



# The TitBit

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## 15 Ways With a Trinity Hall College Scarf\*

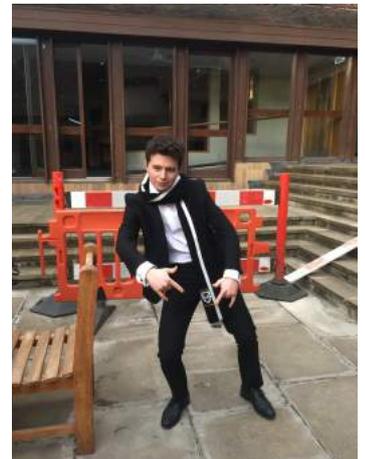
The Trinity Hall college scarf is an absolutely fantastic piece of stash. If you only buy one thing, make it this (not least because the mug breaks as soon as you look at it, no joke, I've had two). The scarf is exquisitely versatile - not only is it stylish, it also has a plethora of practical uses. So here, without further ado, are the top fifteen - yes, fifteen - ways to use and style your Trinity Hall college scarf.

1. the standard way (you know the one where it's a loop with two ends) (see fig. 1)
2. the peter hunt (see fig. 2)
3. as a baby sling (alternatively useful if you purchase, say, a pomelo, and have to cycle it back to your accommodation)
4. the reverse peter hunt (essentially, the peter hunt but the other way)
5. as a faux snake to frighten your friends (see fig. 3)
6. for big hairband energy
7. the bath towel (aka no loop, all drape)
8. as a belt
9. to lasso tourists with (the more unwitting they are, the better)
10. the pashmina
11. throw it at a seat in the jerwood if there is a bit of a scrum, to claim that seat as yours before your competitors get there
12. to intimidate people at other colleges (rumour has it if you hold a tit hall crest aloft at a trinity student, a bit like a crucifix, THEY have to give YOU the land they stole!!!)
13. a shoelace for a giant
14. a blanket for a midget
15. if you forget your tie, this scarf can step into the breach as a woolly substitute

*Julia Davies (Fashion Editor)*



Figs. 1 - 3 in descending order



\* Or 'Fifteen Shades of Black and White'

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# The Curious Incident of the Master's Dog in the Night-Time

*The first instalment of a two-part murder mystery*

It was a dark and stormy night, the rain beating a steady patter overhead on the roof of the Porters' Lodge at Trinity Hall. Most students lively enough to consider a night out had taken one look at the weather outside and returned defeated to someone's room. As a result, it had been a quiet shift for the Head Porter. The odd forgotten cam-card and a delivered parcel aside, he had largely been content to sip at his tea and wait out the long night shift.

And then all of a sudden, he heard the latch of the gate click, and the sound of someone letting themselves quietly out into the street. Whoever it was, they were certainly more conscientious than most students who passed through – there was only a gentle thud as the gate was shut once more. It was probably nothing, probably just a student not wanting to make small talk in the early hours of the morning. But something about it niggled at Irons. Shaking his head at his own overactive instincts, he grabbed a torch from beneath the desk and set out to take a look outside.

Nothing there. Further up, however, he could see a light on in the kitchens. Suspecting student mischief, he walked down, torch in hand. But the moment he got to the kitchens, something caught his eye. Outside the Master's Lodge, a dark, unmoving shape. Shining the light of the torch in its direction, the Head Porter caught a glimpse of the shape – and felt his blood run cold.

'Oh.' He whispered. 'Oh no.'

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'They're definitely going to send you down.' Tom glanced sullenly over at his bed, where his supposed friend Meghan was currently sprawled, taking photos of herself with an air of nonchalance.

'They can't send me down.' He muttered. 'It wasn't just me.'

'But you were the only one stupid enough to get caught.' Meg reminded him, sitting up a little and looking at him seriously. 'Genuinely Tom, they're not your mates. If they were, they would have come forward by now.' Tom ducked his head, not willing to admit that she was right.

'I hate this place anyway.' He looked out with contempt over Garrett Hostel Bridge, watched a girl on a bike try and fail to get over the top. 'I'd be happy if they expelled me.'

'What time are you going in front of them?'



Emily Whittingham

Before Tom could answer, there was a knock on the door. Without waiting to be invited inside, the Senior Tutor stepped in, closing the door swiftly behind her. 'Senior Tutor.' Tom got to his feet. 'I didn't think I'd see you until...'

'Circumstances have changed.' She informed him, crisply. 'We have a new offer to make you.' Tom blinked.

'Offer?'

'An incident has occurred. Leon Irons found the Master's dog last night. Dead.'

'That's awful.' Meghan breathed, coming to stand next to Tom.

'Quite.' The Senior Tutor gave a delicate shudder. 'And not just dead. Murdered. The only clue as to who killed him a mysterious scratching on the side of the Master's Lodge.'

'Why are you telling me all this?' Tom frowned. The Senior Tutor assumed a business-like expression.

'Tom, the chances are that it was a student who committed this...heinous crime. We need someone who can investigate – *discreetly* – among the student population. Someone who can report directly back to us.'

'And why would he do that?' Megan countered, defiantly.

'Because if he doesn't, he will be sent down.' The Senior Tutor replied, sharply. 'Make no mistake, there are a great many gunning for your expulsion, Tom. Cooperating with us is your last chance. Understood?'

Too bewildered to do much else, Tom nodded.

'Excellent. I look forward to great progress the next time we see each other.' And without so much as a nod for Meghan, the Senior Tutor took her leave. The two of them stood for a while, speechless.

'Tom, this is mad.' Meghan said eventually, turning to face him. 'Whoever killed this dog is dangerous. And they want you to investigate him.'

'Yeah, but Meg.' Tom turned to face his friend, looked seriously at her. 'It's like she said. This is my last chance. Whoever the killer is – wherever they are hiding, we have to track them down. Or I won't have a place here anymore.'

Zohra Nabi

# A Week's Library Crawl of Cambridge

Spice up your working life and try out some of the libraries in Cambridge - there are over 100 to visit if you are up for it. Here is a plan for a week of library visits (obviously take some time out and don't work too hard). Those of you that don't know, I am a little obsessed with libraries, so if you are ever stuck for conversation with me, bring them up.

## A Sunny Monday

Start the week in *the Zoology (Balfour and Newton) Library* on New Museums Site, it's really light, with big windows, you have to be buzzed in but just show your CamCard. The building used to be the Medical School Building and Humphry Museum and is quite grand. Stop for lunch in the *Whale Café*, under the skeleton of the Whale, in the David Attenborough building. Then head over to Sidgwick after a walk on Coe Fen and the backs to the *African Studies Library* in the Alison Richards Building (top floor). Small, practical and modern, it reminds me of Wychfield New Build. It's even got a balcony for you to work on in the summer - watch the sun set over the Law Faculty!

## Downing Tuesday

The layout of the buildings aren't the only thing that is higgledy-piggledy on the Downing Site, but the libraries are just as complicated and messy too. Go to the *Plant Sciences Library*, again, just get buzzed in. Sit on the high chairs in front of the window, it's like working on a windowsill! Go to the *Lord Butterfield Café*, in Downing College (there is a gate at the back of the Downing site) for a panini and some cake. If you like, wander to the botanic gardens, or through Peterhouse's deer park, which are both nearby, before spending the afternoon in the 1930s *Geography Library*, at the back of the Downing Site. If you like your own company, use the periodicals room here - it is often quieter.

## A Wet Wednesday

No library crawl would be complete without a trip to the art deco *UL*, but choose your place wisely. Find your own nook on the North Front, with great views over to King's Chapel and the city centre, or for a hot summers day, go to South Wing to enjoy the sun or to West Four for some air-con. There are lots of rooms to use too, the grandest, the Reading Room, but the functional West Room, the Aoi Pavilion or the Anderson Room are all worth a visit, and probably better for a wet day. The UL closes late at 9:45pm in Exam term, go with some friends though - it can be

surprisingly fun! After exploring the UL, visit the *UL Tea Room* for lunch. Cycle over to the *Whipple Library* in the afternoon on Free School Lane, quite dark but warm and cosy. The main bulk of the library used to be the Old Perse School Hall. It closes at 7pm, making it a great place for evening work.

## Sidgwick Thursday

There are so many libraries on the Sidgwick Site, ranging from Divinity to AMES. I recommend the morning in the *Marshall Economics Library*, find a table at the end or on the first floor for a great view over it. It is normally quiet until 10am or 11am when lectures finish. Then move to the *South East Asian Library* in the POLIS building. Sit with PhD students either at the far window, with fantastic views north towards the UL (they really are massive windows), or at the very ornate wooden table in the middle. Leave your stuff here if you like and go to the ARC Café for lunch. Sit outside if it is a nice day. When you get bored of looking at the UL move to the *MML library*, in the Raised Faculty building. It serves squash and biscuits every 3pm on Thursdays. If you get bored have a weave on our very own Amy Baxter's communal weaving project outside the library.

## An adventurous Friday

Head to the *Radzinowics Criminology Library* in the morning, though they are quite strict so finish your coffee before you arrive. Plush, functional and light, sit on the sofas if you get uncomfortable. Cycle to *Hall* to get your fish pie for lunch. If you feel you need to get out of town, head towards the station, then pass it to visit the *Education Library*, and while you are there explore Homerton College (face it, you probably won't again). It is certainly worth a visit, gorgeous open windows and interesting architecture. You can sit on the ground floor and the grass is at desk height and watch the squirrels play all afternoon.

## A Stuffy Saturday

Fewer libraries are open on the weekend, which makes those of us that enjoy a good library very upset. But you could go to Pembroke for brunch (they allow anyone in) and visit the *Haddon Library* (open 11am-4pm) above the entrance to the Downing Site. This is one of my favourites, but is increasingly busy. It is however quieter on the weekend. This 1904 building has been home to the Squire Law Library and the Marshall Economics Library, before becoming home to the Haddon Library. Its grand but cosy, with soft lighting but big windows - lots of wood, it feels quite stuffy and historic. If you still are looking for a place to work at 4pm, have a complete antidote and go to the modern *Moore Maths Library*, on your way back to Wychfield, it is open 24hrs (as long as you have been registered as a reader (visit on weekday to do this). It is the round building and has lots of places to work, but the blinds seem to have been programmed to be closed dependent on the sun and the time of day. Okay for working in the dark though, but don't go mad here and sleep here as some seem too!

### A Sunday with tight trading laws

Keep it simple on a Sunday and visit our own *Jerwood Library*, let's face it, it has been missing you. My favourite place is first floor to watch the bridge, don't get intimidated by Markus and his 3 thick books with his laptop on top, on the Law Floor. Remember to find a seat early (maybe before brunch). If you are desperate for a scene change, both the *Seeley Historical Library* and the *English Library* on Sidgwick are open on a Sunday 1pm-6pm.

*Ben Peart*

## Breaking News on the June Event:

Ticket sales plummet as record numbers of people still don't actually know what 'effervescence' means. Charles Pendry, who is on the committee and knows things about stuff, confirmed that 'even the committee don't actually know what it means. We're hoping to get some clarity on the issue before the June Event itself'. Other possible themes reportedly included 'antidisestablishmentarianism' and 'disenfranchisement'. More to follow.

# Back in the Day...

Between 1842 and 1847, shortly before Malcolm was invented, a man called Joseph Romilly kept a diary about his life at Cambridge. Here's the beef about Tit Hall from the time...

*Disaster strikes in the Master's Lodge. Watch out, Dr Jeremy Morris...*

Thursday 26th January 1843:

'Dr. Le Blanc (a devotee of port and a martyr to gout) died... suddenly of inflammation by cutting his toenail'

[Dr Le Blanc was Master of Trinity Hall at the time]

*A lot of seshing/babel-talking...*

Friday 30th December 1842:

'Dined in Trinity Hall: the largest party I ever met there... nearly suffocated by the heat and stunned by the babel-talking in the Combination room'

Friday 27th December 1844:

'Dined at Trin. Hall Hall: a very large party (39) but no distinguished people'

Wed 23rd December 1846:

'Dined in Trinity Hall Hall... Not home till near 2!'

*Kinky truncheon games...*

Thursday 16th December 1843:

'Seniority at 11 to try a ruffian called Peacocke for assaulting Craufurd the Scholar with a life-preserver\* - The story is this: - Yesterday Craufurd walked about all day with a horsewhip to insult or chastise Peacocke who had boasted that he had the previous night struck him (Craufurd) & that he (C) had tamely put up with it.

The fact was that, at a public Lecture... on going out Peacocke struck or pushed Craufurd, but Craufurd declared he was not conscious of it. Peacocke, on hearing that Craufurd had been seeking for him all day to horsewhip him & had declared his belief that he (P) had avoided Trinity Hall to shirk him, became half-furious and went to Craufurd's rooms at 9 in the Evening. Craufurd asked Peacocke if he had spread a report of having struck him: Peacocke answered that he knew nothing about the report, but that he had struck him. Upon this, Craufurd said 'consider yourself horsewhipped' & waved a whip over his head: - Peacocke said 'but you have not struck me': - the reply was 'O if that is what you want I will' & Craufurd laid the whip gently on his shoulder, whereupon Peacocke muttered 'shall I knock him down?' & instantly struck Craufurd on the head with his life-preserver.'

\* A life-preserver is a small truncheon. You're welcome.

*Francis Brown*

# Why is Easter a Celebration?

Have you ever thought that, as celebrations go, Easter seems a rather awkward one? Christmas is a jolly time, with presents and parties, but Easter doesn't seem so. True, we have the 'Easter bunny' who bizarrely lays eggs – evidently the person who came up the idea was not a NatSci – but little besides a few treasured weeks off university.

This awkwardness is unsurprising. Christmas celebrates the birth of Jesus – God's promised Saviour – and thus can easily be viewed as a happy and joyous occasion. Easter instead celebrates Jesus' death on the cross, which hardly seems to be a topic of celebration, and his rising from the dead (his 'resurrection').

So why do Christians view this death and resurrection worthy of celebration? To respond to this question properly, one first needs to ponder why a Saviour was promised at all.

From the beginning of time, humanity has been rebelling against God, something the Bible calls 'sin'. Humanity was meant to be in an eternal relationship with God, but their sin meant they were not (and are not still), and death – an eternal banishment from the presence of God – reflects this.

True, we are all capable of doing good and probably view ourselves as good

people. But how do we declare ourselves 'good'? What is our measuring-stick? I seldom do my washing-up at university (part of the reason I tend to eat in Hall) and, lining my glasses up next to each other, I might think some are clean. But that is simply because I am only using other unclean glasses for reference. Should I wish to put anyone of them alongside a perfect glass, I would soon see that they all were imperfect. Just so with an imperfect humanity and a perfect God.

But then, if all are imperfect, how can anyone be restored to a right relationship with a perfect God?

## **This is why God promised a Saviour.**

This promised Saviour was Jesus, God himself, and hence was perfect. It was because of this perfection that he could take the punishment for humanity's sin upon himself and die on the cross. Since the punishment for humanity's sin was therefore taken in full, and justice fully done, anyone who accepts this sacrifice will be restored to a right relationship with God, and so raised to eternal life after death.

Perhaps you're wondering why the resurrection was necessary all, if this was indeed the case? This is a good question, and one that St. Paul helpfully responded to. He pointed out that if Jesus rose from the dead, it shows that the punishment of death was removed and hence that anyone who accepts Jesus'

sacrifice will rise like him too. This is why modern critics tend to focus on challenging the resurrection: if it truly occurred then it validates all that Jesus claimed to be and do – he would indeed be divine and would indeed have empirically shown that there is life after death for those who trust in his self-sacrifice. Paul uses a beautiful image of a fruit-tree to display this: he writes that Jesus is the 'first fruits' of those who trust in him – the metaphorical tree of eternal life is to bear a far greater crop than just Jesus alone, he was merely the first.

That is why Easter ought to be a joyful occasion; it is a joyous offer to everyone, and joyous news for those who have accepted it, since Jesus' historic resurrection points ahead to their future resurrection, and is the means by which it will occur.

Christmas celebrates this salvation too, through celebrating the coming of the promised Saviour, and the writer of an old carol encapsulates both the good news of Jesus' coming and what it achieved, when he wrote in his final verse:

“Mild [Jesus] lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die:  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.”

Joyous news indeed.

*Peter Hunt*

## **Review: Halfway Hall**

So as second years, we're halfway through - don't mention it to engineers or medics, they get very upset. I thought I'd do a little review of the halfway hall menu, but since I don't have a menu on me, we'll see how my memory holds. Either way, blame Francis for not allowing me to submit 'Which Francis are you today? Snek edition' (Message if you want a copy).

### **Starter:**

Golly gosh, the starter was amazing. 'Beetroot cured salmon with horseradish and some coleslaw thing'- (Nick Harris 2019) After three glasses of white, it was enough to wrench the table back into sobriety for long enough to agree on this at least. Imagine sushi, but not sushi, sushi without the rice, but with coleslaw and horseradish. The thing about starters is that you must decide whether to save your bread for them or not. This is an issue as in my experience, once you're in the hall, you're absolutely starving and already a little tipsy. You'd think basically raw salmon required a saving scenario, but no! The glorious thing about this starter was that it'd work either way- which was lucky as the bread was inhaled as quickly as the third glass was poured.

### **Main:**

I ducking love duck. Not once has formal hall served sub-par duck, always tender, melt-in-the-mouth, fall apart duck this time paired perfectly with the red cabbage and some lentils. Three memories prevail of the duck this night; firstly, goodness these ducks must have been big boys, whopping great slabs of duck legs, practically swamping the plate; secondly, my neighbour hated the herb seasoning, so I got more duck; and finally, the very distinct wish of really hoping not to throw it up later as it would be such a waste of duck.

### **Desert:**

I'll keep desert short and sweet. Some sort of pistachio jiggy parfait slab with cream or ice cream, possibly a 10/10 but I don't normally like parfait so maybe 6/10? Let's be honest, by this time in the night, everyone was everywhere and unless it was just me, far too drunk to remember properly what the desert tasted like.

*Amy Johnston*

# The TatiBit

Off I cycle on my bright blue bike with its quaint wicker basket along Cambridge's cobbled streets into the market in order to pick up my fruit and veg for my week's diet of salads, soups and vegetable curries. I sing to myself a little song and skip around the store 'doffing my cap' to all the owners. Ok, perhaps the reality it's not quite like that – there is a touch more of getting annoyed at people aimlessly walking out in front of me, forgetting a bag and inevitably having far too much to fit in my (metal) basket so tomatoes and peppers flying out like popping candy. But nevertheless my love for the wonderful market remains true. It is all one can for ask for – a delight that's severely underused and underappreciated amongst students. A veg stand could not excite me more.

I go to the one facing inwards on the last row, opposite M&S – it's always there apart from on a Sunday and has every vegetable you could ask for (and more because I don't know their names). The best thing about it is it is practically plastic free! Additionally, it supports local businesses and I promise you it is cheaper. Overall it is that elusive win-win-win narrative that even the most ardent Cambridge critic would stumble to fault.

A trip there will only widen your educational experience. For instance, I learnt too late that you never get red Poblano Peppers – they are just chilies. I also discovered that carrots were originally purple but now only middle class housewives buy these ones to impress their friends at dinner parties. There are countless delightful antidotes to tell you all about the market – the fish man on a Sunday gives you brilliant fish if you go to him just before dark when it all reduced to half price or less if its rainy and you're nice; I suggest talking about sport. There is also the coolest hat stand ever on a Saturday, currently all of my friends from school have one but it's not stopping there. The part of the market I so far have yet to delve deeper into is all the food stands which really is an example of excellent self-control on my part. The halloumi burgers, Spanish paellas and of course, the waffles tempt me every time.

I encourage EVERYONE to shop at the market - much to their annoyance. It's fun, beautiful, supportive, environmentally friendly and you always end up with something more than a little bit rouge to spice up your day.

Tati Chapman

## Get creative in the kitchen: Here's how to survive on nothing but pasta

1. Purchase your pasta. With such a variety of shapes and sizes available, this can be a complex task. At the start of term, you may be tempted to branch out into more exotic subtypes, such as linguine or those wacky wee ones which look like bow ties for garden gnomes. This will be replaced by near-complete dependence on 1kg bags of penne by approx. week 3, potentially with forays into wholewheat for those failed attempts at self-improvement later in term.
2. Cook your pasta. Easier said than done when wrestling with temperamental hobs and a mind on other matters. From experience, pasta will not cook when left in lukewarm water for 10 minutes, though I am informed that over 4 hours it does eventually soften, retaining, however, a slightly gluey texture. Chef's tip: if underdone, "al dente"; if overdone, "melt in the mouth".
3. Choose your sauce. It's hard to go wrong with the glorious trinity of onions, garlic and tinned tomatoes on which so many fine pasta sauces have been based. Whilst more adventurous versions, such as macaroni cheese, lasagne, and puttanesca, are possible, time and again we return to the faithful old sauce no. 1, known simply as 'Tomato'. Pure, elegant, never lets you down. At real low points, omit the pretence of sauce and simply add cheese to cooked pasta. This is in fact just a more pared-down and sophisticated version of the Italian classic *cacio e pepe*, minus the *pepe* and the *e*. Certain parties should note, however, that the combination of red pesto, baked beans and ketchup ("Tagliatelle™") does not

constitute an adequate attempt. Just because they're the same colour doesn't mean they belong on the same plate.

4. Serve hot, cold, or anywhere in between. Plates are recommended but not essential. Cutlery ditto.

## Bonus Recipe: Spaghetti alla Puttanesca (for when you're feeling fancy)

Ingredients:

1 onion, chopped  
 2 cloves garlic, crushed  
 1 tin tomatoes, opened  
 A few anchovies  
 Black olives  
 Capers  
 1tsp oregano/basil  
 1/2tsp smoked paprika  
 Olive oil  
 Salt and pepper  
 Lots of lovely spaghetti  
 (vegetables of your choice, e.g. pepper, sweetcorn, ham)

1. Fry onion, garlic and anchovies till soft and golden
2. Add tomatoes, olives, capers, vegetables if using, herbs and spices
3. Simmer till slightly reduced and season to taste
4. Stir through your cooked spaghetti and eat deliciously hot, congratulating yourself on all the functional adulthood you just displayed

Jess Knight

## PROCRASTINATION CORNER PRESENTS:

An unsolvable Sudoku and one with two solutions. But we're not telling you which is which. Does anyone even know how Sudoku works anyway?

1		4						6
	9		6		7			2
		3				9		1
	4		1		2			7
	8		9		3			4
3		2				6		
	1		2		9			3
8						2		5

1			8					
	5		3			9		
	6			4			1	
		3			7	8		
		2					6	9
5		3						
				2	6			
8							7	4
4	3		1					5