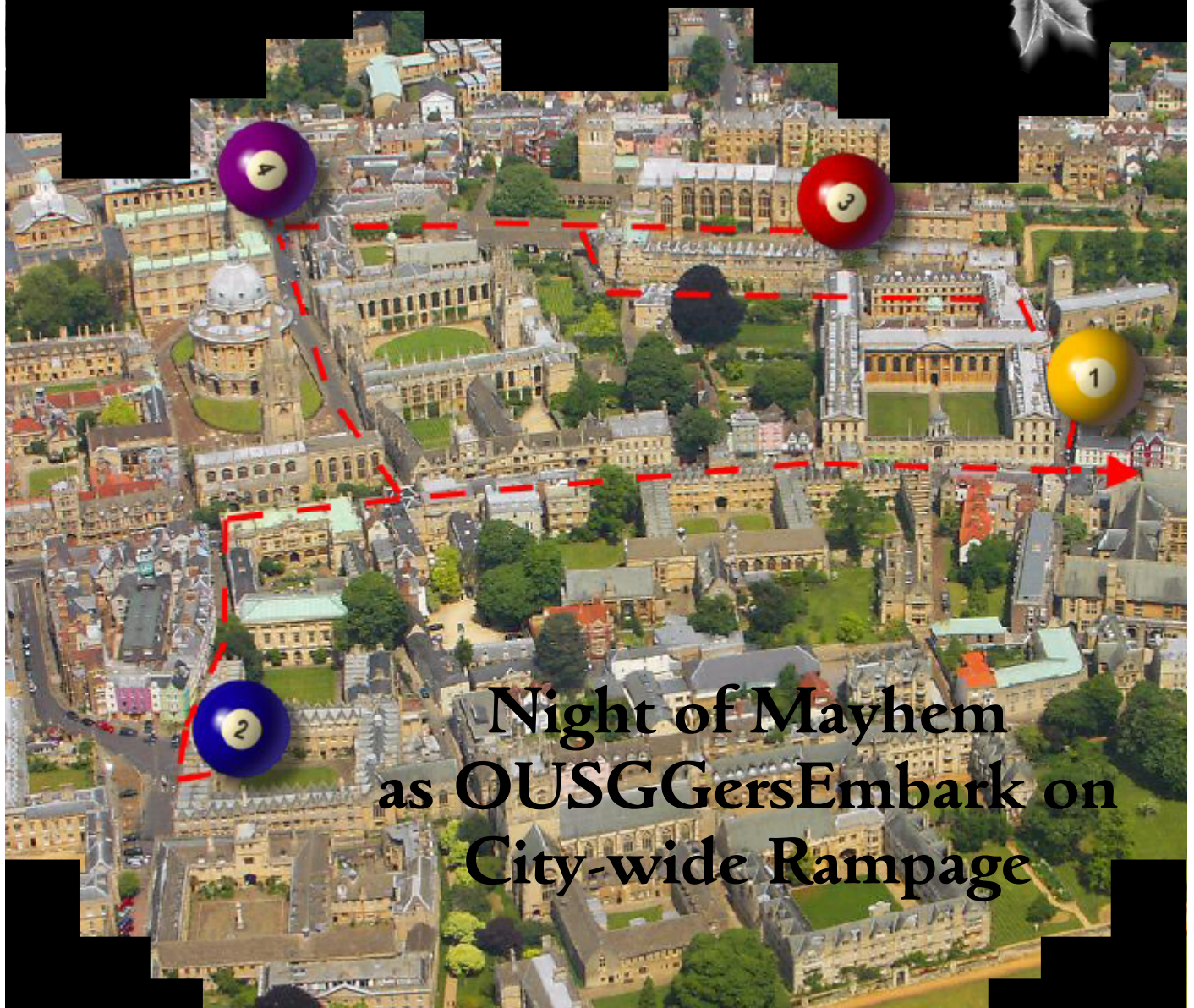


PostScript



Night of Mayhem
as OUSGGers Embark on
City-wide Rampage

Michaelmas Term 2007 - Issue 3 of 3

An Oxford University Scout and Guide Group Publication

PostScript



Issue 387

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All items received will be presumed for publication unless otherwise notified. The Editor reserves the right to modify contributions, especially if they contain exclamation marks.

Views expressed in **PostScript** are those of their authors, and may not correspond to those of OUSGG and associated bodies.

If a plane were to fall from the sky, how big a hole would it leave in the surface of the Earth?

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Editorial

It's the end of the term as we know it. Yes, Eighth Week comes to us all, whether you're a bright-eyed, bushy-tailed enthusiastic Fresher yet to be brutally beaten over the anvil of Prelims and for whom the social whirl has not stopped since you came up at the start of October, a cool, collected second year secure in the knowledge that Finals are still a long way off or an increasingly nervous Finalist eyeing their calendar with ever-mounting dread.

Ideally Eighth Week would be a time for looking back at the term with a sense of accomplishment; a time to review and gain satisfaction from the knowledge and understanding of the world gained in the previous seven weeks. Unhappily this world is far from ideal, and to some extent Eighth Week always seems slightly tainted by a miasmic patina of regret for all the things that have been less than perfect over the last seven weeks. Opportunities - and lectures - missed, things left said and unsaid, time wasted, time lost. Your time in Oxford is short, and each Eighth Week marks the end of yet another paragraph in your life's "University" chapter: an unstoppable death-knell of the last irresponsible years of your young life.

Happily Eighth Week has only just begun and so if, like me, you find yourself slipping into such woefully self-indulgent chunks of internal prose there is still time to wrestle yourself free of the feeling before the last Christmas Dinner of the term. Call one of your favourite childhood books up from the stacks and read it in the Upper Cam. Visit the Botanic Gardens (entry free to Bod card holders, 9-4.30pm). Wander around the Covered Market and look at the Christmas decorations - no, look at everything. The Covered Market at Christmastime is not to be missed.

Yes, it's still only November, and in 'the real world' Christmas is still a month away, but as you've all noticed by now Oxford is not a part of 'the real world'. Oxford is a magical gift in itself, one that you worked hard to earn, and it's Christmas. Now get out there and enjoy it.

Elizabeth Horne, St. Edmund Hall - Editor

The next issue of **PostScript** will be published on

Monday of 2nd Week,

and so the deadline is

Friday of 1st Week.

Articles received after this time will be included at the Editor's discretion, or may be retained for use in future issues.

Chair's Report

Nick Scroxtton prepares to step down from the podium, but not before presenting us with his final report.

Is it over already?

Well, that's the end of my term. Hope you enjoyed it. As I pass the baton of chair onto Lizzy - god help us all - I am reminded of a rather amusing tale...

Or maybe not. The final third of term has been a hectic OUSGG fun-filled few weeks. We've enjoyed wine & chocolate and not felt guilty about it afterwards at our fair-trade evening, laughed our way through an excellent performance by the Oxford Imps and their "natural log" fight scene, and hopefully voted our way swiftly through an AGM to get to a slightly less traditional Christmas meal of curry! Plus the fun of our non-Monday meetings: the bar-crawl was an excellent success from my point of view, but I am aware I was drunker than most by the end.



But the highlight of the term for me was seeing "Would I Lie To You" being filmed at Television Centre in London. With David Mitchell on fine form, Vic Reeves' bizarre sense of humour and Tara Palmer-Tomkinson's hissy fit when filming overran at the end, it was a brilliant evening.

Thanks to everyone who made this term possible: Chris for being as good a Chair's Bitch as he was my Postscript Bitch last year; Keith for driving us in the minibus; the vast knowledge of OUSGG members past and present who made quite sure I wasn't going to forget to do anything important; Helena for hosting N'n'N; anyone who booked a room for us to meet in; to the new Freshers for actually turning up, not being afraid of us, and then joining this magnificent Society.

Lastly, thanks to all of the membership of OUSGG for making this term a success by turning up to my meetings. I hope you had fun!

Adios Amigos,

Nicholas 'El Chair' Scroxtton, St. Edmund Hall

Inside This Issue

Massive article eras smashed into more chronostratigraphically useful stages.

- **Summer Trip Part II**
The mystery of the hookers is finally revealed.
- **Feline Lacto-Gluten Induced Acceleratory Experimentation Using Nickensian Proxies**
Rejected by Nature, but accepted by PostScript.
- **Anything**
Nine out of ten editors prefer it to Nothing.
- **Ways to Bring Joy to a PostScript Editor's Heart**
Anyone trying these may find themselves in large amounts of pain.

...and more!

Summer Trip Report: Part II

Andrew Freer reveals all in our second look at a this summer's slightly unconventional expedition.

The next day (after a slow start), I met with Ricardo (a South-African and coincidentally former Oxford resident) to do the tourist thing. We began with the Eiffel Tower. Reassuringly, it hadn't disappeared since last time I was in Paris. We didn't go up, as the queue was massive, and I'd been before. Instead, we went for lunch.

After lunch, we visited l'Hôtel des Invalides, site of Napoleon's tomb. With its frescoes depicting the emperor dispensing justice, inspiring education and engineering, and generally being all-round amazing, I don't think I've ever seen such a temple to one man's ego. It's all the stranger when you consider he was too dead to appreciate it.



Also on the site are the Musées de l'Armée et des Plans-relief. The Musée de l'Armée is a lot like the Royal Armouries at Leeds. It had a dagger in the form of a crucifix. The Prince of Peace as an offensive weapon is a very incongruous thing, in my opinion. The plans-relief are well worth a visit. It's a set of scale models of forts, in amazing detail. Louis XIV's minister for war started the collection in 1668 to help the planning and building of fortifications in France, and it's grown over the centuries. I have to confess I hung around in the museums for a while. It's nice to do the tourist thing with someone else, but when someone's first reaction to the Eiffel Tower is disappointment that it's not bigger, it can be easier to just wonder and

wander on your own.

I spent a lot of Wednesday in the museum of decorative arts. There's an audioguide tour (there's an audioguide tour in most places now), which is in chronological order. I learned a lot about the development of the arts in France and Europe, most of which I've forgotten, but oh well. I went into the Louvre in the early evening. That's definitely a good way to do it. The price is reduced, and so are the crowds. I saw the Mona Lisa without needing to use binoculars.

On the way back, I stopped by the Eiffel Tower again, just in time to see it light up.

Thursday was Versailles day, and audioguide time again. It's worth buying your tickets in advance, to save an hour or two of queuing. The Palace of Versailles is amazing; the Hall of Mirrors is huge. The palace is full of allegorical paintings about how wonderfully godlike Louis XIV is. I was beginning to see a theme.

On Friday, it was time to move on. With an Interrail card it costs about €7 to book a ticket on the TGV. At its best, the train is my favourite way to travel. It's easy, it's faster than road travel, and the scenery is better. Admittedly I spend a lot of time reading books on the train, but it's nice to know the scenery's there.

Dijon was the next stop. It's a pretty little town, with a big market, but there was only one reason I went: Segways!

Yes, a guided tour on Segways. It was very good fun. The other people in the photo are a family I met, who were having to take a detour from their holiday, which had been flooded out. You could see from the train, there was quite a bit of flooding in the South of France.

I also went on a walking tour of the town centre. It was surprisingly challenging; I'd been promised the guide could speak English but this was a mistake. Luckily, it turns out I haven't forgotten everything I learned in A-level French. It's really very satisfying to be able to follow what's going on and not always be the clueless foreigner.

The hostel "in" Dijon was okay. There's only one, about an hour's walk from the town centre, and it's the sort of place that caters to big coach trips of school children. It's a bit lacking in atmosphere, but then "atmosphere" in hostels is usually synonymous with dirt, so there's always a bright side. I didn't stay there long. Dijon's

quite small, and I'd seen most of what there was to see over the weekend. It was time to move on to Kandersteg: a small village in the South of Switzerland, just North of the Italian border. It looks as Swiss as can be, and is home to an international scout centre.



All sorts of activities are available, lots of them on the nearby glaciers. Since I was backpacking, I was traveling light and didn't have the hats, scarves, gloves, coats etc. that I would have needed for ice climbing. I really think OUSGG should go back another year and make a full trip of it. Choosing from what I could do at short notice and without woollens, I went climbing on a local climbing wall, and tried clipping the rope in as I went up, for the first time. I realise any of you who are old hands at climbing won't be that impressed by this. I also went on a Jacob's ladder. It's set of horizontal poles spaced further apart as you climb. The aim is to go up in pairs, helping each other. It's a lot harder if you go up blindfolded, funnily enough.

I also went for a walk on my own, up to a glacier. Because it took so long to get up the chairlift to the start, I had to turn back before I could stand on the glacier itself, but I reached the level and took a photo in my official OUSGG™ branded clothing to prove it.

Once again, it was time to continue my whirlwind tour. Next stop, Venice.

Venice is really pretty, and it's great to wander round if you're not trying to get anywhere. If you are, it's baffling. I recommend meandering round the quieter parts and just taking in the atmosphere. The Guggenheim museum is definitely worth a visit, if you're interested in or just trying to understand 20th century art. Next time, I'll try to go off-season and visit the ducal palace and basilica too.

Venice is built on a swamp, so bring mosquito repellent. Bring pigeon repellent too, if you're going to St Mark's Square, or take some inspiration from Tom Lehrer.

And so, it was time to head north again. One flaw: all the trains to Paris were fully booked. After a great deal of persuasion, I managed to convince one of the people at the ticket office that any route would do. It wasn't easy when my knowledge of Italian is all but non-existent, but I managed to get a train to Munich, and a night train from there. That was an experience and half. Our carriage was infested with bed-bugs. We spent half the night hanging around in the corridor, until they could add a new carriage at Karlsruhe. If there's one thing I've learned about night trains, it's this: book far in advance for a bed.

Back in Paris, I had two days left before I returned on the Eurostar. I wandered round Montmartre, and saw a mountain-biking competition down the steps of the Sacré-Cœur. In keeping with what had been a very art themed holiday I visited the Pompidou the morning before my return.

Amsterdam. Oops, I knew I forgot something.

CHRISTOPHER WOOD¹ AND NICHOLAS SCROXTON²

¹Dawson Street Kitchen Laboratories, University Of Oxford, OX1 3PR

²Department Of Confectionary Analysis, Tesco's, OX4 9TJ

Abstract: The two popular urban myths of toast always landing butter side down and cats always landing on their feet are put to the test to determine which of these parameters exerts its influence over the other in simultaneous experimentation. We hope this advancement in myth technology will stimulate research into the myth sciences and get us a job working on Brainiac or some other similar show.

INTRODUCTION

After recently seeing an episode of the Discovery Channel's 'MythBusters', where they tried to disprove the common urban myth that 'if birds in a truck take flight they lighten the load', we were inspired to come up with a solution to some of life's myths. Originally we were just going to see if it is true that cats always land on their feet, or that toast always lands butter side down; however we decided that these two experiments were a little dull. As a result we modified and incorporated them into one über experiment, disproving at least one of these popular urban myths.

METHODOLOGY

Apparatus

The following apparatus was used:

- Toast, buttered with approx. 1 tablespoon butter
- A drill with a 4mm bit
- String (enough to go around a cat)
- A cat (preferably female, about 20 cat years old - just under 2 human years)

Experimental Method

Two holes were drilled in the toast, each one about 30mm from the edge and 180° apart. The piece of toast was then tied on the cat's back, using string, so that the butter side was away from the cat. It was picked up and dropped from varying heights with the data being recorded synchronously.

To get a scientifically accurate data trend at least 30 tests need to be completed. To not bias the experiment care must be taken that the cat/toast arrangement should be held sideways, so neither object is given a distinct advantage.

If for some reason the apparatus did not stand up to the required number of tests then we stopped, as we did not want our results swayed by different weights of toast being used in different experiments.

Observations

1. It is rather hard to drill holes into a piece of toast, so we just took to stabbing the toast with a baby finger in the general area the hole should be. After a few attempts this seemed a successful method.

2. We did not have a cat, and were unable to track down a suitable feline candidate for the experiment, so had to use the nearest thing we could find: Nick. This may seem an odd choice given the cat requirements stated earlier, but for the sake of our house boy to girl ratios Nick has been re-classified as a girl, and as he is almost

2 years old he was the logical choice.

3. Nick ate the first loaf of toast before we could attach any to his back.

4. After a quick trip to Tesco's (to buy bread for the experiment, and biscuits to distract Nick whilst we attached the toast to him) we discovered that there was an unpredicted degree of toast slippage, because we didn't want to tie the string too tightly in case it affected Nick's ability to breathe, or somehow damaged the toast. Sellotape was used as an alternative attaching mechanism.

5. Nick weighs more than the average cat, so two pieces of toast were used.

Results

Height (m)	Nick on feet	Toast butter side down
2.0	25	0
1.5	23	2
1.0	25	0
0.5	24	1
0.25	0	25

ANALYSIS AND CONCLUSIONS

From the results it can be seen that, in general, a cat can outsmart a piece of toast. However, below a certain height the toast always wins. This was the last height to be tested, and it seems as if the toast has now been able to develop a strategy to win. Does this mean that the toast in fact did actually outsmart Nick? The answer is yes. Yes, it did.

FURTHER EXPERIMENTATION

For future experiments it should be noted that the properties of a 'Nick', although similar to those of a cat, may not be entirely the same, so every effort to find a cat should be taken. However, if a cat can not be found Nick is a suitable alternative.

We also found that a very large quantity of biscuits have to be used to distract the 'cat' whilst the toast is being attached. We went through 2 packs of chocolate digestives, 4 packs of Hobnobs and 1 pack of Rich Tea Biscuits. The Hobnobs worked most successfully.

You need to make sure that the cat is awake for the entire experiment. Some of the early discrepancies were due to the fact that Nick was asleep.

Please also note that no cats were harmed during the experiment, so please do not get SPEAK onto my case. The same cannot be said for the toast: several pieces were mauled at by the cat during the experiment.

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Miss [REDACTED]
 Further to our previous communication [REDACTED] Oxford University Scout and
 establish the date, [REDACTED] for the next
 Guide Group's notoriously [REDACTED] be even
 academic year. This, the 89th Annual Dinner, [REDACTED] Somerville
 more [REDACTED] noted for its [REDACTED] On
 College, Oxford [REDACTED] will be within our
 Saturday the 3rd of May [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED]. I await your further instruction.

Your obedient servant, [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] all well and good, but [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] makes no mention of the ramifications should you succeed,
 What are the [REDACTED] Part and Picnic, held on the 4th May.
 [REDACTED]? Might it not be best to [REDACTED] if the action has been taken on the
 I do not presume [REDACTED] ?
 hard, but [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] May Bank Holiday [REDACTED] of the matter at
 [REDACTED] (Miss) [REDACTED] on the roof?

(Continued from page 7.)

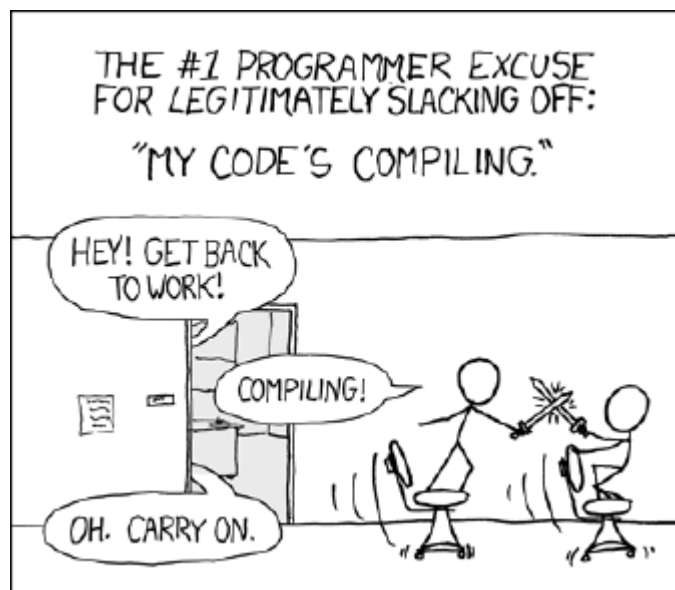
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Submitted 18th June 2007. Accepted 22nd November 2007.

Top Ways to Write PostScript Articles While in the Lab

Multitask like you've never only been pretending to work before, thanks to this handy guide by **Michael Howe**.

- Write it as an email, to be sent with a rapid hit of control-return (Note: this requires you to be using a decent email client. Webmail is not decent).
- % Write it in MATLAB (or whichever programming language you're currently using. You can %either put it as comments, or, if you're feeling extremely bored, you = ['can ', 'writ', 'e i', 't. ']; as = real(code);
- Wait until your supervisor's old supervisor is over, so he's busy (Note: make sure you aren't writing your article when he brings his supervisor down to show off his new group).
- Go and hide in the room with the microscope, and take lots of time-series images (this is especially good with something that flows as slowly as, say, glucose. It's also good when the heating is broken/it's midsummer, as it has aircon).
- Take the morning off to write it. Be warned, you may be more tempted to do other things, and sleep can be an evil temptress.
- Write articles in boring seminars. It has the bonus of keeping you awake (well, more so than the seminar), as you're making so many notes. Plus, you can even make notes if the seminar *does* become interesting. Bonus points for leaving them in your article. (Note: sit near the back, and don't let random people see your 'notes').



- Wait for your code to compile (or to run on all your images, or something).
- Look for webcomics to back up your point. But only in your coffee breaks (an email window is so much more 'work' than a webcomic, even if it does deal with science and math and fun stuff).
- Distract your supervisor with one of your colleagues' problems, giving you time to work out what it was you were (or *should* have been) doing before you started the article.
- Send the article to the editor via multiple text messages.

Image courtesy of Randall Munroe at www.xkcd.com

The OUSGG Cocktail Book

This week: the non-alcoholic Christmas Mocktail

The perfect thing for OUSGGers who have temporarily sworn off drink.

You will need:

- 2 glasses of rosé
- 1 flute of fizzy pink wine
- 1 double vodka + mixer of choice
- Healthy sense of misadventure

Combine the ingredients slowly over the course of the evening, adding vodka to taste. Shake vigorously.

Warning: may result in extreme hangover. Best enjoyed in the company of a chicken-eating sellout 'vegetarian'.



An Alternative A-Z of OUSGG

Michelle Barton and Elizabeth Horne get in the the mood for the party season with a comprehensive guide to all things related to OUSGG revelry.

A is for the Annual Dinner **AFTERPARTY**, with lots of **B**, **G**, and **R**.

B is for **BAILEY'S & ORANGE**, that most notorious of drinks - see PostScript 334.

D is for the **DRYING ROOM**. Used for drying clothes. Nothing has ever happened in the drying room.

E is for **EARLY MORNINGS**. A early morning is defined as the time before the majority of people on a trip are out of bed, and so an early morning may extend up until one o'clock in the afternoon.

F is for the **FLOSSY AWARDS**, presented just before **A** for achievements over the previous year.

G is for **GARETH'S JOKE**, which may only be told on Winter Walking™. Since Gareth has not come to Winter Walking™ for several years, it's possible that no current members have heard it.

H is for **HANGOVERS**. People who drink tend to get them, especially when the drink is neat gin.

I is for **IRRESPONSIBLE DRIVING**, esp. by Scouts on Winter Walking™ (ridiculously quickly, or over the edge of steep valley roads).

J is for **JELLY BABIES**, the traditional fine for stealing Erik.

K is for **KIRSCH**. A kind of cherry brandy which Aldi are loath to sell in case people drink it on street corners.

L is for the **LADIES' LOOS**. Access to be gained only by means of underwear branded with arcane symbols - see PostScript 384.

M is for **MASTICATE** and **MEDITATE**, more commonly known as N'n'N

O is for the **OUSGG STAGED BADGE**. Which level are you? - see Postscript 381.

P must be for **POSTSCRIPT**, otherwise you wouldn't be reading this.

Q is for **QUOTESCRIPT**. I wonder who's in the lead? (*Bah. Ed*)

R is for **ROSÉ**, neither red nor white. The title of a song by The Feeling.

S is for **STASH**, including the special variety.

Anything

James Baker holds me to my word, and loses his Fresher status in the process.

I've been a member of OUSGG now for all of 7 weeks, and already I'm constantly being nagged to write an article for PostScript. "But I don't know what to write about!" I cried. "Just write about anything" was Lizzy's reply. And so, taking her reply literally, here is my article on Anything.

Now, writing about Anything isn't as easy as you might think. I mean, how exactly am I supposed to write about something that could be a wooden spoon or a thorough-bred Malaysian horse? Fortunately, as it so often does, Wikipedia saves the day again because it turns out that Anything is actually a soft drink sold in Singapore.

Anything is a carbonated drink that comes in a whopping 6 flavours; Cola, Cola with Lemon, Apple, Fizz Up, Cloudy Lemon and Root Beer. Whilst this pales in comparison to the 25 Coca Cola variations listed on Wikipedia, it's not bad for a company that started off as a golf specific media company. Anything also has a non-carbonated, iced tea, sister drink - Whatever. Whatever also comes in 6 different flavours; Ice Lemon Tea, Peach Tea, Jasmine Green Tea, White Grape Tea, Apple Tea and Chrysanthemum Tea.



Unfortunately, that's about as much information as Wikipedia gives on Anything and Whatever - unless you want to know about how they had to withdraw a marketing campaign from 450 Singapore bus stops over fears that it would spread Dengue fever. And although it would probably be a fair assumption that you don't want to know about it considering you're this far into the article and are still reading, I'd much rather tell you about a street performer I once saw in Boston (don't worry, this is going somewhere vaguely related to the article... possibly).

So there I was in Boston, walking through some market place kind of thing as you do, and suddenly I heard a shout: "Hey everybody! Look at this!" Mildly intrigued I paused and heard the same voice calling, "Oh my God, look at that!". By this point, there was no way I could possibly walk on without finding out what all the fuss was about, so I walked over to where all the commotion was coming from to find not some amazing scene, but some guy wearing a bright waistcoat with two polystyrene cut outs. And - yup, you guessed it - the cut outs were of the words "This" and "That".

I bet you're wondering what that has to do with anything. Well, it strikes me that it's an incredible marketing ploy. Picture the following scene, in which two people are in a coffee shop somewhere in deepest Singapore...

"Hey, would you like a drink?"
"If you're buying."
"What would you like?"
"Anything will do."

WHAM! Anything has another unsuspecting consumer. It's perfect. Now all we need to do is find a way to use this cunning trick to ensnare more potential OUSGG members.

And there you have it, a whole article on anything. Look out for the next installment when I waste your time talking about Nothing!

Letters

Cascading like rainbows tumbling from the sky - in theory.

Conspiracy Watch 2007

Madam,

Whilst enjoying Mr Snelson's game of 'Spot the Difference' [PS 386], I noticed that it might be serving a more sinister function than mere light entertainment. Mr Snelson cunningly includes a reference to Luke 1:38. According to the King James Bible, the particular verse reads as follows:

"And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word. And the angel departed from her"

Mr Snelson's dabblings in matters conspiratorial are well-known. Does the clear, undeniable truth that the above line does not form an anagram of 'Lee Harvey Oswald did shoot JFK from the sixth-floor of the Book Depository after all' have a deeper significance? I think we should be told.

Yours,

Philip Alderton, ex-St Peter's

Excessive Cleanliness

Madam,

I am distressed by the lengthy nature of the conversation about laundry at the last OUSGG social.

Yours,
Sockless of Surrey

Spin Cycle

Madam,

I wish to point out that conversations about laundry are comparatively normal in OUSGG terms. Indeed, compared to shipping containers, Ceefax and stuffed animals it is totally normal. I hope the society is not becoming less odd.

Yours,
Incarcerated of England

Woad Rage

Madam,

It has come to my attention that certain members of the Group think it's too cold to go hill walking in the middle of winter. Well, let me tell you, when I were an undergrad we had to walk fifteen miles to lectures and twenty miles back, three times a day, uphill both ways, in a blizzard, wi' nowt but a thin coat of woad to keep us warm. And we were grateful for it!

Honestly, youth these days don't know they're born.

Yours,

An Old Git

Woadkill

Madam,

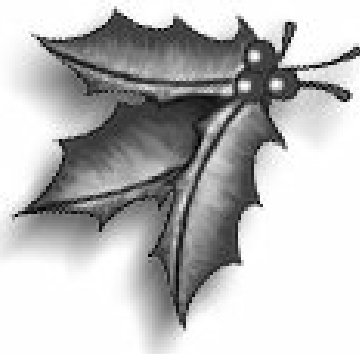
With reference to Mr Git's recent communication:

You had woad? LUXURY! When I were an undergrad, woad hadn't even been invented, and we couldn't have afforded it anyway. We had to go to lectures covered from head to foot in ice-cold water! And we were grateful for it!

Honestly, alumni these days don't know they're born.

Yours,

E.T. Panda



Ways to Bring Joy to a PostScript Editor's Heart

Michael Howe spreads the love in time for this holiday season.

Write all your articles in a font you know she dislikes (possibly because it was created by a person with questionable morals, or possibly because she just doesn't like it). Include images with annotations in this font.

Promise articles, this time, honest, but forget when the deadline is.

Send your articles in widely-recognised formats, such as PDF. Better yet, take a screenshot of your article, and send her the image. Bitmaps are the future.

Complain bitterly about the quality of this week's (or term' - or year's) PostScript(s). She loves criticism without any positive input, so don't think of saying helpful things, and definitely don't submit an article.

If you must, submit hand-written, smudged articles ten minutes before the deadline. The editor has nothing better to do than attempt to decipher your handwriting.

A Card For Every Occasion

Don't get caught out the next time you need a greetings card in a hurry.

The next time you find yourself needing to apologise for this common faux pas simply cut out and fold the card below, and present it to the recipient with a flourish - and a box of Thorntons chocolates.



An OUSGG A-Z (cont'd)

T is for **THE PHOTO**. You know the one we mean.

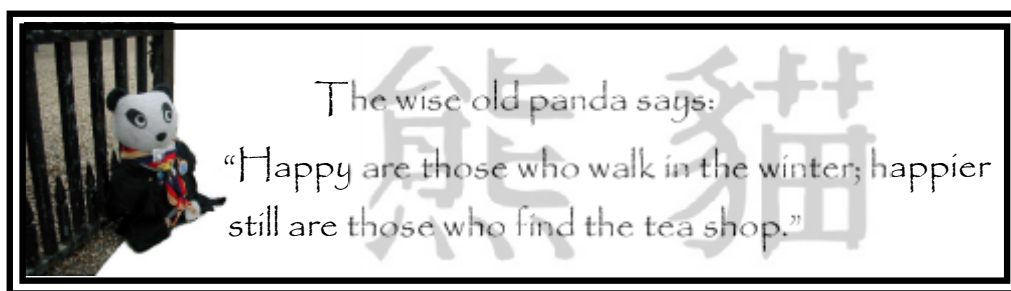
V is for **TESCO VALUE VODKA**, a drink of surpassing quality that will delight even the most jaded of palates. Not quite as good as Sainsbury's Basic Gin.

W is for **WALES**, location of this year's non-curdling **B** demonstration.

X is for the **X5** which connects OUSGG to CUSAGC

Z is for **ZOMBIES**. The shambling undead revenants, or the cocktail. Your choice.

Erik's Ancient Chinese Wisdom



*With Deepest Sympathy
For Your Loss*



The New Adventures of Erik the Panda

The content of this article has been deemed unsuitable for OUSGG audiences. Ed.



Tattoo these dates onto a limb of your choice*:

28th December 2007 - 4th January 2008: Winter Walking™

Join us in Snowdonia for a week of relaxed/bracing/exhausting (delete according to personal preference) walking in spectacular winter scenery. Contact Mike Bedington (see p. 2) for further information, and to return your trip forms.

**Chosen limb must be one of your own.*

QuoteScript

Luke Cartey encourages us all to think before we speak next time.

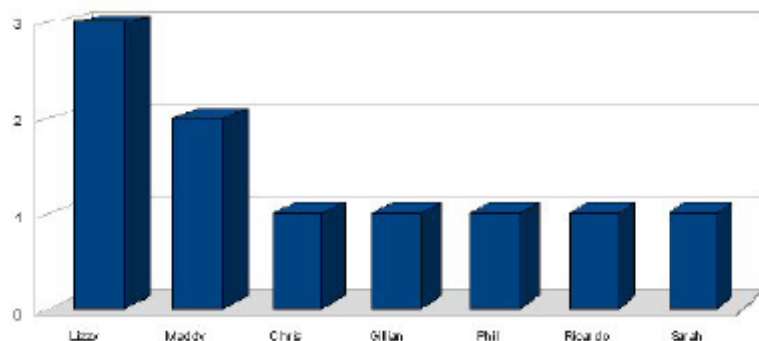
Sarah: 'Mike Bedington?' Am I supposed to know who he is?

Lizzy: I always feel enlightened in woods.

And, courtesy of Andrew Freer we have the one and only complete, uncensored, unabridged, unexpurgated Summer Trip Quotes list:

Ricardo (on seeing the Eiffel Tower): It's a bit disappointing.

1. **Lizzy - 3 quotes**
2. Maddy - 2 quotes
3. Chris - 1 quote
4. Gillian - 1 quote
5. Phil - 1 quote
6. Ricardo - 1 quote
7. Sarah - 1 quote



Our esteemed editor seems to have got her nose out in front.

Other Events

Monday of 0th: Ice-Cream and Chatter, 7:30. G&D's, St. Aldates.

Monday of 1st: Ice Skating, Oxford Ice Rink, 9pm. Meet at Carfax Tower, 8:30.