

I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER

Oxford's Rally – an insider's view



I KNOW WHAT YOU DIDN'T DO LAST SUMMER

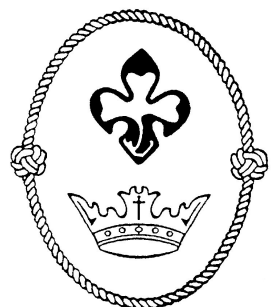
The gossip from the reduced summer trip

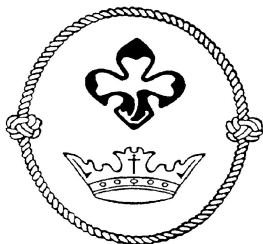
THE A-Z OF OUSGG

In emergency, break glass

ERIK KNAPPED

Again



postscript

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Michaelmas 2003

An OUSGG publication

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Any items received will be presumed to be for
publication unless otherwise notified. The editor
reserves the right to modify contributions on a
whim. He's like that.

Views expressed in *Postscript* are those of their
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FORWARD!

Let's start at the very beginning (a very good place to start). If you're a fresher, that is. To those returning, off we go again! To those absent friends, think of us when if you're earning money (and try to come to the trips). Yes, it's Michaelmas term: the long hot summer is now a distant memory, and we are all a year older and, hopefully, a year wiser (unlikely, I know, but...).

To those new to Oxford and/or OUSGG, this is *Postscript*, as you might have realised by now. Published thrice termly, this is our magazine and our paper of record. Events past, present, and future are covered, along with articles on any topic under the sun. Plus, there's the ever popular quotations section – gems of wisdom emitted from Oxford's finest minds that deserve to echo down the ages. Or maybe not.

All this is only possible if you, dear reader, pluck up the courage to contribute. Anything is up for consideration, including photographs (reading's always better with pictures). Moreover, it's an OUSGG custom that a member is a fresher until they've published here. And you wouldn't want to walk out of finals still a fresher, now, would you?

Finally, to misquote Flaubert, do not read *Postscript* like children, for diversion, nor for instruction, like ambitious persons; no, read it in order to live!

Phil Alderton (St Peter's) – Editor **PS**

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From the top

Mark Hawkins, *Chair*

First of all welcome to OUSGG! It was good to see so many of you at the freshers meeting last Monday. We've got an exciting programme lined up this term, and hopefully there is something which will take your fancy in the termcard. I know you'll all be looking forward to different things, whether it's finding out where Harry Potter was filmed on our TV tour, or pretending to be Robin Hood at archery. However I hope the highlight of the term will be the freshers camp at Youlbury – see further on in PostScript for more details. If you've got any questions about anything, (OUSGG related, preferably), then get in contact with myself or Jenny our Membership Secretary. Hope you enjoy the term. **PS**

Freshers Camp

On the 15th-16th of November (5th/6th Week) we will be holding the OUSGG Freshers' Camp. We will be camping at Youlbury Scout campsite, and hope to be doing air rifle shooting and climbing whilst we are there. Of course we'll also have a proper campfire! Please contact Mark Hawkins (chair@ousgg.org.uk) for more details. **PS**

The Warwick Rally

7th - 9th November (Friday 4th – Sunday 5th Week).

The theme is *Shakespeare*, although the barn dance has the more general theme of *Theatre*. More details are available from Jennifer Robertson (ssago@ousgg.org.uk) or view their website:

www.sunion.warwick.ac.uk/ShakespeareRally/

PS

The Sound of OUSGG

Phil Alderton *continues the unfunny epic.*

Scene 34: A Scout Hut, in the middle of nowhere, during a thunderstorm. In the background, a log fire is burning. Empty bottles are scattered around, along with the remnants of various games of charades. Various OUSGGers are all sitting under a table, where they have been since scene 32. The conversation turns to the daily grind of life during the Oxford term.

Jenny: How do you cope, Mark?

Mark: I just sit down and get on with it. And you, Rob?

Rob: Well, I just used to blame Chris. Phil?

Phil: I send weird emails to the *Faff* list. Trist-oh, I guess there's little point asking. How do you cope Jenny?

[From nowhere, an orchestral accompaniment is heard]

Jenny: Well, when I'm not drinking or with OUSGG or running Brownies but am bogged down studying genetics and such like, and it's going terribly, I don't mope about it - I sing!

[The orchestra gets louder, and Jenny begins]

*Pandas in subfusc and posh black tie dinners
Rallies and pub crawls and fancy dress winners
Lunchtime diversions and Winter Walking
Those are a few of my favourite things.*

[The assembled throng start to dance]

*Camp fires and in-jokes and double entendres,
Baileys and Orange and trips where we wander.*

*Postscript and Mondays and Mafia 'killings',
Those are a few of my favourite things.*

When my work's bad,

With exams near,

When I'm feeling sad,

*I simply remember my favourite things
And then I don't feel so bad. [Exeunt] **PS***

The ABC of OUSGG

Maddy Bunce *presents a guide to all things OUSGG*

Andrew Marr BBC political editor

Annual Dinner Posh meal in Trinity Term when we all get dressed up and swan around a college. Occasion for the presentation of our very own **Flossy the Sheep Awards**.

Baileys and Orange Drink favoured by Christina and Jenny- not to be tried at home.

Chair Organises the meetings for the term, this term it's Mark, next term it'll be Sam.

Constitution The Proctors insist we have one of these, lays out rules for how the group should be run. Extremely boring reading (unless you're Phil)

Drinking A popular OUSGG 'activity', however new cocktails, namely the legendary **Baileys and Orange**, are less popular.

Easter Activity Trip during the Easter Vac, this year we went to Wales for a variety of activities.

Elections Chance for members to decide who they want on the committee out of a wide selection of highly qualified candidates! The constitution contains lots of regulations on ensuring free and fair elections; but fortunately there is never any need to resort to reading it, as nobody actually *wants* a committee post.

Erik the Panda OUSGG's official mascot. Has reached mythical status as is rarely seen due to the popular sport of Panda-knapping; in reality just a big panda in need of a date with a washing machine.

F&GPC Probably stands for something, just I don't know what. Basically it's a boring termly committee meeting, when exciting things like accounts are discussed- best avoided.

Faff OUSGG's favourite activity. It costs nothing and wastes so much time, providing an excellent reason not to start that essay just yet. We even have an email list for committed faffers.

Flossy the Sheep Awards OUSGG Oscars, awarded at the annual dinner, generally to those who've made fools of themselves throughout the year.

Fresher What you are until you've written an article for *Postscript*

Freshers' Camp Chance to get away this term and get to

know everyone in the group, being held this term at Youlbury.

Gail Internet Officer, maintains our website.

Hayley Overworked student, least likely person to be seen on a sofa watching *Trisha* (or any other daytime delights).

In-Jokes OUSGG has lots; hopefully this explains some of them. Very funny once you understand them, not so funny if they are about you.

Jelly Babies Traditional prize, suffered a bad press recently due to non-veggie status (and the general preference for chocolate)!

Knapping What happens to Erik. Now frowned upon, pandas are an endangered species.

Lunchtime Meetings A more formal name for **NnN**. Thursday lunchtimes at 1pm.

Mafia Popular game, task is to work out who has been killing innocent OUSGGers in their sleep (clue- it's always Sam and Libby)

Monopoly Theme of the Oxford Rally held this summer

NnN Another set of initials I happily use without any idea of what it actually means, although 'Nosh and Natter' would be appropriate because that's what we actually do. Held in Jenny's room at Wadham this term.

Old Member What you become after you leave Oxford, but still want to come on trips and pretend you're not a proper grown-up.

OUSGG Oxford University Scout and Guide Group, who we are.

Postscript The brilliant magazine you are reading right now. Comes out three times a term, articles written by members (normally the night before publication after nagging by the editor).

Punt and Picnic Always the morning after the annual dinner, most members aren't quite their usual perky selves, can be tricky persuading people to be energetic enough to do more than lie in the boats.

Quotes Embarrassing quotes tend to get published in *Postscript*. Open your mouth at your own risk!

Rally A weekend every term when other SSAGO groups meet up. Involves silly games, barn dancing, and campfires; good chance to meet lots of new people.

SSAGO Student Scout and Guide Organisation, umbrella group of which OUSGG is a member, along with clubs at lots of other universities. Meet once a term for a Rally, we organised the last one, this term it's in Warwick.

Summer Trip Trip in the Long Vac, this year we went to Dartmoor for some walking, but ended up spending a lot of our time in teashops!

Termcard Details all the activities our kindly Chair has planned for us.

TGM Last meeting of term, always followed by a yummy meal. Chance for members to have a say in how the group is run.

Uniform We only have a necker. Worn at rallies so other groups know who we are.

Von Trapps Only relevance is Phil's scary obsession with *The Sound of Music*. And anyway I couldn't think of another v-word.

Winter Walking First trip of the year, chance for all the members to relax together over New Year. Source of many in-jokes, also a good opportunity to work off the second helping of Christmas pudding. Sarah is organising it this year.

X-Rated Bad photos of me should be censored, however one somehow managed to end up on the front of the termcard!

Youlbury Local campsite, where the **Freshers' camp** is this year.

Ziggurat A rectangular stepped tower in ancient Mesopotamia surmounted by a temple. **PS**



Punt and Picnic – the perfect hangover cure

Erik Knapped!

Whilst OUSGG's collective back was turned, being distracted by a rally or some other lame excuse, our beloved mascot was swiped. Not by another



Compsoc – Nastier than Guantanamo Bay.

SSAGO group, for we had wisely decided to keep Erik away from the more kleptomaniac groups after the incident at the summer rally in 2002, but by dastardly agents from the evil Compsoc.

(You might remember that OUSGG have been at war with Compsoc for five long years now, with no peaceful resolution in sight.)

Erik, being made of stern stuffing, kept quiet and never broke his silence, other than giving the information permitted under the Geneva Conventions (name, rank, and number). That he refused to reveal our secrets despite the cruel and inhumane tortures he suffered (they dressed him in a Compsoc T-shirt) should serve as an inspiration to us all. We should also not forget the perilous task of his rescuers who, despite being worn out by the rally, crossed enemy territory and forced the enemy to return Erik or face the consequences. And the threat of an angry Caroline drove them into submission.

Compsoc should realise that the valour of OUSGGers echoes through the ages. We will never, never surrender. Vive l'OUSGG! **PS**

Five go mad in Dartmoor

Mark Hawkins *on the summer trip*

Every holiday OUSGG organise a trip to some exciting destination. This summer was no exception, with the 'summer' trip being held over the first week of September just north of Plymouth on the edge of Dartmoor.

Getting there:

With the furthest distance to come, I set off at a ridiculously early time in the morning to travel down to Plymouth. The train journey was made more pleasant with the spectacular stretch by Dawlish where the train line runs right along the edge of the coast. Arriving equally early I sought out a friend in Plymouth before meeting up with Phil, Maddy and Caroline at the train station for the trip proper (they'd caught a train that left at a sensible time).

Mind the fence Phil!

Phil had borrowed his Mum's car for the week, so we all piled in and drove to Dewerstone Cottage where we were staying, through Plymouth's rush hour, and then down some rather narrow country lanes. After meeting the friendly warden we unpacked our stuff into the picturesque cottage, and Phil tried to turn the car round. Let's just say the fence came off worse than the car!

Anyway after that incident we all went off to Tesco's to buy the food for the week, before returning to the cottage to cook stir-fry for tea, and gather round the fire for some games.

Hi Hoe, Hi Hoe we're off to the Plymouth Hoe?

The next morning we headed back into Plymouth to explore the city a little, and to collect Jenny from the train station. It was a really lovely sunny day, we spent a pleasant hour wandering through city centre Plymouth, down past the impressive sundial-come-water feature to the Hoe - a grassy area above the sea - before walking along the front and admiring the newly refurbished outdoor swimming pool!

Then it was time to pick up Jenny and head back to the site for a spot of lunch.

After lunch Jenny opted for a rest whilst the rest of us headed up along the West Devon Way for a short walk alongside a disused railway line. The walk then climbed the hillside next to the railway line - a bit steeper than anticipated - before we doubled back to come through the neighbouring village of Clearbrook. On passing through the village we came across some of the Dartmoor ponies which roam wild on the moor. We headed down the rather steep cycle way to the camp.

We then cooked some tea, and planned what we were going to do the next day.

Moor Fun

The next day, Wednesday, we headed up onto Dartmoor for some walking. We parked up outside a pub in Hexworthy, and headed out across the moor towards the

neighbouring town of Princetown. The route took us over a nice little stream via a bridge (or stepping stones for Phil and I), and through a deserted village before heading over the moor towards Princetown. Navigation was easy: head straight for the TV mast which is situated just next to Princetown.

On arriving we found a bench on the green and ate our lunch - which for Jenny was mushy peas and chips. After lunch Maddy, Phil and I headed back across the moor for the car, whilst Jenny and Caroline relaxed in the teashop and visitor centre in Princetown.

On the walk back over the moor we climbed a tor (only a very little one), Phil managed to fall in the bog, and the sun even came out at the end! What a lovely walk over the moor.

Sense and Sensibility

The next day we spent the day at Saltram, a National Trust property where the TV adaptation *Sense and Sensibility* was filmed. With history

"Let's just say the fence came off worse than the car!"

mad Maddy it was inevitable that we would end up at some site of historic interest. After getting through the reception - a mean feat in itself - we explored the house, with its fascinating furniture, elaborate décor and paintings. The bit we all enjoyed the most was the “find the mice” game in a series of pictures: an activity for school kids – and students?

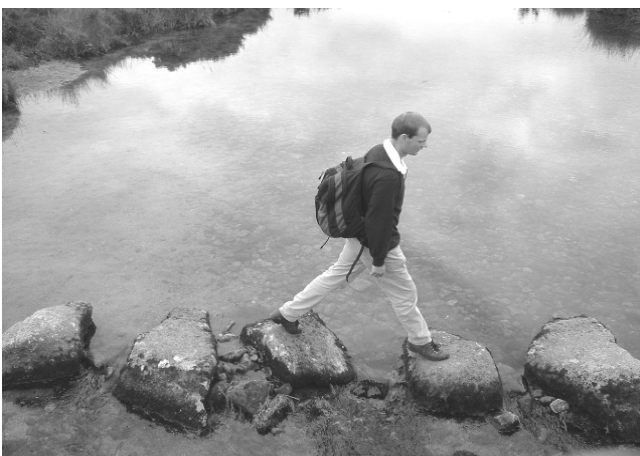
Since it was such a nice sunny day we ate our lunch in the gardens. Whilst Maddy and Jenny opted to lay back and enjoy the sun, the rest of us explored the gardens. We discovered a summer house at the end of the garden with a mirrored table in it - and an underground room for keeping cool in.

Cooling Down

On the subject of cooling down, once we had returned from Saltram, Phil, Maddy and I decided to cool down in the stream which flowed through the campsite. We were very, very cool afterwards!

Homeward

And so it was time to go home, with Phil and Jenny leaving by car that evening. The rest of us caught the bus into Plymouth the next day with Caroline and Maddy departing by train at lunch, whilst I hung round Plymouth until the last possible minute, before catching my train back home. **PS**



The low budget Abbey Road.

Time was...

From *Postscript* 48 (Micheamas 1974):

“[H]ere is a list of who is in which patrol:

West Patrol: Brasenose, Christ Church, Dorset House, Exeter, Hertford, Linacre, Lincoln, New, Nuffield, Pembroke, St Anne's, Worcester

East Patrol: Jesus, Lady Spencer Churchill, Magdalen, Nuffield, Orthopaedic Centre, Queen's, St Catherine's, St Edmund Hall, St Hilda's, St Peter's, Somerville, University, Wadham

North Patrol: Balliol, Corpus Christi, Keble, Lady Margaret Hall, Mansfield, Merton, Oriel, Regent's Park, St Anthony's, St Hugh's, St John's, Trinity.”

From *Postscript* 49 (Michealmas 1974):

“I wish to complain in the strongest possible terms regarding certain information on page 2 of the last edition of your rag, in the hope that you will publish this.

My chief complaint is the arbitrary decision to transfer Wadham from North Patrol to East. This was apparently done with no consultation with the ethnic minority involved and is to be deplored. Such decisions are becoming too frequent in the world today, viz the European Parliament at Strasbourg. I have spoken to certain of the once-fervent members of the North Patrol which East has so surreptitiously acquired, and give warning of the possibility of their secession in my favour. Such an action would be actively supported by my patrol and could lead to the outbreak of Civil War in the East, with the consequent threat to World Peace which I have no need to outline. At the same time I note with extreme disapproval the similar loss of Christ Church and Nuffield, and with some elation the loss of St Peter's. I admit I have acquired new territories, BUT WE DO NOT WANT THEM. I particularly note that I have Mansfield which is to the *east* of Wadham.

Just to prove your incompetence you have placed Nuffield in both West and East Patrols – are you trying to provoke a border dispute here too!

(I may as well take the opportunity to reject your name for our panda, too, as I am in this kind of mood.)

The only solution would seem to be your resignation and an attempt to attract Dr Kissinger here from those minor problems in the Middle East in order to prevent a major holocaust in Oxford which would undoubtedly come about otherwise....” **PS**

Dinner for 130

Hayley Thompson *caters for the rally*

I was one of the lucky ones, I was taken by surprise. It crept up quietly and attacked without warning. There was no lying awake at night worrying but once it had me in its power, resistance was futile. Oh, yes it's the rally. In some previous life I had volunteered to do whatever the rally committee needed me to do and this had been interpreted as being on the catering team. Breakfast for 130? Um, OK then.

So my relationship with the rally started after work on Thursday when Tristram collected me to go to Bookers. And he had a list, perfect! Only then did the enormity of the task ahead become reality. After several conversations along the line of 'if each person uses a squirt, a squirt being 30mls, of tomato ketchup for three meals and more at dinner on Saturday, and the bottle holds 1kg, how many bottles will we need?', I could have cried. Only when we tried to calculate the baked beans and our requirements varied between 2.5 kgs and 2,500kgs, did we decide it was time to go home. After a fairly painless few hours we left with two huge trolleys and a vow to return on the morrow.

The morrow dawned with fair weather but no sign of TFM. 'Haha' I cried, 'I have escaped the shopping trip' and headed to Youlbury. It was a kitchen like any other and a slightly smaller one on the other side of the hut but to Jen, TFM and I, it soon became home. Our travels around the site yielded many pots, pans and other cooking paraphernalia necessary for the weekend. Thanks to Natalie who single handed washed our pot mountain for us! Jen and I were dispatched with another list to Tesco. It was just your standard list – 260 packets of crisps, 260 pieces of fruit, half a ton of Rice Crispies and attracted lots of funny looks. 'You're going to do what for how many?' Were we really ready for this? Armed with a squirty bottle of bleach and a brillo pad, we were off.

Friday night was just plain old soup, hot dogs and chips, warm and welcoming for weary travelers. The delivery service of food to the camp fire went down well with the rally goers and not a scrap was left. I can now add walking with torch clamped in my teeth, down twisty paths, navigating by sound and a tray of chips to my CV. A skill that will come in very handy, I'm sure.

Morning didn't so much as dawn as crack. The rally meeting the night before had provided us with Michael and Libby who volunteered to get us at 6 to help us cook. Jen had been at the hospital all night so the team was down to five. By 6.15 we were off. Our apologies to the OUSGGers who were stepped over frequently in the process of us cooking breakfast. We practised our breakfast technique on OUSGG

and when none of them keeled over, we were let loose on the public.

TFM was volunteered to serve up for us, leaving us to cook bacon on demand. We learnt a few things for

the following day but people came back for seconds, so hooray! As quickly as you could say 'free beer', OUSGG disappeared to run the rally, while we tackled the washing up. It took a while and we were rewarded with a sit down.

Not for long! A frantic phone call from TFM changed the pace of meal preparation. The baguettes weren't ready so could we transfer everything to Univ? It was the first time that I have ever seen TFM flustered! We made 130 baguettes in fifteen minutes which we thought was an achievement. I don't know whether the fantastic hall or the deviance from the usual rally lunch impressed them the most. A smug catering team returned to the boot camp, I mean the camp site.

Dinner was to be a barbeque and there was minimal preparation once we had pricked 390 sausages and we even ventured outside. We apologise for the mix up with the meat and veggie burgers ! The minibuses left for the barn dance and we washed up. There was a rumour

"None of them keeled over"

circulating that if we saved the leftover burgers, people would eat them when they got back. And they were right, although I can't think of anything worse than cold burgers. The barn dance was its usual success but the hardcore cooks only managed a few dances.



Sunday and two meals to go. Libby and Michael were back for more cookhouse duty, joined by David, and as a treat we started at 6.30. Whilst having five frying pans of bacon on the go at once, David and I caused Alison mild merriment as neither of us actually eats it. By the time we had washed up it was time to start all over again. Lunch was leftovers but thanks to Jen's artistic skills, nobody noticed.

From the catering team a big thank you to everybody that helped with the cooking and put up with the grumpy cooks first thing in the morning. In a strange way the rally was very enjoyable although I will not be looking at any sausages or bacon in the near future! See you at the next rally, but could I not cook? **PS**

Words of Wisdom

As heard on various OUSGG events

David (with head in oven): Ow! It's hot!

Tristram to Jen H: You need to push and pull

Jen: What?

TFM: Like this. You're a woman, you can do 2 things at once

Jen: I'm cooking and sleeping. What more do you want?

Hayley: David, you're going to melt that

David: Details...

Tristram: It's still up, it's still up

Anon: That's a metal implement!

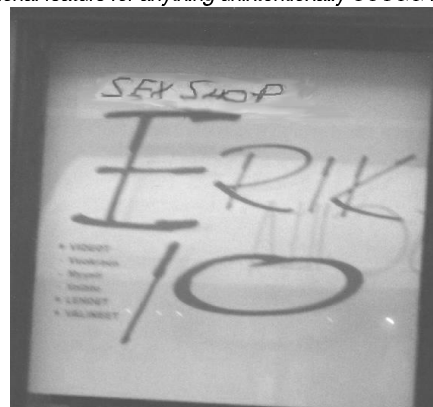
Phil: I plan to go through all the backbenchers someday

Alison: I don't have a feminine voice.

Caroline: I don't like arguing with myself – I normally lose. **PS**

Scoutabout

An occasional feature for anything unintentionally OUSGG related



*Helsinki, Finland (Image modified slightly to show the name of the shop more clearly -this is genuine though) **PS***
