JCR TO BACK ‘SEAT FREE SUNDAYS’

It has emerged that the JCR is now committed to supporting ‘Seat Free Sundays’ after a member of the committee made a typo in some ‘Meat Free Mondays’ policy admin, after the recent college vote. The individual - who remains anonymous - apologised, highlighting the fact that ‘to be fair, it is week five. I haven’t slept in three days. No one cares about Meat Free Mondays anyway. Can I have some coffee please?’.

A representative from the JCR told the TitBit that ‘we’re now committed to making the best of this tricky situation; too much work has gone into pushing the motion through for it to be worth rectifying the mistake at this point’. As a result, all chairs will be removed from Hall on Sundays from now on, to ‘capitalise on floor space’. It has also been suggested that the change will force students to spend less time eating and get straight back to the Jerwood to do more work. A senior member of the college reflected that ‘thinking about it, we should have pushed for this kind of thing years ago; students waste so much time everyday eating when they could be working. Mmmm Tompkins Table’.

Critics of ‘Meat Free Mondays’ were overjoyed with the mistake. One spokesperson commented that ‘thanks to that typo, I won’t have to risk eating vegetables anymore. Global warming doesn’t exist anyway!! Can I have a sweetie now?’.

Naturally, those in favour of the scheme were outraged, and calls have been made for a second referendum on the issue. One campaigner did point out that ‘now that people will be packed together standing up in hall, they’ll be forced to empathise with the battery-farmed animals they’re eating literally while they eat! Gotta go; I’m late for arcsoc. Can I have a soya milk latte please?’.

Meanwhile, plans to introduce further measures to increase student productivity have emerged. These include ‘Fez Free Friday’ and ‘Sleep Free September’.

The Editorial:

Whether you’ve picked up The TitBit because you actually want to read it or because your pidge was empty but you don’t want to walk past the porters again empty-handed, welcome to the second issue! Whatever your week five problems, The TitBit has got you covered... kick back with a cup of {Tea/Black Instant Coffee/Sainsbury’s Basics Vodka - delete as appropriate depending on how your week five is going} and relax. That essay can wait.
Cam Dine With Me
Week Five Edition:
Bird Thai Van

Last month’s Cam Dine With Me mentioned the wonders of Cambridge market- but where to go? So much to smell, so much to eat, and sadly too little money to buy it all. Whilst their menu is varied and everything I must say, is rather delicious, I must admit to having ordered the special menu noodle soup from the Thai Van an obscene number of times and getting rather upset when they’ve run out of soup... Hot, fresh, aromatic, spicy, calming- it’s everything you could possibly want on a cold winter’s day to fill you with a tingly satisfaction. Distinct by the bright red van located next to the bike man and the exotic aromatic smell wafting through the stalls, - you can’t miss it. On most days you’ll find a long queue, so get there early before they run out of soup! Despite my personal obsession with noodle soup, there is plenty of choice, with authentic pad thai, fried chicken, stir fried udon and a range of curries which you can make as spicy (or as not) as you like, all available for no more than £6! The staff are friendly and efficient, doling out order after order all freshly made! Perfect to cure those week five blues, you will want to visit here at least once this term!
P.S. Sainsbury’s white chocolate and raspberry cookies are still da bomb.

Amy Johnston

Alumni Top Trumps

Love Formal? Not Christian? Bit baffled by the Latin bit they say while your starter gets cold (or warms up)? As a third year Theology student, I have one thing to say, and that’s this: Same. So here’s a list of things you can say instead of ‘Amen’ at the end of grace:

1. Quite
2. Bless you
3. The end.
4. Said the vicar to the actress
5. If you know what I mean
6. And one for luck, hip hip hooray!
7. How DARE you?!
8. SPEECH!
9. Fine if you waffle in Latin before eating
10. Metella in atrio sedet
11. I bet he says that to all the girls
12. Its pronounced ‘Eamonn’

Julia Davies
Cheerio to the Cult of the Circle

Nowadays, it seems there are few things as significant as leaving a group chat – perhaps equalled only by blocking somebody on Facebook, Instagram, or the way to hall at 18:44. So, it was a poignant moment when, three years after joining my first Chapel Choir group chat, I finally decided that it was time to depart peacefully from my last.

They say that leaving a cult is like refusing cheesy chips on a night out [citation needed] and, indeed, with the candlelight rituals, complete with medieval chanting and choreography (Compline), the powerful and charismatic leader (seriously, Andrew Arthur is taking over the college one title, fancy new office, and music block at a time!), and our tenuous subculture, life in the chapel choir might seem, to the heathen* at least, to be strikingly similar to that of a cult (ora pro nobis).

However, dig a little deeper and you might just find what I have found over the past three years: that the Chapel Choir is the highest standard musical society at Trinity Hall, that the friendships forged in those hallowed halls will carry you through tough times and enable many magical (and equally many messy!) moments, and that the perks of the job far outweigh the commitment (especially if you enjoy making music, which is probably a given if you’ve read this far).

So, if you’re interested in furthering your musical development, falling in with a brilliant group of friends, and rejoicing the Lord (or not... your beliefs are not a factor in your ability to sing or to enjoy singing!), then I urge you to arrange an audition by contacting the Graduate Senior Organ Scholar, James Grimwood (jag271).

As for me, well, after three foreign tours, two Compact Disc recordings, thirty singing lessons, one hundred and forty-four formals, and the same number of services (excluding feasts, feast days, and concerts), I’m finally throwing in the hymnal.

It’s been a pleasure singing with and for you and I’d do it all again.

Forever and ever.

Amen.

* read: non-THCC students

Andrew Sherman

Review: George Michael Tribute

There is one lesson in life that we all must heed: If you’re going to do it, do it right. Right. Do it to me. I honestly love George Michael, and I honestly love tribute acts. So the chance to see a George Michael tribute act was hardly something I was going to turn down.

In front of mother and I are sat three women, named Carol, Jackie and Sharon. They are, like everyone here except from me, at the age of the menopause, or just past. There is an usher with a man-bun (UMB henceforth) who does not look pleased to be here.

The music has started and singing can be heard, but I can’t see a singer anywhere. ‘I can’t see George Michael’, whispers mother, battling with her varifocal lenses. ‘Can you?’ Oh - that’s really clever. He’s come onstage just as he sings the line ‘Here I am’. IT’S GEORGE! Or is it? ‘Who wants some Wham!’ asks George. Jackie does. Sharon gets up and starts dancing. UMB makes her sit down. Who cares? George Michael is our man.

Two of my actual favourite songs are by George Michael, and he spoilt me by singing them BOTH. I accidentally smacked Mummy during my vigorous chair-dancing. ‘FREEDOM! FREEDOM! FREEDOM!’ we shriek, and this is probably about as close to a student protest as I will ever come. Carol passes Sharon a boiled sweet from a tin. George raps, and asks some really profound questions, such as ‘Somebody tell me, oh, why I work so hard for you?’; a thought we’ve all had about our DoSes. He then tells everyone to get up and dance. UMB is powerless to stop the raging tide of the menopause.

It was a fantastic concert. No pretence, faux edginess or anything of that nature. Carol, Jackie and Sharon loved it, and so did I.

Julia Davies

Review: Naan Bread

My entire life understanding has been seriously undermined by naan bread.

After attending a Magdalene formal with a veggie ticket, I was forced to face a shocking truth as the fateful second course was served. I remained blissfully ignorant as meat eaters were handed their curry and naan bread, and eagerly anticipated my own. It was not until my plate arrived devoid of any such naan bread that I, along with my fellow vegetarians, was forced to conclude: Naan bread contains meat.

If you, or anyone else, has been seriously affected by this, please do not hesitate to reach out for support on www.giveupnaanbreadforgood.com, and join the campaign for #naanbreadfreemondays

Emily Whittingham
The TatiBit

How does a college have a character? Because of its students for sure. But for me it’s the kitchen staff who give this place its charisma. In thirty years’ time I know which personalities I will remember, the people that give Tit Hall its distinctive finesse. The jokes floating around the heads of students as we grab our lunch and the consistent smiles and laughter (even at breakfast!) are actually quite remarkable. I went to another college for breakfast one morning, I can promise you it is never to be repeated. The food was good but the atmosphere very different....

Not only that but the food at formal needs some more appreciation. It’s delicious, only usually we are too busy drinking to notice it! The soups and mousses for starters, the fresh fish, duck leg, veggies and then the chocolate tarts, Crème Brûlées, .... And now I for one am too hungry to go on. That deliciously rich coffee tops of the meal to stupendous effect! Can anyone actually name a college that has a better formal? This is the stuff that will linger in our memories, or at least in mine (even though I know I am more than moderately obsessed with food!) In fact, a huge incentive to become an academic is to get the food that temptingly passes under our noses on the way to the fellow’s hall. No wonder the colleges weren’t included in the strikes – I wouldn’t miss that food either!

Tati Chapman

Spot The Difference!

OVERHEARD IN THE JERWOOD:
"On our left we have Trinity Hall and the Jerwood library; the newest building on the river. Apparently it was meant to look like a boat. Stephen Hawking actually went to this college when he was at Cambridge."