



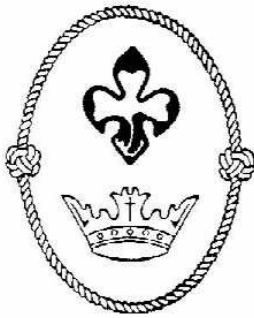
Whispy handover leads to brutal murder of Scouts

**INSIDE OUR SPECIAL LIZZY THEMED
EDITION:**

- *Stripper to crash afternoon tutorials,*
- *Mystic Lizzy looks into your future,*
- *The Incredible Sexiness of No. 23,
Those are the headlines, happy now?*



***1st Issue Of Hilary Term 2007
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POSTSCRIPT:

Issue 4: Hilary Term 2007
An OUSGG Publication

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From The Submerged Desk Of The Editor:

Welcome, one and all to the exclusive Lizzy issue of Postscript. It wasn't deliberate, it just ended up like that, almost every article was either written by her, or is about her. Oh well. Perhaps she deserves a facebook appreciation society. Or not.

Anywho, with cocktail in hand (no, really I do), onwards to a new term, with a fantastic 20 meetings in one term, eleven regular and nine NnNs, with thanks to Alistair and Mike for cramming our lives with as much OUSGG as its probably possible to take. And if we want more, F&GPC will make a welcome return, plus a rally in Loughbrough and then Easter activity will be there to provide it.

In a typical OUSGG quirk of fate the first trip article to be published is about the summer trip. Its almost as if the Winter Walking accounts were finalised before last years summer trip. As if that would ever happen. Oh.

Here's a photograph of my drinking on editing day, ironically Lizzy is currently the least pissed. Oh I'm going to get sacked for this.

It seems that Postscript, bastion of thought-provoking, unbiased, quality journalism, is sadly, slowly slipping the way of both the OxStu and Cherwell by publishing sensationalist

copy-selling stories. Therefore we whole heartedly unveil our new gossip column, for all that trashy dirt on our once spotless society members. I only work with what I've been given. Come back Phil, all is forgiven.

Nick Scropton
(St. Edmund Hall)

**Also Inside:**

- Page 04: Abundance of Cake (:D - Ed)
- Page 05: Shipping Containers,
- Page 06: Luke's romantic involvement with actress Lindsey Lohan,
- Page 07: Rowing injuries and Bamboo seeding
- Page 08: Lizzy's bathroom accident

**DEADLINE FOR ISSUE : 380
FRIDAY OF FOURTH WEEK
Hilary Term 2007 (9th January)**

All correspondence and articles to postscript@ousgg.org.uk or by pidge/post to Nick Scropton, St. Edmund Hall, Queen's Lane, Oxford OX1 4AR.

Any items received will be presumed to be for publication unless otherwise notified. The editor reserves the right to modify contributions as well as collect all money from any subsequent syndications and spend it on cake.

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

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Postscript: Fact x Importance = NEWS

CHAIR'S REPORT:

Welcome back!

Just when I thought I'd got away with it, I now find myself Chairman of OUSGG. I suppose that's just what happens when you let somebody else collect the nominations for next term's committee posts...

Anyway, it was good to see so many of you at the games evening last week, and if you are reading this at the end of the "Incredible Edible Challenge" evening then at least a few people have obviously survived that as well. Which is nice.

We've got an exciting term ahead of us, with highlights including a stop-frame animation workshop, a chance to regain those forgotten Scouting skills in a mini-pioneering challenge and a Judo lesson. It has also become traditional to play skittles in Hilary Term, and to hold a pancake party in honour of Erik's birthday. Given the importance of upholding traditions in Oxford, I just had to include these in the termcard too - not that I was short of ideas or anything, you understand!

Alistair



SUN! SEA! SAND!*

*Delete as appropriate

Yes, It's that time of the year when all the holidays get advertised, and OUSGG is no exception. Currently in the early planning stage, the OUSGG summer trip will probably involve foreign countries (and not just places South of Oxford)

Suggestions so far include:

- Renting a holiday apartment
- Hostelling
- Heading slightly further afield towards Eastern Europe

but nothing is fixed yet. Please contact your local webmaster (Luke) if you'd like to take part in the planning by joining the faff list. Please contact Andrew if you have suggestions.



Scouting For Boys: 99 years on

Lizzy directly, yes directly, quotes Robert-Baden Powell

"I have eaten the huge kind of lizard called an iguana. He had his head and tail cut off to enable him to go into the cooking pot, and when he was boiled and put on the table he looked exactly like a headless baby with his arms and legs and little hands. And when we ate him he tasted just like a baby too. Well—you know what a baby tastes like—sort of soft chicken flavoured with violet-powder!"

3 (Baden-Powell, R., 1908, "Scouting For Boys", Oxford University Press)

'Pieces kill wallabies, climbing jigsaws don't'

Michelle Barton loses her fresher status with the Winter Walking™ Report

Winter Walking™, as I was a WW Fresher apparently it's my turn to write the article, so here we go... (really wish I'd kept a diary for the week, it would make this so much easier to write!)

Ok, the first thing is arriving there, however that in itself was a problem. We were warned that it was best to check tyres before arriving, but there was no warning as to how close to the lake the path is or how long it is in the dark when there's no friendly farmer smoking his pipe and leaning on a gate post (Lizzy's wishful thinking). Oh, and we were in Wales so naturally it was chucking it down.

Anyway, somehow found the hut despite the fact there was no friendly farmer to ask for directions. The first night was an early night by WW standards, as we were up the next day for some hardcore walking with CUSAGC. So much for snow in winter, we had rain, rain and more rain. There was hail for a bit of variation, although that's probably best described as bullets as it nearly made us turn back after lunch, when it made walking painful! Thinking back there was a flurry of snow when we were scrambling up the rocks, and there was a Christmas tree, so we can't complain too much!

After surviving the first walk and not getting completely washed away, CUSAGC headed for a tea shop whilst OUSGG went in search of the important supplies for the week to make the games even more hilarious. We may have survived the first walk, but getting back to the hut proved more problematic as Mark found out when he met another vehicle, (but still not a friendly farmer smoking a pipe). Luckily the AA works in Wales, even if mobiles don't!

An early morning walk was planned for New Year's Eve in an attempt to beat the infamous weather in Wales and to be back in time to cook Christmas dinner. There was also a plan to visit a slate museum for those who had had enough



after a days walking. The day didn't go entirely to plan. Firstly, there was a more standard WW bedtime on Saturday night after getting stuck into the weekly supplies. Then some of us (mentioning no names... *ahem*... Maddy) were suffering after pre New Year's Eve celebrations. And it's not nice having to wear wet boots because the drying room doesn't work!

A new plan was needed. There was much faffing, during which time the sun decided to shine. Some of us headed off for a walk near the slate museum, planning to meet the others there later on. Just as we stepped out of the car (literally), Wales decided there had been enough sun for one day, returning to the more usual rain. Back to the maps for another plan while the rain eased. Only problem was it didn't ease, instead it got worse and worse as more and more mountains disappeared in front of us. Then the other side of the lake we were parked near began to disappear and the wind began to shake the car. Not a good day to be climbing hills. Still, it meant there was plenty of time to get stuck into peeling spuds, carrots and sprouts for Christmas dinner.

A yummy Christmas dinner (thank you to the guys who cooked all week and to Chris for buying so much cake and for the general organisation of WW), was followed by a scrumptious Christmas pudding that was made even scrummier by the gallons of brandy that was set on fire, which made Lizzy happy (not the wasting of the alcohol, but the creation of fire!) Can't remember all the games that followed for about the next ten hours, but know that a broom was involved at some point, there were lots of hamsters some time after the midnight hour and there was a new titanic star in the making (in Chinese charades). Oh yeah, and Steve Colon and his erotic platypus (created in a game that was a variation on Cheddar Gorge), it was late or early depending how you look at it, and as we all know 'pieces kill wallabies, climbing jigsaws don't!' The wonders of literature that word games create!

New Year's Day was never going to be a day for getting much walking done. At least some of us made it out for an afternoon stroll around the lake or a quick trip up the nearest hill. We saw another flurry of snow, but sadly no Christmas tree this time.

For the final day of walking we were supposed to be climbing a hill named Drum, only never quite made it to the top, because although it wasn't raining as much as New Year's Eve, the wind was almost as bad as the gales today (17th Jan 2007!) When it was becoming difficult to stand up it was decided that it was time to turn back. Arriving back at the hut there was much faffing as we couldn't get back in, and a new car had appeared in the car park (it only turned out to be the maintenance guy!) Thinking the others had gone walking, forgetting to leave the keys another trip was looking likely, but it turned out whilst we were getting blown off a hill the others were still warm and snug in bed.

For the final afternoon we headed down the valley either by foot or by car to the local tea shop. The final evening was spent with CUSAGC where Whispy was returned to his rightful owners, although not necessarily his most loving owners. More games and more cake ended my first Winter Walking experience in true OUSGG style.

Letters *Well, more like notes really...*

Sir,

It was with great interest that I found a recent publication in Blackwell's this afternoon, entitled "The Box: How the Shipping Container Made the World Smaller and the World Economy Bigger". May I suggest that we purchase a copy, to keep members amused while waiting for their turn to read "The Key To Success With Girls"?

Yours,

Bibliophile, SEH

Sir,

I am at a loss to think what can be happening in the ladies loos. It is quite perplexing. Can this esteemed publication shed any light on the situation?

Yours,

Confused of Oxford

Ed: whilst Postscript is in the stages of attempting to recruit a ladies loo correspondent, bringing you, dear reader all the inside information, we too at the James Street editing suite are just as intrigued. What we do know is that if this kind of stuff is happening outside (see right), well, the mind boggles. But it probably involves copious amounts of Rosé.





Inside Information, Gossip, News and Views about the sordid lives of OUSGGers. Coming to direct from our Undercover informant known only as CW?*

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Cartey Parties Hard

Luke Cartey clearly hasn't learnt his lesson about when to put down the booze, despite being out of rehab for less than a month.

The Oxford playboy recently finished his rehabilitation therapy on the Caribbean island of Antigua, where he vowed never to drink again. However he was pictured leaving London's Kabaret's Prophecy club on Saturday clearly under the influence. A close friend told us that Cartey had not intended to be drinking that night but was unable to help himself when approached by Miss Lindsay Lohan, who he met whilst at the clinic in Antigua, and the pair decided to go back to their old lifestyles, racking up a bill for themselves and their entourages of £3,000. Later that night he was spotted alone leaving the Hilton in London where the recently single Lohan was staying.

Is Samantha Snelson using baby as cash cow?

Samantha Snelson has been peddling exclusive pics of her baby daughter to the tabs, says a source, and has used the cash to buy a house in the Bahamas.

After she sold footage and photos of the birth to a TV show, she started seeing that child as a cash cow," says the insider. "Erik T Panda [Snelson's lawyer and the man whom she claims is the father of the baby] takes the pictures and they sell them to the highest bidder." The house in the Bahamas could help Snelson maintain residency there, since she's reportedly being booted from her current house in Cambridge, where she's been living — some say to avoid paternity testing.



What It's All About?

Part 1

An occasional column from Elizabeth Horne devoted to making sure people know how to get their priorities right.

It's all about...

- ...the ladies' toilets.
- ...wearing waterproof overtrousers and dangly earrings, together, inside.
- ...zebras.
- ...Naked Guy (see PostScript 375).
- ...using virtual numbers to simplify the accounts.
- ...the incredible sexiness of no. 23.
- ...writing for PostScript instead of doing the essay.

** Send all libel cases to: 23 Ocean View Villas, Cayman Islands. Our "representative" will be happy to sort things out.*

Horoscopes:

*Mystic Lizzy Gazes Into Her Crystal Ball,
(It's an Obsidian crystal so she can't see much)*

♈ Aries (21 March-20 April)

The recent movement of Pluto into Aries means that this is a very bad week for you to take up either kickboxing, or the bassoon. I'm sorry, you'll just have to wait until 3rd week.

♉ Taurus (21 April-21 May)

Roadworks on the High will be a constant source of irritation to you this week. It could be due to Mars, brash governor of plastic traffic barricades, moving into Capricorn, the sign of inoffensive road junctions... or possibly or because they only finished the last set at the end of Michaelmas.

♊ Gemini (22 May-22 June)

No-one likes a good jape more than you, and that fact becomes painfully apparent on Wednesday when your housemates fail to appreciate the funny side of having their feet encased in quick-setting concrete. Ask at the Lodge for the college stonemason's call-out number.

♋ Cancer (23 June-23 July)

Is that the fire alarm, or just exceptionally bad tinnitus? Either way, leave the building via the nearest possible exit and assemble at the emergency meeting point to await further instruction. Better safe than sorry.

♌ Leo (24 July-23 August)

Red faces all round this Thursday when a Motivational Sexy Pontiff strip-o-gram crashes your afternoon tutorial by mistake. On the plus side, at least your tutor won't notice that the last three pages of your sheaf of notes are taken from an entirely different lecture course!

♍ Virgo (24 August-23 September)

You may think it is time to sit back and take stock of your situation, but going for ISO-9000 certification might be going just a little *too* far. Perhaps you could settle for defragging your hard-drive instead? Lucky citrus: Clementine.

♎ Libra (24 September-23 October)

An accidental blow to the head on Friday leaves you with an unaccountably strong urge for Bailey's & Orange. Seek urgent medical assistance.

♏ Scorpio (24 October-22 November)

Make sure you are carrying a reel of electrical tape, a clothespin, a packet of instant meringue mix and a fondue fork with you at all times this Saturday. You'll thank me when the time comes. Remember to twist *counter-clockwise*!

♐ Sagittarius (23 November-22 December)

Is the sense of doom and gloom that's been hanging over your head for the past week due to deep-rooted childhood neuroses, or is it just because you still haven't repaired that broken light fitting? Jump to it, man – there's no time like the present! Lucky Doctor: Doctor Lucky.

♑ Capricorn (23 December-19 January)

Frustration next week when you discover that, quite contrary to popular belief, an outcrop of geologically important rolling stones has become covered with moss. You'll have to sort this one out on your own, I'm afraid. Still, forewarned is forearmed!

♒ Aquarius (20 January-19 February)

Disaster tomorrow when a rowing accident leaves your left pinky slightly bruised. I'm afraid this one is unavoidable, whether you row or not.

♓ Pisces (20 February-20 March)

The recent conjunction of Mercury and Saturn means that there has never been a better time to re-seed your lawn; or, if you don't have one, somebody else's lawn. Be sure to check the packet first: if you use bamboo seed instead the results will be much harder to mow decently.

Quotescript

Featuring all the best action from Winter Walking™

The Quotes League

Gillian: Can I make an alteration to the minion?

Michelle: It's very wet in the bathroom, Lizzy...

Lizzy: I had a little accident.

Luke: I haven't got *that* big a...yes.

Gillian points out the obvious...

Gillian: You've got bones in your leg!

Maddy: Can I mull wine in your teapot?

Maddy: If I know I can have him at 10am on a Sunday morning, I'm not that interested.

Maddy: We'll give you more mental images!

Gillian: Bit of porn, bit of artificial insemination, and then the cute babies.

Andrew (to Mike, about Lizzy): She appears to be putting quotation marks around your groin.

Chris: Beans are a vegetable! It says so on the tin.

Maddy: It's an hour between four o' clock and 6 o' clock.

Lizzy (about Erik): He's gagging for it!

Lizzy: Do it outside or on the floor!

Steve Colon: Pieces kill wallabies, climbing jigsaws don't.

1. Lizzy	11
2. Gillian	10
=3. Maddy	7
=3. Mike	7
=3. Sam	7
6. Luke	6
7. Nick	5
8. Chris	3
=9. Jenny	2
=9. Keith	2
=10. Alistair	1
=10. Andrew	1
=10. Caroline	1
=10. Michelle	1
=10. Sarah	1
=10. Steve Colon	1

