, and the masculine criticisms of his effeminacy (or worse!) are clear to even the casual reader. Obviously, dear old BP had a quaint view that Scouting should take place outdoors, without pretence.

Now, my many years of training as a Sea Scout have clearly prepared me for most of the challenges a water-borne young man will face. I know exactly which way to pass the port at black-tie dinners, how to have an enjoyable game of deck quoits, and, most importantly, referring to "eight bells" or "six bells" rather than the vulgar land Scout practice of using terms like "four o'clock" or "seven at night". Yet here I am stuck in Oxford for another year with no easily accessible piece of coastline to escape to.

Naturally, I will take every opportunity to improve my punting techniques, as every Oxford student should, but I need more opportunities for the long dark nights of the Oxford winter. If parlour scouting is ever going to take off, surely Oxford is the prime location for its founding.

It is therefore that I announce the "Halls" badge, the highest award in Parlour Scouting. Open to all, from Beavers through to Network ("Who?" I hear you cry), the syllabus is as follows:

1. Eat at all the colleges of the University of Oxford.
  - a) By college is meant, well, college, and not permanent private hall.
  - b) By "eat" is meant the consumption of either breakfast, lunch, or dinner on college property, prepared by college staff.

Since I'm not going to ever make Queen's Scout, I might as well go for this award. I am over half-way, and just need to tick off All Souls, Christ Church, Corpus Christi, Harris Manchester, Hertford, Linacre, Lincoln, Magdalen, Nuffield, Oriel, St Cross, St Edmund Hall, St Hilda's, St Hugh's, St John's, Templeton, Trinity, University, and Worcester. Any help gratefully received.

## Novel Ways To Read *Postscript*, Number 3.4



## The Quotes You Thought You'd Got Away With

- At the Hilary Term TGM:*
- Gail:** SSAGO Rep's report?  
**Melody (SSAGO Rep.):** Erm... How was the rally?
- Michael:** I'm pure evil.
- Gillian:** Crucifying Eri~~N~~ is a good thing! [*Heresy! Burn her! - Ed.*]
- Gillian:** We're not playing X-rated Chrononauts.
- Gillian (pointing at Sam):** It was Michael!
- Jonathan:** I have filled my last test-tube.
- Jacqui:** I hate being dead.
- Phil:** I have *all sorts* of bizarre needs, Alistair.
- Richard:** And [Keith] isn't a real person.
- Gillian:** And you can be on a sofa with somebody.
- Phil:** We're now fourth on Google for "Bailey's and orange"... I was bored this morning, OK?
- Maddy:** I *think* Corfu is in Europe.
- Jacqui (to Sam):** I have to find the right size bra for your feet.
- Luke:** It's just unfortunate that 'cabbage' has a 'k' to start off with.
- Andrew, Michael, Roger, Phil, Sam, Luke:** Moreover, Heffalump wasn't Stalin's little monkey.
- Gillian:** Just wait while I drag my mind out of the Luke-created gutter.
- Phil (to Gillian):** Will you sit on my lap?
- Phil:** It's either [Wikipedia] or *Oxford Romance*.
- In Italy during last year's summer trip:*
- Pete:** We have a chicken for immoral purposes...

## Out And About With EriK



**E**riK and Jacqui have been on their latest (and probably last) walk together, and once again he found a nice place to stop and have his picture taken. But do you know where they were? Their previous walk was to look at the Exam Schools, where EriK posed by the big gates on Merton Street (and got some very strange looks from one of the women in charge – some people are so unenlightened!)

