

# SKY BLUE 2

## Annual Dinner 0

### 2023







---

# EDITOR'S WELCOME

---

Hi everyone, and welcome to another edition of Sky Blue!

It's been less than half a year since I last met you in a paragraph like this, but CUSAGC has been on a lot of fun adventures since. But don't take my word for it, and browse instead through the pages to come, filled with reports with a high variance in lengths, lovely pictures from hikes, quotes, heartfelt messages from fogies and some other surprises! I hope you'll enjoy these as much as I did editing them (in less than 5 hours, because of course I had to start on the day of Annual Dinner, so sorry for the spelling mistakes).

Finally, thank you very much to everyone contributing to this publication – pictures, articles, quotes, reports – they all add up, making Sky Blue such a great thing! I have loved my job as Sky Blue Editor so far, and am looking forward to reading and/or editing future editions as well.

Until then, enjoy this masterpiece!

*Mara Postolache*

---

# COMMITTEE REPORTS

---

## Chairman

To conclude my time at Cambridge I decided to retire to chair, and I must say it's gone very well. I've had an excellent committee who've tolerated all of my delegation, and a wonderful club who've provided a full committee for next year, so thank you to everyone! After all the disruption of the past few years, it was really great to end my time at Cambridge with a normal CUSAGC year, bringing back all the normal CUSAGC events that we used to run, so thank you to everyone who helped make that happen. I wish the club the best of luck for the years to come, and look Forward to Marathon and helping out as a useful graduate.

*Will Vinnicombe*

## Social Secretary

We've done loads of stuff since freshers' fair! We had the traditional freshers' squash, which was well attended. At least two teams found annoyingly smart ways around the scavenger hunt, so we may have to edit the scoring system for next time... Rachel organised a great freshers' hike, and then lead the way on the dubious acquisition of greenery at evening punting. We had boardgames in Newnham, and discovered CUSAGCers are not that great at articulate (we nonetheless played it again in Peterhouse in January, and were even worse with our geography!). We carved some impressive pumpkins for Halloween, including Maria sourcing the biggest pumpkin I've ever seen anyone attempt to carve. We had a brilliant campfire up at the Scout hut on Gilbert Road, thanks to Will's connections with 12th Cambridge. We did pretty well at a pub quiz with lots of Ckaiteliyns and came third! Then we finished off Michaelmas with a lovely progressive meal complete with gingerbread decorating, and a cosy film night, watching one of the many Mission Impossibles. We went climbing at Rainbow Rocket – we all did very well (at the easiest two levels of boulders), only one minor injury to report! We had some very creative biscuit decorating, including a much more successful biscuit recreation of Stonehenge than in Easter last year – credit to Simon for that one. Maybe compscis are better than electrical/info engineers at civil engineering? Then after a less well attended stores party (I ate almost all the snacks that I bought myself...) we had a very well attended pancake making evening for shrove Tuesday, with at least four different sources of pancake batter! It's not much left to plan this term before I handover to Katelyn & co, but I'll definitely try to squeeze in that ice skating that I promised...

Sprinkled in amongst all this fun we also had a bunch of CUSAGC lunches! Not as many as last year, but I'm hoping more potential hosts will appear from the woodwork as the year goes on, having lost the fantastic Ellie and my own lovely big kitchen. We'll also hopefully be able to have some lunches outside when the weather warms up. But Mara made some delicious chicken wings and cauliflower alternatives, and I remember Caitlin put on a fantastic spread too – and of course thank you to all our other hosts!

I'm very glad that annual dinner seems to all be going smoothly now... Organising Marathon with Mara, coming up with the normal weekly programme, and last minute writing of the accounts took up a lot of my brainspace before Christmas, so I completely forgot to start annual dinner organising until very late! You would have thought being unemployed means I had all the time in the world to dedicate to my CUSAGC roles, but somehow I just filled that time with sleeping and Netflix instead... oops! But it all pulled together and now we have a much more affordable annual dinner (college prices are crazy!), and some excellent speakers lined up, and great attendance numbers, so I can let out a sigh of relief that I didn't mess it up too badly!

Huge thank you to everyone who helped me out with social sec stuff! Thanks to Will for reminding me to do it, and bouncing ideas, even if he frequently copied my rushed, barely grammatical organising messages word for word into the weekly emails. Thanks to Rachel for all of her AAC stuff – in-term events can't compare to CTW! Thanks to all my lovely hosts for events – Rachel, Will, Emma, Caitlin, Simon, and definitely not forgetting our saviour Mara!

*Emma Campbell*

## Adventurous Activities Co-ordinator

“Low by name, low by nature” is the summary of the CUSAGC trig-point adventures since the last Sky Blue. We visited Kinder Low at 633 m on CTW when we spent a weekend hiking in the peaks, and also visited Little Ouse at -0.5m on the Freshers’ Hike when we spent a day ambling round the fens. Needless to say, spirits were the opposite of low and we had a great time on both trips – read the articles later in the issue to find out more!

*Rachel Angus*

## Webmaster

I remembered to put events on the Google calendar but not actually on the website.

*Emma Crickmore*

## SSAGO Liaison Officer

We had 4 people including myself attend Rally and even borrow one of the club's tents for it. Reps meetings at 7:30 am aren't my favourite but at least there wasn't a queue for breakfast at that time. Unfortunately our Annual Dinner clashed with Spring Rally but hopefully I can encourage people to go to Ball in Lincoln or ReBuild a Rally (ReBAR) in Southampton.

*Emma Crickmore*

## Quartermaster

As usual, the sorting and cleaning associated with Marathon and Forward were my major tasks as QM. Luckily the weather wasn't too bad so things mostly need airing not drying-thanks Will. However when packing up your base please make sure you put your Trangia back together, it's an extra task that I really don't want to have to bother with. In more exciting news, we purchased some new cones, I learnt how to replace a fibreglass tent pole and we have finally rediscovered how to unlock the gas cage! I might officially be handing over soon but I suspect I'll still be cleaning tents over the summer - QMma out.

*Emma Crickmore*

## Secretary

My time as secretary has been great, mainly because I am in the perfect position to write down all the funny quotes produced by the committee during meetings. But, along with it, came the role of dealing with membership in Michaelmas, which was a fairly easy task, but it still stressed me out, just because it's important, and doing (paper-less) paperwork is always so much pressure. Anyway, that happened, CUSAGC has 15 members, SSAGO has been paid, we're good! I've also had access to a bunch of spam, either from SSAGO or from [@cusagc.pl](mailto:@cusagc.pl) – clearly a legit email, right? Now that the second step of my mathmo -> secretary -> chair is almost over, I am sad to see it go, but I'm equally excited for my future role!

*Mara Postolache*



# FRESHERS' HIKE

This year's Freshers' Hike saw CUSAGC visit the lowest trig point in the country at Little Ouse, a short way north of Ely. Having got the train out to Littleport station with the confident proclamation that we hardly needed the OS map because the route was so navigationally trivial, we spent a non-trivial amount of time figuring out how to cross the railway. With this accomplished, we walked alongside the river next to the scenic A10, wondering whether it would be possible to walk on the greener grass the other side of the river, and somehow without a footbridge cross the river later on to continue the walk.



About half an hour into the walk I then received a phone call from a nameless committee member, who was at Cambridge station having read the meet time on last year's Freshers' Hike email. Said committee member decided to get the train to Downham Market anyway and Uber to join us, but then discovered that there is no Uber in the sweet backwaters of the fens...

Meanwhile, the walking party crossed just over the border into Suffolk, where the next section of river was beautifully peaceful. We almost missed the focal point of our walk, due to the fact that the trig point was, to all intents and purposes, in a ditch (so I'm not sure how useful it would have been...). Having posed for photos, we wandered on a little before stopping for lunch.



The final section of the walk took us back across the fields to The Swan on the River pub, where we were joined by not one but two extra CUSAGCers. One had enjoyed an afternoon exploring Downham Market, the other an ex AAC who couldn't resist joining Freshers' hike, even if only for a pint of orange juice.

Our 11-mile amble with a whopping 52m of ascent was not by any stretch of the imagination a hike, but overall a successful day was enjoyed (I think) by all.

*"It is Freshers' hike, just the apostrophe is before the s, not after" – Simon*

*Rachel Angus, AAC*





# CTW

CTW is the club's winter hiking trip (apparently Crew Training Week, Christmas Trekking Weekend, or something similar) and happened this year on 6th-8th January, once again in the Peak District. Trying to assemble 8 CUSAGCers from various corners of the country to the Peaks during a train strike was probably one of the most entertaining bits of logistics I've done in a while, but we all got there in one piece.



Dynamic risk assessment says no

Having made ourselves at home at the Scout hut in Hathersage where we were staying, we set out for a short walk down to the local river. Less than a mile in we encountered the least steppable-on stepping stones I have ever seen, so we went for a wander up the hill instead, where we got some good views of Hope Valley (and the cement works).

*"When I rule the world... the roads will be shit, fast, and accident-prone"*  
*- Will's solution to eco-friendly travel*

Having got back to the hut just as dusk was falling, we found a weather forecast of rain both evenings, which dampened our hopes for a campfire until Simon made the radical suggestion of an afternoon campfire. So, seeing as it was pitch black at 5pm, we lit the fire (although I am ashamed to say it took more than 2 matches to light the damp cardboard we had as kindling) and everyone did their best dragon impressions to get the blaze going. There were renditions of all the classic campfire songs, some of which I think surprised the locals walking down the lane the other side of the bushes. We were then very irresponsible adults and filled ourselves up with smores and marshmallows before heading inside to cook our dinner.



A roaring success of a campfire

*"I wasn't willing to do it on the floor" – Emma Crickmore (regarding a campfire song)*

We made the classic bean chilli with ingredients left from Marathon, with the classic arguments of quantities of chilli – this time we solved it once and for all by having a "chilli chilli" and a "non chilli chilli" (although Emma Campbell was so keen on the chilli powder she



managed to put it in her eyes as well). After dinner we began on Emma Crickmore's Muzzle, a jigsaw puzzle of the Harvey map of the Peak District, and slowly petered off to bed.

We woke up bright and early on Saturday, and after a breakfast of eggs, bacon and beans drove over to the base of Kinder Scout. Having not managed to get any further than the top of Jacob's Ladder last year on CTW on account of the snow, I decided we would attempt the route again. The heavens did open the moment we got out of our cars, and we walked up Jacob's Ladder in driving rain and hail. However, just as we got to the top there appeared a tiny bit of blue sky, which happily grew until we had beautiful views across Derbyshire. We popped up to Kinder Low to bag the trig point and having stopped for a snack at the rocks continued on towards Brown Knoll.



You can see the rain...

There was some debate about the paths shown on OS maps vs Harvey maps when striking out into what was to all intents and purposes a bog, but we came across a lovely path of stone slabs most of the way along the plateau which we followed with amazing views on either side. Having stopped for lunch at the second trig point of the trip we continued along the hilltop towards Lord's Seat and then on to Mam Tor, which we reached just as the sun was falling low in the sky.



A happy CUSAGC contingent as the sun came out!



If only all paths looked like this...

We descended singing the Manchester Rambler, a walking song all about the Peaks, and returned to the cars just before putting on our glamorous hi vis became necessary. Back at the hut we warmed ourselves up and cooked cheesy sausage pasta for dinner, which was enjoyed by all (although the pans were so sticky that it took scrubbing by both Emmas to get them clean). We had angel cake and custard for dessert (as sadly Sainsbury's was out of Swiss roll) after which there was little enthusiasm for a pub trip given that it was raining again and we'd just got all warm and dry and full of food, so we spent an enjoyable evening at the hut. We triumphantly finished the Muzzle, made a vat of hot chocolate, and had some entertaining recollections of CUSAGC events past sparked by debates about awards for annual dinner. Chat continued into the night as people drifted off to bed.

*"I can take some of my clothes off whilst I wait" - Rachel,  
removing waterproofs and jumpers before a shower*

*"Shall we find you another panda scrub?" Will to Emma Campbell  
(as heard by Emma, he was actually asking about a pan to scrub)*

On Sunday morning we woke slightly earlier and less brightly (both in sunlight levels and enthusiasm) than the previous day and cooked a large pile of eggy bread for breakfast to stimulate ourselves. We cleared out the hut and drove up to Stanage Edge. Our walk took us up onto the edge in rather blustery wind and intermittent rain, which I thought was very good proper wintery walking sort of weather, but I may not have had much company in that train of thought. On our walk we not only found 2 trig points but also the "Pride and Prejudice rock" where Keira Knightly stood in a particularly atmospheric scene, although waterproof trousers and a hood don't have quite the same drama as flowing skirts and hair...



Braving the wind on Stanage Edge

*"We'll get washed" - Will  
"And blow dried" - Louise*

*"The bog keeps trying to eat my boot" - Katelyn*

After 2 hours walking along the edge we had a rather chilly picnic by the bridge near the car park, and having said our goodbyes set off on the roadtrip home. Despite the wet weather I think the weekend was enjoyed by all, and I look forward to seeing everyone on our Trip Over Easter!

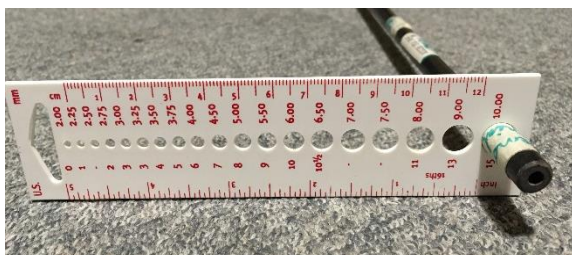
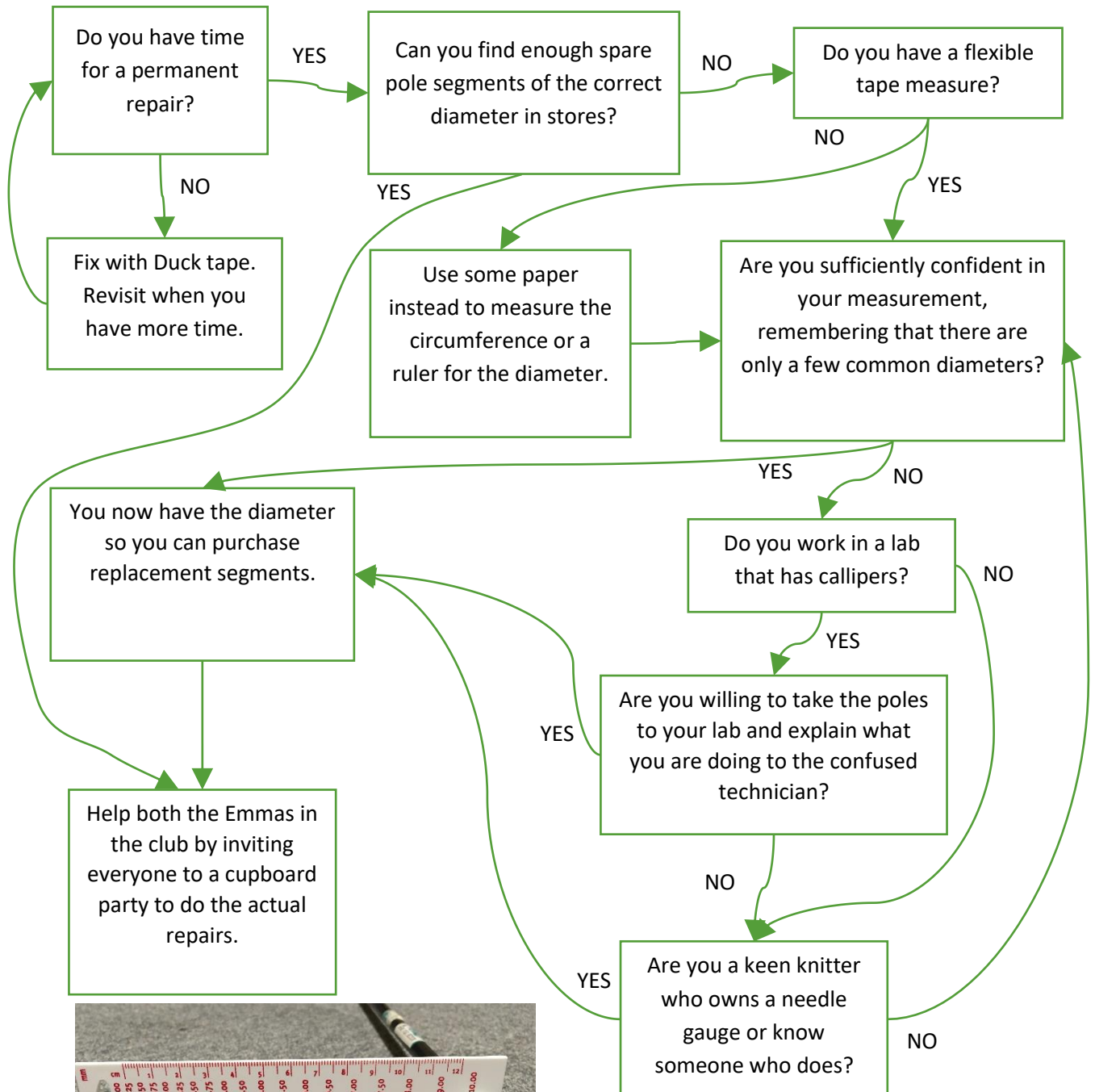
Rachel Angus, AAC



CUSAGC on Mam Tor just as the sun was setting on a long but enjoyable day

# QMMA'S GUIDE TO TENT POLE REPAIRS

When deal with tent poles it is imperative you have an accurate diameter,  $d$ , for your pole. Depending on the precision of your measuring tool it might be more accurate to measure the circumference,  $c$ , as  $\Delta d = \Delta c / \pi$ . Luckily CUSAGC has a few different measuring tools at their disposal.





---

# THE BALLAD OF MARATHON 22

---

*Long and winding and confusing as all good ballads are. Roughly to the tune of "the game of cards" (I recommend the recording by the Silly Sisters, Maddy Prior and June Tabor, although be warned that the entire song is one long innuendo). It scans terribly because it was written at 2am.*

As I was a-walking one midsummer's morning  
I had a sudden terrible realisation  
That it fell to me and my lovely friend Mara  
To organise this year's CUSAGC Marathon

Through a summer of internships and holidays too  
Our zoom calls were really not very often  
But thanks to the help of our equivalents in '15  
We booked us a scout hall in Steeple Morden

As our term began we were quite behind  
So we advertised marathon as far as we could  
I failed to get access to a scout Facebook group  
For I didn't do the research on the district that I should

We enlisted the help of our chair for to drive us  
Around the green fields searching for a good base  
We found a great church and a crossroads and some  
parkland  
And sent off our permission letters with haste

I became very worried that not enough had entered  
And stressed out that nobody wanted to go  
But the night of the deadline six teams tried to join us  
And now the stress changed to how to say no

Unlike the late night of laminating last year  
Mara planned ahead and got all printing done  
But with me and Andrew arriving together  
At the morning meetup we were the last to come



I'd been so on top of it to pre-group the base kit  
That I hadn't got my helper timetable right  
For one base couldn't leave since they didn't have a driver  
But they rushed off when he got here - the timing was tight

It all seemed alright 'til the phones started ringing  
With calls from a landowner and from Rachel too  
Parallel conversations concluded quite quickly  
That base M had to hightail it back to HQ

And then came the slow breaking down of the minibus  
That led Dave to wonder if Will was super strong  
For between the two drivers the engine had exiled  
The pulley for the power steering, something was wrong

I bought too much food and the proof's in Will's freezer  
And one girl did drop her phone into the grass  
But everyone finished, we were very impressed!  
To the winners, we applauded and all raised our glass

Will just about drove back to stores in the minibus  
But once there the battery died and we were stuck  
We sent lots of texts to explain what had happened  
And I was acknowledged with only a thumbs up

The lost phone was found by a hunt the next morning  
And all muddy kit was locked up in our stores  
So we can sigh with relief and look forward to next year  
Though I still haven't finished my post-marathon chores



Emma Campbell



---

# YOU CAN'T PUNT IN THE THAMES

---

It is a longstanding tradition when leaving Cambridge to do so with more than a hint of sadness. There's something magical about this tiny dark academia gothic aesthetic East Anglian town with its field and fen and eight hundred years of university history. If you haven't read Xu Zhimo's beautiful poem 'On Leaving Cambridge', I wholeheartedly recommend it – especially for those in their final year. Sixteen years earlier, Rupert Brooke, in 'The Old Vicarage, Grantchester', captured a similar sense of the timelessness and unreality felt by everyone who has been here. Both poems, I feel, are best enjoyed with cheese and/or wine in the garden after finals are done but the reality hasn't quite yet sunk in.

CUSAGC, although present for less than a tenth of the university's existence, is a well-aged Cantabrigian institution in its own right. Like the university in microcosm, it has had its characters and eccentrics and traditions (both sensical and otherwise) – but unlike the ever-growing university, we all get the chance to write our own chapter in our club's history. (And, for that matter, our own article in its magazine – because you do write for Sky Blue when the editor asks for submissions, right?)

How to get the most out of your time at university? It's quite simple: do things! Where 'things' might in this club be walking in the Peak District in January snow, or accidentally going on a peaceful seaside Trip Over Easter because all of the mountain hostels were fully booked, or singing from an old songbook into the ridiculous hours of the morning. Outside the club you might like to try rowing, losing at college sports, climbing on rooftops [if the Dean of Peterhouse is reading this, purely hypothetical], trekking out to Junction, getting portered...

And then what? For me, there's the classic Job In London. I can't say I recommend it; it turns out the real world has even more working hours than STEM students would have you believe they do. As fogey status rapidly approaches, life beyond the Bubble may as well be on a different planet – but fortunately King's Cross, St Pancras and Liverpool Street are always there for when a service event needs a pair of hands, or an annual dinner needs a non-member ticket to subsidise the wine fund...

*Andrew Jenkins*

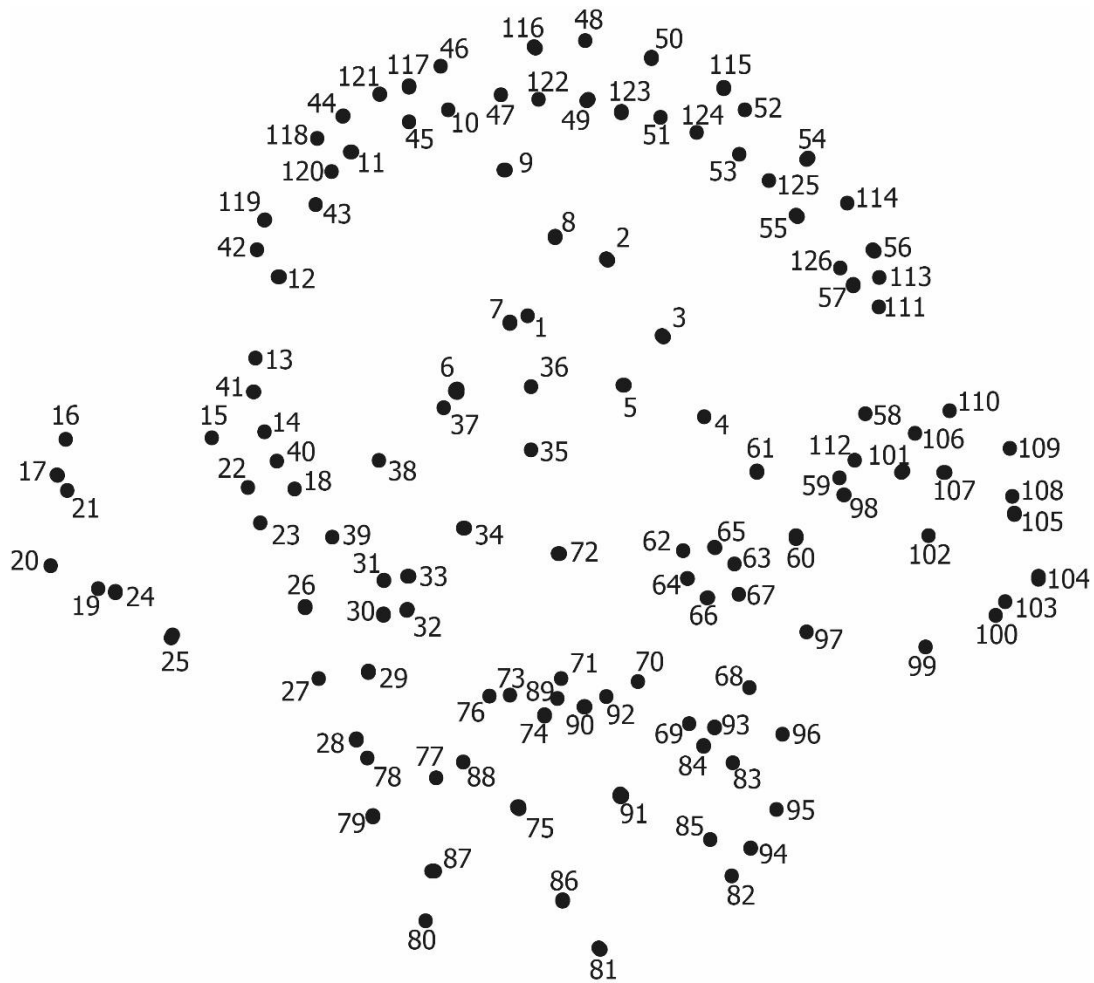


---

# KIDS' CORNER

---

Now, a fun activity to do and set your inner child free. How long has it been since you last did a connect-the-dots?



The hard task now is to guess what the image is supposed to be (*it's my first time making one of these, okay? Of course it doesn't look like it should!*)

---

# QUOTES

---

*"I hope to see bits of you all at some point"*

– our beloved President at Freshers' Squash

*"I delegated bitching to district to Emma"*

– a committee member very fond of delegating, on Freshers' Hike

*"Which route takes us past more pubs?"*

5 mins later: *"I'm not just an alcoholic!"*

- a CUSAGCer who loves their drinks, on Freshers' Treasure Hunt

*"You don't become cubic many times in your life"*

– a CUSAGCer approaching 27 at a CUSAGC lunch in Michaelmas

*"How dare these farmers use their land efficiently!?"*

– an annoyed Marathon organiser on the Marathon recce

*"You can just tie their hands together with rope and their legs together with rope..."*

- a CUSAGCer well known for their drastic solutions, on sleeping without a hammock

*"Benches in the trailer for extra passengers, or have we got enough cars? The 12th have plenty of rope if we need seatbelts"*

- another drastic solution, same CUSAGCer

*"We wouldn't keep dead children in stores, ergo they are adults"*

- same CUSAGCer (Editor's Note: I'm started to get worried)

*"There's very little that can't be solved with sufficient quantities of explosives"*

Followed not much later by *"Kitty, how much experience do you have with water boarding?"*

– a destructive-minded CUSAGCer at pumpkin carving

*"I think my physics B supervisor may actually be my dad"*

- a natsci CUSAGCer at a CUSAGC lunch in Michaelmas

*"It's long and wobbly"*

– one CUSAGC driver regarding another's gearstick on the drive to Marathon

*"If they're fascist, let's vote them in now"*

- a CUSAGC with questionable political choices, while playing Secret Hitler

*"Is Will just supernaturally jacked or something?"*

– a CUSAGC minibus driver regarding Will's ability to drive the minibus that may or may not have lost power steering, at Marathon

*"Right I'm straddling"*

– a resourceful CUSAGCer on fitting 3 people on 2 chairs at progressive meal

*"Do we need to squirt it into your mouth?"*

– a very mother-duck-like CUSAGCer to another,  
regarding a piping bag, at progressive meal

*"I demonstrated the boa constrictor on Mara's sofa"*

Followed by *"I wasn't prepared to do it on the floor"*

– a CUSAGCer discussing campfire songs at CTW

*"If you need more things on the risk assessment, I can always come"*

- a CUSAGCer who is on the brink of disaster every day, about Forward

*"If we get lost and die on this hike, then we deserve to die"*

- a very Darwin-minded CUSAGCer at Forward recce

*"I'd rather have kids on the shelf than a Darwin award on the shelf"*

- a CUSAGCer inspired by this Darwinist discussion, but with rather less sense,  
at Forward recce

*"It becomes muscle memory, then it becomes RSI"*

- an insightful CUSAGCer at a CUSAGC lunch in Lent

*"I can't turn in on" "You need to wiggle it"*

- two CUSAGCers figuring out a stove

*"I'm not good at interacting with the real world"*

– a CUSAGC fresher who knows herself well at a CUSAGC lunch in Lent

*"That's not an adequate tape measure. It's insufficiently flexible"*

– a CUSAGCer more known for crafts than DIY at a stores party

*"Before Christmas I bulk purchased UHU and now my parents think I have a glue problem"*

– a CUSAGCer constructing a model at pancake day

*"This smacks of embezzlement"*

- a former CUSAGCer at the latest incarnation of hotel CUSAGC,  
on using some of the forward milk for breakfast

*"Oh yeah, that is the important thing on the Handover document: milk Emma Crickmore"*

- a CUSAGCer with great advice

*"Shall I feed you a sausage?"*

- two ex-CUSAGCers, at Forward



*"Everyone's in this fucking scout mafia"*

*a non-CUSAGCer at a (not CUSAGC-affiliated)  
folksoc pub trip, regarding CUSAGC*





