

Postscript

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Look out for the report on Winter Walking by Jenny, Keith and Michael. Due to it's phenomenal length you may need a magnifying glass to read it. See page 4 for how to claim your free magnifying glass!!!

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Simon

Welcome to OUSGG

Did you know? Issue 335 is the first issue of postscript for 17 years which does not contain the letter Z



Chair's report - Phil

It is a common complaint, if comments printed in numerous editions of 'Postscript' are to be considered a true reflection of the views of the average OUSGG member, that our activities sometimes aren't dangerous enough for the more adventurous of the group. Well, with that in mind I take some pride in having the most risky activity for a while, Carrom. Rest assured, according to various experts and texts I've consulted, so long as we didn't eat or inhale the boric acid we'll be fine. Just about.

It seems that everyone's having an enjoyable term: other than a slight last minute panic the Morris Dancing was certainly a night to remember,

whilst the relaxing tea evening was a gentle slide into term, and the 'Outdoor Cluedo' worked better than I'd been expecting. But if there is something we haven't done that you'd like to do, please contact the chair-elect, Rob France, with your ideas about how we could launch a rocket into space or how OUSGG can bring about world peace by inviting leaders of warring factions to N'n'N etc. Alternatively, stand for the post yourself at the TGM.

Worryingly, I am halfway through my time as an undergraduate, and this is my middle issue of 'Postscript'. It's a long way down....



Winter Walking Wasted!! – Jenny, Mike and Keith [ed: I think]

Once upon a time when we were all knee high to a grasshopper, Winter Walking™ was a quiet break away to walk off all of that Christmas pudding and a chance to meet up with old friends to reminisce about the good old days in OUSGG. But Winter Walking™ 2001 changed all this; the little village of Carmel didn't know what it had let itself in for!

It started off as all long-distance trips do with the inevitable traffic jams (2 lane of the M6 northbound shut on the last Friday evening before New Year) and related diversions. But somehow Ben, Jenny, Mike and Nick managed to get there early enough to enjoy the local pub grub. Later that evening Jenny, Keith, and Christina, in an attempt to find the local Spa so Keith could have some food, ended up in another one of those drinking establishments, The Pig and Whistle. They remained there until well past closing time having not noticed that it had emptied). Of course whilst the 'younger ones' were exploring the local watering holes the hard-core winter walkers were busy enjoying the intellectual demands of a game of scrabble, and planning the following day's walk.

Waking up to the bright light of Nick's camera we all felt the chill in the air due to the absence of the previous night's open fire. Christina was particularly cold in her 4-season (honest gov) sleeping bag having trusted the new bloke in the shop to know what he was going on about. After some lovely warming porridge the hard-core walkers were ready to go, leaving the wussey lay about students to wake up and commence on their yet unplanned walk.

The long walk on this day (and the only one covered here – as it was the only one any of us went on) was an ambitious climb up the Old Man of Coniston. The snowy weather was a little treacherous, as a lot of it had started to form ice on the paths. However we made it to the top safely (after being blinded by the wind picking up powdery snow and blowing it in our faces) and began the even more dangerous decent. The day was very rewarding even if it was very long (we reached the bottom, and the tea shop just as it was going dark)

It was finally decided that the rest of us would go and visit a local beauty spot up a nearby hill (we use the word hill in the oxford sense, to Mike it hardly registered). The viewpoint turned out to be a hospice built by the villagers of Carmel, with a pointy thing on top that claimed you could see Snowdon. The hospice came at just the right point in the walk, it being lunchtime, and served as a very useful 'picnic' spot. On the way back down the hill there were many amusing conversations to be heard including Phil trying to convince Christina that she didn't really look like a tart at the end of term meal, she just reminded him of someone who looked like one!! If we had given Phil a spade I don't think he could have dug a hole for himself any faster.

On returning to the village we decided to invade one of the local teashops – The Mallard. Leaving the Mallard Chris and Natalie were delighted to find the local gift shop packed full to the brim with sheep, which of course they couldn't resist. The distinct lack of off licenses meant that Jenny and Christina were only able to buy a half bottle of vodka (instead of the bottle of Archers they so dearly wanted). Upon returning to the hut Mowl (a.k.a. Christina) lived up to her name by burrowing around the store cupboards, finding a whole array of items including table tennis tables (bats, balls and net included) card table, pool table



with cues and balls. Of course we couldn't let all of these facilities lie around unused so much rearranging of the room later all these essential items were found a place. The hard-core walkers

After scrambling over frozen marshland (harder that it sounds when it is covered in snow) we were again faced with the prospect of climbing the deer fence on the other side of the enclosure, but luckily this time there was a convenient hole in the netting. At this point, we were only about 100 metres away from the "summit", and we finally met up with the footpath we would have come to had we not taken the 'short cut'. At the top lots of scenic and not so scenic photos were taken (anyone good at reading body language?). On heading back down the footpath we originally intended to walk up, a few half-hearted attempts at falling over took place (Mike wasn't impressed commenting that it was no fun as 'only Keith and Christina had gone down today'). At the bottom of the footpath we found the map-readers also couldn't tell the difference between left and right having found out where we went wrong earlier (just ask Keith or Mike!).

After an expertly cooked 'Chicken come Bacon Tonight' the hard-core drinkers remembered their previous day's plans and that Sunday night was early closing so after hasty tidying and washing up the pub-crawl commenced. At the Pig and

"As the night wore on, Christina started to hallucinate..."



then returned to find the room unrecognisable and still a dinner to be made!

Horrified with the prospect of spending a Saturday night in, the "singles club" decided to go and drown their sorrows in another different saloon. A few drinks later we were cheered by the prospect of planning a pub-crawl (and related drinking games) for the following evening – we're not all alcoholics it's just that, that was the only free evenings - honestly!

The next day (Sunday) there was an attempt to plan three walks but due to a lack of trust in the navigational abilities of the girls (well they are only Guides after all) it was decided that some of the more "experienced" map readers would drop down a group to 'give it some direction'. It was decided that we should go and visit Hawkshead while the old members went off to see some even older members. The walk started fine until the 'experienced' map-readers realized they couldn't tell the difference between a footpath and a B road (it's an easy mistake) and we had walked for half an hour in the wrong direction. So to rectify the situation the 'ones in charge' decided to follow a footpath (that previously wasn't on the map so couldn't possibly exist) for all of about five minutes before veering off to take the shortest route up the hill - regardless of obstructions. Those of us who are of the vertically challenged ilk had the pleasure of Ben lending a 'helping' hand over/through the dry stone wall/deer fence. Where we enjoyed the hospitality of the National Trust, by having our lunch inside the compound – this was much to the relief of Natalie and Christina who were in desperate need of their chocolate fix.

Whistle, the 'universal imbibing rules' were explained to the uninitiated and the games began. Phil showed his amazing ability in the name game #1 (we came up with at least 10 different name games that everyone just knew as the name game) with his knowledge of "famous" people that we are all so sure existed. Whereas Natalie's knowledge seemed to be limited to Mr Men and sod off! (Or was that bugged off!?) The pub-crawl was unfortunately not completely fulfilled due to us only visiting the Pig and Whistle, Kings Arms and Cavendish imbibing venues before we realised that last orders had been called. The regulars in the latter pub must have been entertained by our strange drinks orders (ask Christina about Baileys and Orange!) and our informative game of 'I have never'....

On returning to the hut Phil made clear his suitability as chair by using several of them to support himself...horizontally... briefly! Although our memories are a bit hazy we think that some of the older members were able to put their First Aid training into practice by demonstrating the well-known 'recovery' position.



Not to be outdone by Phil, Jenny showed that her idea of a measure differed slightly from that of a bar, pouring large Vodka and Oranges until between her and Christina they managed to finish off their 'new years eve' bottle of Vodka. It should be noted that it was this evening that the supply of local beer (see, I managed not to name it - M) was opened – all 34 pints of it!

At this point the older members who returned expecting to find us all nicely tucked up in bed, were met with the scene that was the post pub-crawl chaos. This evening, a special treat was in store for the freshers, this being the first of many occasions where we were regaled by the wit of Gareth (his jokes are legendary among the old members) Not wanting to disturb (!) people going to sleep, those still under the influence (plus Mike! - reluctantly) went outside to take a few photos and briefly contemplated a run round the racetrack before they realised it was too much effort. On returning to the kitchen we tried to be quiet but obviously didn't succeed as Chris appeared doing his parental act and trying to feed us instant coffee – well we think that's what happened!

At this point we would like to humbly apologise for our disgraceful, completely out of character behaviour and for keeping Stephen, Kerry and Nick awake the night before their long journey home.

Yesterdays plan of a long(er) walk along the coast, meticulously planned in advance by Keith and Michael, had to be abandoned due to the 'make it up as we go along' route chosen by Chris. His reasoning being that Jenny and Christina, suffering from a 'Jenny Measure Vodka Hangover', would not be able to cope (they were slow enough at the best of times) However by the end of the walk the fresh sea breeze had helped clear their stuffy heads and

After an enjoyable night drive we arrived just in time for dinner, and so the New Year's Eve festivities began. Once the wonderful meal prepared by Ben and Jo had been eaten the evening's main attraction could commence; a murder mystery written by none other than our own Ben, starring Christina as Maria, the French Croupier, Gareth as the old git from across the road (who nearly solved the mystery in the first five minutes) and Tristram as the drunken father.

Chris and Tristram finally unravelled the twisting plot just in time (it took far longer than Ben expected) to open the bubbly and turn on the radio for the chimes. After a brief singsong we all legged it outside to see the fireworks above Cartmel (which were very impressive considering it's size and a lot cheaper than if we had bought our own)

The rest of the evening was taken up by various silly games (including some more of the many name games). We would say more on these games but we want to leave something to mystery for those who missed the fun (and the article is big enough already [ed: that's true enough (not that I'd intend to cast any doubt what so ever on the accuracy of the article)]). You'll have to go on the other weeks away. (such as the Easter Activity, hint hint – to find out more) Before going to bed Christina and Jenny entertained us with their dubious finger shadow puppets. After everyone went to bed at 4am, Christina, Jenny and Keith chatted about this, that and the other (well, mostly the other) until they realised it was 6am.

The fifth day began slightly later than the others (Noon was the earliest anyone got up – Michael for one) so breakfast was dropped in favour of a greasy fry-up for brunch/lunch. After everyone had sufficiently recovered, the prospect of walk was not

experiment with Tabasco to see if he could get it hot enough [ed: which turned out not to be possible with only one bottle of Tabasco between two] (he should get out of the labs more often).

Entertainment in the evening (limited by the after-effects of the night before) consisted of further games including Pictionary, yet more name games and the team charades. This 'sober' revelry was concluded with more from our very own stand-up comedian Gareth ('the plane joke'). Early nights (comparatively) all round.

The day began with the departure of Tristram and Angharad along with their inflatable bed and duvet (some people don't get this camping lark yet [ed: camping happens up the top of a mountain, not in a scout hut, that was just a poor excuse for a hotel]). For the rest of the day, a more sociable approach was taken and all remaining members (except Ben who was rather under the weather) went for a walk together (hooray!). Finally after a week's persuasion, Jenny began to keep up with the leaders – albeit with some encouragement (physically). Taking note of the flack aimed towards Keith and Michael, our navigator for the day, David, was being especially careful in his map reading. At this point, Keith having spied a Land Rover in its proper setting (halfway up a hill, surrounded by burning bracken and driven by a farmer) decided to bore most people silly with his ridiculous knowledge of Land Rover history and specs.

After the comparatively short walk we met up with Ben (who had escaped the walk) and visited the local Priory and a very posh little teashop, where we got 'very' personal service. [ed: erm...]

In the evening, the organiser Phil was presented with a sticky toffee pudding (apparently Cartmel is famous for them) & a framed photograph, in gratitude for his excellent work (Thanks Phil!) Also a marathon game of charades was played including Christina's rendition of 'Carry on Camping' (remember the scene with Barbara Windsor?) and Keith's 'Karma Sutra', not to mention Ben's obscure ones such as 'The Complete Belgian Telephone Directory'. This evening two entries were made in the guest book, the first was a bit bland and Christina not wanting to be outdone by DUSAG wrote an entire essay on our stay finishing with a quote that she didn't realise was about herself until after she had written it.

The last morning was uneventful, with everyone gathering his or her possessions (Keith acquiring 5 ice axes & 6 pairs of crampons, and Michael losing his camera – any sitings?) and heading their separate ways.

If you would like more information on any of the goings on mentioned above, speak to those involved – they might just tell you! However if you would like more information on the murkier goings on and how cupid's arrow misfired on several occasions ask the authors at a suitable drunken moment – or more may be revealed at the Easter activity (nudge-nudge, wink-wink, say-no-more!)

We would like to take this opportunity to point out to Ben that as requested we didn't mention his custard – Oh B#@!@£r we just did it sorry Ben. [ed: custard? I don't remember him making any custard... oh you mean that stuff...]



Christina had even managed to keep pace with Keith and Michael for the last stretch – She had been converted!

The happy foursome (or should that be a ninesome including one Anne Widecombe?) of Christina, Jenny, Keith and Michael, went on a firework (and food) hunting trip to Kendal (the nearest city; and yes it is a city by Cumbrian standards – M) However after discovering the only fireworks shop was closed, they had a quick look through the Xmas sales. Everyone got something from the day, especially Jenny and Christina who acquired a bottle of WKD and the infamous 'spirit drink' (avoiding the slightly disturbing £1.99 magnum of wine!)

On arriving at Morrison's (it's a supermarket for any of you southerners who have never heard of it) we were told that it was closing in five minutes (it being New Year's Eve) so 'Supermarket Sweep' style shopping ensued. We were able to acquire everything just in time except for the non-existent chillies (clearly Cumbrians don't like hot stuff)

Yet again Keith and Michael showed their amazing navigational skills by getting hopelessly lost in the back roads of Cumbria. (Keith and Michael would like to make it known that what actually happened was that we missed our turn on the strange un-signposted one-way system and rather than fight our way round again, chose to get out of town and then find a more scenic route back. Once we had confirmed the road we were on, we managed to return to the main road via a few smaller [6'6"] back roads by necessity.)

very popular and so the day consisted of a gentle drive to Windermere (town not lake) where we split up and had a look around. Christina, Jenny, Natalie, and Chris got sidetracked into a very cute teddy bear/sheep shop where the sheep later christened "Giggles" was bought along with amusing teddy bear postcards.

Eventually (after a few false starts) we all managed to meet in the same teashop before returning to the hut. That evenings cuisine consisted of 'chilli' ranging from (officially) 'bland and boring' to 'Chernobyl fallout' but actually turned out to be (due to an absence of chillies) 'bland and boring' to 'a mere radiation experiment carried out at school'. Chris taking up this theme decided to do a controlled

Murder Mystery who's who – Ben

Mortimer Boddy	Tristram	Drunk father
Emily Boddy	Natalie	Harrassed mother
Sarah Carpenter	Angharad	Devoted girlfriend
Paul Hanson	David	Geeky friend
Abigail Tempest	Jo	Blonde tart
Darren Carpenter	Phil	Young Policeman
Inspector Chaplin	Chris	Senior Policeman
George Balshaw	Keith	Wishy-washy exec.
Ivor Pringle	Gareth	Senile neighbour
Marie	Christina	Made-up croupier

Easter Activity News – Michael

Just a quick note to provide some info on the plans for the Easter Activity this year. The proposed dates are Thursday 21st of March (effectively 10th week) to Wednesday 27th of March (11th week). The site I am looking at is Kibblestone Scout Camp near Stone in Staffordshire. Keith and I think that outdoor camping would be a good idea, however if the majority want to go for indoors (cowards, wimps, weaklings!) then that can also be arranged. I need a pretty good idea of numbers in the next week or so, in order for me to make a booking. The price has yet to be decided, but it won't be much (hopefully around £10 a night maximum).

The format of the week will be very flexible, with people deciding what to do when we get there, activities available in the area (according to the info on the website) include Alton Towers, Cycling, Canoeing, Dry Slope Sking, Horse Riding, Rock Climbing and Waterworld.

If anyone is interested, then let me know as soon as possible, and whether you want to put a vote for indoors. [*ed: is that so we can laugh at them for being wusses?*]

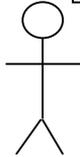
WANTED WANTED WANTED WANTED WANTED WANTED WANTED

Fallen out of the habit of Scouting? Have a warrant but no group? Oxford Spires district are looking for new leaders and assistants in all age groups and levels.

Most particularly, 48th Oxford are looking for a Scout Leader to restart their troop now that the oldest cubs (only boys at this stage, but we are a mixed group) are looking to move to up to Scouts. Do you have a Scout Leader's warrant? Are you the person to restart the 48th? Get in touch with Emma Beckley, on:

emmabeckley@ekno.com

WANTED WANTED WANTED WANTED WANTED WANTED WANTED

Simon		
<p>Band Auditions</p> 	<p>Of course it doesn't matter, none of us can play our instruments either</p> 	<p>Live music Tonight</p> <p><i>"Simon and his mates"</i></p> <p>debut appearance, see them now before they are famous, and be one of the cool ones who liked them when no one had heard of them</p>

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