

SKY BLUE

2015



Annual Dinner 2024

EDITOR'S WELCOME

Hi everyone and welcome to the 205th edition of Sky Blue, and the last one edited by me! This time, I bring you lots of excitement – CTW review, a heated juridical argument in two parts, a poem about Marathon, and an ode to our retiring president. Obviously, also look out for committee reports, and, most importantly, the quotes page. Due to an incredible increase in the humour of CUSAGC (and my own lack of filter), I have decided to extend it to four whole pages! I hope you'll have fun with it, and honestly there were so many more that just couldn't make it through.

Thank you again to everyone who contributed to this edition, and let's keep this going! I will be passing the editorial flame along with the chairing one to Caitlin, and I'm sure she would still like you to send her stuff.

I hope you've liked my *many* words and my (hopefully) pretty covers. I'm incredibly thankful to have had an excuse to use my creativity and literary skills, as my degree tends to ignore those for some reason. Thank you for bearing with my publications, and I will make sure before I handover that I give the recent editions of Sky Blue to the University Library, so that you will always be able to look them up if you're in need of something to laugh about.

Anyway, I should print this magazine now and head to Annual Dinner.

Any comments, suggestions etc... well, too late now. *Toodaloo*, see you never!

Mara-Ioana Postolache

COMMITTEE REPORTS

Chair:

Here I am, approaching the end of my year as chair. The year somehow went by so quickly, and yet so slowly at the same time. I have loved chairing this club, and getting Whimsy all to myself for almost an entire year was a great thing. This year has been a little bit of a train wreck in terms of the committee, but we've made it through!

I have high hopes for the future of CUSAGC – this year has brought us loads of eager freshers! I think advertising on social media (and Camfess) might've also gained the interest of a couple of people, so I look forward to continuing the propaganda next year, from the role of Webmaster.

Speaking of the eagerness of the freshers: I was so happy to see that we voted in a **nine** person committee at AGM – only one person had to take on two roles! I wish Caitlin the best of luck finding rooms which can fit us all, and I'm sure she will do a great job as chair next year.

On a different note, I've had a lot of fun planning events throughout Michaelmas and Lent. I finally got archery sorted out, and that was great! We've also had the classic events like Progressive Meal and Annual Dinner (which is when I guess most of you are reading this), along with activities such as ice-skating, board games, fireworks watching, pumpkin carving and so on. We also attended SSAGO Goes to 'Spoons, which was really entertaining, and I think more people should join next time! For a full list of what's happened recently, you can see my weekly emails / the Lent termcard on social media / Whimsy's postcards. Speaking of, Whimsy has continued to send postcards with almost every weekly email, and the AI-generated stamps are getting more and more cursed this time (and I love it!).

Anyway, I think I've rambled on enough now, so I'll wrap up by thanking every single one of you CUSAGCers reading this right now. You're what gives the club life, and you're the reason I love being in charge of this society. Thank you for what you've given me these past two and a half years!

Mara-Ioana Postolache

Treasurer:

Since Freshers' Fair edition of Sky Blue, we have made about a £50 loss on the Service account with another £200 due to come out soon from Marathon, so we're making progress towards restoring our pre-Covid balance. The General account is ticking over nicely too (our major expenditure has been for long-term items eg First Aid kits so will even out over the next few years). No progress has been made with the Santander accounts since last Sky Blue but I promise I will do something about it before I handover.

Caitlin Kinch

Adventurous Activities Coordinator (AAC):

Since the last Sky Blue edition there have been 2 events. The first was Freshers' Hike. We got the Park & Ride out of Cambridge then waked back along the river.

The second event was CTW. We spent 4 days in Wells-next-the-Sea. We went on a walk along the beach and saw several seals. We also visited the nearby deer park and saw several large herds of deer. They were remarkably tame.

Simon Richards

SAGLO:

We held two Service events in Michaelmas, a very successful Marathon (see article for details) and a slightly less successful Leaders' Social event. We have had a few people sign up to volunteer at local units but are working on ways to get even more; we have a lot of units in desperate need of help still.

Caitlin Kinch

QuarterMaster (QM):

I am pleased to report I have successfully avoided burning down stores.

Simon Richards

A VISIT TO ASHDON



'Twas the night before Marathon and all of CUSAGC
Were tucked up in bed after packing their bag.

All except Caitlin who, after a fight,
With the Newnham printer was up late that night.

The A3 wasn't printing, oh no, what to do?
It was decided the maps were fine A4 too.

The minibus was loaded, the risk assessment taped
Back into one piece after Caitlin's mistake.

Early the next morning after CUSAGC awoke
We met by the minibus: Milton's, not Newnham's (which broke).

And off we to Ashdon, with the helpers we had got,
But without the Forward Trophy which Hotel CUSAGC forgot.

The cones were put out and up went the tents
But with L's base guide forgotten an image was sent.

As teams started arriving, Excel made us wonder
Why it used standard form to record team's phone number.

With check in ongoing Will came and told us
A tree-related incident broke the wing mirror of the bus.

The teams had departed, all on their way
To discover the bases they would encounter that day.

So let's start with Delta, with linguistics to do
Decoding Swedish Runes and translating from English too.

According to some this task was too hard
But that's what happens when you leave two Mathmos in charge.

Now onto Echo with duck pioneering
A task that required some persevering.

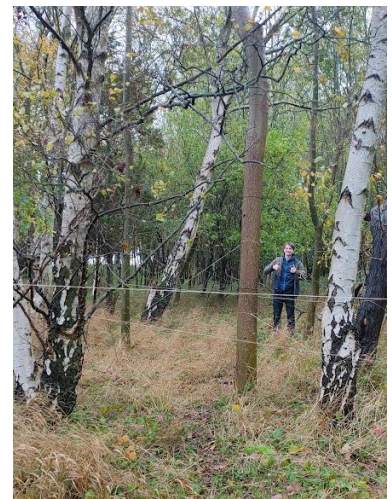
The aim was to build from bamboo and string
A structure that could support some rubber ducks in.

Next up was base Golf, where teams were given a grade
From a challenge that came in the form of First Aid.

One team tried hard but lost points in a flash
When they gave insulin to treat a sugar crash.

Finally there was Lima, my favourite of the four,
A Lasers activity - who could ask for more?

With some members sighted and others with blindfolds
Teams avoid the string "lasers" before chaos unfolds.



Back in control, a message came through
That Isabella was on a bus on their way to HQ.

And thus starts the chaos with the response, Mara's text
And a photo of Will (see the quotes for what's next).

By 4pm we have cooks Rachel and Will
Making lots of chilli - there'll be hungry bellies to fill.

Radios were going smoothly with Katelyn and Oliver at the post
But protocol was forgotten when Caitlin and Mara were close.

You see Mara and Caitlin, after months of preparing,
Had really become something of a pairing.

Delusion had struck and the laughter unceasing
As all the pent up insanity was releasing.

First came the table carrier which had writ
"Strap on the tables" in marker upon it.

Mara reenacted Titanic on this new wagon
Before running after Caitlin shouting "I need my strap on".

A little later, Caitlin found some yoga balls
"They've gone looking for the big balls" Mara calls.

The innuendos kept coming in thick and fast
"Caitlin she's done it again" said Katelyn after the last.

That evening we sent out Will with the food
And hit the pinnacle of this delusional mood.

The radio came in, cutlery had been forgot
An issue dealt with swiftly (or maybe not).

Silence came over all in HQ
As they started working out what to do.

"F*ck, over" said Mara, the silence broken,
Which was followed by laughs once it had been spoken.

Oliver managed the message "stand by"
Before they all laughed so hard Caitlin started to cry.

With teams coming back and tents taken down,
We still had to find a winner to crown.

The scores were in, the 28th won,
And everyone, we hope, had a lot of fun.

Now all that was left was to shut all the doors
And get all the equipment back to stores.

Once unpacked, off to bed we went
All of us looking FORWARD to Lent.

The day was a success and as such, I write
"Thank you to all, and to all a good night!"



ON THE RETIREMENT OF OUR PRESIDENT

Below is a transcribed copy of David Proctor's speech at 2024 AGM, with the occasion of the retirement of our long-standing President, Rod Barnes. He has impacted CUSAGC in so many ways over the years, and we thought he deserved being commemorated in print as well. We wish him all the best in his retirement, and thank him immensely for his dedication to the club.

When I heard Rod was retiring as President, I reached out to as many old generations of CUSAGC as I could get hold of, asking them to share any fond memories.

Rod's first involvement with CUSACG began as a regular member back in 1960. The first memories I got from old members was from 1970 - Jeremy and Maggie Barber remembered Rod leading a Ski trip to Loch Morlich Youth Hostel, their daughter Katie Barber was in CUSAGC with me in the 2000s, and she sends her best regards too as does her husband (a former Chair), and their children - Rod's tenure with CUSAGC may yet give us our first 3rd Generation members!

Moving on to the very late 80s or early 90s, Rod took over as President after Jock Dawson, the previous President died. After 35 years as President, I commend Tom Fisher for his bravery in volunteering to follow such an achievement.

Not one but two of our former treasurers recalled Rod's memorable Annual Dinner speeches but even more so both of them were impressed by his table famous traversing skills - impressively these two memories were nearly 20 years apart, the later one in about 2008, and I remember Rod astounding everybody with a technique none of us had thought of, traversing the entire table the long way round.

Rod seemed to have a memorable impact on the 90s generation of CUSAGC. A number of members got in touch to praise his hard work, his sage advice and also his incredible sense of fun. Clearly Scouting and Guiding had shaped the lives of many members in this generation and CUSAGC was a huge part of that, in no small part thanks to Rod.

We had recollections of his assistance with all manner of Service activities but also his position as Sir Rod the Regal of the Knights of the Round Table of CUSAGC, and the self-proclaimed Emperor (complete with lightsaber) – a photo was included of Rod's declaration of the Empire at the CUSAGC Garden Party in 1998.

Another pair of CUSAGCers who had committee posts that time recalled Rod fondly and mentioned their oldest son is a 16 year old Explorer Scout, setting his sights on Cambridge.

Moving into the 2000s, a generation got in touch to thank him for his words of wisdom, his diligent service and his dedication to the key CUSAGC value - never to let a worry about looking silly get in the way of having fun with friends.

In 2010 we celebrated Rod's 50th Anniversary of his time with CUSAGC. A number of us travelled to Rod's garden for lunch and to see the sapling we'd dedicated to him.

A couple of Chairs from this era thanked Rod for driving them around the Forward bases and saving them doing the entire recce on foot over several days. He also hosted garden parties at that time in his own beautiful garden. This was also the point where we got the first Hamilton reference in the dedications. How times change.

One of the most common themes was the amount of appreciation we saw for him putting in the selfless dedication to be a point of constancy through the fluctuations and turmoil of a student society. At no time has this been more relevant than the recent pandemic and as we move on to the very recent past, we heard about Rod's brilliant speech at the 2022 Squash, helping CUSAGC make a strong recovery out of COVID that takes us up to today.

Rod was famous in my day for making after-dinner speeches which compared CUSAGC to some object, always in an insightful yet amusing way - how CUSAGC was like a good cup of hot chocolate, or a snowball, or maybe a shepherd's pie. But today I would like to suggest that CUSAGC is like Rod Barnes himself: incredible fun to be around, tirelessly dedicated to the service and support of others, and packed with the wit and wisdom of many generations. That is CUSAGC and that is Rod Barnes.

We wish you well Rod, and I commend this motion to create you as a Honorary Member of CUSAGC for life.



David Proctor

THE PROSECUTION OF MARA FOR WHIMSY'S SUFFERING

Your Honour, esteemed members of the court, today we gather not only to seek justice but to shine a light on the egregious actions of one Mara—a perpetrator whose crimes against a defenceless toy duck named Whimsy have shocked the very fabric of plush society. What began as innocent play has spiralled into a disturbing pattern of abuse, leaving Whimsy traumatised and scarred, both physically and emotionally.

Let us first address the chilling narrative of threats and intimidation. On the fateful trip of TOE 2023, Mara initiated her campaign of terror by placing Whimsy on a plate, flanked by menacing utensils—a clear threat of consumption. This act alone would be cause for concern, but it was merely the beginning. Whimsy himself has testified to the court, recounting the horrifying experience of being stuffed into a bag with the legs of a real duck—an act of psychological torment that no innocent mascot should ever endure. And let us not forget Mara's sinister display of hoisin sauce, wielded as a grim reminder of Whimsy's impending demise—a calculated assault on the duck's fragile psyche.

But Mara's transgressions extend beyond mere psychological torment. Shocking evidence has emerged of her blatant disregard for safety precautions, endangering Whimsy's life on multiple occasions. The court has seen photographic evidence of Whimsy riding a bike without a helmet—an act that defies all logic and decency, not to mention the Highway Code. Furthermore, Mara subjected the poor duck to perilous climbing expeditions without so much as a helmet or harness—placing Whimsy's life in jeopardy for the sake of her own twisted amusement.

On top of all these horrific incidents, Mara callously left Whimsy behind at an event, seemingly forgetting his very existence. Days turned into a week, and yet Mara made no effort to retrieve her companion, leaving Whimsy to languish in a state of despair and uncertainty. Can there be any doubt that this act of neglect constitutes a gross betrayal of trust—a betrayal that no innocent plush should ever have to endure?

Your Honour, members of the jury, I implore you to consider the gravity of Mara's crimes and the profound impact they have had on Whimsy's well-being. We cannot turn a blind eye to such flagrant disregard for the sanctity of plush life. Justice must be served, not only for Whimsy but for all abused toys who suffer in silence at the hands of their human caretakers. Let us stand together in the pursuit of truth and righteousness, and let Mara be held accountable for her heinous actions against an innocent and defenceless duck.

Simon Richards



Figure 1: Mara threatening Whimsy on TOE.



Figure 2: Whimsy climbing without protective equipment.



Figure 3: The display of hoisin sauce

Hi CUSAGC, **CLUJ, 18th of April**
 I really haven't been up to that much this past week - the only interesting thing that has happened is that I was under the absolute terror of having to travel in a backpack in which the chair was carrying two legs of my kind, which she then proceeded to cook for dinner that night. Maybe the world is more cruel than I thought it was? I must investigate further... Anyway, back to my adventures: because I didn't actually get a chance to adventure with you all on a quest for the holy ice cream, I had to resort to some more pictures taken during my trip to Romania. In this particular case I'm talking about Cluj, the second largest city in the country. It was real fun: we walked around cobble stone streets, bought some old records, and towards the end of the day we went up a hill and just admired the evening view. I think I really like Romania, but it's sad I didn't see that many friendly ducks around. Anyway, I hope you're doing well, and not letting revision make you forget how awesome you are! See you on Friday, right?

Figure 4: Extract from a postcard by Whimsy



Figure 5: Mara showed no regard for basic safety rules in the Highway Code



Figure 6: Whimsy placed on an archery target



Figure 7: Whimsy is scared

A CHAIR'S DEFENSE

Your Honour, esteemed members of the court, and dear CUSAGC, I am here today because I believe I have the right to defend myself against these false accusations brought in front of us in the previous article. I have given Whimsy so much care and affection over the past year, and yet my name is slandered and my intentions are misinterpreted in such a vile way. I ask that all charges against me are dropped immediately, and that I may receive a written apology and a compensation of 2 rubber ducks for the damage done to my impeccable reputation.

Firstly, let me note that I have received no formal notice of this hearing today. Now, I have no legal background and my student budget cannot afford legal counselling, but I believe such a move is highly unethical, and hence I assume it must also be illegal. With this in mind, I hope you will be understanding if my arguments are somewhat hasty.

Now, let me start by addressing the accusations brought against me: firstly, the incident on TOE 2023, presented also in Figure 1 before, has been wrongly interpreted by the accuser. While I do admit Whimsy was in my care at the time, and the plate and cutlery were indeed assigned to my seat at the table, the placement of Whimsy onto it was not my own doing, but an act of a certain RA. Furthermore, as RA was vegan at the time of the incident, I strongly believe that the incident had nothing to do with what Mr Richards claimed was a "*clear threat of consumption*".

Regarding the incident in which I carried Whimsy in the same bag as two duck legs I had just acquired – I admit, that is indeed what happened. However, I do believe the incident is taken out of proportions. Firstly, what Mr Richards claims to be a testimony Whimsy gave this very court is very far from such a thing: it is merely a fragment from a postcard our beloved mascot sent to the rest of the club. Whimsy was at the time neither under oath, nor even in front of this court, so this hardly can be classified as a testimony. Secondly, I am sure that, having been in Cambridge for so long, Whimsy is indeed already acquainted with the so called *circle of life*, and so it comes to no surprise to him that humans do indeed eat other ducks. I am sure that is less surprising than the fact that chickens eat even their own baby chicks sometimes. Furthermore, while CUSAGC does have an unwritten rule that no duck should be eaten at CUSAGC events, the duck acquired during this particular incident was for my own consumption in private.

Moving on to the most outrageous claim, that relating to my "*sinister display of hoisin sauce*". I wish to remind the court that the incident in Figure 3 happened in the very room of Mr Richards, and it was precisely him that brought out the hoisin sauce in front of Whimsy. My role in this matter was only as a mere observer at Whimsy's shock, but it is Mr Richards himself that caused it. Hence, I wonder why we are not instead questioning his loyalty to Whimsy, and, by extension, to CUSAGC.

Mr Richards also claims that I have endangered Whimsy's life, by allowing him to ride a bike with me although he wasn't wearing any helmet, as well as taking him bouldering and not giving him protective equipment.

Regarding cycling, first let me say that Whimsy was very well protected in my backpack, and only sat on the bike's handlebars for the brief moment while I was capturing Figure 5. As such, I do not believe Whimsy was at any risk of injury. Furthermore, please now look at Figure 8 attached. I have seen a lot of dog owners doing this, and arguably a dog is bigger and less aerodynamic than a duck, so it is much more likely to get injured in a bike accident. Are we now going to declare all such dog owners irresponsible for not putting a helmet on their dogs? If not, then why would a duck-carer need to put a helmet on their duck?



Figure 8: Is this illegal?

On a similar note, let us discuss bouldering, shown in Figure 2. First of all, due to the nature of the event, humans who go bouldering do not need any protective equipment, other than the soft mats that are already all over the floor. Now, unlike a human, a duck can fly, so even if Whimsy were to fall from the maximum height of around 5m in the bouldering room, I am sure that he would take it as an opportunity to practice his flight, and I am highly confident that he would indeed not suffer any harm. Therefore, I do not understand why Mr Richards expects that I should have taken any special protective measures with either of these two events.

I am also baffled that Mr Richards thinks I have done the above *“for the sake of [my] own twisted amusement”*. All I wanted is for Whimsy to take part in as many exciting activities as he could, which is why I brought him to every CUSAGC event, as well as on a fair share of my own personal trips. As has been seen in numerous postcards in the past year, Whimsy has loved the time he has spent with me, and I am sure CUSAGC is also grateful for the exotic postcards received.

Lastly, I wish to note that I did not forget about Whimsy's existence when I allowed him to stay with CK for a week. The context was that Whimsy had been asking me for a while whether he could test CK's abilities of taking care of him, prior to her running for chair at AGM. Indeed, after extensively debating it, I did leave Whimsy with CK for a week, as I decided that I did trust her enough for this. As I found out when we were reunited, Whimsy did indeed have a great time, so I do believe this was the right decision.

Finally, I want to remind the Court today of how dedicated I was to Whimsy during my time as chair. I have encouraged him to speak his mind and communicate to CUSAGC so much more than any chair has done before, and I know that was very appreciated by both Whimsy and CUSAGC. I have been very careful with him on Rally, and we never once lost him. I have taken him on 2 trips abroad and many others in the UK, and I have shared every moment of CUSAGC with him. I lovingly gifted him with a new carabiner, so that he may securely clip on to me when he doesn't feel like straying too far away. I have spent hours transcribing his messages to the club and helping him collate the photos I took into cute postcards.

For the sake of Whimsy, who is so much more than what Mr Richards reduces to a *plush toy*, I ask you, esteemed court and members of CUSAGC, to stand with me. Do not give in to Mr Richards' lies and misinterpretations, but instead side with the person who has been dedicated to Whimsy for the past year.

CTW 2024

Over the Christ-maths (I'm a mathmo I'm not not making that amazing pun) holidays, 6 of us ventured up to Wells Next the Sea for CTW (Christmas Time Walking? Committee Training Weekend? No one seems to know what it means!). After a mix of getting the train and driving up to Wells Scout Activity Centre, we faced our first challenge of the trip: working out how to get into the building. After trying for ages to open lock on the box with the key in it we realised that we'd been trying the wrong box and that we actually needed another one which was higher up and harder to notice. After finally getting the key to the scout hut, we began unloading our stuff.



Sunset over the lake we passed on our walk.

After unpacking it was time for our first walk of the trip which was through the town of Wells, along the beach and back through the forest. While walking through Wells we saw many boats which all looked very cool and we also walked past an RNLI station which had guidance of what to do if you run into seals. It was at this point that Mara, who was disappointed that we hadn't yet seen any seals, declared that she was going to see seals over the next 3 days whether they were "*dead or alive*". (Did this happen? Keep reading to find out!) We then strolled

along the beach, admiring the colourful beach huts before turning back through a forest which took us back to Wells. Near the scout hut we found an old map of London which we took back with us as it looked like it would be interesting to look at.

While dinner was cooking, we crowded round the map to try and work out when it had been made. After many decoding attempts by dating bridges, schools and hospitals (and trying to work out when the pound replaced the shilling only to find that the map cover was actually from a different map) we finally worked out that it was from 1972 and while the city is very similar now to how it was then, some more recent developments like the docklands were strange to look at completely empty!

After dinner and many questionable conversations (many around Newnham College's JCR room) we finally went to bed ready for a day of walking. But not all of us chose the traditional option of sleeping on sleeping mats on the floor; I chose the nicer option of the sofa (one of the few advantages of being small – you can fit on it!) while Mara opted for sleeping on "Big Boy" instead.



Somehow the only surviving picture of Big Boy I could find was the moment that Caitlin realised that my socks and Oliver's pillow were the same colour. I think it still shows that Big Boy was relatively "Big".



Crossing the beach.

We got up early the next morning to find some seals. After breakfast we set off for the Norfolk coast where we found ourselves traversing wide expanses of sand with large trenches through them. While many of the trenches did have bridges across them which made the crossings easier, we still found that there were many that we either slipped into or had to take large detours round. But having cleared the muddiest section of the beach, we at last found ourselves at the sandy stretches that we expected to find some seals at.

And it wasn't long after we hit the sand that we did find our first one, although unfortunately it was dead. And not the only dead animal of the day either; we found 3 in total. But it was only minutes later that we found another seal. As we approached its lifeless body we very quickly realised that it wasn't dead and it was actually alive! Remembering the advice from the RNLI yesterday, we quickly backed away from it and continued our walk bending away from it. After continuing a bit further, we found that our original path wasn't traversable so we turned back and headed back through the marshy beach, careful that we wouldn't be cut off from the tide.



The seal: this time alive!



"The Pope"

After returning to the scout hut, we set off on a second walk of the day around the area surrounding Wells. Mostly round the back of fields, we played a fun game of "spot the potential Marathon bases" as we walked through them although sadly it turns out that "Wells is too far from Cambridge to run Marathon in" so all our hard work was for nothing. However, we did also see a lot of animals including the alpacas that Mara very quickly befriended, and then decided that she wanted to kill one of them (*Pichu did nothing wrong!*).

After the walk, it was time for dinner again before an evening of discussing more strange things like some of the "animals" on the walls of the scout hut that had been drawn by other users of the hut, such as a crocodile /lizard that Mara decided looked like the Pope.

The next morning (I think it was this one) we made an important discovery: chocolate sandwiches make great breakfasts! Somehow, I think I remember us (and by us I only mean a strict subset of us) getting through an entire tub of Cadbury's chocolate spread in one breakfast but it tasted amazing! It may not have been the most nutritional start to the day, but at least I now have ideas for when I eventually host a lunch and we all were definitely left with enough energy for the long walk we had ahead of us.

Our route took us up to Holkham Park and then along a stretch of beach before meeting back up with the forest path that week walked along on day zero. Whilst walking on Holkham Park, we saw more alive animals than dead animals which felt like a first for the trip! There were also a lot of deer there too.



There were almost as many deer in Holkham Park as there are in Richmond Park.



Whimsy in the sand.

After leaving the park, we then crossed through a car park (where I found out that I'm not tall enough to step over the fences between cards but everyone else is) before reaching the beach where we ran across many sand dunes before reaching a wider stretch of sand that we could walk through much easier. Along this section there were many attempts at leaving messages in the sand, some more mathematically cursed than others, but Mara's drawing of Whimsy was without question better than the rest of ours.

Our route then linked back up to the forest and we walked back along the familiar path until we found a rope swing that we somehow didn't see the first time we were here. As a group of responsible adults we saw this source of excitement as an opportunity to practise our dynamic risk assessment skills and our abilities to carry out simple harmonic motion outside of a lab, and it was a lot of fun too.

Back at the scout hut, we had a fire after dinner because *all scouts are pyromaniacs*¹. After some songs, Oliver decided to test if we could get the fire to do cool things if we poured flour onto it as apparently flour + fire = cool stuff. However, it didn't work too well as some of the flour blew away slightly and we didn't have a lot of it. But he had a second plan of how to make the fire do cool things: light a stick on fire. Sadly I couldn't find any photos of Mara's use of the fire stick, but maybe one of them is on a cover of this edition of Sky Blue (*Editor's Note: yes, it is*).

After the fire, there was some Forward planning where Caitlin, Mara and Oliver found a suitable location for the event and began to look at places that we could use as HQ. Even though I was half asleep while this happened, it looks like Forward is going to be very good this year, so if you're reading this before 2nd March 2024 please help volunteer!



The next day it was time to pack up. After a breakfast of even more chocolate sandwiches we packed our stuff, gave the kitchen an enormous clean, cleaned the rest of the hut and split the remaining spare food between us. Before leaving Wells to head back to Cambridge, we gave the town one final explore where we found an antiques shop with many strange items in it and other shops with some strange greetings cards and posters. After a fish and chips lunch (where we met one legged birb), we went back to the scout hut and began the drive back.



Isabella Topley

¹ as a guide, we were unable to conclude whether Caitlin also fell into this category or not

GOLDEN QUOTES

"Having learnt how difficult technology is, we're going to use some more"

A troubled CompSci and Webmaster

A: "I am in my hole." B: "I don't think you're in the hole. There's too much stick."

Two CUSAGCers putting up a tent

"We're optimistic, not delusional"

A Freshers' Fair stall holder on mailing list signups

A: "It definitely says in the rules that a Scout can't steal." B: "So we leave it to the guides then."

Two Scouts on acquiring a minibus

"Santa baby, strip your pole under me"

A CUSAGCer carrying tent poles over her shoulder in a Santa-esque manner

"Omw to squash the freshers"

The Chair's BeReal caption before Freshers' Squash

"This person is known but I don't know what they're known for"

Someone who should read more about Nelson Mandela

"I have the moral obligation to do the people"

A humanities student while playing Articulate (rightfully so, considering the previous quote)

A: "50 ducks for £10, that's 50p each!" B: "No, 5p each"

Two Mathmos who should be Engineers instead

*A: "You can't drop a baby" B: "You *can* drop a baby"*

A technically correct but morally incorrect CUSAGCer

"I suggest you go for smaller holes that you don't use that finger on"

A Chair's solution to an injured finger while bouldering

A: "Whimsy's a minor" B: "So what?"

A CUSAGCer who should reread the yellow card

"Your nose is squishy and bends, your chin isn't... physics"

A NatSci who should surely become a Medic

"What noise would you make if a child got hit by a firework in front of you?"

A Fresher already being questionable at Bonfire Night

"Charlie Chaplin is not a country"

A postgrad with more knowledge than us all

"Nuns need to play with balls"

About playing croquet in former convents

"I do not identify as a man with a beard"

A CUSAGCer, on confusing committee pictures on the website

"YiSaG and in many typos"

A Chair worthy of a SPAM Award

"I don't trust the countryside at all"

A Marathon Organiser on recce

"Rob, Bob, Rod and Bod cooked corn on the cob and cod on a hob. But Bod was a cheeky sod who caused Rob, Bob and Rod to sob and exclaim 'oh my god I don't have any more food to put in my gob'"

A CUSAGCer who was driven insane by too many similar names

"Idea for campfire on the 26th: burn the blue minibus"

A traumatised Marathon Organiser

"What is the CUSAGC policy on me beating up the Newnham printer and getting it reimbursed"

A traumatised Marathon Organiser (take 2)

"I gave them the D"

A Marathon Organiser assigning base letters

"Chat GPT can't help with erotica but it can help with romance novels"

An experienced CUSAGCer out of nowhere

"Cows and horses are different things"

A Marathon Organiser writing a risk assessment

"It's at this point that I realised I don't know the alphabet"

A CUSAGCer sorting out base signs for Marathon

"You might want to hit all of them... don't actually hit them"

A Marathon Organiser telling teams about manned bases

"Get in the minibus with the bearded man... I promise he'll offer you sweets when you get to the destination"

A text received by a Fresher while waiting to be picked up for Marathon

"It doesn't matter if someone dies as long as we tell the right responsible adult"

A Marathon Organiser with a concerning lack of empathy

"Do we have a shortage of names?"

A CUSAGCer shocked to learn of the existence of three name duplicates

"We've had a team arrive from Checkpoint Charlie"

Said over radios by someone who might want to brush up on their history

"Let me look at my phonetic alphabet, over"

A CUSAGCer who was in charge of the radio room for many years, at Marathon

"I was wondering when the thingiemabobies want their eatiness"

A minibus driver asking about delivering dinner

"I need my strap on"

A delusional Marathon Organiser running after the other Organiser,
regarding the writing on a table carrier

A: "They've gone looking for the big balls" B: "Caitlin, she's done it again!"

A CUSAGCer exasperated by how quotable another CUSAGCer has been

"If any guys are peeing, speak now or forever hold your piss"

A Marathon Organiser checking the men's loos at the end of the day

"Do you have to use your fingers or can you use objects?"

If you want context, I don't have it. Just enjoy!

A: "We just get one of them to sacrifice their wrist and draw the control card on their arm"

B: "Get a tattoo pen"

Two CUSAGCers fed up by teams losing their control cards on Marathon

A: "The next Social Sec?" B: "Social? I'm a Mathmo?!"

A Fresher finding novel excuses for evading committee roles

"My friend has a shrine to Rishi Sunak"

(about a non-CUSAGCer) I'm just concerned... is this what Brits do?

"We have a lot of people doing it, but not all of them come every time."

A SAGLO advertising the club to leaders

"World's finest vegetarian cock"

"Mara is sad she can't drink cock"

"What about tasty Scottish cock?"

A triad of quotes at Progressive Meal, upon the discovery of new types of soup

A: "Everyone has to do it at least once, just some of us have done it before"

B: "We learnt it in Year 4, we weren't allowed to eat it though"

Two CUSAGCers showing off their Curly Wurlies

"The Classics course is pretty cutting edge"

A Classicist defending her degree

"If he hasn't told us, we can't get it, cos it's a game of Simon says"

A CUSAGCer doing Simon's shopping for CTW

"If I kicked a seal out of the international space station I could model it as a particle"

A violent Engineer on CTW

"I suppose if you do it every night you get used to it"

A tame CUSAGCer on having a bottle of wine every night

"I was trying to work out a suitable change of topic and was debating just going with Newnham JCR's lesbian porn again"

A recurring theme in CUSAGC recently regarding a DVD collection

"Continue the relationships you've got with the leaders"

About a SAGLO which I'm glad we didn't re-elect

"No one needs a double bed in Cambridge, no one has time to find someone else to put on it"

A CUSAGCer who does indeed have someone

"I'll just sit here and watch everyone sleep"

An older CUSAGCer creeping everyone out on CTW

"To be fair if I got a bean bag on that size in hot pink I would be tempted"

A CUSAGCer whose girlfriend I'm tempted to contact about this

"I feel like my sexuality has no relation to the types of apple I like"

Same CUSAGCer, but no clue how the apples got involved

"Mara, I was going to say the exact same thing, but I have a filter"

A CUSAGCer's valid response to one of my many quotes

"At what point will the earth turn into a black hole as a result of Mara quotes?"

A CUSAGCer who should learn the perils of extrapolation

"Hippopotamus is basically just a jungle seal"

A CUSAGCer known for her very odd explanations

"Even the small ones have sex in them"

A CUSAGCer talking about dictionaries

"You're not dead, I'm not done with you yet"

An outgoing Chair to an incoming Chair

"I sound like I have some mental illness in sheep land"

A relatively insane CUSAGCer while baaing at sheep

"I think embezzlement is wrong, by the way"

A CUSAGCer I'm glad is not our next Treasurer

"No one on the current committee believes in consent"

A committee member (speaking the truth)

A: "It's a little island off Italy" B: "Crewe"

Two CUSAGCers who need to brush up on their geography

A: "Maybe we're the villains" B: "In that case, I'm happy being evil"

Two CUSAGCers with questionable life choices

"With adults, breaths are optional"

A CUSAGCer who I think needs to redo her First Aid training

*A: "I don't want hot banana" B: "For f*ck's sake, [A]" A: "Exactly!"*

Do I even need to say who A is?

"Is your family acquainted with the concept of cocaine?"

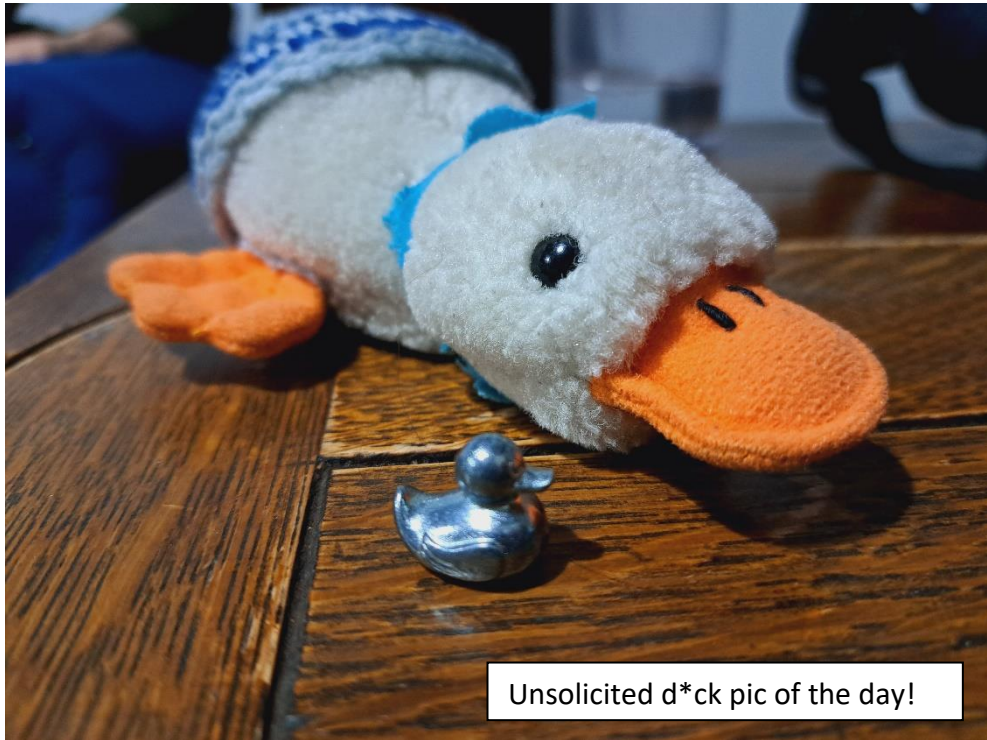
To a CUSAGCer with a family tradition of eating pancakes with a big line of sugar

"You could use the knives to get us a table"

When Selwyn Hall being busy calls for desperate measures and a CUSAGCer just happens to have 3 massive kitchen knives on her

"CUSAGC - guilt tripping people into doing stuff since 1953"

- A Chair who managed to get a lot of people to AGM



Unsolicited d*ck pic of the day!

Thank you

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