

PostScript

An Oxford University Scout and Guide Group Publication



Buffalo Lonis



Adventures of Erik



F&GPC Minutes



Page Filler

PostScript

Issue 398 - 2 of 3, HT09

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

Contributions should be received by the Friday preceding the date of publication. Articles received after this time will be included at the editor's discretion, or may be retained for use in future issues.

Views expressed in PostScript are those of their authors, and may not correspond to those of OUSGG and associated bodies.

Editorial

Another week, another issue - although this issue is special in a way I guess because it marks halfway through my editorship. I'm on the home stretch now!

I was expecting a short issue this time round, but somehow we seem to have managed to fill up the usual 12 pages. Admittedly, 2 of those pages are F&GPC minutes, and 1 of them is copied straight from Wikipedia - but it's quantity not quality, right?

After the stop-frame evening (which was really good fun), I was tempted to make PostScript a flip book - but in the end I decided that we'd need to copy *a lot* of Wikipedia articles to get enough pages to make it worthwhile... maybe for the 400th issue, eh?

Anyway, I'm running out of rambling material, so I guess it's time for me to sign off and let you proceed with finding out how Erik fared when he travelled to China...



Chair's Report

Hello!

Half way through the food-filled term and there's still plenty of chocolate left over from the ReFreshers meeting - maybe it'll make good pancake fillings!

If it's not snowing again then we should be reading this on the way back from a leisurely stroll around Shotover. If there's enough snow for sledging then we'll be bowling if not out in the snow!

We're off to see Brainiac in 7th week. I've got three tickets left if anyone is interested or they go to non-OUSGGers! They're the bargain price of £10 as well, rather than £16.50 as I got a group discount.

The peaks trip has been moved to end of 6th week (27th Feb – 1st Mar), there are currently 8 of us, but we've got room for a few more if anyone thinks they can brave camping in the snow.

Shell



In This Issue

The Amazing Adventures of Erik the Panda (pg 4)

Erik heads to China in the latest instalment of OUSGG's answer to day Harry Potter.

F&GPC Minutes (pg 7)

Faff and Ice Cream - recreated in the pages of PostScript especially for you.

Buffalo Lonis (pg 9)

[CONFIDENTIAL]

Page Filler (pg 10)

Chris saves Erik from shedding a tear by stealing Wikipedia articles.

What's Happening?

Monday, Week 1: Refresher's Meeting (Worcester College, 2000)

Monday, Week 2: Chinese New Year (St Peter's College, 2000)

Monday, Week 3: Safari Supper (St Catz, 1830)

Monday, Week 4: Stop Frame Photography (Worcester College, 2000)

Monday, Week 5: Shotover Country Park (Christ Church Gates, 1900)

Monday, Week 6: Erik's 35th Birthday Party (43 Bartlemas Road, 1930)

Monday, Week 7: Brainiac Live (New Theatre, 1915)

Monday, Week 8: AGM and Café Zouk (Oriental College, 1830)

The Amazing Adventures of Erik the Panda

as told by **Tim Driscoll**

Part 3

He was going to see the pandas.

Getting to China hadn't actually been that hard. An ex-treasurer of OUSGG was now a pilot, flying jets all around the world. Once he'd heard Erik's plan, the rest fell into place quite quickly, and Erik had a comfortable journey in the cabin of the plane. The crew were good company, and had promised to give Erik a lift back in a few weeks time. That would be enough, he hoped. It would have to be.

They'd flown to Beijing, where Erik left them for the next leg of his journey. He had to travel to the mountains of central china, far from most human activity. The first step was to get the next plane to the closest city to the reserves: Xi'an. From there, travel to a closer town or village, and from there...

But none of that mattered now. The most important thing was that he was on his way, and already he could feel the thrill of it.

* * *

Ah. Erik was rapidly getting confused. He'd made it to Xi'an OK, but the next step was giving him trouble. Despite everything he could do with a few weeks intensive study and a number of phrase books, he couldn't make himself understood. He knew *where* he wanted to go, just not *how*, and was aware of every hour that passed. He hadn't even got out of the airport yet.

"Come on guys!" called out a voice from behind him. He looked around to find the English speaking tourists, in the hope that they might be able to help him make some progress. As it happened, it wasn't hard. They were heading in his direction, when one of them spotted him.

"Well, look at that," muttered the first of the group. "We come all this way, and didn't even get to the reservation before we saw our first panda! And with suitcases too! Some kid on holiday, I 'spect..."

Erik thanked his turn of luck, and started to waddle towards the men. The startled look



on their faces got much worse when he tried to talk to them, but when he'd eventually explained who he was and why he was here, the men agreed to take him along.

The group was friendly, and quite keen to learn about Erik's origins. It's not every day you get to meet a talking panda after all, stuffed or not. He overheard excited plans to use him to translate the panda calls, and what this could mean for their study. Erik wasn't convinced though, he didn't even know if he could speak Panda (particularly after having failed so badly with Chinese), and was loath to interfere too much on either side. His plan had merely been to go there for a holiday – just as anyone else would go to visit relatives – not getting involved with a major scientific research group. Still, he did owe them some favours, he supposed. By joining up with this group, he had transport to the mountains, food and lodging while he was there, and probably a lift back to the airport too.

The leader of the group was the man who'd first seen him, a tall man who went by the name of Rob. Rob had spent many years on the reservation, and many before that on other, similar projects. They reached base camp in a few hours drive, and set about making themselves at home here. There was already another group there, coming to the end of their tour of duty, who helped them settle in, and briefed the newcomers on the most recent events. Rob came to warn Erik.

"I'd be careful, if I were you. The others say there's been poachers in the area. They can spot the signs, but can't find much to get the authorities involved. Probably not a good idea for you to go wandering around alone – just in case..."

"I'll be alright", Erik asserted.

* * *

The next morning, Erik got up early, and started on his trip up the mountains. It wasn't that he didn't appreciate Rob's warnings, or his offer of help; but Erik had decided to do as much as he could alone. He fancied himself off on a soul-searching venture, like so many characters in stories. He knew he'd regret it if he didn't do it on his own. So he set off, up the track with his bag on his back, up into the bamboo forests. It was a long trek, through difficult terrain that he'd rarely experienced on other walks with OUSGG.

He wondered how they were getting on. Term was only just starting when he left, so he'd barely seen them, but that was a necessary evil – he was determined to get back for his birthday party, even if that was three-quarters of the way in.

With such idle thoughts, and a growing sense of adventure, he made his way up the path. Hours wore on, and Erik started to feel hungry. He was just at the point of pulling out a packed lunch, when an idea occurred to him. He was a panda, after all...

"Quite pleasant," he muttered, as he munched away on some leaves from a nearby bamboo plant. "Actually very enjoyable. I always wondered why they ate bamboo all the time."

He made his way further up the mountain, and despite his size, made good progress. The base camp was perhaps a third of the way up, and by the end of his first day's climb had got just over half way, he reckoned. He started to settle down to rest for the night, when he heard the sounds of pandas. Abandoning his makeshift camp, he rushed off towards the noise, weariness falling off him as he ran. He hadn't dare dream he could find them so soon!

Not long after, he'd found what he was looking for, and hid himself in the undergrowth to watch his find, a mother and cub. After a few moments to steady his nerves, but with his heart still pounding in his chest, he came out to greet them.

"Hello, little one." called the mother, and Erik was quite relieved to find he could understand her almost effortlessly. "Or not so little. You have the look of someone who has seen much of this life. Come now, no need to be afraid. Come closer. My name is Qiri, and this is my son Rhun."

"Erik," he replied, then remembered himself when he saw her puzzled expression. "Erik." he tried again.

"What a strange name... but then, you are a very strange panda, aren't you."



Erik explained who he was, and why he had come. Qiri seemed amused at the idea, but offered him the opportunity to join them for a few days. He was glad to accept, realising that he had no idea where his camp had been. Fortunately, Qiri knew this area quite well, and the three of them walked back to his camp site, chatting happily. Erik had just finished packing up his camp, when he noticed something odd. Where was Rhun?

Qiri had noticed it too, and was looking frantically for her young son. Erik quickly spotted some tracks leading out of the clearing, and started to follow them, when he heard a loud noise.

"Help! Please help". He started running again, fuelled by adrenaline and fear, Qiri not far behind. Whatever it was, he would do anything he could to help his new friends. Here at least, his size

was an advantage. He might not be the fastest in the world, and the undergrowth gave him some trouble at times, but on the whole he was able to navigate his way through gaps that would thwart larger creatures, and his short-cuts let him catch up with the source of the noise quickly.

Once more he hid himself in the undergrowth to watch. But there was none of the earlier sense of joy. Now it was sheer terror he felt as he watched the people in the clearing. There was Rhun, mere meters away, but trapped, struggling under a thick net. All around were harsh men brandishing torches, knives and guns.

Poachers.

To Be Continued...

145th F&GPC - Minutes

as recorded by **Lizzy Horne**

13th February 2009

Present: Elizabeth Horne (Secretary)
Timothy Driscoll (Treasurer)
Christopher Wood (SSAGO)
James Baker (Chair Elect)
Nicholas Scroxtton

Apologies: None received

Meeting starts 14:42

Approval of Minutes

The Minutes were not available for approval.

Officers' Reports

Chair

Absent.

Chair-Elect

Next term there are a few things planned: an african drumming session, a pub quiz, punting etc. Also looking at doing a trip to Youlbury to do the aerial trek one weekend – in 3rd or 4th, possibly. There will be an emailing gauging interest coming out in the next few days.

The pipeline it patterned like a fresian cow, and is barking.

Treasurer

We are now re-insured. The main account holds £560.77; events holds £331.14; old members has no activity and holds £319.49.

Secretary

Forms re-registering us with the proctors have been submitted, but no confirmation has yet been received.

Members licensed under the University's minibus scheme are Christopher Wood and Andrew Freer.

PostScript

People should submit more articles.

SAGLO

We currently have no SAGLO. Richard Owen has expressed an interest in the post.

Richard Owen put up for election *in absentia*.

5 votes for. 0 votes against.

Result: Richard Owen elected.

Michelle Barton (Chair) arrives.

Internet Officer

Absent.

Quartermaster

We have no useable rope, because we have no stores (save items stored in Nick's garage in Surrey). Payment for sold items is not yet complete. Members are encouraged to settle this as soon as possible.

Chair

We have a term with lots of food and chocolate. There are pancakes still to come, and a trip to Brainiac in 7th week. The 6th week pancake night is also "Membership Night", to encourage certain current members who should know better to pay up for this year.

Two freshers have joined.

90th Annual Dinner

The 90th is confirmed for the 2nd of May, and an email giving details of costing will be sent out as soon as possible.

Easter Activity

Easter Activity is likely to be a pub dinner with an afternoon walk, in an unconventional move.

Motions

None received.

Any Other Business

Lake District Mountain Rescue

Nicholas proposes that we donate £30 to the Lake District Mountain Rescue.

Traditionally WW donates a small amount of its profits to the local mountain rescue service, although this year the trip made an overall loss in the region of £65.

Detailed information on the group's profit and loss over events for the previous three years is unavailable, and given the complex way in which successful trips and events – such as Annual Dinners – bolster less well attended events, without this information the expense cannot currently be approved.

The relevant figures are to be submitted at the TGM, and pending adequate finances the expense will be approved.

Summer Trip

Christopher Wood wonders at the relevance of attempting to organise Summer Trips. Pending further information regarding summer placements Elizabeth Horne may take the role of organising it on.

SSAGO Registration

We are not yet re-registered with SSAGO, which is problematic.

Cake

Christopher Wood proposes that OUSGG give cake to all denizens of [REDACTED], [REDACTED].

Detailed information on the group's profit and loss over events for the previous three years is unavailable, and given the complex way in which successful trips and events – such as Annual Dinners – bolster less well attended events, without this information the expense for cake cannot currently be approved.

Declining Numbers

Elizabeth Horne blames the current economic crisis for declining membership.

Meeting paused 15:18

Buffalo Lonis

as masterminded by **Lizzy Horne**

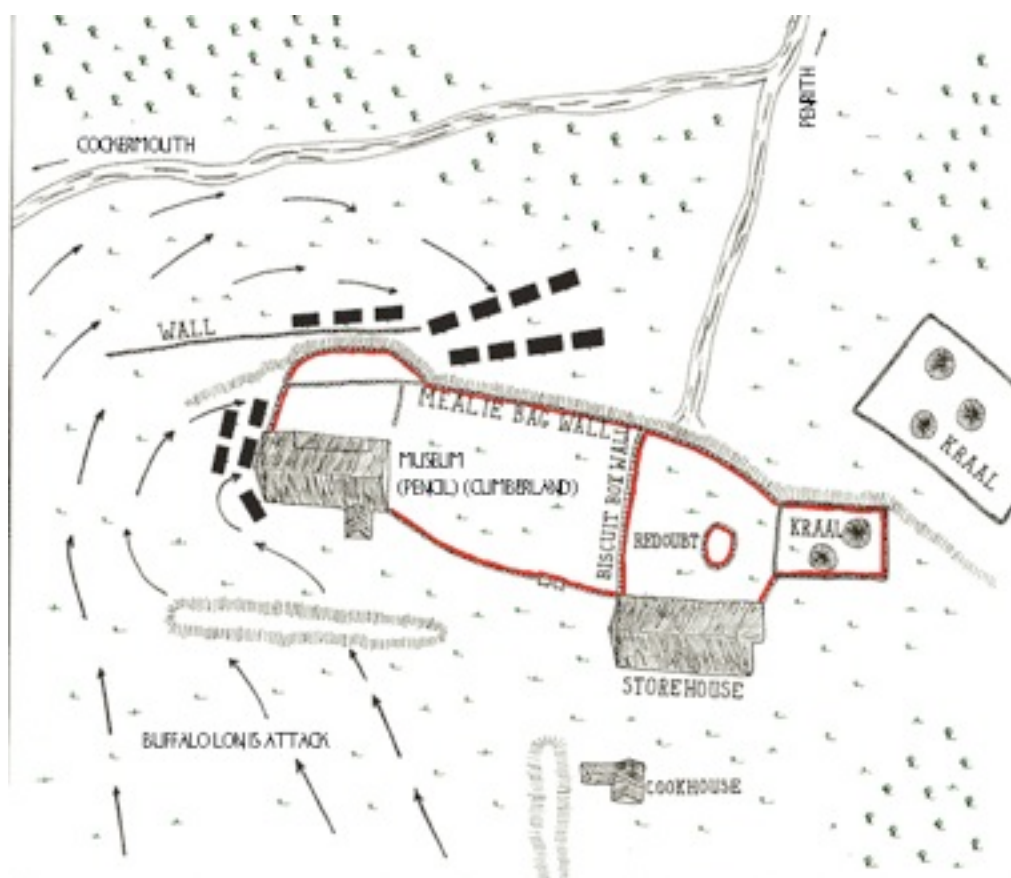
Members going to Museum (Pencil) (Cumberland); viewing exhibits, for the purpose of:

- Sam
- Sarah
- Tom
- Alistair
- Lizzy
- Shell*
- Luke*

*Advance party to be deployed for reconnaissance purposes prior to full unit mobilisation.

Upon successful rendezvous at target strike point, Attack Plan Buffalo Lonis to be deployed.

ATTACK PLAN BUFFALO LONIS



- Sarah, Tom, Sam and Lizzy to form the 'Horns', or flanking right and left wing elements to encircle and pin the museum;
- Shell and Luke to form the 'Chest', or central main force with which to deliver the coup de grace;
- Alistair to form the 'Lonis', a reserve used to exploit success or reinforce elsewhere during the attack.

Page Filler

shamelessly stolen from Wikipedia by **Chris Wood**

The given name **Eric** is derived from the name Ei(r)ríkr, meaning "eternal ruler," compounded from the words *ei(r)* "eternal" (cognate to English *aye* meaning *always* and Latin *aeuum*, among others) and *ríkr*, "ruler" in Old Norse (cognate to *-rix* in Celtic names and the Latin noun *rex*, among others).

The most common spelling in Scandinavia is Erik. In Norway, an older form of the name is *Eirik* is also commonly used. In Finland, the form *Erkki* is also used. The modern Icelandic version is Eiríkr.

Although the name was in use in Anglo-Saxon Britain, its use was reinforced by Scandinavian settlers arriving before the Norman Invasion. It was an uncommon name in England until the Middle Ages, when it gained popularity, and finally became a common name in the 19th century. This was partly because of the publishing of the novel *Eric, or, Little by Little* by Frederick William Farrer in 1858. The *Erik* spelling is traditional in Scandinavia. *Eric* is used in French, and in Germany *Erich* and *Erik* are both used.

The official name day for Erik and Eirik is May 18 in Sweden and Norway.

* * *

A **shed** is typically a simple, single-story structure in a back garden or on an allotment that is used for storage, hobbies, or as a workshop. The modern Oxford English Dictionary (OED) defines sheds as a "slight structure built for shelter or storage, or for use as a workshop, either a separate building or attached to a permanent building as a lean-to; often with open front or sides."

Sheds vary considerably in the complexity of their construction and their size, from small open-sided tin-roofed structures to large wood-framed sheds with shingled roofs, windows, and electrical outlets. Sheds used on farms or in industry can be large structures.

* * *

The letter **A** is the first letter in the Latin alphabet. Its name in English is *a* (pronounced /eɪ/); the plural is *aes* or, more commonly, **a's**.

* * *

Tears are the liquid product of a process of lacrimation to clean and lubricate the eyes. The word *lacrimation* (also spelled lachrymation) may also be used in a medical or literary sense to refer to crying. Strong emotions, such as sorrow or elation, may lead to crying. The process of yawning may also result in lacrimation. Although most land mammals have a lacrimation system to keep their eyes moist, humans are the only mammal generally accepted to cry emotional tears.

Please note. All the above information was taken from Wikipedia so that Erik would not shed a tear. It took me all of 42 seconds to put together this article. If anyone does cause Erik to cry by not submitting an article then shame on you.

Corrections

An oversight last issue meant that the year wasn't changed on the inside cover - this has now been corrected on the online archive. I blame my excitement at having enough articles to do 16 pages.

Thanks to those who pointed this out. *Ed.*

Peaks Trip (27th Feb - 1st Mar)

as advertised by **Phil Alderton**

As promised, further details about our exciting mid-term(ish) trip "Up North".

I've booked space at the campsite at the Rose and Crown Inn in the village of Algreave near Macclesfield (SJ973669 - on OL24 White Peak)- website: <http://www.theroseandcrown.net/>

This way we can have a good meal at the pub on Saturday night (the kitchen might be closed by the time get up from Oxford on the Friday) without having to faff much.

I'm going to cost it at £15 excluding transport and the pub meal but it should turn out less than that.

If you want to come, contact Phil Alderton.

Aerial Trek

as suggested by **James Baker**

I am thinking of running a trip up to Youlbury to go on the Aerial Trek as part of next term's programme. The Aerial Trek is a obstacle course set high in the air, with scramble nets, wobbly bridges, bouldering walls and more.

I'm looking at running the trip on Saturday of 3rd Week (16th May), and the activity will cost £7 or less (assuming that we manage to fill all 12 places).

Space is limited, and the trip will only go ahead if there is sufficient interest, so if you would like to come please get in touch with James Baker as soon as possible.

300 Issues Ago...

Some things never change, and it seems that the editor of 300 issues ago had just as many problems squeezing PostScript articles out of OUSGGers...

Dear O.U.S.G.G.,

The Postscript editor is sitting in my room, drinking (as is his wont) my coffee and badgering me to write something. So I suppose I had better break the silence of (well, almost) ages, and put pen to paper.

There was no mention of whether the pub meet organised in the previous issue of PostScript was a success though... so I guess we'll never know.

QuoteScript



Just two quotes for you this time - what's happening to OUSGG?

If you hear an OUSGGER spurting something quote worthy, then you can always send them to postscript@ousgg.org.uk for inclusion in the next issue.

It's not rust, it looks like goldfish...

Nick Scroxton

Given how much he's going to have been fingered by then...

Mike Howe on Jelly Babies

Erik I do!



The next issue of PostScript will be published on **Monday 9th March**.

Please submit your articles by **Friday 6th March**.