

From the archives...

This article is taken from the Oxford Mail, Monday June 30, 1986 and refers to an incident that happened on the 1986 Summer Rally in Oxford, during the punting on Saturday afternoon:

RIVER RESCUE DRAMA

An Oxford youth who collapsed into the River Cherwell after an epileptic fit was dragged to safety with just seconds top spare.

A man passing on a boat saw the youth's friends searching frantically for him in the water, dived in and pulled him out.

Troy Smart, 17, of Taverner Place, New Marston, was recovering today in the John Radcliffe Hospital, Oxford—lucky to be alive and looking forward to a return home later in the day.

The drama happened on Saturday when Troy and his friends went swimming in the rollers in the University Parks.

Troy was standing on the bank when he had a fit, toppled into the 8 ft deep river and disappeared. His friends jumped in but could not find him.

Computer programmer Michael Below, 24, of Cheam, Surrey, who was on a punt, stripped off and dived in. He found Troy two feet under the water, dragged him to the bank and with the help of a passing doctor, gave him the kiss of life.

Ambulancemen carried on the resuscitation and took Troy to hospital where he was detained for observation. Police think he was underwater for about a minute and a

half.

His mother, Mrs Joan Smart said “We can't thank Mr Below enough. He definitely saved Troy's life.

“Troy remembers his legs going funny while he was standing on the bank. That was what sent him into the water.

“When Mr Below got him out, he had no pulse, he was black and blue and his lungs were full of water.”

Mr Below, a graduate of Merton College, Oxford, was spending the weekend at Hill End Camp, near Farmoor, with Scout and Guide groups from ten universities.

Mrs Smart intends to show her gratitude by making him guest of honour at Troy's 18th birthday party in November.

STOP!!!

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR SOMETHING FULFILLING TO DO IN YOUR FREE TIME?

WANT TO PUT SOMETHING BACK INTO SSAGO?

If you can answer “yes” to both of these things then you really should consider standing for election to the Executive Committee for the coming year.

If you want to know more about what the jobs entail, request a copy of the job descriptions and talk to the Exec about what they do. Should you still be interested then email James (chair@ssago.org.uk) for details. about how to apply.



From a computer room in Leeds...

I bet that no-one reading this article would ever have thought they would hear that I was at a total loss for words. Indeed it is true, as this is my tenth attempt to get this right, and has taken a total of 5 days and too many hours so far! So, where do I start? I am sat in a random computer room somewhere in the middle of Leeds University as I managed to turn my own computer into the intellectual equivalent of an amnesic tortoise. Really I shouldn't be here as a first year textiles computer class is going on, but I am managing to blend well into the background! Enough of that rubbish though! It was nice to see so many happy people at the Oxford Rally in July. Maybe that had something to do with the bouncy castle and good food on offer. Even though I was standing next to someone who was complaining that they couldn't see the sponsor's logo on the sausages (who would tell them such a thing. Hmm...), it was the best catering I have seen for a long while at a rally. Of course, nothing comes close to the green scrambled eggs that Martin gave us in Loughborough, but there are very few Cordon Bleu chefs within SSAGO these days! About as many as

there are red tape loving rubber chickens in the world too. Indeed... SSAGO received a good press over the summer at GaSCiT (where the campfires amongst other things were given our own unique styling) and the Gilwell Reunion (the Exec managing to excel at karaoke and drinking cheap champagne yet again) to name but two. SSAGO members are becoming heavily involved with the World Scout Moot next summer and have had input in the running of such national events as Norjam, WINGS, Innovate and many more. Clubs are thriving and we are starting to branch out into areas of the country that we have never gone into before. Anyway I am starting to run out of things to say, and the buzzwords and soundbites are making me feel queasy! I'll leave you all to your devices (which if the last rally is anything to go by will be amusing to hear about afterwards...) and hopefully see you all soon. Until next time.

James Child, SSAGO Chair, Leeds

From a computer room in Oxford....

Luckily James hasn't left me much spacer to say much, so I'll just say thanks to all the contributors, to Phil Alderton for letting me pinch so much stuff from the OUSGG thrice-termly newsletter, PostScript, and to my mum (ex-LUUSAG member and first ever rally chair!) for doing the photocopying. Sorry for the Oxford bias as well, the answer to that is to submit stuff from your own club before the Spring rally!

Alison Parker, Editor and SSAGO Secretary, Oxford

From the grassroots...

Birmingham (BUSAG)

Well, way back at the end of last term some of us made the hazardous journey to Norwich to stay at Eaton Vale, where we actually had some good weather for archery [here's a tip, always keep an eye on our Chair when he's aiming at a target, even if its nowhere near you!] raft building, where we all struggled to remember all those knots we used to know, boating on the Broads, a go on a tiny steam train and a bit of a walk through a mysterious exotic jungle [oh, sorry, it was Norfolk farmland].

We made a shamefully poor showing at the Oxford Rally, the three of us fruitlessly relying on balloon snakes to impress the re-jigged Rannygazoo.

In August some of us braved rain and fog to go to the Peak District, rapidly finding out that when Scoutbase said our campsite was basic it was being a tad understated, being a few fields on a hillside in the middle of nowhere with a single toilet and no sign of a warden! Despite the rain we went on a cable car and in some caves and had a short walk past lots of climbers on the Roaches, but when a half-marathon went past we sadly failed to see a '118'.

This term we've recruited yet more freshers, who have actually mostly stayed in the club so far, for a walk, bowling, a chilly freshers camp and a cheese and wine evening, consisting of the obvious consumption and 15 people in a small student lounge watching the

Wombles - perfectly normal of course, whatever my housemates said about it!

We're starting to gear up for 2004, which is the 75th anniversary of the forming of the club, and for this we hope to host a challenge evening, once we've had a chance to 'borrow' ideas from Leicester!

Steve Streatfield, Birmingham

Leeds (LUUSAG)

Here in Leeds we've had a great start to the year, we had a fantastic freshers' fair, increasing our club membership to 30, more than trebling last years numbers, with about 15 freshers joining. We've had an active start to the year with some well attended socials, which included a freshers' BBQ which acted as a meet the exec session, which went down very well and finished off in the pub, as most of our events do.

We have also had a freshers' camp, this year we had a joint camp with Manchester at Middlewood Scout Camp, which was successful as it enabled some of our club to get to know some of the Manchester lot. During freshers camp we had a couple of trips to Manchester Picadilly station, as we left two of our exec in Leeds on the Friday night, our pres was doing uni work, and our treas was just skiving at some barn dance thing, getting in the practise before the rally. During our freshers camp we visited the Urbis museum in Manchester, which was an experience to say the least.

Gerald Telford, Leeds

and the sun even came out at the end! What a lovely walk over the moor.

The next day we spent the day at Saltram, a National Trust property where the TV adaptation Sense and Sensibility was filmed. With history mad Maddy it was inevitable that we would end up at some site of historic interest. After getting through the reception - a mean feat in itself - we explored the house, with its fascinating furniture, elaborate décor and paintings. The bit we all enjoyed the most was find the mice in a series of pictures: an activity for school kids - students? Since it was such a nice sunny day we ate our lunch in the gardens. Whilst Maddy and Jenny opted to lay back and enjoy the sun, the rest of us explored the gardens. We discovered summer house at the end of the garden with a mirrored table in it - and an underground room for keeping cool in. On the subject of cooling down, once we had returned from Saltram, Phil, Maddy and I decided to cool down in the stream which flowed through the campsite. We were very, very cool afterwards! Mark Hawkins, Oxford

From 1914ish to 1960...

I started to collate the organisations archives into some meaningful format, as we were not sure what was being kept, why and whether anything could be binned. To date there is a detailed account of the pre-SSAGO days, but here is a little summary.

"SSAGO began back in 1967 with the merger of two organisations called Intervarsity and Intercollegiate, but the roots of Student Scouting and Guiding are much deeper with some of the current clubs have a continuous link to WW1. Initially groups began as individuals wished to continue with Scouting, and Guiding with their peers.

Until 1917 the maximum age for Scouts and Guides was 18, now between 14 and 16. Rover Scouts and Ranger Guides would begin from 1916 and 1917 respectively, although only the former really took off in universities.

In the 1920s clubs started to appear but these were required to register separately with each Imperial Headquarters, this would continue until 1967 when the new SSAGO took over registrations from HQ. With the exception of a link between the Oxbridge club, and Birmingham there appears to have been little interclub activities until the 1940s.

After the Second World War things began to start to resemble something more like SSAGO. In 1947 Birmingham invited all varsity clubs to a rally at Beaudesert, and such was the success that IHQ ran the two subsequent events. The 1950 event was passed back to the clubs, and in 1951 the Intervarsity Rally acquired a Conference. IV was open to all varsity clubs, and due to the numbers involved training colleges could not join although strangely Loughborough (not a university until 1966) appears regularly.

IV has left us with a few things that are still around today, such as SAGGA which was formed by IV graduates in 1957, Hesley Wood, the antelope horn in the box which is passed from rally to rally was a gift to the organisation along with a collection of minor things. The response to the colleges issue was the creation of the Federation of Scout and Clubs in Training Colleges in 1956 with the help of the newly formed SAGGA. For the sake of brevity if nothing else it became Intercollegiate in 1957, and held its first week long rally. Martin Whelan, Loughborough

SAGGA

If you thought SAGGA sent old people overseas, or gave them cheap car insurance, your wrong or more correctly that's SAGA. SAGGA is a group of individuals (mainly ex-Student Scouts and Guides) who wish to give skilled service to Scouting and Guiding in the UK and abroad. SSAGO has a close relationship with SAGGA, with Tom Massey of Soton SSAGO fame looking after publicity, and Martin from Scogui/SSAGO sitting on the SAGGA committee (not literally) for SSAGO. James kind of co-ordinates by writing stuff for their magazine "News and Idea".

SAGGA have an active programme of activities both nationally and regionally. Nationally there is an active programme of events, with a long summer camp (usually 10-14 days), Alternative Rally for younger members and other weekends. Currently there are active regional groupings covering the North West, Trent, Severn, London (and Young London), Birmingham, Anglia, Scotland and coming very soon Solent. These regions are fluid so if you fancy doing something in another area there is nothing stopping you. If you are interested in finding out more either email Martin or Tom at SAGGA@ssago.org.uk, or email registrar@sagga.org.uk with your details, or visit their website www.sagga.org.uk or failing that you can ring Martin on 07950331716.

From Dartmoor....

Every holiday OUSGG organise a trip to some exciting destination for about a week. The summer was no exception, with the 'summer' trip being held over the first week of September just north of Plymouth on the

edge of Dartmoor.

The first morning we headed back into Plymouth to explore the city a little, and to pick up Jenny from the train station. It was a really lovely sunny day, we spent a pleasant hour wandering through city centre Plymouth, down past the impressive sundial-come-water feature to the Hoe - a grassy area above the sea - before walking along the front and admiring the newly refurbished outdoor swimming pool! Then it was time to pick up Jenny and head back to the site for a spot of lunch. After lunch Jenny opted for a rest whilst the rest of us headed up along the West Devon Way for a short walk alongside the disused railway line. The walk then climbed the hillside next to the railway line - a bit steeper than anticipated - before we doubled back to come through the neighbouring village of Clearbrook. On passing through the village we came across some of the Dartmoor ponies which roam wild on the moor.

The next day, Wednesday, we headed up onto Dartmoor for some walking. We parked up outside a pub in Hexworthy, and headed out across the moor towards the neighbouring town of Princetown. The route taking us over a nice little stream via a bridge (or stepping stones for Phil and I), and through a deserted village before heading over the moor towards Princetown. Navigation was easy: head straight for the TV mast which is situated just next to Princetown. On arriving we found a bench on the green and ate our lunch - which for Jenny was mushy peas and chips. After lunch Maddy, Phil and I headed back across the moor for the car, whilst Jenny and Caroline relaxed in the teashop and visitor centre in Princetown. On the walk back over the moor we climbed a tor - only a very little one - Phil managed to fall in the bog,

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From a kitchen near Oxford...

I was one of the lucky ones, I was taken by surprise. It crept up quietly and attacked without warning. There was no lying awake at night worrying but once it had me in its power, resistance was futile. Oh, yes it's the rally. In some previous life I had volunteered to do whatever the rally committee needed me to do and this had been interpreted as being on the catering team. Breakfast for 130? Um, OK then.

So my relationship with the rally started after work on Thursday when Tristram collected me to go to Bookers. And he had a list, perfect! Only then did the enormity of the task ahead become reality. After several conversations along the line of 'if each person uses a squirt, a squirt being 30mls, of tomato ketchup for three meals and more at dinner on Saturday, and the bottle holds 1kg, how many bottles will we need?', I could have cried. Only when we tried to calculate the

baked beans and our requirements varied between 2.5 kgs and 2,500kgs, did we decide it was time to go home. After a fairly painless few hours we left with two huge trolleys and a vow to return on the morrow.

The morrow dawn with fair weather but no sign of TFM. 'Haha' I cried, 'I have escaped the shopping trip' and headed to Youlbury. It was a kitchen like any other and a slightly smaller one on the other side of the hut but to Jen, TFM and I, it soon became home. Our travels around the site yielded many pots, pans and other cooking paraphernalia necessary for the weekend. Thanks to Natalie who single handed washed our pot mountain for us! Jen and I were dispatched with another list to Tesco. It was just your standard list - 260 packets of crisps, 260 pieces of fruit, half a ton of Rice Crispies and attracted lots of funny looks. 'You're going to do what for how many?' Were we really ready for this? Armed with a squirty bottle of bleach and a brillo pad, we were off.

Friday night was just plain old soup, hot dogs and chips, warm and welcoming for weary travellers. The delivery service of food to the camp fire went down well with the rally goers and not a scrap was left. I can now add walking with torch clamped in my teeth, down twisty paths, navigating by sound and a tray of chips to my CV. A skill that will come in very handy, I'm sure.

Morning didn't so much as dawn as crack. The rally meeting the night before had provided us with Michael and Libby who volunteered to get us at 6 to help us cook. Jen had been at the hospital all night so the team was down to five. By 6.15 we were off. Our apologies to the OUSGGers who were stepped over frequently in the process of us cooking breakfast. We practised our breakfast technique on OUSGG and when none of them keeled over, we were let loose on the

public. TFM was volunteered to serve up for us, leaving us to cook bacon on demand. We learnt a few things for the following day but people came back for seconds, so hooray! As quickly as you could say 'free beer', OUSGG disappeared to run the rally, while we tackled the washing up. It took a while and we were rewarded with a sit down.

Not for long! A frantic phone call from TFM changed the pace of meal preparation. The baguettes weren't ready so could we transfer everything to Univ? It was the first time that I have ever seen TFM flustered! We made 130 baguettes in fifteen minutes which we thought was an achievement. I don't know whether the fantastic hall or the deviance from the usual rally lunch impressed them the most. A smug catering team returned to the boot camp, I mean the camp site.

Dinner was to be a barbeque and there was minimal preparation once we had pricked 390 sausages and we even ventured outside. We apologise for the mix up with the meat and veggie burgers! The minibuses left for the barn dance and we washed up. There was a rumour circulating that if we saved the leftover burgers, people would eat them when they got back. And they were right, although I can't think of anything worse than cold burgers. The barn dance was its usual success but the hardcore cooks only managed a few dances.

Sunday and two meals to go. Libby and Michael were back for more cookhouse duty, joined by David, and as a treat we started at 6.30. Whilst having five frying pans of bacon on the go at once, David and I caused Alison mild merriment as neither of us actually eats it. By the time we had washed up it was time to start all over again. Lunch was leftovers but thanks to Jen's artistic skills, nobody noticed.

From the catering team a big thank you to everybody that helped with the cooking and put up with the grumpy cooks first thing in the morning. In a strange way the rally was very enjoyable although I will not be looking at any sausages or bacon in the near future! See you at the next rally, but could I not cook?

Hayley Thomson, Oxford

From the rally staff...

David (with head in oven): Ow! It's hot!

Tristram: You need to push and pull

Jen H: What?

Tristram: Like this. You're a woman, you can do two things at once.

Jen: I'm cooking and sleeping. What more do you want?

Hayley: David, you're going to melt that

David: Details....

Tristram: It's still up, it's still up!

Alison: I don't have a feminine voice!

Caroline: I don't like arguing with myself—I normally lose!

Compiled by Phil Alderton, Oxford