

# OUSGG – Waiting in the White



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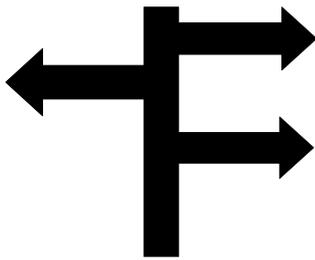
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And lots of it
- A Study in Subfusc  
Story time
- Rosé and Gin  
On the old Rag Doll

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RIP  
POST

# POST

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## The End of a Decade

By the time you read this of course, it could be the end of a different decade. At the time of writing, however, 2010 has just started and anything could happen.

Banana.

With the start of a new term comes a new set of people to moan at in 'Who's who?' and a new set of activities to get excited about in 'What's On?!' This issue sees the first publication of one of our freshers, or rather ex fresher [unless you won't believe it until you see it, in which case get back to the physics lab].

All the dates have been changed back to UK dates by a helpful monkey that I found wandering the gardens, so those of you who don't understand the new calendar don't need to fret. Those of you who wish this Post Script with the new date format in may submit a Freedom of Information request for it but be aware there is a hefty admin cost of about a pint a date.

Any random picture is from Winter Waling!

Geoffrey Hall  
St John's College

## Who's who?

- PostScript Editor:** Geoffrey Hall  
**Chair:** Geoffrey Hall  
**Treasurer:** Michelle Barton  
**Secretary:** James Baker  
**SSAGO Rep:** Elizabeth Horne  
**Membership Secretary:** James Baker  
**Internet Officer:** Michael Howe  
**SAGLO:** Jack Sobey  
**Quartermaster:** Elizabeth Horne  
**N'n'N:** Jonathan Nash  
**Annual Dinner Organisers:** James Baker & Michelle Barton  
**Summer Trip:** James Baker  
**Senior Member:** Nicholas Harberd

Any correspondence or articles for submission should be e-mailed to [postscript@ousgg.org.uk](mailto:postscript@ousgg.org.uk) or may be sent to:

Geoffrey Hall  
St. John's College  
Oxford  
OX1 3JP

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

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# Chair's Report

Me again. Did you miss me? It's a long way from page 2 to here.

As I write there has only been one meeting so far this term – indoor pioneering. Three teams entered into the competition to build the best Trebuchet, but only one team managed to win. Congratulation to James, Shell and Laura for winning by a good 3 inches!

Coming up this term is a mix of activities, some active and some not so. All the outdoor activities will have a wet weather alternative so don;t fret – I have things like Singing in the Rain and Ultimate Umbrella planned so far, but I think they may get improved upon...



I hope to see lots of you this year, and don't forget N'n'N every Thursday in Exeter College.

Geoffrey Hall  
Chair, Hillary 2010

## What's On?

- Monday 1<sup>st</sup> Week – Indoor Pioneering  
- 19:30, St John's College
- Monday 2<sup>nd</sup> Week – Burn's night  
- 19:30, Museum Road, St John's College
- Monday 3<sup>rd</sup> Week – Night Hike  
- 19:00, G&D's, St Aldate's
- Saturday 3<sup>rd</sup> Week – Cotswold Marathon  
- 17:00, Gloucester
- Monday 4<sup>th</sup> Week – Pub Quiz  
- TBC
- Monday 5<sup>th</sup> Week – Pancake night / Eri>|'s Birthday Bash  
- 19:00, Magdalen College
- Monday 6<sup>th</sup> Week – Wide Game  
- 19:00, Carfax Tower
- Monday 7<sup>th</sup> Week – Ultimate Frisbee  
- 17:00, Iffley Road
- Monday 8<sup>th</sup> Week – TGM and Food  
- 19:00, Graves Room, St John's College

# Letters to the Editor

Only one letter[s] this week from someone calling themselves C.V...

Dear Sir,

I K H T E H I G N

Yours,  
C.V

If anyone can shed any light on the mystery, please write in. The clock, as they say, is ticking...

## QuoteScript

Luke: "Where's my Tit?"

Luke: "Oh, yes! I've finally got it up!...But I don't know where to put it."

Shell: "It was a book from the thirteen hundreds. No, wait. It was about the thirteen hundreds"

Alistair: "There aren't enough adjectives for me!"

Laura: "You're obsessed with washing animals." [@Luke]

Luke: "It's difficult to get the kilt on the dog!"

Laura: "Help, help! I'm being oppressed!"

Laura: "It's a sad world where mechanical dog kilts sell better than love."

Lizzy: "We can't play under the table without Maddy."

Nick: "I'm being fingered by Andrew."

Chris: "Is this for guys?" [@Cosmo]

Andrew F: "So you pull it out first..."

Nick: "I've never had Christmas Pud as a diluent."

James: "Luke's the only straight one."

Geoff: "I'm going to do to you what Roger did to me."

Phil: "If I can survive to 80 then I'm in!"

Andrew: "No I'm also holding Luke's ass."

James: "I've just discovered Lizzy."

Laura: "Lizzy's face is in my boobs."

Geoff: "John Betjeman hates you." [@Laura]

Geoff: "I still don't remember what Roger did to me."

Phil: "He is being licked off."

Lizzy: "I've given a lot of people pleasure worldwide."

James: "From now, Easter is at the end of Judas."

James: "Which Ns are silent in 'NnN'?"

James: "I'll get a copy of the Bible, do a find and replace, and submit it to Geoff."

Sarah: "They're getting me wet."

Lizzy: "You'll probably end up sleeping with me." [@Laura]

Mostly from Winter Walking, but a few hangers on towards the end. Please note that this editor encourages original material but would also like to know what was going to be replace...

# OUSGG into the Tenties

James Baker

I'll bet when the first meeting of OUSGG was held, or rather the first meeting of the O.U.B.P. Scout Club as it was known then, they never expected we'd still be going over 90 years later. But - amazingly - OUSGG is still going and is now in it's tenth decade. So, in true Channel 4 style, here's the "Top 100 OUSGG Moments" of the past nine decades... Just kidding, not only do I lack the motivation to try something like that, but everyone would be bored and give up somewhere in the thirties. Either that, or they'd cheat and just tune in for the last ten minutes.

Instead, here are my Top 5 OUSGG events to look forward to in the coming year.

- 5 - Easter Activity  
Rumour has it that this year's Easter Activity is going to be in sunny Cornwall. What better way to spend your Easter Vac than wolfing down a Cornish Pasty whilst sunbathing? What do you mean it's going to rain?!
- 4 - Annual Dinner  
In a break from tradition, this year's Annual Dinner is on a Friday night rather than a Saturday. On the plus side it's on the last day in April. For those of you who haven't quite figured out why that's a good thing, it means we'll be doing May Morning OUSGG style! Better start saving up your sleep now I guess.
- 3 - Winter Walking  
What OUSGG list would be complete without Winter Walking? No one knows when it'll be, where it'll be, or even who will get lumbered with organising it - but you can bet that, as always, it'll be a trip not to miss.
- 2 - Cambridge SSAGO Rally  
The closest thing we have to arch-nemeses are holding a SSAGO rally from 2nd July to 4th July, and naturally it's your sworn duty as an OUSGGER to be there and show up CUSAGC. And there's a chance to practice at the upcoming Southampton Rally (26th-28th February), so make sure you're there!
- 1 - Summer Trip  
And, topping the chart, is this year's Summer Trip. We'll be hiring a boat and sailing the Seven Seas (or, at the very least, the English Channel and Irish Sea) for 5 days. Even better than that, at the time of writing there's still a place left! If you want in, then e-mail [james.baker@new.ox.ac.uk](mailto:james.baker@new.ox.ac.uk). The trip costs £225 (fully inclusive), and is running from 19th-23rd July. Erik will be there, so make sure you are too!

And there we have it, the OUSGG events to be at this year. Not that you shouldn't turn up to all the regular meetings as well - they'll be just as unique as ever (perhaps even more unique than normal when Lizzy gets control of the society).

# Winter walking 2009-10 - 29<sup>th</sup> Dec - 3<sup>rd</sup> Jan

Laura Bunce

As a newcomer to OUSGG, the idea of going on a walking trip at the coldest time of the year didn't strike me as the best thought-through tradition. Well, how wrong can you be?

Accommodation was a hut in Consall campsite, near Stoke-on-Trent. Various people went walking in different places. Despite a slight failure to remember place names, I can say with some authority that the more leisurely walking group visited a very picturesque reservoir, complete with a miniature railway track and a 'church' that was actually a small gorge/hole in the ground. We also made a highly intrepid visit to a remote pub with our new-found friend Terry, who got a bit merry on perry and then got eaten by a bear. Honest.

Ice and snow were quite a feature of this year's trip, from creating an excellent 'Star trek' effect driving in from Stoke-on-Trent station, to making certain members stuck for an extra night at the end. (Un) Reliable sources report that on the harder walks (aka death marches), gritting lorries turned up only for the drivers to take pictures of snow-covered roads and turn around!



Did Sarah like the snowman a little **too** much?



Caution! Please take care – there are abandoned mineshafts....





With Erik at the head of the table, we celebrated New Year's Eve with a roast dinner, including compulsory sprouts, a Christmas pudding with custard-flavoured brandy and some very silly games. People possibly regretted playing joke games on the trip freshers after we confused them in return for most of the night with the 'spoons game', 'paining the moon', 'black, black, white, white' ect.

On New Year's Day, we set out on a brief walk all together and found a very big bench:



Our plans for the 2<sup>nd</sup> January were slightly messed up when those of us still at the hut received calls from people leaving to go home and a group that had left to go walking saying that snow and traffic was bad. Six and a half hours later, they got back from their 20 minute drive. At least they avoided playing Munchkin... [See car on Page 1. Ed]

Aside from this slight hiccough, I think we can agree that winter walking was a great success. I am certainly converted!

# A Study in Subfusc - Part One

Timothy Driscoll

It was a dark and stormy night ...

...

Well, *darkish* ...

Actually, it was the middle of July, but that just meant it was hot and sticky too. An occasional flash of lightning lit the scene, revealing tents clustered like canvas constellations on a grass sky. The rain beat out a rhythm on rooftops, and stray leaves danced away in the wind. There were no fires tonight – not even the most dedicated pyromaniac would compete against this. Only the comings and goings of those brave or desperate enough to risk the journey to the toilet block disturbed the scene. Not all of them made it back.

It was, quite frankly, a disaster. Old Toby, the caretaker, had made a mistake with the booking that put the largest group at Faffingham into the smallest site. If that wasn't enough, the Chief Scout had been double-booked, and it was doubtful he'd get there at all. Then the weather had set in. Still, no-one would forget the OUSGG Centenery Camp, that was for certain.

In a corner of the large marquee tent, Erik the Panda sat reading one of his favourite mystery books – 'Shameless Plug' by an ex-member of the group. He'd read it before, but that was always an advantage in camp-reading. After all, it's not as if you were ever got to read for long without being disturbed by something.

A little way away, some current members of the group were playing cards, and another two were making a start on the washing up they'd just won. A few more people were reading, or catching up with old friends. Tied upside-down to the centre pole was the only other stuffed animal in the room: a duck named Whispy, recently 'liberated' from Cambridge.

The ropes weren't strictly necessary. Whispy had been in and out of OUSGG custody so many times over the years that he'd been made an honorary member. Rather, he'd been put there as an example to the Cambridge delegation due to collect him. Neither Whispy, nor Erik (both of whom had suffered their share of mascot abuse) had been happy about this, but they'd been outvoted.

"Hey, guys?" he asked as a couple of people left, taking advantage of a brief lull in the rain. "How about we untie Whispy now? It's not as if anyone else is going to turn up this time of night. Gates'll be shut by now, for a start."

"And if they've already arrived?" one of the washer-uppers asked.

"They're ill!" Erik interjected. "We know that. They rang to say their entire committee got food poisoning on camp."

"How about this?" asked Will, from the poker game, "We wait for Kelly and Julia to get back from the toilet block. If they haven't seen anything new, then we'll untie Whispy. Otherwise, he stays there. OK?"

There was a muffled noise from the duck, that might have been a 'yes' had he not been gagged too. Erik merely nodded his head.

"I suppose that will do."

"Great. Well, then... My deal wasn't it."

Erik gave Whispy an apologetic glance, and returned to his book. This was one of the good bits – where the director (who was being blackmailed) was taking Det. Sargent Johnson to the after-show party as her guest. There, he'd ask questions and generally nose around before realising –

The book skipped forward a few pages, blown by a gust of wind from the open tent door. The rain was picking up again by the sound of it.

"You'll never believe it, but there's something happening over at the Stone Tent," said the returning girl as she removed a dripping coat. "And I saw Toby going back to his cabin as I started to head back. I wonder what's going on?"

"I dare say we'll find out soon enough. Tomorrow morning at the latest." said Will.

This did nothing to stop the idle speculation, but they only had to wait for the next lull in the weather to find out, when Kelly finally returned, the first year looking more nervous than usual. Behind her was the reason why – a man whose enthusiasm was leading scouting into the largest membership surge it had seen in ages, despite him being almost completely unknown beforehand. Of course, the name helped.

"Hi guys. Helen will be along soon. Conference was cancelled at short notice, so we thought we'd have a couple of days off and surprise you on the way to the official opening of a new troop in Liverpool." Eyes adjusting, Aidan Powell, newly appointed Chief Scout, looked around the tent, his gaze lingering awhile on the duck before moving on. "That reminds me. Someone from Cambridge arrived as we did. Said he was their Chair-elect. Dan someone-or-other."

"Dan Sullivan?" asked Julia, as the boy who'd been doing the washing up muttered "Told you so."

"Aye, that's the one. Anyway, I invited him to join us. In the meantime, anyone about from my generation?"

"In the other marquee." said Will.

"Oh good. I've got something to tell them, but it had better wait for Helen." He helped himself to a cup of tea, and took a seat by Erik.

"Is that 'Shameless Plug?' Good book."

"I like it," Erik replied. "Did you guess that – "

"Hang on!" Aidan cut across him. "I've not finished it yet! Don't get much time to read these days. Always busy with Chief Scout things. Saw the article in the paper about your Chinese holiday though."

"They didn't do it justice." Erik commented.

"Never do. It's either ordinary stories about extraordinary events, or the other way round." Aidan glanced at his watch. "Would have thought they'd be here by now." he opened the tent door a bit and peered out into the gloom. "Ah, here they come. At least I think it's them."

It was, and a few moments later, another three people joined them in the marquee. Two of them Erik had seen before, Helen of course, and the young man in a CUSAGC jumper who went straight to Whispy. The third was completely unknown, a thirty-year-old with brutally short hair.

"This may seem like a strange question, but ... the duck?" he asked.

"Probably better not to ask." said Aidan. "Guys, this Simon Rotherton. He's my aide."

Don't know what I'd do without him."

"Thank you sir." The aide replied. "So you know, I finished dealing with that bit of paperwork, and locked it in the safe."

"How many times do I have to tell you about the 'sir'?"

"As many as you feel fit sir."

"... Nevermind. Fancy a game of cards?"

"Is that really appropriate sir?"

"We're on holiday!" insisted an exasperated Aidan, and joined the players at the table. Rotherton joined in too, reluctantly, and proved himself to be much better at poker than his employer, or indeed most of OUSGG. Dan Sullivan, the CUSAGC chair-elect, was chatting to Julia in the far corner about doing some joint activities next term. Glancing around, Erik noticed Whispy sidle up and take a seat. He jerked his head slightly towards Helen, who was floating around the poker table. She'd never been a guide or scout, but her knotmanship put them all to shame. Meanwhile, her husband suddenly seemed to remember how to play.

Before long, Dan started to pull on his coat, and made to leave. Aidan looked up from his cards.

"Where are you off?" He asked.

"Want to put my tent up while the rain's stopped, and before it gets any later. I've put it off far too long as it is."

"Nonsense. There's room in the Stone Tent. Stay with us there, I insist."

"Are you sure?" said an obviously relieved Dan.

"Of course. Here, let yourself in." he threw a bundle of silver across the tent.

"Actually, we should go too, if we want to see the others tonight." Aidan finished the hand, then he and Helen left for the smaller marquee. Rotherton slipped off soon after.

The next morning, Erik woke early and decided to go for a stroll round the site before breakfast. As he neared the Stone Tent and toilet block however, he heard what seemed to be quite a commotion. He poked his head round the door, and saw Aidan in the main room throwing things around.

"Er. Everything alright?" he asked.

"No." snapped Aidan, then relented. "It's my woggle. The Chief Scout's Woggle. It's missing!"

To be continued....

# The OUSGG Cocktail Book

Lizzy Horne

This week: Rosé and Gin

Nostalgic for OUSGG's canal boating trips of yore, but also for quality children's television? Then this week's cocktail is perfect for you!

You will need:

1 measure gin

2 measures rosé (preferably from a carton)

A healthy sense of misadventure

Combine the ingredients in a china mug. Best served chilled, to people who are already drunk.

Coming next week: Cider with Rosé.



## Fundraising Plug

As some of you might be aware, a couple of years ago I tried my best to put off my inevitable return to Scouting by joining an American Civil War re-enactment group (see 'Boy Scouts with Muskets, *Postscript* 393). I thought I'd let you know about a piece of fund-raising I'm involved with.

On March 14 I'll be taking part in a half-marathon at Silverstone with a troop of re-enactors. Our plan is to march (not run!) the course in full uniform and kit, including packs and muskets. We'll be accompanied by period fife and drums too.

We're doing this to raise money for the Army Benevolent Fund, a charity providing help to serving soldiers, former soldiers and their families in times of need.

For more information, and for details on how to donate, please point your browser at < <http://www.amarchforcharity.net/> > or email me at the usual address. It'd be excellent to have a great response from OUSGG, and I'll happily write up the event in these hallowed pages.

As well as raising money for a fantastic cause it should also be a fun challenge for me, as whilst the distance is not too daunting, the idea of trying to achieve it whilst keeping step with others and wearing uncomfortable woollen clothing is. Besides, it isn't the Tour-de-Trigs...

All for the Union,  
Phil Alderton, ex-St Peter's

# Things learnt on Winter Walking

Laura Bunce

- Don't challenge Luke or Geoff to an eating competition.
- Alistair is well on the way to becoming a Bond villain, as shown in his pitches in 'The Big Idea' (evil invisible shark tanks in a deadly paradise).
- Baked beans contain nutmeg, but shouldn't be used in bread and butter pudding.
- Statements about the difficulty of a walk in say more about the person speaking than the walk itself.
- Reservoirs that are half frozen over are very picturesque.
- Crisps are the worst hiking food (get crushed, greasy, require two hands, can't eat them wearing gloves...).
- Although Mafia is a good game, it can't stave off boredom for 6 hours in a traffic jam.
- Phil is pretty good at flirting with pandas.
- Don't let yourself be persuaded that Super Munchkin is a simple game to understand.
- There are many rhymes for the name 'Terry', all of which can be used in the description of a fake intrepid walk.
- And finally – don't get made to write trip reports for OUSGG (and if you do, list form is a good tactic).

## Bamboo rant

Geoffrey Hall

You've all heard it, but there's a page that needs filling so it's going to get written down too. [Insert cheer here]. You may stop reading at any time, but there will be a short quiz at a later stage.

Recently, last week in fact, I decided to have an indoor pioneering session. Bamboo canes were suggested as a suitable material for building indoors, and so I duly set out with the intention of buying some.

Obviously, being a computer scientist I decided to check online before I left the comfort of my room. It was too late for a delivery, but I didn't see any point in going somewhere that didn't have any.

My first thought was Robert Dyas, the ironmongers. I checked on their website and sure enough they sold a nice set of 20 bamboo canes for £4. Perfect, I thought, and set out

into the heart of Oxford. A quick tour of Robert Dyas later revealed that this particular store didn't sell any. Perhaps that wasn't so unreasonable given it's size, however, so I had a quick meander through west central Oxford but found nowhere that sold them. Empty handed, I returned home.

Seeing as perseverance usually pays off, I went back online. B+Q sold them, and even claimed to have them in stock in a store out near the east ring road. Not put off by this, I reserved two sets and prepared for a walk the next day. Later that evening, a phone call from B+Q confirmed my worst fears – they didn't actually have any...

Not to put my walking preparations to waste, I found that Wickes also sold them and had a shop on Botley road with a garden section. Unfortunately there was no reserve online, but I had faith. I set out at first light. [When I opened my curtains at least, some reports peg this as marginally past lunch].

Upon arriving, I was amazed at the range of bamboo canes they didn't have. I even had a look in the nearby Toys 'R Us and Pets at Home in desperation. My final chance would be on the Monday itself. Rumour had it that there might be some for sale in the Covered Market. I went and looked, and on seeing none [this was getting annoyingly common] I asked a florist for help.

I was directed to a little ironmongers opposite the Wheatsheaf down a small alley. Even then they didn't have them on display but you had to instead ask at the counter for them, much like alcohol or illicit goods.

Is there a national shortage of bamboo canes, or was it just a lucky coincidence to allow me to fill this last page? Who knows.....



So I lied. This random image is some of the 'Trebuchets' from 1<sup>st</sup> week indoor pioneering.