

## OUSGG SENDS CLEAR MESSAGE TO CUSAGC



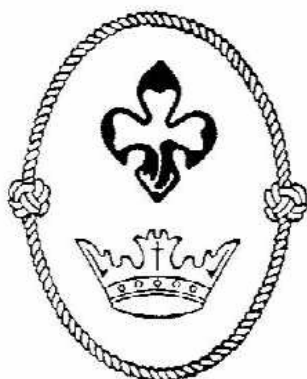
### **ALSO INSIDE THE FIRST ISSUE OF A BRAND NEW YEAR:**

- ***Scouts In Summer Camp Scorchers***
- ***Shock Horror:*** Chris has learnt the alphabet
- ***Blackberries:*** yes you heard right
- ***Kiwis:*** In two senses of the word
- ***And Much Much More***



***1st Issue Of Michaelmas Term 2006  
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## POSTSCRIPT:



*Issue 1: Michaelmas Term 2006  
An OUSGG Publication*

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Can you guess?

### **Old Member's Rep**

Chris Seward (ex-Jesus)

### **Winter Walking Organiser:**

Chris Wood (St. Edmund Hall)

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All correspondence and articles to postscript@ousgg.org.uk or by pidge/post to Nick Scroxtan, St. Edmund Hall, Queen's Lane, Oxford OX1 4AR.

Any items received will be presumed to be for publication unless otherwise notified. The editor reserves, uses and abuses the right to modify contributions.

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*Postscript: slamming the wasps  
from the pure apple of truth.*

## From The Desk Of The Editor:

Welcome one and all to a new year at Ousgg. Whether it be to shiny new freshers or seasoned veterans. The Ousgg merry-go-round (with all its going round in circles) is back again, this time under the stewardship of Luke Cartey, so expect lots of food this term.

As a second year its great to be back in Oxford, to walk down Broad Street, to see the green grass of the uni parks, to curse the department vending machine for running out of chocolate based snacks. Sometimes its easy to forget what a great city and uni we live in. On the other hand the never-ending cycle of work just tears you down week after week with essays, practicals and tutes. Yup, Its good to be back.

And so onwards to my first issue as the new editor, things are a little new in terms of layout but there still many things subtly and not so subtly nicked from previous editors. Evolution not revolution is the geologist way. Or as Forest Gump once said "Sometimes there just aren't enough rocks"!

Nick Scroxtan  
(St. Edmund Hall)

## Also Coming Up For Your Pleasure and Amusement:

Page 4&5: Cover story

Page 06: Insert Tab A into Cam D

Page 07: Everything you ever wanted to know about Ousgg.

Page 08: Guess who's back, Sarah's back, guess who's back, guess who's back, guess who's back?

Page 09: Quote Me Happy

Page 10: Ooh... Blackberries!

Page 11: Chat and Chunder?

Page 12: Fun and Games

**DEADLINE FOR ISSUE : 377**

**FRIDAY OF FOURTH WEEK**

**Michaelmas Term 2006 (3rd November)**

## CHAIR'S REPORT: Ex-PostScript Editor Returns.

Having only just given up my quill last term, I'm back already – this time writing from the honoured position of Chair.

First things first, though – a warm welcome to all the freshers who, judging by our first week meeting, seem to have been attracted to the society. Having secretly expected a turnout of one man plus dog, I was very relieved to see lots of you there. Hopefully we'll see you all many more times throughout the term!

We've got lots of exciting meetings coming up – including the traditional Bonfire Night in fifth week, with fireworks and marshmallows, as well as Archery, a Safari Supper and even a trip to a gang show in seventh week. Keep watching your inbox, though – you should get more information each week about the next meeting!

Finally, a quick plug for our freshers ramble – a stroll in the Oxfordshire Countryside for a nice pub lunch – and an excellent chance to chat to the current membership. Join us on Saturday 4<sup>th</sup> Week – (4<sup>th</sup> November).

Anyway, enough waffle – enjoy the rest of PostScript.

*Luke Cartey (St Catherine's College) - Chair*



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## Letter To The Editor: *Apparently other people want an opinion too...*

Dear Sir,

I wish to register my formal concern over the security arrangements for the OUSGG mascot (one Erik T Panda). At a recent social event I attended in Swindon at which the aforementioned mascot was present, I managed to steal him from right under the noses of those supposedly guarding him. Fortunately in this case this action was merely a security test, and I returned the little fella almost immediately\*. However, had I malicious intent, OUSGG could be looking at a serious bill for jellybabies right now, with the consequent impact on group funds and future spending power. I would therefore recommend that the group conduct a full security review, without delay – there are Old Members out there not so kindly as me.

Yours cautioningly,

Chris Seward CBE\*\*  
ex-Jesus

\* I.e. couldn't be doing with the hassle of holding him to ransom at the moment

\*\* Commander in the Brotherhood of Erik

# COVER STORY: OUSGG HOLD DUCK CAPTIVE AFTER DARING PUNT-JOUST RAID

Lizzy Horne tells all exclusively in this issue of Postscript:

Kidnapping is such an ugly word, don't you think?

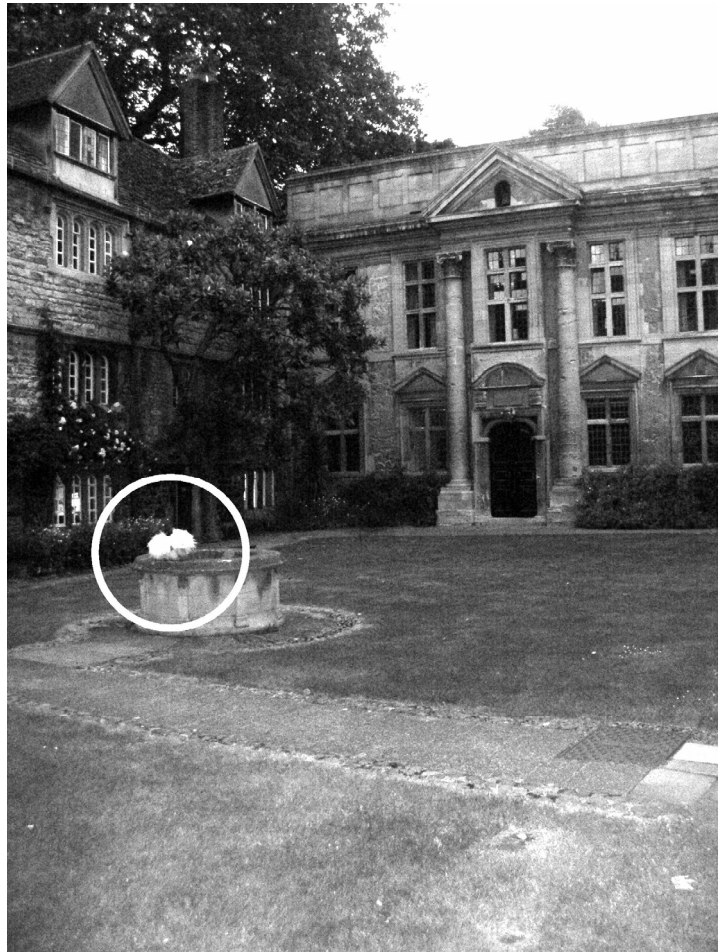
And besides, I don't think of myself as a kidnapper. What I did, I did for the duck, and I'd do it again if I had to. I have no regrets.

You want to know how we did it? Well, I'll tell you. Oh, I'll tell you alright.

So we were all over in Cambridge for the punt joust, right? And I noticed their mascot lying on the grass, lying over on his side and abandoned; away from the rest of the group, no-one near him or looking at him or caring about him. As if he wasn't important, as if he didn't matter! No guards, no escort... we weren't going to pass up a chance like that, were we? So we formed a circle around him, just to see if anyone would notice and make a fuss; when they didn't, I picked him up. Nothing. So one of us took off his rucksack, and we stuffed the duck inside – gently – and did it up again.

No-one asked where he was. They didn't ask as they packed up, they didn't mention it as we helped to carry equipment back to the cars, and by the time he drove away still no-one had mentioned him. We would have given him back if they asked about him. But no-one did. No-one did.

We weren't in the clear yet, though. We were still in Cambridge. We had to evacuate, and fast. Unhappily Chris hadn't come in his car; that left us with only a slow means of getting the duck back to Oxford: the public bus. It was risky, but it was our only option. I hustled him onto the bus with a hoodie over his head, strapped him into the window seat and prayed. I'm guessing that's how you found me. Too many witnesses.



The journey back went without a hitch. It was too easy, in a way, but I just didn't think about it at the time. We arrived back in Oxford late. The duck hadn't eaten for hours, and I wasn't going to let him die on me: not after all we'd been through. A short walk and £1.50 later, I had secured suitable nourishment for my charge: Mr. Ahmed's finest "chips with cheese and ketchup"; sadly he was too traumatised to eat much, and it would have been a crime to let good food go to waste.

Then we hid out in a Library for a while, before switching our base of operations to south west London. I bet that's why it took you a while. You found me in the end, though. I knew it was a mistake to come back to Oxford.

It's time? Yes. Yes, I'll come quietly.

W E H A V E Y O U R  
M A S C O T

A P A C K E T O F  
J A F F A C A K E S  
O R E L S E T H E  
d u C K 9 E T S I T

W E L L B E I n  
T O u C H . . .

Y I S & 9



## PUNT JOUSTING 06': Ousgg goes tab-bashing



### **Oxford & UEA 5½ – 1½ Cambridge**

"The ancient (circa. 1972) and honourable rules of this noble sport, the origins of which are lost in time, are herein set out for the guidance of the prospective competitors, who require only a lake, canal or similar body of relatively still water to enjoy it." So runs the opening sentence of 'Rules of Punt Jousting', printed by the Cambridge University Scout & Guide Club (CUSAGC), and now in its 6<sup>th</sup> imprint.

It is, however, wrong. A lake, canal or similar body of relatively still water is not enough. You also need punts and punt poles, two half-poles with camp mats gaffer-taped to one end, experienced referees, a large quantity of barbeque-ready foodstuffs, a barbeque on which to cook them, a lot of CUSAGC and OUSGG members with free time on their hands and a balmy summer's afternoon. And a towel. In retrospect, a towel would have been a very good idea.

The premise is simple: each team puts forward two people for each joust: one to propel the punt, and one to attack. The two punts race past each other, and as they pass the people standing on the front of each attempt to knock each other into the water using a broken punt-pole padded with foam at one end. If you are knocked into the river, you lose. If you succeed in knocking your opponent into the river, you then jump into the river to celebrate. If after six attempts neither you nor your opponent have been knocked in then the

joust is considered a draw, and *both* of you must then jump in... in order to satisfy honour.

After a nice amount of obligatory faff, most of which revolved around obtaining that vital second punt, the joust began in earnest. CUSAGC's team was matched by the combined might of OUSGG and UEA-SSAGO, with each committee member taking on their opposite number; or in the case of their opposite number not being present, the next best person who hadn't yet gone in. I eyed my opponent warily, and prayed that he wasn't a closet member of the Cambridge University All-Comers Synchronised Quarterstaff Display Team.

After very few matches had been played it soon became apparent that OUSGG's intensive post-Annual Dinner training had paid off handsomely. Some strong punts from Alistair helped to secure early victories for OUSGG-UEA, but it was the Freer-Wood partnership which was to prove to be OUSGG-UEA's trump card. Wood's textbook decking of his opposite number was the turning point of the match., after which CUSAGC never fully recovered. After four passes neither I nor my opponent had ended up in the river – I needn't have worried – and so both of us jumped in. Honour, and all that. Following my ignominious draw OUSGG-UEA dominated the rest of the joust with ease; after an epic seven-match struggle OUSGG-UEA were declared the champions, with five matches won, one drawn and one lost.

The punt jousting complete, our attentions turned towards another even more enjoyable pastime: punt sinking. Since everyone was soaked anyway, it made sense to see how many people we could cram into a stripped-down punt before it sank. The answer turned out to be somewhere in the region of thirteen.

With everyone soaked, the barbeque over and the beginnings of sunburn (on a cloudy day – impressive) it was time to head off home. *Or was it?*

*Lizzy Horne*

# THE FRESHER'S GUIDE TO OUSGG:

Chris Wood files a report dangerously close to deadline:

**A** **A to Z** of OUSGG – read on to find out more.

**B** **Blackadder** – The theme of this terms rally; somewhere in Wales sometime in November.

**C** **Chair** – big boss to be listened to at all times – This term it is Luke, but later it could be you.

**D** **Deadline** – copied from last years D, but still don't know what it means.

**E** **Erik** – Large cuddly Panda with a flair for fashion.

**F** **Faffing** – Unorganised and confused members resort to faffing in order to clog up your email box. Freshers take note, do not do this.

**G** **Geologists** – See *Physicists*.

**I** **Ingenious** – as all OUSGG members have to be when trying to fill in the blanks in an A to Z.

**H** **Hogan** – See *Erik* but replace large with small, panda with koala, and fashion with nakedness.

**J** **Jaffa** (of the cake variety) – In my experience postscript editors have to be addicted to these so there is clearly a connection to OUSGG.

**K** **Kangaroo** – hopefully the next mascot we gain will be in the form of.

**L** **Loreal** – because your worth it.

**M** **Mascots** – Most SSAGO groups have one. If you can steal it. We currently have one from Cambridge.

**N** **NnN** – Nosh and Natter (or for you non Northern speakers, lunch and a polite conversation). Warning: often contains free biscuits – of the ginger nut variety.

**O** **O.** Hmm can't think of any OUSGG related words beginning with an O, but then OUSGG tends not to start with an O.

**P** **Physicists** – we have too many of them so if you see one throw rocks at them.

**Q** **Q, Qu, Que, Quee, Queen** ... No I just can't bring myself to say it.

**R** **Rallies** – Termly weekend long camps for SSAGO groups around the country to attend. Often have a theme and lots of alcohol induced merriment.

**S** **St Edmund** (of St Edmund Hall fame). The true patron Saint of England and a true inspiration to the world as a whole.

**T** **Teddy Hall** – The oldest hence greatest Hall in the world, FACT.

**U** **Uniform** – Nasty word and thankfully not needed in OUSGG.

**V** **Va Va Voom** – French for OUSGG.

**X** **Xad System** – Open source client based archiving system. The most relevant X word to OUSGG – nobody has a xylophone.

**W** **Winter Walking** – New Year trip, this year to Snowdonia – find out more in the next postscript or talk tY Chris.

**Y** **Yodelling** – has a tedious OUSGG connection if you really think about it, answers on a postcard for next week.

## From Our Own Correspondant:

Sarah Berman's swapped rowing, cricket and maths for, well, rowing, cricket and maths!

I hope that an article (probably only about my fourth ever) will make up for the appalling lack of contact from me since I moved to the land of kiwis, sheep and an unnatural rugby obsession, and I hope at least some of you are vaguely interested in what I've been up to! And apologies to any freshers reading this who wonder who the heck I am!

Well, where to start? First, let me assure you all that I'm just as busy now as I ever was in Oxford, and that I still talk properly (despite the obsession over here to add 'eh 'to the end of every sentence)! But I've settled in really well and my first three months have flown by. I have a lovely (rent-free) flat in the centre of Christchurch, the biggest city in the South Island and have met some fantastic people.

My time is taken up with tutoring maths to the boys of Christ's College, one of NZ's most successful and best-known boys' private boarding schools. Yep, that's right, lots of teenage boys, and being surrounded by them all day every day took a bit of getting used to!

The powers-that-be like to think of the place as something like an English public school, and they consider their buildings to be among the most beautiful in NZ. They are probably right, but, let's be honest, you don't come to NZ for the architecture. The hall and chapel are very pretty, don't get me wrong, but four years in Oxford does make you a bit spoilt in terms of attractive buildings! I frequently forget that something built 100 years ago is 'old' by NZ standards and the fact that the school has just celebrated 150 years is really quite impressive. College is a place ever so slightly stuck in the past and with some really quite bizarre customs. For example, in the winter they have two uniforms, one for Monday, Tuesday and Friday and the other for Wednesday and Thursday. And no, I have no idea why. And if you take a look at [www.christscollege.com](http://www.christscollege.com) you can have a laugh at the oh-so-attractive vertically striped blazers with 'matching' horizontally striped ties.



Despite the quirks, it is actually a great place to work - the teaching staff are lovely and very down-to-earth and made me feel very welcome from Day One. The boys are, in the main, pleasant young men and the atmosphere of the place is a good one. As Maths Tutor I work with small groups who want extra help or extension work, mostly in the evenings and at lunchtimes. Now exams are coming up I'm in big demand, as the boys have typically left all their study to the last minute and have now realised that there's a lot they don't know. I am also unofficial PA to the head of maths, and coach of the Year 9 novice rowers. As you can probably imagine, fitting in all of that, playing for a cricket club and attempting to have a social life is pretty hectic!

Thankfully, we've just had three weeks of holiday and I took myself off to a few different corners of this beautiful country, - skiing, visiting relatives and seeing some stunning coastal scenery at the very top of both islands. Next vacation a friend and I will be driving around NZ with a friend (in my clapped-out 19-year-old car!) and then travelling to Australia to watch the end of the Ashes series.

So that's the end of Sarah's NZ Bulletin Volume One, but I promise more updates soon. I'm on email and google chat at [sarah.berman1@gmail.com](mailto:sarah.berman1@gmail.com) if you'd like to drop me a line and let me know how Oxford is treating you all now I've left (sob!).



## QUOTESCRIPT: new term, new year, new table

**Gillian:** I actually don't know how to play snap.

**Luke (about Sam):** I thought he was still male, just a dodgy male.

**Sam:** I'm not tired, I'm just rude.

**Mike:** Combined with Gillian, I think we decided we were half Sam.

**Alistair:** Oh, seven is less than ten, isn't it?

**Gillian:** ...because the aircraft carrier drops splinters.

**Co-op Man:** So, what awesome meal are you going to make out of this, then?

*When scanning through 3 packets of reduced priced Lamb & Mint Crisps, some beef mince, some kiwi fruit, a jar of Marmite and a bottle of Gin.*

**Sam:** You don't want to know.

**Mike (repeatedly):** Ooh...blackberries!

**Sam:** I only have eyes for the raven.

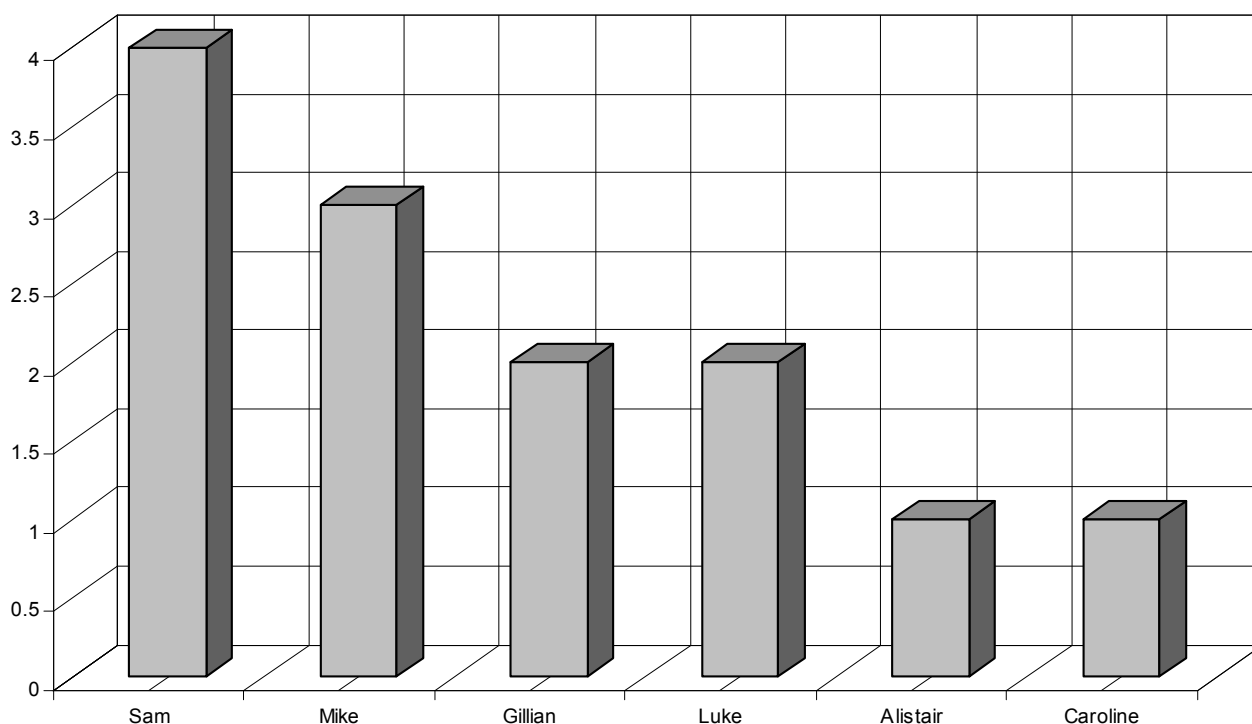
**Caroline:** You can do a lot on those squishy mat things.

**Sam (to Luke):** I'm not your plaything.

**Mike:** You clearly need me to do all the whipping.

### The Quotes League

1. Sam	4
2. Mike	3
=3. Gillian	2
=3. Luke	2
5. Alistair	1
6. Caroline	1



## Summer Trip Report:

Michael Howe loses his fresher status with a summer trip report better than last years.

At the start of Trinity, I never imagined that I'd be sitting here with a list of things I've got to put into some sort of order (admittedly not much of one, but still) for an article for OUSGG. Still, that's what happens when you live next to the trip organiser, I suppose. You go from being slightly scared of OUSGG to being given membership at the TGM so you can attempt to stand for positions. The trip had a lot to live up to, with the promise of sea (yay), sand, and blackberries (ooh). It managed, though - even Caroline and I had to agree that we'd had our sea fix for a while (well, a week or two). It was helped by the weather - on our way out, we almost had to tie Caroline down to stop her from getting blown off the ferry, or swept away by the spray, but from then on it was beautiful and sunny (so whoever it was who got the weather arranged for that week, well done).

We quickly discovered that the Isle of Wight appears to be preparing for invasion (could just be the OAPs in caravans, I suppose). An astonishing number of roads are 6"6' or "6"6' except for access" - and some of them really are (fortunately, Keith knows how big his car is even in the dark). The natives also clearly know every road (although with fewer roads than Gillian has soft

toys, that's not too hard), as the single signposts for places were inevitably half-hidden at the point where you needed to turn (who needs advanced warning at 50mph?). Still, the inhabitants don't use them much, as they appear to have access to an underground city via the hundreds of man-holes that can be found in the roads (or, in some cases, on the beach). Some, I could understand. But enough for every man, woman and child living on the Isle of Wight? Being by the sea gave us the chance not only to paddle (and forget the tide was coming in, leading to Sam and me giving Gillian and Caroline piggybacks across suddenly surprisingly deep sections of water), but also to admire lifeboats (yay, Tyne and Severn classes!). For those with an engineering degree, there was the opportunity to do some civil engineering, with tunnel and castle building being popular. And on the way to and from the beach there was the chance of blackberry-spotting (yay!).

I was also introduced to Sam's ideas about food and cooking (although he does grate cheese well). He managed to make each lunch last two days (or at least the sandwiches), and we don't mention the chicken wraps he brought from home. I'm really not sure why he decided that



kiwi burgers (as in the fruit, rather than the people - although I suspect they'd have been less soggy) were a good idea - personally, I blame Gillian - but the final night saw some interesting cooking experiments. Some of the burgers managed not to disintegrate completely, but it was generally agreed that normal burgers were preferable. Having said that, most of the food was better than some people had implied it would be - especially the blackberries (no, you don't see any pattern here. Honest). The ice cream (which we were told to try) was also good (it's worth being in the car that \_doesn't\_ go supermarket shopping on the way back - you get ice cream \_and\_ lifeboats!).

The trip was also a chance to get to know Erik a little better (having never been allowed near him previously - just because I'm in Another Society. Bah), and also to recover my giraffe, who had been "spending the summer" with Gillian. I managed both of these, and discovered that Erik can be very fickle (or possibly more accurately, others can be very possessive about who sleeps with whom). We also discovered that Caroline is quite happy to "take care" of the animals, given the opportunity. Fortunately, Indy, Matty and Rosie were all returned safely, and Erik ended up with a new friend (hi, Rebecca), as did Caroline (hi, Bob!). And while Indy decided he'd go to France, Matty came back to the prettiness that is Worcester.

So, another summer trip has been and gone, and I suspect that while it was my first trip with scouts, it won't be my last. However, it wouldn't have been anything like as fun as it was without all Gillian's hard work organising it.

Michael Howe

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## N'n'N? nostalgia ain't what it used to be:

Some OUSGG Alumni have recently and very kindly donated some of their old PostScript collection to fill gaps in the archive held by the Bodleian. These will make there way to Oxford at some point, but in the meantime some material in one of the issues from 1982 they sent caught my eye, and I thought I'd share. Alternative names for N'n'N:

- Munch and Mumble
- Consume and Consult
- Digest and Digress
- Eat and Utter
- Masticate and Meditate

and, finally:

- Chat and Chunder

Now either this is a prime example of how language evolves over time, or Thursday's N'n'N used to be accompanied by sherry. Perhaps things were better in the good old days after all...

Chris Seward  
ex-Jesus  
Old Members Rep

## Where's Erik?

Everyone's favourite panda spent last term in St. Edmund Hall, but far from being cooped up the adventurous thirty-something decided to get out and see the town. But where did he go?



Answer's to: [iknowwhereerikis@ousgg.org.uk](mailto:iknowwhereerikis@ousgg.org.uk). First name drawn out of the hat on deadline day will win a prize!

## Caption Competition: sharpen your wit ahead of future meetings

Answers to: [manonacliff@ousgg.org.uk](mailto:manonacliff@ousgg.org.uk)

