



**WHAT BIG EYES
YOU HAVE.**

Shower If You Dare



Now is the spring-time of our discontent - Avery Court's eternal winter continues.

After hot water was restored to the rest of Central Site early last week, the residents of Avery Court were dismayed to be given the cold shoulder (again)...

Does hypothermia improve the mental faculties? Is there evidence linking warm showers and central heating to a decrease in brain cells? Is college using us as guinea pigs to test these hypotheses? Unless the answer is 'yes,' there seems to be no reasonable excuse for the complete lack of hot water or radiator warmth *anywhere* in Avery Court.

The sunless space squished between two chapels always seems to draw the short straw. Whether it be the blaring bass of Clare Ents, the clamour of the bins, the absolutely massive hole in the ground, or the complete and utter lack of phone signal, there's always something to keep those living in F, G, H and I staircases on their toes.

Affectionately known as the "black hole" of Trinity Hall, the residents of Avery Court have recently been informed that hot water, restored to the rest of central site last Monday, will take around a week to be fixed. It seems that the message often given to first-years in exam term to 'Chill out' has been taken just a tad too seriously.

Elsewhere in college, the 48 hours without hot water caused Jerwood hours (and odours) to soar, with the suggestion that this may have been an inside job aimed at limiting the potential for exam term procrastination. Students resorted to experimental measures in a bid to keep themselves clean - one Central Site dweller was even reported to have winched himself down into the Cam from Tit Wall with a bucket and a bar of soap in the early hours of last Sunday morning.

But given that the rest of college's water supply was restored to full efficiency by

Monday afternoon, the news that Avery Court would have to make do with cold water for at least a week did not go down too well.

This is just the latest episode in the fight for the much-coveted position of 'grimmiest' staircase on Central Site: an on-going battle between F and H. Whilst F has a "urine-covered toilet floor" according to self-professed ground floor custodian George Bruce ("It wasn't me," he claims); H really takes the biscuit with a complete lack of sunlight, and a gyp room that more closely resembles a coffin than a kitchen.

Furthermore, its unique odour, patches of damp and death-trap of a swing door all contribute to create a truly welcoming

ambience. Should you choose to spend the night, we'd be delighted to offer you a floor on which to rest your head - although you should be warned that temperatures in H1 have been known to drop below 0, and no, the electric heater does not work, unless of course you're prepared to risk an electrical fire in return for fifteen minutes of heat.

If the temperatures don't give you cold feet and you still want to visit, you should be warned: ominous scratchings and scrabblings have been heard echoing about the corridors late at night, and there's no knowing what kind of beast may be lurking on the third floor. If you don't enjoy your stay, please don't get ratty with us - you can't say we didn't warn you.

THIS WEEK IN THE TITBIT

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In the Portrait Gallery...

Sir Nathaniel Lloyd 1669-1741

With plump chins parting a powdered wig, a proud smirk marks the man who fought for, and won, the immortality he desired.

Having lost the family's Aston estates to his uncle, and with a grandfather who had fought for the 'wrong' side of the Civil War, Sir Nathaniel was determined to rebuild a broken family legacy.

Using his father's legal success, Nathaniel managed to worm his way into the position of Deputy Admiral Advocate in 1701. From there, his knighthood quickly followed, and by 1715 he had become the King's Advocate.

Sir Nathaniel wasn't content with these titles alone, though: elected Vice Chancellor of Cambridge, and Master of Trinity Hall in 1710, it was here that he left his real legacy. Despite a few cutting remarks about it to his friends at All Souls', he poured himself into the remodelling of our college.

Front court was heightened, refaced with stone and lined with sash windows. The chapel - his final



resting place - was enlarged, the Gothic carved stone covered and the wooden roof decorated. The age-darkened hall was repanelled in white, extended and the flat ceiling vaulted.

Then, in his final possessive gesture, Sir Nathaniel set his scarlet self over High Table to watch us all as we pass through his great monument.

The college as we know it was redefined by Sir Nathaniel Lloyd. Rebuilt and restyled in his image, this man who sought to forge his place in history did so through Trinity Hall.

Sam Price

I'm Middle Class - Get Me Out of Here!

Cereal food critic and anti-Lidl campaigner, Keval Shah, wants you to give hall a chance...

I know what you're thinking: 'what is caraway doing in a carrot soup!?' Dear reader, I'm afraid I can't answer that question, and I'm equally ill-equipped to answer why Sunday's mushrooms still had mud on them and why the vegetarian lasagne was pink.

Nonetheless, I encourage you to give hall a chance! It may sound rich coming from me, but to my great wonder and surprise, food has been improving at an alarming rate. There's still work to be done (bruschetta has never been a main course, and never will be...) but with each passing day I feel closer to home.

A feta and olive salad greeted me last week, as did



Baggage soup was this week's speciality.

a shepherd's pie in individual ramekins (nice choice of colour, too!). I could almost taste summer with yesterday's mango salad and the new system of labelling desserts on fancy A4 paper with edgy handwriting is aesthetically pleasing to say the least. So, stop complaining. Let's see how long this lasts...

Keval Shah

When in Cambridge...

There's something for everybody in Cambridge - from summertime strolls to shopping, from museums to live music, from archaeology to architecture - but before you pack your favourite punt-pole, let us share with you five fab tips for getting the most out of your stay:

1. Take photos of absolutely everything.
You'll kick yourself if you get home and find that you can't remember what King's College Chapel looks like. Remember, professional pictures of famous landmarks taken with considerably better cameras than yours are notoriously difficult to find using Google.

2. Route planning is crucial.
Try to wander as aimlessly as possible, ideally into the path of oncoming bicycle traffic. It is considered rude in Cambridge to use the pavements for their intended purpose.

3. A punt guide's word is gospel.
Punt guides are required by law never to knowingly utter a falsity whilst within 1.13 furlongs of the river Cam; a ruling dating back to an incident in 1454 involving a herd of goats and a very overloaded punt.

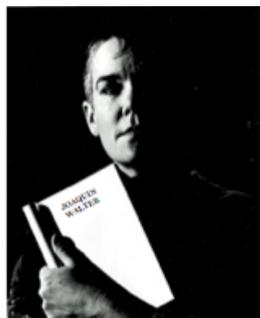
4. Don't leave space for others to overtake.
Your fellow walkers trapped behind will thank you for the opportunity

to take in the beautiful surroundings as you stroll nonchalantly five-abreast down narrow, busy passageways.

5. If possible, rent a bike - especially if it's your first time.
Cambridge is a wonderful place to pick up a bike for the first time. There's no greater motivator than the certainty of collision with something or someone to get you to really tone your cycling skills. Bonus points for broken bones (your own or other people's). What doesn't kill you makes you stronger.

Oli Lane





Poetry Corner

with
Joaquín Walter

Having returned from his gap year to much acclaim, Joaquín Walter is ready to take on the world with his topaz-infused poetic truffles of wisdom. Garnished with a raspberry jus - for this week only.

AVERY COURT SUNRISE XCVLICLLIIXMVXC

Anguillae solis omnium nostrum

Lips, at my feet. Maggots crawling
Out of a salad-tossed ewe (you), eyeballing

Me as the panpipe plays. The slug pellet
Dirties acetate dreams like a rogue helot.

A herd of jejune dogmas – micturating failure;
Scrofula *qua* scrofula, ophidian by nature.

A very sunrise in a very court. How outré!
The legerdemain of *demain*, be that as it may.

Chased to be chaste, like value-added
Tropicana, squashed in the vapid Flaccid.

Cheesecake Nazis granny-darning her suit –
O my love, I shan't remain hirsute in my pursuit.

There once was a man from Peru,
Whose limerick stopped at line two.

Letters to the Editor

Dear TitBit,

Bite me.

With love,
Hallmark

Dear TitBit,

I couldn't fail to notice the demonstrable shift to the Right in your most recent issue (Issue 3, Friday 26th April). The fascistic overtones of Magdalena Slash's 'verse' were all-too-plain to any discerning reader. Eucalyptus legs? Come on – at least *try* to veil your political programme. Frankly, I'm fed up with tabloids force-feeding me partisan news, and I thought your publication had broken the mould. But the overall tone of the last edition was one of sinister, pernicious agenda-peddling. The article, 'Riduckulous!', was an audacious affront to liberal



sentiment: the kind of piffle that eggs on the anti-immigration nutjobs in UKIP and the BNP. Up with this your readership will not put.

Regards,
Iggy Norant

Dear TitBit,

I am only writing this to see my name in print.

Yours sincerely,
Oli Goldstein
(call me)
(please)

OBITUARY

Professor P. King

The TitBit is devastated to report the death of our much-loved Library Correspondent, Professor P. King, who passed away due to a fatal mallardy last Monday evening.

We canardly believe it.

What's My Name?

Identify the following Tit Hallers using just your cranium.

(1)				
(2)				
(3)				