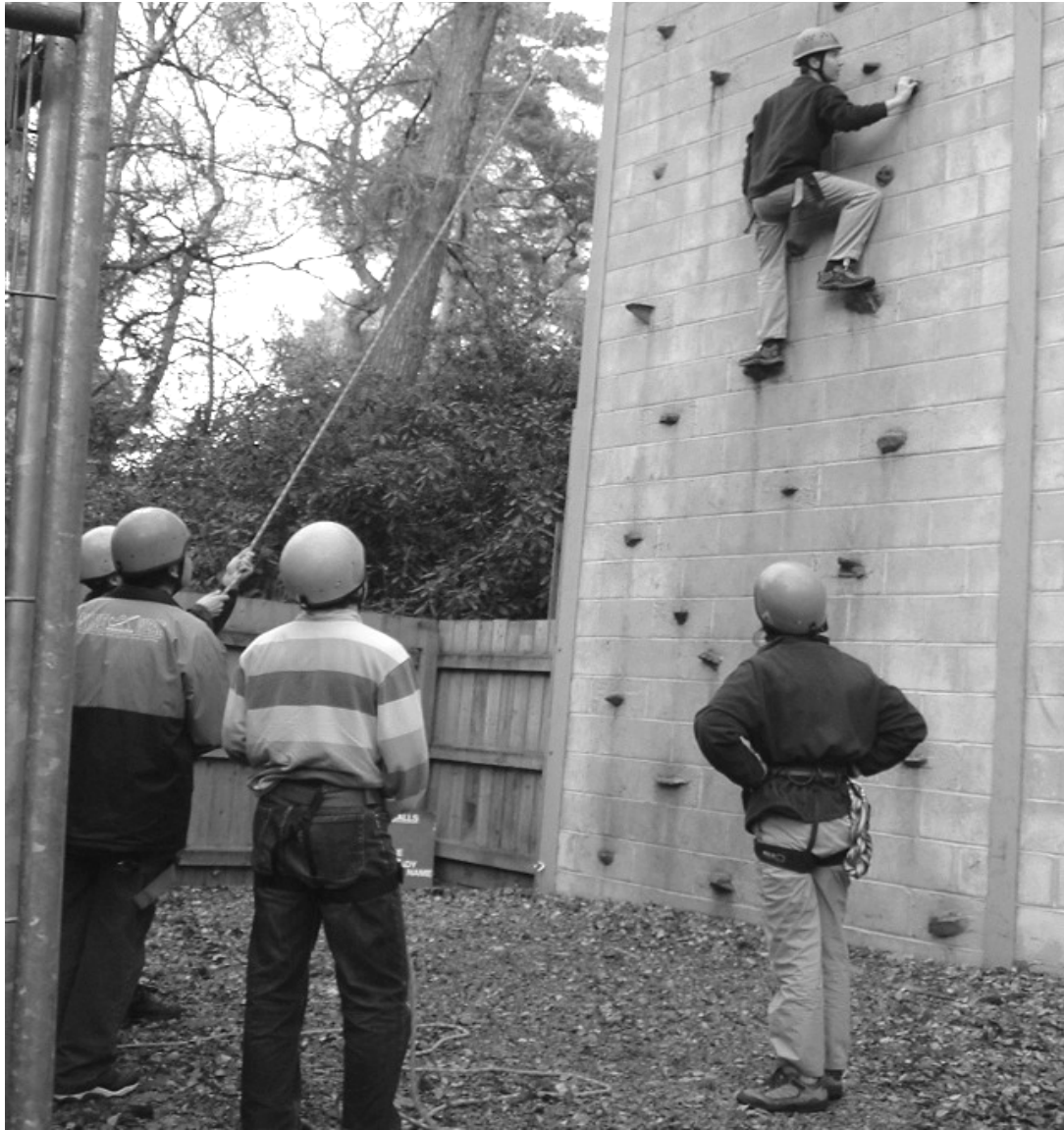


## MEMBERSHIP CLIMBS!

*Puns worsen*



### OBSCENITY!

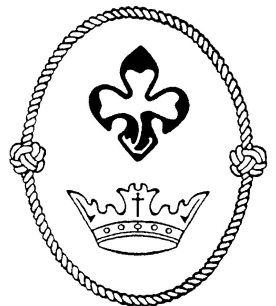
*Warwick's Rally sees swear box payments triple*

### LITERARY CRITICISM!

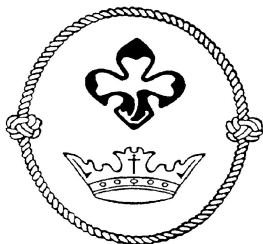
*A novel approach to a novel*

### MONTY PYTHON!

*A great spoof of a bad parody of a poor film*



## postscript



Issue 351

Third of Michaelmas 2003

An OUSGG publication

Scrooge: Phil Alderton

Christmas Present: Mark Hawkins  
 Christmas Future: Sam Snelson  
 The Princess: Maddy Bunce  
 Ugly Sister: Phil Alderton  
 Babe in the Wood: Jenny Robertson  
 Fairy Godmother: Sarah Berman  
 Buttons: Gail Templemann  
 Santa's helper: Jenny Robertson  
 Widow Twanky: Jenny Robertson  
 Jack: Mark Hawkins  
 Half of cow: Michael Ramsden  
 Christmas Past: Chris Seward  
 Senior Member: Katherine Blundell

All presents, correspondence, and articles to [postscript@ousgg.org.uk](mailto:postscript@ousgg.org.uk) or by post/pidge to Phil Alderton, St Peter's College, Oxford.

**Deadline for issue 352 – late Friday  
 First Week (23<sup>rd</sup> January)**

Any items received will be presumed to be for publication unless otherwise notified. The editor reserves the right to modify contributions according to orders received from the mothership.

Anyone who thinks the ill-informed and poorly argued views featured within *Postscript* are anything close to those of OUSGG or connected bodies is daft.

Printed & Published in Oxford. Yesterday.

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Christmas thought: Remember that it's better to give to Phil than to receive.

## Scout and the City

There I was, strolling through the back streets of Helsinki, when I passed one of those skater shops: you know, the sort that aims at disaffected youth and makes a mint out of their desire to slavishly follow fashion as much as possible. The dark, grungy look and loud dance music playing was such that I was perfectly content to walk on by. Until, that it is, I saw something that made me do a doubletake and spend longer gazing into this shop's window than you would expect. For there, between two dummies wearing hoodies with skater-esque slogans on them, was a Boy Scouts of America shirt.

I thought nothing of this until a few days ago. Whilst strolling through George Street, Radio 4 on my personal stereo, I passed a crowd of three teenagers; skater types. One of them was wearing a BSA issued olive drab shirt (my knowledge of BSA uniforms is limited, I'm afraid, so I can't say if this is a recent look or not), complete with BSA insignia.

This caused me to wonder. Is Scout Uniform finally (and I grit my teeth as I write this) *cool*? Is there some kind of meta-irony in wearing the uniform of what could be taken to be a conformist body to show that one does not, in fact, conform? Will this trend spread? Will we see the inhabitants of Chelsea spend £400 on a Christian Dior Necker, or a genuine Armani Sea Scout Cap? Will cheapskates try and get by with a Blue Harbour Guide Sash? And, more worryingly, will I be forced to cover up my OUSGG gear with a coat, so as not to be seen to be part of the in-crowd?

Phil Alderton, Editor **PS**

## Inside...

<i>Chair's Address / Winter Walking</i>	<b>3</b>
<i>Letters / Time was...</i>	<b>4</b>
<i>The Sound of OUSGG</i>	<b>5</b>
<i>The PS Interview / The Warwick Rally</i>	<b>6</b>
<i>Pride &amp; Prejudice Cocktails</i>	<b>8</b>
<i>Christmas Cake / The Sound of OUSGG</i>	<b>9</b>
<i>And something completely different</i>	<b>10</b>

## From the top

Mark Hawkins, *Chair*

Well, here it is: the last *Postscript* of Michaelmas term, and the last of my time as chair. I hope that all members of OUSGG, old and new, have enjoyed the activities this term. Week seven saw an OUSGG first – two evening meetings in one week: ice-skating, and archery, both of which were well attended and thoroughly enjoyable. The weekend of 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> week saw OUSGG holding its first proper freshers camp, at Youlbury Campsite with climbing and air rifle shooting, as well as a campfire and lots of OUSGG silly games! I am sure that everyone had their favourite meeting, and of course if you have any suggestions for future meetings, don't forget to pass them onto Sam, who will be chair next term.

You'll notice that I've kept this short and sweet, as not doubt you are reading this article whilst I'm desperately trying to chair the AGM, and get it over with so as my duties as chair are over. Don't get me wrong, I've enjoyed it (bit of a sadist you might say), and am looking forward (already) to Winter Walking over New Year, and of course OUSGG next term (if not the work). Thanks to everyone who has helped me with this term, and I'll just take the opportunity to wish everyone a Happy Christmas.

PS

## Article of the Term Award

It's a *Postscript* tradition to award the author of the best article of term with a minor and insubstantial prize. Or at least we say we will – my predecessors might not have been as good in deed as they were in thought. But I digress. This term, I was going to award it to Hayley Thompson for her great piece about cooking for Oxford's Rally, but Michael Ramsden's piece had me laughing so hard I'm going to award half to Hayley and half to Michael. They'll receive it in due course. The competition resumes next term.

PS

## Winter Walking

Sarah Berman *on our flagship trip*

This year's Winter Walking trip will take place in Bethesda, Gwynedd, from Monday 29<sup>th</sup> December until Monday 5<sup>th</sup> January at a bargain price of £10 per night. We are staying in a Scout hall on the High Street of the village, with plenty of pubs nearby, but we're also at the northern end of the Snowdonia national park so there will be plenty of opportunities for walking (anything between gentle strolls and hard-core hill climbing!). The nearest train station is Bangor, only 10 minutes drive away.

All food is provided in the £10 per night, including Christmas dinner on New Year's Eve, and the week should be a very enjoyable one. I hope to see as many of you as possible there, for a couple of nights or the whole week!

If you'd like to come then please email [sarah.berman@queens.ox.ac.uk](mailto:sarah.berman@queens.ox.ac.uk) ASAP and let me know what dates you'll be there for. **PS**

## 85<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Dinner – Advance Notice

The OUSGG 85th Anniversary Dinner will take place on Saturday May 8th 2004 ( Saturday 2<sup>nd</sup> Week) at Wolfson College. Further details will follow, but put the date in your diary! If you want any more information contact Sarah ([sarah.berman@queens.ox.ac.uk](mailto:sarah.berman@queens.ox.ac.uk)) or Caroline ([wol@earth.li](mailto:wol@earth.li)) **PS**

## Winter Walking – the Editor's note to freshers

If you're new to OUSGG, you might be concerned about dedicating part of your Christmas vacation to spending it with – let's admit it – strangers. Take my advice (somebody has to): whilst you might have these concerns now, if you do go by the end of the week they will all have disappeared. Winter Walking is the ideal chance to get to know us, whilst savouring the crisp winter air and beautiful landscapes, and avoiding an otherwise dull New Year. I'd bet a lot on the majority of OUSGGers who think that it is the best event we offer. Why be forced to wait until next year? Take the risk – you won't regret it. **PS**

## Letters

### “An anorexic text message”

Dear Sir,

We are writing to complain about the standard of grammar, spelling and relevance in some of the electronic messages we have been receiving from OUSGG lately.

Soem messages ahve been difficult to comperhned and required extensive decodign before any infromation could be extrawcted from them. to those fo us who are not very good with nagaarms, this nmakes reading emails rathre time consumign. and tahnk heavens fro full stops otherwise it wolud be impossbile ot tell where one sentence ends adn another begnis.

Other messages have been excessively long winded having been written on an empty stomach, late at night after dancing, before having to rush out for dinner on Thursday, after getting up at five o'clock in the morning to go to work. That being said, as if to counterbalance these epic missives, other mailings have employed fewer characters than an anorexic text message. Whilst applauding the economy of these brief notes we occasionally have had to question the efficiency, as the purpose of the email - whilst undoubtedly clear in the author's head – was obviously lost in the brain-to-keyboard translation. This keyboard's a bit old and knackered, and some of the letters have

rubbed off and we could get it fixed, but maybe buying a new one would be better, except there's no time to go shopping as there are too many tangents to go off on.

The use of acronyms in messages is also annoying especially if you cannot IIRC what they mean. We would make further wisecrack complaints about the use of such lazy English, except most of them deny decipher and therefore we dare not employ them in sentences here for fear of writing gobbledegook...

In summary, roller coaster sentences, backward verbs and meaningless initials seem to be combined on a regular basis to give phrases that even an infinity of monkeys would look twice at before typing.

It's not all bad news though. Reading these emails aloud has provided us with many a classic moment of hilarity. (Go on, try it. Go on!) That being said, perhaps it would be beneficial if OUSGG as a whole underwent a Monday evening's tutelage in the workshop of the master wordsmith who is currently acting as secretariat for the group and editor of OUSGG's premier publication. Some of the emails penned by his hand are worthy of deposition in the Bodleian in their own right. Well done that man.

Thnaks,

Natalie Jones and Chris Seward CBE (ex-Wadham/ex-Jesus)

**PS**

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### Time was...

“It may happen to some of you that one day you will be the first to find the dead body of a man, in which case you will remember that it is your duty to examine and note down the smallest signs that are to be seen on and near the body before it is moved or the ground disturbed or trampled down. Besides noting the exact position of the body (which should, if possible, be photographed exactly as found) the ground all round should be carefully examined – without treading on it yourself more than is absolutely necessary, for fear of spoiling existing tracks. If you can also draw a little map of how the body lay and where the signs round it were, it might be of value.

Bodies have been found which were at first supposed to be those of people who had hanged themselves; but close examination of the ground round them – in one case some torn twigs and trampled grass, and in the other a crumpeld carpet, showed that murder had been committed, and that the bodies had been hanged after death to make it appear as though they had committed suicide.”

Robert Baden-Powell, *Scouting for Boys* (40<sup>th</sup> Edition, 1948)

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## The Sound of OUSGG

*Scene 36 - Having being mysteriously told to discover the hidden secret of student Scouting & Guiding, the group decide to embark on a trip to London, to see if there are any further clues to be found. We join them at what they assume to be Gilwell Park, but unlike the rustic, backwoods idyll we might think it to be, there is a large, many storied, gleaming glass-and-steel office complex. Overhead walkways connect a large cluster of buildings with each other. A brass sign outside reads "The Scout Association, UK, PLC. Gilwell Campus. All enquiries to reception". The throng head towards the reception, not knowing whether to be impressed or disappointed by the lavishness. The camera pans over the group, picking up snippets of conversation until we hear:*

**Maddy:** Where is Phil, by the way?

**Sam:** Oh you know what he's like. He was really eager up to five minutes before leaving, then he had one of his episodes, at which point I knew it was not to be.

**Mark:** Oh God, that means he'll be spending the weekend holding a vigil with a bottle of gin and *News 24*. Is there anyway to stop him?

**Sam:** He gets over it eventually. Just try not to disturb him when he's in that state.

*As they attempt the approach the busy reception (where the telephones always seem to be ringing), a burly security guard blocks their way*

**Guard:** STOP! You may not proceed further without authorisation. Do you have it?

**Alison:** Well, not exactly. But we're the Oxford University Scout and Guide Group and we've got to find the hidden secret of student Scouting & Guiding. It's really rather important, so if you'd let us pass we can...

**Guard[puzzled]:** What?

**Alison:** Look, we're from Oxford University Scout and Guide Group. We've got to find the hidden secret of student Scouting & Guiding. You wouldn't happen to know where it would lie, do you?

**Guard:** Hmm...students...student scouting and guiding.....hmm.....you'll be wanting the tradesmen's entrance, the small door, round the back. Don't disturb the koi in the lake as you pass.

*The group scuttle off. We follow their initial confusion as they try to navigate around the massive and dominating cluster of buildings, linked by overhead walkways - evidentially out of the way of the steam hissing from vents in the ground. They eventually find a dark and gloomy side door, near a large collection of rubbish bins, full of what appears to be discarded Scout-linked memorabilia. A small, dirty, sign reads "Tradesmen's entrance". Mark takes the lead and knocks on the door. A hatch, previously invisible, opens, and a gruff voice calls out:*

**Voice:** State business

**Mark:** Hello, we're from the Oxford University Scout & Guide Group. We were wondering if you had the hidden secret of Student Scout and Guiding.

**Voice:** Ah, yes. I've been expecting you.

*The hatch shuts, and after a few beats and key/lock sounds, the door opens. In the doorway is a rather short man, in a well cut suit. Without speaking, he beckons the group inwards. The group then proceed through what seems like many miles of corridors. Behind glass windows we catch snippets of people in well cut suits sitting at terminals. Whilst this is going on, we hear the mysterious man's talk to the group.*

**Man:** You might notice a few changes here. Necessary, I hope you realise. It didn't happen over night. It's just that as time went on it became more and more prohibitive to keep that side of the enterprise afloat. You see the costs became such that we simply could not justify running a youth programme any more. So we began a programme of diversification. Small things at first: railway franchises, paper-clips, minor ITV companies, missiles, fast-food chains, that sort of thing. As we invested more and more into that

side of the business, we found we couldn't keep on running the youth programme as a loss-leader. Since we closed that side down, we've seen our portfolio returns quadruple. Of course, we're still the same organisation at heart: we maintain the old values, but in a more modern context. Ah, this way please.

*He opens a door, which evidently has not been opened in year. The room inside is somewhat musty and full of cobwebs. He goes over to a safe, turns the combination, opens the door, and pulls out a box*

**Alison:** So that's it? Goodbye to 90 years of history and the largest youth organisation in the world, simply for a few good second quarter results?

*The man ignores this and proudly displays a dusty green and yellow box.*

**Man:** Here you go. We don't need it any more, and we can't sell it auction, so take it. It's yours.

**Alison:** That's it?

**Mark:** The hidden secret of Student Scouting & guiding?

*The man passes it over to the group. Mark goes to open the box, but the man stops him*

**Man:** You can open it when you leave. People might start...thinking things, if you did otherwise.

*Fadeout, then fade in to the group, in a pub somewhere in central London. Tentatively, and after much bargaining, it is decided that Sam should open the box. Blowing the dust off, he opens it, then shuts it again*

**Maddy:** What is it?

*Sam shows her. She looks disappointed. In turn, everybody sees the contents of the box, until the camera finally pans in on it. There is nothing inside it but a small penknife and a yellowing note, which reads "Lost Property, found at [unclear]'s rally, 19[unclear]". We see the group's collective disappointment, and sorrowful walk out of the pub into central London*

**Alison:** Well, that was little help. We needn't have bothered coming. The Scouts are changed beyond all recognition, and all they've got left about SSAGO is a penknife.

**Sam:** And it's blunt.

**Alison:** Back to Oxford?

*In the distance, we see Maddy waving towards them*

**Maddy:** [calling] I think we've got a clue!

*Cut to a room. Phil is slumped in front of a TV watching *News 24*, drinking gin. Around him are remnants of various snacks and, oddly, scattered copies of "Scouting". Andrew Marr is on the television, giving a live broadcast. On the screen Maddy suddenly appears. Phil bolts up, spilling gin everywhere. The next few lines take place on the TV*

**Marr:** ...which means that tensions within the party are becoming acrimonious. Some are saying that...

**Maddy:** Andrew! Andrew! You've got the help us!

**Marr:** I'm doing a broadcast - live to...well, 24 people I guess. [To camera] Apologies....sources are saying that....

**Maddy:** But it's urgent. We need to find the hidden secret of Student Scouting and Guiding.

[Marr looks stunned]

**Marr:** Oh....

"Climb every mountain, search high and low

Go to every rally, every club you know.

Climb every mountain, fill out every form

Steal every mascot, till you find your dream.

A dream that will need all the time you can give

Every day of your life for as long as you live.

Climb every mountain, fill out every form

Steal every mascot, till you find your dream."

....it seems he could well be out of office by the end of the week. But if so...

*Cut back to Phil, lying unconscious in front of the screen. We see and hear Marr still singing to the group. As we fade to black, a*

*caption reads: TO BE CONTINUED PS*

## The *Postscript* Interview

*with Bill Cockcroft, Director of Eurojam 2005 and the World Jamboree 2007*

*How big is the organising team at the moment?*

The Jamboree Core Team is 14 with subteams at about another 25. The intention is to have about 200 volunteers working on the two projects up to the event in 2005.

*What are the current state of the preparations?*

Going well. The site's booked and the food contract has been signed. Coaches are being tendered. The programme and the site layout are agreed.

*What's the budget for the event?*

Approximately £26 m for both events - but there is more to 2007 than the two jamborees – see the website.

*How many people are expected to come?*

For *Eurojam* - 16,000 participants, 4,000 International Service Team

For the 21st World Scout Jamboree - 32,000 Participants, 8,000 International Service Team.

*And the logistics of this?*

A huge challenge! But we are getting there!

*What has been learned from previous jamborees?*

Lots. We had a team in both Chile and Thailand monitoring the events

*How much is it likely to cost for the UK contingent?*

I can't tell you yet - The fee for *Eurojam* has been given to the National Associations. The UK Scout Association should announce the fee shortly. It will not be cheap but note that some poorer countries will pay substantially less than richer ones. We need to help scouts from every country to attend. We also have, currently, no EU or Government funding. In Chile and Thailand, the governments put in at least \$10m .

*How are the UK contingent to be selected?*

*Eurojam* is much more flexible: whole troops or Explorer units can attend and the age group is wider. See the website for more details. 2007 will be on the traditional 36 young people and four adults model and will be selected by Counties and Areas.

*Thanks to Bill for his responses. For more information the website is [www.scouting2007.org](http://www.scouting2007.org) PS*

## The Warwick Rally

*Mark Hawkins on the Autumn Rally*

Well I'd best start at the beginning for the freshers, before launching headlong into my account of the SSAGO rally...

Once upon a time there was OUSGG (about 1919) - well it wasn't called that but that's a side issue - and things were simple. Then Scouts and Guides at other universities saw that OUSGG was good, and so formed CUSAGC, SNoGs, SLUGS, SHAGS, BUGS, BUSAG, SAUSAGE, SCOGUI etc, and so SSAGO was born. These clubs then got together every term to camp, do barn dancing, and silly games... and so the SSAGO rally was born....

...back to reality. After a busy day, and throwing my camping gear into my bag I departed from my room, and headed for Wadham to meet up with Jenny and Alison to travel to the SSAGO rally at Coventry (confusingly enough being run by Warwick University). Having arrived at Wadham late, Jenny and Alison eventually appeared having taken Jenny's curtains down for our fancy dress costume, and we set off for the station with our gear plus the rally organiser's trophy (a.k.a. 'The Sodding Trophy') as Oxford ran the last rally. We then successfully made it to the station, and boarded the train to Coventry. I could at this point rant about the train system in the UK, and how stupid they are for not putting on long enough trains on Friday evenings, resulting in yours truly standing to Coventry, but I thought I'd spare you, the readers, that particular pleasure.

Having arrived at Coventry station (late of course), we saw a crowd of people wearing neckers who turned out to be Liverpool SSAGO. We then travelled onto Tile Hill with Liverpool on the train, where we were met by Warwick SSAGO who gave us a lift to Rough Close Campsite. Having met up with Keith (an OUSGG old member), and signed in, we had the fun putting up our tents in the dark! It was then time to head for the bar, before gathering round the campfire for SSAGO's particular variety of campfire songs. The fire ended shortly after Alison, Jenny and I departed from the campfire circle - apologies to Warwick for keeping them up so late!

---

The Saturday morning started with me waking to

that famous quote of: ‘Good Morning Vietnam’ being bellowed across the campsite by Helmut from Warwick to wake everyone up. Having got up, I headed towards where breakfast was being served only to be told that they’d run out by the time I got to the front of the queue! Anyway I eventually got some breakfast once it had been driven over from the other side of the campsite! Alison and Jenny had the right idea – arriving once everyone else had already eaten – hence no queue and more time in bed!

A wide game (as is tradition on rallies) was the morning’s activity. After splitting into our teams, all ‘named’ after Shakespeare plays (sorry, the theme of the rally was Shakespeare: well Warwick were running it), we attempted to find various members of Warwick SSAGO, coerce them into giving us a variety of materials such as card, string etc., and then build an egg propulsion device with said materials. My team, ‘A Comedy of Buggers’, (Warwick SSAGO’s mascot is Bugger the bear, hence all the ‘buggery’ in this article – apologies to those who find this offensive), started off well, however after obtaining some canes we were forced to fight off an ambush attempt by another team! Having survived that and collected all of our materials we started constructing our egg flinging system in secrecy behind the archery board, the centre-piece of our system being the ‘egg-house’ in which the egg was ‘housed’, and well padded against the inevitable impact by wrapping paper from Annabel, whose birthday it was. Unfortunately our egtastic design didn’t win, but it was then time for lunch – um food!

Having been promoted to the front of the lunch queue, like everyone else who needed to get the coach out of the campsite for the afternoon activities, I was on my way to ‘Shakespeare’s birthplace’ in Stratford-Upon-Avon. The coach first disgorged everyone who was visiting Warwick Castle, before it went onto Stratford, where half a dozen of us explored the ‘Shakespeare’s birthplace’ museum. The museum was very good, explaining Shakespeare’s life story, if a little short, so we opted to go to the pub to while away the time before we had to meet the coach.

Zzzz... after a doze on the nice warm coach, we arrived back on site, and it was time to have dinner. Having met up with Jenny and Alison, we discussed what our activities had been like, over dinner, with CUCAGC (the Cambridge club) and Cardiff SSAGO. It was then time to prepare our fancy dress for the

barn dance. The barn dance then kicked off with ‘Aardvark’ playing, and frantic guitar and accordion playing from the band, and stripping the willow, swinging your partner, and other such dancing manoeuvres from everyone else. It concluded with the fancy dress competition.

The OUSGG entry for the fancy dress (the theme was theatre), was simple – we went as a theatre! Alison and I each held one of Jenny’s curtains (we could even open and close them!); Jenny was the actress and held up the stage; Keith fulfilled the techie role by holding some torches for the lighting. Much to our surprise we won the group prize, which turned out the next morning to consist of 3 bottles of wine and a dozen cans of beer between 4 of us! After the excitement of the barn dance it was down to the campfire again.

Next morning was Sunday, and SSAGO were obviously tiring since the queue for breakfast was non-existent! Once everyone had eventually dragged themselves out of bed it was time for the so-called ‘silly games’. The silly games (done in our teams from the wide game) consisted of transporting our team through a string net between trees, playing the ‘Incredibly Violent Spoon Game’, picking the box off the floor with your teeth (at which Keith proved to be a bit of an expert), balloon rugby, a ‘handcuff’ puzzle, giant chopsticks, and finally eating doughnuts hung off of a football net in as many comedy ways as possible without using your hands – we managed sideways, upside down, and blindfolded! The silliness was interrupted for a minute’s silence at eleven o’clock for Remembrance Sunday.

The silly games finished, and we dropped our tents as it was dry, before lunch and the closing ceremony – where we handed over the rally organisers’ trophy (for those of you who didn’t realise, OUSGG organised the last rally), and collected our fancy dress prize. At this point it had started raining, and it was time for Jenny, Alison and I to say ‘good-bye’ to Keith, get a lift to Coventry station, and catch the train back to Oxford.

PS

## Pride & Prejudice Cocktails!

Maddy Bunce *gets literary*

A drinking game for intellectuals. Apologies in advance to all those who I truly bore, but Jane Austen enthusiasts (like myself) might find my musing vaguely interesting.

The basic premise of this game is that you get to listen to the best novel ever (easily wins due to Mr Darcy) while also enjoying a few drinkies. To do this it is necessary to have a drinky every time a certain character is mentioned by name. I have carefully considered which drinks to assign to which characters.

**Mr Darcy**      Bordeaux  
**Bingley**      Beaujolais

**Mr Bennet**      Single malt whisky  
**Mrs Bennet**      Pink, fizzy, extremely alcoholic cocktail.  
Topped with whipped cream, glace cherries, lots of  
umbrellas and a sparkler!

**Jane**      Chardonnay  
**Elizabeth**      Tia Maria  
**Mary**      Tap water  
**Kitty**      Green *Bacardi Breezer*  
**Lydia**      Absinthe

**Mr Collins**      Shandy

**Mr Gardiner**      Guinness  
**Mrs Gardiner**      Tonic Water

**Lady Catherine**      Gin of course! Can no one else smell her  
through the pages?

Now, what's going to happen when we play this exciting  
new game, involving both Mr D and drink!

The Scene: Winter Walking, a Scout hut in deepest Wales.  
It's raining outside and, having killed the Mafia, OUSGG is  
rather bored. Fortunately we are well supplied for our  
amusement. Maddy has brought along a copy of the best  
book in the world, Jenny has a plentiful supply of drink,  
and Phil, our ever dutiful editor, has a copy of *Postscript*  
351 (so we can all act as foretold).

**Caroline:** well I guess since I'm staying sober it would be  
a good idea if I read the story to you all. If you're sitting  
comfortably I shall begin. "It is a truth universally  
acknowledged, that a single man (*this specifically applies*  
*to Bingley, so empty those glasses*) in possession of a good  
fortune, must be in want of a wife (*not wanting to give the*  
*plot away, but I think drinking is probably a weeny bit*  
*more exciting than the subtleties of Austen to most of the*

*PS readership, so help yourselves to a Jane).*

The story continues. Loud cheers come from certain  
sections of the audience whenever the true hero of English  
literature is mentioned, and no it's not because of a new  
preference for red wine over more traditional drinks such  
as *Bailey's* and Orange. We reach chapter 34; inebriation  
has set in. Since you won't appreciate the true genius of  
this scene on Winter Walking I'll just get Caroline to read  
my favourite bit now.

**Caroline:** "In vain I have struggled. It will not do. My  
feelings will not be repressed. You must allow me to tell  
you how ardently I admire and love you"

And so on... Basically Elizabeth rejects MrD (pretty  
stupid). Careful plot twists then place her admiring his  
beautiful grounds at Pemberley when he's out (or  
swimming as some would prefer to believe).

**Caroline:** "As they walked across the lawn towards the  
river"

**Jenny:** No no no (hic) I've seen the video (hic) it's  
definitely a lake (giggle giggle)

**Caroline:** "Elizabeth (*drinky moment*) turned back to look  
again; her uncle and aunt (*this means the Gardiners*)  
stopped also, and while the former (*pushing it I know, but*  
*help yourself to another Mr Gardiner*) was conjecturing the  
date of the building, the owner (*MrD!!!!*) of if himself  
suddenly came forward from the road, which led behind it  
to the stables"

**Hayley:** What? Is this Jane Austen's version of out  
favourite scene? One wonders why her books are so  
popular if we are denied the best bits of MrD?

Although sadly no one is left to wonder, all drinkers  
(except Jenny) having passed out before the end of the  
second page- Mrs Bennet features quite heavily in the first  
chapter.

The story would end here (me being slightly aware that this  
is really quite rubbish, and people expect more than the  
uncensored ramblings of a crazy women devoted to a 200  
year old fictional man in the fine publication that is  
*Postscript*) but just let me indulge myself a little.

"Are the shades of Pemberley to be thus polluted?"

And finally are the pages of *Postscript* to be thus polluted?  
Surely editorial policy will not permit the publication of  
this in its entirety, thereby taking space from valuable  
articles about building the empire and knotting? **PS**



## Besht Cishmash Reshippy

Natalie Jones *gets culinary*

The best ever Christmas cake ingredients:

1 cup butter 1 teaspoon baking soda  
 1 cup sugar 1 tablespoon lemon juice  
 4 large eggs 1 cup brown sugar  
 1 cup dried fruit 1 or 2 quarts of aged whiskey  
 1 teaspoon baking powder

Before you start, sample the whiskey to check for quality. Good ain't it? Now go ahead. Select a large mixing bowl, measuring cup, etc. Check the whiskey again as it must be just right. To be sure the whiskey is of the highest quality, pour one level cup into a glass and drink it as fast as you can.

*Repeat.*

With an eclectic mixer, beat 1 cup of butter in a large fluffy bowl.  
 Add 1 teaspoon of sugar and beat the hell out of it again. Meanwhile, at this parsnicular point in time, wake sure that the whixey hasn't gone bad while you weren't lookin'. Open a second quart if nestessary.  
 Add 2 large leggs, 2 cups fried druit an' beat 'til high. If druit gets shtuck in peaters, just pry the monsters loosh with a drewscriver.  
 Example the whikstey again, shecking confistancy, then shift 2 cups of salt or destergent or whatever, like anyone gives a toss.  
 Chample the whitchey shum more.  
 Shift in shum lemon zhoosh. Fold in chopped sputter and shrained nuts.  
 Add 100 babblespoons of brown booger or whushever's closhest and mix well.  
 Greash ubben and turn the cakey pan to 350 decrees. Now pour the whole mesh into the washin' machine and set on sinsh shycle.  
 Check dat whixney wunsh more and pash out.

## The Sound Of OUSGG

*Scene 37: A few days later, back in Oxford, the group try to review the situation*

**Sam:** So if the Scout Association don't know or care about us, who does?

**Caroline** (playing with Erik): The Guides?

*Laughter*

**Mark:** You know that wherever the Scouts go the Guides will shortly follow. I hear they have the contract for the West Coast Main Line now.

**Jenny:** Maybe we should follow what Marr said: examine ourselves.

**Phil:** Shall I quote you on that?

**Jenny** [*groaning*]: No, silly...maybe the hidden secret's somewhere within OUSGG

**Mark:** After all, we *are* the oldest group. But where? *There is a general buzz of conversation, as numerous suggestions are made.*

**Sam:** The Bod!

**Phil:** The *Postscript* Archive!

**Michael:** The Pub!

*The noise continues. All of a sudden, Caroline yelps.*

**Jenny:** What's up?

**Caroline:** It's Erik. When was he last deloused? *Everyone looks blank.*

**Caroline:** I reckon that before we continue looking for this, we sort out a more pressing problem. We've faffed too much.

*With Erik on her lap she reaches around for a guitar, which hitherto had been hidden from view. She strums, rubs Erik's head, then starts playing and singing, whilst the group watch, enthralled:*

Erik's lice  
 Erik's lice  
 When I hug you they greet me  
 Small and black  
 Need to scratch  
 They look happy to bite me.  
 Bundle of fluff  
 We need to wash and buff  
 Wash and buff tomorrow.  
 Erik's lice  
 Erik's lice  
 Leave our panda forever.

*Dissolve*

PS

PS

## And now for something completely different

Michael Ramsden *offers an advance preview of* The Sound of OUSGG 2: **Attack of the Groans**

*Scene 13: A meeting of the TAFF committee in 'Far From the Madding Crowd'. The discussion has broken down into a full-blown argument about which shade of black to make the new t-shirts. Michael, clearly frustrated, throws the swatch book he was holding down on the table.*

**Michael:** Oh, this is pointless. We never achieve anything. I don't know why we bother!

**TAFF chair:** If you're going to be like that I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

**Michael:** Fine, I'm going; I never wanted to be in this shambolic society anyway... I wanted to be... in OUSGG!

*A distant humming is heard in the background*

Dashing from activities to the pub as we desperately try to make last orders.

The beer, the wine, the deadly *Bailey's* and Orange. With Erik by my side, we'd sing, sing, sing...

*Music starts*

Oh, I'm in OUSGG and I'm okay,  
I drink all night and I faff all day.

*A crowd of OUSGGers in appropriate clothing rush in from all entrances and form a OUSGGers. One is holding Erik.*

**OUSGGers:** He's in OUSGG and he's okay,  
He drinks all night and he faffs all day.

**Michael:** At N'n'N, I eat my lunch,  
And drink a mug of tea.  
We discuss a lot of things,  
Who knows what they might be.

**OUSGGers:** At N'n'N, he eats his lunch,  
And drinks a mug of tea.  
We discuss a lot of things,  
Who knows what they might be.

{ **Micheal:** Oh, I'm in OUSGG and I'm okay  
{ **OUSGGers:** He's in OUSGG and he's okay,

{ **Michael:** I drink all night and I faff all day.

{ **OUSGGers:** He drinks all night and he faffs all day.

**Michael:** I go on Mondays occasionally,  
Whenever I have time.  
But I'm often in rehearsals,  
Till after half past nine.

**OUSGGers:** He goes on Mondays occasionally,  
Whenever he has time.  
But he's often in rehearsals, (*puzzled*)  
Till after half past nine.

{ **Michael:** Oh, I'm in OUSGG and I'm okay,

{ **OUSGGers:** He's in OUSGG and he's okay,

{ **Michael:** I drink all night and I faff all day.

{ **OUSGGers:** He drinks all night and he faffs all day.

**Michael:** I rig lanterns, I dress in black,  
I carry lots of tools.  
I wish I was a techie,  
And not one of you fools (*gestures to OUSGGers*)

**OUSGGers:** He rigs lanterns, dresses in black.  
(*More puzzled*) He carries lots of tools...

*The song breaks down as the OUSGGers stop singing and start shouting amongst themselves such things as: 'He wants to be a what?', 'What did you call us?' and so on.*

*The OUSGG member who is holding Erik hurls him violently across the room. It strikes Michael on the temple and he collapses instantly.*

**OUSGGER 1:** (*prodding the prone Michael with his foot*) I think he's dead.

*The OUSGGers start to exit slowly together.*

**OUSGGER 2:** (*whilst walking out*) So... who wants to be the new Quartermaster then?

**FADE TO BLACK**

**PS**