

PostScript

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Scout & Guide Group

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Results

The results of the latest PostScript "Appeal for Articles" are printed in this issue. Although two prominent current members failed to return their submissions (the identification of these dastardly beings is left as an exercise for the reader – oh, and Hayley isn't one of them), the Judges felt that the general response to the appeal was good.

It is therefore the Editor's pleasure to award (as yet unspecified) prizes to both Amanda and Rob for their genuinely comical contributions. A bag of Jelly Babies and/or substitute will be presented to everyone else for their troubles... when time permits it.

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A POSTSCRIPT EXCLUSIVE :

SHEEP HUSTLED

FLOSSY'S SPECIAL REPORT

PostScript has recently obtained disturbing evidence of a deep-seated gamboling culture that runs through the quads and meadows of our fair city of Oxford. Caught on camera (below), at least a dozen sheep are seen to be engaged in an underhand game of Chinese Chequers, betting thousands of pounds of fleece on the random movements of tiny plastic pieces. This picture was taken by our undercover photographer at a well-known ovine haunt on Cowley Road. Upon questioning, the owner of the establishment gave

PostScript the following statement:

"This insidious crime was nothing to do with me. I admit to some level of neglect in that I left Chris in my room by himself with the herd, but I had no idea that this would be the result. My sheepies, my poor little sheepies."

PostScript is hot on the tale of this mysterious "Chris"; one thing is certain though: if you run into him, on no account allow him near your stuffed animals. Those shown in our picture will be spending literally seconds in therapy. Don't let the same fate befall your nearest and dearest...



CHAIR'S ADDRESS

Tristam Fenton-May, Keble

Hi guys.

Hope you all enjoyed the term. I'm still not sure what I'm supposed to write here... I guess it doesn't really matter ☺. Fortunately this is the last time I have to write to you all as I've finished being Chair. But ooops you foolish people elected me to be *PostScript* Editor next year, so I guess I'll have to be organised and write more. Well I've already put the deadlines into my diary for next term, so hopefully I won't forget. (Assuming I don't lose my palm pilot before then.)

Anyway, hope everyone enjoys the summer, and see you all again soon.

Well done for Caroline for taking time out of her revision to become the first artist to contribute to the melee that is this issue... even if I did have to type it in myself...

THE RAMBLINGS OF A STRESSED FINALIST

Caroline Berry, Keble

Hmmm, I blame Chris for this. I should be sitting here learning Green's function.

i.e. a solution to

$$\begin{aligned} P_2 y'' + P_1 y' + P_0 y &= f : \mathbb{N} \\ \text{with } y(a) &= 0 = y(b) \\ \text{is } y(x) &= \int_a^b k(x, t) f(t) dt \\ \text{where } k(x, t) &= \frac{y_1(t)y_2(x)}{P_2(t)w(t)} \quad a \leq t \leq x \leq b \\ &\quad \frac{y_2(t)y_1(x)}{P_2(t)w(t)} \quad a \leq x \leq t \leq b \end{aligned}$$

Or possibly doing prolog like learning:

Append (nil, nil, nil) :-

Append (X:XS, YS, X:ZS) : append (XS, YS, ZS)

Hmmm, that I really **must** learn!

Anyway, sitting here thinking what to write for *PostScript* was more interesting. I wonder how

much Erik has learnt over the years and whether he'd be better at exams than me. This brings me to wondering how to get him into Finals. Unfortunately, I don't think they'd let me sit him on my desk as a mascot (there wouldn't be space left for me if they did!), so that's out. At least he looks like he's in Sub Fusc, except he'd have to find a white tie from somewhere.

Not sure they'd allow writing on gowns either. Hmmm, if they did, how much of my course could I put on a gown?

Anyway, I appear to have produced a page of scrawl I'll pidge to Chris and I ought to get back to revision. Chris: if you don't feel like typing it in, I don't blame you!

Enough random scrawls from a stressed Finalist! I will try to write something sane for *PostScript* one year.

HOGAN GIVE-AWAY

Bill Kurau, Wadham

As I will be returning to the United States in a couple of weeks and am not entirely sure I will be able to come back next year or not, I have decided to nominate one of the current active members to take over my duties of watching Hogan until I return. I will try to come back next May to give him away, but until then, he should remain in the UK. I decided first to do a word search with all of our names in it, but I think all of you would enjoy a bit of United States trivia. The first person to contact me answering all of the questions correctly (or the highest total among entrants) will receive Hogan. Our fantastic *PostScript* editor is allowed to participate as long as he waits until *PostScript* is distributed. The quiz is 11 questions because I think Hogan is worth at least that many, if not more.

1. What is the capital of my home state, Pennsylvania?
2. What city do I live in that shares the name of a northern English city?
3. What is the highest award in Boy Scouting in America?
4. Give me the first and last name of the third President in US history?
HINT: Bill Clinton's middle name is his last name.
5. How many colonies seceded from the British Empire in 1776?
6. Where is Broadway?
7. Which state entered the United States first: Delaware, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, or Virginia?
8. Name any battle in the United States Civil War.
9. In what year did the United States enter World War II?
10. What sport is called the national pastime of the United States?
Difficult question to see if you really want Hogan:
11. What is the name of the college I attend in the United States (I know I told you a couple of times and I where the shirt sometimes to N'n'N)?
HINT: It combines the name of the early American statesmen who invented bifocals and appeared on the 100-dollar bill with the name of the first Supreme Court Chief Justice of the US.

FRESHERS' JUNK MAIL

Natalie Jones, Wadham

Congratulations! You have been chosen as one of twenty lucky winners who are to be entered into the final of the OUSGG Prize Draws. Each entrant stands to win a few hours of fame on the OUSGG Freshers' Fair stall in October. Not only that but the runners-up have the chance of making OUSGG more widely known in and around Oxford Brookes University. Both are once in a year offers where you will earn the admiration of your fellow OUSGGers when you return with hoards of eager new Freshers, all clamouring to become the next Chair of OUSGG. You must reply by email, post or telephone by the beginning of September stating the dates and times you are free, otherwise your entry will be withdrawn. You must be available on Saturday 29th September, and/or Thursday 4th and Friday 5th of October to take advantage of these fantastic prizes. There will be a drinks reception and prize giving ceremony at 1pm on Wednesday 3rd October where you will find out the exact time for your moment of fame. Don't think you won't stand a chance - reply today!

Timetable of events:

- Saturday 29th September (Saturday of -1st Week) :: Brookes University Freshers' Fair
- Wednesday 3rd October (Wednesday of 0th Week) :: N'n'N, 1pm, Staircase 13, Room 4, Wadham College followed by setting up of stall. This should only take an hour or so. Volunteers greatly needed.
- Thursday 4th October (Thursday of 0th Week) :: Oxford University Freshers' Fair
- Friday 5th October (Friday of 0th Week) :: Oxford University Freshers' Fair
- Saturday 6th October (Saturday of 0th Week) :: Mass pidging of termcards to all prospective Freshers
- Monday 8th October (Monday 1st Week) :: Freshers' Meeting

If you are available to help at any of the above events please let me know ASAP. More details will follow as soon as I've got them. (Almost everyone will have to help with the distribution of termcards on Saturday of 1st Week though!).

Thank you!

natalie.jones@wadham.ox.ac.uk
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01204 306489

MORE FINALISTS' CONTRIBUTIONS

Stephen felt obliged to submit this snapshot of his life as an Oxford Finalist...

... which you won't get if you've never read Red Dwarf, naturally.

Richard, being the only OUSGGER not to have finished his exams before the (much) extended deadline, could only squeeze out the following missive, however:

1 precondition. If $post' \Rightarrow post$, then $w : [pre, post]$
recondition. If $pre \Rightarrow pre'$, then $w : [pre, post] \sqsubseteq w$
it. if $pre \Rightarrow post[w := E]$, then $w : [pre, post] \sqsubseteq w :$
ame. $w : [pre, post] = w, x : [pre, post \wedge x = x_0]$
rame. $w, x : [pre, post] \sqsubseteq w : [pre, post[x_0 := x]]$
sometimes used instead of $P[w := E]$. Both mean

I am a fish

"An article for PostScript (cf Jo's article last year sometime):

THE"

Inspirational. Must have taken ages to craft that one. Still, at least he submitted something...

Bill racks up another contribution...

AREN'T YOU SORRY YOU DIDN'T COME? THE CAIRNGORMS IN MAY

Bill Kurau, Wadham

Well, it's my final chance to write an article and eliminate my "Fresher" status, even though I am not a Fresher in any sense of the word. After deciding to go to Scotland the week before at the Annual Dinner, David and Jo organized a hostel at Aviemore in the Cairngorms as our Trinity term trip. As I had earlier vowed to go on an OUSGG trip, I jumped at the chance to return to Scotland. After a painful journey to get there thanks to the UK's fine train system, Jo, David and I met Andy in the Aviemore Youth Hostel. We immediately went to sleep because we got there incredibly late after a three-hour bus (yes I mean bus) ride from Edinburgh to Aviemore.

The next morning we got up really early to eat breakfast, which consisted of some bread, juice, and cereal. With a limited amount of faffing (I think I used that in context correctly), we set off on our great journey through the beautiful Scottish Highlands. Setting the snow of the far off Munros in our sights, we meandered through one of the valleys south of Aviemore past several of the more scenic lochs of Scotland. One of them even had the remnants of a castle on an island in the middle. Eventually, we felt it was time to hit the high peaks. After a trip through dense patches of heather, which reminded me a lot of the mud I traversed through in the Cotswolds, we reached a summit of approximately 800 metres. As we moved forward we located our first Munro. After reaching the summit of a little over 1000 metres, we all enjoyed the fine view and took some pictures.

As Bill admired the view, the beast took him from behind



After our lunch break, we planned where to go next, and another Munro was our target. It was the highest one on the ridge at over 1100 metres, and when we reached the summit we hit some

snow. Not something you see everyday at the end of May. Feeling extremely good, Andy and I set off towards the next Munro whose summit was situated next to a sheer cliff. David and Jo finally followed, and the day saw us conquer three Munros. We still had to get back to the hostel, and with us all pretty tired we began our trek into the valley. As we traipsed over the hills towards the valley, we reached a barrier of snow that represented the perfect sledding (sorry, sledging) hill. Andy and I decided to take the plunge on his orange emergency bag thing. I forgot what Jo called it, but it was on our packing list I was told. After our quick break, we journeyed back, forged a river, traced the word "CAIRNGORM" on the back of my map, and finally hit the road back to Aviemore. While Jo and David went to cook dinner, Andy and I found a pub and had a pint to celebrate the completion of 20 miles worth of hiking. We were so exhausted and decided not to do the same thing the next morning.

Old Members : they can still climb hills!



On Sunday we decided to take it easy and would walk only 8 miles. Jo, David, and I set off north of Aviemore towards Boat of Garten. Jo can tell you the right name because I don't recall if that is the correct name of the town. We took a short steam engine ride back to Aviemore. After tea in a coffee shop disguised as a camping store, we headed home to rest. David and Jo once again took dinner duties, and Andy and I cleaned the dishes again. After watching the telly for a while about some magicians, the four of us hit the hay. The trip ended there for me, as I had to get up at 6:30 am to catch a 7:20 train back to Oxford. I was extremely glad I got a chance to visit the Cairngorms with OUSGG, and I suggest you all go to the highlands for some scenic hiking. I know you wished you had come!

MY TIME IN OXFORD

Bill Kurau, Wadham

I am trying to go for a world record for the number of contributions in one *PostScript*. I also wanted to share some of my experiences in Europe and Oxford in my year abroad. Thanks to all of you for the good time this year. I am really glad I found you guys in the corner of the Freshers' Fair. I thought I would do a throwback to a former article I saw in the first *PostScript* I received. It was the ABC's of OUSGG; now for the ABC's of my year.

- A. *Amsterdam*: Home of Alternative Coffee Shops and Heineken (oh yeah, and some really nice art.
- B. *Berlin*: I have a bar there and took the greatest city tour in the world. In ten years, the city will be the site to see.
- C. *Czech Republic*: Prague is one of the most scenic cities in all of Europe.
- D. *Delphi*: The oracle of the Ancient Greeks.
- E. *Edinburgh*: Throws one of the finest parties for New Year's Eve.
- F. *Folly Bridge*: Not everyone gets to cross the Thames everyday on the way to school.
- G. *Greyhound Races*: The first time I gambled, I did it with OUSGG.
- H. *Hungary*: Turkish Baths and cheap bus fines (I got a \$5 fine for not punching my ticket the second I stepped on the bus).
- I. *Inverness*: Only about 40 miles away during the OUSGG trip to the Cairngorms.
- J. *Jericho*: Fine restaurants and an excellent movie theatre.
- K. *Kurau*: Figure I'd try and get my name in the *PostScript* as much as possible with it being the most prestigious newspaper of all time.
- L. *Littlemore*: The Cubs I helped out with here.
- M. *Munich*: The Hofbrau House and Olympic Stadium - two sites not to miss.
- N. *National Gallery*: First site I visited in London
- O. *OUSGG*: What else belongs here!!
- P. *Punt & Picnic*: Something I will not have to organise again.
- Q. *BBQ*: Does everyone trust Tristam with a grill?
- R. *Roman Baths at Bath*: Evidence of Rome on the British Isles.
- S. *Santorini*: The presumed home of the sunken city of Atlantis and cruise stop in the Aegean.
- T. *Turkey*: The ruins of Ephesus recreate one of the key cities of Ancient times.
- U. *University, Oxford*: Couldn't put it at O obviously.
- V. *Vicarage*: The road I live on here in Oxford where the party never stops.
- W. *Wadham*: Bops, Cuppers basketball, the Annual Dinner, and the place I will call home if I get a chance to come back to Oxford.
- X. *eXam Schools*: Glad I did not have to take tests there, but happy to see numerous lectures.
- Y. *Y'all come to the United States, y'hear* (thought I'd add some Southern slang words to my list).
- Z. *Zoo*: I visited the oldest one in Vienna.

I can't believe I got through all of the letters. Well, good luck to all of you in the future. Thanks for the good times and see you next year!! Cheers,

Bill

OUSGG Committee : Trinity Term 2001

Chairman	Tristam Fenton-May (Keble)	Scout & Guide Liaison	Amanda Kerr-Munslow (BNC)
Secretary	Helen Ensor (St. Hilda's)	SSAGO Rep.	Phil Alderton (St. Peter's)
Junior Treasurer	Richard Owen (Lincoln)	PostScript Editor	Chris Seward (Jesus)
Chair-elect	Christina Mowl (Keble)	PostScript Distributor	Natalie Jones (Wadham)
Membership Secretary	Natalie Jones (Wadham)	Summer Trip Organiser	<i>Post Vacant</i>
Quartermaster	Stephen White (Keble)	Old Members' Rep.	Matthew Bemand
Annual Dinner Organiser	Bill Kurau (Wadham)	Internet Officer	Richard Owen
Lunchtime Meetings	Christina Mowl (Keble)	Senior Member	John Singleton (away)

THE RANDOM RAMBLINGS OF A "HIGH SOCIETY" MOWL

THE MORNING AFTER ONE OF HER HECTIC SOCIAL EVENTS

First let's remind everyone who I am... Christina Mowl, Keble College PPPist. I joined OUSGG nearly one year ago as a Second Year Fresher, soon to become your Shirtworks coordinator, N'n'N hostess, privileged winner of the "High Society Award" and to my surprise your Chair Elect.

Now what wonderful news can I bring to this amazing issue? Well since I am meant to be your Chair Elect and there is still a distinct lack of a Chair Elect file in my room (Tristam?) how about I put my reports of this term's events here for all to read... and enjoy!

TRINITY TERM 2001

Week 1 - **Frisbee in the Parks**

Well the turnout was really good and I think everyone had a great time having a semi-competitive game of frisbee. The less fit amongst us got some much-needed exercise and got quite worn out. I am afraid my team were no match for the energy of Mike and the height of Bill!

My report would not be complete without a mention of certain collisions... I am afraid the game proved to me that even frisbee can be dangerous for a non sporty Mowl like myself. Within seconds of my arrival I was greeted by a frisbee to the back of the head. This obviously affected my dodging technique because I was later involved in a head-on collision with Tristam and Phil. Needless to say it was a tad embarrassing to admit to my friends the next day that it had been a little game of frisbee that had resulted in my black eye!!

WARNING! Frisbee can be dangerous, injuries may be incurred.

The evening ended with a nice quiet drink at the Turf, during which Tristam produced his amazing term cards stuck onto CDs.

Week 2 - **Ice Skating**

I think there were about nine of us who went to the rink, all of mixed skating ability. I must say I had my reservations after my crashing frisbee experience, but I actually managed to come away injury free. I was probably the slowest to remember my skating technique, but after a few tips from the master, Rob, who kindly advised me as he whizzed past, I soon got the hang of it. Most of us sat down occasionally, although some of us accidentally did it in the middle of the rink! I think Chris gets the prize for the most dramatic slip up, though he was still far more talented than my good self. Some clever people even ventured into the realms of backward skating...

Week 3 - **Houston we have a problem**

Oh dear: no report for this one... You guessed it - the high society girl was at her college Boat Club Black Tie that night (and she doesn't even row!). I hear it was an amusing evening involving making something out of bits and bobs, in true Scout and Guide tradition.

Week 4 - **Planning Session**

There was a surprisingly good turn out for this meeting, obviously people do care about the future of OUSGG, as we know it. Faffing was kept to an alarming minimum and many productive suggestions were made about getting new little-people in Freshers' Week. Including a discussion of what on earth I am going to plan for next term... You will just have to wait and see how I get on.

Week 5 - **Wide Game**

This evening actually turned out to be a mixture of different games, which were played in the South Parks. Six of us turned up and had a good laugh. There was kangaroo wrestling in which Natalie showed great determination, and water balloon throwing during which Mike took the brunt of the most explosive balloon. The most popular game was one where everyone had a balloon tied to their foot and then had to try and stamp the balloons of the opposition. (It could be a good one to try with Scouts and Guides, except the balloons had a tendency to spontaneously burst!). This evening also ended with a trip to the pub where we played highly strategic Jenga.

Week 6 - **Role Playing**

This intriguing evening turned out to be a large-scale kind of board game where we all had characters to adopt and to maneuver round a house roamed by zombies. It took a bit of getting used to, but actually kept us amused for nearly four hours! I particularly enjoyed the fact that,

after taking several moves to climb the stairs, my big fat ugly character named Billy Joe Budweiser, blew the big bad vampire away, and ended the game, with one go from his shotgun!

Week 7 – Origami

Everyone was all creative in this week and made all sorts of paper items. Tristam's crocodile was

So that's it from me, its been a really great term, and I only hope that I can attempt to come close when I am left in charge next term... Thanks to everyone for making me so welcome when I joined last year I only hope I can do the same for all the new Freshers next term!

particularly impressive, and Caroline's frog is now pride of place in the signature book.

Week 8 – BBQ/TGM

This obviously hasn't happened yet at the time of writing but I am sure it promises to be a fab night with some great, well-cooked food to be had by all.

YOU'RE AN EIGHTIES CHILD IF...

Jenni Harding

1. You say PJ and Duncan not Ant and Dec
2. You played with "My Little Ponies"
3. You know someone who appeared on Wac-a-day
4. You ever read Nancy Drew, The Hardy Boys, The Secret Seven, Famous Five, or Sweet Valley High
5. You know all the words to "Ice Ice Baby"
6. You wanted to be The Hulk for Halloween
7. You had a crush on someone from New Kids on the Block
8. You wanted to be on Jim'll Fix It
9. You can remember what Michael Jackson looked like before plastic surgery
10. You wore a brown bobble hat / bottle green cap NOT baseball caps in primary colours
11. You know the phrase "It's Friday. It's 5 past 5, it's Crackerjack!"
12. You know the profound meaning of "Wax on, wax off"
13. You still love it when a plan comes together
14. You were upset when He-Man and She-ra got cancelled
15. You have seen at least 10 episodes of Fraggles Rock
16. You hold a special place in your heart for Back to the Future
17. Friendship bracelets were ties that couldn't be broken
18. You collected Garbage Pail Kids stickers
19. You remember Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince NOT Will Smith!
20. The best secret agent was Dangermouse
21. You used to play Mallet's Mallet and get shouted at by your mum for using all the plasters
22. You know where to go if you "wanna go where everybody knows your name"
23. You wanted to be a Goonie - Goonies never say die!!
24. You believed holding a stick above your head and shouting "By the power of Greyskull" might work...
25. You knew the Artist when he was humbly called Prince
26. You could breakdance... or thought you could
27. You remember when ATARI was a state of the art game system
28. You know and can still sing the rap to the Fresh Prince of Bel Air (Well this is a story all about how...)
29. You owned LA Gear or Converse trainers
30. You had a Gremlins or an ET lunch box
31. You have ever pondered why Smurfette was the only female Smurf
32. Transformers bring back fond memories
33. You ever had a Pop Swatch watch
34. You know what Stickle Bricks are
35. You wore a plastic tennis visor all summer
36. You collected Care Bears
37. You had Superman / Wonder Woman undies
38. You know who used to say "Strength of the Bear (the bear the bear the bear)" and "Speed of the Puma (the puma the puma the puma)"
39. You spent hours building Lego cities
40. Big wheels and BMX's were the way to go
41. You know who Ming the Merciless is
42. You sang back-up to Kylie and Jason
43. You know all the words to "Eighty days around the World..."
44. Cutoff jeans and sweatshirts were cool
45. Watching Neighbours was considered essential (it's not now...?)
46. You owned Micro Machines
47. You ever made Action Man fall in love with Barbie
48. You remember Big Ted, Little Ted and Humpty Dumpty
49. You wore one of those colour changing T shirts
50. You think Willy Foggy and D' Ogtanien are literary characters

[Oh dear... that'll be me then – Ed]

THE EXIT POLL

Helen :: I was told to write an article for *PostScript*, so I am doing, but goodness knows what I'll put in it! Finals are now finished and it's Wednesday morning of 8th week so I guess you could say that my Oxford University career is coming to an end. After tomorrow I'll only be attending OUSGG meetings in the capacity of an 'Old Member' which is quite sad.

OUSGG started on Monday of 1st week, Michaelmas term 1998 for me, when I was dragged to the Freshers meeting by Linda. I was going to go to the Grand Prix Society - or whatever they are called - that night but then we thought it'd be less scary if we turned-up to something together! All I really remember of that meeting was first getting lost in St John's and then when we did get there we watched a slide show thing starting off with 'So you're a Fresher....' Oh another couple of things I remember: chocolate cake and a fairly confident Fresher from Catz! That term I think I went to most things, a cook out time thing in the cold pouring rain and a trip to

the Houses of Parliament, being the two that stick in my mind most.

I can certainly say that being in OUSGG has been fun, if not entertaining at times, (emails, or more to the point emails that I never received, the Annual Dinner in first year); it's also been annoying (the Isis tavern is only a couple of minutes walk from Christ Church...). I also think that I've achieved something that very few other people have: I've only ever had two committee posts!

All in all it's been great fun and I don't think I can say anything else but good luck for the Fresher campaign next year and guess we'll all be back for the 100th annual dinner in 2018! I wonder if Chris will still be a Current Member then!

Helen Ensor, St. Hilda's

Of course, the only reason Chris remains a Current Member is to help out with those Committee posts which aren't filled by people like Helen skiving out of them... ahem (!).

Caroline :: Well, I've almost got to the end now. Only one exam left (and that will be done by the time you read this!) so I'm feeling decidedly calmer than I was. I can't believe three years has flown by (though looking back on things I can't believe how much has happened) and now I'm meant to say goodbye. I'll apologise to those who thought they could get rid of me though, since I'll still be about next year. I'll be one of those silly worky people but still based in Oxford so I'll try to get along to at least some of the meetings.

My time at OUSGG has always been full of fun and the odd surprises. There have always been lots of people about to make me feel welcome and I would hope to think I've got lots of good friends here now. Oh, and I got to meet Erik, Hogan and Roadkill which was definitely worth coming along for ;) I have the odd strange memory of OUSGG as well as all the fun. These include the ketchup incident in my first year; I

will try to never go to sleep somewhere after an Annual Dinner again. I still have the Flossy Award from that year too to add to my memories.

Too add to all the lovely food at Annual Dinners and Punt & Picnics, there was all the citrus fun with Mike and Gareth's wonderful chocolate sauce. There really are too many memories to put down here and thanks to *PostScript* quite a few of them have already been written down and kept (okay, so I'm a hoarder but it's cool to look back over).

Anyway, one thing that does need saying is goodbye to Helen and Bill (and I'm sorry if I've missed anyone) and to wish them good luck next year. They'll be sorely missed but I hope they'll keep in contact with us.

Hope everyone has a good summer and I appear to be going to the Rally so I'll see anyone going there.

Caroline Berry, Keble



After the ether put Caroline to sleep, the evil Dr Haley would finally get his hands on the koala

THE WEATHER FORECAST

Britain's weather just loves outdoorsy people, especially those in any way involved with Scouts or Guides. It loves to show us the whole range of weathers it can provide, from blattering down rain to painfully sharp hail. Here's a little summary of the weather you can expect to see this summer...

Anyone going on a Scout or Guide camp can expect to see rain immediately upon arrival at the campsite, nicely timed for erecting the tents. This will slacken off to a light drizzle at which point the decision will be made to start preparing to light fires for dinner. At the point of lighting the fire, there will be a sudden downpour of extremely heavy rain, extinguishing all flames immediately and soaking all wood and food which was left uncovered. During the night, the wind will get up and will attempt to do its hardest to pull out all the pegs from the youngest patrol's tent. At least one sleeping bag's foot will find its way outside the tent whereupon the rain will take aim to thoroughly soak it. If you are really lucky, a groundsheet will find its edge creeps outside overnight, allowing water to pool in the middle of the tent and soak all occupants and their gear.

The weather will continue to be wonderful during the day, making all wide games difficult to do as visibility will be poor. Fog might drift in helpfully at this point. This will allow the leaders a rest as all the young persons get lost trying to get from base A to checkpoint B. Any who return from this activity will be sent to try to find some dry wood. Overnight, it will hail hard, rendering sleep impossible for all but the most exhausted campers. Lightweight tents will be ripped to shreds.

The following days will be similarly wet, apart from a sunny spell during one afternoon when the requisite water fight will be had. During one off-site excursion, there will be a period of blistering heat. At this point all members will be wearing thick trousers and double pairs of socks and it will be discovered that no-one has remembered their sunscreen or brought any water to drink. Meanwhile, back at the site the securely closed tents, fixed to withstand heavy rain and wind, are doing a wonderful job of broiling both dinner and the remains of everyone's midnight feasts, leading to rapid changes of menu if not food poisoning and plagues of ants.

The heaviest rain will occur on the day of the strike, thoroughly soaking all canvas. High winds will ensure that all tents land on as much mud as possible, also knocking at least one young person out with an out of control pole and trapping another under a pile of canvas. On the drive home, the clouds will disperse and brilliant sunshine will shine through. This will mean that all parents will attempt to collect their children as quickly as possible, leaving leaders to labour in the hot sun, putting the steaming, soaked kit to dry. As soon as the tents are put out to dry, the clouds will reform.

SSAGO groups are similarly loved by the weather and can expect winds of less than one on the Beaufort Scale for any kite flying or sailing trips or similar activities of choice. The weather will helpfully give seven to eight oktas of cloud cover for all solar cooking or sun bathing activities. Punting trips, especially where the punts have metal poles, will be accompanied by electrical storms. When the activity planned is to be held indoors, beautiful sunshine will prevail. Where there is no indoor alternative, the weather will do its best to be as variable as possible during the day, making it impossible to make a decision to hold the event or not, finishing with such horrendous rain, wind or hail that all members develop *Freshers' Flu* for the next meeting.

Of course, many of you will be wondering what the weather will be like for the Sweetie Rally. Be assured that it will cause all sweets to either melt or become very sticky or gooey. High wind will aid the crazy golf and archery activities and will do its best to knock the barn down. Hard rain will assist the sinking of all rafts and will also try to flood the barn out.

Accuracy of forecasts is ever present in the meteorologist's mind. The above forecast will vary between 100% and 0% accurate. The accuracy can be determined by looking out of the tent flap/window or directly up if outside and comparing with the copy of PostScript that you naturally carry with you at all times. OUSGG and the writer of this article hold no responsibility for any losses or damages incurred by any person using this forecast to plan their life, but may call in the white-coated people if deemed necessary.

Amanda Kerr-Munslow
Atmospheric, Oceanic and Planetary Physics

SCOTLAND TRIP, MAY 2001

David Ball, ex-Keble

As we were sitting outside Wadham bar after the annual dinner, Jo said to me, "Are you doing anything next weekend?". I knew immediately where this was going... with the Easter trip cancelled, no-one had done any walking since New Year, and there was a Bank Holiday coming up, so it seemed like an ideal opportunity for a walking trip. With the rest of country (or at least, the interesting bits of it) still shut due to Foot and Mouth, the decision about where to go wasn't hard. "You're thinking of going to Scotland?" I replied. And so it was we decided to try and organise a trip to Scotland in six days.

(Jo claims she was coerced into this whilst under the influence of alcohol. If so, it certainly didn't take much coercion.)

The next day, I started looking at where in Scotland we could go. Since we had no cars, the choice was limited to places with a railway station. The first option, Rannoch Moor, was full, as were a number of other options, and so it was finally narrowed down to Aviemore Youth Hostel, ideally situated for tackling the Cairngorms. In the meantime, Andy and Bill decided to come, making four of us altogether.

Andy had the easiest journey, since he was starting from Edinburgh anyway and so had a lot less far to travel than the rest of us. Bill, Jo and I met up at Kings Cross, and caught the 15:00 train to Edinburgh. According to the timetable, we would have 31 minutes at Edinburgh before catching the last train to Aviemore. The first announcement we heard as we got on the train was that there would be a 10 minute delay due to speed restrictions between London and Peterborough. The next announcement was that there was a delay leaving due to some problem with the train, and we finally left Kings Cross 15 minutes late. This was looking a little bit tight for our connection, but still possible.

By the time, we reached York, the first stop, the train was running 35 minutes late, and we were beginning to get a little concerned. Being stranded at Edinburgh station overnight was not an appealing prospect. "Surely they'll hold the train at Edinburgh." we thought, hopefully. They didn't, but fortunately they did lay on a bus instead, and so we finally reached Aviemore at about 11:30pm, and fell straight into bed.

We were forced to get up early in the morning, as breakfast was only served until 8:45. After that,

the first task of the day was to buy some food for lunch and dinner, and also to see if there was a bus that would take us up to the Ski resort at the foot of Cairn Gorm. We discovered that there was a bus, but it only ran in the Summer and hence didn't start running until Monday, when we were due to leave. Very helpful. However, a different bus was running that would take us a couple of miles nearer the hills.



Having returned to the Youth Hostel and made lunch, we caught the bus, and set off walking at about 10:30. The aim was to climb Creag Dhubh, a modest hill at 848 m, since all the bigger mountains were too far away. It was not long before we came to the first navigational faff of the day, at a point where we could not find the path we wanted. We did finally find it, and after going a few hundred meters down it, came to a sign saying "Do not proceed - wildfowl reserve". So we turned back and went along the path we'd been on before, thus turning this into that particular sort of faff that turns out to have been completely pointless all along. Bill had earlier asked what a faff was, and so really this was just all staged for his benefit. Honest.

We soon recovered from this enforced detour, and started off around the lake, observing the castle on an island in the middle of it, of which many photos were taken. After a mile or so, the path struck away from the lake and towards the hills. Before long, we left the path, which stayed in the valley, and started climbing through the heather up the hill. This was very hard going, as it was steep and the heather was over knee height. Finally we reached a shoulder of the hill, and cleared the heather. We continued a bit further before stopping for lunch just before the summit.

After lunch, we completed the final 100 m climb up to the summit. Unusually for OUSGG trips, it was sunny and fairly warm in spite of the wind, and so we stopped for a few minutes to take some photos of the view. We had no clear plans for what to do next; the next mountain looked very close, and the ridge didn't drop down too much, and it had snow on it, and it was a Munro, at 1111 m, and being summer and a long way North, sunset was not until about 10pm, so there was plenty of daylight left to get back in.

So, we decided to extend our walk, and set off along the ridge toward Sgoran Dubh Mor, another 350 m climb. Part way up we saw a strange bird - we knew it wasn't a grouse since it didn't fly off squawking "shoot me, shoot me!" and so we decided, since none of us knew any better, that it was a Ptarmigan. We continued on up, and after stopping briefly to throw snowballs, we finally reached the top. We were getting quite tired now, and so we sat down behind the shelter of a big rock. Looking at the map, we saw that the next peak was just 7 m taller. At this point Jo started talking about Munros, and how they had to have a certain amount of separation in order to be classed as separate hills. Since the col between the peak we were sitting on and the next one was a mere 50 m below the summit, it became clear that we weren't on a Munro after all.

The thought of the lampooning we would get if any pedantic members of OUSGG were to spot this meant that we had to extend our walk again. We plunged down to the col and then stormed up the next peak, Sgor Gaoith, at 1118 m, thus bagging our Munro. By now it was definitely time to turn back towards home, and so after some more photos, and classic Freshers' handout poses, we went back down to the col, and off along a spur. From there we descended down into the valley.

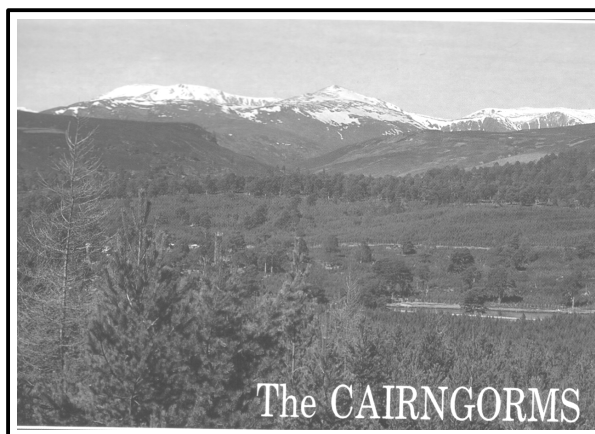
Halfway down, we came along another patch of snow, lying directly across the path. Andy soon had his bivvy bag out, was off down it, somehow managing to stop before ending up in the large puddle at the bottom. Bill had a go too, but Jo and I decided we'd rather stay dry.

We continued, following the valley down, until it merged with another one. At this point, we had to cross the river. There was a footbridge marked on map, but when we got there, there was no footbridge to be seen, although there were some poles stuck in the ground where it might once have been. Fortunately the river was not too big

and we eventually managed to cross it, albeit with some wet feet in the process.

It was then a couple of miles along forest tracks back to the road. We had promised Bill on the way up on the train that we would teach him "Ilkley Moor", but for some reason when Jo and I started singing, Andy and Bill dropped back a long way behind us. They dropped further and further back as we continued with "Green grow the rushes oh" and "There's a hole in my bucket" (we were getting desperate), and it wasn't until we stopped singing that they caught up. Very strange.

Finally, we reached the road, but we still had 5 miles of boring trudge back along it to the Youth Hostel. We finally got back at about 9:30pm, having been walking for 11 hours, and done 20 miles and over 1000 m height gain. This was somewhat more than we'd planned when we set out, but it was good to be able to make the most of the long hours of daylight and the nice weather.



It was a while before we could summon up the energy to cook dinner, and by the time we'd eaten and cleared up, it was getting very late. It wasn't long before we all went to bed.

We were just up in time for breakfast in the morning, and again started the day by going shopping. After the previous day, we didn't feel like walking very far, and so planned an easy walk along the Spey valley.

Andy decided to do his own thing, and so after making some lunch, the rest of us set off. The first part of our route took us through Aviemore, and was a good opportunity to reconnoitre for teashops and gear shops to return to later on. Leaving the road, our route followed the Strathspey Steam Railway, and every so often, a steam train would go past with lots of waving tourists on it.

We stopped for lunch, and decided that rather than walking back to Aviemore, we would go on to Boat of Garten, and catch the steam train back, which we did. Arriving back at Aviemore, we went along to a teashop we had seen earlier, conveniently located inside a gear shop. We had to spend an extra long time there, to make up for having not had time to visit a teashop the previous day, but eventually we made our way back to the Youth Hostel.

We spent the rest of the afternoon playing cards, and then went off to cook dinner. We had (again) gone for the easy option of combining meat with sauce from a jar, which had the unfortunate result of making everyone else's dinner appear nicer than ours, but it was good even so. We did at least provide some amusement for the other YHA guests, but I think after I tried to light a gas ring with a leek (there were no matches), they clearly thought we were barking.

After dinner, Aviemore not having much to offer in the way of nightlife, we sat in the common room and watched bizarre things on the TV.

None of your shivering camping barns for us on this trip, oh no.

Monday was an uneventful day, mostly spent travelling home. Bill left very very early, as he wanted to get back to Oxford in time to do some work. Andy disappeared early too, which just left Jo and I to catch the train back to Edinburgh. The journey was somewhat faster by train than it had been by road on the way there, and at Edinburgh, we split up and went our separate ways. My journey back to Kings Cross was uneventful, but the rail system couldn't let me have a completely trouble free journey: there was a broken down train stuck at the platform at Kings Cross Thameslink, which had to be pushed out of the way before my train back to Harpenden could get in.

Overall, it was a really enjoyable trip - and it just goes to show, you **can** organise a trip in only six days. The only question is, "When can we go again?"

PICK UP A PENGUIN!

Jo Miller, ex-Wadham

It appears that for the first time in absolutely ages, Oxford will be sending a respectable delegation to the Rally, with so far ten people saying they'd like to go. It's a great little trip for those of you who aren't keen on walking, since there'll be a whole host of activities available. One of the classics is the Saturday evening Barn Dance. This is usually held in some local hall with an ample supply of liquid refreshment and a professional band to make sure everybody knows when they should be spinning their partner and when they should be galloping madly down the hall.



As an interlude to all this, there's a themed fancy dress competition for those groups that have been sufficiently organised. Oxford haven't bothered with this in recent years, but since we've got a good few people going this time, I think we could try. My idea is this. Since the theme is "sweets", and everyone can lay their hands on sub fusc (so no excuses), we go as Penguins. Gareth and I can provide some cardboard for flippers and feet, and the rest is easy. The final touch, just so everyone gets it, and not to influence the vote at all, oh no, is to get half a dozen packets of Penguins to hand out. Any more ideas anyone? I did consider Liquorice Allsorts, but It's probably best to keep it simple.



So let's get this straight then Jo? Oxford hasn't been to a Rally in force for many years. The first time this happens, we take the opportunity to dress up in our ridiculous examination garb, the likes of which no other University bothers with. So, extrapolating along that line of thought, everyone will think we're complete "Ra ra ra" arses? Great plan!

*Personally, I prefer to keep my expensive suit at home whilst out camping - don't know about anyone else? An alternative plan has, however, already been mooted: we all go as **Jelly Babies**. All that that requires is dressing-up in a single colour (noting that not everyone can go as the black one...), and then stuffing a bit of padding here and there.*

Decorating my car as a Jelly Baby bag will, however, not be happening, despite numerous requests... (Thanks for the article, anyway Jo!!)

FENCED OFF

Phil Alderton, St. Peter's

I'm staring, through a mask offering me a rather more condensed view of the world than I'm used to, at the wrong end of a long metal sword, which is about to hit me. Twisting my arm to try to deflect the attack is futile: she realised where I was heading and thrust the implement into my chest from the other side. Thank God it was blunt. If it wasn't, I'd probably be salami'd to death by now. Worse, Merton College would have charged for staining their linen.

No, this isn't anything to do with Pandas, and nor is it an extract from something I found in a book during those long hours of "study" in the Bodleian. Rather, it was the result of being invited by OUSGG to have a go at fencing. I'm sure that I to much into this. I mean, offering your friends a chance to be brutally massacred (or at least, humiliated) is truly the epitome of comradeship and loyalty, isn't it?

As a complete novice at fencing, I approached it with an open mind. Various elements of the sport did confuse me though, not least the clothing. Why do the women get to wear plastic breast cups under the white fencing top, making them look like Xena, Warrior Princess? Males are offered no such protection (admittedly, a strike down below is a foul shot, but still, there's the principle). The white tops, themselves, meanwhile, seem to be vaguely reminiscent of straightjackets. I guess any fan of a sport involving walking straight into a sword is likely to feel right at home in one of these things. And as

for the facemasks: much as they stop you losing an eye or being decapitated, or fulfilling any sword-swallower fantasies you may be repressing, they make you look like the microscopically-enlarged eyeball of a housefly (and an armed one, at that). Prior to my introduction to the game, I was under the impression that you just walked up to the opponent and hit them. I was wrong. You had to turn sideways on to your opponent, and swagger up to them in a manner which would have made the Ministry of Silly Walks proud. Oh, and you can't run away once they start to hit you. Oh no. You have to swagger backwards, trying to avoid tripping over your sword, let alone theirs. And don't even think of deviating from the straight line. If you were being attacked by some insane person in a white jacket and helmet, would you act like a character in a bad puppet show?

So, there I was, standing in a duel, perspiring in the mask, defending the honour of St Peter's by being about to skip/swagger/whatever up to my opponent and knock the sword out of her hand. "Aim for the chest," yelled Mike, "forget about the sword". Reasonable advice for a novice, but a two-foot long piece of blunt metal, aimed at your body, is hardly the most forgettable thing in the world. I dive in, thrust (another silly posture which is easy to get wrong or overact), and miss completely. Feeling another swipe across my chest, I realised that maybe I need more practice. Or find a different, more humane, pastime. Like Pooh-sticks.

QUOTES

Rob: "You can't beat a big flashing knob"

Ben: "Who's idea was it to drink Tequilla list night? Oh, it was mine, wasn't it. I don't even like

Stephen (to Roger): "We managed to have you under the tree under the bridge"

EDITORIAL

Chris Seward, Jesus

Well, I have to say, you've done yourselves proud. One or two nagging emails from me, and almost all of you have managed to turn in a decent submission for this, the last edition of *PostScript* with me at the helm. I took over at the start of the year with a mind to making this magazine bigger and better than ever. For sure it's better now than it was when I was Editor last – in 1995/1996. We've had some good stuff in the intervening years though – I hope I've done you all justice with what I've done this year (especially with the new front header!). But what has made this year a special one is the contributions – you've all helped keep *PostScript* vibrant and worth reading. This issue is evidence enough that you all have good stuff lurking inside you somewhere. I wish Tristram good luck with next year, and thank you all again for your help with this, and all of the other issues. So, with that said, I sign-off from my last ever OUSGG Committee post, destined to leave Oxford before the next year is out... keep the OUSGG dream alive for me, won't you?

WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE JOIN OUSGG ?

Rob France, St. John's

With Freshers' Fair just round the corner it's important to know who to look out for. In an attempt to make life easier I've compiled a far from complete guide to: "What kind of people should I look out for

1. HARD AS NAILS

Likes:

Doing barking mad walks; any dangerous or challenging activity; talking about either/both of the above to anyone who will listen

Look out for:

Branded gear; keys attached to a karabina; a tendency to wear shorts in any weather

Might say:

"We'll just run up Tryfan before breakfast, then decide on a proper walk"; "Anyone seen



2. THE CREATIVE TYPE



Likes:

Anything that could even vaguely qualify as "creativity"; showing people the results of a first ever attempt at tie-dying a sock; new things to do with only an empty egg carton, some glue and a tub of glitter

Look out for:

Paint stained clothes; fingers that are glued together; an excessive number of pin-on badges

Might say:

"Look, it only took five minutes to make and now I can use it to decorate my room"; "No, you need to fold it here, then here and hey presto – an origami bunny rabbit"

3. THE ORGANISER

Likes:

Organising people; Chairing Meetings; reading agendas and minutes

Look out for:

A filo fax; a compulsive need to volunteer; an ability to talk without any apparent pause for breath

Might say:

"We just need to sit down and make a proper plan"; "Why don't you let me do that"; "You know that's not really the best way to do this"; "You can do I that way if you really want,



4. THE RELAXED TYPE



Likes:

People who want to organise things; beer; turning up without any idea what's going on that week; beer; bunkhouses – near pubs; tea shops; beer

Look out for:

Comedy venture/ranger unit T-shirts; a can of lager; an ability to talk while still apparently asleep

Might say:

"Anyone got any beer"; "When my unit went to Austria we ended up in this pub and..."

5. THE PANDA

Likes:

Bamboo; sleeping; conservationists

Look out for:

Black and white markings; a growling noise during speech

Might Say:

"Is OUSGG panda Friendly?"; "Will there be bamboo on the trips?"; "What do you mean you already have a panda?"



Disclaimer: There is no attempt at accuracy here, nor are any of the characters supposed to represent anyone in particular. The great thing about OUSGG is that we are all part panda, and so enjoy doing just about anything. Oh and drawings are © Rob France 2001, not that anyone in their right minds would want to use them for anything.