

Issue 397

PostScript

An Oxford University Scout and Guide Group Publication



In The Fridge



Adventures of Erik



Winter Walking Cookbook



Dodd Bagging

PostScript

Issue 397 - 1 of 3, HT09

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All items received will be presumed for publication unless otherwise notified. The editor reserves the right to modify contributions.

Contributions should be received by the Friday preceding the date of publication. Articles received after this time will be included at the editor's discretion, or may be retained for use in future issues.

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

Editorial

Welcome back everyone - I hope everyone had a great Christmas, and that anyone who didn't spend New Year half way up Helvellyn also had fun (although I hope their New Year was also tainted with the regret of not being at Winter Walking).

We've got plenty of Winter Walking for you this issue - with quotes, pictures and reports. You can even read about Erik's adventures at Winter Walking. Who knew our faithful OUSGG mascot was such an adventurous chap, eh? And at the grand old age of 35 as well!

As you may have noticed from the front cover, or maybe even the box to the left, this is issue 397. That means we're only 3 issues away from the big 400! If anyone has any great ideas to make the 400th issue that extra bit special, then I'd love to hear them. I have a few ideas of my own - which you'll no doubt hear about in due course as I send out e-mails begging for photos, articles, quotes, etc... - but anything anyone else can come up with will be considered.

I'll also be expecting at least 1 article from every member for the 400th issue - but you don't need to worry about that yet. What you do need to worry about is what you're going to write for issues 398 and 399! Get to it!



Chair's Report

I've managed to avoid it for this long, but I guess it's now finally time for me to write a Chair's report... here goes...

It was good to see so many people at last week's Refresher's meeting, even if there weren't many Freshers. Still, most people seemed to have a good time and there's loads more chocolate, so come along to the rest of the meetings for more edible prizes! 'Fraid the rest of the sweets have been discovered though - they obviously weren't hidden as well as the chocolate...

Hopefully you're reading this with lots of prawn crackers and fortune cookies, celebrating the Chinese Year of the Ox in style! Who can use chopsticks?

For the rest of term, there's more food on the menu with a Safari supper in 3rd week and Erik's 35th birthday pancake party in 6th. Also, we're off to the Peak district at the end of 5th (20-22nd Feb) so dig out your sleeping bag and be ready for lots of sausages!

Shell

In This Issue

The Amazing Adventures of Erik the Panda (pg 4)

The second instalment in PostScript's very own serial.

Winter Walking Centrefold (pg 7)

Relive this year's Winter Walking with our special Quotes and Photos centrefold!

Nick's Guide to Dodd Bagging (pg 11)

Learn the art of Dodd Bagging with our handy guide.

Winter Walking Cookbook (pg 13)

Camp cooking needn't be boring with the new Winter Walking cookbook. Andrew tantalises us with excerpts from his latest best seller.



[Bonus geek points for anyone who can tell me where this issue's chair comes from - Ed.]

What's Happening?

Monday, Week 1: Refresher's Meeting
(Worcester College, 2000)

Monday, Week 2: Chinese New Year (St Peter's College, 2000)

Monday, Week 3: Safari Supper (St Catz, 1830)

Monday, Week 4: Stop Frame Photography
(To Be Confirmed, 2000)

Monday, Week 5: Shotover Country Park
(Christ Church Gates, 1900)

Monday, Week 6: Erik's 35th Birthday Party
(43 Bartlemas Road, 1930)

Monday, Week 7: Brainiac Live (New Theatre, 1915)

Monday, Week 8: AGM and Café Zouk (Oriental College, 1830)

The Amazing Adventures of Erik the Panda

told by **Tim Driscoll**

Part 2

The truth was, Erik felt old. Each day went by like every other before it, an endless sea of hours, with fleeting variations passing through like ships in the night. All the time he looked for something new to break the monotony.

Currently, he was surfing the net in an attempt to distract himself. His keeper was out, labs or suchlike, and he was using the time to further his embryonic plan. Hacking the password to the computer hadn't been hard – he'd had months to figure it out – and he was well practised in manipulating a keyboard with a pair of pencils. No, the main problem had been climbing up the desk in the first place, but he'd managed it after a few (painful) attempts by building some steps out of boxes. He paused to get his breath back, and then there was nothing but the sound of frantic tapping.

It was a good plan he thought, despite a number of drawbacks. Not least of which was his inability to speak Chinese. That was easily solved, in theory at least, but even then there were potential problems. Life is tough when you're a panda – and being a stuffed toy only made things worse. He spoke at the level of a whisper, and he was so short that most people literally walked over him without even noticing.

* * *

Earlier, he'd visited a local toy shop to buy a birthday present. He'd escaped from his home, walked to the shop (which he'd heard would only take two minutes), and wandered around for ages before he'd found something. It had only been a few shelves up, but when he'd tugged on the trousers of a woman passing by, to ask her to get it down for him, she glanced around and nearly kicked him. Then, once she finally noticed his presence, she'd picked him up roughly by the neck. Suffocating, and very aware he was over five foot from the ground, he felt her gaze sweep over him disdainfully.



“Plea... can't ... breathe...” he managed, but she either didn't hear him, or was choosing to ignore. She held him over the boy in the pram, who was currently occupied trying to bite the ear off another bear. The boy noticed, so she thrust him into the pram, speaking in strange tongues that put Erik in mind of human sacrifices, while the grubby little hands reached out greedily for him.

“Ooof,” he managed as he was slammed against the floor a few agonising aisles later. The claw descended once more from on high, and put him roughly on a shelf. Erik gave a sigh of relief as he watched the pair move off down the aisle

before he realised. It was the *top* shelf.

Once he finally got home, Erik had vowed never to go to that toy shop again.

* * *

He looked up. It was 5 o'clock, which meant he'd have company soon. Not that he thought anyone would mind his using the computer, but at the moment he wanted to keep everything secret. He cleared the browser session history, and told the computer to shut down. Then, he hurriedly dismantled his staircase, running around as fast as his little legs would carry him, 'til he heard the sound of voices outside, earlier than normal. He climbed up his chair and got himself comfortable just as the door opened behind him. In horror, he noticed the one of the foundation boxes, left where he'd put it next to the desk, just as a voice behind him said:

"Funny, I could have sworn I moved that." Erik's heart skipped a beat. "Are you ok?" it continued, now addressing Erik directly as it went passed him to move the errant box. "You look pale. How about a nice cup of tea?"

* * *

It was cold in the Lake District. Even Erik felt it, through his thick fur. He could only imagine what it must have be like for the rest of them. A few days ago, one group came back through the icy mist, telling stories of frozen lakes. They had photos to prove it too.

He'd gone along the next day to see for himself, and sure enough there they were. He went out for a stroll on the ice, his claws allowing him much better grip than the others had. They climbed tall mountains, eating behind walls to shield them from the biting wind while they enjoyed the view.



There'd been small, frozen waterfalls, and larger ones that were mainly slush; distant lakes in valleys you could only see from the right spot half way up a hill; Robins singing in plain sight by the road side, the road itself frozen over so it looked just like the streams; even a hot air balloon. He'd won the snowball fight, his small size giving him a slight edge, though it had been a close thing.


But now was New Years Eve. They'd eaten, and were trying to decide whether or not to start on the gingerbread cottage. Unfortunately, it wasn't looking promising. More people were due to arrive in a couple of days time, and it was being held back for then. Still, there was plenty of other food to get through tonight, and quite a bit to drink (contrary to popular belief, Erik was not a big drinker – the myth arose because people always forgot to scale things when pouring his).

The hours wore on, and soon people were playing games, laughing at old jokes and half-forgotten stories from years ago. Everyone liked the trips because they provided the best excuse for old friends to get together, but once again Erik was aware of the niggling feeling in his heart as others recounted all the wonderful tales of the months gone by. He didn't seem to have done anything interesting recently.

It had started as an idle thought in those precious moments between dreams and awakening. He'd been following it up more as a way to pass time than through any serious intention to see it through. But, as he joined the others in counting down the last few seconds of the year, he felt the idea rise again in his mind, hard as diamond. And now he knew.

He was going to see the pandas.

To Be Continued...



Coming Soon

THE COMMEMORATIVE LIMITED EDITION
90TH ANNIVERSARY BADGE

Watch This Space

Winter Walking 09

THE QUOTES, THE PHOTOS, THE TRUTH?





WHERE'S MY REINDEER GONE?

TO WHEREVER IT IS REINDEER GO TO DIE

WHAT!?! BETWEEN SAM'S LEGS?



I THOUGHT IT WAS SAM - I THOUGHT SHE HAD A BEARD!



I WAS AFTER A MORE SUCCULENT BREAST



NICK CAN SCREW ME, BUT ONLY YOU CAN SCREW NICK...

IN A SHOP...

DON'T YOU
HAVE A THIRD
HAND?

NO, IT'S CURRENTLY
PREOCCUPIED WITH MY
THIRD LEG...



HOW DO YOU FEEL
ABOUT BURGER IN
THE HOLE?





Nick's Guide to Dodd Bagging

explained by **Nick Scroton**

"..the most striking object in a fine array of mountain scenery.."
Arthur Wainwright on Middle Dodd

It's the latest craze sweeping the outdoor world, begun one sunny December afternoon in the Lake District by an intrepid group of OUSGGers. Dodd bagging may still be in its infancy, but it looks set to take the world by storm. But what exactly is Dodd bagging, and what on earth is a Dodd? A quick Google search reveals:

- Dodd v. t. **1** To cut off, as wool from sheep's tails; to lop or clip off.
2 A Geordie term for a fox (apparently)

So the dictionary doesn't really help us there. But then S. Dodd's forecast of how electronic dictionaries might progress in the future hasn't yet come to pass. So there. We then turn to Wikipedia which reveals, when referring to Great Dodd, the nature of a Dodd:

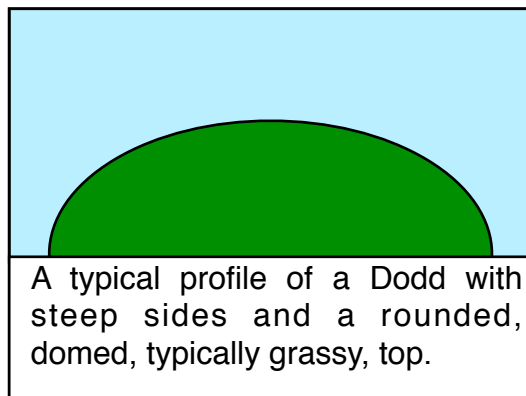
"The fell is a typical "Dodd" with a smoothly rounded profile, clad primarily in grass and bracken."

Which helps somewhat. However, the UK Dodd Bagging Council provides the best definition:

"A Dodd is the Persil concentrate of the hill-walking world"

By which we assume they mean small, but mighty. Whilst often living in the shadow of their higher neighbours, Dodds boast more character. Were one to rank the Lakeland Fells based on the categories of style, control, damage and aggression one would find the Dodds firmly entrenched at the top. Indeed their presence amongst the more well known hills of Cumbria often makes the views afforded at the top much more aesthetically pleasing.

The notable shape of Dodds means that from the lakes it is these fell-tops that can be seen and not the parent mountain behind, who's view they frequently obscure. And obviously vice-versa, often blocking views of the lakes from the higher fells.



However a smoothly rounded profile is not a guarantee of an easy walk up. Whilst the final top stretch may be flat, Dodds often have very steep sides, forming a fundamental part to their appeal. Due to their grassy nature the steepest side of the Dodd can, and arguably should, be attempted as the primary route to the summit.

In order to be appreciated fully Dodds must be climbed according to the following rules:

- 1) Paths are more a set of guidelines.

- 2) At some point, the route to the top must encompass a lengthy section of walking, perpendicular to contour lines, on the steepest side of the hill, regardless of nearby paths. i.e. straight up.

Over Winter Walking™ 2008-2009, nine intrepid OUSGGers managed to complete at least one Dodd and seven were climbed overall. It is not known why they did not complete Glenridding Dodd, considering they were staying less than 3km from its summit.

Arthur Wainwright included ten Dodds in his list of Lakeland fells. Most of these lie in the eastern or far eastern fells with only two outside this area, Dodd (502m) in the northern fells and Starling Dodd (633m) in the western fells. Starling Dodd was the last of the Wainwrights to be climbed by Arthur and so is traditionally completed last. Specialist Dodd-baggers are said to have no such feelings.

However there are Dodds not listed by Wainwright. This includes notable Dodds such as High Dodd located to the north of Place Fell in the far Eastern Fells. Thus those who have completed the Wainwrights might not have completed the Dodds. The only notable summit of Red Pike (Buttermere) is also a Dodd.

Rumours of other Dodds in United Kingdom (specifically in Dumfries and Galloway) are as yet unconfirmed by the UK Dodd Bagging Council. OUSGG are said to be considering sending out a reconnaissance party to southern Scotland to attempt to climb the suspected Dodd according to the international Dodd rules.

The OUSGG list of Dodd Baggers:

- 1) Mike Beddington - 7
- 2) Nick Scroxtton - 7
- 3) Roger Cotes - 6
- 4) Maddy Bunce - 5
- 5) Andrew Wood - 4
- 6) Andrew Freer - 4
- 7) Mark Hawkins - 3
- 8) Libby Hunt - 3
- 9) Chris Wood - 3

Dodds climbed by OUSGG over Winter Walking 2008/2009:

- 1) Dodd – 502m
- 2) Stybarrow Dodd – 843m
- 3) Watson's Dodd – 789m
- 4) Great Dodd – 857m
- 5) Hartsop Dodd – 618m
- 6) Rest Dodd – 696m
- 7) High Dodd – 501m



Mike Beddington (Left), Nick Scroxtton and Andrew Freer sit atop High Dodd (501m) on the final afternoon of Winter Walking. High Dodd is much neglected due to its non-Wainwright status but contains adequate steep grassy slopes to provide a true Dodd challenge.

The Winter Walking Cook Book

cooked up by **Andrew Freer**

Burger-in-the-hole

This traditional winter dish is very satisfying. It's best accompanied with vegetarian gravy

Ingredients

Some flour
Some eggs
Some milk
Some water
Some vegetarian burgers

Method

Place the burgers in roasting tins and start to bake them in a medium hot oven.

Whisk the flour, eggs and milk together. Ideally aim for 1 egg per half pint of milk, and the consistency of double cream. If you run out of anything, bulk it up with flour and water, and hope for the best. Allow to stand.

Pour the batter over the burgers and bake. Don't get too worried if it takes a while to rise.

Toad-in-the-hole

This is an alternative version, and a great way to disguise the fact that we're serving sausages and beans for the second time in one day. Simply replace the burgers in Burger-in-the-hole with sausages.

Vegetarian Gravy

This gravy recipe is for when you haven't any of the ingredients for gravy, except water.

Ingredients

One goliath onion, chopped
Water
Red wine
Branston pickle
Flour mixed with water
Instant vegetable soup powder
NO instant coffee

Method

Fry the onion until very caramelised. Add the other ingredients (except the coffee, no matter what Mike suggests) in what seem like reasonable quantities. Taste, and be disgusted. Boil, and pray.

Pie

“When come back, bring pie”, as a great philosopher once said. Here are two variants which are great for using up leftovers.

Ingredients

Pastry

Flour

About half as much butter, by weight

Water to mix

Filling One

Stock from turkey carcass

Leftover turkey

Tesco Value Chicken Roll

Tesco Value Wafer Thin Ham

Flour, to thicken

Filling Two

Quorn™ bolognaise

Burger-in-the-hole

Method

Grate the butter into the flour, mix with water, and roll out. Put the filling in the bottom a large metal mixing bowl. If a bowl is not available, use a pie tin. If making variant two, use the burger-in-the-hole as a base for the pie. Place the pastry lid on top, and bake.



Photo Credits

The photos in this issue of PostScript were taken by: Phil Alderton, James Baker, Sarah Berman, Andrew Freer, Alistair Green, Sam Snelson.

Peaks Trip

as advertised by **Phil Alderton**

Essays getting too much for you? Need to escape Oxford for a bit? Or just missing the great outdoors?

No problem.... What you need is a weekend in the Peak District with OUSGG!

When? Friday 27 February to Sunday 1 March.

When's That? That's Friday of Week 6 until Sunday of Week 7.

And Where Is It Again? The Peak District, didn't you read the title?

The plan is to head up there on Friday evening from Oxford. We'll spend Saturday walking. If we have enough people coming then we should be able to split into groups to cater for different tastes. On Sunday we'll do a shorter amble, and return to Oxford in the later afternoon.

We'll either be camping or staying in camping barns. My preference is for the latter, but it is also dependent on availability. Hard core OUSGGers are, of course, welcome to bring their own shelter halves..

Contact Phil Alderton for more details. I'd like to know if you want to come by 7 February (Saturday 3rd Week).

Hope to see you there!

F&GPC Minutes

as recorded by **Lizzy Horne**

These minutes are still AWOL, although there have been reports of sightings as far away as Lithuania. If you seen these minutes, or have any information relating to their whereabouts, please contact postscript@ousgg.org

They were last seen on 7th November, at the F&GPC (held at Cowley G&D's) at around 2045 in the possession of the OUSGG Secretary.

AGM Minutes

as recorded by **Lizzy Horne**

Another set of valued OUSGG minutes have gone missing - this time the AGM minutes. If you seen these minutes, or have any information relating to their whereabouts, please contact postscript@ousgg.org

They were last seen on 1st December, at the AGM (held at Worcester College) at around 1900 in the possession of the OUSGG Secretary.

300 Issues Ago...

Ahh, e-mail - where would we be without it? How did people possibly manage organising a trip down the Turf without the wonder that is instant communication? Well, apparently, they used PostScript - or so the following P.S. I found in Issue 97's editorial would suggest:

P.S. JK will be in the Turf on Friday night before Hallowe'en and invites anyone along who wants to go.

Did anyone turn up I wonder? Maybe we'll find out next time when we dig Issue 98 out of the archives!

QuoteScript



Since last issue, we've had the joys of Winter Walking - which, as anyone who has ever experienced Winter Walking will know, means we have too many quotes to fit in this meagre little box.

You'll have to venture inside PostScript to find them all, but here's a teaser for those of you who are too impatient/lazy.

Luke Cartey: *Where's my reindeer gone?*

Lizzy Horne: *To wherever it is that reindeer go to die.*

Luke: *What? Between Sam's Legs?*

You'll also find lots of photos from Winter Walking lurking inside as well - so what are you waiting for?

Erik I do!



The next issue of PostScript will be published on **Monday 16th February**.

Please submit your articles by **Friday 13th February**.