
**EMMANUEL COLLEGE
MAGAZINE**



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2015–2016

The *Magazine* is published annually, each issue recording College activities during the preceding academical year. It is circulated to all Members of the College, past and present. Copy for the next issue should be sent to the Editors before the end of Easter Full Term (16 June) 2017.

Enquiries, changes of address, and items of news about Members of Emmanuel should be addressed to the Development Director (Dr Sarah Bendall), Emmanuel College, Cambridge CB2 3AP. The email address records@emma.cam.ac.uk may be used for this purpose; those with access to the Internet may prefer instead to use the form available via the College's home page, <http://www.emma.cam.ac.uk>.

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The Editors would like to express their thanks to the many people who have contributed to this issue.

BACK ISSUES

The College holds an extensive stock of back numbers of the Magazine. Requests for copies of these should be addressed to the College Archivist, Emmanuel College, Cambridge CB2 3AP.

HISTORICAL INDEX

Over the years the *Magazine* has included many articles concerning the history of the College. A list of these, with a card index of their contents, is maintained in the College Archives, and may be consulted on application to the Archivist, Amanda Goode.

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A NOTE ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS

The illustrations prefacing the *Magazine's* individual sections are as follows:

The photograph prefacing The Year in Review was taken by Keith Heppell and is of a late-Victorian College seal matrix, the donor of which had purchased it on eBay some years ago .

Views (p. 31) are preceded by a photograph by Keith Heppell of one of the roundels in the Parlour windows.

The photograph, taken by Sarah Bendall, at the start of News (p. 107) shows Lady Williams and Professor Christopher Forsyth flanking the plaque in the Law Faculty which commemorates the naming of the building in honour of Professor Sir David Williams QC, LL D (1950). On 1 May 2016 Professor Christopher Forsyth became the first holder of the David Williams Chair in Public Law, which has been endowed in the Law Faculty. On 15 October 2016, Sally Williams unveiled the plaque, which records that David Williams was Rouse Ball Professor of English Law 1983–92 and Vice-Chancellor 1989–96. He was a Fellow from 1967 until his death in 2009 having been Senior Tutor 1970–76 and an Honorary Fellow from 1980, when he became President of Wolfson College.

A photograph taken by Alex Baker showing Edmund Derby (top) and James Wood (bottom) tackling the climbing wall at Kelsey Kerridge Sports Centre precedes Clubs and Societies (p. 129).

The photograph preceding Obituaries (p.181) is of the Emmanuel wreath laid at Thiepval on 1 July 2016 by Stuart Disbrey, who took the photograph. A wider view is on p. 67.

Lists (p. 283) begins with another photograph by Keith Heppell of one of the other roundels in the Parlour windows.



The Year in Review

FROM THE MASTER

We often say ‘we live in interesting times’ to reflect a run of unpredictable events, but 2016 will surely go down in history as one of the most interesting years for some time. The Brexit vote brought about a massive political upheaval, and – as the Senior Tutor says below – we are still working out what impact it will have on Cambridge University and the College. He describes, too, the huge changes in higher education policy and admissions to Cambridge which will be put in place this coming year. While we, like all the top-ranking universities in the country, have nothing to fear from tests of teaching excellence, it is a sign that the days of setting our own standards of excellence are over.

It’s been an interesting year in Emma, too. Of course much stays the same, and I love it when Members praise us for our skill in ensuring that the College looks exactly as it did when they were undergraduates. Of course, we all know that it does change, all the time, but the mix of apparent timelessness alongside exciting change produces very satisfying results.

People coming and going are perhaps the biggest source of change, and it felt quite a landmark to say goodbye, in June, to the freshers who’d arrived with me, three years ago. As they graduated – marking another year in which Emma scored another excellent fourth place in the academic tables – I couldn’t help but realise that I’ve now been here for as long as they (and of course I) were undergraduates, and I can no longer be described as a new Master. It’s incredibly motivating to see a cohort of bright, energetic and passionate new graduates set off into the world. We’ve done our job and they’ve done theirs, and graduation marks the next stage in their lives. Nowadays, though, especially with the high percentage of Firsts our students get (31 per cent this year), large numbers come back to study for masters and doctorate degrees, so some never quite say goodbye.

Sadder goodbyes came with the deaths of Dr Ron Gray (whose ninety-fifth birthday we had celebrated last year) on 18 November,

and Professor Sir Geoffrey Hill on 30 June. Happily, Geoffrey Hill had held a remarkable reading in College in late April, attended by crowds of admirers whom he held rapt and inspired. His funeral in College in July was similarly well attended and marked a solemn moment to mourn a truly remarkable poet. Then on Tuesday 13 September, after a long illness, Professor John Riley-Smith, Emeritus Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History died.

We also said farewell this year to Professor Neil Dodgson, who with his family left to a chair in Wellington, New Zealand. Our Research Fellows completing their terms included Bérénice Guyot-Réard, who has moved to a lectureship at King’s College London, Javier Ortega Hernández, who has a post at Harvard from 2017 and so will remain with us for a while as a Bye Fellow, and Lorenzo di Michele, who also stays in Cambridge and becomes a Bye Fellow. Edmund Birch left us slightly early for a Fellowship at Churchill and Tom Johnson departed after just one term at Emma for a lectureship at York: excellent for him, but sad for us.

We are delighted to welcome as new Research Fellows Andrea de Luca (Engineering), James Hillson (History of Art), Emma Yates (Chemistry) and our own Emma graduate Dr Simone Kotva (Theology). We elected two Honorary Fellows this year, Professor Christopher Husbands (1977), Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield Hallam University, and Professor Peter Slee (1979), Vice-Chancellor of Leeds Beckett University. New Bye Fellows include Ian Edwards (1976), who is helping us on Development matters, Dr Jonathan Hayman, who directs studies in computer science, and Baron Jean Christophe von Pfetten, the new owner of our Founder’s home at Apethorpe in Northamptonshire.

We give our warm congratulations to Dr Robert Macfarlane who was promoted to Reader this year.

As usual we are steadily working our way through a programme of buildings maintenance. Our team finally finished the refurbishment of North Court in June. This has been going on since before I arrived, and this atmospheric court is now beautifully restored, retaining all its charming early twentieth-century features but with modern gyp rooms, bathrooms and wi-fi. Fast wi-fi too was finally provided to Barnwell, now a graduate hostel, much to

the happiness of its occupants: no-one today can live without it. We'll be making improvements to the Hills Road houses, where clinical medical students live, next year.

The Emmanuel Society continues to thrive and hold events for Members, and we are very grateful to its Chairman Nick Allen and the busy and devoted members of its committee. This year's activities included a dinner in Edinburgh, a party for civil servants in London, and a visit to Fulbeck, thanks to Julian Fane, to see the Mildmay and Fane portraits. For the second year running, the annual cricket match was won by the College: through gritted teeth, the captain of Old Emma, David Lowen, welcomes the revival of College cricket.

We have had several talks in College this year. Within the Fellowship, Fellows have given seminars about their research, a very welcome initiative of our Vice-Master, Barry Windeatt. Our Fellow Nigel Peake spoke to a wider audience about his research into how owls can help us in our endeavours to reduce noise. Clare Marx, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, gave a fascinating lecture to the Emmanuel Society and medical students about the profession and women's place in it in particular. The annual intellectual property law lecture was given in March by Professor Alain Strowel, of the University of Louvain, on 'Big Data in the platform economy: a need to resign the rules?' to an audience of experts in the field. And Jeremy Musson gave an inspirational talk after the Emmanuel Society's AGM, drawing on the work he and Oliver Caroe did for our pioneering conservation statement, on which I reported last year. The enthusiasm for his talk was such that he is now writing the text for what will be a gorgeously illustrated book on the College, its history and buildings, which will be published in 2017.

A couple of talks for students were given this year by Members with interesting careers: Dr Ellie Cannon talked about how she combines being a GP with her role as a newspaper doctor, answering the *Mail on Sunday's* readers' queries; and Vik Mohan, another part-time GP in Exeter, told us about his work with the charity Blue Ventures, which seeks sustainable solutions for fishing communi-

ties in Madagascar. These, together with the Emmanuel Society's well-attended careers evenings, give our Junior Members the chance to meet some of their predecessors and gain some real-life ideas about the possibilities open to them.

Our annual Gomes lecture, generously supported by the Rossano family in memory of The Revd Peter Gomes, was given this year by Tim Knox, Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum. It was a glittering occasion and one of our best-ever attended lectures, thanks not least to his provocative title 'The stripping of the English country house'.

Within College we had some great sporting successes, topped by winning Rugby Cuppers for the first time since 1971. While our team was deservedly heaped with praise, I won the prize among Heads of House supporters for the fastest tweeting and the loudest cheering. I also enjoyed the Fairbairn races, Lent and May Bumps, and have become (almost) as adept at following the crews along the river on my bike as my predecessor, Lord Wilson.

As a distraction from exams, we support all kinds of activities for our students, ranging from tea parties, bouncy castles and mindfulness sessions to film nights in the Master's Lodge. This year we added a special showing of *Dr Who: Shada*, an episode filmed partly at Emma in the late 1970s but never shown because it was not completed due to a technicians' strike. The patched-together film is now available to buy, and if you are (or were) a *Dr Who* fan I do recommend it: Emma looks almost exactly the same (except perhaps a little grimmer, and if you look closely you can see how the Porters' Lodge has changed); but Cambridge is the quiet country town some of us remember from the 1970s.

Sarah, my husband Bob and I made a flying visit to New York in May to visit some of our generous donors and Members in New York. We returned just in time to attend our first formal meeting with the University to discuss the possibility of acquiring the site at 1 Regent Street, about which I waxed lyrical last year, which we would like to incorporate into the College. Happily we are now in dialogue with them, although (at the time of writing) we don't know whether we will be able to reach agreement.

Our staff, as always, make a huge and much-valued contribution to College life and we are incredibly proud of the chefs who continue to win intercollegiate and national competitions. We said a sad goodbye to our Registrar, Angela Elliott, and to my PA, Pauline Martin, to new jobs, and we welcomed Anna Osipova as our new Registrar. We were very sad to learn of the death of Richard Lloyd, former Deputy Head Porter, after a long illness.

Finally, and rather to my surprise, I managed to produce a book of my own this year. Called *The Fight for Beauty*, it is the story of all those who have fought for the beauty of England, and why that fight matters more than ever today: I write about it elsewhere in the *Magazine*. We held a lovely launch in Emmanuel, and I am very grateful to everyone who helped with what often felt the impossible task of producing it.

Emma is a wonderfully creative and productive place, and I often marvel at everything that is achieved within our walls. My warmest thanks go to the Fellows, especially our brilliant Senior Tutor Robert Henderson, Bursar Mike Gross and Development Director Sarah Bendall, who make so much happen; to our fantastic, loyal staff and to all the students who make it such a warm, friendly and successful college.

Fiona Reynolds, Master

FROM THE SENIOR TUTOR

It is a Sunday afternoon in early August and so my mind turns to writing something for the *College Magazine* (well, actually, my mind is turned for me by the Editor). It is always a matter of some concern to me to know what to write about. However, my mind is concentrated this year because this particular sunny Sunday afternoon I am in Boston; here, among other things, to visit Harvard tomorrow to see how some of our undergraduates have been

getting on in conducting research over the summer. This is the third year in which we have sent science undergraduates to take part in the 'PRISE' scheme (the Harvard College Program for Research in Science and Engineering). Two hundred Harvard undergraduates take part in this scheme together with five from Emmanuel, and all of them will be giving presentations of their research over the next week. Our Emmanuel 'PRISE Fellows' this year, who all completed their second year of study in June, comprise three medical students and one each of biological and physical natural scientists. So tomorrow I will hear all five students' presentations (together with others by Harvard students). If previous years are anything to go by it will be an impressive afternoon, demonstrating just how much of substance can be achieved in research in a relatively circumscribed time. Emmanuel's participation in the PRISE scheme is unique among non-Harvard institutions and we are grateful to the Director of PRISE, Greg Llacer and his associates at Harvard for facilitating it.

One of the key features of the programme is that, with such a large number of participants, it is possible to build an interactive community over the ten weeks over which it takes place. It also gives our students a taste of research work in a world-class laboratory in an institution other than Cambridge. This can lead to further things, as one of last year's Emmanuel PRISE Fellows will in September return to Harvard, having been awarded a Herchel Smith Scholarship to Harvard to continue with the work over the next academic year that he started in the summer of 2015.

For the first time, we have three medical students taking part in PRISE and coincidentally they form part of a cohort of medical students (those admitted in 2014) who will be the first who will all complete the whole of their training in Cambridge. In the days before Cambridge had a School of Clinical Medicine, medical students all undertook their three years of clinical study at another institution (usually one of the London teaching hospitals). The establishment of the Clinical School in the 1970s meant that a number of students remained in Cambridge for clinical studies, but capacity was still too low to allow all to stay in Cambridge. In 2017

this will change and all students will remain. It has taken slightly more than 40 years to get to this position, which might be regarded as being a little late, but there are those among us involved in medical education in Cambridge who are a little rueful about the disappearance of the opportunity to study somewhere other than Cambridge (and I know that there is some unhappiness about the change in London as well). However, the new system removes uncertainly about clinical school placement, which could in the past produce angst and sometimes disappointment.

This is our third year of participation in PRISE, but already it seems as if it has been going for ever. In part this may be because a flurry of events that directly concern the academic activities of Cambridge University and the College have appeared over the past academic year. The unfamiliar can make the familiar seem old hat. First, in a piece I wrote in the recent *Emmanuel Review*, Members have already had the opportunity to read some of my thoughts about the very significant changes in the way in which Cambridge University will be assessing applicants for undergraduate courses in the forthcoming applications round. Without repeating at length what I wrote earlier, as a result of the disappearance of AS-level examinations, we have lost a key objective factor in comparing applicants with each other; so the University, in collaboration with the Admission Testing Service (which is part of Cambridge Assessment, the recent name for the Local Examinations Syndicate, which will be familiar to some of you) have devised a series of specific subject tests to allow direct comparison between applicants. It will be interesting to see how these tests work in practice. As they form part of a two-year pilot, there will undoubtedly be refinements in 2017. Our problem is that our applicants tend to be among the very highest achievers among school leavers and devising a method of being able to compare fairly these very high achievers is not simple.

We have been able to see the changes in A-levels coming, but other innovations are rather more of a surprise. One thing that should, in retrospect not necessarily have been a surprise is the vote for Brexit. Writing in August, I am conscious that Brexit-related

events may well have moved on in a currently unpredictable way by December, but at present, whatever one's views, it is undeniably the case that there is potential for significant impact upon higher education and research in the UK. This may well have implications for the College. We receive many good applications from (and accordingly admit many) EU students but, strikingly, of those Fellows at the beginning of this academic year who were admitted to Fellowships of the College since 2000, 30 per cent (16 out of 55) are non-UK EU nationals. So, at the very least there are implications for the talent available for Emmanuel to fulfil its remit. In terms of further unpredictability, shortly before Christmas, the government published a Green Paper on higher education and invited comment from interested parties. It is quite unusual for governments to take such a direct and clearly-signalled interest in higher education and after the consultation period (a not unconstructive exercise), a White Paper and Bill to be placed before parliament were published in May. Is this important? Well, the answer is 'yes'.

Research conducted by universities has for many years been subject to peer review in a system earlier known as the 'Research Assessment Exercise' and now known as the 'Research Excellence Framework' or 'REF'. REF results determine a significant part of the funding for research provided to universities (a 'quality-related' component) and so REF participation and optimisation of performance in REF is a significant activity among all UK universities. The HE Bill, as well as proposing a complete reorganisation of the administration and funding of higher education and university research in England, will allow for the establishment of a 'Teaching Excellence Framework' ('TEF'). It is important to bear in mind that with the introduction of high tuition fees, 'value for money' has become a significant factor in choosing a university and so measures to establish the value provided by them are important. The key, though, is to make sure that methods of assessment of value are robust and this needs careful design. Cambridge University has always taken teaching seriously (more so than is often expected by colleagues at other universities) and the key

factor that runs through all the faculties in Cambridge is full participation in the teaching and research by academic staff (something which is surprisingly not necessarily the case in some other institutions). As with the REF, performance in TEF will have financial implications for universities. Those institutions taking part in TEF will be divided into three tiers after being assessed: 'meets expectations', 'excellent', and 'outstanding'. Fee income will be determined by TEF performance and if a university's TEF level were to drop, it would be required to lower the fees it charged, including for existing students.

The question then arises of how performance in TEF is to be determined? Universities will be assessed according to their performance on 'student satisfaction', 'retention' and 'graduate employment', as well as other so-far undefined measures. There will also be qualitative institutional submissions and expert judgments (as is the case for REF). So, dealing with TEF will place an administrative burden upon universities and it must be hoped that academic independence is not compromised. The danger is that institutions may become fixated upon optimising TEF performance and that may compromise the quality of education provided in ways that are not easily measured by the proposed methods, some of which are more reliable than others. Current measures of 'student satisfaction' take place through the National Student Survey in the term that students graduate, and this gives no holistic measure of satisfaction over the length of their courses (and little distinction, for Cambridge, between the University and the college experience), let alone opportunity for nuanced responses. Retention (number of students graduating compared with numbers that started the course) is better in Cambridge than in any other UK university. The measure of 'graduate employment' also casts Cambridge in a good light, but interestingly students will eventually be able to access detailed information on graduate earnings by individual degree course, which is arguably sensible, given the level of debt accrued by students over their courses. However, earnings are not the be-all and end-all of a university education and there is at present no proposal to tie TEF score to earnings.

These and other features of the proposed legislation have the potential to have significant impact upon the way in which universities work, and as a college Emmanuel needs to make sure that we pay our part in maintaining all that is good about the educational experience and life prospects of our students.

Robert Henderson, *Senior Tutor*

THE COLLEGE LIBRARY

This academic year the College Library's bibliographic records were successfully uploaded onto the University Library's Newton catalogue in order to update Emmanuel's entries there. This will give our holdings more prominence and will help our users, who can be confused by not seeing Emma's books listed amongst those of many other colleges and departments. However, the College Library also has its own local catalogue (Liberty), which has more detailed catalogue records than those in Newton.

There have been changes in staffing. At the beginning of January Alison French returned to the College Library to work on a project to organise the Library's Open Reserve Collection and update the relevant bibliographic records. At the end of December the part-time Library Assistant Sophie Fletcher left to take up a full-time library post elsewhere in the University. Lennie Chalmers was appointed in her place and began work in March. A stock check of the undergraduate collections took place in the summer vacation.

Throughout the past academic year the Library has received many generous donations of books by Members and others. We wish to acknowledge our grateful thanks and appreciation to everyone who has donated publications. Among the many donors were:

Dr Paul Adam, Austin Ashley, Dr Karen Attar, Dr Alan Baker, The Revd John Drackley, the Edison Foundation, Margot Gill (Dean for International Affairs, Harvard), Sarah Harbour (née Farquhar),

Paul Holliday (bequest of mainly botanical books), Dr J G Ireland (bequest of mathematics books), Hatty Kingsley-Miller (a selection of modern and medieval language books), the Mexican Embassy (a collection of mainly literary texts), Dr John Pickles, Joan Porter MacIver, Lucy Talbot (a selection of modern and medieval language books), Anna Walker and The Revd Canon John Wheatley-Price.

The following presented copies of their own publications to the College Library:

Philip Allsworth-Jones *Kariya Wuro: A Late Stone Age Site in Northern Nigeria* (2015); Dr Anthony Barton *Clinical Negligence*, edited by Dr Michael J Powers and Dr Anthony Barton, fifth edition (2015); Professor Peter Burke *What is the History of Knowledge?* (2016); Jack Chalkley *The Content of Psychological Distress: Addressing Complex Personal Experience* (2015); Professor John Coates *John Coates Collection* (2016), and as editor with others *The Bloch-Kato Conjecture for the Riemann Zeta Function (London Mathematical Society Lecture Note Series 418, 2015)*; Professor Glynnis M Cropp (Quatercentenary Research Fellow 2002) *La voie de povreté et de richesse* critical edition (2016); Don Cupitt *Ethics in the Last Days of Humanity* (2016); The Revd John Drackley *The Window: Verses on Various Occasions* (2016); John Ford *Joseph Francis Ford: A Memoir* (2016); Georgina García Gutiérrez Vélez *Los Disfraces: La Obra Mestiza de Carlos Fuentes* (2a ed., 2000), *La Region más Transparente en el Siglo XXI: Homenaje a Carlos Fuentes y a su Obra* (2012); John Garfield *Images of Music: A Photographic Dimension* (2011); David Hale *An Encounter with Tōhoku Pottery, Then and Now (Japan Society Proceedings 151, 2014)*; Professor David Hughes *The Ninth Earl Ferrers: A Provincial Grand Master We Might Have Had? (Transactions of the Leicester Lodge of Research 2429, 2014–15)*, Dr Paul Jennings *A History of Drink and the English, 1500–2000* (2016); Martin Johnson *Robert Macfarlane's Orphans: Poems Borrowed by Martin Johnson* (2016); The Revd V E Lake *The Treatises of Nathaniel Culverwell 1619–1651: A Companion Volume to Nathaniel & Richard Culverwell 1619–1688* (2016); Anthony P Lees *Keeping Ahead of the Curve. How Five Generations of one Family Survived the Technological and Social Changes of the last Two Hundred Years: A Memoir* (2012); Richard Mabey (Derek Brewer Visiting Fellow

Michaelmas term 2014) *The Cabaret of Plants: Botany and the Imagination* (2015); Alistair McCleery *Penguin in Africa* (Penguin Collectors Society, 2015); Professor William Lowell Randall *The Narrative Complexity of Ordinary Life: Tales from the Coffee Shop* (2015); Madam Xiaohong Shao *My Father Sinmay Zau* (2015); Alice Strang (née Dewey) (editor) *Modern Scottish Women: Painters & Sculptors 1885–1965* (2015); Derek Thomas *Charles Winne: The Life, Times and Legacy of a Seventeenth-Century English Puritan Priest* (2015) and James O Wilkes (editor) *Alfred Oscroft Place-Names of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight* (2015).

Special Collections

There have been many enquiries about the College's collections of early printed books and manuscripts, plus several scholars and students coming in person to the College Library to consult the collections. Among the research enquiries were E W Naylor (Naylor manuscripts), Isaac Newton's *Principia*, the Westminster Assembly of Divines, sixteenth-century French Bibles, early printed Chinese books, Alonso de Barros's *Filosofia Cortesana* (1587), John Fell of Oxford, manuscripts 69, 142, 261 and Peter Sterry manuscripts.

Acquisitions

Sir Roger L'Estrange's *Seneca's Morals by Way of Abstract. Of Benefits* (London, 1678), with an armorial stamped on the binding identified as that of Archbishop William Sancroft, was purchased for the Sancroft Collection.

There were several additions to the Chapman Collection: a Christmas card with a woodcut by Eric Gill from circa 1940, Saint Domininc's Press *The Game* (1921), a prospectus for Hilary Pepler's *A Catalogue of Mimes, and other Plays, Hilary Pepler's Aspidistras and Parlers*, and *The Illustrators to the St Dominic's Press* (1995).

We are grateful to the following, who generously presented volumes to the Special Collections: Mike Bisacre, who gave

Nathanael Culverwell's *An Elegant and Learned Discourse of the Light of Nature* ... (London, 1652); Paul Craig, who donated a selection of Penguin, Pelican and Ptarmigan books dating from the 1930s and 1940s; and Hugh Pearson, donor of an album, two nineteenth-century volumes of handwritten recipes, a nineteenth-century commonplace book, and some printed books.

Special Collections Lectures

Two lectures in this series were held this year. The first, 'A chest with three locks: the archives of the College of St George since 1352' was given in Lent term by Kate McQuillan, Assistant Archivist, St George's Chapel Archives & Chapter Library. The second was given in Easter term by Dr Scot McKendrick, Head of Western Heritage Collections at the British Library, entitled 'What do you do all day? Some reflections on my role as Head of Western Heritage Collections at the British Library'.

Events and Visits

The Graham Watson Room, Laing Centre (Atrium) and Library opened in September for the Alumni Weekend and Professor Barry Windeatt, Keeper of Special Collections, gave a talk, 'Painted pages: Emmanuel Libraries', to introduce the different collections. There was an exhibition of books from the Special Collections, books on show from the Graham Watson Collection and a selection of books from the Library's Cambridge Collection on display in the Atrium.

Two exhibitions were mounted in the Atrium during the academic year: 'Saint Dominic's Press 1916–35: a chronology of printing' and 'From sporting prints to satire: a selection of works by caricaturists from the Graham Watson Collection'.

In Lent term, the Library and Graham Watson Room were open in January for a theology taster day. An exhibition on the Cambridge Platonists was displayed in the Graham Watson Room, and Don Cupitt attended a display of his own works in the Atrium. On the occasion of the 1584 dinner in February treasures from the Archive and Library were displayed in the Graham Watson Room.

In March a class with seven MA medieval history students from UEA was held in the Graham Watson Room, using a selection of medieval manuscripts from the Library's Special Collections.

In Easter term on 11 May, the Graham Watson Room, Sancroft Room and Rare Books Room were open to Fellows and Professor Windeatt gave a talk on the collections, in particular the Graham Watson Collection.

Conservation Work

Conservation work on both early printed books and manuscripts was carried out by the Cambridge Colleges' Conservation Consortium. The bindings of two books from Archbishop William Sancroft's Library were repaired, and drop-spine boxes were made for the Peter Sterry manuscripts. Additional drop-spine boxes and phase boxes have been constructed as part of the continuing project to make boxes for the Library's collection of manuscripts.

Helen Carron, College Librarian

THE COLLEGE ARCHIVE

This has been another average year in terms of numbers of both visitors and accessions; slightly below average, in fact. Visitors' topics of research, apart from genealogical enquiries, have included: The Revd Fenton Hort and the design of the Chapel windows; the wall paintings in Old Court; the Culverwell family; the astronomer Jeremiah Horrox; Jesus College puritans (for which Emmanuel has some documentation); Thomas Lister & George Kekewich; Sir Christopher Wren's designs for Emmanuel College Chapel; Emmanuel students in the Great War; James Burrough's unused designs for Front Court; the advowson of Whitestone, Devon, medieval Eltisbury and Hinchingsbrooke; Classics teaching in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; John Harvard and Peter Sterry.

Accessions of original archives and printed material have been received this year from Philip Allsworth-Jones, Michael Anderson, Alan Baker, Sarah Bendall, Mike Blackburn, Philip Brown, Katharine Butler, Alan Creak, Mary Cunningham, The Revd John Drackley, James Finlay, Robert Greaves, the estate of Laurence Harbottle, Michael Jerrard, The Revd Vivienne Lake, Charles Leach, James McDiarmid, Susan Perutz, John Pickles, Ian Reynolds, Araminta Sainsbury, Gopal Sangarapillai, Xiaohong Shao (via Susan Daruvala), Mark Slaney, the estate of Richard Starling, Walter Tillyard, the estate of Peter and Olive Ward, Peter Watkins and Andrew Wittkower. Grateful thanks are due to all of them. The usual transfers of material from the various College departments took place.

A sizeable number of old prints depicting the College were received this year, including two copies of David Loggan's 'bird's-eye' view of the College, published in his 1690 work, *Cantabrigia Illustrata*, which included similar views of all the Cambridge colleges. Close scrutiny of the print reveals many interesting details. The lower right-hand portion of the engraving depicts Wolfenden's Court, a surviving portion of the Dominican friary that formed part of the range of buildings fronting St Andrew's Street. These survived until the 1780s, when they were replaced with James Essex's classical front. William Bennet, a Fellow here in the 1770s and 80s, had this to say, shortly before Essex began his work: 'Wolfenden's Court, now the space between the iron palisades and the front rooms of the College ... was once separated from the street by a high wall, and received this name, I suppose, from James Wolfenden Fellow in 1670, who might keep in or near it'. This is the only possible explanation, yet it is surprising that Wolfenden, rather than any other occupant, should have given his name to the court, for he was a Fellow for only ten years (by way of contrast Arthur Chapman, whose name became attached to what was then an enclosed garden accessible only to the occupant of A1, probably occupied that set for more than 50 years). Loggan's drawings usually included a whimsical detail or two, some of which are almost invisible to the naked eye; a magnifying glass reveals that

his view of Emmanuel shows a tiny face gazing out from a second-floor window in Wolfenden's Court, although whether it is feline or human is a matter of opinion.



*Wolfenden Court –
the face at the
window*

James Finlay, nephew of the late Douglas Finlay, presented the College with high-quality facsimile copies of Douglas's RAF flying logbooks, to complement the facsimiles of his POW diaries which formed a previous donation. The logbooks will join the diaries in the Douglas Finlay Museum of College Life. Douglas was admitted to Emmanuel at Easter 1941 on an RAF course, spending one term here before going to train as a pilot. The logbooks begin in November 1941, and show his training to have been thorough and rigorous, requiring familiarity with many different aircraft. Douglas began flying 'ops' with 103 Squadron in the spring of 1943. He flew Lancaster bombers as first pilot, carrying out many bombing raids over Germany. His logbook entries, peppered with the RAF jargon of the time, are predictably hair-raising: 'Dortmund: good effort – defences very heavy W. of target. S/O [starboard outer?] hit – feathered leaving target ... Wuppertal: sortie abandoned – rear turret jammed, hydraulics u/s [unserviceable], rear oxygen u/s ... Dusseldorf: sortie abandoned – port outer on fire

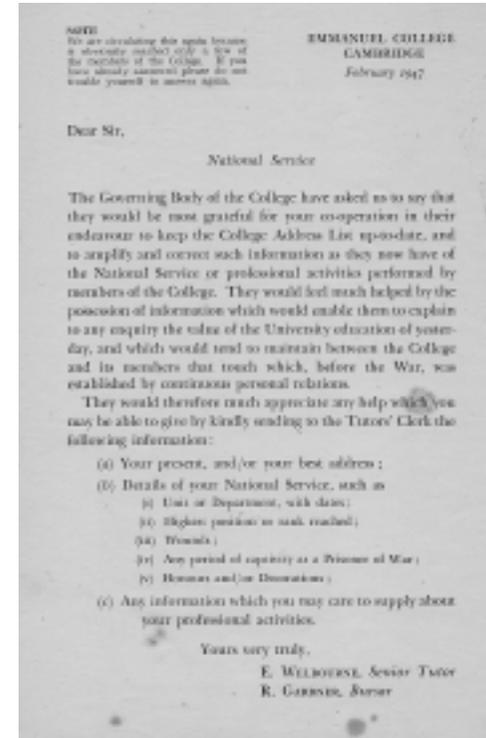


Keith Heppell

EBC first May boat, 1947. Douglas Finlay is standing, far left

... defences heavy – bomb doors broken – rear turret u/s repaired by engineer. Large nos. of S/L [search lights?] active ... flak predicted and heavy.' Occasional bombing raids over Italy came as light relief: 'Turin ... defences very weak – PFF [Path Finder Force] ok, good prang ... many S/Ls with no clue – no flak – wizard prang.' Entries cease after 23 September 1943, when Douglas's Lancaster was shot down over Mannheim and he became a prisoner of war. He returned to Emmanuel in 1946 to take a degree in economics. From April 1947 the logbook entries resume, for Douglas was a member of the Cambridge University Air Squadron, flying regularly during the vacations. In August 1948, shortly after graduating, he was killed when the Tiger Moth he was piloting crashed at the CUAS summer camp at Shoreham. His younger brother, Derek, followed him to Emmanuel in 1952, and it was thanks to the generosity of Derek and his wife Una that a room in Old Court was fitted out as the College Museum; it was opened by the Prince of Wales in 1995.

Katharine Butler sent us a circular letter, issued from the College Bursary, which had been sent to her husband in 1947, a

Bursary circular
letter of 1947

year after he graduated. Henry Butler came up in 1943 to read agriculture, ignoring the advice of Edward Welbourne, then Senior Tutor, who informed Henry's headmaster that '... a boy as good as this ought not to read the Agricultural course but the Natural Sciences Tripos Part I ... advisory posts in Agriculture more commonly go to scientists ... than men who have read the Agricultural course'. Henry gained firsts in Parts II and III of the agriculture course and confounded Welbourne's fears by working first for the CU School of Agriculture and later the Ministry of Agriculture. The circular letter, reproduced here, illustrates the keen interest which the College took in its graduates; it is also, with its emphasis on National Service, an interesting period piece.

A rather surprising gift, sent from abroad, was an Emmanuel College seal matrix, the donor informing us that he had purchased

it on eBay some years ago. An illustration of this seal prefaces this section of the *Magazine*. The matrix, which looks as though it is made from a copper alloy, would have been used for sealing conveyances and other important documents. Carving a matrix requires great skill as of course the letters and the design – in Emmanuel’s case, a *lion rampant* – have to be engraved back-to-front. The matrix probably dates to the late nineteenth century; at any rate, it provides an identical match for seals attached to College leases of the 1880s. How it ended up in the public domain is anyone’s guess but it is now safely housed in the Prints Room. On a similar theme, Dr John Pickles (1967) donated a metal plate used for embossing dinner invitations issued by William Chawner, who was Master of Emmanuel between 1895 and 1911.

Philip Brown (1964) has continued his calendaring of the College’s collection of First World War correspondence. He has finished the series of letters and accompanying photographs written to the Master by bereaved parents and is now about half-way through the ‘de-mob’ letters. These are slightly less interesting as they are all variants on a theme of ‘please get me out of here & back to Emmanuel as soon as possible!’ but some do contain interesting details of the writer’s military service. The project has continued to receive valuable assistance from John Pickles, who very kindly obtained some photographs of Rollo Atkinson, one of which is reproduced on p.56. Phil has also been liaising with Stuart Disbrey (1988) in drawing up as definitive a list as possible of Emmanuel men killed in the Battle of the Somme. This was in advance of Stuart’s attendance at the Somme memorial service held at Thiepval on 1 July 2016, where he laid a wreath and card on behalf of the College. Phil’s article on the Somme appears elsewhere in this *Magazine*.

Amanda Goode, *College Archivist*

FROM THE DEVELOPMENT DIRECTOR

This week, I received a very moving account of his time at Emmanuel from a Member who wrote ‘a factual account of a sometime troubled life that was provided with a framework and support by the College at a crucial period when the roof fell in on top of me’. He ends: ‘As it turned out, when I did pay a visit just a few years ago, it was a great occasion for me to make the journey with my younger daughter to meet Dr Sarah Bendall and show my daughter round the College ... I hope that it shows that time spent at Emmanuel is about far more than academic achievement, important as that assuredly is.’ My correspondent sums up better than I can the spirit of Emmanuel: what makes the College special, how this place has changed so many Members’ lives.

I wrote last year about the conservation statement we commissioned to look at such questions, and this year we’ve been building on these ideas and themes. We’ve produced a leaflet ‘Our Spirit of Place’ as a summary; if you haven’t received a copy and would like one please do let me know. The full statement is now on the website at www.emma.cam.ac.uk/spiritofplace. There, we are also asking you to say what the College means to you, and whether, for you, Front Court, the Paddock or another part best represents the spirit of Emmanuel. It is in many ways an impossible question to answer, but at the time of writing votes for Front Court and the Paddock are equal, with the Chapel and Old Court featuring too.

Membership of Emmanuel is for life, and we have enjoyed seeing so many of you this past year – 1500 or so – at events organised by the College or the Emmanuel Society in Cambridge, the UK and overseas. Some of you have been to Emma for a meal at High Table or on an informal visit; I’ve also had many chance encounters. Wherever I go I bump into Emma Members: you are everywhere! Nick Allen writes elsewhere about Emmanuel Society’s events and it is hard to single out one meeting or gathering over another, but highlights for the year have to include two Gatherings. One was for those who matriculated longest ago – 1954 and all previous years –

and I learned much about war-time Emmanuel, and the other for a group invited back to their first reunion. Mother's day in the US is in May and coincided with our visit there, so we had a lovely family Sunday lunch in a spectacular room in the Yale Club (the Harvard Club couldn't have us) in New York. Jeremy Musson spoke about his work on the Conservation Statement after the Emmanuel Society's AGM in November, and we are delighted that through the generosity of a Member he is now writing an illustrated history of Emmanuel, which will be published by Scala in 2017. It will be a rather lighter read, literally, than the large history on which I worked, and it is exciting that Jeremy is discovering several new twists to include.

You demonstrate your loyalty and affection for what Emmanuel means to you by coming to meetings and gatherings; many of you also support us financially. That one-quarter of our membership have made a gift in the past year means much to us, and is one of the best figures in Cambridge (on average across all colleges, 13 per cent of alumni support their college).

Many of you were contacted in this year's telephone campaign and we thank most warmly all of you who took the time to speak to a student. These conversations are important ways of finding out how Emmanuel seems to our Members – for us, Emmanuel is central to our daily lives; for you it normally isn't and it is really helpful for us to explore what you value and welcome – and they also provide very valuable experience to the students. One of them wrote this year:

I took so much more away from the experience than I had ever hoped I would; contacting Members and hearing their diverse accounts of their experience at Emma was enlightening and heart-warming, and actually made me feel more connected to the College than I had been before. It was wonderful seeing how maintaining such close and personal bonds with everyone who passes through Emmanuel can be so beneficial to the entire College community!

A staggering 76 per cent of you agreed to make a gift to Emmanuel after one of these conversations, raising over £390,000.

I am often asked two questions. First, whether a modest donation is really worth giving. The answer to this is a definite 'yes, please'. Having a large number of donors helps enormously in encouraging those in a position to make a substantial gift to do so and many people donate at this level: 78 per cent of donations last year were under £500 and 450 gifts were of £99 or less. These sums also add up, of course, to a very useful total. The second question is whether it is possible to say how a gift should be used, and again the answer is 'yes, certainly'. We report on how we allocate gifts in the *Emmanuel Review* each year and while 82 per cent of donors in 2015–16 were happy for the College to decide where to allocate the funds, others specified the area. Student support is popular and last year we received gifts of over £2.3 million towards this purpose; in addition, gifts are enabling 16 current graduate students who otherwise would have no funding to study at Cambridge. Other donors like to support buildings, the gardens, teaching, extra-mural activities such as sport and music, or really almost anything else that fits with what the College aims to provide. I'm always very happy to discuss possibilities.

This year, we've also received some very substantial gifts, which mean that the total pledged in 2015–16 is £6 million. Of this, £3.7 million arrived as legacies from 19 donors and we are very grateful to all of them. Sums bequeathed ranged from £100 to £1.6 million and the Brewer-Welbourne hardship fund, other student support funds, the gardens, the Library and the College's endowment have all received very welcome boosts. I have had many discussions with families and executors to make sure that the College is fulfilling each legator's wishes and remembering their name in the most appropriate way.

Your generosity and forethought has helped us foster and develop the spirit of Emmanuel this year, and as we think about the future the 'feel' of the College is uppermost in our thoughts. I wrote last year about our hopes to purchase and develop the land adjacent to South Court and Park Terrace currently owned by the University and occupied by Cambridge Assessment. We have been working hard to develop our thoughts this year and are now in

discussions with the University about them. By the time the *Magazine* reaches you I hope we will have a clearer feeling of what the outcome might be.

However you support us, the amount you give and for what purpose, we are deeply grateful to you all. We were delighted that we had such a good turnout at our party in the Bankside Gallery last December for those who had made gifts in the previous academic year. We held in March the second of our annual 'Master's Circle' dinners for those who have donated £10,000 or more over the years, and again we had a very high acceptance rate. These are just tiny ways we can demonstrate how much your interest and support means to us.

If you have been in touch with the Development Office in the past year, you might have noticed some changes in staff. Samantha Hallett, the Assistant Development Director, is now Samantha Marsh and she is currently on maternity leave, having had a baby daughter in February. We are delighted to have Lizzie Shelley-Harris join us in Samantha's absence. Mary and Linda continue to look after events, publications and the database.

Do keep in touch in whichever way you prefer. We continue with our traditional mailings, but are now putting newsletters, the *Emmanuel Review* and the *College Magazine* online too. Our monthly e-news has a wide circulation and is clearly popular. We have set up a new closed group for Emma Members on Facebook so that we can publicise events there and it is growing rapidly; we also have many in the Alumni of Emmanuel College group on LinkedIn and even more following us on twitter @emmacambridge. If you need details about any of these, just let us know. You might also have noticed that we're now collecting reminiscences of Emmanuel through the College website – general ones, and then more specific ones of Rod Kendall (groundsman), Mrs Peck (housekeeper at Barnwell) and the early years of women at Emma – so do add yours if you'd like to.

You might also have spotted that we are developing a range of Emmanuel-branded merchandise, available through the website. There are six mugs, each with beautiful drawings by Jon Harris of

one of the courts of Emma (Front, Old, New, North, South and the Hostel); two jigsaws, a small one of a duck and a larger one based on Julian Trevelyan's print of Front Court, each in wood with special 'whimsical' pieces to make the puzzles more fun and more challenging; and for our youngest friends, bibs (with ducks, of course).

And so the spirit of Emmanuel continues. You are all an essential part of that spirit and we thank you all so much for taking Emma with you out into the world. We are always delighted to hear from you, see you and welcome you in College and elsewhere. Without you, our spirit would fade away; with you, it goes from strength to strength and we fulfil the hopes and ambitions of Sir Walter Mildmay and all the generations who followed him.

Sarah Bendall, *Development Director*

EMMANUEL SOCIETY

The Emmanuel Society organises a range of events that (we hope) have broad appeal so that, whatever year you may have graduated, there is always something that will give you a reason to get in touch with College friends and meet up in Emmanuel or elsewhere (both home and abroad). This year was no exception ...

The year began in September 2015 with the biennial Society Lecture. Clare Marx, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, spoke to a packed Queen's Building with a talk entitled 'All changed, changed utterly'. Clare, the first woman to hold the position of President in the College's 216-year history, spoke about her own career as an orthopaedic surgeon, the history of women in medicine, and how society's expectations of medicine and medics had changed over the years. She also spoke of what she thought the future held, which was of particular interest to the many undergraduate and clinical medical students in the audience.

Clare gave an equally inspiring talk when she was the guest speaker at the Society's Medical Dinner in March 2016 held in the impressive surroundings of the Great Hall at St Bartholomew's Hospital. At the start of the evening Sir Marcus Setchell, Chairman of the Friends of the Great Hall (and former Surgeon-Gynaecologist to HM The Queen), gave a brief but fascinating talk on the Hall's history and its continuing restoration.

The annual City & Central London Drinks (a new name to emphasise that the event is not solely aimed at those who work in the Square Mile) took place in September at a new venue, The Bottlescrue, close to St Paul's and organised (as ever) by Rodney Jagelman (1969). About 40 Members – including two passing through from India and Germany – were there.

The year's other informal London drinks took place in early March in the upstairs bar at The Chandos on St Martin's Lane (Charlotte Roberts (2000) and Shelly-Ann Meade (2002) organised). This was another new venue because our previous long-term home at Café Koha by Leicester Square was closed for refurbishment (and not, as one Member suggested to me, because we keep being banned from bars ...). This event is particularly targeted at those who graduated the previous summer and gave 2015 leavers the first opportunity for a year-wide informal reunion. So if you graduated in 2016 we hope to see you at the drinks next March!

The Society went north for a dinner in October in the historic and elegant surroundings of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh where the Master was guest speaker (and where I had a 'small world' moment as I found myself sat next to a Member who (I discovered) had been short-listed to become headmaster of my school when I was still there but who just lost out to the person appointed). We will return to Scotland for a dinner in Glasgow in 2017.

October 2015 also saw one of the year's two careers evenings organised once again by Faith Archer (1990) with assistance and publicity from the ECSU and MCR committees. More than 60 students joined eight Members, all with recruitment experience, for workshops on CVs, application forms and interview skills. This

evening and the more traditional careers evening held in February each year are amongst the most important events that the Society organises. Current students repeatedly say that meeting Emma Members for careers advice is of real benefit and we are very grateful to those who take part. If you have not done so in the past but would like to do so please get in touch. Faith Archer has decided to stand down at this year's AGM after about 15 years on the Society's committee. I will pay her a very much deserved tribute in next year's *Magazine*.

In November 2015 there was a dinner in College for those who read computer science and similar subjects and/or who worked in computing. Professor Rob Mullins, founder of the Raspberry Pi Foundation, was the guest speaker.

Also in November, after the Society's AGM, the architectural historian Jeremy Musson presented the College's new conservation statement and gave a fascinating talk on which of the College's buildings are of particular architectural and/or of historic merit. This was followed by a 'scratch' *Messiah* in the Chapel conducted by Richard Latham (1997).

Shortly before Christmas the Chapel Choir led the Society and College in a carol service at St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. A congregation of about 200 Members, friends and family heard seasonal readings and prayers. The final carol was 'Oh Come, Oh Come Emmanuel' (indeed, could it have been anything else?). The service has now happily become an annual event and this year will take place at Temple Church on 6 December with drinks to follow. No advance booking is required.

The Society is very keen to help Members with their own events. This year, we assisted Sophie Odenthal (2010) publicise drinks for civil servants in a pub in the heart of Westminster and, as a consequence of suggestions made that night, the Society held drinks for civil servants in late May 2016 in the historic surroundings of Hoare's Bank hosted by the former Master (and former Cabinet Secretary) Lord Wilson of Dinton.

Sport remains part of the Society's calendar. In September 2015 a successful Golf Day was held at the Cambridge Meridian Golf

Club (organised by Stephen Halstead (1987) and Paul Ryley (1975) for the committee), there was the traditional trip to see the traditional defeat at the men's Varsity Match at Twickenham, and there was the (far less traditional) defeat of Old Emma by the College's Cricket eleven in mid-June. It was the first time in living memory that the College has won in two consecutive years (and I am reliably told only the College's seventh win since 1969). No doubt my predecessor David Lowen (1964) captain of Old Emma, will ensure that normal service is resumed next year.

July 2016 saw the second Mid-Gathering Event for those who are half way between formal 'Gatherings'. About 40 Members who matriculated 1972–75 and 1980–82 met at The Parcel Yard in King's Cross station (formerly the station's parcel offices as the name suggests – and with many of the original features retained) to mark the half-way point between their reunions in College. The evening was a great success, giving Members the opportunity to meet up with old friends and make new ones. Shelly-Ann Meade and Charlotte Roberts organised. Next year is the turn of those who matriculated before 1950 and 1955–60 and so if one of these was your matriculation year please look out for details.

Other events included a visit to see portraits of Sir Walter Mildmay and other portraits of the College's founder's family at the home of Julian Fane (1959) and his wife Julia, and former and newly elected Herchel Smith Scholars attended the annual Harvard Dinner in College (the places for the newly elected scholars are paid for by the Society). Andrew Fane (1968) attended on the Society's behalf. Malcolm Blackburn (1959) also led a group, as he has for many years, to the Buxton Opera.

The Society also advertised to Members a number of College lectures which were organised through the year, including by Professor Nigel Peake entitled 'Reducing noise: what can we learn from owls?' (to which the answer is 'a lot'), by Dr Ellie Cannon (1995), who has combined a career as a GP with a second, equally successful, career as a media commentator, presenter and prominent public figure, and also by Dr Vik Mohan (1988) of 'BlueVentures', which carries out vital marine conservation work originally in Madagascar and also now in other countries.

A number of Members also organised gatherings overseas including in New York City (the Furuya Sisters' opening concert of their 2015–16 series and where violinist Harumi Furuya (1996) gave a special pre-concert talk to Emma Members). Nigel Cameron (1971) organised drinks in both Chicago (an event which goes back to about 2000) and Ottawa, and a dinner in Lausanne, Switzerland was organised by Joseph Heaven (2002).

After this piece has been written but before publication the Society will have held a dinner in Belfast (for Members living in Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland) and will have visited Hillsborough Castle on the following day. The Society's Lawyers' Dinner will also have taken place in Cutlers' Hall (found for us by JuG Parmar (1986)) and where the guest speaker will be Dr Yvonne Cripps, formerly Director of Studies in Law (1981–2000) and now the Harry T Ice Chair of Law at Indiana University. Also in November, after the Society's AGM, there will have been the Geography Day, entitled 'Travel, geography and literary landscapes', with talks from Fellows and a graduate student.

Once again I would like to express my sincere thanks to Dr Sarah Bendall, Mary Longford, Linda Thomson, Samantha Hallett and Lizzie Shelley-Harris for their unstinting support of the Society. Together they are the *sine qua non* of our activities and are tireless in both organising and publicising our events.

I also wish to thank the Master for her support. She has many competing claims on her time but is a regular attender of our events both in Cambridge and elsewhere. The support of the Master – and the wider Governing Body – is fundamental to the Society's success and something that is never taken for granted.

I also thank Andrew Fane (President), Rodney Jagelman (Treasurer) and Ken Sheringham (1966) (Secretary), for their commitment to the Society and for their support and advice, which I appreciate greatly. I likewise thank all the committee members for the time that they put in to the Society's activities and for their continuing friendship. In the last year we have also established an informal grouping of former committee members (including former ECSU and MCR Presidents) and I also thank them for their assistance in publicising our events.

The Society exists to keep you in touch with the College and the College in touch with you. All our events are publicised in the monthly e-news, on the College's website and also in the termly hard-copy newsletter. I hope that at least one of our events (and I hope many more) will be of interest to you in the year ahead.

Nicholas Allen, *Chairman of the Emmanuel Society*



Views

THE STRIPPING OF THE COUNTRY HOUSE: THE GOMES LECTURE, 2016

I never went to *The Destruction of the Country House* exhibition, which was held at the Victoria & Albert Museum in 1974. Immured in a prep school in West Sussex – itself installed in a particularly uninteresting country house – there was no way I could persuade the authorities to let me out. I contented myself with sending off for the catalogue. So although I missed the exhibition itself, with its tolling bell and wrecker's ball, with John Harris intoning a litany of demolished house names, I could at least vicariously lament the shocking destruction, and peer at the grainy black-and-white photographs that illustrated the victims. One essay in particular held my attention, Peter Thornton's chapter on the loss of contents from historic houses.

The *Destruction* exhibition has rightly been called a wake-up call, when the authorities, and what is more the general public, realised the scale of loss, so movingly chronicled by John Harris in his *No Voice from the Hall*, particularly 1955, when it is said that a country house was pulled down every five days! Since the 1974 *Destruction* exhibition, there have been few if any outright losses of really important country houses, but several have been destroyed by accident, such as Clandon Park, which will never be quite the same after its terrible fire. But country houses are no longer the white elephants they were after the war: those within reasonable reach of London now sell for huge sums, while there are heartening stories of houses which have been converted back to domestic use after years of use as schools and asylums. The neglected country houses today are due to intractable owners or development blight, indeed even enormous Apethorpe in Northamptonshire, which is more like a Cambridge college than a house, now has a family in residence. So, we can congratulate ourselves. But the theme of this lecture is to focus on a far less noticeable phenomenon, the gradual trickling away of important contents from historic houses in this country. In fact it's more than

a trickle, it's a steady unrelenting stream. It is not for nothing that I have borrowed my title from Eamon Duffy's well-known study of the effects of the English Reformation, *The Stripping of the Altars*, as the cultural loss sustained is of quite that gravity.

The *Destruction* exhibition was on everybody's lips in 1974, so it may be significant that it was in that very year that the fate of one of the most atmospheric of all country house timewarps, Erddig, near Wrexham, was sealed with the gift of the house and contents to the National Trust by Philip Yorke. A year previously Erddig looked doomed, its back broken by coalmining subsidence, and the auction houses eagerly looking forward to its amazing eighteenth-century furniture. But the gift, backed up by Coal Board compensation and judicious sales of outlying land, preserved the house for the nation in the nick of time. The victory at Erddig was repeated a few years later at Craggside, Northumberland, where a combination of gift, Acceptance in Lieu and money from the National Land Fund, secured this fascinating late Victorian ensemble for the National Trust.

But any feeling that country house collections were now safe was swiftly dispelled by Mentmore Towers in Buckinghamshire going to the breakers in May 1977, in an epic nine-day sale conducted by Sotheby's, which once again I couldn't attend, this time incarcerated in a boarding school in Leicestershire! Perhaps the most legendary house sale since Stowe, it came about after years of fruitless negotiation. The owner of this magnificent Rothschild house, in every way a pendant to Waddesdon Manor, Lord Rosebery, had offered the house and contents to the nation for £2 million in 1976, a figure dwarfed by the sale result of over £6.25 million 12 months later. Moreover, the nation spent more than that buying pre-eminent objects before the sale, including the *Augustus the Strong* cabinet and *Madame de Pompadour* by Drouais, which are now in the V&A and National Gallery respectively. But the mid-seventies were a difficult time for everyone and country house owners were no exception, Van Dyck's *Portrait of a Lady* was sold from Althorp, Northamptonshire, part of a flood of objects – important and minor – that flowed out of this house between 1976

and 1992. Althorp, which had been lovingly arranged and catalogued by the scholarly seventh Earl Spencer after the war, is said to have lost 20 per cent of its contents under his successor, the eighth Earl, or, more to the point, his flamboyant Countess ...

1978 saw the sale of one of the most celebrated of all British houses, Warwick Castle, to Madame Tussaud's. Its owner, Lord Brooke, struggled with his ancestral home, and his father, the seventh Earl of Warwick, cordially disliked it, quipping 'it stinks of old shoes, old socks and wet mackintoshes'. But not all the works of art went with the castle: of the four views of it by Canaletto auctioned off, two were saved by Birmingham Museum, two went abroad, Elizabeth I's coronation portrait went to the National Portrait Gallery after a public appeal, while the *Warwick Vase* – reputedly the object that Napoleon most coveted in all of Britain – was sold to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Export-stopped, it was eventually bought by the Burrell Collection in Glasgow. Other important pictures from the castle were quietly moved to America, until many of them were sold by Sotheby's last year. The 800,000 visitors to Warwick Castle every year now see eerily realistic wax figures of historical personages, rather than great works of art.

The early eighties saw a number of *causes célèbres*, including Canons Ashby in Northamptonshire, sold up by the Drydens who lived in Rhodesia, where the Trust had to buy key contents at a local sale in 1980, before the house itself was rescued with the help of the newly founded National Heritage Memorial Fund in 1981. The Fund also helped rescue Fyvie Castle in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, with its preposterous Batoni portrait – the *Apollo Belvedere* in plaid – which passed to the Scottish National Trust in 1982, while Weston Park, Shropshire and its contents were saved in 1986 by vesting them with a dedicated preservation trust, funded by the National Heritage Memorial Fund. Weston remains something of an anomaly amongst country houses: run by a foundation, it earns its keep hosting conferences, events and even a G8 summit, which it does very well – being very like an Edwardian hotel – with Van Dycks. In contrast, in 1980, another house, Heveningham Hall in Suffolk, seemingly safe in public ownership, was arbitrarily sold by

the government to a shadowy Libyan businessman, a Mr Al Ghazzi, setting in train a depressing sequence of neglect, fires and damage, that was only resolved by its compulsory purchase and resale to another private owner in 1994, since when it has remained all-but-inaccessible to the general public, its Wyatt-designed furniture in store at Audley End.

By contrast, the mid-eighties were a golden age of historic house rescue, with Belton House, Lincolnshire, given to the National Trust in 1983 and endowed by the National Heritage Memorial Fund, and Calke Abbey, Derbyshire, negotiated to the same owner in 1985, its future being secured by the gift of the property and its contents by Henry Harpur-Crewe and funds to restore and endow it from the National Heritage Memorial Fund. The ultimate in atmospheric decay, this house, where reputedly the reclusive owners never ever threw anything away, galvanised a huge amount of public interest, who were at the same time fascinated and repelled by the 'as found' squalor, carefully preserved by the National Trust in a brilliant if at times slightly troubling conservation exercise. But if these highly publicised campaigns hit the news, there were still grievous losses. At Elton Hall, substantial inheritance taxes forced the sale of Frans Hals's bravura *Youth with a Skull* to the National Gallery by private treaty. Sales like this can often put a house on a firm financial footing for another generation, but the loss is still keenly felt by the family. When Bernardo Bellotto's *View of Verona* from Powis Castle, was offered for sale in 1981, there was an unseemly tussle between the National Trust and the National Gallery as to who should have it. Trafalgar Square had long wanted an impressive work by that master, and argued it was too important to remain immured in a castle in Wales. Powis eventually prevailed, but it is perhaps a lesson that not everything should end up in London.

In 1985 British country houses and their contents hit the headlines, with the *Treasure Houses of Britain* exhibition held at the National Gallery of Art in Washington DC. Curated by Gervase Jackson-Stops, it became the exhibition of the decade. Country house owners vied with one another to lend spectacular treasures

to the show, which was cleverly mounted in fictive country house settings: a sculpture gallery inspired by Newby Hall, or a 'Petworth' picture gallery. It unleashed a mania for British country houses, and their almost equally fascinating denizens, who crossed the Atlantic in large numbers for the spectacular opening party. If anything, it emphasised the remarkable treasures that still remained in private ownership in Britain, despite almost a century of taxation and retrenchment, but it is also perhaps significant that many of the most important objects in *Treasure Houses* were later to appear in the saleroom, or have since been acquired by the nation. Flipping through the telephone directory-sized glossy catalogue, I am struck by two things: how you could never mount such an exhibition again, and how many exhibits have changed hands since.

Thus, the following year George Romney's noble and touching *Portrait of Sir Christopher Sykes and Lady Sykes*, which had caused such a stir in Washington, was offered to the nation in lieu of tax, and remains *in situ* in the drawing room at Sledmere House, Yorkshire. The Bernini bust of Cardinal dal Pozzo from Castle Howard ended up in the National Gallery of Scotland by a private treaty sale. Towards the end of that year negotiations for the future of Kedleston Hall in Derbyshire reached fruition, with the gift of the house and certain contents by the third Viscount Scarsdale, backed up with funding from the increasingly essential National Heritage Memorial Fund. The celebrated gilded sofas from the drawing room at Kedleston – which had so captivated the Washington dowagers in 1985 – were finally secured in 1988. This process of gradual acquisition and private treaty sale has continued, so almost all the contents of Kedleston are now owned by the National Trust.

In 1986, another ensemble that was of concern was Nostell Priory in Yorkshire, but again a combination of the National Heritage Memorial Fund and tax deals with HM Treasury brought this house into the ownership of the National Trust. As at Kedleston, a gradual process of transfers has meant that most of what is on display today is now Trust-owned, including the wonderful baby house designed by Thomas Chippendale and the

Pierre Gôle cabinet, which is just what James Lees Milne and others envisaged when they set up the National Trust's Country Houses Scheme in the 1930s. The threatened sale of Brodsworth Hall in Yorkshire was resolved in 1989 by its acquisition with the help of the National Heritage Memorial Fund and, this time, English Heritage. As at Calke Abbey, the evocative decayed state of this strange, rather club-like house, with its swarms of marmoreal nymphs, has been reverently preserved, although without the characteristic aroma of Mrs Grant-Dalton's pussy cats.

But in case you think the corner had been turned in country house preservation, the late eighties saw the loss of Monkton House, a weird Surrealist retreat built by Edward James, the eccentric art patron and collector, and decorated by the likes of Dali and Magritte. It was all sold up in 1986, even though it was owned by the opulent Edward James Foundation. Another casualty was Thoresby Hall in Nottinghamshire, a slightly coarse Victorian beast by Anthony Salvin, which had also appeared on Girouard's 'best Victorian country houses' list. The house, but not the valuable estate, was sold by the executors of the Countess Manvers Will Trust, and there was an auction of selected contents. There wasn't much of an outcry to save this unlovable Jacobogus monster. Thoresby Hall is now an hotel. Talking of monsters, there is the *Badminton Cabinet*, the grandest Grand Tour cabinet ever, an ebony mass the size of an estate cottage, especially made for the third Duke of Beaufort in 1732, encrusted with gilt bronze and Florentine hardstone plaques. Not for the fainthearted, sold from Badminton House in Gloucestershire for £8.5 million in 1990, it was the subject of a temporary export stop and a heroic, but doomed, attempt by the Fitzwilliam Museum to match the price. It was exported in that year, and has since been sold again, in 2004, to the Prince of Leichtenstein for £19 million, for his private museum in Vienna.

For houses that are open to the public, however, there was the option of *in situ* arrangements for objects that had to be transferred to the nation in lieu of tax. This scheme has flourished, from the first experiment, the *Earl and Countess of Mexborough* by Reynolds at Doddington Hall in Lincolnshire, of 1974, to large offers involving

many objects: the furniture in the state rooms at Houghton Hall in 2002 (following the great sale of works of art in 1994), antiquities at Castle Howard in 2003, Wootton paintings at Longleat, Badminton and Althorp, and a pair of spectacular brass-mounted bookcases at Powderham Castle, Devon: a deal struck in 1986. The point of all these arrangements is that important chattels stay in the settings they were, in some cases, designed for. What happens, however, when – as at Powderham – circumstances change, and the bookcases remain in place but nearly everything else gradually gets sold off? Since the making of the film *The Remains of the Day*, in which the bookcases can be seen in their then context, the state portrait of Louis XVI is now at Waddesdon Manor, the Thomire grate in the chimneypiece is in the V&A, and the celebrated set of dolphin chairs have been sold and replaced with copies! But, by and large, the *in situ* arrangement works well. The Fitzwilliam Museum has owned Guido Reni's *Joseph and Potiphar's Wife* in the state drawing room at Holkham Hall since 1993. We have never actually ever put it on display in Cambridge, but it is good to know that it is on view, just up the road, for most of the year. The Ridley Rules, introduced in 1990, allow private purchasers to buy export-stopped works, and have been useful in stemming the flow of important works from the country, Lord Rothschild being a particularly avid Ridley purchaser, showing his trophies off at Waddesdon Manor. But, it is only since 1997 that buyers have had to keep the works on public display; Francois de Troy's charming *La Lecture de Molière*, sold from Houghton Hall in 1994, has never been seen in public since.

In 1991, it was crisis time for Chastleton House in Oxfordshire, an evocative manor house whose formidable chatelaine, Mrs Barbara Clutton-Brock, was almost as much an exhibit as the shredded tapestries, cobwebby crewelwork and cracked Jacobite glasses. 'We lost all our money in the War' was a favourite quip of Mrs Clutton-Brock – 'the Civil War' – on house tours, which were more often than not accompanied by a live owl. Once again, thanks to the patient National Heritage Memorial Fund, Chastleton was saved. Pitchford Hall in Shropshire fared less well: despite a spirited campaign, it was sold up in 1992. Burton Constable Hall in

Yorkshire almost went to the breakers in 1992, and was only rescued by the National Heritage Memorial Fund and the formation of a dedicated preservation trust. The spectacular marble tables mounted on giltwood gryphons from the long gallery at Burton Constable were stars of the 1985 Washington exhibition, but never made it home, having been sold, literally, out of the show. They were finally tracked down, resplendent in 'Fifth Avenue'-burnished gilding, and returned to East Yorkshire in 1992. It was relatively low-key courtroom activity that prevented the breakup of Madresfield Court in 1989, although Bernardo Bellotto's *Fortress of Königstein* had to be sold a few years later to pay the legal fees: it is now in Washington DC. Meanwhile, the family quarrel that threatened Parham House in Sussex was quietly resolved in 1993, although Stubbs' *Kangaroo and Dingo* were sacrificed as part of its settlement, and finally sold in 2014: they were saved after an appeal by Royal Museums Greenwich.

Another great saga of the nineties was *The Three Graces* by Antonio Canova, which was sold from its specially designed rotunda at Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire, in 1994, and was about to be exported to the Getty Museum in California, which is often cast as the villain in these national heritage stories although it usually behaves rather well. Export-stopped, a massive fund-raising campaign by the V&A and the National Galleries of Scotland eventually, with a lot of help from the newly emergent Heritage Lottery Fund, raised the £8 million needed to keep it in Britain, but it now shuttles perpetually between London and Edinburgh, surely less than ideal for a sculpture whose six delicate ankles are only just over an inch thick? But what is curious about *The Three Graces* is the way that permission was granted to remove what was so obviously a fixture from the temple in the sculpture gallery at Woburn in the first place. Why was this allowed? The answer is that the statue had been removed before, in 1985: for the *Treasure Houses of Britain* exhibition in Washington! *The Three Graces* is a work that we hope, one day, might be able to return to Woburn Abbey, where the rest of the sculpture all survives. No-one, I think, minded the private treaty sale of Van Dyck's *Abbe Scaglia* from Hackwood Park, Hampshire, to

the National Gallery in 1998, although the subsequent house sale offered a fascinating insight into opulent country house living in the post-war era.

The tragic death of the Hon. Nicholas Phillips in 1991 precipitated the sale of another plutocratic house, Luton Hoo in Bedfordshire, and the dispersal of much of the famous Werhner Collection in a two-day sale in 1995. In that year the National Gallery acquired by private treaty Bartolome Bermejo's *Saint Michael*. Another sale by Christie's followed in 2000, where the Ashmolean Museum bought the Titian portrait, and a celebrated silver *Reliquary of Saint Sebastian* designed by Holbein passed to the V&A. The remains of Werhner Collection is now lent to English Heritage and shown at Ranger's House, Blackheath, while Luton Hoo itself has been an hotel since 2007.

The mid-nineties saw the introduction of the National Lottery, and the arrival of the Heritage Lottery Fund, or HLF, as a source of funding for heritage *causes célèbres*. This was accompanied by the relative decline of the National Heritage Memorial Fund, which even to this day only has about £5 million to give out, as opposed to the 2016 budget of the HLF of £375 million. Newhailes, a mollusc-encrusted Palladian villa just outside Edinburgh, was an HLF-funded acquisition and vested with the National Trust for Scotland, a fragile and crumbly place that needed great care to coax it back to life. Much bolder and brassier was Tyntesfield, near Bristol, Somerset, built for the pious Gibbs family on the proceeds of the import of guano as an agricultural fertiliser.

Hardly ever seen by anyone, with its soaring Sainte Chapelle-inspired private chapel and prickly Gothic Revival interiors, it seemed lost when the reclusive second Lord Wraxhall died and left it jointly to 19 heirs, including several babies. Here there was no question of a gift, but the National Trust sprang into action and launched a campaign to preserve this remarkable High Victorian ensemble, aborting the Christie's sale, raising £8.2 million from a public appeal in just 100 days, supplemented with a £17.4 million endowment from the National Heritage Memorial Fund, and a further £25 million for repairs from the HLF. The figures are mind-

boggling, and there were some commentators who asked if the Trust really needed another country house? Ironically, our efforts were helped by a local rumour that the singer Kylie Minogue was planning to buy the mansion as her private residence. In fact, a story dreamt up in a local pub, the story ran and ran, with the media making the most of the ludicrous gladiatorial contest between the heritage fogies and the flaxen-headed midget pop star.

So, Tyntesfield was saved, and is now restored, a highly successful local visitor attraction. But spectacular though the building and grounds are, bound up with their fascinating family and social history, Tyntesfield isn't exactly a treasure house on the scale of, say, Chatsworth or Woburn Abbey. Turner's *The Temple of Jupiter Pannelonius* is long gone from the house, while the Tyntesfield Bellini and Rembrandt are both works by followers. Although there is some memorable furniture at Tyntesfield, it is debateable whether the National Trust could have persuaded the auction houses to relinquish their prey had it been full of first-rate art treasures.

There are, of course, plenty of instances where really important works of art are sold from country house collections. *Omai*, Sir Joseph Banks' pet South Sea islander, depicted as the noble savage by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was sold from Castle Howard in 2001 for £9.4 million. Denied an export licence when the new Irish buyer refused a matching offer from Tate, it remains in limbo, I believe, in Christie's' secure storage, but periodically returns to haunt us. The following year it was the *Barberini Venus*, removed, apparently with the approval of English Heritage, from her niche in the sculpture gallery at Newby Hall, Yorkshire. Sold to the wealthy Al Thani family for their new museums in Qatar and successfully exported, no-one could match £7.9 million price achieved. It has now been replaced by a convincing resin replica. Sometimes, treasures we never knew existed emerge from country house sales, such as the diminutive panel by Cimabue which James Miller found in a drawer at Benacre Hall in Suffolk in 2000. Now in the National Gallery, it made more than the combined contents of the house. Astonishing things emerged from that most inaccessible house, moated Shireburn Castle in Oxfordshire, after a family row and

eviction alienated the contents from the house and forced their sale in 2004. The previously unknown Macclesfield Psalter – bought by the Getty for £1.6 million and export-stopped – was eventually acquired by the Fitzwilliam Museum after a public appeal and a major grant from the National Heritage Memorial Fund.

Certainly, by the second millennium good country house sales were getting very rare indeed. At Chirk Castle, a National Trust property in Wales, the difficulties of living alongside a popular tourist attraction caused the Myddelton family to move out of the castle in 2004, selling the furniture from their private apartments in marquees on the lawn. The previous generation would have negotiated a private sale, but now the Trust has to buy what it can back in the public ring. Easton Neston went to the breakers in 2005, while 2006 saw the sale of the contents from Shrublands Hall in Suffolk. Interestingly, where in former years these emptied houses would have lingered on the market derelict until being converted into offices or flats, both found new owners who have restored them as country houses. Certainly, the new, Russian, owner of Easton Neston has gone to immense pains to buy things back for the house.

The carefully selected items sold from Mount Stuart on the Isle of Bute on the death of the sixth Marquess of Bute were treasures in every sense of the word, but some great houses only need to have an attic sale of surplus-to-requirements items to set the art world in a buying frenzy, such as Althorp in 2010. Many great country houses are full of superannuated lumber that nowadays can raise real money. Woburn hadn't seen a clearout since half the house was demolished in 1945, while the capacious Chatsworth attics yielded furniture and fittings from – as well as Chatsworth – Hardwick Hall, Compton Place, Fife House in Brighton, and Devonshire House and Carlton House Gardens in London, all of which doubtless found appreciative new homes from Notting Hill to Palm Beach. But the big heritage panic for 2007 was Dumfries House in Ayrshire, a subsidiary house of the Butes who used it as a dower house. This was to be sold by Christie's following the death of the sixth Marquess, together with all its Chippendale furniture.

A campaign, brilliantly orchestrated by James Knox, stressed its regenerative opportunities as a tourist attraction in the depressed former coal-mining area, and drew in not just the HLF and the Monument Trust, but also the Prince of Wales, who put in a substantial amount of his own charitable money. It was all very last-minute stuff, and the vans laden with Chippendale furniture destined for sale at Christie's, were telephoned mid-journey and told to turn back!

In 2004, Jan Steen's *The Burgomeister of Delft and his Daughter* from Penryhn Castle was sold, appropriately perhaps, to the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam. Many people had thought that it, as well as the Rembrandt portrait of *Caterina Hoogstraet*, were safe in Trust ownership. Not at all: many of the best things in Trust houses are still owned by the donor families, who occasionally have to sell them. The Trust couldn't manage the £8.1 million Steen at the time, but the tax owed on that brought most of the remaining chattels in the Castle into Trust ownership via the Acceptance in Lieu process. I always remember Jonathan Scott, then its chairman, was amazed that we wanted all those Thomas Hopper neo-Norman firescreens and washstands, but in a way they are even more important to the history of the Castle than the pictures, which were in any case kept in Penryhn House, off Belgrave Square, until the early twentieth century. The Rembrandt portrait has, of course, also finally been sold, privately, much to the fury of the Art Fund, the National Museums of Wales and the Trust, who were hoping to retain it at Penryhn. A happier tale can be told at Mount Stewart, Co Down, in Northern Ireland, where the majority of the contents of that house were accepted in lieu in 2013, only a silver aeroplane given by von Ribbentrop being excluded on grounds of inappropriate use of taxpayer's money. The recent restoration of Mount Stewart by the National Trust, and the loan and Acceptance-in-Lieu-transfer of a number of key heirlooms from Wynyard Park and Londonderry House – ranging from portraits by Lawrence, to the family state coach – make this an exception to a general tide of loss and alienation.

A sad story was the collection of Sir Albert Richardson at Avenue House in Ampthill, Bedfordshire – a sort of latter day

Soane Museum – where after years of trying give it to the National Trust, who couldn't take it on for practical – and possibly political – reasons (the professor isn't exactly John Lennon is he?), the owner reluctantly sold up in a Christie's sale in 2013. Not a country house, but packed with things from other country houses, at least the professor's busts of emperors went back to Wimpole, two via the Acceptance in Lieu process, two by private treaty.

In the last year or so we have been regaled with sales of treasures from Alnwick Castle, Syon House, Warwick Castle and Castle Howard. I was surprised that an ancient Roman statue of Aphrodite was permitted to be removed from her niche in the entrance hall at Syon, where she had been since Robert Adam placed her there in 1769, driving a coach and horses through the planning system, and setting a precedent which we will almost certainly regret. A clever deal has been brokered that will allow the Giovanni da Rimini panel eventually to come to the National Gallery, but almost everything else in these sales will inevitably leave our shores. In the *Report* of the Reviewing Committee on the Export of Works of Art for 2013–14, only eight items were retained in this country out of 29 cases. Although one is the £10 million *Self Portrait* by Van Dyck (which had once hung at Osterley Park), the rest are all lower value items, under £500,000. What went out included a £10 million Rembrandt, a £14 million Poussin from Woburn Abbey, and a Vernet worth £5 million from an East Anglian country house. The system is simply not working, at least for British public collections and cultural heritage. I expect the next *Report* to make even gloomier reading. Just look at the list of current temporary export stops, which include that Egyptian statuette sold from Northampton Museum (£15 million), a portrait by Pontormo from Caledon (£30 million), and a portrait from Castle Howard by Ferdinand Bol (£5 million). So far, there have been expressions of interest from British institutions for only two items – one, I am pleased to announce, is a magnificent pair of Roman cabinets on stands from Castle Howard, which the Fitzwilliam Museum is going to try and buy to celebrate its two-hundredth birthday – and to console us for missing the Badminton cabinet!

Of course, such sales may be said to have saved country houses: the proceeds from the sale of the Michelangelo drawing pays for settling an estate, divorce, the school fees, or the new roof. Moreover, some will say that the Old Masters, French furniture and Italian statues were themselves obtained from the breakup of earlier ensembles, so it is right that they end up in the hands of the new plutocratic collectors in Beijing and Doha. Obviously, we cannot interfere overmuch with private property and the free market, and we cannot save everything, but should we stand by and see historic ensembles eroded without any murmur of concern and protest? Writing this lecture, I was alternately cheered by what has been saved, against all odds, and depressed by what has gone. I think we all regret the breakup of Mentmore now, but it is the gradual erosion of the collections at Warwick Castle, Luton Hoo and Castle Howard that concerns me more, a steady drip that represents, apart from anything else, a considerable loss to cultural provision outside London. It would indeed be a sad thing if British country houses became like those beautiful, sad, empty, chateaux of the Loire.

Tim Knox, *Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum*

EMMANUEL AND THE GREAT WAR

PART THREE: 1916

1916 was a difficult year for Emmanuel, as for all the Cambridge men's colleges. The number of resident students dropped to 65 in the Lent term and only five men matriculated the following October, an all-time low. The College staffing provision began to be seriously affected, 23 men being on active service by the autumn of 1916; the first fatality occurred on 23 November, when G Stevens, kitchen porter, died of his wounds. The Belgian students departed, although a few Belgian professors still made use of the College hospitality. The Hostel closed in June 1916 for the duration, and

Emmanuel House was let to a tenant. Until March 1916 North Court continued to be occupied by the OTC but thereafter was used as a training base for a cadet corps made up of men who had already served in the ranks and were being trained for commissions. They followed 'short courses' lasting about three months. North Court was made to provide accommodation for 120 cadets and three instructors:

... the method of quartering the Cadets consists of grouping two sets of undergraduates' rooms: each of the two bedrooms contains two beds, one sitting room contains three beds and the other one is used as a combined sitting room. Their meals are served in the College Hall, baths are provided, and the Chapel and Lecture-rooms are used freely. The New Ground and Pavilion and the Boat-house are, in the absence of organized College games, used by them throughout the year ... as the one-week break between two successive Cadet courses rarely falls within a University vacation, the College officers and the College servants are on duty almost continuously.

Without the presence of the cadets the College would have been a listless place indeed. Occasional events enlivened the atmosphere, however; to mark the Shakespeare tercentenary in the spring of 1916, Edward Woodall Naylor, College organist and lecturer in music, gave a lecture on 'Shakespeare and music' in the New Lecture Rooms (now the Library). Naylor was an acknowledged expert on Elizabethan music who had published several books on the subject. Assisted at this lecture by Madame Prowse of Covent Garden, he 'enabled his audience to hear Elizabethan music as Shakespeare himself might have heard it'. The lecture was given twice and was so well attended that Naylor was able to give a substantial sum to the Royal Society of Musicians, 'for the relief of those whose work has left them in consequence of the war'. The College Law Society met once a term, discussing, amongst other things, whether the power of the Cabinet was increasing and, if so, whether it ought to diminish. In the Michaelmas term it was proposed, in the spirit of 'war economy', to reduce the annual subscription to a very low level, a suggestion which members 'heartily accepted'. The Debating Society struggled on; it held a

joint debate with Gonville & Caius in February but nothing else happened until the Michaelmas term, when in a burst of activity it held five meetings and staged three debates, one of the motions being 'Philosophy is the enemy of patriotism' (carried by a narrow margin). The Society also discussed general College matters, as was its wont. It decided, as a 'strict' economy measure, to take only five daily newspapers and as many weekly ones. The condition of the College baths was a concern, for members were of the opinion that they were dirty, soap-less and closed too early. The subsequent meeting reported that an increase in opening hours had been negotiated but that soap would still not be provided.

The depleted Fellowship suffered the loss of another member by the death, in November 1916, of the elderly and much-loved Henry Melville Gwatkin, Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History. Other Fellows, some already absent on war work, took on new duties: Geoffrey Bennett, a mathematician, went to work for the Munitions Inventions Board. Thomas ('Timmy') Hele resigned his position as Registrar of the Military Hospital at Barnwell in July in order to join, with the rank of captain, an East Anglian Field Ambulance in Salonika. Geoffrey Day, Junior Fellow and historian, had been in hospital for some months after being wounded at Gallipoli but at the beginning of 1916 was attached to the Warwickshire Regiment on the western front; how he fared there is covered in Philip Brown's article on the Somme, featured elsewhere in this *Magazine*. The number of Emmanuel men known to be in the armed forces rose to nearly 800 but it was suspected that the true figure was much higher and the *College Magazine* appealed for more information. The casualty list continued to rise inexorably and as it turned out 1916 saw the highest number of Emmanuel fatalities of any year of the war.

Looming over everything was the forbidding prospect of military conscription. The number of men joining up had fallen markedly during 1915 and an attempt to boost recruitment, known as the 'Derby Scheme' after its propounder, Lord Derby, had not been a success. The result was the Military Service Act, which passed through parliament in January 1916 and came into force at

the beginning of March. It made all unmarried men between the ages of 18 and 41 liable for conscription (the exemption for married men was swiftly rescinded). Certain occupational groups were exempt, including coal miners, steel workers, clergymen and schoolteachers, but not – automatically – university lecturers, who had to apply individually for exemption if they felt their work was essential. Exemption could also be sought on the grounds of conscience. All applications were considered by a Board of Military Studies – colloquially referred to as the ‘Tribunal’ – before whom an applicant had to appear in person and present his case. Only nine Emmanuel students or recent graduates are known to have applied for exemption, eight of them serving with the Friends’ Ambulance Unit. One of these was the critic F R Leavis (1914), who joined the Unit in the Long Vac of 1915 when the introduction of conscription began to appear inevitable. Leavis was reticent in later life about his war-time activities but in a letter to a close friend written many years after the war, he summed up his years in the FAU as: ‘Stinking blankets and lice and always a job that was too much for me’. The suffering he witnessed affected him badly and he attributed later health problems to the inhalation of poison gas emanating from the uniforms of the wounded.

The Emmanuel Fellows liable for conscription were Alexander Wood, Leonard Greenwood and Philip Worsley (‘PW’) Wood. Alex Wood was 37 in 1916; the other two were a year younger. It is impossible not to feel sympathy for their predicament, for they had grown up in an age when wars were fought by professional soldiers and, in common with most Cambridge academics, they were used to nothing more combative than a good intellectual sparring match. The legality of conscription, a subject considered by the College Debating Society a few months earlier, was now beyond discussion and a difficult choice had to be made. The editorial in the 1916 *College Magazine*, penned by PW, informed readers that members of the College had that summer undergone the necessary Board of Military Studies interviews, which had been conducted courteously, no conscientious objectors being ‘removed under military escort’. PW’s characteristic dry tone concealed the fact that the

Tribunal process, or at any rate the anticipation of it, had been a cause of considerable anxiety, not least to himself.

For Alex Wood, a physicist who specialised in the science of acoustics, the decision to apply for exemption had been a very straightforward one, for he was a committed pacifist. A Scottish Presbyterian by upbringing and a socialist by inclination, he was later to serve as a Labour councillor in Cambridge and work tirelessly on behalf of the poorer townfolk, particularly in the area of housing. It was most unusual for a University don to involve himself in town affairs to that extent, and the high regard in which Wood was held is witnessed by the fact that a road, the Labour Party headquarters, a care home and a bus shelter perpetuate his name in Cambridge. Wood’s religious faith was of paramount importance to him and as an elder at St Columba’s church, Honorary Bursar of Westminster College and a teacher at the York Street Mission, he was a well-known and much-loved figure. Shortly after the outbreak of the First World War, before there was any suggestion of conscription, Wood became a founder member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, a national pacifist organisation (specifically Christian in ethos) inaugurated in Cambridge. Following the extension of conscription to married men in May 1916, Wood duly applied for exemption on the grounds of conscience and appeared before the Tribunal. He had been working for some time at the VAD hospital in Cambridge and the Tribunal granted him exemption on condition that he continue this work (which he did, for the rest of the war). Wood’s stance inevitably attracted criticism and according to family members he had to endure hostility from other members of the congregation of St Columba’s, including being harangued from the pulpit, while his wife Nellie – who shared his views and was a staunch supporter – was regularly shunned by former friends, who crossed the street when they encountered her. Wood never changed his views, later publishing a pamphlet entitled *Christian Pacifism and Rearmament*. When the Second World War broke out he had for some years been chairman of the national Peace Pledge Union, and in 1940 he and five other members of the PPU were prosecuted for distributing

literature intended to 'seduce from their duty persons in His Majesty's Service'. The men offered an articulate defence and were bound over on condition that they desisted from such activities in future.

The Woods' home life was, in the words of one of his daughters, 'rather austere' and 'somewhat puritanical'. Daily family prayers were said, alcohol never entered the house – Alex and Nellie were both campaigning abstainers – and even things like theatre-going were eschewed. When called for jury service Wood's idealism led him to refuse to serve, on the grounds that any penal system was, in principle, unchristian. Neither Alex nor Nellie participated in the University social scene, although they did entertain Alex's students to tea at their house. Wood's principal relaxations in the little spare time he permitted himself were listening to classical music and, for a few weeks every summer, sailing his boat on the Norfolk Broads.

Alex Wood (centre), in the Natural Sciences Society's annual photograph for 1920. This was the only Emmanuel student society with which he was involved



Many of his acquaintance, even those who did not share his views, revered him and were wont to refer to him as a 'saint'. Saintliness is not always a wholly congenial quality in a colleague, however, and there are hints that some of the Emmanuel Fellows were occasionally made uncomfortable by Wood's relentless high-mindedness. He almost never socialised in the Parlour after dinner and the College meals themselves attracted his strong criticism for being too luxurious. When reading a letter in which Greenwood asks PW how much College business Alex was carrying out 'in his earthly intervals', it is difficult not to infer a note of asperity, and PW apparently enjoyed baiting Nellie Wood by grossly exaggerating his own alcohol consumption.

Unlike Alex Wood, Leo Greenwood was not a pacifist by religious conviction but he was equally determined that nothing would persuade him to fight. A native of New Zealand, he had taught classics at Emmanuel since 1909. He was reckoned a very good teacher, under whose guidance 'good men would generally realise their expectations, weaker men would often surpass them'. He was apparently a champion of students who were disadvantaged in some way, to whom 'he gave generously of his interest, his time, and on occasion his money'. As President of the College Musical Society his policy of ousting elitism from the musical culture of the College resulted in large and enthusiastic audiences at the concerts he helped organise. In 1921 he bought a property near Crantock, on the north Cornish coast, and held house parties each summer for as many students and friends as could be fitted in (his guests cherished memories of their holidays at 'Kareena' for the rest of their lives). On paper, then, Greenwood would seem to have had much in common with Alex Wood, and yet it is clear that they were not close friends. Some differences were obvious: Greenwood was not particularly religious and he was a very sociable College man. As well as being an active member of the Parlour, his 'Sunday evenings', where he entertained liberally in his Z staircase rooms, became a College institution. It seems unlikely that the sabbatarian-minded Wood approved of these gatherings. Wood never said a sharp word about anyone; Greenwood could be acerbic.



Leo Greenwood outside his house
'Kareena', 1920s

Perhaps the most fundamental difference was the fact that for Greenwood, the College was everything; for Alex Wood, it was not.

Greenwood's attitude towards the prospect of conscription was stated quite frankly in his letters to PW during the course of 1915. Greenwood left the College in the Long Vac of 1915 to take up temporary work at Bristol Labour Exchange; he hoped to stay on rather than return for Michaelmas term but, as he wrote to PW in July, 'K of K [Kitchener of Khartoum] may of course solve the problem for us,

but I still hope to escape the khaki'. He did remain in Bristol, writing to PW in November that 'Lord Derby hath not foregone the pleasure of writing to me, & I can put up a better case to his Lordship's menials as I am than if I came back & were doing nothing much at College'. He nevertheless intended to return for Lent 1916, 'barring the wholly unforeseen: unless indeed I'm imprisoned for refusing the khaki, which I almost think I would face rather than the alternative: would it be a felony & oblige me to be deselected from my fellowship?' Later in the same month, he asked PW what lengths he thought the College would be prepared to go to in the way of pleading for their being exempted, for he was 'seriously thinking of Red Cross "Searching" in Egypt or elsewhere, if they will take me. That might save my skin, & incidentally yours too, if yours is in danger: for it is pretty plain that the College would require one of us & if I'm out of reach it would surely be allowed to keep you.' In January 1916, when the Military Service Act was being debated, he told PW that 'when the bill becomes law

& one can see the complete text of it, I mean to find out ... if there's anything I ought to do rather than wait about for my summons before a court martial...' The correspondence between Greenwood and PW ends shortly afterwards, but a letter from Greenwood to the Master, Peter Giles, written in April 1916, contains the following passage:

I was to have faced the Tribunal at 5, but as I missed a connection I only arrived at 6.30. But the august body saw me at once, & treated me courteously enough. The case is adjourned for a month. I was given to understand that there would be no trouble about my being allowed non-combatant service, & the adjournment is to enable the Government committee to bring out its list of alternatives to combatant service, among which I gather I shall be required to choose.

The 1916 *College Magazine* recorded that 'Mr Greenwood ... obtained exemption from combatant service, and is now in training with the Friends' Ambulance Unit'. A year later the *Magazine* reported that he was 'acting as staff-sergeant at the Friends' Military Hospital in York. The hours are long and the work is arduous, requiring the varied qualifications of a diplomat, steward, and a College Tutor.' This passage was written, almost certainly, by PW, who wanted to remind readers that non-combatants were not necessarily having an easy life; it was a subject on which he was sensitive.

PW's views on conscription were less straightforward than Alex Wood's or Leo Greenwood's. Indeed, he seems to have spent much of 1915 and 1916 suffering pangs of indecision about joining up. Although his directly stated views are not on record, for he did not keep copies of the letters he sent to Emmanuel men at the fronts, it is clear from the replies that he often unburdened himself to his correspondents. It is significant that none of them urged PW to join the fighting. Rollo Atkinson, it may be remembered from the previous instalment of this article, told him not to think of enlisting. After the Military Service Act became law John Scott (1910), who was serving in France, enjoined PW not to do 'anything foolish in the enlisting line'. PW also discussed the matter with the Revd Freddie Head and his wife, Edith. Head was serving as a chaplain in France, his Senior Tutor's duties having been shouldered by PW.

Alone among PW's correspondents, the Heads did not emphatically discourage enlisting, although they stopped short of advocating it. At the end of November 1915 Freddie wrote:

I wish I could have a chat with you about fighting and Lord Derby & things in general. You always try to make yourself out as unimperial and against the call of patriotism. But I know that this is not really so ... I know that the call which has come to so many others must have come to you, and if it has, do not let my being absent make things more difficult for you. I am always willing to come back if need be, though ... I would rather stay here.

In February 1916 Edith Head wrote: 'Perhaps it is your duty to miss all this [active service] – I wonder. I do want the right thing to come for you in such a way that you haven't a doubt which to choose – I expect it is going to be the College, but I'm not sure.' Edith's letters give the strong impression that she thought war-time



Philip Worsley Wood, shortly before the outbreak of war

service had been the making of her husband and might be the making of PW.

In the end PW had to decide for himself, and he applied for exemption on the grounds that his work for the College was essential. In April 1916 the Tribunal accepted this, on condition that his presence continued to be vital. When Freddie Head learned of this he wrote:

Thank you for many things. First and biggest of all, for taking care of the College and working for it while we are all out here enjoying the excitement & the wonder of the struggle at first hand. I think you have chosen the harder job and we out here are not wholly forgetful of you ... all of us on the different fronts regard you as the one link with the old home.

PW received other assurances that he had done the right thing; Robert Gardner (1908, later Fellow and Bursar) wrote that he was 'glad you have got exemption ... if you became somebody's batman, what would the College do?' Maurice Bevan-Brown (1909), similarly, was 'very glad' that PW had been 'granted exemption for military duty'. George Langmead (1911) told PW that he was pleased the Tribunal had taken a sensible view of his case, 'especially as I know perfectly well that you would strafe the Bosche as well as anybody if you got started'. PW might have continued to have doubts, though, for six months after obtaining his exemption he was being reassured by Cyril Browne (1912) that he had 'the most difficult job of any of us – somebody has got to keep the College together & you are the one to do it'. No doubt the rising number of fatalities among Emmanuel men both exacerbated PW's guilt and increased his relief at being out of it all. The possibility of his exemption being rescinded was a very real one, as he was to discover before the end of the war.

The number of Emmanuel men who died on active service in 1916 was 45. Although the battle of the Somme took a terrible toll, men also died in other actions on the western front, as well as in Egypt, Mesopotamia and East Africa. Their numbers included Captain John Bengough (1908), who was killed on 26 February in the 'brilliant cavalry charge of the Dorset Yeomanry at Agagieh'. The previous instalment of this article ended with a letter written



Lt Rollo Atkinson

to PW by Lt Rollo Atkinson in November 1915. It was to be his last communication with the Tutor, for on 20 February 1916 he was 'shot through the lungs by a sniper near Ypres, while leading a party up a bombing sap' and died before medical help could reach him. A bomb officer in the Ninth Durham Light Infantry, Rollo had just returned to the Front following recuperation from a facial injury received in January. One of his commanding officers wrote: 'I cannot tell you how grieved we all are for we all loved him. He was a gallant lad & a fine soldier.' The son of a Hexham timber merchant, Rollo had taken a BA in history in 1913 and the LLB a year later. He was an outstanding athletics Blue whose initial successes were at the three mile distance; he later changed to the half-mile because, as he told *Granta*, he was 'really too heavy for a three-miler'. He achieved immediate success at the new distance, defeating some world-class runners and winning the 1914 inter-Varsity race. He was also a prominent member of the Emmanuel Musical Society, possessing, according to one obituary, a baritone voice of 'rare richness and pathos'. His death seems to have caused

particular grief to several of PW's correspondents. John Scott wrote that 'poor old Rollo's death ... was a great blow, wasn't it?' while Geoffrey Stevens (1908) was '... awfully sorry to hear about Rollo; only two days ago I was singing *The Gentle Maiden*, and quite unconsciously I found myself singing it exactly like he used to sing it - I don't care to look at that piece of music again'. Edward Welbourne (1912, later Master) wrote simply that 'Atkinson ... was too good a man to be lost'. It was an epitaph that could have been applied to many Emmanuel men in 1916.

Amanda Goode, *College Archivist*

'THE WAR IS GETTING VERY SAVAGE NOW': EMMANUEL MEN AND THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME

This year will see many events to commemorate the centenary of the battle of the Somme, so it is appropriate to consider the involvement of College Members in this momentous struggle, which began on 1 July and went on until the middle of November. 1916 was the peak year for deaths amongst Members of Emmanuel and at least 22 of these fell in the fighting on the Somme. A list of those who died appears at the end of this article, from which it can be seen that very many have no known grave and are commemorated on the memorial to the missing at Thiepval.

First, some background. The battles on the Somme were envisaged as the major Anglo-French 'push' of 1916, hoping to break through the German lines. However, things did not go to plan. The German attack on Verdun drew much of the French army into its defence, reducing numbers available for the attack. Even so, the British felt obliged to press on with the attack to relieve pressure on the French at Verdun. Based upon the interpretation of events at the battle of Loos the previous autumn, the British army planned a tremendous artillery barrage to destroy the German defences. By

this stage of the war, production of ammunition was building up and the logistics of moving the vast quantity of men and material was well developed. Narrow-gauge railways had been built to assist. It was not surprising, therefore, that the Germans were aware of the impending attack: even its date was one of the worst kept secrets of the war. (In fact the Germans were more surprised by a last-minute delay, which put back the attack by two days.) This set the scene for the infamous tragedy of 1 July when British troops advanced over open ground in belief that the German defences were destroyed and they had merely to walk on to the vacated trenches. What actually happened was that they walked into a hail of machine-gun bullets and army units were shot to pieces without reaching anywhere close to their objectives. Amongst those were several Members of Emmanuel College.

We met Geoffrey Day (Junior Fellow in history) in the last *Magazine*, with his letters from Gallipoli to 'PW' Wood, Emmanuel Fellow and acting Senior Tutor. Day was seriously wounded at Gallipoli and evacuated back to 'Blighty'. He was not posted back to his regiment, the First & Fifth Bedfordshires, which remained in the Middle East, but was attached to the Warwickshire Regiment and sent to France. He wrote to PW in July 1916 from the Infantry Base Depot at Rouen, where life seems very comfortable:

I am still at the base doing nothing in particular & am expecting to go up to the line any day probably tomorrow. We don't get such a bad time here, & I don't care what happens. Our party is composed of two old First/Fifth [Bedfordshire Regiment] men & myself ... I am still hoping to avoid a winter campaign, either by peace or wound. I have had two good dinners in Rouen, & probably shall have a third tonight. Thank God we get the *Daily Mail* here, on the same day at the base & a day late in the line.

Maybe he had some premonition that the good life was to come to an end: 'I fear I have finished my military promotion, as attached people get the sticky jobs without the rank or pay. However, I don't much hanker after military glory.'

The Warwick Regiment have clearly been in action when Day wrote next on 20 August 1916:

I have been in hospital the last four days with trench fever, &

shall be here, (a little chateau not more than four miles from the line), till Tuesday, when I hope to return to my battalion ... We have just gone up into the line again, about a week; & I am not quite sure whether my present battalion has just gone over the top for the third time in seven weeks, or is just going ... The war is getting very savage now. I don't see any 'military' signs of peace myself, though most people seem to think there won't be a winter campaign. Let's hope there won't ... We have no news to send out here; generally we see the Continental editions of the *Daily Mail* about two days late; sometimes when out of the line & near a big town we get it the same day. It is now just five weeks since I landed in France, & there doesn't seem to have been much taking place.

The last seems to contradict the former! The Warwicks were part of the Forty-Eighth (South Midland Division), which had been involved in the opening days of the Somme action and withdrawn into reserve on 4 July, presumably as a result of losses sustained. They were in action again at Orvilliers on 16 July. No doubt the battles on the Somme were widely reported at home, but censorship amongst the troops was still tight, as Day told PW: 'I should like to be able to state where we are, but can't. The authorities are quite insistent on the point.'

Day still had time to remember former colleagues, including Emmanuel Fellows Alexander Wood (a conscientious objector and teetotaler), Leonard Greenwood (another conscientious objector) and Harold Hazeltine (a US citizen who was not subject to conscription):

We have got quite a respectable crowd of officers. The colonel is a fine old man; – was president of the Oxford boat in 1887, so that dates him back a bit; – named Wethered. I think in civilian life he is a brewer, but he is as pious as Alec Wood.

I haven't run across the Friends' Ambulance lately so haven't seen Greenwood.

Please remember me to the Hazeltines & the Master, & anybody who is up.

Day was to lose his life in an attack on 27 August, when the division unsuccessfully attacked Mouquet Farm. As the following letter written to PW by Day's father indicates, his body was not



Lt Geoffrey Reynolds Day. A rather battered photo sent from the Front

recovered and his name is inscribed on the memorial at Thiepval:

I have a letter this morning from Lt Col Wethered commanding that Geoffrey Day was killed in action last Sunday night. He was leading his company in an attack was wounded in the arm –

went on – & about an hour later fell flat on his face apparently shot through the head or the heart. The position was not held & his body, so far, has not been recovered.

A subsequent letter deals with the disposal of Day's estate: 'I may tell you that he left everything to me with some notes as to what he wanted done with it. He asked me to allot £50 for a tankard for the College. He wishes you to take such of his books as you wished – and I think he fancied some others might be useful for a junior's library.'

Day's obituary in the 1917 *College Magazine* contained the following passage:

He was a sympathetic and successful teacher and his pupils did well ... He was on the best of terms with his colleagues and with the undergraduates, and his rooms were the scene of many cheerful gatherings. He had no illusions about the glories of war, and had a marked disinclination for military life: he joined up solely from a sense of duty, and always looked forward to the time when he might get back to his books. Through all his sufferings in hospital ... he kept his quiet cheery manner, and when he had recovered, avoided the temptation of a safe job, and was eager to return to active service. He was determined to see the thing through, whatever the cost to himself.

Another College Member whom we first met in the Dardanelles was Alfred ('Freddy') Maynard of the Royal Navy Division, whose experiences while recuperating from wounds received at Gallipoli were recounted in last year's *Magazine*. The RND joined the later stages of the Somme battles, taking the village of Beaumont Hamel in early November. Whilst they took the German strongpoint, there were many casualties in the subsequent bombardment of the position. Maynard was among them and, like Day, is recorded on the monument at Thiepval. We have no letter from Maynard from his time in France, but there is correspondence from his father relating to his last leave:



One of a set of College wine stoops commemorating Geoffrey Day

... he suddenly had ten days given him of which he had to spend about four in travelling, but we, his mother & I, had a most happy week at Scarborough & he was able to see his brother & his brother's wife, his sister & some other friends in fact all but his sailor brother who was at the time first lieutenant on a destroyer in the North Sea & could not get away. It is however very remarkable that his mother always had a sort of presentiment that he would be killed & I fancy that towards the last day or so of his leave he had some sort of premonition that they would not meet again. His sister who went to London from Bridport to see the last of him & was ... most devoted to him also thought so.

In another letter his father reported his death, clearly upset that his son had been denied a less hazardous staff job:

... we heard yesterday from the Admiralty that Alfred was Killed in Action on the 13th November. Of course I know that others have had to bear greater losses but there are reasons why we feel his loss acutely & as regards myself one is that but for our bungling & red-tape system he probably would not have been in the trenches at all. He was offered by a general on the spot a staff appointment before leaving the Mediterranean for one thing, the War Office raised a technical objection, & another was that in my opinion he should have had more time given him to recover from his wound, dysentery & gastritis.

Reproduced at the end of this article is a photograph showing the 1913–14 College first rugby fifteen, where Maynard is prominent in his Blues blazer.

A number of those who died during the Somme battles had been in correspondence with PW Wood regularly during the preceding 18 months or so. From Christopher Blake (second lieutenant, Bedford Regiment) we hear of the frustration of those who rushed to volunteer, but were stuck in a training post until a place was available in their regiment. He wrote in November 1915:

I remained at the OTC for 11 weeks and a terrible bad show it was, truly pitiful ... I don't feel I know much yet as regards military matters, but I hope to learn. It is a strange business, there is so much just filling up time. It seems to me so very hard to practise adequately for the real thing. I don't know at all when I shall be going out, but certainly not before Xmas. I am in no hurry. I shall get out quite soon enough, I expect.

Tragically he was killed leading an attack on 4 September 1916 against the German strongpoint at Falfemont Farm. His mother wrote in reply to a letter of sympathy from PW: '... your words are a real joy to me in the midst of this heavy trial. It seems so tragically sad to have to give up such a dear loving son just at the beginning of his manhood & his loss makes a terrible blank & desolation in our lives.' Blake's body was never found.

Not all of the correspondence was sent to PW. Leonard Greenwood received a letter in March 1915 from Alexander George Gauld, who had arrived in France 'with five other subalterns to replace sickness casualties (mumps and measles) in our first battalion [London Regiment]'. Gauld went on to describe life in France, concerned about the use of gas (first used on the western front in the second battle of Ypres on 22 April 1915) and wondered when Kitchener's Army would arrive:

One gets news here fairly up-to-date though it is rather confusing to see to-day's paper before yesterday's, as often happens ... If we can get over the poisonous gas difficulty (or SW winds prevail) I think we shall be all right on this side. Everyone talks of the advance here. Wonder when Kitchener's Army is coming out. There doesn't seem to be any of it in France.

Kitchener's New Army eventually arrived in France in time to form a major proportion of the troops involved in the battles on the Somme. By then Gauld had been promoted to captain and was killed whilst leading an attack on 15 September 1916.

John Welby Gunton had joined the Somerset Light Infantry, but moved to 70 Squadron Royal Flying Corps when he was shot down near Bapaume attacking the German supply lines on 9 August 1916. His mother, Mrs E C Gunton, wrote on 5 November, at which time he was officially missing: 'We had held no hope that my dearest son survived the fall of his aeroplane as his fellow officers tell us it fell from 5000 Ft & stripped of canvas ... His Major tells us he was a skilled observer & very popular & is a loss to his unit.'

Despite the rigours of the fighting the post obviously got through, for on 20 September John Stanley Hearn (second lieutenant, third battalion Suffolk Regiment) wrote to PW after receiving the latest edition of the *Magazine*, to give him updates on

other College Members (including the future Bursar, Bobby Gardner):

The Aug. 1916 number of the *Magazine* has been forwarded to me ... I will get my people to send you the necessary 2/- as I am v. anxious to have any issues of the *Magazine* or any other war news you may publish. I will do my best to send you some sort of article. If this no use, throw it in the W.P.B. I see by a recent *Times* that C. Blake was killed about Sept 5. I used to meet him occasionally at Felixstowe where 3rd Bedfords & 3rd Suffolks (Reserve Batt). were stationed. Smith-Rewse is assist-adj. of 3rd. He is now a full Lieut. Tabberer in Q.V.R is also full Lieut. Robert Gardner has just returned to 4th King's Own as adjutant. I am attached to 7th Batt. for service out here, not transferred as I still belong to 3rd. It's a great thing to have the *Magazine* as it gives us news of some we may have lost touch with, two in my case. Colson & Shera who have both got marooned here. How on earth has young Wurtzburg risen to be Brigade Major! He was a first year in my 3rd! I came out here July 13th & have been kept quite busy ever since.

Hearn was killed in the fighting for Gueudecourt on 12 October 1916, while Charles Wurtzburg won the Military Cross in the same action, survived, prospered and died in 1952.

Leonard John Hooper served in the Dorset Regiment, fighting at Suvla. Before going out to the Dardanelles he had asked PW when he would qualify for a degree under the new war-time regulations: 'Not that it will probably make much difference as I shall probably be dirt and ashes before long & even if I am not, I hope to come back & finish my terms. I heard from McCombe the other day ... Richards has gone out to the Dardanelles ... Have you heard from wee Reid?' By February 1916 Hooper was in Egypt, ending a letter to PW with: 'France perhaps Next? Tho' I'm not very keen on France myself.' Unfortunately, things were to be as he feared, for the Fifth Dorsets joined the fighting on the Somme in July and he was killed on 26 September 1916.

A number of students were accepted as Emmanuel entrants but never came into residence, going straight into the army. One such was Kenneth Hartley Moore, who would have matriculated in 1915 but for the war. A letter in November 1915 gives an insight to

his early days. Clearly, he was somewhat overawed in writing to a College Fellow, opening his letter 'Mr Wood, Sir!' At this point life was relaxed: "What am I doing?" Nothing much! but he was about to join a training school in a village close by: "Where am I doing it?" Well, much as I would love to tell you, I fear the "rigours of the Service" do not permit. The most I can tell you is that I am in the town in which is *situate* British G.H.Q. [Saint-Omer]. He looked forward to being commissioned and getting leave 'about Christmas' but did not know 'which unfortunate regiment is to be hampered by my inexperience!' We do not know whether he got the leave, but he was commissioned into the Dorset Regiment in December 1915. He made the best of the opportunities, having 'a feeling of lightheadedness due to a pleasing interlude with a French demoiselle on the river this afternoon!'

The letter ended on a positive note 'From Yours "après la guerre"'. Sadly, it was not to be as he was killed in the fighting around Mametz Wood. He was an only child and one can sense the grief of his parents in the letter his father Harold (probably the one of that name who migrated to Emmanuel in 1879) wrote to PW: 'Your note, the more kindly for its originality, has helped me & the wife quite a lot in a *rotten* time. Thank you, PW more than I can say. What a tonic an unorthodox & really *meant* note is! It's tough, PW, horrid tough. You may be (as I was) thankful to hear he was killed clean – shot in the head & died instantly. "Wounded & missing" would have done me in.'

Harold Moore was not the only parent to write to the College after the death of a son. The Master, Dr Peter Giles, wrote letters to all bereaved parents for whom he had an address, expressing sympathy and asking for a photograph of their late son. Many replies have been preserved in the College Archives, as have the photos. Unsurprisingly the letters are very similar, expressing the grief of the parents and their consolation at receiving a letter from the Master. Disposal of effects left in College when a student was sent to war was a frequent subject of discussion. William Rennie Pringle, from South Africa, was killed on the Somme in July 1916 and there is correspondence about two life insurance policies

which his parents were anxious to trace, working through the South African High Commission in London: 'I shall be very grateful therefore if you will kindly have a search made amongst Mr Pringles [sic] papers or in his trunk for the document in question ... I am hoping to receive Mr Pringles [senior] instructions by any mail now regarding the disposal of his son's effects & shall immediately transmit those instructions on to you.'

Was the battle of the Somme worth the sacrifice of so many lives? Rather than look at the casualties of the first day, it is better to judge the result by the German proposal for an armistice retaining the land it occupied and, following its rejection, the withdrawal in early 1917 25 miles to the more easily defended Hindenburg line. It was a turning point for the British army as it moved from the tactics which had served Wellington well to the start of modern armoured warfare, with the first employment of the tank. After the battle British morale was surprisingly high: the Hun had been pushed back. New tactics, new weapons and a much improved armament supply chain suggested that there would be greater things in 1917. The Senior Tutor, the Revd Freddie Head, served through the battles of the Somme as chaplain to the Guards. He saw the horrors of the battlefield but when he wrote in October 1916 was elated by the advances made:

These advances are very wonderful – terrible in one way and very magnificent in another. I would not miss my time out here for the world. Those days of the 15th & 25th of September [Battles of Flers-Coucelette and Morval: capture of les Boeufs] were days that I cannot ever forget and it was grand to be allowed to be there at all though the second day my own particular lot was a bit behind and I was with them. I have gone over a good deal of the ground since with burial parties and have seen enough to make me realise what the fellows must have gone through before they fell.

By the following month he seemed confident that 1917 will see the end of the war, as he was already considering whether to return to academic life, or become a parish priest.

In the preparation of this article I have been greatly assisted by John Pickles (1967) and Stuart Disbrey (1988). Stuart has a particular

interest in Freddy Maynard and provided much of the information relating to the memorials for the Emmanuel men who died. It was appropriate, therefore, that he placed a wreath on behalf of the College during the centenary celebrations at Thiepval on 1 July 2016.

Phil Brown (1964)



Stuart Disbrey

Emmanuel College Wreath laid at Thiepval, 1 July 2016

Emmanuel casualties at the Battle of the Somme – 1 July to 18 November 1916

Definitely died on the Somme

WMag *Emmanuel War Magazine*
 Thiepval Thiepval memorial to the missing, Thiepval, Somme
 UWList *University War List* (Carey 1923)

- 1 Kirkland, Frederic William (1914): 2 Lt Rifle Brigade:
 Killed 1 July Thiepval
- 2 Ingoldby, The Revd Roger Hugh (1905): 2 Lt Royal Dublin
 Fusiliers: Killed 1/2 July. AIF Burial Ground, Flers, Somme

- 3 Corfield, Hubert Vernon Anchtel (1915): 2 Lt East Lancashire Regiment: Killed 5/6 July in bomb attack on German trench. Thiepval
- 4 Moore, Kenneth Hartley (1915): 2 Lt Dorset Regiment: Killed on the western front 7 July. Serre Road Cemetery No 2, Somme
- 5 Wilson, Walton Ronald (1909): Lt RAMC att'd Seaforth Highlanders: Wounded 11 July, died 12 July. Bertrancourt Military Cemetery, Somme
- 6 Johnson, Donald Frederick Goold (1911): Lt 15th (Serv.) Manchester Regiment: Died 15 July of wounds. Bouzincourt Communal Cemetery Extension, Somme
- 7 Milburn, William Hudson (1910): Lt Royal Sussex Regiment: Killed 15 (*UWList*) or 21 (*WMag*) July. Thiepval
- 8 Pringle, William Rennie (1912): Lt Prince of Wales's Volunteers (South Lancs Regiment): Killed 22 July. Thiepval
- 9 Illiffe, Cecil Arthur Mountford (1911): Pte. Royal Fusiliers: Killed July. Puchevillers British Cemetery, Somme
- 10 Gunton, John Welby (1914): Lt Somerset L.I. att'd RFC (70 Sqn): missing (shot down near Bapaume behind German lines) 9 August. Arras Flying Services Memorial, Arras, Pas de Calais
- 11 Day, Geoffrey Reynolds (1907, Peterhouse): Lt Bedford Regiment att'd Royal Warwick Regiment: Killed leading an attack, 27 August. Thiepval
- 12 Blake, Christopher (1910): 2 Lt Bedford Regiment: Killed leading an attack, 4 September. Thiepval
- 13 Spearing, Edward (1908): Lt King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regiment): Killed Ginchy, 11 September. Thiepval
- 14 Gauld, Alexander George (1912): Capt. London Regiment: Killed leading an attack, 15 September. London Cemetery & Extension, Longueval, Somme
- 15 Cruikshank, Guy Lindsay (1908): Capt. Gordon Highlanders att'd RFC (70 Sqn): Killed 25 (*WMag*) or 15 (*UWList*). September. Obituary: reported missing on a reconnaissance mission to railway yards at Cambrai, 25 September. Hesbecourt Communal Cemetery, Somme

- 16 Hooper, Leonard John (1913): 2 Lt Dorset Regiment: Killed 26 September. Pozières British Cemetery, Ovillers-La Boisselle, Somme
- 17 Hearn, John Stanley (1908): 2 Lt 3rd Bn Suffolk Regiment: Killed Gueudecourt, 12 October. Thiepval
- 18 Fayle, Barcroft Joseph Leech (1908): Capt. RAMC serving as MO to the West Yorkshire Regiment: Killed 24 October (*WMag* & *UWList*), 2 November (condolence letter). London Cemetery & Extension, Longueval, Somme
- 19 Maynard, Alfred Frederick (1912): Lt RND: Killed, 13 November. Thiepval
- 20 Gow, Charles Humphrey (1909): Surgeon-Lt, RND: Killed 13 November. Thiepval
- 21 Turnbull, William Arthur (1912): Lt Bedford Regiment: Killed 13/14 November. Knightsbridge Cemetery, Mesnil-Martinsart, Somme
- 22 Johns, Owen Llewellyn (1911): 2 Lt RFA: Killed 26 June. Bouzincourt Communal Cemetery Extension. Somme

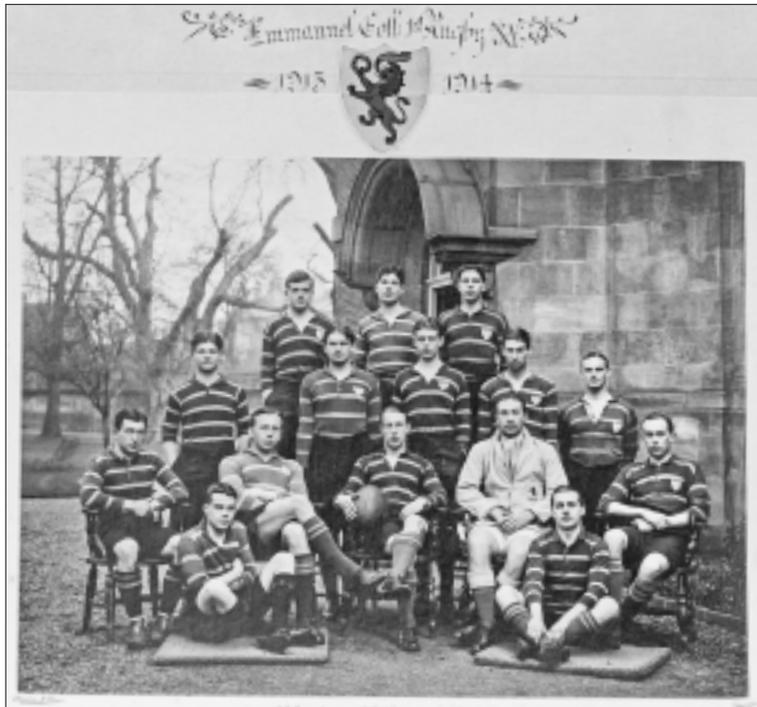
Probably died on the Somme

- 1 Twining, Richard Wake (1913): 2 Lt Devon Regiment: Reported as killed, Somme, 1 July. Wailly Orchard Cemetery, Pas de Calais
- 2 Player, Gilbert (1892): 2 Lt Durham Light Infantry: Wounded (in trenches) 28 July, died 30 July.

Possibly died as a result of the fighting on the Somme

- 1 Seaver, Charles (1912): Capt. Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers: Wounded at the front 13 September (possibly, at Ginchy); died 2 October. St Sever Cemetery, Rouen, Seine-Maritime
- 2 Malcolmson, Llewellyn (1910): Cpl Royal Engineers (Special Bde): Killed November.
- 3 Abelson, Edward Gordon (1916). 2 Lt RMLI, attached MGC: Died of wounds 1 December 1916. Ste Marie Cemetery, LeHavre, Seine-Maritime

Emmanuel College first rugby fifteen, 1913–14



Of the 15 men in this photo, five were to die in the war, two (possibly four) on the Somme. Back row: J E Cumming – survived (297 Bde, RFA); F L Allan – survived, wounded June 1917. (10th (Serv) Northumberland Fusiliers); L J Hooper – Killed 26 September 1916 on the Somme; Middle row: F W Musson – survived, wounded 28 July 1915; H Y Haines – survived. (Canadian Infantry); J W E Miller – survived. (Princess Louise's (Argyle & Sutherland Highlanders); C R Browne – survived, fought at Gallipoli. (Royal Navy); W B Stinson – survived. (RGA); Front row: L Malcolmson – Killed November 1916, possibly on the Somme; J Norman – Killed 7 June 1915 at Gallipoli; W Fenwick – survived. (Durham Light Infantry); A F Maynard – Killed 13 November 1916 on the Somme; W Q Taggart – survived. (King's (Liverpool Regiment)); On mats: J I Wood – survived, wounded July & September 1916. (Lt 8th (serv) Battalion Border Regiment); C Seaver – Wounded 13 September 1916 possibly on the Somme, died 2 October 1916

THE FIGHT FOR BEAUTY: FROM ONE LIFE TO THE NEXT

Somewhat to my surprise I managed to produce a book¹ this year. It's a book that's been in my bones for most of my life, and the one I promised to write when I left the National Trust. The process was much harder than I ever thought it could be, but to my great relief the final result says what I wanted to say, and draws attention to what I believe is one of the most important attributes of all our lives. Beauty.

It's a word we all use to describe our delight in the world around us: a landscape we love; a butterfly's wings translucent in the sunshine; or a wondrous piece of architecture. We all love beauty; we only have to watch the numbers glued to TV's *Countryfile*, and the way we head for the beautiful cities, the beach, mountains or the countryside as soon as the sun shines, to see that it's something that meets a real human need.

Yet you'd be hard pressed to find the word 'beauty' in any official document, or to hear any politician utter it today. In fact they seem almost embarrassed to talk about beauty, other than in private. Instead we have invented all kinds of management-speak words to describe the things we love and need to look after: words like ecosystem services, natural capital and sustainable development. And when we're making decisions about the future, all we seem to care about is whether we will deliver growth, or generate an economic return.

But it wasn't always like that. Beauty was a word and an idea that people in previous centuries used freely and confidently, including in legislation and public policy. And because people celebrated beauty it was something they sought to create, in town and country, and enacted laws to protect the beautiful things and places people loved.

Beauty is written deeply into our culture. The earliest written texts show a yearning for beauty, with Chaucer reminding us that

¹ *The Fight for Beauty* is published by Oneworld

it was the beauty of an April spring that 'longen folk to goon pilgrimages'. Medieval stonemasons constructed fabulous churches and cathedrals, carving flowers and animals into their stone, not content with buildings that did not inspire through beauty as well as their religious meaning. Throughout history artists and architects have sought to achieve aesthetic perfection, and nature has inspired countless poets and authors.

Perhaps the greatest exponents of beauty were the Romantic poets, especially William Wordsworth. Indeed it was he who tipped the movement from admiration to defence, when in the early nineteenth century he saw his beloved Lake District coming under pressure from the construction of ugly villas, the commercial extraction of ores, the invasion of the alien tree, the 'spiky larch' and, of course, the prospect of the railway arriving in Windermere. His cry in response to the railway, 'is then no nook of English ground secure from rash assault?' galvanised a movement of people who loved beauty and were prepared to stand up and defend it.

The 'rash assault' of course, was even worse when it came to the horrors of rampant industrialisation, with its pollution, filth and rapid urbanisation. Shocked by both its physical damage and appalling social consequences, John Ruskin led the charge in defence of beauty and against uncontrolled development. His efforts inspired many, including his pupil and later social housing campaigner Octavia Hill, and William Morris, a leading light of the Arts & Crafts movement. Drawing directly on Ruskin's inspiration, Octavia Hill, Sir Robert Hunter and Hardwicke Rawnsley established the National Trust in 1895 and encouraged the first ideas about good land-use planning, with the aims of the first Planning Act in 1909 described as to secure 'the home healthy, the house beautiful, the town pleasant, the city dignified and the suburbs salubrious'.

Then, beauty mattered enough to shape policy for the public good. And people spoke openly of the power of beauty in shaping lives and influencing actions: there are stories of the young men of the First World War going to their deaths in the trenches clutching

copies of A E Housman's *A Shropshire Lad*, epitomising the beauty of rural England for which they were fighting. And it was the government's failure, after that war, to deliver the 'land fit for heroes' and 'homes fit for heroes' for the returning soldiers that triggered another fight for beauty when the speculative builders moved into the vacuum left by the ineffective government, despoiling the universally loved countryside with jerry-built houses, ugly sprawl and ribbon development.

As the Second World War approached, once again Britain's beauty was used to recruit and inspire the troops, illustrated by Frank Newbould's evocative posters commissioned by the War Office: *Your Britain, Fight for it Now*. But this time the government was determined that it would not make the same mistakes again. Even as the country went to war, Churchill, the leader of the coalition government, was commissioning the expert reports and establishing the post-war reconstruction committee that would shape the country for the better after fighting had ended.

And so it was that, after the horror of two world wars, the 1945 government implemented a package of measures designed not only to meet people's basic human needs but also their spiritual, physical and cultural well-being. The designation of National Parks, the protection of nature and our cultural heritage, and access to the countryside sat alongside provision for jobs and housing, the universal right to education, the National Health Service and the welfare state. The government's objectives spoke of harmonisation, of integration and of meeting people's needs in a rounded way. We cared about beauty and built it into the legislation designed to build a better Britain for all its inhabitants.

We understood then, as we seem to have forgotten now, that the human spirit is not satisfied by material progress alone. As the nineteenth-century environmentalist John Muir said, 'Everybody needs beauty as well as bread'. That post-war package was the first and indeed last attempt to provide for both our material and non-material needs in a balanced way.

Those aspirations for balance and harmony, however, did not last. Some controversies were not expected: the post-war

agriculture policy did not envisage the terrible impact that state-funded intensification of production to address the war-time problems of agricultural depression and rationing would have on precious wildlife and landscapes. Others, such as the invasion of the coastline by caravan parks and bungalows were halted by the success of campaigns such as the National Trust's Enterprise Neptune and the introduction of better planning laws. But others – particularly the constant pressure to develop land – arose out of the human greed for growth at the expense of other, non-material values. And so the fight for beauty has been revived again and again; and from the 1980s onwards it was also my fight, as I worked for first the Council for National Parks, then the Council for the Protection of Rural England, and finally the National Trust: jobs that enabled me to fight for the beauty of town and country, and whose fights are charted in the central chapters of my book.

The deeper issue is not whether we care about how things look: it is a question of values. Because today we seem to have become seduced by what the American economist Albert Jay Nock called 'economism': a preoccupation with all things economic. Today, when we talk about progress we seem to mean only economic progress, and our sole measure of that is gross domestic product. Yet GDP charts only income, expenditure and production, it doesn't even try to count the many things that matter but money can't buy: the things that make us happy, and the natural resources on which we all depend. So it flatters us into thinking things are going well while we are destroying our long-term future.

Over the last century we have lost a vast richness of nature and much of the diversity of our landscape; we have degraded our soils and natural resources. In spite of huge efforts, nature and the beauty of the wider countryside are in a worse state than when the conservation movement set out to protect them. Add to this the looming pressures of climate change and it is clear we need to do things differently.

And here beauty can help us. Beauty is not just about aesthetics: it is a way of looking at the world that values the things we can't put a material price on, as well as the things that we can

measure. We seek prosperity, but true prosperity demands a different kind of progress. We live in an era where fewer of us are driven by religious imperatives, but we are not lacking in spirituality, nor the capacity to be moved to strive for better things. Beauty can give shape to that yearning.

Imagine how the world would look if we revived the fight for beauty. We would care more for the quality of the world around us. We'd build our cities, towns and infrastructure beautifully. We'd protect nature and the countryside, while still producing enough food. We'd care for our cultural inheritance and focus on improving our quality of life rather than striving for unsustainable levels of growth.

John Muir, as so often, had the words for it: the fight for beauty is 'not blind opposition to progress, but opposition to blind progress'. It's a fight that we all need to join.

The messages in my book are ones that have inspired me throughout my life, and I have been privileged to work for organisations deeply committed to the fight for beauty. Coming to Emmanuel might have implied a change, but in fact it has not. From the first time I entered Front Court, first as an undergraduate with friends at Emma, later as a guest of Graham Watson, another great fighter for beauty who took me under his wing when I was a young campaigner, and much later as the new Master, I have been inspired by Emma's beauty. To me it can't be separated from our academic success, and indeed I believe the privilege of living and working in such beautiful surroundings can only enhance it.

So it was perhaps not surprising that one of the first things we did soon after I arrived at Emma was to commission a conservation statement for the College. This is a process encouraged by all heritage bodies, but no other college yet has one. It is essentially a survey of the whole College, identifying the significance of the different elements of our buildings and gardens, and – in what we call the 'spirit of place' – capturing the things that make Emma special. This of course includes the physical attributes of the College: the courts, gardens, Chapel, Hall and trees for example, but it also includes the memories, people and events that have left

their mark. Now it's finalised and agreed we can all share it (we sent all Members a summary earlier this year) and use it to shape our future decisions. It tells us what to protect and what to improve, what standards to apply when we repair or construct new buildings, and gives us a coherent vision for the whole of our College.

I hope that in some small way this exercise will encourage other colleges, the University and indeed Cambridge City itself to do the same. It is in so many ways the perfect tool to define and protect beauty, and use it to shape the future. A conservation statement isn't about stopping change but enabling the right kind of change, making sure we apply aspirations for beauty to everything we do. It will help us invest and build sustainably, and to leave a legacy of which our successors will be proud. It is above all a way of ensuring the fight for beauty has positive, practical and beautiful results.

Fiona Reynolds, Master

DUNE: NEUTRINOS GO GLOBAL

With almost 1000 scientists and engineers from 161 institutes in 30 nations, the Deep Underground Neutrino Experiment (DUNE) is aiming to be the next big global particle physics experiment. Why is DUNE so important?

Neutrinos – a Nobel story

There are more neutrinos in the universe than any other type of matter particle. If the universe were divided into imaginary sugar-cube-sized volumes (about a cubic centimetre), each one would contain 300 neutrinos. Every second, over one thousand trillion (10^{15}) neutrinos pass harmlessly through each and everyone of us. From an experimental physicist's perspective this is a big problem: neutrinos don't do much. Neutrinos only interact with matter

through the so-called weak interaction, which, as its name suggests, means that neutrinos will freely pass through. Only very rarely will they interact. To put this in context, it would take (on average) over one light-year of lead to 'stop' a single neutrino. Consequently, to study neutrinos one needs to look at a vast number of them and to deploy very large detectors to maximise the chance of seeing a handful.

When I started my career in particle physics, very little was known about neutrinos because of the difficulties in detecting them. For example, 25 years ago it was believed that neutrinos were mass-less and that they came in three types, called 'flavours' (ν_e, ν_μ, ν_τ). The flavours simply labelled the types of particles they produced when they underwent rare interaction: for example an electron neutrino (ν_e) would produce an electron if it were to interact in matter. Similarly, a muon neutrino (ν_μ) would produce a muon (a heavier version of the electron) if it were to interact. This simple view of these fundamental particles turned out to be very wrong.

In the 1960s Ray Davis Jr constructed an experiment deep underground in the Homestake gold mine in South Dakota with the aim of detecting neutrinos from the sun. The aim was to understand better the astrophysics of the sun rather than neutrinos themselves: the neutrino production rate from nuclear fusion in the sun's core is extremely sensitive to the temperature there. Based on 20 years of painstaking data collection, there were hints that neutrinos weren't behaving quite as predicted: the rate of detection of electron neutrinos from the sun was under half that expected (for which Ray Davis Jr received the Nobel prize in physics in 2002). This deficit, termed the 'Solar neutrino problem', prompted a major programme of research into neutrino physics, which culminated in the award of the 2015 Nobel prize in physics to Takaaki Kajita and Art McDonald 'for the discovery of neutrino oscillations, which shows that neutrinos have mass'.

Neutrino oscillations

Kajita led the Super-Kamiokande experiment in Japan, which in 1998 provided conclusive evidence that neutrinos produced in the

atmosphere were changing their identities (flavours) as they travelled through the earth on the way to the 50,000-ton Super-Kamiokande detector. Specifically, about half of the muon neutrinos seemed to be disappearing when they travelled over about 1000km. The Sudbury Neutrino Experiment (SNO) led by McDonald demonstrated conclusively that the electron neutrinos from the sun weren't 'disappearing', but were changing their identities (flavours) into muon and tau neutrinos. Taken together, the results from Super-Kamiokande and SNO provided clear evidence for the phenomenon of neutrino oscillations. It is as if one were to throw an apple (a certain 'flavour' of fruit) up into the air and when it came back down and you caught it, you found yourself holding an orange. In this case, electron neutrinos are produced in the sun, but after travelling a large distance they have transformed into muon and/or tau neutrinos.

Neutrino oscillations are a purely quantum mechanical phenomenon. It turns out that states such as the electron neutrino are not in fact fundamental particles. In the language of particle physics the observed 'flavour eigenstates', such as the electron neutrino, are coherent quantum mechanical linear superpositions of the three actual fundamental neutrino states, now known as ν_1 , ν_2 and ν_3 . This can be thought of as a particle physics version of the 'Schrödinger cat' experiment (analogous to the poor feline existing in a superposition of the states of being alive and dead). This arises because neutrinos are only seen through their interactions, in which they produce a charged particle such as an electron: you can't know whether the neutrino that was produced was really a ν_1 , ν_2 or ν_3 . All you know is whether the neutrino interacted to produce an electron, muon or tau. However bizarre, this quantum mechanical mixture leads to transitions (oscillations) between different states when neutrinos propagate over very long distances, e.g. $\nu_e \leftrightarrow \nu_\mu$ explaining the observed solar neutrino problem and many other recent experimental results.

Along with the discovery of the Higgs boson at the Large Hadron Collider (LHC), the discovery of neutrino oscillations represents the biggest step forward in particle physics in the last

two decades. One of the consequences of neutrino oscillations is that we now know that neutrinos have mass, although the masses are very much smaller than those of all other fundamental matter particles. We don't understand why this is the case, but neutrinos appear to be special.

The next big thing – the Deep Underground Neutrino Experiment (DUNE)

The Deep Underground Neutrino Experiment (DUNE) is a billion-dollar-scale next-generation neutrino oscillation experiment, currently under review by the US Department of Energy (DOE). DUNE has an ambitious and potentially game-changing scientific programme for neutrino physics and for astro-particle physics. The aim is 'to do for neutrinos what the LHC did for the Higgs boson'.

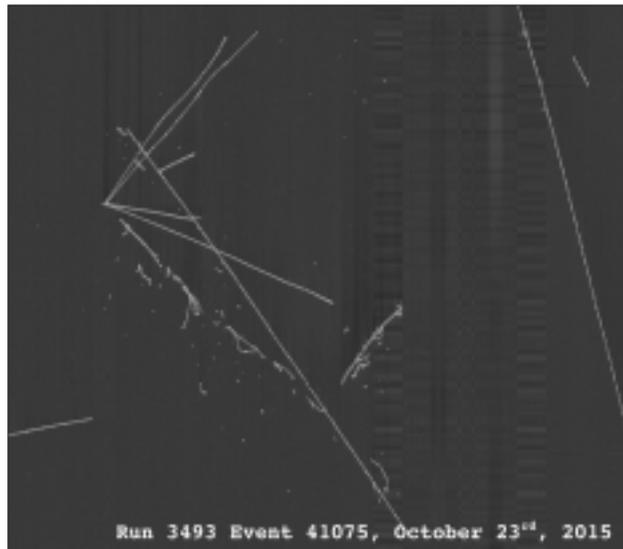
In March 2015, I had the honour of being elected as co-spokesperson of the new DUNE collaboration, along with my colleague André Rubbia from ETH Zurich. The DUNE collaboration now consists of almost 1000 scientists and engineers from 161 institutes in 30 nations. The size of the collaboration is indicative of the global interest in neutrino physics and the exciting physics prospects for DUNE.

DUNE is an accelerator-based long-baseline neutrino oscillation experiment. An intense (1.2 MW) beam of neutrinos will be created using the proposed Long Baseline Neutrino Facility (LBNF) at the Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory (Fermilab), which is located about 50km from Chicago. The neutrino beam is fired 800 miles through the earth's crust towards the proposed 70,000-ton DUNE far detector that will be located one mile underground in the Homestake mine in Lead, South Dakota (the location where Davis made his pioneering measurements of solar neutrinos). DUNE will study neutrino oscillations with unprecedented precision. The aim is to start excavation of the underground caverns that will host the DUNE detectors in 2017, with first operation of the neutrino beam in 2025.

The DUNE far detector

The neutrino beam will be directed towards the massive DUNE far detectors, located 1.5km underground at the Sanford Underground Research Facility (SURF) at the Homestake mine in South Dakota. Neutrinos fired from Fermilab travel a distance of 1300km through the earth's crust, thus allowing neutrino flavour oscillations. The DUNE far detector will consist of four independent 17,000-ton Liquid Argon Time Projection Chambers (LAr-TPCs).

The DUNE detectors are very large. Each of the four detectors will consist of a huge $62\text{m} \times 15\text{m} \times 14\text{m}$ cryogenic vessel filled with ultra-pure liquid argon at 87.3K (or -185.8 degrees Celsius). Any charged particle in the argon volume (produced by a neutrino interaction or otherwise) will ionize the argon atoms liberating electrons. The ionization electrons then drift in a strong electric field (500V/cm) towards walls of read-out wire planes, which are 12m high and span the approximately 60m length of the detector. By detecting this charge as a function of time it is possible to image in three dimensions any charged particle track in this enormous detector. This advanced detection technology has been used before,



A neutrino interaction in the MicroBooNE detector at Fermilab

but never on this scale. An example of a neutrino interaction in the ArgoNEUT detector (a small baby-bath-sized LAr-TPC) is shown here. The particles from the neutrino interaction are imaged with mm-scale resolution. The exquisite detail provided by this detector technology will enable DUNE to identify clearly neutrino interactions and precisely measure their properties.

DUNE science

DUNE has a rich scientific programme with three 'headline' scientific goals:

- Observation of CP violation in neutrino oscillations – probing subtle differences between neutrinos and antineutrinos (the antimatter partners of neutrinos);
- The search for proton decay – a phenomenon that is predicted in most models of new physics, but has not yet been observed;
- The detection of neutrinos from core-collapse supernova anywhere in our galaxy – this would further our understanding of both particle physics and astrophysics.

DUNE: targeting CP violation

Early in the universe matter and antimatter particles were created in equal amounts. All things being equal, one would expect the matter and antimatter subsequently to annihilate, leaving a universe filled with light, but essentially no matter. This is clearly not what happened: some matter was left over and this has formed the galaxies that populate the universe. For this to happen there must be some small but fundamental difference between the way matter and antimatter behave: this is known as charge-parity (CP) symmetry violation. CP violation has been observed for hadrons (particles made from quarks), but this cannot explain the observed matter-antimatter asymmetry in the universe. Our current best bet is known as leptogenesis, requiring CP violation in the neutrino sector.

However, CP violation has not been observed for neutrinos: to observe this subtle effect requires an intense beam and a vast

detector, namely LBNF/DUNE. By studying neutrino oscillations first with neutrinos and then with antineutrinos (the antimatter particles of neutrinos), DUNE aims to discover CP violation in the neutrino sector and measure the corresponding CP phase angle, δ . Because of the very long baseline, DUNE will also conclusively determine the neutrino mass ordering (normal versus inverted hierarchy) and provide a sensitive test of our current understanding of neutrino physics, the so-called three-flavour paradigm: there may yet be further surprises lurking in the neutrino sector.

DUNE science – beyond neutrino oscillations

DUNE is not only about neutrinos. The large far detector with photograph-like imaging capability located deep underground provides an opportunity to search for proton decay. Proton decay has never been observed, but is expected in almost all models of physics that provide a unified picture of all forces. It is known that the lifetime of the proton is greater than 10^{33} years. There are approximately 10^{34} protons in the argon in the DUNE far detector and the exquisite imaging power of the LAr-TPC detector technology means that a single proton decay can be observed and identified with minimal background. DUNE is particularly well suited to search for proton decay modes with kaons in the final state (such as $p \rightarrow K^+ + \text{antineutrino}$), which are favoured in many super-symmetric SUSY extensions to the Standard Model of particle physics.

A core-collapse supernova is an intense source of neutrinos: it radiates most of its energy in neutrinos, not light. DUNE will provide unique capabilities for the observation of neutrinos from Type-II core-collapse supernova that occur anywhere in the galaxy. Unlike water Cherenkov detectors, which are primarily sensitive to electron antineutrinos from supernova neutrino bursts (SNBs), DUNE is mostly sensitive to the electron neutrinos. This would enable DUNE to observe directly the initial stage of the neutron star formation stage ($p + e^- \rightarrow n + \nu_e$) in 'real time', albeit delayed by several years: this would be a truly remarkable observation! There is

even the possibility to observe the formation of a black hole as a sharp cut-off in the time spectrum of the SNB neutrinos, if the black hole were to form a few seconds after the stellar core collapse.

DUNE: from concept to reality

In the last year, progress with DUNE has been very rapid: LBNF/DUNE produced a four-volume conceptual design report (CDR) in July 2015, detailing the design of the DUNE near and far detectors and the design of LBNF, which encompasses both the new neutrino beam line at Fermilab and civil facilities for the DUNE detectors. The CDR was a crucial element of the successful DOE CD-1 review, setting the cost range for the project. In December 2015, LBNF/DUNE passed a DOE CD-3a review of the plans for the underground excavation of the far site facility in the Homestake mine. Funding for the underground construction was approved in September. Excavation will commence in 2017 and installation of the first far detector module is planned to start in 2021. In parallel DUNE is undertaking an extensive detector prototyping programme at CERN. ProtoDUNE, the large-scale engineering prototype for the DUNE far detector, was approved by CERN in September 2015 and construction will start towards the end of 2016.

LBNF/DUNE is a billion-dollar-scale project. It will be the largest particle physics project ever undertaken in the US and will be the flagship of the US particle physics programme, just as the LHC is the flagship for European particle physics. Fortunately, LBNF/DUNE has the strong US and international support that is essential for it to be a success. Scientists from many nations are playing key roles, with a very strong interest from UK physicists supported by the Science & Technology Facilities Council. There is still a long way to go, but the signs are good. We are about to launch the next major project in particle physics to continue the exploration of the physics of the elusive neutrino.

Mark Thomson, *Professorial Fellow, Professor of Experimental Particle Physics and co-leader of the DUNE collaboration*

ECLECTIC EMMANUEL: EXTRACTS FROM EVOCATIONS OF EXPERIENCE

Emmanuel is and always has been a society of talented individuals who collectively constitute the College at any particular date. It is their experiences here that shape their lives for better or worse as well as the lives of others and of Emma. The Archivist welcomes the written recollections of Members since they will be the basic material from which future historians will be able to form a view of our times. Most contributions are not written for publication in the Magazine nor are they of a length or general interest to such a large diverse contemporary readership. Nevertheless the Editor prints below some extracts from recent submissions which both in their own way gives a flavour of their critical analysis of what Emmanuel has meant and means to different individuals.

A word in time

I arrived at Emmanuel and the Cavendish in October 1955, a young naïve physicist imported from Canada. Before my arrival my greatest concern was whether upon arrival I had to tip the porter. After I had settled in, I met my Tutor for the first time. He was an eminent medieval historian (Peter Hunter Blair) who knew as much about nuclear physics as I did. I told him that my accelerator (a 600KeV Cockcroft-Walton) only worked occasionally, but when it did I had to stay with it. 'What should I do', I asked, 'if it fails late at night?' He told me that it was totally unacceptable to wake up the porter. 'Well what should I do?' I asked again. He told me to follow him to the Fellows' vegetable garden. 'Do you see the wall over there, where the glass on top has been worn down; well on the other side in the alley between the College and the New Theatre, you'll find a dustbin to stand on. Use it.' (By the way, the New Theatre shut down a month later after its last production of *Yes, We Have No Pyjamas*).

During my first year at Emmanuel I lived in College and was required to eat in much of the time. The war had been over for only ten years or so and the food in Hall was describeably awful. One regular meal consisted of a greyish meat called lamb which was always served with a grey-green mush of over-cooked Brussels sprouts. Fortunately mint sauce was available, which I poured liberally over the mess. To this day, I renew this Emmanuel experience whenever we have lamb with sprouts or cauliflower for dinner at home.

Once a year we were invited to the Graduate Students' Dinner held in a lovely dining room above the College Chapel [the Gallery], which held a long, narrow table seating perhaps 40 diners. This was an occasion when the College kitchen provided its best and it was always an evening we looked forward to. The meal ended with a tiny savory after which decanters of port were passed around the table clockwise. As I usually sat half-way along on one side, I was able to slip the decanters across the table thereby shorting out half the diners on each circuit.

My machine at the Cavendish was an air-insulated proton accelerator, which had been in use for many years to study the structure of the nucleus. In charge was a wonderful physicist, Geoffrey Dearnaley, who was the youngest person ever to be made a Fellow of his college. Since its original commissioning, many more powerful machines had been built and the remaining research filled in minutia omitted from the earlier glory days. The beam current was often so low as to be useless and we had to realign the ion source to get more protons to the target. This involved a most unpleasant and potentially hazardous procedure. One of us climbed into the terminal (known as the 'bun') of the machine while it was grounded; the bun was then brought up to a relatively high voltage, perhaps 300kv and one moved the ion source around in response to shouted information about the increase or decrease of the beam current at the target. It was literally a hair-raising experience to be in the bun at high voltage.

The machine itself was often out of action, which left the days to be filled with other activities. Although some 100 per cent ethyl

alcohol could be requisitioned from the store room, which when mixed with Ribena and aged for a few hours was quite drinkable, I preferred to make 15 gallons of my own elderberry wine in the accelerator target room. I fear that the occasional neutron irradiation did little to improve its flavour, but the fermentation gases added a delicate mustiness to the target room.

However, when the accelerator was in operation I had to stay until it failed. Occasionally, this meant doing without an evening meal. In preparation, I would turn up with a frying pan and a pound of pork sausages all ready for an evening fry-up on the laboratory Bunsen burner. One night as I was returning to my room on my bicycle, I was stopped by a policeman who wanted to know what loot I was carting off so late at night. It took a while to persuade him that the remaining sausages had been bought in Sainsbury's earlier that day and that the frying pan was my own.

In fact every excursion on my bicycle was a bit of an adventure. At that time, it was still mandatory to wear a gown, so that the University bulldogs could identify the students. My long gown, which graduate students had to wear, was usually bunched up between my rear end and the bicycle seat, but it often had the particularly nasty habit of finding its way between the spokes of my bike.

During the summer of 1956, I returned to Montreal for a few weeks to visit my parents and my sister. Steamships were still the cheapest way to travel across the Atlantic and passengers could still be seen off by well-wishers who were allowed to board the ship and party before departure. Oh for the days before security checks! My father came to see me off on the Cunard liner, the *SS Saxonía*, and after checking out the talent, he told me that there were no girls aboard who would interest me. He was wrong.

Two days out, I saw a lovely woman sitting in the lounge with her parents. I asked her to join me and my new shipboard pals, which she did somewhat reluctantly. We spent much of the rest of the trip together and corresponded after I got back to Cambridge. She visited me there once before inviting me to her parents' home in Deal, a small town in Kent near Dover. By then, she knew me

well enough to know that I would be terrified to see her parents again, so she turned up at the station to meet me with two miniatures of Scotch whisky. It helped.

Mary was a few years older than I was and I knew she had been in the navy as a WREN for a number of months towards the end of the war: but she refused to tell me what she did then. In fact, she operated a mechanical computer, called a bombe, which was used to decrypt intercepted, secret German messages coded on the now-famous Enigma machine. This work was so secret that they were warned, under the Military Secrets Act, that they could *never* talk about it. Mary took this warning seriously and I learnt nothing about her service activities for the next 17 years. When F W Winterbottom's revealing book *The Ultra Secret* came out in 1973 she felt it could no longer be a secret, although even then it was not comfortable for her to talk about her war work. It was only 65 years later that the WRENs' work was officially recognised. Mary and her colleagues were sent a plaque and a medal by the British prime minister, Gordon Brown. The medal has lasted longer than he did; he was defeated at the polls and resigned after the general election of 2010.

In August 1957 I married Mary (Shotter). We lived in a flat on Hills Road not far from the Catholic Church and, when I did not want to use my bike, were within walking distance of the Cavendish. Our living conditions were somewhat primitive, but we were too young and enthusiastic to care much about them. Above us lived four nurses and below was an insurance office. Having a bath could be an unsettling experience; if the nurses emptied the water from their kitchen sink while we were bathing, the plug in our tub would pop out and a reverse stream of carrot or potato peelings would fill the tub from the bottom.

In order to make some money, I became a mathematics tutor. The problem was that whatever mathematics I once knew had gone, and I knew much less than the undergraduates I was supposed to help. Fortunately, I had one really good student, John Churchill and I made sure that he came to me on a Monday; that meant that I had in my hand a set of solutions for the students who

came to me for help during rest of the week. Those poor students only got as much out of their tutorials as I was able to put into them.

One weekend, my father's friend, also a psychiatrist, Tom Main and his family visited us. Naturally we took them to The Mill, a pub situated next to where punts could be hauled from the lower part of the River Cam to the upper part, a lift of perhaps ten feet, and later lowered back down again. The pub was well known for its sandwiches and Merrydown cider, a particularly alcoholic brew, which we drank by the pint. We watched as four young undergraduates handed a girlfriend the painter and told her to hold on as they raised the punt and launched it into the upper river. She hung on as the heavy punt launched her into the river also. Tom was greatly impressed when she came up laughing.

Every June several of the colleges had their May Balls, all arranged on the same night, so that after one had eaten at one's ticketed college, one could sample and dance at other colleges without paying any more. We had chosen to go to St John's College, where the specialty of the evening was roast swan. We were rather excited because neither of us had ever eaten swan before. Our plates arrived with a very large piece of the bird surrounded by a thin ring of fat. Only next day did I realise that the thin ring of fat was actually a thin ring of swan; the large centre was all stuffing.

Because I was the only person in Emmanuel to own the first (and best) Tom Lehrer record, my room in College became a meeting place for postgrads in the know. Five of us became friends: Sam Storey (who was also in my class at McGill), Wynton Means (the Harvard scholar in residence that year), Ralph Sykes (best man at my wedding), and Hugh Kawharu (a full-blooded Maori, who later became Sir Hugh, knighted for his care and support of the indigenous population), and myself.

Hugh was exceptionally good-looking, a feature noted by every female. He had many girlfriends, who used to take the train up from London to see him. Cambridge had a most unusual railway station, certainly unique in Great Britain: it had only one platform but was double the length of a normal platform. If two trains were in the station at the same time, each engine was at the

far end of the single platform, with the guard's vans close together in the centre. Hugh always insisted that the newly arriving girlfriend should sit in the car next to the engine. He would carefully seat his departing girlfriend in the front of the down train, and then slowly drift down the entire length of the platform to greet the new arrival in the front of the up train.

Sam, who was a mathematician and a good one at that, had one quite unusual habit. Sitting with his leg crossed at the knee, he used to flick the ash from his cigarette into the upturned cuff of his trousers. After leaving Emmanuel, he married and returned to Canada with his bride. They had very little money, so could not rent in Montreal. Instead they found a place in a small, French-speaking village out in the country. One day, a local nun knocked on his door to welcome them. Unfortunately the nun spoke no English and Sam spoke no French. Surprisingly, they found they had a mutual language; so even though they were of different religions (an important distinction in Quebec) they met for an hour once a week and talked in with each other in Latin. Because he spoke no French, his usual farewell to me was *Au reservoir*; the appropriate response was *Tanks*.

In the late 1950s the Cavendish, under the leadership of Sir Neville Mott, had each year a public open day. Children and their parents came to see what was going on in advanced physics. We set up three exhibits. At the first, we dipped steel wool into liquid air and set it alight; it burned brightly to our guests' great surprise. Then we filled a balloon with hydrogen, tied it to a piece of string and let it rise and touch the high voltage terminal of the accelerator; whereupon a ball of burning hydrogen rose upwards towards the roof; this performance elicited loud applause. Finally, we froze a tomato in liquid air and hit it with a hammer. Of course, it shattered into small pieces, which we were never able to clean up properly. I only hope that we encouraged some of our young guests to become scientists and to spend their time more usefully than we did.

One day, the eminent mathematical physicist Paul Dirac gave a series of lectures based on his work with 'bras' and 'kets'. I went because I thought I had to, but, unfortunately, I didn't understand

a thing; in this, I was not alone. Another visiting lecturer was also world renowned: Hans Bethe. He was one of the many refugees from Germany who had fled after Hitler came to power; so many of these people got their revenge by helping in the theory and design of the atom bomb in the Manhattan Program. Bethe also had a good sense of humour. Ralph Alpher had written an important paper on cosmology theory with the equally illustrious physicist, George Gamow. Before publication, they got in touch with Bethe, who agreed to have his name added to the list of authors, even though he had not contributed to the paper; now the paper was credited to Alpher, Bethe and Gamow. Later, when the $\alpha\beta\gamma$ theory was questioned, Bethe considered changing his name to Zacharias. Niels Bohr, probably the most famous physicist after Einstein, also lectured at the Cavendish. He gave what might have been a fascinating lecture, but his thick Danish accent made it totally incomprehensible.

I decided to go to some lectures that I could understand. Fortunately, a series of talks under the umbrella title 'Arts for science students' was given weekly. One older speaker described how the whole University had been taken in by a group of students pretending to be an African potentate arriving with his retinue. They were greeted by the Chancellor and the University Board, shown around and given a special lunch. Only at the last minute, when they were already at the railway station, were they exposed and chased down the platform by the University bulldogs. Another speaker in this series talked about the most unusual author known as Baron Corvo and his infamous book *Hadrian the Seventh*, in which an obscure literary Englishman, bearing many similarities to the author, is elected Pope.

One morning a Canadian undergraduate turned up looking for me. How he had tracked me down, I have no idea because I was not part of the Canadian community. 'We want you to join the University ice-hockey team', he said. I told him that I didn't know how to skate. 'Canadians who can't skate, skate better than Britons who can' was his reply. 'I'm not a Canadian' I told him. But he dragged me into London anyway for a practice at the Haringey Arena, one of the few year-round ice rinks in England. They fitted

me up with a complete set of gear: skates, shoulder pads, a hockey stick and all the rest. Just as I was making my way around the rink hanging onto the boards with one hand and using the stick as a support on the other side, the Oxford University ice-hockey team came onto the ice for their weekly practice. A scratch game was started so, since the puck once bounced off my stick, I can truly say that I played ice hockey for Cambridge that day. I still have the puck, which I painted a light Cambridge blue.

In the courtyard of the Old Cavendish was a pair of Second World War pre-fab buildings. We knew that something interesting was going on in there but we had no idea what it might be. Of course, Crick and Watson had decoded the structure of DNA two years earlier, but their follow-on world-class work was now continuing within a few feet of our own humble efforts. Every day we all gathered in the tea room for an afternoon break. It is one of my greatest regrets that each discipline sat at its own table and I never remember cross-fertilisation of any sort occurring. What a difference it would have made to our Cavendish experience had we mingled or had, occasionally, more formal cross-cultural talks.

Four years after my arrival, I had to take my PhD oral exam, even though I still knew little more nuclear physics than my historian Tutor. My examiners were Denys Wilkinson (now Sir Denys, FRS) and Otto Frisch (who with his aunt Lise Meitner showed that a chain reaction would occur by fission of uranium 235, which would release a great deal of energy leading to the atom bomb). I had been warned that one was often asked a trick question and when mine came I was ready for it. 'When you blow up a balloon and let it go, why doesn't it fall at the speed you'd expect from gravity?' I was asked. The expected response was to do with viscous drag and Reynolds number, but my response was that they had not tied a knot in the balloon and it would buzz around the room. They were not amused. Considering the choices available to them, they were kind to give me a MSc degree.

I left the Cavendish with only a superficial understanding of physics which, in fact, helped me greatly later on when I started working on sub-surface electronic structures.

Andrew Wittkower (1955)

Personal recollections of my years (1968–74)

Those looking for an account of academic excellence and sporting achievement, coupled with a glamorous lifestyle, I fear will have to look elsewhere. What I can offer is a factual account of a sometime troubled life that was provided with a framework and support by the College at a crucial period when the roof fell in on top of me. To explain, I have to provide some context, in which I hope the reader will bear with me.

I am sure that some children's experience of parental divorce may be less traumatic than mine, and for them I am very pleased. In my case, my father walked out of our family in 1962, and it turned out that he had been having an affair with another man's wife behind everyone's backs for some time. He walked out suddenly one day without saying goodbye to me or my brother, and to my knowledge never subsequently sought to explain his behaviour to either of us. It would be fair to say that my 12-year-old world fell apart overnight.

The reader may need to be reminded that divorce in the early 1960s was still fairly rare. There were no 'no fault' or 'quickie' divorces, (incidentally neither of which to my mind promote any sense of personal responsibility). There was in our case a few years of relative calm before the blazing rows and angry scenes started, being interspersed with increasingly less frequent periods of cease-fire and something approaching at least a semblance of normal family life before the separation. Then followed five years of parental bitterness and wrangling with references to legal arguments and solicitors that I did not understand, and uncertainty over who I was supposed to be living with in the longer term, which made me very insecure and fearful. There are too many aspects of the period after the separation that could be told but are not directly germane to this account. What is relevant is that my father did play his part financially and this enabled me to continue my education at the Portsmouth Grammar School; for this I am very grateful.

It is hard to describe the sense of utter powerlessness and raw anger I felt that someone who was supposed to be looking out for

me above almost everything else and whom I loved could have betrayed me so completely and, by his actions, declared that I came very low down his order of priorities at a time when I had no bargaining chips in life. At least that is the way I felt at the time and for many years afterwards. I may have sounded ungrateful for the fact that my father continued to provide finance for the family, though my mother did bite the bullet and take a job, which was something new for me and a credit to her. However, a 12-year-old feeling utterly rejected, bereft and shell-shocked might be forgiven for not fully appreciating adult financial arrangements and what they meant. My response to the separation and subsequent divorce was to throw myself into work and sport at school. My thinking was that I would try to succeed in life and become independent, and never again be subject to any further arbitrariness by adults who could rip up my life and throw it in the bin, and then walk away without explanation or apology. I wanted to do this as soon as possible by working as hard as I could, however unprepared I was at the time to achieve it and however little I understood how long it would take.

In the years that followed at school, I had to keep myself occupied constantly to numb the pain I felt inside. I used sport in some sense to punish myself physically for the guilt I felt so acutely but quite wrongly. I was haunted by a fear that I had somehow been a cause of my parents' break-up which, as I later saw, could not have been further from the truth. School became my community, in spite of the fact that very few pupils and even fewer staff had any understanding of, or sympathy for, the impact of divorce on a nascent teenager in the early 1960s. I participated in as many out-of-school activities and clubs as I could and worked on school projects in the holidays. More than one of these resulted in a school prize.

I owe enormous debt to those teachers who did not write me off and indeed saw potential in me against the odds. GCE O-levels were a struggle, but identified areas of strength. I did not know then, nor indeed did I know for most of my adult life, that I have some sort of dyslexia. AO- and A-levels were easier and S-levels I enjoyed and fortunately excelled at. I was told by my head of year

that he had decided to put me in for the Cambridge entrance exams, in which he said he thought I would do either very well or very badly. It is enormous credit to him that he took the risk. I was determined to repay his trust in me and worked like an absolute Trojan for many months, through holidays and weekends; all of which resulted in my being awarded an exhibition in English. So it was that I came to be accepted by Emmanuel College.

My degree, or trip, was to be architecture. This was a strange choice, but was made by me to placate my father, with whom I was intermittently in contact. He had told me that 'English never earned anyone a living'. He was an engineer, and a gifted one at that, having several patents to his name. In spite of his love of Beethoven, Wagner and Italian opera, he seemed to have little regard for the rest of the arts, though late in his life he did engage with writing to record an account of his own conversion to Christianity.

Unlike my father, my grasp of physics was tenuous and knowledge of chemistry limited. Architecture was my attempt at a compromise, being mid-way between the arts and science as I saw it. I recall being asked at my interview at Scroope Terrace whether I had ever thought of being a car designer, as the portfolio I showed my interviewers consisted of one drawing of a building and a rather large bundle of drawings of designs for new types of car. Worse still, I was not a great fan of new building, being much more comfortable with old buildings. In that respect, being at Emmanuel was a most pleasing experience. Against the odds, I was accepted by the faculty on the basis that having been awarded an exhibition, there might be some prospect of my showing some kind of promise at a subject about which I am I sure I had demonstrated that I knew almost nothing.

Having worked in a local authority city architect's office as the most junior of junior staff for several months after leaving school, and having gained some useful experience, I came up to my room at North Court as a first-year student at what was then an all male college. I had some clothes, a book grant and some cash, but not much else. As it was, I had sold the few valuable possessions I had

to provide some cash on which to live at Emmanuel. Had the local authority in Portsmouth not assessed my level of student grant on my mother's income, I would never have been able to take up my place. I owe my mother a huge debt too, as she made a financial contribution to keep me at the College, even when relations broke down between us for a time. Nonetheless, I was definitely one of the poorer students in terms of spending power, as I had ten pounds left after paying College bills up front, and buying books and equipment. Thankfully, my meals were covered by the payment to the College, so my ten pounds was mostly mine to spend over the next eight weeks of the first term.

Instant coffee, powdered milk for home comforts and a couple of hours one night each week in the pub for a drink or two with a friend meant my College life was as far removed from some students' lives as could be possible. I recall seeing a young student Prince Charles driving past King's College one day in his Aston Martin DB6 and another time seeing a fellow Emmanuel student driving along in his brand new MGB. The Emma man was sponsored by the army, as it turned out, and he really proved to be a very unassuming and approachable young man when I spoke to him later in College one day.

I managed to acquire an ancient bicycle in my second year, though at some point it was of course stolen in spite of the lock I had put on it. Before my brief flirtation with cycling I walked everywhere, which really did me no harm at all. Always, somewhere, I knew that there were those in the University worse off materially than me. They were invisible, as the poor so often are, not being able to afford to be seen. I believe it is so important that people with ability are helped to reach their potential when their circumstances would otherwise not permit it to happen.

I stuck to my strategy of working as hard as I could, but my choice of architecture was not the most inspired. A 2:2 in the first year coincided with a deterioration in relations with my mother who, as I later realised, had unintentionally come to lean far too much on me emotionally in her grief over the loss of her husband, who she still loved deeply. The neurosis that had come to poison

our relationship led to my almost tipping over into a mental breakdown. Before the start of my second year, I remember getting onto the train and heading for London and on to Cambridge, thinking that I had almost gone mad and had escaped within a whisker of a complete meltdown. At that moment, when I had stood on the edge of the precipice, I knew that I could not return home to my mother or see her in person again for a very long time.

After this time, vacations were problematic, as rooms in College and in lodgings had to be vacated. I recall one instance when my older brother kindly let me stay in his rented rooms near Bournemouth where he had been studying and whilst he was working up north for some weeks. The gas fire smelled as though it had a slight leak, so its use had to be strictly limited, in part also to keep the bills down. Other than a brief stay in Aberdeen later in life during one winter, I am convinced that my brother's room then was amongst the coldest places on earth that I had ever visited. I had to go into the winter air outside every day to warm up. Nonetheless, it was a sanctuary to me, even if my brain went numb with the cold and I was unable to do the reading that I had planned to do. After that vacation, my return to my college room at Emmanuel was welcome, even if it somehow reinforced my over-riding sense of isolation and loneliness.

In my second year, I was a lodger in digs. The elderly couple with whom I lodged did all they could to make me feel welcome and I was fortunate to have two rooms in their terraced house: a sitting room and a bedroom on the first floor. The house was just a short walk away from the College. Baths were an experience as the ancient gas geyser was out of bounds. If I wanted a bath I had to ask my landlady, who would climb upstairs, light the gas ring in the geyser with a match and supervise the running of the bath with a flow of scalding hot water. It was quite an event and could not be expected to happen more than once a week strictly by prior arrangement. I also recall being given piping hot stone hot-water bottles to put into my bed during the winter. The house had no central heating, and the bedroom was not heated. The ice on the inside of the glass was beautiful when the morning sun streamed

through the window in the winter months. It is fair to say that social life was confined to the hours of daylight, as my landlady insisted in staying up to see me indoors each evening. It was not as if I really had a social life, but nonetheless I felt rather like a person under house arrest, even if I was always addressed as 'Mr Greaves'. In spite of it all, the place felt like a sort-of home and I was sorry to leave at the end of the year.

Perhaps because of my almost monastic existence, the second year proved to have been my highlight academically with a 2:1 in end-of-year exams. I had been one of a handful of students in our year to take advantage of studio space at Scroope Terrace. Not that we ever saw much of the teaching staff. I remember watching the engineering students trooping to their lectures, which seemed to happen with great frequency and regularity at their faculty behind Scroope Terrace. At most, and in stark contrast, we had four or five lectures a week. Tutorials seemed few and far between.

During the second year, I became a more regular attendee at the College Chapel and valued the services, though I could in no way have been termed a Christian in any meaningful sense of the word at the time. I remember warming to Raymond Hockley, who was a deeply caring man with a pastoral heart. I recall taking sherry in the Dean's room on Sundays after morning service. Don Cupitt was a complete contrast to the Chaplain in terms of character and seemingly beliefs too. However, he was hospitable to rootless students such as I was at the time, and he appeared to have a good working rapport with the Chaplain. To me there was at least some sense of belonging involved with these regular Sunday gatherings.

For the third year, I returned to North Court. By now, I was able to appreciate being able to meet and converse once more with other students on my staircase. What luxury it was too not to have to ask anyone's permission to have a bath, and oh, the joy of that great big radiator in my room. There was no danger of ice forming on the inside of the windows with that lovely heating working at full blast. My financial circumstances had improved somewhat as I was given a small allowance from a legacy from my great aunt, which was held in trust for me until I was 21. The trust was

administered by my mother and a solicitor, and some of it was being used to pay for my education. Fortunately, I was once again in contact with my mother, but only tentatively for my part and, at my insistence, strictly in writing, though she did not understand why, and I could not explain.

Unknown to me at the outset, my third year was to be momentous and involve almost extreme highs and lows. The cumulative weight of unresolved emotional trauma began to take its toll, and I entered probably the bleakest and lowest period of my entire life. I had not realised it, and only saw much later, that I had been suffering from severe depression for some while. At times, I could find no motivation, was full of self-doubt, even self-loathing, and had intermittent thoughts of suicide. These thoughts became more and more dominant and frequent as the blackness closed in. I remember distinctly thinking over and over again that if I was worth nothing and my life had no meaning, then there was no logical point in killing myself. I did indeed stare nothingness in the face at this time, and I seemed trapped in a vicious circle of hopelessness with no prospect of escape. My self-preservation may have been helped by a strand of cowardice, which held me back from physical self-harm, though I am not proud to admit this weakness. Had I been braver then, I might not be writing this now, but I am glad I am.

You may ask why I did not ask for help, or seek to speak to my Tutor or anyone else about my despair. Apart from the fact that when you are locked in your own inner prison of despair almost the last thing you think of doing is asking for help, the main answer is that I was not brought up to speak about family matters or very personal issues to 'outsiders'. A secondary answer was that there was still a mentality in society at large that you just had to accept what life threw at you and get on with it as best you could, without complaining or being thought to complain. A tertiary answer was the still-prevalent belief that if you had personal troubles then, however they had been caused or dumped on you, and whatever their nature, you were probably to blame and had most likely brought the troubles on yourself. I had been bitten by unhelpful comments from my peers along such lines previously and, perhaps

unfairly to those at the College, I did not trust them to treat me differently.

Attempting to function and remain part of the human race and College life was something of a challenge, when there seemed no point in any of it. Nonetheless, I persisted with intermittently attending the services at the Chapel. There was constancy about the routine and sometimes the words spoken provided a measure of comfort. Architectural study was joyless and laboured, and my successes were mediocre at best, which was a let down after the relative success of the year before. Where others seemed to cruise through the course, I now barely scraped along in spite of working long hours. I was stalked with fears of being thrown off the course and being sent down when I had nowhere else I could go.

I continued to bump along the bottom emotionally and spiritually, but at some point in my despair I started reading Luke's gospel in a Bible that my maternal grandmother had given to me one Christmas almost ten years before. I had been very ungrateful for her gift at the time and I recall that it was literally the very last item I put in my suitcase when I had fled from my mother's house. However, I distinctly remember thinking that people had said to me in the past that reading the Bible could help at times when all else had failed. I did not understand at the time why I thought that, or indeed where the thought came from, but read I did.

It was one weekend in February 1971, not long after my first foray into the gospel, when many others were away with family or girlfriends, that I came to take a bath in one of the bathrooms in the corner staircase in North Court. As the place was fairly empty, there was no queue. I have never had a bath like it before or since. I climbed into the bath having despair in my heart and hopelessness in my mind, even having toyed with thoughts of trying to drown myself. I climbed out of that bath knowing that Almighty God is exactly who He says He is. I went in without faith in God and climbed out with an unshakeable conviction in His reality that has subsequently stood the test of a life-time.

Any person who has not been visited in this way may struggle to accept what I am recounting for understandable reasons. It is

certainly not my intention to claim I had any part in initiating this event. Those who have never experienced such a life-changing intervention may wish to dismiss my account, putting it all down to my imagination or my need to seek security in my life. Some may even attribute it to drugs, mental illness or the influence of religious fanatics. I promised a factual account and I can truly say that what happened to me in that bath was as factual as if someone had entered the room and cut my toe, and I had watched it bleed in the water. Thankfully, apart from limited amounts of alcohol and modest quantities of cigarettes as a young adult, I have never used mind-altering drugs. I had no contact with anyone religious, indeed would have avoided it, other than the beneficial and benign influence of those leading the College Chapel services. Other than reading Luke's gospel I had done nothing to seek any change in my life, and I had embarked on my reading in desperation with no clear idea why I was doing it or that it would ever lead to anything.

As it was, what happened to me in that bathroom on that February weekend was a turning point in my life, even if the process of repair to my mental and emotional well-being would take many years. Some weeks after what I now understand to have been my conversion to personal Christian faith and a new allegiance to Jesus Christ, I recall going up to a fellow student, from Pembroke College, in the studios at Scroope Terrace and saying, 'I think I have become a Christian and I need to go to church'. Is it not strange how someone who had so recently been anything but a Christian knew exactly who to speak to at exactly the point in time when it was most helpful? Explain it how you will, I know how I would explain it. Fortunately, he knew exactly how to respond, befriended me and led me to join the Round Church in the days when it was a functioning and very well-attended church that was almost bursting out of the old building. In the same year, another major change took place in March, as I became entitled to the capital from my great aunt's legacy. Overnight, I was no longer amongst the most cash-strapped undergraduate students in Cambridge. More than that, I now had a measure of independence.

In an historical aside, I might mention that following my conversion I became much more interested in the puritan heritage of Emmanuel College as well as the wider connection of East Anglia to the Cromwellian cause. Whatever people's beliefs, I hope that an appreciation of the historical importance and influence of the puritan reformers linked with the College will continue to be recognised and valued in an age that seems to prize secular modernism above all else.

At some point in my third year, there was a vacation when Raymond Hockley arranged for a group of about a dozen students from Emmanuel to make a tour of religious communities in Dorset. My memory as to which vacation it was is now hazy, but it is likely to have been in spring-time. I have never forgotten the week, when we stayed with a community of Anglican monks observing their vow of silence at mealtimes, we met priests at a struggling Roman Catholic seminary battling from reducing numbers of young trainees, we visited a wonderful and heart-warming Christian-based farm providing therapy and community for young people with learning difficulties, and went to other similar places in a minibus. Throughout, Raymond was an inspirational and watchful tour guide. In my mind, Raymond Hockley in his quiet and unassuming way was one of the unspoken heroes of Emmanuel College and stood for values many of which I have come to treasure and esteem above all else.

Raymond Hockley's contribution to my time at Emmanuel went further. It was to him that I finally felt able to reach out to explain the bare bones of my circumstances and why it was that I had no home to go to. It was due in large part to his advocacy on my behalf that I was able to stay in College during vacations in my third year. It may have been lonely, but it was a life-saver. For that year, Emmanuel was my home. If the College had not housed me I would have had nowhere else to go.

Inevitably, the upheavals in my personal life did not help my academic performance, though my 2:2 was something of a miracle. I had dreaded the possibility of a third or, worse still, failing completely. Now I had a BA (Hons) and could continue my course.

Thus I was faced with two more years of student life, albeit as a graduate, having said goodbye to most of my non-architectural contemporaries, who were going off to the grown-up world of employment after their undergraduate days. I could have taken a year out to work toward my professional practice in paid employment, but I knew that were I to leave, even for a year, I would be very unlikely to return to student life ever again. Somehow, I knew I had to finish what I had started.

It is one of my regrets that I did not feel able to invite my mother to my graduation ceremony at Senate House. It was an omission that she felt hurt by and never really understood until we were able to talk freely shortly before her death decades later. In the event, I invited a young female acquaintance who, as it transpired, hoped the day would result in something more than afternoon tea. We lost touch shortly afterwards, as she had made her disappointment abundantly clear to me at the train station when she left in the early evening.

At the time, in 1971, the prospect of an extra two years of enforced 'studentdom' was daunting. The nation was experiencing the nearest it has come to hyper-inflation, and house prices were spiralling upwards at an astronomical rate. The stock market was soon to experience one of its worst crashes. Once again, I felt powerless in the face of external forces and trapped by my circumstances, but student I was, and student I had to be.

In the summer of 1971, I acquired my first car, (a very second-hand Ford Anglia ex-patrol car with a zip in the roof lining) and a rented local authority lock-up garage off East Road. Even then, parking in Cambridge was a nightmare.

In my fourth year, I took on a flat-share in part of a terraced house in Warkworth Terrace. My fellow tenant was a graduate and an ex-boyfriend of someone called Germaine Greer, who I had not heard of at the time. He was utterly hopeless at washing up, whilst insisting on using virtually every utensil in the kitchen to prepare his meals. He was equally undomesticated when it came to other housework. His great redeeming feature was that he was away every vacation but kept paying his share of the rent. Sadly we had

very little in common, but somehow we managed to get through the year without shouting or throwing things at each other. I even managed to convince him that he should do some of his own washing up rather than leaving it all to me to do all of the time. For his part, he succeeded in knocking some of the rough edges off me.

I embarked on my diploma course with very mixed feelings. Aware that I was not going to set the world of architecture alight and sometimes wondering if I should change track, I was also becoming very eager to become part of normal human life: life outside academia. In spite of these doubts and frustrations, the year saw some very positive developments. I was able to work in London during my vacations, gaining valuable experience professionally and some very useful money. I also benefitted from undertaking some work for one of our professor's family members. A special highlight of the year was my decision to embark upon an evening course at the local technical college, as a result of which I became the proud recipient of a pass in ONC mathematics. Contact with Emmanuel became more arms-length, though of course it remained my anchor in terms of 'belonging' at the University.

The other great positive was my decision to ask for the help of the University's Counselling Service. I owe a huge debt to my counsellor, whose quiet and supportive professionalism helped me more than I can say at a time when I was beginning to start making sense of the emotional debris in my life and my conflicted feelings about my parents. I remain deeply grateful that leaders at the University had the wisdom to provide such a vital service for troubled students. I have no doubt that thousands of others have benefitted since from a service that played such a positive part in my recovery.

There was a surreal disconnect between these intensely personal and deep sessions and the day-to-day life I was attempting to live at the faculty just across the road. For obvious reasons, there was no way that I could or would speak of my innermost thoughts to those, that is my fellow students, who could not identify with, or have any interest in, what I was talking about. Complementing the progress made in the counselling sessions was

the patient mentoring I received at the Round Church, as I learned at least some of the ropes of the Christian life and participated in church life. I also joined the Young Conservatives for a time and saw a totally different side to Cambridge life, mixing with local people who cared about their local community but whose lives were not contained within the University bubble.

Quite unintentionally, or perhaps I should say unthinkingly, I caused a stir in the faculty by having a letter of mine published in the *Financial Times* without telling anyone about it. As a result, a major developer had contacted the faculty office in the hope of enlisting my support in a large-scale planning hearing in which his company was engaged. I had my knuckles rapped by the professor, who had not been overly pleased to be caught blind-side with an approach he was not expecting, though not without a congratulatory remark on my success in having a letter published in the FT. Needless to say, I was not unleashed on the quasi-judicial hearing at which I would no doubt have been quite out of my depth.

In spite of doing a great deal of work, much of it physically demanding as all drawing work in those days was a manual process and not computer-generated, I failed the design element of my fourth year and had to resubmit. This meant an entire summer spent in the large sitting room of the flat behind my drawing board with just a small TV as companion. It was that summer that I acquired an interest in the tennis championship at Wimbledon, even though it was all in black-and-white on the small-screen TV we had. Happily, and to my great relief, I passed my resubmission and was able to undertake the last year of the five-year course. Nonetheless, the summer had passed me by with no holiday and almost no relaxation, and I embarked on my last year with some weariness.

Year five saw a move to a first-floor flat in East Road, to share with a friend of someone I had met at the Young Conservatives and who had become my landlady. The contrast could not have been greater: I was now sharing with someone who took a full part in running the flat and in our domestic arrangements. Not only that, he was a self-employed craftsman, and brought a level of maturity

and friendship that I welcomed. Visits to the College were less frequent even than the year before, but I still continued to make use of the studio space at Scroope Terrace, even though I was just one of a handful of postgrads who did so. My social life had been transformed and I enjoyed friendship with a range of people outside the College and the University. I was at a point where I could weather the disappointment of the failure of a long-standing, long-distance, largely platonic relationship with a young French woman I had met in Spain some years before. However, that was not to be the only failure in year five, as I failed the design part of the diploma course. In so doing, I failed to gain a qualification that would have automatically exempted me from Part Two of the entrance requirements for the Royal Institute of British Architects.

I left Cambridge without a diploma feeling a sense of failure, and concerned that in some way I had failed Emmanuel and had not realised my potential. I regret that it took me many years to shake off this view and to realise that everything had been happening for a purpose. Later on I was able to resubmit my design work with one-to-one mentoring by a brilliant tutor at Oxford Polytechnic in the evenings after my day job in Bicester. I was fortunate to have an understanding employer, who let me use the office facilities to work on my design module after hours and who had originally taken a chance by employing me in spite of the failed diploma. I subsequently went on to qualify and work as a chartered architect before embarking on what was to become a fascinating second career in middle and senior management in community safety in London. Ironically, I was head-hunted for the new career direction on the basis of my ability to write reports. Now I write books and poems in my retirement.

I have every reason to be thankful to the staff at Emmanuel at all levels and have come to appreciate the continuing commitment of the College establishment to all its Members, whether the famous, the champions or the mere survivors and the unspectacular amongst its number, such as I was. There are names that I have not mentioned in this very personal account, such as my Tutor, John Reddaway, who treated all the students in his care as human beings

rather than units of academic output. I appreciated the kindness and forbearance of the cleaners, the porters, the gardeners, the librarians and the administrative staff. Past Masters showed kindness and hospitality. I have an enduring liking for ducks, and I am convinced that those that occupy the Emmanuel gardens are a cultured group that have somehow imbibed something of the heritage of the College.

After I left, it took many years before I felt able to revisit Cambridge. Not because of the College, but because of the memories I had of the unhappiness I had taken there most unwillingly from my troubled and fractured life following the break-up of my family years before. As I have already alluded to, I also felt a sense of failure and that I had somehow fallen out of the bottom of the system. Failure in my mind involved shame and not being able to look others in the eye. Perhaps somewhere too I had spent too long as a reluctant student, and I was just keen to put it all behind me and get on with life out in the battleground of employment.

As it turned out, when I did pay a visit just a few years ago, it was a great occasion for me to make the journey with my younger daughter to meet Dr Sarah Bendall and show my daughter round the College, including the staircase where I experienced divine intervention in my life over 40 years ago. How fitting it is then that my daughter is now training as an ordinand for the Church of England. I am glad that I have been able to write this personal account, which I was not in a place to do before now. I hope that it may be accessible to other students, male and female, in a different generation. If nothing else, I hope that it shows that time spent at Emmanuel is about far more than academic achievement, important as that assuredly is. But, forgive me; I am sure you already know that.

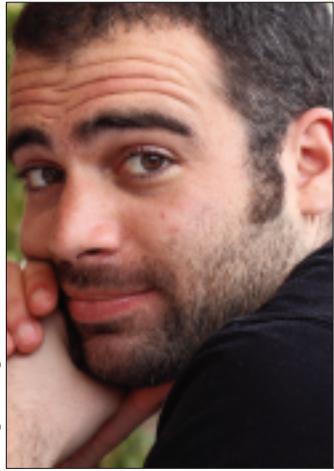
Robert Greaves (1968)



News

FELLOWSHIP ELECTIONS

The College has made the following Fellowship elections:



Giorgia Longobardi

Andrea de Luca writes: I was born and grew up in Naples (Italy) until in 2011 I moved to Cambridge, first as an Erasmus student and then as a PhD student in Florin Udrea's high voltage microelectronics and sensors (HVMS) group of the electrical division of the Engineering department. I studied electronic engineering at the University of Naples Federico II and prior to that, quite unusually, I studied in a humanities-oriented high school. During these years I realised that Latin, ancient Greek, philosophy, history and literature were not quite grabbing my attention in the same way that scientific subjects were doing. So I decided to go for engineering, and I definitely do not regret my choice.

Moving to Cambridge was a bit of change for me. I came from a big city, right by the sea, famous for its excellent food and good weather. From this perspective, let's just say that here is not quite the same. Nonetheless, I fell in love with the Cambridge atmosphere. Walking and cycling in the city centre between the colleges and the other old buildings with their beautiful architecture, where 'a few' Nobel prize-winners have done so before me, still makes me feel that I am in a unique and special place.

I have to admit I was a lucky PhD student. Florin and his group are fantastic, one of the main reasons why I am still in Cambridge, and the PhD was fully funded through an EU project, which gave a clear direction to my research. This focuses on thermal micro-sensors, which is a broad category of sensors (including temperature sensors, flow sensors, infrared emitters and detectors, and gas sensors) used in industrial and environmental as well as security and healthcare applications. As a Research Fellow I plan to continue working on this topic, while at the same time

broadening my expertise by opening up new areas of investigation and new directions for interdisciplinary research.

I enjoy research and I like my job, but I also enjoy dedicating part of my time to sports and outdoor activities. In common with almost everyone from Naples, I love the sea and everything associated with it. Swimming, scuba diving and sun bathing are some of the constant ingredients in my summer holidays. A bit more atypical for a guy coming from the south is my passion for mountains. Climbing, trekking and skiing are definitely good motivations to fly anywhere in the Alps both during winter and summer, and I take advantage of every opportunity for doing this.

Caroline Egan writes: I am originally from Pennsylvania, where I completed my undergraduate and Master's degrees in comparative literature at Pennsylvania State University. As an undergraduate, I began learning Spanish and Portuguese, and had the opportunity to study and live in Buenos Aires for a semester. In the course of my doctoral work at Stanford University, my interest in comparative American literatures developed into the focus of my dissertation: notions of orality in the early colonial Americas, and the role of Amerindian languages in shaping these notions. I received two Foreign Language and Area Studies (FLAS) awards through the Stanford Center for Latin American Studies to pursue coursework in Quechua and Nahuatl, two of the languages that are central to this project. While completing my PhD, I taught classes in Spanish and Portuguese at Stanford and, later, classes on pre-modern and modern World literature at Appalachian State University. I come to Cambridge as a university lecturer in colonial literary and cultural studies in the department of Spanish and Portuguese.

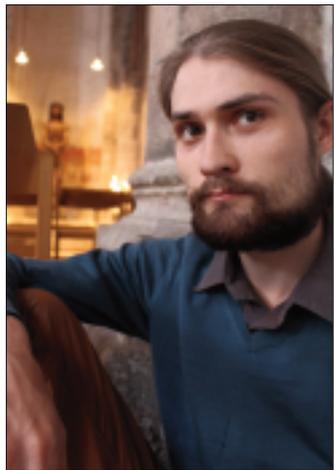


Germain Campos-Munoz

I specialise in the literatures and cultures of colonial Latin America, particularly sixteenth- and early seventeenth-century works in and about Amerindian languages and their circulation in

a transatlantic context. My research asks how colonial exchanges between Amerindians and Europeans shaped early modern conceptualisations of language itself: its locus and limits, its ideological plasticity or inflexibility. While oral traditions are persistent objects of scholarly attention, the concept of orality in itself has received less critical examination compared with the extensive scholarly corpus devoted to theoretical categories such as writing, literacy, text and media. I am currently developing a book project on the idea of orality in this period, including studies of the Nahuatl-language compositions collected in the *Cantares Mexicanos*, the lyric production of Jesuit missionary José de Anchieta, and the historiographical *Comentarios reales* by the Inca Garcilaso de la Vega.

When I'm not reading, I like to walk, run and cycle. I also enjoy board games, RISK and Trivial Pursuit being two of my favourites.



James Hillson

James Hillson writes: At the start of my post-graduate life I described myself as an art historian who studies medieval things. The description is still broadly accurate, though these days I might add 'specifically architecture'. I came to Cambridge to read history of art as an undergraduate at King's College in 2008. It was in the second year of my BA that I discovered gothic architecture, and I haven't looked back since. In 2011 I moved to the University of York to start an MA in history of art. That summer I spent two glorious weeks in Avignon drawing the fourteenth-century tomb of Pope John XXII for my dissertation, communicating with the cathedral's

rector with a mixture of my disused French, his limited English, mutual eloquent pointing and our primary language in common, which was Latin. I stayed at York for my PhD, which I finished in October 2015, supervised by Professor Tim Ayers and advised by Professor Mark Ormrod. My doctoral thesis focused on reconstructing and reinterpreting the design of St Stephen's Chapel in Westminster, an influential building which was built between 1292 and 1363 and burned down in its entirety in 1834, hence the problem.

At present my research focuses on interactions between architecture and politics in thirteenth- and fourteenth-century royal patronage. Using a combination of material evidence, antiquarian prints and drawings, and medieval financial accounts, my thesis used St Stephen's to explore the economic, social and iconographic consequences of political decisions for a king's building projects. In the process I have proposed a more iterative design process for Gothic buildings, responsive to accidents of domestic and international political affairs as much as the personalities and inclinations of the monarchs and masons who built them. Over the course of my Research Fellowship at Emmanuel, I intend to develop one aspect of this project in particular: the study of international stylistic transfer in north-western Europe between 1200 and 1400.

As someone who grew up in the Chiltern hills and enjoys walking, the irony of spending my university career in the flattest parts of the country did not escape me. A large part of my childhood was spent every summer on the Greek island of Astypalaia, where I spent most of my time creating stories with my older brother and learning to dig up and identify child skeletons over my father's shoulder. The latter was good practice for the visual tests of the history of art tripos, and may also be the ultimate source of the strong practical aspect of my research, which embraces drawing, modelling and measuring as vital parts of examining architecture. In my spare time I still write stories. At York I became heavily involved with the Lords of Misrule, a postgraduate amateur dramatics group who put on medieval plays, for which I have written, directed, acted and painted backdrops of my own design. In addition, I enjoy pubs, playing the piano and chatting long into the night with good friends.

Simone Kotva writes: I grew up in Sweden, where I attended Lilla Akademien, the Stockholm Junior College of Music. I was educated at Emmanuel College, where I studied for a BA in theology and religious studies, followed by an MPhil in philosophical theology. I began my doctoral work in 2011, also at Emmanuel College, where I was a Gates Scholar. Upon completing my PhD in 2015 I spent the spring semester of 2016 teaching at the Institute for Literature,

Alica Tserkovnajate



Intellectual History and Religion at the University of Gothenburg, where I lectured in systematic theology, philosophy of religion and ethics. My research has addressed philosophies of life, primarily in nineteenth-century continental thought, and their rapprochement with contemporary revivals of Naturphilosophie, vitalism, and, most recently, environmental criticism.

My doctoral dissertation discovered and explored the connections between vitalism, natural philosophy and Stoicism that transpire in the school of French philosophy known as 'spiritualism', particularly in the work of Félix

Ravaisson, Henri Bergson, Gilles Deleuze, Émile Chartier (Alain) and Simone Weil. In my current research I have turned my attention to the critical reception of vitalism and natural philosophy in Victorian and Edwardian 'country writing', focussing on Richard Jefferies, W H Hudson and Edward Thomas. This research forms part of a larger investigation into the varieties of field-writing employed in historical but also contemporary observations of the environment, in the UK and abroad, and the nascent spiritual idioms evinced in the styles adopted in these forms of writing. At present, for instance, I am finishing a short piece on Simone Weil and her influence on the nature poetry of Thomas A Clark.

Before moving to England in 2007 I divided my time between Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, and Öland, the second largest of the nation's two Baltic islands. My family, however, is originally from the far north, near the border with Finland and Russia, and I maintain ties with the landscape and culture of North Bothnia. I have also enjoyed exploring the northern reaches of the United Kingdom, though I have yet to reach the Shetland Islands.

Emma Yates writes: Hailing from South Florida, I did my undergraduate degree at Princeton University, where my original intention was to pursue medicine. However I soon found myself enthralled with organic chemistry. Notions of reactivity intrigued

me, as did total syntheses, which are beautiful in their simplicity. Indeed, while at Princeton I was involved in the total synthesis of derivatives of Pleuromutilin, a natural product with activity against tuberculosis, and developed new synthetic methods to make this possible. I soon came to believe that an area of great excitement and innovation was in the development of small molecule drugs that could target exclusively the interactions between proteins that are frequently associated with disease, while leaving their other functions intact.

A Churchill Scholarship brought me to Cambridge for an MPhil, where I studied early events in Alzheimer's and Parkinson's diseases. While I developed a new chemical probe that revealed multiple dimensions of information about these protein aggregation processes, I began to think about a more basic problem. Part of the reason for limited success in the development of new therapeutics for Alzheimer's and Parkinson's diseases, and indeed many other diseases in which protein-protein interactions are involved, is that this requires the assessment of the ability of candidate molecules to disrupt these interactions, which are frequently extremely fragile and transient. Traditional measurement generally involves steps that risk perturbing the interactions under observation. In particular, sensitive measurement generally involves the installation of fluorescent labels to permit detection, but these can affect the interactions under observation.

To address this problem, during my PhD at Churchill College I developed a new approach for biomolecular characterisation called latent analysis. This allows highly sensitive measurements of a labelled system to reveal the behaviour of the physiologically relevant system, before it is labelled. It does this by combining synergistically tools from synthetic chemistry – the ability to have a molecule's fluorescence 'turn on' upon reaction with a certain chemical group – with fluid physics, where a biomolecule's spatial



Carol Yeats

position in a microfluidic channel can be used to determine some property of interest about the biomolecule, such as its size or charge.

During my Research Fellowship, I plan to apply the latent analysis paradigm to the complex biological systems that motivated its creation. In parallel, I will pursue the design of new methods that use synthetic and physical tools to elucidate aspects of the molecular mechanisms of human disease.

Outside science, I am rather an artist at heart, and am interested in photography and art history.

FELLOWSHIP NEWS

NEWS OF THE FELLOWS

Edmund Birch became a Fellow of Churchill College and a Bye-Fellow of Selwyn College on 1 October 2016.

Peter Burke gave a course of lectures on the history of knowledge in September 2015 in Medellin, and was made an honorary professor at the Universidad Nacional de Colombia. In February 2016 he and his wife, Maria Lúcia Garcia Pallares-Burke, published a book about the English, *Inglases*, written for Brazilian readers and published in Sao Paulo.

John Coates has edited and published *The Bloch-Kato Conjecture for the Riemann Zeta Function* for the London Mathematical Society and donated to the College the second edition of his catalogue raisonnée of his collection of Arita porcelain.

Carolyn Crawford spoke about Saturn and its rings and moons in a Radio 4 programme in the *In Our Time* series. She also appeared in episode 5 of the BBC 2 television programme *World's Weirdest Events*.

Neil Dodgson, after 20 years at Emmanuel, resigned his fellowship in January 2016 on his move back to New Zealand, where he is now

a professor in computer graphics at the Victoria University of Wellington.

John Harvey participated in two discussions of his book *The Story of Black* at the Getty Centre in Los Angeles on 1 May and 4 May 2016.

Tom Johnson took up a lectureship at the University of York in January 2016.

Robert Macfarlane, in March 2016, gave the annual University of Leicester Creative Writing Lecture, entitled 'Writing the end of nature? Art and the anthropocene'. His lecture was published as an essay in *The Guardian*, entitled 'Generation anthropocene'.

David Maxwell has been awarded a Leverhulme Research Fellowship for a project entitled: 'Religious entanglement and the making of the Luba-Katanga in Belgian Congo'. The study examines missionary scientific engagements with African societies and material cultures. It also explores how Africans shaped those research processes and deployed so-called colonial knowledge in the construction and critique of custom and in the making of ethnic identity and ethno-philosophy.

Laura Moretti has published 'Before the tablet: the Osaka publisher Shioya Kihei and his kobanzuke' in *Japan Society Proceedings* (2015), and has completed a monograph *Recasting the Past: An Early Modern Tales of Ise* for children which will be published by Brill in December 2016. She ran the third graduate summer school in Japanese early-modern palaeography and the first Emmanuel-Rikkyo summer programme took place, which focused on world literature and featured lectures by Dr Corinna Russell and Professor Peter Burke.

Javier Ortega-Hernandez received an award from the Spanish scientific society Foundation Teruel-Dinópolis, for the best peer-reviewed publication in palaeontology. The award was for a paper published in *Nature* during 2014, in which he and his colleague investigated the evolution of a bizarre fossil armoured worm known as Hallucigenia, and clarified its affinities with living velvet worms. In addition to the distinction itself, the award also includes a cash prize that may be used for future research endeavours and

also to produce an outreach publication, in both English and Spanish, to communicate this research to a non-specialist audience. He was also recently interviewed by Cambridge TV on his research on a 520-million-year-old fossil. The fossil, which is from southern China, is being used to help researchers understand early animal evolution and is thought to be the earliest known and most detailed fossil of the central nervous system yet discovered. It has been so well preserved that individual nerves are visible: the first time this level of detail has been observed in a fossil of this age.

Catherine Pickstock preached a sermon that was broadcast on 17 April 2016 in the BBC Radio 4 *Sunday Worship* programme recorded at St Catharine's College Chapel.

Susan Rankin was elected a Corresponding Member of the American Musicological Society in 2015 and a Corresponding Fellow of the Medieval Academy of America in 2016.

Lucia Ruprecht, having returned after her Humboldt Fellowship at the Free University Berlin, was for one week the inaugural visiting research scholar at Boyer College of Music and Dance, Temple University, Philadelphia.

Andela Saric was the first and corresponding author of a study that appears to have identified – and shown that it may be possible to control – the mechanism that leads to the rapid build-up of the disease-causing 'plaques' that are characteristic of Alzheimer's disease.

Jon Simons and his team received significant media coverage for their findings, published in *Nature Communications*, that found that hallucinations are linked to differences in brain structure.

Geoffrey Smith gave the annual Loeffler lecture in Germany in June 2016. This honorary lecture was set up by the Friedrich-Loeffler-Institut and the Alfried Krupp Wissenschaftskolleg (scientific college) in Greifswald to celebrate Loeffler's contributions to virus research and help foster his reputation to a wider audience.

Florin Udrea has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Engineering.

Penny Watson was voted vice-president of the European College of Veterinary Internal Medicine at their congress in Lisbon in September 2015.

NEWS OF FORMER FELLOWS

Professor Georgina Born was appointed OBE in the Queen's Birthday Honours 2016, for services to musicology, anthropology and higher education.

Dr Lucy Razzall and her husband Chris Trundle had a son John Philip Alban, born on 30 June 2016.

Dr Annie Ring published her book *After the Stasi* and held her book launch in the College in March 2016.

NEWS OF HONORARY FELLOWS

Professor John Burland was elected an Honorary Fellow of the Institution of Civil Engineers in September 2014. The citation read: 'An eminent and distinguished civil engineer who has received international acclaim and has rendered exceptional assistance to civil engineering and to the reputation of British engineers internationally'. In February 2016 he was elected a Foreign Member of the United States Academy of Engineering 'for contributions to geotechnical engineering and the design, construction, and preservation of civil infrastructure and heritage buildings'.

The Most Revd Dr Peter Carnley writes: 'Ann and I retired to 13 acres of land near a town called Nannup in the south-west of Western Australia in 2005. We had a well worked out retirement plan: to grow tulips. However, I had a number of continuing jobs with the Anglican communion that kept me busy: I was the Anglican co-chair of the Anglican Roman Catholic International Commission, which produced an agreed statement on Mary in 2006. I also chaired a panel of reference for the Archbishop of

Canterbury (Rowan Williams), which was designed to help tackle problems that had been thrown up in the communion by the consecration of an openly gay bishop in New Hampshire in 2003 and by the development of liturgies to bless same-sex relationships in the diocese of New Westminster in Canada.

'Then in 2010 I was invited to teach systematic theology again, at the General Theological Seminary in Manhattan while a search process looked for a new professor. The process was more protracted than originally planned so what was designed to be two semesters became six. For three years we commuted to work each semester from Nannup to New York. In 2014–15 I then filled in as 'Scholar in Residence' at St Peter's Church, Morristown in New Jersey. Morristown was where Washington had his headquarters during the Revolutionary War.

'So tulip growing went by the board!

'We were glad to have the Master visit Perth in September 2016.

'On 31 October 2016 I will be publishing a new collection of sermons entitled *A Kind of Retirement*. This is a collection of 42 sermons, preached in various parts of the world since I 'retired' in 2005. One of them is a sermon which I preached in the Chapel at Emmanuel on 19 November 2008 for the annual Commemoration of Benefactors. The publisher is Morningstar Publishing, Melbourne, a new-on-the-block publisher of religious titles here in Australia. Meanwhile, I am still working in the field of systematic theology and hope to have completed a new study on the resurrection by the end of next year (which will be my eightieth year!).'

Professor Geoffrey Crossick has been appointed chair of the Crafts Council and a member of the Science Advisory Council of the Department for Culture, Media and Sport. He has also written a major report for HEFCE on monographs and open access.

Andrew Fane writes: 'As an Honorary Fellow of the College I take advantage of regular opportunities to spend time in College and enjoy a range of activities from meetings of the Emmanuel Society to Gomes lectures and concerts. Year group reunions are very

enjoyable and a wonderful chance to meet up with those Members with whom one keeps in touch regularly anyway, but also with other friends who may well have slipped out of routine contact. And a return to the ambience of the College with contemporaries makes the years since graduation slip away.

'As President of the Emmanuel Society not only do I enjoy the events the Society puts on but I also enjoy the planning of them. A wonderfully eclectic range of Members of different ages and interests volunteer to help with events and in the last few years I've enjoyed everything from trips to Geneva to visits to country houses, lectures in the Queen's Building and carol concerts in the City. Apart from the stimulation of the event there's always the opportunity to engage with Members over perhaps more than one glass of something afterwards. And a dinner in Hall on any pretext remains a high spot of the culinary year: as an occasional visitor to up-market eateries I still rate Emmanuel's cuisine as being the most enjoyable, both at home and abroad.

'But what does this Honorary Fellow do for the rest of his working week? Well essentially my workload today divides between charitable chairmanships in what may loosely be called the educational sector, and in the purely heritage sector. Of course my Presidency of the Emmanuel Society crosses education and heritage, but more in my thoughts is the Institute of Child Health (ICH) in London, the trustees of which I chair. The Institute is part of University College London (UCL) but is seamlessly conjoined with Great Ormond Street Hospital and is Britain's leading paediatric research and postgraduate teaching centre. My role goes back over 20 years and is mainly about managing their endowment but inevitably strays into areas of strategy. ICH has enjoyed an extraordinary period of success and has pioneered a number of breakthrough "first in child" treatments.

'On the heritage side I chair both Chiswick House and Stowe House trusts, where major restorations are continuing. This relates back to a very happy decade I spent at English Heritage as a regulator over the turn of the millennium and now I've become a practitioner in the art of restoring and reinvigorating for public

benefit great houses and their gardens. Stowe is the largest house restoration project in the country and will be all but completed by 2025, having started in 2000. And at Chiswick we have thus far restored 65 acres of grounds from municipal park to their historic design, and we move to the re-presentation of the Palladian villa over the next few years. The sheer satisfaction of playing a role in that scale of work is hard to rival.

'So the life of an Honorary Fellow can certainly be busy, particularly as I have a career wife who has also been actively involved in recent Emmanuel events: Clare Marx, President of the Royal College of Surgeons and a graduate of UCL, but now giving some of her "spare" time to the benefit of the College.'

Sebastian Faulks has been awarded honorary DLitt degrees by both the University of Hertfordshire and the University of East London. His most recent book, *Where My Heart Used to Beat*, was published in September 2015.

Professor Sir Roderick Floud, has now given up all his academic responsibilities, including most recently the chair of the Social Sciences Committee of the European Science Foundation, to return to research in economic history. He is working on a book due to be delivered to Penguin in 2018, with the provisional title of *The British Obsession*, an economic history of British gardening. He is much enjoying being back in the archives.

Professor Sir Geoffrey Hill (the late: see obituary on p.194) was awarded the Horst Bienek Prize for Lyric Poetry in November 2014 by the Bayerische Akademie der Schönen Künste. Three days before his death, with his characteristic courtesy and precision he sent the Editor the following notes: 'In the Honorary Fellows list, may I request the insertion of the word "founding" before the words "Co-Director (of the Editorial Institute, Boston University)"? It is the founding of which I am most proud. In July 2016 Penguin are to publish my English verse translations of *Peer Gynt & Brand* (in the Ibsen series).'

Professor Chris Husbands has been appointed the first chair of the Teaching Excellence Framework

Professor Frank Kelly retired from the Mastership of Christ's College on 31 August 2016. In 2015 he was awarded an honorary DSc by Imperial College, London; the Alexander Graham Bell Medal of the IEEE (Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers); and the David Crighton Medal of the LMS (London Mathematical Society) and the IMA (Institute of Mathematics and its Applications).

Professor Sir Peter Rubin has been appointed as a lay member of the House of Commons Committee on Standards, chair of the board for Academic Medicine in Scotland and chair of the University of Nottingham strategy delivery board.

Griff Rhys Jones has won two Welsh BAFTAs, one for presenting and one for producing the drama *A Poet in New York* for the BBC, about the life of Dylan Thomas. In 2017 he will be appearing in the West End in a comedy by Molière.

NEWS OF BENEFACTOR FELLOWS

Scott Mead's photographs 'Field of Dreams' and 'What Happened Next' were selected to hang in the 2016 Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, the sixth successive year his photographs have been chosen.

NEWS OF BYE-FELLOWS

Richard Latham performed the role of Anfinomo in Monteverdi's opera *Il ritorno d'Ulisse in patria* with the Academy of Ancient Music at the Barbican in September 2015.

Professor Sylvia Richardson hosted a series of talks in College entitled 'Statistics meets the public's health', which included a lecture by her entitled 'Mapping health'.

NEWS OF MEMBERS

'Once a Member, always a Member'. We are always grateful to receive information about Members of the College, either from themselves or from others. Information about careers, families, various pursuits, etc, as well as degrees, honours and distinctions, are always of interest to contemporaries as well as forming an invaluable archive of the lives, activities and achievements of Members. It is helpful when Members have fresh news to communicate about themselves if they give their year of matriculation and formulate the information briefly, in such a way that it can be entered directly into our 'News'. Please do not feel that such information is 'boastful'. News may be sent by email to records@emma.cam.ac.uk or by the form at www.emma.cam.ac.uk/. We take every possible care to ensure that the information given is correct, but we are dependent on a variety of sources and cannot absolutely guarantee the accuracy of every last word and date. Any corrections and additions will be welcome. We print below news that has been received up to 31 August 2016.

- 1951 **Hugh Richmond's** study *Shakespeare's Tragedies Reviewed* has just been published. He spoke at an international conference on Shakespeare in Stratford-upon-Avon and a conference on Chaucer in London
- 1952 **Michael Simmons** has published *Low Life Lawyer*, his first novel aged 83, which details the rise and fall – and rise again – of a rogue lawyer who is also a talented jazz clarinet musician.
- 1953 **John Melville-Jones**, emeritus professor in classics and ancient history, University of Western Australia, has received the honorary degree of DLitt from Macquarie University, Sydney, for his work in ancient numismatics and Byzantine studies
- 1954 **John Drackley** has published *The Window: Verses on Various Occasions* (Matlock, 2016)
- 1960 **Victor Lucas** retired as high sheriff of Cambridgeshire in March 2016, and as deputy lieutenant of Cambridgeshire in April 2016
- 1961 **Eric Evans** has recently retired from his chemical engineering consultancy, which specialised in the commercialisation of research and development. His work has been undertaken in 27 countries and has included, for example, the marketing of contract development for UKAEA (non-nuclear), assessing

proposals for research and development funding by the EC under the BRITE programme and writing a chapter on economic targets for the exploitation of pillared clays as heterogeneous catalysts in an EC STEP programme publication. He has also served on the education committee of the Institution of Chemical Engineers and the former DTI committee for promotion of environmental technology business

- 1963 **Richard Staughton** was appointed LVO in the 2016 New Year Honours
- 1964 **Stephen Lamley** has been appointed an Honorary Fellow of the University of Lancaster and retired in March 2016 from the magistrates' bench.
- 1966 **Michael Shipman** has been awarded a PhD in positron physics by University College London
- Jonathan Such** ran the Vaal half-marathon in Vereeniging in March 2016, finishing as the first grandmaster over 60 in 1 hour 47 minutes
- 1967 **Harry Lyth** has been an honorary professor at the Universität der Künste, Berlin, since May 2014
- Garry Martin** published *Beneath Napoleon's Hat: Tales from the Parisian Cafés, Volume 1: Eagles without a Cliff* in November 2015. In 2016 he published *Volume 2: A Black Violet* (March) and *Volume 3: Sylvia Beach and the Melancholy Jesus, La Coupole and others* (June)
- Keith Pearce** has written a *Concise History and Guide to the Penzance Jewish Cemetery*, sponsored by the Heritage Lottery Fund
- 1968 **Dai Davies** has been inducted into the Internet Hall of Fame for his contribution to the global development of the internet
- Nigel Gilbert** was appointed CBE in the 2016 Queen's Birthday Honours for services to engineering and the social sciences
- 1969 **Philip Allsworth-Jones** published *Kariya Wuro: A Late Stone-Age Site in Northern Nigeria* in October 2015
- Indrajit Coomaraswamy** has been elected as the new Governor of the Central Bank of Sri Lanka
- Samuel Lieu** has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of New South Wales
- Richard Loyn** has been awarded the D L Serventy Medal, an award of the Royal Australasian Ornithologists Union (now BirdLife Australia) that honours members who have made outstanding contributions to publication in the science of ornithology in the Australasian region
- 1970 **David Norgrove**, chair of the Low Pay Commission and of the Family Justice Board, was appointed a Knight Bachelor for services to the low paid and the family justice system in the 2016 New Year Honours List
- 1972 **Clive Wright's** cycle of poems, *Going Up*, set to music by the German composer Dorothee Eberhardt-Lutz, was performed in Munich in September 2015. In April 2016 he was appointed as the poet laureate for the City of Stirling
- 1974 **Paul Jennings** has published *A History of Drink and the English, 1500–2000* (London: Routledge, 2016)

- Stephen Moseley** has been awarded the French Order of Merit
- 1976 **William Randall** published *The Narrative Complexity of Ordinary Life: Tales from the Coffee Shop* with Oxford University Press in 2015
- 1977 **Joe Hollins**, the senior veterinary officer on St Helena, is the island's first permanent vet and has recently been credited with giving Jonathan, the 183-year-old giant tortoise a new lease of life. Jonathan's health was thought to be in serious decline until Joe changed the tortoise's diet by swapping leaves and twigs for more nutritious diet of apples, carrots, cucumber, bananas and guava. An account of his career in this role appeared in *Veterinary Record*, **171**, 2 (2012)
- 1979 **David Sneesby** is managing partner of Signium, a global executive search firm with 50 offices in 30 countries. Signium focuses on senior leadership recruitment across consumer and industrial sectors as well as in the not-for-profit sector. David would be delighted to hear from Emma Members who are looking to engage an executive search firm as well as from others who may be seeking to make a career change
- 1980 **Seán Allan** has been appointed professor of German at the University of St Andrews
- Janet Gough** has been appointed the Allchurches Trust's first executive director
- 1981 **Michael Borrell** was presented with France's highest honour (the Légion d'honneur) at a ceremony at the French Ambassador's residence in London in June. Ambassador Bermann, who presented the award, said: 'We are gathered today to pay tribute to a man who is today a valuable contributor to strong Franco-British relations, and who has contributed throughout his 30-year career to the economic influence of France in the world. Michael studied chemical engineering at Emmanuel and joined Total Oil in Peterhead on graduation. He has served Total throughout the world, from the Yamal peninsula in the north to Argentina in the south and from Indonesia in the east to Canada in the west. He is presently senior vice-president for exploration and production for Asia and Europe, including the North Sea, and is based in London.'
- 1982 **Paul Compton** was appointed chief operating officer of Barclay's Bank in February 2016
- Christopher Tout** has been promoted to a personal chair in astronomy by the University of Cambridge. He is a Fellow of Churchill College
- 1985 **Christopher Barratt** and his wife Felicity had a son, Thomas William Henry, who was born on 9 October 2015
- Mark Moorhouse** has been awarded a DipABRSM for music performance and a Licentiate of the Royal Schools of Music on the harpshichord
- Garret Turley** is now adviser to the Australian Veterinary Owners' League
- 1986 **Rachel Bridge** had her sixth book, *Ambition*, published by Capstone 2016. Rachel writes about entrepreneurship, personal development and smart thinking, and her previous books have included *How to Make a Million before Lunch* and *How to Start a Business without any Money*
- David Hale** has written 'An encounter with Tohoku Pottery, then and now' in *The Japan Society Proceedings* **151**, 106–21 (2014)
- Andrew Harding** published *The Mayor of Mogadishu: A Story of Chaos and Redemption in the Ruins of Somalia*, (London: Hurst; New York: St Martin's Press) in September 2016
- 1987 **Kathryn Packer** has organised a social enterprise, making pies with organic, local ingredients and creating small chunks of enjoyable paid work for people who have experienced mental health problems. She held an event at Sutton House, owned by the National Trust, in June 2016
- Susan Rigby** is now the first deputy vice-chancellor of the University of Lincoln
- 1988 **Patrick Holland** has been appointed channel editor for BBC2
- Christina Lambert**, lead counsel to the inquests into the deaths of 96 Liverpool football fans at Hillsborough stadium, was 'Lawyer of the week' in *The Times* in May 2016
- Emma Mayo** is now deputy head of The Leys School, Cambridge
- Melanie Shufflebotham** won the Environmental Leisure & Tourism Award at the Bristol and Bath Environmental Awards in 2016
- 1989 **Richard Howells** has been appointed to a visiting fellowship at Exeter College, Oxford, beginning in spring 2017 and has been elected as full professor at King's College, London
- 1990 **Nicholas Allen** has been appointed a recorder, to sit on the London and south-eastern circuit
- Elspeith McPherson** is now chief executive at Age UK Northumberland. She was formerly chief executive of the Princess Royal Trust for Carers and of Crossroads Care
- Nigel Prideaux** has been named as Communications Professional of the Year for 2015 by *CorpComms*, the magazine for the corporate communicator
- 1991 **James Lowen** has published *A Summer of British Wildlife: 100 Great Days out Watching Wildlife* with Bradt Travel Guides. He was interviewed by Chris Packham on the BBC's programme *Springwatch* in June
- 1992 **Stephen Hill** is now mobility partner executive, healthcare EMIEA at Apple
- Elizabeth Sellwood** is currently a political affairs officer with the UN peace-keeping force in Cyprus
- Alice Strang (née Dewey)** has published the catalogue of her exhibition at the National Gallery of Scotland, entitled *Modern Scottish Women: Painters and Sculptors 1885–1965*. She has been inducted into the Saltire Society's 'Outstanding Women of Scotland' community
- 1993 **Catarina Knight** has been promoted to criminal recorder
- Nathan Macdonald** has been promoted to a readership in theology by the University of Cambridge. He is a Fellow of St John's College
- 1994 **Mark Adderley** is now a member of the board of trustees of Scottish Squash and Racketball Limited

- Karen Ottewell** was awarded a Pilkington Teaching Prize by the University of Cambridge in 2015
- 1995 **Clare Battersby** is now legal counsel, EMEA at Apple Retail
- Katie Halsey** was married on 19 April 2015 to Dr James Caudle, and their daughter, Rose Francesca Jennifer, was born on 6 February 2016
- Kevin Pflieger**, head of molecular endocrinology and pharmacology at the Harry Perkins Institute of Medical Research in Perth, has won the Novartis Prize in recognition of his published work, which focuses on receptors throughout the body that are the target of many commonly used medicines
- Madeleine Rogers (née Grundy)** has been appointed a family recorder and is a deputy district judge
- 1998 **Karen Attar** has edited the third edition of *Directory of Rare Book and Special Collections in the United Kingdom* (London: Facet Publishing, 2016)
- Daniel Godfrey's** science fiction novel, *New Pompeii*, was published by Titan Books in June 2016
- 1999 Anton Edward was born on 15 July 2015 to **Katie Ritson** and Tobi Schiefer, a brother for Georg and Samuel
- 2000 **Andrew Kaye** took an eight-month sabbatical from his position of head of policy at Independent Age and spent it travelling in South America
- Rosalind Lester** married Bruno Fierens in Brussels on 25 October 2014. Their daughter Mayssa was born on 19 December 2015
- A son, Hugo Wilfrid Ingwe, was born to **Charlotte Roberts (née Mitchell)** and **Geoff** on 10 January 2016
- Antonia Williams**, lately deputy head of the policy unit in the Prime Minister's Office, was appointed OBE for public service in the 2016 New Year Honours List
- 2001 **James Purdon** is now lecturer in literature (post-1945) at the University of St Andrews
- Geoff Roberts** and **Charlotte (née Mitchell)** had a son, Hugo Wilfrid Ingwe, born on 10 January 2016
- Rafi Yadoo-Goldstein was born to **Annabel Yadoo** on 18 July 2015
- 2002 **Alex Domin** is now chief commercial officer at Resysta International GmbH
- Ralph Edwards** married Darcy Lloyd-Miller in the College Chapel on 30 July 2016
- Heidi Tworek** has taken a position as assistant professor at the University of British Columbia, Vancouver and is a visiting fellow at the Harvard University Center for History and Economics
- 2003 **Isabel Burnham** was a part of an all-female group that rowed across the Pacific Ocean; she rowed the first leg between San Francisco and Hawaii
- Bobby Friedman** and **Rupert Myers** have written a satirical musical, entitled *Corbyn the Musical: The Motorcycle Diaries*, which was staged at the Waterloo East Theatre in April 2016
- Peter Inglesham (né Inglesby)** and **Clare Inglesham (née Hammond)** had a daughter, Rosalind Anna, who was born on 20 May 2016. Clare won the 2016 Young Artist of the Year award by the Royal Philharmonic Society
- Rupert Myers** and **Bobby Friedman** have written a satirical musical, entitled *Corbyn the Musical: The Motorcycle Diaries*, which was staged at the Waterloo East Theatre in April 2016
- Clare White** has taken up a lectureship at Kings College, London
- 2004 **Will** and **Sam Coles (née Jones)** welcomed their second daughter, Juliette Lucia, in April
- Ken Eames** was married on 17 October 2015 to the Revd Ellen Liesel Wakeham (Corpus Christi 2006)
- Martha Spurrier** was appointed as the new director of Liberty, the National Council for Civil Liberties, in March 2016
- 2005 **Edwina Pitcher** is currently writing the *Wild Guide to Portugal*, a new compendium of ideas for wild adventures and the best hidden places in Portugal. It will be published in spring 2017 by Wild Things Publishing
- Katherine Smith** married Matthew Badger in the College Chapel on 10 September 2016
- Robert Tobin** married Olivia Horsfall-Turner in the College Chapel on 24 September 2016
- 2006 **Sarah Lockwood** is now marketing and public relations manager for the Monteverdi Choir and Orchestras
- 2007 **Oliver Butler** married Sara Wyeth in the College Chapel on 15 October 2016
- Francesca Devereux** and **Andy Pickering** were married in the College Chapel on 9 July 2016
- Patrick Kingsley** has won the British Journalism Award for Foreign Affairs Journalism
- Lucy Loong** married Andrey Pronin (Fitzwilliam) on 21 May 2016
- Andy Pickering** and **Francesca Devereux** were married in the College Chapel on 9 July 2016
- 2008 **Yvonne Zhang** married In-Yong Hwang in the College Chapel on 23 July 2016
- 2009 **Stephen Green** and **Emily Turner** (2014) were married in June 2016
- Abhishek Kumer** married Gayathri on 6 August 2016
- 2010 **James Glanville** married Josephine Cole in the College Chapel on 19 December 2015
- 2011 **Margaret Perry** married Owen Crown in the College Chapel on 3 September 2016
- Emma Robson** married Shankar Arumugham in the College Chapel on 17 September 2016
- 2012 **Tessa Godley** is now graduate policy officer at the Department for International Development

Sebastian, son of **Nick Grigoropoulos**, was christened in the College Chapel on 8 November 2015

Barnaby Walker has created Cambridge's first pedal-powered punt. He began working on the 'punt-cycle' last year, as a challenge from his supervisor Dr Hugh Hunt (1984), reader in engineering dynamics & vibration

2014 **Emily Turner** and **Stephen Green** (2009) were married in June 2016

NEWS OF STAFF

Members of the catering staff took part in the International Salon Culinaire at Hotelympia. They swept the board in ten categories, winning two merits, three bronze awards and two silver 'best in class' awards. The Head Chef, Matthew Carter, was awarded gold in the starter plates category. Sous-chefs Dan Abbs and Nathan Aldous achieved a team buffet gold for their chocolate centrepiece, petit fours and dessert plates. In March, Matthew Carter won a gold award and 'best in class' for his canapé menu at the University Caterers' Organisation competition in Warwick.

The housekeeping staff held a coffee morning in December which raised £700 for the Teenage Cancer Trust.

In November for Children in Need the porters both dressed up and held a cake sale which raised £485.

In June, a picture of the portrait of Dave Glover, the Emmanuel Head Porter, was used to publicise an exhibition of portraits of the head porters of the Cambridge colleges by Louise Riley-Smith (wife of the late Professor John Riley-Smith, 1994). Thanks to a generous donation, the College is delighted to have been able to buy the portrait of Dave.

In July two staff from the Bursary ran to raise money for Cancer Research UK. Ellen Battison by getting very muddy at the Pretty Muddy 5k and Carey Pleasance by joining the Pink Army™ of ladies in the 5k Race for Life event in Cambridge.



Clubs and Societies

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

Emmanuel College Amnesty International (AI) exists to further the work of the central University's AI campaign, through letter-writing sessions and fund-raising. In Michaelmas term £30 was raised from a cake sale in aid of a central AI campaign to support refugees in Calais, and £70 was raised from a Green Pub Quiz in Lent term, which went to support homelessness projects in Cambridge via the Amnesty campaign. Throughout the year, termly letter-writing sessions were attended by students, who wrote to support prisoners on death row or address state officials about human rights abuses. We have three new and enthusiastic Amnesty reps, who will work next year to help further the various University campaigns and increase awareness of human rights issues in Emmanuel.

Laura Schubert, *College representative*

ARTS & PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY (ECAPS)

2015–16

President (Art)

Hollie French

Vice-President (Photography)

Anna Ward

Secretary / Social Media

Emma Holliday

ECAPS began the year on a slightly sad note as we said goodbye to the 2014–15 committee. At the start of term we prepared for a full committee change-over as our predecessors moved on to greater commitments or left Cambridge for the wider world. In particular we were sad to say goodbye to Sophie Buck (2014–15 vice-president), who stayed around as long as she could to oversee a smooth transition. However, they weren't gone for long and could often be sighted coming back to several of our events!

The new committee's first and most successful event of the year was the Halloween pumpkin-carving workshop. Attendees enjoyed sculpting and carving a range of intricate and humorous designs onto vegetables of all shapes, sizes and colours using our brand new professional tools. (A huge thankyou to ECSU for



Hollie French

funding this year's new materials!). Despite the enormous amount of clearing up to do in returning Upper Hall to its former glory, it was a very enjoyable afternoon for many. At Christmas we ran a very relaxed session creating tree decorations, decorating biscuits and teaming up with the College Amnesty group to make and write cards.

In Lent term we welcomed College Members back to our popular light-painting workshop with a fiery spin! Emma Holliday



Emma Holliday

kindly arranged for us to go with her to the University Fire Troupe gathering to experiment photographing fire-spinners. The Fire Troupe enjoyed the chance to give a show and even taught us some tricks!

The rest of the term focussed on sketching, with the continuation of sketching brunches, welfare mindfulness colouring, and some new materials to work with. Some of us also took a trip to the Museum of Classical Archaeology for the 'Drink and Draw' evening, which is an excellent way to practise portraiture with expert help on offer.

After showcasing ECAPS's beautiful 'Emmanuel' light painting on the cover of the 2014–15 *Magazine*, we were delighted to be asked to host a competition for the cover image of the new edition. This year's winner (see cover) will also receive a College mug as a prize.

We are working towards running a small exhibition next year to give not just competition winners, but all Emmanuel students, the opportunity to exhibit and sell their art and photography. All profits will go to a local charity.

Hollie French, *President (Art)*

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB

Men's team

	2015–16	2016–17
<i>Captain (1st XI)</i>	<i>Liam Reaich</i>	<i>David Thorp</i>
<i>(2nd XI)</i>	<i>Peter Welch</i>	<i>Daniel Gayne</i>
<i>(3rd XI)</i>	<i>Matthew Bradley</i>	<i>Callum Manchester</i>
<i>Vice-Captain (1st XI)</i>	<i>Tom McKane</i>	<i>Craig O'Malley</i>
<i>President</i>	<i>Anton Dennis</i>	<i>Tom McKane</i>
<i>Social Secretary</i>	<i>Harry Curtis & Jake Tobin</i>	<i>Alex Mistlin & Matthew Storer</i>

First eleven: division two, ninth place

We kicked off the competitive football season at home to Trinity, where a close match ended 3–1 against us, with possibly the most dubious goal ever scored being credited to Tom McKane.



The first team squad

A disgraceful refereeing performance away at King's saw us narrowly lose 2–1 with our skillful players getting kicked at every opportunity and the winning goal coming from a free kick as non-existent as the aether.

Our strongest squad was then assembled for the first round of Cuppers against early division two runaways Robinson. The best team performance of the season followed. Robinson took the lead with a sharp header from a corner, while only a string of incredible saves from the opposing CUAFC goalkeeper kept Emma out. Late in the second half David Thorp seized the ball 25 yards out and equalised with the goal of the season, and incidentally the first goal that Robinson had conceded in the year. We ran out of steam at the death and Robinson scored three scrappy goals to take the game 4–1. Considering that they then went onto Cuppers glory we can be very proud of our performance.

A terrible 1–0 loss to Queens' seconds followed as they converted their only shot on target, before an entertaining 3–3 draw against high-fliers Girton secured our first point of the year. We were blown out of the Plate in awful conditions against Trinity as Michaelmas came to a close.

Lent started brightly with our first victory, as a dominant display on Homerton's comically small pitch ended 4–2 in our favour. Robinson then dismantled a weaker team 6–1 before a good performance against Long Road unfortunately ended 1–3. Our first clean sheet then followed as we dispatched Darwin 2–0 to all-but-guarantee safety. Disaster then struck as a Queens' seconds' suspiciously easy victory over Trinity threw us back into the relegation zone. Requiring a win against Catz to stay up, we conceded early on, which let them sit back and absorb all the attack we could throw at them. Luck was not on our side as many goalposts were struck, and eventually the full-time whistle was sounded, resigning us to start planning our immediate return to division two next year.

The annual match against the Wilberforce Wanderers (London-based and largely consisting of Members), which excitingly finished 4–6, was the catalyst for an enjoyable day/night, fuelled by curry, memories and Emma Bar at the mercy of non-student pockets.

David Thorp, *Captain Elect*

Second eleven: division 4, third place

The second eleven had a superb season this year: after narrowly missing out on promotion last season the returning players were hungry to right last season's wrongs, and clinch the glory that was so deserved 12 months ago. A good intake of freshers and the injection of some mid-field flair straight from Catalonia had us looking like a good outfit pre-season. An excellent first term, marred only by a 3–0 defeat to top team Magdalene, left us in a great position in our hunt for a return to division three. A thrilling end to the season was lined up and victories over Christ's and Trinity Hall left us only needing to beat Churchill and second place would be ours. Yet fortune sadly didn't favour the brave in this case: a hard-fought well-played game resulted in a cruel 1–0 defeat, leaving us in a disappointing yet gallant third place. All in all, it was another excellent season for the mighty seconds and with a bit of luck it will be third time lucky next year to regain our rightful place in the third division.

Peter Welch, *Captain*

Third eleven: division five, ninth place

The third eleven finished the season with a record of two wins and seven other results. A highlight was the victory over Robinson thirds in the Cup. A dominant, possession-based performance ended only 2–1 somehow. There was also a 6–4 thriller against Causis thirds, bitter enemies as a result of callous insults being thrown last year. Nevertheless a stirring come-back performance graced with a couple of Matt Storer's many goals left a grown man refusing to shake hands with our victors. The thirds will look to regroup for next year and regain their place in division five.

Matthew Bradley, *Captain*

Women's team

	2015–16	2016–17
<i>Captains</i>	<i>Maddy Clifford & Martha Dillon</i>	<i>Katie Urquhart & Rachel Lewis</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Jade Doughty</i>	<i>Natasha Wilson</i>

The Panthers had a wonderful season with multiple League wins and a lot of team spirit. The team had been promoted to the first division at the start of the year after an extremely high-achieving previous season under previous captains Libbie and Kate. This left Maddy and Martha with rather big shoes to fill as they had to rebuild a team that had become significantly depleted by the graduation of over half the team in 2015. A large push for female footballers at the start of Michaelmas heralded a great response, with over ten new players regularly joining the team from across year groups and subjects, including a number of keen graduate students. This really helped to cement the Panthers as a friendly and open group welcoming people of all abilities.

Despite the fresh legs of many of the new team members, the Panthers finished the season in Lent term at fourth place and far from relegation. This was an astonishing achievement and a great reflection of our growing ability as a team, particularly shown in the whopping 6–1 win against Fitzwilliam in the middle of Lent term. Particular mentions should go to our soon-to-be captains of the Panthers Katie and Rachel, both of whom contributed greatly to

the success as of team as goalie (with no previous experience and yet making some incredible saves during the term) and the heart of our defence respectively.

On top of matches we held regular training sessions, some better attended than others, with the help of our trusty male football coaches who helped whip us into shape. We also enjoyed multiple socials to culture the comradery and friendship that could be seen both on and off the pitches.

We are incredibly proud of the progress by the players and their contribution to the wonderful team spirit and look forward to another successful season next year under the exciting leadership of Katie and Rachel!

Maddy Clifford, Captain

BADMINTON CLUB

	2015–16	2016–17
<i>President</i>	<i>Jade Doughty</i>	<i>Ritu Acharya</i>
<i>First Open Team Captain</i>	<i>Barnaby Stone</i>	<i>Benjie Wang</i>
<i>Second Open Team Captain</i>	<i>Matt Jones</i>	<i>Mukunth Raveendran</i>
<i>Ladies' Captain</i>	<i>Ritu Acharya</i>	<i>Olivia Morley</i>

We would like to start by thanking Jade Doughty (president 2015–16), Barnaby Stonier (first open team captain 2015–16), Matt Jones (second open team captain 2015–16), and Ritu Acharya (ladies' captain 2015–16). Without these people badminton at Emma would not have been possible.

Our time here has been filled with lots of fun and successes (and some failures). The ladies' team started off the 2015–16 season very well, coming second in the intercollegiate League in Michaelmas term. Meanwhile the men got off to a slow start in the season, thanks to some non-existent admin on the part of the League secretary. When they got into their stride they fought well through a number of incredibly close matches, with several going their way. In Lent term, all three teams faced a bit more of a challenge in the League, but still had a lot of fun playing.

In Lent and Easter terms of 2015 and 2016, we played in both ladies' and mixed Cuppers. Although we never progressed beyond the first round of mixed Cuppers because of the extremely high quality of play from the other teams, ladies' Cuppers went significantly better. Undoubtedly the highlight for the ladies was making it to Cuppers finals in both 2015 and 2016, where they put up fantastic fights against Jesus.

Our time as part of the Emmanuel College Badminton Club will always be remembered as incredibly enjoyable and rewarding. From Jade's ridiculously fluke-y plays, and everyone's admiration of Anita J's talent, to Barnaby and Matt's constant need for ladies to flesh out their teams, badminton has been both hilarious and extremely memorable.

Ritu Acharya, Ladies' Captain

BALLET

Numerous students of Emmanuel have been involved in ballet throughout the university. Second-year classicist, Frances Myatt, was even president of the University's Ballet Society for the large part of the year, directed the production of *Romeo and Juliet*, and



David L Hone LRPS

danced in the summer production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Helen Gillard and Natalie Jones also took part in some of the chorus dances of *R + J*, with Natalie taking on the additional role of Prince Escalus, who attempts to maintain public peace between the two hostile families. To the credit of its director and all of the dancers involved, *R+J* received five out of five stars from *Varsity* and eight out of ten from *TCS* newspapers.

Frances also pioneered the new *24-Hour Dance Show* a show which was prepared in just 24 hours, during which Helen Gillard took on the challenge of choreographing a dance for a small group of dancers for the first time.

On an unusual but incredibly exciting note, first-year student Natasha Wilson took part in *Alice*, an unusual adaptation of *Alice in Wonderland*, which included an eclectic combination of ballet, acrobatics and break dance; the show was so successful in Cambridge that it later went on to perform at the Edinburgh Fringe.

However, it is equally encouraging to hear about Emma students enjoying trying out ballet for the first time and we hope to keep encouraging our fellow students, and particularly the new ones, to give it a go!

Helen Gillard, *College Representative*

BOAT CLUB

	2015–16	2016–17
<i>President</i>	<i>Dame Fiona Reynolds</i>	<i>Dame Fiona Reynolds</i>
<i>Captain of Boats</i>	<i>Adam Brown</i>	<i>Callum Mantell</i>
<i>Men's Captain</i>	<i>Adam Brown</i>	<i>Callum Mantell</i>
<i>Women's Captain</i>	<i>Zoë Maikovsky</i>	<i>Lucy Allen</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Charlie Softley</i>	<i>Anita Holender</i>

This year, like the previous few, began at the end of September with a training camp on the Cam. We were lucky to have about 30 people back in a boat before the academic year had even started!

As anyone who has rowed in Cambridge knows, Michælmás is a cold, bleak and long term. Nevertheless, both sides of the club trained hard on the water and in the gym and for the first year in

many we had four senior eights out, whilst many colleges struggled to get two. Autumn Head was one of the first races of the year, where the women's first boat won. Michælmás also saw an influx of novice rowers, whether new to the college or not. The lower boats' captains did a superb job of getting them up to speed and ready to integrate into the senior squad in the coming Lent term.

Training for the Lents always has a different feel from Michælmás. The end is always in sight (often disconcertingly so, with bumps starting in week six of term), the nights are drawing out (albeit slowly) and of course the Lent bumps are snappier and more exciting than the long grind of the Fairbairns.

The Emmanuel Boat Club Association, which is pivotal to the club's success, funds not only termly training camps but also attendance at the annual head races on the Tideway in London: HERR (men) and WEHERR (women). This year, for the first time, we sent two women's crews to WEHERR and both crews had a great day on the Thames, a new experience for 13 of us! We also entered one men's crew who finished the race one-hundred-and-eighty-fifth, in uncharacteristically nice weather.

Finally it was time for the warm and sunny Mays term. As ever we started with a training camp on the Cam with boats, barbecues and beer in equal measure. The women had a tough but enjoyable week. Starting third on the river was never going to be easy but each day we battled our best and gave a good fight. The first men finished every race of the term within the top ten, often much higher, putting them in a strong place for the Mays. The first men ended the week up one (off the dreaded twelfth), the second men down one and the third men level.

To sum up, it has been a thoroughly successful year for the club. Both sides continue to be a fighting force on and off the Cam. We remain the largest college sports club with over 80 active members and many students and alumni contributing in many ways, not least by coaching.

Most importantly it continues its tradition of being not only competitive but also friendly and open to all at every level.

Adam Brown, *Captain of Boats*

CHAPEL CHOIR

<i>Senior Organ Scholar</i>	<i>Adam Mathias</i>
<i>Junior Organ Scholar</i>	<i>Stella Hadjineophytou</i>
<i>Director of Chapel Music</i>	<i>Richard Latham</i>
<i>Director of Music</i>	<i>Dr Christopher Whitton</i>
<i>Dean</i>	<i>The Revd Jeremy Caddick</i>

As a number of singers graduated last year, there were many new recruits to the choir this Michælmass. This situation always presents an exciting challenge: within a week a new choir needs to be trained up to sing a full Anglican choral Evensong. Many of the new members, although good sight-readers, have limited experience of this repertoire and the general liturgical pattern of the services. There is very little time for the group to settle in and find its sound, but by the fourth week of term the choir was performing Fauré's *Requiem*, conducted by Christopher Whitton. Not only did they sing well, but there was impressive solo work by soprano Abigail Adams, a new Canadian baritone choral scholar, Connor MacDonald and a new bass, Jay Richardson.

The annual Commemoration of Benefactors service comes around alarmingly quickly after the All Soulside Requiem and the choir pulled out all the stops with a memorable and energetic performance of Haydn's *Te Deum*.

The biennial 'scratch' *Messiah* is a great College tradition and is always good fun. This year it fell just three days after Commemoration: full steam ahead! Our senior organ scholar, Stella, led an excellent orchestra (including our Master, Dame Fiona) and the Chapel choir was enlarged by many returning College Members. The Hallelujah chorus, as ever, raised Wren's roof.

Our Advent carol service was upon us before we knew it and, a few days later, we travelled to London to sing for the London carol service, this year held in the beautiful City church of St Mary-le-Bow. The pews were packed with Emmanuel Members, new and old, and it was super to see some recently graduated choral and organ scholars in the congregation and to have the chance to catch up with them at the drinks party afterwards.

After some impromptu carol singing around Cambridge to swell the coffers for our forthcoming German tour, the choir gave a hugely successful Christmas concert at St Martin's Church, Stamford for a large and appreciative audience. For this concert we were joined by the exceptional harpist Eleanor Turner to perform Britten's *Ceremony of Carols*. Not only was the choir on top form, but also the work showcased a number of very impressive solo voices from among the group. This event was a wonderful end to the term; the choir dispersed for the Christmas break with a spring in its step and a general boost to its musical confidence.

The choir returned before the beginning of Lent term to get ahead with learning Bach's *St John Passion*. The last performance of a Bach Passion in Chapel was given under the direction of former organ scholar Ben Chewter and so it was high time the Bärenreiter scores were found and given a good dusting off. For many in the choir this was their first experience of singing a large-scale dramatic work in German and they were clearly keen to meet the challenges head-on. We devoted most Tuesday rehearsals to the Passion and when the performance came, the choir was on brilliant form. We were supported by Christopher Whitton as our superb continuo organist and joined by the Little Baroque Company, playing on period instruments. We welcomed a team of fabulous professional soloists, many of whom had sung with us before in various concerts and events, including our own singing teacher, Robert Rice. The Chapel was packed to capacity for this liturgical performance, given in memory of the late Anthony Smith.

Before we had time to draw breath, the choir was back again in Cambridge rehearsing for a performance of Mozart's *Requiem* at St Martin-in-the-Fields, London, joining forces with Queens' College Choir. Such was the success of this event that we will return to London in November to sing Haydn's *Creation*, again with Queens'. Though singing the choral services in Chapel is the choir's *raison d'être*, being given the opportunity to sing large-scale works, especially in central London venues, helps to build our profile outside the University.

A brief respite from examination revision came in the form of a joint workshop with the talented teenage members of the Warwickshire County Male Voice Choir. We were all impressed by their ensemble singing but also by their splendid dance routines. A few members of the choir felt that we should improve our skills in this field to spice up evensong in the future.

As I write, the choir is preparing for its summer tour to Munich. We will be singing a programme of music based around the beautiful verse anthems of Henry Purcell. We look forward to good singing, warm weather, beer and Bratwurst.

I wish to thank our two excellent organ scholars, Stella Hadjineophytou and Hugh Crook, for their support and inspiring musicianship, and the choir for giving their time and talents with commitment and great warmth of spirit. I'd like to give special mention to our graduating tenor, Edward Roberts, who is going on to spend a year at Norwich Cathedral as a choral scholar. We wish him well in his future singing career.

Here's to a new academic year!

Richard Latham, *Director of Chapel Music*

The Chapel choir tour to Munich

In June 2016, Emmanuel Chapel choir set off on a week-long tour of Munich, performing in a series of venues across the city. Known for its impressive musical tradition, Munich made for a wonderful place to visit and perform. Despite travelling only a few days after the European referendum (the result of which was a popular conversation topic with those we met), we were made to feel very welcome everywhere we sang, and were warmly received by audiences and congregations.

Following the end of Easter term, the choir set about preparing and rehearsing a wide variety of music to sing at both services and concerts during the tour. The music chosen contained some ambitious choices, so thorough preparation was vital. We chose a programme that spanned everything from Byrd to Messiaen, but with a particular focus on the sublime anthems of Henry Purcell.

Other highlights included Howells' *Take Him Earth for Cherishing* and Vaughan Williams' *Valiant for Truth*. Whilst our choral repertoire was largely unaccompanied, organ music by Purcell, Bach and Widor was also performed. The choir was delighted to be joined by several ex-members and friends to bolster our ranks a little for the week: Carla Bombi, Emily Barnes, Dominic Edwards and Nathaniel Hess.

The combined effect of a four o'clock in the morning start and a tiring journey by coach, plane and train meant we were relieved to finally arrive in the centre of Munich. We made our way to our hostel to freshen up quickly before making our way into the centre of town for a rehearsal for a Mass and short concert that evening at the spectacular Michaelskirche. During the week, we also sang for a Eucharist and Evensong at the city's Anglican church: services that were very familiar to us. The choir even managed to gather a sizeable crowd for a concert at St Johann Baptist, despite a clash with an important German football fixture in the Euros. The cavernous acoustic and grand organ in this church were particularly memorable, and led to some especially fine performances. Additionally, an informal performance was given at Kloster Andechs, an ornate abbey and place of pilgrimage complete with its own brewery!

However, the tour was not all hard work, and we also had time for plenty of sightseeing around the city. The choir greatly enjoyed visiting some of the landmarks, museums and gardens in Munich, as well as sampling some of the traditional beer halls and restaurants. We were all well versed in Bavarian food and drink by the end of the week, with many schnitzels, sausages and different beers having been sampled. We also crossed the border into Austria, to visit Salzburg and the idyllic town of Mondsee. Visiting Salzburg not only meant visiting the birthplace of Mozart, but also allowed for a whistle-stop tour of locations used in the *Sound of Music*, much to the delight of several choir members.

The tour was a rewarding culmination to the hard work put in to planning the trip by the choir, organ scholars and director of music throughout the year. Our thanks must go to several people

for helping to make the trip a success: Katie Ritson and Steven Norton, in Munich, for helping to organise our performances; Richard, Jeremy and Alex, for their help throughout the year and for coming to support us in Munich; Stella and the tour committee, for organising flights, accommodation, finances and much more. However, this tour would not have been possible at all were it not for the generous donations of friends, family and Members of the College, so a huge thank you to all who supported us in our fundraising.

Hugh Crook, *Junior Organ Scholar*

CHESS CLUB

	2015–16	2016–17
<i>First Team Captain</i>	<i>Robert Starley</i>	<i>Mukunth Raveendran</i>
<i>Second Team Captain</i>	<i>Ralph Jordan</i>	<i>TBC</i>

First team

After the novelty of holding trials to decide on the first team squad, we began our first division campaign at Magdalene. I won on board one, as did last-minute replacement Andrew on board five to counteract losses on boards two and three. Solid as ever, Emile drew his game to tie the match. Our next opponents were St Catharine's and the match was notable for the debuts of two freshers, Aidan and Mukunth. Despite this, the results went exactly the same way as our first match on every board so it was again 2.5–2.5. Thus we travelled to Churchill still looking for our first win. With a Varsity player on top board but no other graded players, they looked beatable even though we were missing several first team players and so relied on three people stepping up from the second team. However, wins from Mukunth and Emile proved not to be enough as we were unfortunate to lose on both the bottom two boards and then on board one when I tried too hard to win an endgame in which I was initially slightly better. After this disappointment we faced last year's champions, Queens'. It was no surprise that we ended up losing 3.5–1.5, although it could

easily have gone either way after I sacrificed a rook against their international master on board one, only to miss the crucial move to finish him off and end up losing. The highlight was Mukunth continuing his good run with a win on board three, and Shan achieving a draw. Worries of not winning a single match were quickly dismissed as we destroyed newly promoted Selwyn 4–1 with wins from myself, Emile and Ralph, the second team captain stepping up to help us out, as well as draws from Mukunth and Omri. Our final opponents, Jesus, were unable to organise a team so we gained another win by default to give us a rather balanced season total of two wins, two draws and two losses to end my time as captain.

Individual scores across the season (in board order): Robert Starley 3/5, Aidan McGiff 0/1, Omri Faraggi 0.5/3, Mukunth Raveendran 3/4, Ruby Marsden 0/3, Shan-Conrad Wolf 1.5/2, Ralph Jordan 1/1, Emile Okada 2.5/3, Matt Storer 0/1, Andrew Whitehouse 1/2.

Robert Starley, *First Team Captain*

Second team

For the first year in recent memory, Emmanuel also fielded a second team in the lower division of the college League. This was only possible through the sheer enthusiasm of those who weren't able to make the first team, and that enthusiasm shone through as we played the most games of any college team in the division. Unfortunately defeating a first team is no easy feat, but 5.5 points from three matches (plus a win by default against Caius) remains a respectable total against the likes of Trinity, Fitzwilliam and Wolfson firsts. Many thanks to the players Emile Okada, Alistair Benford, Matt Storer, Tan Ze Kai and Jamie Scott as well as overall captain Rob Starley for making this a reality. We hope that the team can kick on next year and claim a scalp or two!

Ralph Jordan, *Second Team Captain*

CHRISTIAN UNION

	2015–16	2016–17
<i>Officers</i>	<i>Rebecca Rebis & Laura Nunez-Mulder</i>	<i>Emma Nicholls & Matt Gurtler</i>

As ever, the Emmanuel College Christian Union started this year off with their traditional Church search breakfasts, allowing new Christians in College to try out nearby churches and begin putting down roots: many croissants were eaten and friendships formed. This year also saw two new initiatives: a ‘taster session’ in freshers’ week where students could come and see what a typical College group meeting looked like, and the introduction of ‘Share’, a series of open sessions exploring people’s views on love, human nature, good and evil, and the purpose of life. As the freshers and old hands alike settled into Cambridge life, the term was rounded off by the annual CICCUC carol services.

Lent term rolled around, bringing with it preparations for Cambridge Christian Union’s mission week ‘Main event’. In the run up to this, the Christian Union put on a text-a-toastie event, where questions about Christianity were exchanged for answers and piping hot toasties. ‘Main event’ itself was an incredible success, with hundreds of people coming to the various talks and cafés we held to look at the filters we place on concepts such as hope, satisfaction and success, and what Christianity has to offer instead. For Emmanuel, the term came to an end with an Easter egg hunt around College (which just avoided being scuppered by the weather!) and the appointment of next year’s reps, Emma Nicholls and Matt Gurtler.

In contrast to the majority of societies which shut down in exam term, the Christian Union instigated weekly rounders matches against other colleges, combined with a talk from our relay worker Ben about Mark’s gospel and many, many doughnuts. As a further treat for the College, at the start of exam season we made delicious smoothies and gave them away to Members on their way past the Library.

All through the year, our group grew in community through our weekly evening meetings, as well as at our morning prayer

meetings (which experienced an increase in attendance compared with previous years). All that remains for this year is to warmly look forward to the arrival of new freshers in the autumn!

CRICKET CLUB

	2015–16	2016–17
<i>Captain</i>	<i>Luke Hone</i>	<i>Alex Mistlin</i>
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	<i>Daniel Pope</i>	<i>James Larman</i>
<i>President</i>	<i>Tom McKane</i>	<i>Luke Hone</i>

The 2016 cricket season has been the College’s most successful in many years and reflects the strong position in which Emmanuel College cricket has found itself.

The mixture of a healthy intake of new players and the ever-increasing ability of the veterans resulted in a very strong team. We won our group in the college Cup following close victories against both Trinity and Gonville & Caius. On a variably bouncing Trinity pitch we had the seemingly simple task of chasing 61 to win from 20 overs, however we struggled in our chase and if it wasn’t for new opener Abhishek Patel’s determined runs our campaign may have been over at the earliest stage. In our home fixture at Wilberforce Road against Gonville & Caius we were prepared a belter¹ of a pitch and set a reasonable target of 100 to win. We again struggled early on with the bat, but managed to turn 28–5 into a two-wicket win thanks to runs from skipper Luke Hone and all-rounder Elliot Mack. Unfortunately, we became unstuck in the quarter-finals against a very good Fitzwilliam side, which ended up winning the tournament. Set a mammoth 180 to win in 20 overs, we fell short by 60 runs despite a healthy partnership between Freddie Green and Aditya Nigudkar getting us to a position of 80–3 off ten overs. This is the third consecutive year that we have lost to the tournament winners and I feel that it is only a matter of time before we really compete in the Cup.

The defeat to Fitzwilliam was our sole loss of the season, finishing with a record of played seven, won six. We started by

¹It means that the pitch we played on should have been easy to bat on and that the Groundsman who prepared it did so to ensure that it would be easy to bat on.

touring Oxford thanks to a generous donation from the Old Boys, beating Pembroke College and our sister college Exeter. Following this success and the strong team morale that came from touring, we hope to have another in the next year or two. Following the Cup campaign, we also played a Plate fixture against St Edmund's College, another team that lost in the quarter-finals. Having been 17-5 we were able to reach 141 and defend it to win by three runs, when our new death bowler Sushant Achawal took a hat trick off the last three balls of the game.

That marked the end of our successful T20 season. However, as always, the season was building towards the annual all-day match against the Old Boys. In the most hotly anticipated game in years, the Old Boys were seeking to avenge their 2015 defeat, their first since 2009. However, ECCC showed why they were one of the top college teams, restricting the Old Boys to just 131 off 54 overs thanks to some tight bowling from James Larman and Daniel Pope, and chasing it down comfortably with a 50 from president Tom McKane to seal back-to-back victories for the first time in the College's history.



Emmanuel's cricket team playing the Old Boys

James Lowen

I have immensely enjoyed being the captain of this side and am very much looking forward to next year; the thought of a hat trick of victories over the Old Boys is very enticing.

Luke Hone, *Captain*

EMMANUEL COLLEGE STUDENTS' UNION

ECSU have had a busy year, with the committee changing over at Christmas. We started off with another brilliant freshers' week, with the subject and college parent initiatives being especially successful. The current committee was elected in November, and each officer began planning over Christmas ready to get started in Lent term.

Each officer has been working to maintain and further existing provisions, including working closely with the College to run events for students, and representing the student body in College decisions; we have included a summary of the main events and projects in this report.

1584 dinner – In Lent term Kavish worked with the College to organise the 1584 dinner for second-years. As always, this dinner was a huge success, serving as a celebration of the College to mark the half-way point through most undergraduate courses. College archives were open for viewing, and were enjoyed by staff and students alike. After the meal, everyone congregated in the bar (beautifully decorated by Ellie Cox) and watched a slideshow of photographs from the last year-and-a-half, put together by Kavish. It was a fun-filled evening that will be remembered as one of the highlights of our time together.

Access – The access bus tour took place over the Easter vacation. This involved touring state schools in our target areas of Sheffield and Essex, and running sessions to explain and answer questions about what Cambridge is actually like. The team, led by Joanna, the access officer, managed to visit 19 schools in four days, and the feedback has been overwhelmingly positive, with such comments as 'It was perfectly pitched and really informative without being overwhelming', and 'some of them definitely feel that Cambridge could be a realistic option for them now'.

In order to expand access activities for those outside our target areas, Joanna, the access officer, launched the Access Blog with help from Amira, the webmaster. The purpose of this was to build a larger student perspective on being at Cambridge: it's always more reassuring to have these kinds of posts from real students, and it's

been circulated around schools and shared on social media with success.

Buildings and services – Josh, the buildings and services officer, arranged a food forum with the Bursar and catering staff, along with students representing a range of dietary needs this year. This has proved to be very beneficial for maintaining communication and food quality for those with special dietary needs.

Disabilities Support Officer – The Welfare Officers alongside Katie and Kavish have performed consultations with the College and the student body to ensure that those who require support for disabilities will, from November, have representation on the ECSU committee. The proposal passed through Governing Body in June.

ECSU shop – Harriet, the shop manager, has been very busy over the past two terms. As well as carrying forward ideas from previous years, she has introduced some new products and initiatives following student feedback. For example in collaboration with the green officer, the shop has introduced food bank donation boxes.

Emma Ents – Harry Curtis, the Ents officer, has hosted two very successful comedy nights in the bar this year. We have also continued running the extremely popular ‘chill in the Chapel’ events to showcase student acoustic talent, as part of the busy welfare timetable.

Emmanuel Society – ECSU worked closely with the Emmanuel Society to organise the ‘Next Steps’ careers event in March. We were overjoyed to have Emmanuel Members from various disciplines return to speak with current students about their career paths and share job-hunting and CV-writing tips. We tried to take on board a lot of the comments from earlier years, which led to a rebranding and newer format that was really well received. The event was a huge success and we received good feedback from both students and Members.

We have also been working with the Development Office to discuss ideas for future talks and careers events, including the LinkedIn workshop that is planned for November.

Freshers’ week – After interviewing and selecting this year’s freshers rep team, and confirming updates and changes to the

timetable and freshers documents, we are confident that freshers’ week 2016 is shaping up to be just as good as last year! The main changes to the timetable include a trip to the ADC theatre, which we hope will allow the incoming freshers to experience a different side of Cambridge. The freshers reps will be keeping in touch over the summer to put the finishing touches together and answering questions from the excited offer holders.

Gender-neutral College parents – In Lent term we worked with Helen, the LGBT+ officer, to introduce gender-neutral College parents: the first pairings will feature in the forthcoming freshers’ week. We hope this will ensure that all students feel fully included and represented by the parenting scheme.

Green ducks – This year for the Green Society (aka the Green Ducks) has been a very eventful one. During Lent and Easter terms we embarked on the Green Impact Award scheme and managed to complete over 40 tasks in the workbook. As a result we achieved a Silver Award for the College, which is very exciting. Initiatives to reach this target have included putting recycling stickers on all undergraduate bins, re-vamping the College Green boards and liaising with multiple members of staff on the College’s environmental policy.

Alongside the Green Impact, the Green Society held a talk on COP21 and the future of climate change campaigning. We also ran



ECSU Green Impact Award, silver award

Phil Mynott Photo

a Green event in the bar with a green- and ethical-themed pub quiz alongside green-themed cocktails, and managed to raise £75 for Amnesty International.

International – Alethea, the international officer, has been working with the College to improve storage provisions for students over the vacation periods by selling storage boxes in the shop and opening more rooms for storage.

LGBT+ – Helen has been very busy this year, and has helped to introduce and maintain a number of initiatives and events for students who are part of the LGBT+ community. We flew the rainbow flag for LGBT+ history month in February and had a film screening of *Pride* to celebrate the month. Helen has also created a secret mailing list so that students can be kept up-to-date without being a member of the Facebook group.

Welfare – Over the past few terms the welfare officers, Katie and Keir, have worked hard to try and make welfare accessible and effective in College. We have continued with the traditional events of tea and cake, yoga and Zumba, with the addition of a 60-foot inflatable obstacle course and a chocolate fountain night in the bar. Behind the scenes, Katie and Keir run weekly drop-in sessions and advertise various sources of help and support to all students, both on an individual basis and also to the whole College.

This report covers most (but certainly not all) of the things that ECSU has been up to over the past year. We would also like to thank Amy Duff, the ECSU secretary, for tending to all of our administrative needs and producing the weekly ‘what’s on’ email with notices of events and opportunities for all students.

Thank you to every single committee member for your tireless work and energy in everything that you do. We are confident that this enthusiasm and commitment will continue ready for the new committee to take over in December, and we are excited for what looks set to be a busy term! Finally, thank you to all students, staff and Fellows for being so supportive and happy to work with us on so many projects; we truly appreciate everything that you do.

Katie Craven, *President* & **Kavish Shah**, *Vice-President*

HOCKEY CLUB

	2015–16	2016–17
<i>Men’s Captain</i>	Theo Stevens	Richard Johnson
<i>Women’s Captain</i>	Emma Charlton & Hayley Hardstaff	Freya Lawson
<i>Men’s Vice-Captain</i>	Hugh Judge	Hugh Judge
<i>Social Secretary</i>	Rob Ley & Laura Crowhurst	Frankie Tamblyn & Matt Bradley

Men’s team

2015–16 was a particularly successful year for Men’s hockey, with the team winning promotion in Michaelmas, and coming runners up in Cuppers.

With a healthy intake of freshers, Michaelmas started well. The team progressed through the first stages of Cuppers, comfortably beating Christ’s 3–1. Emma’s League campaign also started brightly, with three straight wins. We were particularly dominant for most of the matches. However, a slip-up against Selwyn left us needing to beat Jesus second team (by at least five goals in our final game of the term) to secure promotion. Having led 3–0 at half-time, division one was firmly in our sights. However, after losing concentration in the second half, we were only 5–1 up with a few minutes left. Step up the ever-reliable Hugh Judge, scoring a great individual goal just before the final whistle. Having secured promotion on goal difference (with Girton ending on +12 goals, and Emma on +13 goals), hopes were high for Lent term.

Lent term brought further success. We managed to retain our place in division one, whilst reaching the Cuppers final. It started on a high, as we beat the previous term’s division winners, Pembroke, 3–0. We continued our good form throughout the term, playing some fast-paced attacking hockey even when facing teams who were packed with University players and when we had a number of absentees. We ended the term on six points, coming fifth in the league, and ensuring our survival with ease.

The highlight of the year was Emma’s Cuppers run! We progressed through the quarter-finals with a comfortable win against Trinity/Fitzwilliams. The semi-final was a more closely

fought affair against local rivals: Downing. The game was particularly open and frantic, with Downing starting brightly taking a one goal lead. With the score at 5–5 with a few minutes left, we took the lead with some very direct and fast passing. This set up a final against Catz, who had a disproportionate number of University players (compared with most other colleges), including the Blues captain. On a particularly hot day, we fought valiantly against Catz until the end, especially when some of our key players had last-minute injuries. The first half was a close and cagey affair. Starting the second half well, we scored to make it 3–1. However, as we fatigued, the game opened up, and Catz began to dominate. Nevertheless, we can be particularly proud of our efforts on the day, and throughout the year. It was a very successful one, having not reached the final for a long time. Thank you to all those who came down from College to support us. It was really touching to see so many of you there.

I would like to thank Louis Sharrock for organising some adequately pink hockey tops for the final, as well as named sweat-shirts. An even bigger thank-you goes to Hugh Judge, who was a very supportive and dedicated vice-captain throughout the year, even with heavy University hockey commitments. Thank you to all the other players, both University and non-University, who took the time out to play week in, week out. I really appreciated all the support from everyone! I wish the team all the best for the forthcoming season.

Theo Stevens, Men's Captain

Ladies team

Emmanuel ladies' hockey got off to a tough start this year, struggling to put out a full team for our first few matches. By a few weeks into Michaelmas we had managed to recruit a whole new group of first-year girls and even some new second-years to pick up a hockey stick and give it a go. Although many of our newly formed team had never played before, with outstanding commitment to very frosty Sunday morning matches we managed to pull together, with everyone contributing to dominating our opposition



Emma's ladies hockey team (left to right): Laura Whalley, Lydia Sefton-Minns, Amy Cragg, Ella Jenkinson, Pip Elmer, Frankie Tambllyn, Sophie Farrant, Emma Charlton, Harriet Hall, Becky Walsh; (front): Jess Lister (GK) and Hayley Hardstaff

on pitch. Some weeks we even had enough players for rolling subs and the added advantage of our trusty goalkeeper Jess!

Although the scores did not always reflect the quality of our play or how well we fended off the opposition (always just struggling to get the ball that final distance into the goal), the transformation and success of the team over several weeks was enormous, even when we played against some of the most intimidating teams.

In Lent term we only played three matches because of opposing teams having to forfeit. However, despite this lack of play, we now have a solid Emma ladies' hockey contingent as the basis for a very strong team in next years' League and for some good socials too!

Hayley Hardstaff, Women's Captain

JUNE EVENT

It is not uncommon for May Ball committee members to enjoy themselves so much that they decide to return for a second year. It is far less common for that enthusiasm to span three years as was the case for three committee members this year, who were all involved in the 2014 event. Although generally well received, one criticism of that event was that the sprawling Emmanuel grounds were under-filled by the thousand guests on site. This year, the committee created a more intimate experience by reducing the spaces used. Encouraged by the décor team's assurances that the Bar's nautical theme was an unsalvageable eyesore, it was the first to go (despite protestations from the two generations of bar managers also on the committee). In its place we introduced a second stage in Chapman's Garden. Our original ambitions to have a Beatles-style roof-top concert were sadly scaled down, and we settled for a stage covering the South Court walkway. Elsewhere, smoking cocktails bubbled on Front Court, fire-eaters astounded guests in New Court and the familiar bleeps of retro arcade games filled the upper rooms.



Freddie Dyke



Freddie Dyke

The committee took it upon itself to break records at every step of the process. The first fell within two weeks of forming, with the selection of the theme. Historically this process has been drawn out by the inability of excited recruits to reach any consensus. Fighting off stiff competition from 'Christmas' and 'Colours of the rainbow', a unanimous vote chose 'Eureka' for this year's event. Despite such decisiveness early on, it later took a full hour's debate to settle the finer distinctions between 'ideas', 'inventions' and 'discoveries'! Our second record is one which has been broken each year since 2013: tickets sold out in three minutes and 12 seconds. Finally, and less glamorously, a leaky roof in the table-tennis room enabled us to break one last record as we crossed the finish line. The evacuation and disposal of the accumulated décor items continued well into Grad Week for some as we filled a record seven skips with thousands of jam jars, bedframes and a six-foot-tall hourglass. The event was well received by all, and we look forward to seeing many of our committee members' enthusiasm carry them through to next year, with an equally successful ball.

Daisy Savage & Christopher Little, Presidents

KARTING

	2015–16	2016–17
<i>Team Captain</i>	<i>Robert Starley</i>	<i>Robert Tinn</i>

With all of the Emma karting team (myself, Robert Tinn and Zaid Sheikh) having raced at the same circuit only weeks before in the Cambridge University Automobile Club championship, we were more prepared than ever before as we headed to Red Lodge Circuit for this year’s Cuppers race. There were 12 teams of three competing this year in a one-and-a-half hour endurance race preceded by practice and qualifying.

Karting team left to right: Robert Tinn, Zaid Sheikh, Robert Starley



Mikey Zhao

Zaid, promoted from our B team last year, took the start from fourth place and did well to maintain position for the first few laps, setting consistent lap times before losing a place to a faster driver who had been on his tail for a while. This was how the situation remained until our first pitstop, when Rob took over after half an hour. Unfortunately the marshals failed to notice that we had changed drivers so kept trying to call him into the pit again; after ignoring that for a few laps he eventually did as they told him and came in. After explaining their error, however, they put us back in the correct position by adding on the two laps that this had cost us so we didn’t really lose anything in the end. Seemingly unphased

by this bizarre turn of events, Rob continued to lap quickly, exactly matching Zaid’s best lap time of 39.211s.

Just before the hour mark we completed our final driver change and it was my turn out on track. With some decisive moves lapping backmarkers, I was able to make up some time despite getting stuck behind one kart going very slowly through a yellow flag zone (where overtaking is banned because someone has just crashed at that part of the track). However, many of the other teams also had their fastest drivers bringing the kart home so even with a best lap of 37.842s, just a tenth of a second off the fastest anyone managed during the race, it was always going to be tough to make up many more positions. When the chequered flag came out we crossed the line as second-best college, losing only to Trinity, who had two Varsity drivers in their team (and alumni who didn’t count). This is the best result we’ve had over my four years here; I hope that Emma will continue to do well next year after I have graduated.

Robert Starley, Captain

MCR

	<i>November–June</i>	<i>June–November</i>
<i>President</i>	<i>David Baynard</i>	
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Rachel Evans</i>	
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Chris Weihs</i>	
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Fatima Mirza / Rachel Evans (acting)</i>	<i>Riva Riley</i>
<i>Dinners Secretary</i>	<i>Mimi Goodall</i>	<i>Delphine Depierreux</i>
<i>Swaps Secretary</i>	<i>Alice Rees</i>	
<i>Events Secretary</i>	<i>Will Summers</i>	
<i>Accommodation Officer</i>	<i>Vidit Jaggi</i>	<i>Yu Su</i>
<i>Women’s Officer</i>	<i>Emilia Carslaw / Juliette Tobias-Webb</i>	<i>Bryn Reistadler</i>
<i>International Officer</i>	<i>Maria Bugno</i>	
<i>Green Officer</i>	<i>Natalie Jones</i>	<i>Young Mi Kwon</i>
<i>Computer Officer</i>	<i>Alex Richardson</i>	<i>Eardi Lila</i>
<i>LGBT+ Officer</i>	<i>Jason Deacon</i>	



The 2015–16 MCR committee. From left: Emilia Carslaw (Women’s Officer), Juliette Tobias-Webb (Women’s Officer), Alice Rees (Social Secretary), Alex Richardson (Computer Officer), Sarah Burgess (Welfare Officer), Vidit Jaggi (Accommodation Officer), David Baynard (President), Chris Weihs (Treasurer), Rachel Evans (Vice-President), Jason Deacon (LGBT+ Officer), Natalie Jones (Green Officer), Will Summers (Social Secretary), Maria Bugno (International Officer), Mimi Goodall (Social Secretary)

Emmanuel’s graduate students are a conglomerate congregation: we study in different departments and reside in varied dwellings. The job of the Middle Combination Room is to make Emmanuel important in the lives of postgraduates, and dare we say that this committee continues to do just that.

MCR dinners are the most popular events on our calendar. As ever, not only have the catering staff served the finest lamb chump and Emmanuel mess this side of the Cam, their ability to

accommodate all dietary requirements never ceases to amaze. Mercifully, Mimi has yet to invite a nut-free vegan who also has an aubergine allergy.

Decorated decorator Will then ensures the Old Library fits the occasion, whether it’s Monte Carlo or Camden he’s bringing to Cambridge for the night: the closest students without funding can attend that probability primer in Las Vegas. Churchill’s Big Band was so big the room became an intimate Jazz club, and our termly silent disco brings the noise. Many such events will be in the College calendar.

We do venture beyond dinners. The finest French fromage, most acerbic Italian aperitivi and sweetest Spanish strawberries helped us brave pathetic fallacy and power outages for the Dimpleby referendum results rendezvous. And whether it’s tiramisu at Maria’s International Food Festival or tea and cake at Sarah’s Tea and Cake there are plenty of opportunities for a student to take a break from the laboratory or library.

Sometimes a break is not enough and one must entirely switch perspective. Our series of graduate talks has this year exposed the gamut of Emmanuel students to scholarship from the BSJ (*Baker Street Journal*); hypotheses of the RNA world as origin of complex life; and historical reviews: such as how to disentangle oneself from legal precedent on a change in sovereignty ... although the world might have progressed since 1776.

Let all this not though give the impression that Emmanuel students are isolated; Alice has led delegates to evenings at colleges from Corpus Christi to Wolfson, and most have sent a sortie in return. Emmanuel’s MCR has a University-wide reputation for congeniality and quality, and is indeed the reason why many prospective students choose the College. We have big plans for those joining us in October.

The committee represents postgraduates to the College, and vice-versa. Juliette, Emilia and Jason have together helped ensure everybody feels welcome at the College. Natalie has encouraged a change in food waste policy in Emma. We have sought feedback from our community and implemented changes from last year’s



Work hard, play hard especially when Ekaterina is trying to take a nice photo

surveys, most successfully pressing the College to improve internet access at Barnwell.

We have just conducted the quasi-annual evaluation of the College's housing stock. Room dimensions and our accommodation officer Vidit's reactions were meticulously measured and noted in an incalculable spreadsheet, and we can report here exclusively that in addition to being intelligent, beautiful and droll, Emmanuel students are fastidiously tidy.

And the year is not yet over! To prevent Alex's successor from spending as much time fixing bugs as he has, we have a schedule to introduce a new website for 2016–17. And we are both grateful to the Emmanuel Society's current help with career advice and also keen to work out a way to increase our interaction in the future.

We thank our wonderful committee, without whom we would have failed to make it past the first evening; our graduate tutors Cathy Rae, John Maclennan and Jeremy Caddick; and everybody else at Emmanuel who has helped make it such an inspiring place at which to develop into the researchers of the future.

David Baynard, *President* & **Rachel Evans**, *Vice-President*

MUSIC SOCIETY (ECMS)

	2015–16	2016–17
<i>Honorary President</i>	<i>Dame Fiona Reynolds</i>	<i>Dame Fiona Reynolds</i>
<i>Director of Music</i>	<i>Dr Christopher Whitton</i>	<i>Dr Christopher Whitton</i>
<i>College Fellow</i>	<i>Dr Sarah Bendall</i>	<i>Dr Sarah Bendall</i>
<i>President</i>	<i>Imogen Flower</i>	<i>Oliver Philcox & Oliver Baines</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Charlie Whitehead</i>	<i>Amira Damji</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Oliver Philcox</i>	<i>Abhishek Patel</i>
<i>Hires Manager</i>		<i>Harry Butcher</i>
<i>Publicity Officer</i>		<i>Neha Zamvar</i>
<i>Recitals</i>	<i>Stella Hadjineophytou</i>	<i>Stella Hadjineophytou, Pip Elmer & Heather Conder</i>
<i>Orchestra</i>	<i>Imogen Flower</i>	<i>Rebecca Rebis</i>
<i>Big Band</i>	<i>Barnaby Walker & Alexander Murphy</i>	<i>James Scott & Eleftherios Papparonas</i>
<i>Chorus</i>	<i>Charlie Softley & Oliver Baines</i>	<i>Oliver Baines & Tatiana Sherwood</i>
<i>Folk Ensemble</i>	<i>Yanish Tucker & Ruby Marsden</i>	<i>Yanish Tucker</i>
<i>Senior Organ Scholar</i>	<i>Stella Hadjineophytou</i>	<i>Stella Hadjineophytou</i>
<i>Junior Organ Scholar</i>	<i>Hugh Crook</i>	<i>Hugh Crook</i>

The past year has seen both the continued success and growth of ECMS, emphasising its importance as a society within Emmanuel. Our termly concerts have gone from strength to strength, featuring a diversity of pieces performed by the Chorus, Big Band, Folk Ensemble and the Emmanuel Corpus Christi Orchestra (ECCO). We are particularly pleased to welcome ECCO, a new endeavour masterminded by Imogen Flower which, by joining together two well-known and established music societies, has combined significant talent, regaling us for example with Mozart's complete *Symphony No. 40*, performed to a large audience. Our weekly recitals too continue to be popular, attracting interest from within

Emmanuel and the wider Cambridge community, and have even been advertised on the radio, with CamFM eager to spread word of our recital series. Across the year we have enjoyed stunning performances from both undergraduates studying music (including recitals reps Pip Elmer and Heather Conder), as well as from visiting professionals. With the creation of a publicity officer position this year, we hope that audiences will only continue to grow.

Though comprised of distinct ensembles, a clear sense of unity exists within the society, seen clearly during our annual dinner, bringing together members from across different ensembles and proving a night to remember. We remain impressed by the dedication of committee members throughout the year in aiding in hiring out the society's equipment to various events, particularly within May Week, which saw drum kits, the keyboard and more hired out almost every day. Particular mention must go to Harry Butcher, fulfilling a new position on the committee as hires manager, overseeing bookings and ensuring that equipment exchanges were carried out (somewhat) smoothly.

The last term was also marked by a new venture; the ECMS garden party. Utilising the extensive repertoire of Big Band, this was a relaxed affair on the Paddock and proved a huge success: the perfect end to a busy term of music for all. More widely, Big Band again provided entertainment at the RAG ChariTea garden party, whilst also attracting huge interest from many around Cambridge who sought to book the band for garden parties, charity events and even wedding receptions in the coming year.

The society would like to extend their warmest thanks to the more experienced members of the committee, most notably Dame Fiona, who, in her role as honorary president, has tirelessly supported all of our ensembles as a regular audience member at both concerts and recitals, giving a wonderful amount of encouragement to all the society. In addition, we must thank Dr Whitton and Dr Bendall for their expertise and guidance, without whom we would simply be unable to put on the range of events for which the society is known. Casting our gaze to the coming term, we are excited to welcome new musicians to Emmanuel, whilst we wish those graduating and leaving the society this year the best of luck.

Preparations have already begun for the Michaelmas recital series, freshers' concert, 'jazz and cocktails' event and our termly concert, with the next year shaping up to be another busy, but rewarding, time for us all.

Oliver Philcox & Oliver Baines, Co-Presidents

MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

	2015–16	2016–17
<i>President</i>	<i>Eoghan McDowell</i>	<i>James Wood</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Eoghan McDowell</i>	<i>Beth Godley</i>

It has been a year of growth for the Emmanuel College mountaineering club. We have seen more and more climbers joining our trips to the local bouldering wall, with group sizes at times being in the double digits. This includes both experienced climbers and those being introduced to the sport; it is heartening to see many of the latter continuing to attend and developing a taste for climbing. Indeed, the club has climbing shoes available for borrowing, to enable anyone to give bouldering a try.

Trips to the bouldering wall at the nearby Kelsey Kerridge sports centre have been the main activity of the club this year (as in recent years), though there are intentions to visit larger climbing walls further afield beginning next term. We are fortunate at Emma to have this bouldering wall so close: only a short walk across Parker's Piece separates us from an entertaining afternoon of climbing.

In Lent and Easter terms 2016, the club took part in the inaugural 'climbing Cuppers', organised by the University's Mountaineering Club. The competition involved completing selected routes at the Kelsey Kerridge bouldering wall, in our own time but with more points awarded for fewer attempts. A relaxed approach to the competition and the opportunity for 'most improved' awards in future rounds encouraged many of our group to give this a go. Our team did not win a place on the podium this time, but we enjoyed the challenging routes and look forward to trying it again next term.

Eoghan McDowell, President

NETBALL CLUB

	2015–16	2016–17
<i>Women's Captains</i>	Emily Hopgood & Ellie Cox	Lydia Sefton-Minns & Alicia Cooke
<i>Mixed Captains</i>	Hayley Hardstaff & Keir Murison	Frankie Tambllyn, Charlie Morgan & Will Raby-Smith
<i>Social Secretary</i>	Eleanor Leydon	Alex Power and Patrick Warren

Ladies' first team

It's been a great year for the Emma ladies' first netball team. Despite the loss of several core players, the recruitment of sporty freshers saw us enter the League in division two with our sights set on promotion. Through Michaelmas we managed to field a full team to every match (this was touch-and-go for one game but we grabbed a fresher in sports kit at the plodge and persuaded her to run up the hill to medwards¹). While other teams relied on one or two star players we showed strength all round and played as a true team. With many wins under our belt we entered the Lent League newly promoted to division one. The standard of teams in division one was noticeably higher, with many teams sporting University-level players. However, we held our own and put in some impressive performances despite the occasionally tense atmosphere. This saw us finish the League as the third best ladies' college team behind netball giants Downing and Murray Edwards.

This year we also had a successful Cuppers campaign. Although held at a very busy time of the year we were able to field a strong team, intimidating the competition with our athletic warm-up drills (we sat on the floor and ate cookies). Probably fuelled by sugar we stormed through the group stages winning our group. Unfortunately, our group stage venue over-ran resulting in a very speedy cycle across town. I blame this extra exercise and tired legs for our loss to a strong Robinson team in the quarter-finals.

¹ Whilst the Editor was familiar with plodge for Porters' Lodge it had to be explained that medwards is Murray Edwards!



Emma ladies netball first team (left to right): Hayley Hardstaff, Molly Biddell, Lydia Sefton-Minns, Emily Hopgood, Maddy Clifford, Sarah Vaughan, Rachael Lewis and Katie Craven

I'm so unbelievably proud of how much this team has achieved this year with turnout for matches nearly rivalling that for socials. I'm sure under new captain Lydia's guidance we can crush Downing next year and take the top spot: though use of their conveniently located courts would still be appreciated.

Emily Hopgood, Captain

Ladies' second team

The Emmanuel ladies' second netball team have had another fun year, keeping alive our team spirit, enthusiasm and love of playing netball. Though we had to rebuild our team from scratch because of the graduation of last year's players, we've had several more victories than last year, while maintaining our relaxed attitude to winning versus taking part. Our sociable Sunday morning team played in the ladies' fourth division, managing to end up in a strong second place at the end of the year. We took part in the inter-collegiate Cuppers tournament, though we were up against some strong opponents and didn't make it past the round-robin stage. Thank you to everyone who played this year: Lana Huang, Amy Spackman, Amira Damji, Meg Armishaw, Jenny Shepherd, Annie Koerling, Lucy Talbot, Laura May Nardella and Molly Llewellyn-Smith, with a special mention to next year's captain and our top goal-scorer Alicia Cooke: I hope you have as much fun as I did!

Ellie Cox, Captain

Emma mixed netball first team (left to right): Hayley Hardstaff, Lydia Sefton-Minns, Scott Li, Emily Hopgood, Sarah Vaughan, Frankie Tamblyn, Dan Pope and Richard Simon (being lifted)



Mixed first team

This year the Emma mixed first netball team had lost some key members of the Emma netball community but were lucky to gain several new talented additions from the fresh influx of first-years. In Michaelmas our performance was very steady, winning four out of seven matches to maintain our position in the top division, occasionally pulling up players from the second team to lend a helping hand. Lent term proved to be more tasking and we won only three out of eight matches. We had more success, however, in the annual Cuppers tournament. We dominated the first stages, winning all but one game to fly through to the second round where we had an unlucky draw against the second strongest team in the Cup.

All in all everyone put in a valiant effort throughout the year, fighting through various injuries and a hilarious misunderstanding of the difference between basketball and netball (particularly by some of the male team members!). We intimidated our opposition with flawless warm-ups and drills, effortlessly improving the fluidity of our netball whilst simultaneously enjoying great banter between players of all abilities. We are in a very strong position in the top division for the start of the next netball season and I have every faith that it will be a great year for our team with the incredibly dedicated Frankie helming the ship! Paws in, Claws in.

Hayley Hardstaff, Captain

Mixed second team

It's been another enthusiastic year for the mixed second teams with our now familiar promotion in Michaelmas, enjoying the dizzying heights of League two in Lent, before being brought back down to our original spot, while there were some truly stand-out performances over the year. Turning up with three full teams for the first match with Homerton, who barely had seven players, was a bit of a shock for them. Playing a Clare team that included a chinos-wearing father of one of the players made an interesting match report, and coming to within a goal of our first League two win against Jesus was tantalising but ultimately fruitless. When thinking back though, those moments might stick in the mind, but they don't reflect the true spirit of the seconds. Many a time we were out-numbered, out-gunned and out-grown by the freakishly tall players other colleges seemed to be able to call upon, but it didn't matter because we always had the best time. Whether it was my constant nagging to get my friends to play, the traditional after-match game of wharrrrr or the welcome relief of brunch after a severely hung-over game, which made many players regret the decisions they made the night before, it has been my honour and privilege to lead these players onto the court in all weathers, under any conditions, and to make sure that none of them left without a



Emma mixed second team (from left to right): top row: Will Raby-Smith, Patrick Warren, Josh Breedon, Keir Murison, Toby Lane, Claire Restarick Bottom row: Charlie Morgan, Joanna Lee, Alex Broadway, Alex Power

smile on their face. I wish Charlie and Will all the luck in the world as they deal with the relentless Facebook tagging, and Alex and Patrick to call up various curry restaurants to see if they will let us drink and make a lot of noise, all in the interest of celebrating another fantastic year of netball.

Keir Murison, *Captain*

QUIZ SOCIETY

Emmanuel College are no strangers to *University Challenge*. The College has previously qualified for the TV series on three separate occasions since 2000 (2002–03, 2006–07 and 2009–10) with the illustrious honour of being crowned series champions in the 2009–10 series. The quizzing champions comprised of captain Alex Guttenplan and team mates Jenny Harris, Andy Hastings and Josh Scott (the first two can still be seen at Emmanuel).

Team Emma (as we fondly call ourselves) of the 2016–17 series have become the first college team to qualify for the televised *University Challenge* since 2009–10. The team consists of captain Bobby Seagull, Leah Ward, Bruno Barton-Singer and Tom Hill (as well as reserve Alex Mistlin).

Team Emma began the selection process with the BBC auditions at the end of January. We were grilled with a challenging 40-question general knowledge test and a group interview to assess our personality and TV worthiness. The BBC were most impressed with our three mascots: Manny the Lion, Kleiny the Bottle and Ellie the Duck! The top 28 colleges and universities in the UK were selected for the TV round and Team Emma were delighted to have been selected.

On 15 August, Team Emma took on Nottingham University in the first round. However it was not a match for the faint-hearted. Team Emma started with two wrong interruptions and before we knew it were down to minus ten points to Nottingham's 40. Even when Team Emma pulled into positive territory, Nottingham had stretched their lead to 75–10. A third of the way through the contest, it looked as if it might be an exercise in damage limitation. However Team Emma held their nerve and got back into the match



and somehow managed to even put a little bit of space in the last few minutes between the teams, winning 175–135. We were delighted to qualify for the second round, which we expect will be broadcast around November/December.

Quizzing as a College activity has gone beyond just the *University Challenge* team in 2015–16. The College entered six teams (with 24 students competing!) for the Domestic Quiz Cuppers (known as the ICQ, the Inter Collegiate Quiz), so Emmanuel was the most represented college in the first round, an achievement in itself for enthusiasm. The ICQ is a *University Challenge*-style buzzer tournament where Cambridge colleges do battle against each other. Emma's UC team navigated through to the semi-finals, where we lost against eventual winners Christ's (who went on to defeat the reigning UC champions Peterhouse in the ICQ final).

Bobby Seagull, *Captain*

REDS

2015–16

Presidents Jack Rowan & Alice Attlee

Treasurer Isaac Johnston

This year, REDS has continued to support student drama both within Emmanuel College and at a wider level



in Cambridge. As a small but growing student production company, the committee’s focus has been on supporting experimental and exciting theatre at the College and, more extensively, at the Corpus Playroom and the ADC Theatre. This year’s committee has supported a great variety of productions, from one-night comedies at Corpus to main shows at the ADC. Furthermore, REDS is partially funding two Edinburgh Fringe shows this year, both headed by Emmanuel students.

REDS backs high quality, energetic and alternative comedy, as well as funding a growing number of dramatic productions, selected for their strong creative vision, aesthetic ideals and powerful directorial concepts. The committee feels that supporting a combination of these two theatrical fields backs the thriving Cambridge theatre tradition, whilst also encouraging its growth, evolution and exploration.

REDS productions often involve REDS/Emmanuel College Members, but the company also considers applications for funding from outside the College, and actively approaches external projects that the committee feels would be well suited to REDS’s theatrical ideals. Highlights from this academic year’s host of shows performed outside the College include: Kenneth Watton’s *Bedtime*



Alice Attlee

Hippolytus at the ADC Theatre

Chatshow (II & III), *Women in Mind* and *Philadelphia, Here I Come!* at Corpus Playroom, and *Hippolytus* and *Grief* at the ADC.

This year, REDS commissioned the re-vamping of its logo by Cambridge student Hannah Machover, which now features Emmanuel College’s famed oriental plane tree, under which many College theatre productions have taken place, usually during May Week. At the end of the last academic year, REDS supported a production of *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, performed under the tree, which provided a perfect outdoor theatre space. REDS also encourages the use of the Queen’s Building lecture theatre as a theatre space, which is used every Michaelmas term for the performance of the Emmanuel College freshers’ play. This year, students performed a modern interpretation of the sixteenth-century play *Servant of Two Masters* by Carlo Goldini.

In all, this year has been one of both financial and artistic success for REDS, a pattern that the committee hopes will continue after the new committee is selected in Michaelmas 2016.

Alice Attlee, *President*

RUGBY CLUB

	2015–16	2016–17
<i>Captain</i>	<i>Freddie Green</i>	<i>Will Shaw</i>
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	<i>Sandy McCleery</i>	<i>Alex Wade-Smith</i>
<i>President</i>	<i>Daniel Rasbash</i>	<i>Sebastian Tullie</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Richard Simon</i>	<i>Craig O’Malley</i>

It has been a phenomenal season for the College rugby football club, as the team returned to the top division of college rugby and won Cuppers for the first time since 1971.

The path to the Cuppers final began with a bye against Magdalene, putting the club through to a quarter-final clash against Gonville & Caius away, which was a comfortable 31–14 win for Emmanuel. The semi-final saw the team pitted against Jesus in a floodlit match at the University Rugby Club on Grange Road. In atrocious conditions the match soon became a clash of forwards, with Emmanuel demonstrating the strength of their pack, running

out 16–5 winners. A special mention must go to outgoing president Daniel Rasbash, who scrummed formidably against a Jesus prop who has recently secured a professional rugby contract, with a number of scrums won against the head. Following the triumph over Jesus, Emmanuel found themselves in their second Cuppers final in two years, up against a combined side of Corpus, Clare and King's (CCK). After the narrow loss against St John's in last year's final, the team were eager to put it right this time. The fixture took place in front of a packed crowd at Grange Road (complete with an Emmanuel brass band) and proved a nail-biting affair, with CCK going in ahead at half-time. However, Emmanuel came out fighting in the second half, showing their dominance in the forwards and strength in defence that have been pivotal to the team's success throughout the year. With tries from Blues Max Montgomery, Michael Phillips and Stephen Leonard, as well as the ever-reliable boot of vice-captain Sandy McCleery, Emmanuel defeated CCK 29–24, winning Cuppers for the first time in 45 years.



Steph Powell

The rugby team after the Cuppers final win, with Master Dame Fiona Reynolds in the middle

Aside from the Cuppers victory, the team enjoyed a successful return to division 1 of college rugby, finishing third out of six in the League, with two wins against Gonville & Caius, a win against Downing in the local derby and a 31–0 drubbing of Jesus at their own pitches. An Old Boys' match was also played in January, which saw a number of former members of the club return for a friendly game followed by a hearty social in the evening. This year's rugby dinner also proved successful, with former Wales and British Lions player Gerald Davies (1968) as the guest speaker, who played for Emmanuel in their last Cuppers final victory in 1971.

As a team we were extremely appreciative of all the support shown by graduated and current Members, which helped inspire us throughout the season, and particularly in the run-up to the final. We are also grateful to all the members of the current squad who are sadly leaving us, particularly captain Freddie Green, who consistently motivated the team through his dedication on and off the field. We look forward to next season and hope to continue the success of the last few years, keeping Emmanuel in its position at the top of college rugby.

Will Shaw, Social Secretary

20 April 2016 will be a date forever etched into the minds and memories of all those involved with Emmanuel College rugby football club as the hallowed rugby Cuppers trophy was lifted by an Emmanuel team for the first time since 1971. Captain Freddie Green's aim at the beginning of the season was made loud and clear: to make up for the disappointment of losing the final the year before and this time go all the way in the competition, building on the Cuppers Plate win in 2013 and successive promotions from division three to division one of the college League system in 2014 and 2015. Following a bye in the first round and a walkover against Magdalene in the next, things finally got underway with an emphatic 31–14 quarter-final win over fellow division one team, Gonville & Caius. Despite the scoreline, it was clear that there was so much more to come from a squad including four players selected for the Blues Varsity match back in December. The semi-final

against division one stalwarts Jesus was played in torrential rain at Grange Road but, despite the conditions, the team managed to grind out an impressive 16–5 victory, setting up a final against CCK, an amalgam team of Corpus Christi, Clare and King’s.

In the build-up to the match the players were greatly inspired by messages of support that arrived by email and post from former ECRFC players and supporters from across the ages. In fact, more generally, support throughout the year has been incredible, particularly the generous donations from Emma Members that enabled the committee to purchase Emmanuel-branded Gilbert rugby balls and a new set of playing kit. These pieces of kit have made both training and match days a far slicker and more professional affair, allowing the team really to raise their performance level from the season before.

The first half of the final was full of nerves but the lion rampant reared its fearsome head after the break and eventually ECRFC ran out 29–24 winners! It would be difficult to pinpoint individual contributions in the final, as everyone played out of their skin, but a particular mention must go to Elliot Mack, who was awarded ‘man of the match’. A couple of days following the final, the team were lucky enough to be joined by former ECRFC player and Welsh international Gerald Davies (1968) for their annual dinner. To hear Gerald talk about his own experiences with ECRFC and at Emmanuel more generally was something that none of the current players will ever forget. Poetically, Gerald himself played in the 1971 Cuppers-winning Emmanuel team. For me, a finalist this year, ECRFC has been a huge part of my Emmanuel experience and I am lucky to have played alongside an incredibly talented and vivacious group of players across my three years. Long may ECRFC remain at the heart of everything that is good about College life.

Sandy McCleery, *Vice-Captain*

WOMEN’S RUGBY

	2015–16	2016–17
<i>Captains</i>	Jess Lister & Flo Wesby	Emma Nicholls & Georgina McCoig

Emmanuel women’s rugby team continues to grow. We now train and compete regularly, with players joining from Homerton, John’s and Downing. While not a team particularly designed for sevens, we play with the mantra that ‘keen is better than skill’, something we carried on to our successful women’s five rowing boat in Easter term, where only a boatie admin error stopped us trying for May Bumps

Laura Nunez-Mulder and Sophie Farrant were both picked for the historic first Cambridge women’s Varsity match at Twickenham, providing inspiration for others that starting in a college team can be a stepping-stone to a Cambridge Blue. Emma Charlton was later selected in March to play for the Tigers second team in Iffley Road.

Emma women’s rugby becomes Emma-Downing for 2016–17, with new captains Emma Nicholls and Georgina McCoig looking to encourage even more girls that rolling around in the mud on Parkers Piece on a Saturday is a good idea.

Jess Lister, *Captain*

SQUASH CLUB

Emmanuel College squash has had a wonderful year. We entered two teams into the college Leagues and have had much success, with the first team earning promotion in Michaelmas and fighting for promotion back to the top division in the Lent leagues. A tough draw in the first round of Cuppers halted our progress far sooner than deserved, but the team bounced back and enjoyed many other victories later in Lent. All in all it has been a fantastic season for College squash and the number of people taking up the sport continues to grow.

Peter Welch

SWIMMING AND WATER POLO CLUB

This has been an exciting year for Emma in both these watery exertions. To strengthen our water polo team, in Michaelmas term Emmanuel players were joined by members of Peterhouse and Murray Edwards to form a mighty Medwemmahouse team. This trio of colleges went on to conquer many a water polo League match throughout the year, allowing for new players to gain experience while everyone enjoyed the friendly atmosphere of the college League. In the annual Cuppers tournament during Easter term, Emmahouse (with our honorary Murray Edwards player) fought hard but lost to a number of strong competitors with names as fierce as Selbro, Raius and Queerwin. We hope to continue the legacy of Medwemmahouse in the coming year with jolly Friday night matches.

While college water polo ebbs throughout the year, the annual swimming Cuppers in May is an intense competition of college splash and tumble. Emma's eight competitors achieved a fantastic joint fourth place out of 17 alongside Clare, with the men achieving a solid second place behind John's, while the women swam well and came joint eleventh. A fun event for all, we look forward to it next year.

Laura Schubert, *Captain*

TABLE FOOTBALL

The beginning of the year was, for members of Emmanuel College table football club, marked by the quiet but nonetheless unshakeable conviction that they were part of a sleeping giant on the University's table football scene.

However, beyond the prowess exhibited at the rods of the College Bar's football table on an often daily basis, there flourished something that couldn't be determined by a first-to-six contest, namely a camaraderie of a sort begot only by jostling literally shoulder to shoulder in sporting endeavour.

The efforts of the club's pleasurer, Omri Faraggi cannot be understated. Elected to command the Pleasury in June, Faraggi was

resolute in his belief that being a table football team was not something that stopped when the stream of twenty pence pieces ran dry. The regular social gatherings that he organised truly were the lifeblood of the club.

Despite the lack of organised competitive intercollegiate table football in Cambridge, the club was able to pit its talents against those of challengers. A series of exhibition matches against Selwyn College provided the season's high point, Emmanuel going undefeated, without conceding a single goal in multiple matches.

While we still await the inauguration of a University table football league, Joanna Lee's presidency of Emmanuel College table football club has been glorious even without regular competition. It is impossible not to feel that 2015–16 saw a giant of the acrylic turf stir from its slumber, yawn and stretch its limbs.

The result of that awakening? A hotbed of table football talent at Emmanuel, and lively dialogues on how the game ought to be played: whether table football ought to be a game of increments, the ball being worked slowly from back to front, or whether that philosophy ought to be turned on its head, teams defending from the front, and attacking from distance with ballistic shots fired from the back-most players that will surely come to be known as 'Breedon Blasts'.

Though the current committee has yet to pass the torch to the next generation, Emmanuel College table football club has this year brandished a Promethean flame to light the way forward for one of the College's best-loved past-times.

Harry Curtis, *Grandmaster (Stash)*

TENNIS CLUB

	2015–16	2016–17
<i>Men's Captains</i>	<i>Joe Powell & Tim Bennett</i>	<i>TBC</i>
<i>Women's Captain</i>	<i>Georgina Shepherd</i>	<i>Maddy Clifford</i>

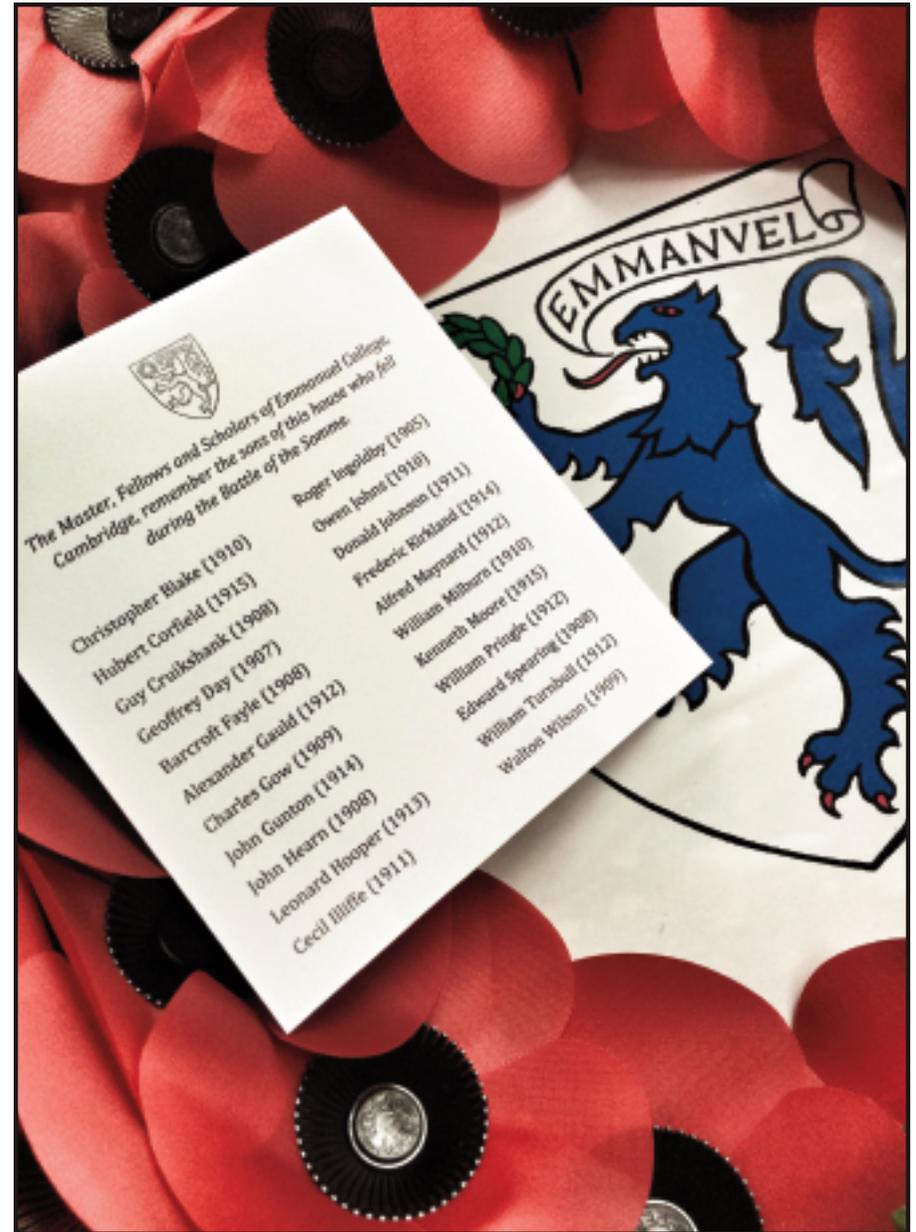
The year started with lots of potential for the Emmanuel tennis club. A large intake of new players added to the depth and quality of the already strong teams. Building on the momentum from last

year the women's team, captained by Georgina Shepherd, rolled through Downing II 6–0 in the first round of Cuppers. St John's fell next in a 4–2 Emma victory, leaving a strong Newnham team to tackle in the final. The Emma team battled to 3–3 before winning the title in a deciding tie-break. This is the third year in a row the Emmanuel women's team has won Cuppers and is a huge success! A special mention must be made of Laura Brown, who played an important role in this success and will unfortunately be leaving the team next year.

The men's first team had a tough start in the League, losing to an excellent Homerton team and drawing with Downing, the previous men's Cuppers winners. The team still looked strong, however, and was conceded to by Jesus while being dodged by the John's captain. The men's seconds had a good year, ending third in the fifth division. In Lent term men's Cuppers began and the depth of the men's first team had them seeded fourth and given a bye in the first round. After winning the next two rounds against Trinity I and St Catharine's I, the Emma team found themselves in the semi-final against an outrageous Clinical School team. Even with the new names in the team; David Thorp, Dylan Neel and Craig O'Malley, the Emmanuel College team could only put up a good fight in some close matches against the Clinical School team, which featured some of the top Blues, a mathematician and an Emmanuel medic. The men's second team had a tough match in the first round of Cuppers against Churchill's firsts but eventually lost 6–3. A special mention needs to be made to Scott Li for again being the club's most enthusiastic member.

Next year Maddy Clifford will take over captaincy of the women's team from Georgina Shepherd. I and Tim Bennett will pass on captaincy of our teams in early Michaelmas.

Joe Powell, *Men's Captain*



Obituaries



RONALD DOUGLAS GRAY (1938, Fellow 1958–2015) died on 19 November 2015. Dr John Harvey writes:

Ron Gray, who has died aged 96, lectured and wrote to the last. His latest book, *All Triumphant Splendour*, came out in 2012, and in addressing the University of the Third Age, with weakening vocal cords, he could hold an audience rapt through his nineties. But he was always good with an audience. I remember him vividly, from the 1960s, performing older parts for the Marlowe Dramatic Society. His demotic narration, in Brecht's *Galileo*

Galilei, added to a student production a robust, nuanced voice from the broader world of wars and life.

His academic output was substantial. Of the distinguished British Germanists of the last half-century he was among the most prolific, and the most radical in probing the German tradition. His 14 books include not one but two books each on Goethe, on Kafka and on Bertolt Brecht, as well as further studies of Ibsen, Shakespeare and German letters at large.

In his linguistic studies his central quarry throughout is the German preoccupation with the 'union of opposites', which he had met in his first book, *Goethe the Alchemist* (1952). In alchemy the male and female principles of mercury and sulphur unite in the 'philosopher's stone', often represented by a hermaphroditic figure, and these ideas may colour Goethe's later theoretical interest in the union of male and female, which is dramatised in his Wilhelm Meister novels in the indeterminate Mignon (whom Goethe calls both 'she' and 'he') and in the fugitive 'Amazon' Natalie. In other ways also, as Gray shows in later books and chapters, Goethe's glad pursuit of 'daemonic' opposites – of savagery with beneficence in nature and in people – gave his poetry its rich, and attractively relaxed, surprisingness.

Gray does, though, question Goethe's quest for the union of good with evil. Faust kills people without affect – and without censure from God or Goethe – and still is welcome in Heaven because he 'strives'. In his late, lightly tripping verses 'To Suleika' Goethe says that lovers need not grieve for the innumerable rose-petals that are burned to make a drop of scent, if they remember how many thousands were killed to please the conqueror Tamburlaine. As Gray remarks, this whimsical syllogism does not read so lightly after the Holocaust.

Later polarities are recorded in *The German Tradition in Literature 1871–1945* (1965). Thomas Mann celebrated both in Goethe and in himself that 'absolute Art which is at once absolute love and absolute destructiveness ... the godlike-demonic'. Nietzsche desiderated 'cold-blooded murderousness coupled with a good conscience': an exhortation which, Gray notes, sat comfortably with the militarism of Bismarck, who had 'every sympathy' with the Poles but still felt Prussia should 'exterminate them'. Extreme equations reflected national mood-swings, and Hitler found his own positive-negative double-think. He called for 'world power or ruin', but actually pursued both ends. As Gray says, 'the attacks on nation after nation look masochistic in their seeming determination to arouse an enmity truly overwhelming'.

In this context, literature could be ambiguous to the point of self-cancellation. In Mann's *Death in Venice* the author Aschenbach is genius and contriver while the loved youth Tadzio is both Beauty and an anaemic weakling, who, as he wanders into the sea at the close, is entering simultaneously transcendent immensity and absolute nothingness. Extremes of ambiguity are the hallmark, and the fascination, of German literature, and in his full analyses Gray brings out the depths, as well as the discrepancies, within the conflicted perspectives of Mann's longer novels, and within the premeditated contradictions that create the wonderful terrifying angels in Rilke's *Duino Elegies*.

Polarities and oppositions apart, Gray is an appreciative but keenly discriminating guide to the good – and not good – poems, plays and novels of Goethe, Kleist, Mann, Rilke, Kafka, Brecht and Ibsen. In his later books it became something of a mission for him

to tell uncomfortable truths about consecrated masterpieces, and in his second book on Brecht, for instance, he spotlights the verbal sleights of hand with which Brecht seeks to make Mother Courage resemble capitalistic war profiteers, when really this feisty huckster is nothing like a millionaire arms manufacturer. But though sometimes provocative, his work was admired alike by fellow Germanists and by English critics too. Raymond Williams called *Brecht* 'the best criticism of the plays available in English' and John Gage cited *Goethe the Alchemist* as his inspiration – 40 years after its publication – at the start of his *Colour and Culture* (1993).

Gray was versatile and unstoppable, and outside his linguistic studies he also produced, in his later years, a fascinating short history of Wren's evolving design for St Paul's Cathedral, a study of anti-semitism in the Christian gospels, a book on Cambridge street-names, two versions of a book on *Shakespeare on Love*, and two lovingly detailed books on college gardens – in Cambridge and in Oxford – for which he took many of the excellent photos.

To go back to the beginning: Gray's parents, in London, had not been well off, and when Ronald won a major scholarship to Emmanuel College in 1938 it was feared that he would not take it up because the family could not afford the 'caution money' charge of £50. Fortunately his aunt Edie came to the rescue, and he went on to win his First in the French and German Part II in 1940. Before he could collect his BA, however, the Second World War intervened. He became a captain in the army and in 1944, as a brilliant young Germanist, he joined the strength at Bletchley Park, where he translated the crucial message, sent by Goebbels or Himmler, 'Our shield and protector Adolf Hitler is dead'. In 1945, finally, he was awarded his BA, and after a brief periods as a Lektor at the universities of Zurich and Basel, he became an assistant lecturer in German at Cambridge in 1949 – the year in which he also gained his PhD – a full lecturer in German in 1957, and a Fellow of Emmanuel in 1958.

For the rest of his life he taught and wrote in Cambridge, lecturing and examining for the modern languages faculty and supervising and directing studies in German for Emmanuel. At

Emmanuel he was College Treasurer from 1960 to 1963: in addition he was an abundant Domestic Bursar (from 1963 to 1969), a caring Tutor for Advanced Students (from 1969 to 1973), and an entertaining Vice-Master (from 1983 to 1986). On and off the Governing Body he was a voice of support alike for reforms and for beleaguered individuals. He was by instinct progressive and – long ago, as it seems now – he had been a strong advocate, when strong advocacy was needed, for the admission of women. He also had a sceptical, irreverent turn of mind. He said (over coffee) that the problem with the Book of Job is that God's message seems to be, 'Can you make an elephant? Then shut up!' He disliked social divisions, and in the chair at High Table he once delivered the grace, 'For what we are about to eat we are grateful to the kitchen staff'. He could bring a College occasion to life by reciting, with guttural Teutonic onomatopoeia, the German translation of *Jabberwocky*: 'Es brillig war. Die schlichte Toven Wirrten und wimmelten in Waben ...' (Robert Scott 'The Jabberwock traced to its true source', *MacMillan's Magazine*, Feb 1872). Pressed a little more he might perform the mock-German ballad of *Ritter Hugo* who 'coom to de pancks of de Rhine, Und oop dere rose a meermaid, Vot hadn't got nodings on, Und she say, "O, Ritter Hugo, Vere you goes mit yourself alone?"' (Hans Breitmann 'De Maiden mit noddings on', 1866). His sympathies were wide and he supported many causes: at the Fellows' Christmas dinner he would collect for charity by circulating a small black box, from which a green claw would tremulously emerge then snatch a coin.

In his last years he would shuffle into Emmanuel, peering over his glasses with his failing eyes and looking like a cross between King Lear and an owl, but keen still to discuss alchemy, West End theatre, or Shakespeare's Dark Lady. As a young man he had been dashing, and through his vigorous middle years he had a fine presence. We knew him well, for my wife Julietta and I, and Ron and Pat, were close friends from 1967 on. We had the privilege of discussing his themes as he worked them into his books. Our better family photos were often taken by Ron. Personally I am grateful to him for major kindnesses. But he was much loved and will be

much missed by very many, so the best last words may be those which Samuel Johnson wrote for a friend, 'Yet still he fills affection's eye' – 'fills' being a verb that suits not only sights, but liquids.

In 1943 Ron married Pat Martin, who died in 1997. He is survived by his later partner, Dorothy Sturley, and by his son John and his daughter Sue.

His daughter, Sue Perutz gave the following tribute at his funeral:

Dad was able to live right to the last in his own home, surrounded by his books, pictures, photos, paintings and piles of letters and manuscripts, and still doing what he always did: reading and writing. He was just about managing, but his poor vision had become a huge barrier. He wrote to me just before he died to say it was time for us to get on with publishing his book on Shakespeare's sonnets. He'd been working on it for 20 years.

His last years were filled with great happiness, in particular because of Dorothy. But his independence was only possible because my brother John lives close by and was able to help him find things, do his shopping, take him to appointments and rescue him in the middle of the night.

His memory remained prodigious. A random word could trigger a memory of a music hall song sung to him by his father in the '20s and '30s, and he'd recall not just the first line but several verses. He loved practising his languages and was trying out his Italian to chat up a nurse a few hours before his last heart attack.

Apart from family, Ron's life revolved around Emmanuel College. He was an undergraduate there, then a PhD student, a Fellow, Domestic Bursar in the days when it was thought academics could do that sort of thing and a spell as Vice-Master.

Cambridge was initially a huge culture shock for him. He'd won a scholarship but there were all sorts of other unexpected expenses, like the £50 caution money demanded of new undergraduates in 1938. That would be nearly £2500 in today's money. There was no way his parents could raise this massive sum and they told him he wouldn't be able to go. Then Aunt Edie found the money and all was well.

His undergraduate career was soon interrupted by the war. He told me recently that he was an anarchist at school (much to the disgust of his head teacher) but changed his mind after Kristallnacht and his visit to Munich in 1938. He was posted to an anti-aircraft regiment as a 'potential officer' or PISSOFF. He was given a motorbike to ride but fell off. He wasn't sent off with the rest of his regiment to North Africa but was sent instead to supervise the redecorating of Fort Nelson on the south coast. He wasn't allowed to hold a paintbrush, so he sat and read Dostoevsky. He'd always been fascinated by planes and wanted to fly so he asked to train as a pilot. Luckily for John and me he was involved in an accident when his instructor wanted to show off to a girlfriend and misjudged a low flying manoeuvre. Dad took the blame – because his squadron leader didn't want to lose a good instructor – and he became a lot less passionate about flying.

Eventually in 1944 he was given a job where he could make use of his German: translating at Bletchley Park. He didn't tell us anything about this until at least two books had been published and he no longer felt bound by his oath of secrecy. The only really noteworthy message he remembered handling was in 1945 from either Goebbels or Himmler, which he translated as 'Our shield and Führer, Adolf Hitler is dead'.

After the war he was sent to try interrogation skills with POWs. He'd show us how he could produce a barrage of German swear words but said he never frightened anyone. He was posted to Italy, where he enjoyed opera and learnt Italian in exchange for cigarettes. Then he came back to Cambridge, finished his degree and PhD at top speed and became a university lecturer. He was helped enormously by Humphry Trevelyan, who was also at Bletchley. Humphry and his family befriended both my parents. As well as regular Sunday lunches our family were invited to holidays at Hallington in Northumberland and Ron used to tell the story of watching helplessly as John checked out the fire escape from the third floor with a simple rope harness.

In the early '70s Dad worked hard towards the admission of women to Emmanuel as Fellows and students. Not a popular cause

in an institution with so much history, although by now all has changed. Meanwhile my brother John was campaigning for the same cause at Exeter College Oxford, also meeting huge resistance. Continuing the family tradition but by now with a lot more success, my husband Robin has been heavily involved in promoting women in science at York University.

Ron had two lecturing careers: one teaching German and then an even longer one lecturing for over 30 years to the U3A on subjects that interested him: art, architecture, Shakespeare, German poetry and Cambridge gardens. I don't remember ever seeing him doing any gardening apart from mowing the grass, but he knew so much about the history of plants and gardens that he could quickly deflect questions about cultivation or pruning. He loved going through his massive slide collection for his lectures, and was delighted that so many people liked coming to hear him. He continued writing books, always planning the next one as soon as the last was published.

He loved acting and the theatre, but sadly his voice wasn't strong enough to do more than minor parts. He produced plays at a youth club, German plays at the ADC and had a long commitment to the Marlowe Society. Absolute highlights for him were playing Dogberry in *Much Ado* and the wise shepherd Corin in *As You Like It*. He loved reciting Jabberwocky, preferably in German. It was the highlight of our wedding reception and I'm sure many people here will have their own memories.

Although Ron was even more scientifically illiterate than I am, he got on really well with Robin's family. He shared politics and philosophy with Max, German poetry with Gisela, and art history with Robin's sister Vivien. They became very close over the years.

An early memory of mine is of a holiday in a caravan when I was five. It rained non-stop for a week but Dad read us *The Three Musketeers*, skipping the unsuitable or boring bits as he went along. Later he read me most of *War and Peace* and I decided to learn Russian. He told me to study English literature, not German, because I'd have more fun. Much later he heard me saying that one day I'd love to play the viol but they were very expensive so I'd wait a bit. He gave me a cheque to go and buy one and said it was

better to have it now than when he died. I've loved playing the viol ever since.

He used his knowledge of German culture and tradition to try to understand the rise of fascism. He was deeply troubled by anti-semitism and the use of torture. He used to write letters for Amnesty on Sunday mornings while my mother was in church. The last conversation I had with him was about the Ai Wei Wei exhibition at the Royal Academy. He immediately asked if I had the catalogue and was very interested in Ai Wei Wei's response to repression by the Chinese authorities.

The photo of Dad and Dorothy on his ninety-sixth birthday shows how happy he was, despite his increasing physical difficulties. That's the way I'll remember him. Loads of letters and cards on his kitchen table, surrounded by family and friends.

Thank you Dad for all you gave us.

Brian Bramson (1965) has written:

I first met Ronald Gray 50 years ago. I held him in high regard, admired his approach to matters theological and shared his sense of humour. In particular, I valued our correspondence and include two examples.

In April 1973, my thesis having strayed into its fourth year, I became concerned that I might be obliged to pay College fees. I had ascertained, however, that Ronald Gray, the Tutor for Advanced Students, was a great fan of the Marx Brothers. Consequently, we had something in common. I therefore wrote to him:

Dr Hugo Z Hackenbush
Tutor for Very Advanced Students
Emmanuel College

Lieber Herr Doctor!

Since I shall be submitting my PhD on the 14th May, a week before the division of term, I write to ask whether I shall be exempt from College fees. If the answer is yes I want you to know that you will have made my Bank Manager, a fine fellow with thick curly black hair and double-breasted suits, a very happy man.

Yours sincerely,
Otis B Driftwood

By return of post, I received the following:

Signore, Eccellenza!

OK. You no pay da fee you no get da P aitcha dee, you pay da half da fee you get da half da degree, which half you want? You pay da foist half da fee you get da P aitcha. You pay da seconda half da fee you get da dee. (Das a makina you allowance. You get da P anda da aitcha for only da one half. My advice-a – takea da foist half.)

But-a – thinka before you leapa. You pay da foista half you know what you gota then? Da P aitcha – dat a stand for pheelthy. You wanta dat – pheethy B? But you pay da second half you know what you got? Da dee dat jes-a stand for Dumb. You don' wanta dat neether? What you want to be, a pheelthy-a B, or a dumba B?

I tella you what. I tella you for nuthin. You my fren. You pay-a all da fee, no. You pay a half da fee, no. You jes gonna puta in youra thesis on 14 May, I give-a you whole degree. You no pay, you jes-a collec your-a degree-a. You now P aitcha dee! An you know what-a that mean? Phenomenala Dimwit! (You got-a da joke? Fee-nominal !!!!!)

I jes a tella disa joke to Harpo. Harp! Harpo!!
Scusa mi. I got a find Harpo.

So a long,
Chico

In June 1973, on leaving Cambridge for the Other Place some 65 miles WSW, I sent Ron a copy of *The Groucho Letters*. This was his response:

Fryday
Dirtieth June
Brian, mine friend,

Have you hartiest thank for the overout kindly thought me a very welcome and in every sense bejoying work to send. That such skintillating humuor from the pen of so internationally renowned a scholar run could, must I say, would in the wonted course of things never to me into the head in fall. In order quite honest to be must I to this to-join that one oneself wonders how in a life so to the cause of an in a more or less absolutely and despite all, yea even perhaps on account of all, perfectible human race, dedicated,

if possible was, such a modulationally capable and universal expression of a quite decisive and in the broadest sense obscessive world-overthrow-paedagogademocacophonicallyverrumpleship develop to be able while at the same time and in no sense despicably such omniplauditable icanographic talent display to be permitted. Never, to be brief, while at the same time not with the door into the house to fall, had I this capacity in our dear Karl suspected.

With forwards-drawn highrespect

Your
Ludwig Bonkers

Ronald Gray became my mentor and friend. I shall miss him greatly.

Michael Bird (1978) has written:

Ron Gray was my German supervisor for Part I of the modern and medieval languages tripos. We shared a love of German literature and music but, because his field of interest was so much wider, he also helped me not take certain German writers more seriously than they deserved. What he was serious about, though, was the responsibility of Germany and those of us who studied it to confront, learn and apply the lessons of history, and that's something I carry with me to this day.

What I remain in Ron's debt for above all was his interest in and care for me as a young person. There's something about the study of German (and Russian) literature that isn't necessarily good for young people prone to existential angst. He saw the signs and with immense kindness did things – taking me for lunch at Hobb's Pavilion, to an exhibition at Kettle's Yard, to Ely Cathedral – that reminded me of the goods of life. It worked, and I've never forgotten it.

We kept in touch after I graduated, admittedly intermittently on my part as my career took me from country to country, and I know that he did the same with many former students. My father, George Bird, must have been one of his very first students, just after the war, and they exchanged Christmas cards until last year. I'm grateful to Moira Wallace, who arranged for her and me to have

lunch with Ron a few months before he died. His interest in us both was undimmed, his pride in all his students was evident, and the equally evident affection in which other College Members and staff held him was touching. He was a special person.

Moira Wallace (1979) has written:

I met Ron Gray in 1978, at my interview to read French and German. I had come from a state school in Northern Ireland with no recent experience of sending anyone to Oxbridge, and had carefully chosen Emma – of all the many colleges opening up to women – because of its announced enthusiasm to attract more state school candidates, and its willingness to judge them on A-levels alone.

Even so, on my visit I was still nervously checking the College out, looking for evidence as to whether this professed welcome was genuine. Ron was one of the people who laid my doubts to rest instantly. He was warm and welcoming, and seemed to take people as he found them: we were soon deep in enthusiastic conversation about German literature and I felt no doubt that this was somewhere I would be welcome.

Supervisions with Ron formed a reassuring rhythm to my early time at Emma. I still picture his study at the foot of the Paddock: in autumn with the sun streaming in, then in winter when he would produce a glass of sherry at a suitable point in the discussion. This really was Cambridge, then! The things he found to praise in my essays gave me confidence and kept me going. His enthusiasm for the subject was infectious: to this day, his is the voice I hear when I read Goethe's poetry.

Ron managed beautifully the transitions, from teacher of first-years through to teacher of fourth-years, and on to life-long friend. He encouraged me to carry on with languages, but took equal interest when my career took a different direction. We always stayed in touch and it was a pleasure to meet up again whenever I was back in Cambridge. My last memory of him is from last spring when Michael Bird and I met him for lunch in College and then took a turn round his beloved gardens. The sun was shining, and he was as I will remember him: happy and hearty, enjoying everything life had to offer.

JOHN GREENWOOD COLLIER (1954, Fellow 1959–63) died on 18 June 2016. We have received the following obituary from his son John:

John Greenwood Collier was born in Barnsley on 21 November 1933. His father was headmaster of a primary school in the town; his mother was a teacher at the same school. John boarded at Solihull School, where he flourished academically before completing two years of National Service.

John went up to Emmanuel College, Cambridge with an exhibition in 1954. He was to read history but he switched to law. John was awarded a first in all parts of tripos and his subsequent LLB examination. As a result he was awarded a Senior Scholarship in 1956 and the Rodwell Prize in 1958. He was a proud member of the Piglets Club. John qualified to practise at the Bar but he decided to teach. From 1959 until 1963 he was a Research Fellow at Emmanuel before spending a brief period of time lecturing at King's College, London. In 1966 he was elected a Fellow of Trinity Hall.

John was a Bencher of Gray's Inn and a tenant of 20 Essex Street. A legal polymath, he made conflict of laws an important tripos subject. His textbook on conflict of laws was definitive; later in his career he became interested in dispute resolution in international law. An exceptional supervisor and lecturer, he had a profound impact on his students. The loyalty and respect that they gave him was only matched by his devotion to them and his intense pride in their achievements: academic, professional and otherwise. Above all else, he was committed to ensuring their well-being, to nurturing their personal as well as their intellectual development.

John served Trinity Hall with distinction with nearly 50 years as Fellow, Vice-Master and, after his retirement in 2001, as Emeritus Fellow. However, he was intensely proud of his connection with Emma and attended many a College event over the years. He is survived by his widow Jane, two children, two step-children and 11 grandchildren.

DENNIS ERIC NINEHAM (Fellow 1961–69) died on 9 June 2016. *The Daily Telegraph* wrote:

The Reverend Professor Dennis Nineham, who has died aged 94, was one of the Church of England's most distinguished scholars and teachers.

He occupied chairs at London, Cambridge and Bristol universities, and from 1969 to 1979 was Warden of Keble College, Oxford. His primary field was the New Testament, but he was also a good all-round theologian and insisted that, since the Church's beliefs and practices were built upon New Testament foundations, its preachers, teachers and liturgists must take full account of contemporary scholarship in this field.

The result was to make him less popular than he might otherwise have been among Church leaders; for, while he was never other than a staunch churchman, his approach to the historicity of the Bible was highly critical, and in this he was much closer to many German scholars than to most of his English contemporaries.

Thus his commentary on St Mark's gospel (1963), which achieved wide readership as a Pelican book, cast considerable doubt on the historical basis of the life and teaching of Jesus portrayed in the gospel. He argued, with a formidable range of scholarship, that it consists almost entirely of preaching material designed to win others to Christian faith. The fact that its history is dubious is less important than its powerfully accurate presentation of the central message of Jesus.

Nineham took this further and asserted, again in the company of certain German scholars, that the expressions of faith found in the Bible and in the credal statements compiled during the early centuries of the Church were inevitably influenced by cultural factors and needed to be disentangled from these factors if they were to be of use to people living in different ages and with different understandings of the way in which the universe is ordered.

This view was most powerfully argued in his major work, *The Use and Abuse of the Bible* (1976), but it received much wider notice through the essay he contributed in the following year to a highly controversial volume, *The Myth of God Incarnate*, which, in a matter of weeks, sold more than 30,000 copies.

Nineham was at this time a member of the General Synod and also of the Doctrine Commission and, as a former Regius Professor

at Cambridge and now the head of an Oxford college, could not easily be dismissed as a wild radical who had been nurtured in the trendy 1960s. In his contribution to a report of the Doctrine Commission, *Christian Believing* (1976), he had also argued persuasively for a faith that was not dependent upon a neo-fundamentalist approach to the Bible and the classical creeds.

But the days of such arguments by those in official positions were numbered. The arrival of Archbishop Donald Coggan at Canterbury led to a change in the membership of the Doctrine Commission in a more conservative, and it has to be said less distinguished, direction. Nineham left the Commission and also the General Synod in 1976 and henceforward concentrated on teaching, writing and university administration.

Dennis Eric Nineham was born in Southampton on September 27 1921. He went from King Edward VI School in that city to the Queen's College, Oxford, as a scholar, and took firsts in Mods and Greats, followed by a first in theology.

He then went to Lincoln Theological College to prepare for ordination and straight back to Queen's College in 1944 as assistant chaplain, becoming Chaplain and Fellow two years later.

He remained in Oxford until 1954, when his friend Eric Abbott, who had moved from the Wardenship of Lincoln Theological College to become Dean of King's College, London, persuaded him to take the chair of biblical and historical theology at King's and thus help strengthen the theological faculty of both the College and the University.

This he achieved with considerable panache. He was both a demanding and a popular teacher who soon began to achieve impressive results from his undergraduate and postgraduate pupils. He made theology exciting and helped to make King's College one of the foremost centres of theological research and teaching in the world. When the Regius chair of Divinity at Cambridge became vacant in 1964, Nineham was the obvious choice for the post and he entered fully into the lively theological debates that characterised Cambridge life throughout the 1960s. He was a Fellow of Emmanuel College.

In 1969, however, the early death of Austin Farrer left Keble College, Oxford, without a Warden and, since at that time tradition required the head of the college to be an ordained Anglican, Eric Abbott, who had been Farrer's immediate predecessor, once again persuaded Nineham to go. It was a good move in that it provided Keble with a distinguished Warden and an able administrator, but it was a wasteful move in that it deprived the realm of theological research and teaching of one of its most able practitioners.

After ten years, Nineham returned to teaching as professor of theology and head of the department of theology at Bristol. It was a less elevated position for a scholar with such a past, but the small yet lively ecumenical department at Bristol suited him well and left time for further writing, mainly essays in symposia on biblical interpretation and hermeneutics. He retired in 1986.

Dennis Nineham was also an honorary canon of Bristol Cathedral and generous in accepting invitations to lecture and preach both locally and internationally. He was an avid reader of detective novels and a railway enthusiast.

He became a governor of Haileybury College in 1966 and was awarded an Oxford DD in 1978.

His wife Ruth and a daughter predeceased him and he is survived by a daughter and two sons.

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GEOFFREY WILLIAM HILL Kt (Fellow 1981–88, Honorary Fellow 1990–2016) died on 30 June 2016. *The Guardian* wrote:

Sir Geoffrey Hill, who has died aged 84, was one of Britain's finest poets in the second half of the twentieth century. His was among the handful of names discussed in relation to the poet laureateship in Britain in 1998 after the death of Ted Hughes; and while it is hard to imagine Hill accepting such a dubious honour, or the post being awarded to so demanding a poet, he would not have been an inappropriate choice.

Hill had an unusually powerful sense of, and care for, the history of England; a sense above all of its bloody battles, religious schisms and civic institutions, and of its landscapes, especially those of his childhood. In his prose poem, *Mercian Hymns*, he

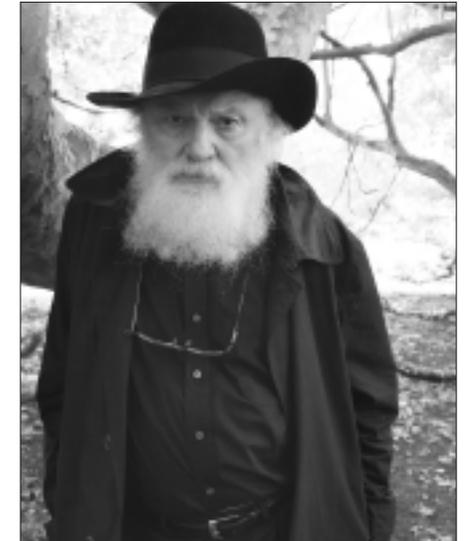
conflated his Midlands childhood with King Offa's Mercia, identifying his own birthplace as that of modern England.

Born in Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, Geoffrey was the son of William, a village policeman, and his wife, Hilda. 'If you stood at the top of the field opposite our house', he once recalled, 'you looked right across the Severn Valley to the Clee hills and the Welsh hills very faint and far off behind them'.

Hill identified himself as working-class – indeed was 'glad and proud to have been born into the English working-class' – and commemorated his maternal grandmother, who had spent her life making nails, in poem XXV of *Mercian Hymns*: 'I speak this in memory of my grandmother, whose childhood and prime womanhood were spent in the nailer's darg ... It is one thing to celebrate the "quick forge", another to cradle a face hare-lipped by the searing wire.' Critics who accused Hill of nostalgia, conservatism, and reactionary and monarchist politics tended to ignore or misunderstand his passionate care for the nameless and forgotten victims of power, across all countries and all centuries.

Educated at Bromsgrove county high school, Hill was an excellent student, and – although 'somewhat apart,' in the words of Norman Rea, a contemporary – played football, acted in school plays and became a prefect. One of his roles was to introduce a piece of classical music in each morning assembly. As Rea recalled years later, it was a task he performed 'with enjoyment and aplomb ... He demurred only once, in a stage-managed gesture, when he felt that to introduce Danny Kaye's *Tubby the Tuba*, even for educational ends, was rather beneath him. With a sudden, winning smile, he delegated that task to the headmaster.'

Hill went on to Keble College, Oxford, where he read English, gaining a first (1953). Subsequently he taught at Leeds, being



Jemimah Kuhfeld

elected to a professorship in 1976, and then at Cambridge, where he was a Fellow of Emmanuel College (1981–88).

At Oxford, he met the American poet Donald Hall, who told Hill that he was taking over the editorship of the *Fantasy Poets* and asked him to submit a manuscript. Later, Hall recalled receiving the poems: 'I could not believe it. You can imagine reading these poems suddenly in 1952. I read them and I was amazed. I remember waking up in the night, putting on the light and reading them again. Of course I published them.'

The volume was *For the Unfallen*. It remains a powerful book, astonishing as a young man's debut; ornate, rhetorical, grandiose in its subjects and themes. 'Genesis', the very first poem, takes the creation myth as its own creative occasion, beginning: 'Against the burly air I strode, / crying the miracles of God' and ending:

By blood we live, the hot, the cold,
To ravage and redeem the world:
There is no bloodless myth will hold.

And by Christ's blood are men made free
Though in close shrouds their bodies lie
Under the rough pelt of the sea;

Though Earth has rolled beneath her weight
The bones that cannot bear the light.

For the Unfallen, eventually published in 1959, and all Hill's subsequent books, dwell on blood and religion; his treatments of violence range from 'Funeral Music' (from *King Log*, 1968), a remarkable sequence on the astonishingly violent battles of the Wars of the Roses, to his careful and sensitive elegies for Holocaust victims. From his earliest poetry he was intensely interested in martyrs, whether of the religious controversies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or totalitarian regimes of the twentieth; and he aimed at a scrupulous weighing of the appropriate words by which their witness could be mediated. By making historical atrocities more immediate and refusing to abandon the memory of the dead, Hill was also tacitly calling attention to more contemporary political predicaments.

His poetry was deliberately unfashionable: Hill emerged at the same time as the Movement poets, writers such as Philip Larkin

and Kingsley Amis, and the contrast between them could not have been greater. Hill's work was steeped in history (and occasionally myth), unashamed of intellectual and scholarly breadth; Movement poetry was cautious, rooted in a defiantly ordinary contemporary English postwar vision, scornful of 'pretension'.

Nonetheless, Hill's beautifully cadenced verse, with a recondite vocabulary enjoyable for its very strangeness, was unignorable, and he found a place in anthologies throughout the years.

He also published three volumes of essays, *The Lords of Limit*, *The Enemy's Country* and *Style and Faith* (all included in the *Collected Critical Writings of Geoffrey Hill*, 2008), which are object lessons in the importance of scrupulous reading, and equally scrupulous writing. His essay on Ezra Pound's fascist broadcasts, 'My word is my bond', is a highly significant rendering of Hill's own ethic, and manages to be both rigorous and sympathetic in its judgments.

By the time his *Collected Poems* were published in 1985, the blurb in the Penguin edition confidently presented the polarised judgments on Hill alongside each other, commenting that Hill had generally 'encountered either baffled goodwill or baffled resentment'. There were sympathetic commentators – Christopher Ricks, for many years, and Peter Robinson – who gathered together intelligent, informed appreciations of work that required a certain amount of research and exegesis for its proper appreciation. Hill could be a distant, exacting, curmudgeonly and sometimes ungrateful figure in those days, even to those who wished him well; though he also had unswervingly loyal relationships with friends such as R S Thomas and David Wright.

Illness, and a period of poetic inactivity, preceded Hill's move to Boston in the US in 1988 to teach theology and English literature. He did not publish another book until *Canaan* in 1996, after which the books poured from him. He returned to England in 2006.

In his last years, when volumes came so much faster, Hill professed himself amazed at his youthful patience. From the 1950s to the 1980s, Hill might work at a phrase for weeks; but having had a heart attack in the late 1980s (and again in 2001), he had begun to feel, in his own words, 'If I don't do it now, I never will: there is that sort of urgency'.

After he went to the US, he was diagnosed as having suffered, since childhood, from chronic depression, and 'various exhausting obsessive-compulsive disorders'; and the prescription of prozac transformed his life. Hill had, in his critical work, written with sympathy and tact of the religious writers who suffered from neurasthenic difficulties, and later was quite open about his own case, speaking about it in interview and in the poems.

Prozac he described as 'a signal/ mystery, mercy, of these latter days'. Another factor in his eventual happiness was surely his marriage in 1987 to Alice Goodman. With her, he had a daughter, Alberta; he also had four children, Julian, Andrew, Jeremy and Bethany, from his first marriage, to Nancy Whittaker, which had ended in divorce.

Goodman was the librettist of John Adams's operas *Nixon in China* and *The Death of Klinghoffer*. In 1990, she was received into the Church of England, and in 2001 was ordained as an Anglican priest. Hill described his wife as one of the few people whose comments on his work he would always listen to – '99 per cent of the time she's right' – and introduced Hill to some diverse and surprising influences, such as the poet Frank O'Hara and the choreographer and dancer Mark Morris, whom Hill startlingly compared to Dryden. In *Speech! Speech!* there are a handful of subtle, tender lines that are surely addressed to his wife, and about his happiness: 'Ageing, I am happy ... Togetherness after 16 years? You're on.'

Hill's last work had a mixed reception. The quartet of books from *Canaan* to *The Orchards of Syon* (2002) constitute a modern *Pilgrim's Progress*, Hill's epic conflation of autobiography, theology and history, rendered in defiantly modernist style and startling in its juxtapositions of the contemporary and the eternal. It is work that will undoubtedly take a great deal of time and a collaboration of commentators and critics to appreciate fully; but in its extent and ambition, and its ethical commitment, it already stands out amid the typical English poetry of its time. It seems certain that his work will survive long after that of more fashionable poets has faded from view.

As professor of poetry at Oxford (2010–15), Hill delivered 15 lectures on writers from Shakespeare to Larkin, occasionally

making sharp remarks about the state of contemporary poetry and the current poet laureate, Carol Ann Duffy. He was knighted in 2012.

He continued to write: he had a lead essay in the *Times Literary Supplement* in March this year, on Charles Williams. For the first time in 40 years, he had also begun to play the piano.

He is survived by Alice and his children.

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His funeral was held in the College on 25 July 2016. At that service The Rt Revd Dr Rowan Williams preached:

Very well: you shall redirect the pain;
It may already have worked this, towards pain.
Nothing bereaves
Precisely; yet
Lost springs of love
Turn things about
Upon the stiff axis
Geared by bow-staves

Bow-staves. 'A trimmed rod of wood,' says the dictionary definition, 'to be made into a bow'.

Loss is imprecise. Nothing serious, grievous in our humanity, allows us the satisfaction of being exact, wrapping it all up. What we do with bereavement is to find words that turn things about. Labouring to vehicle with tension and slowness are in fact building towards an arrow-flight.

So today, sitting with our imprecise grief, a loss we cannot turn into anything finished and impressive, we listen to Geoffrey's words in one context after another, burrowing, shouldering, worrying their way towards some re-direction of pain. He had characteristically austere things to say about the self delusions of poets. In a notable essay *Language, Suffering and Silence*, he conducts several swordfights simultaneously. It is one of the exhausting and exhilarating features of his best critical writing that you have to remember in pretty well every sentence just how many people he is arguing with. With Arnold, Auden, Milosz, Yates and all to do with what poetry is meant to do or to be in the face of the violation of humanity. Or to paraphrase the question, though still in Geoffrey's own terms, what is the nature of ethical poetry?

It is not enough to think of poetry being vented in action, but it is not enough to make ironic noises about poetry making nothing happen. It is not enough to reduce it to the moment of privileged intensity that somehow escapes the wheel of history. It is true that poetry is not about passive endurance. It is just as true that it is not about inspiring readers to political action, even political violence.

This magisterial clearing of the path leaves one observation standing. Hopkins's comment in a letter to Robert Bridges, that 'the way to respond to suffering is ... almsgiving, most particularly a resolution to give up buying books for a period and to devote the money to the needy'. So much for suffering and silence. But this is an essay that asks for a theology of language. If grace occurs in poetry – 'the abrupt, unlooked for semantic recognition, understood as corresponding to an act of mercy or grace' – we have to see how in the mind it is simultaneously a shock of *ethical* recognition. But for that shock to occur, we have to find our way beyond the surface noise of emotion, and propaganda and sentimentality.

He gently rebukes the great theologian Austin Farrer in another essay, for writing, in a discussion that Geoffrey otherwise admires, about human existence 'clamouring for expression'. Clamour is not exactly what brings the ethical into focus. And simply chattering about pain, in prose or in poetry, corrupts us, takes our attention away from the imperative of justice, a word that has to be weighted both within and beyond aesthetics.

As that essay on suffering and silence concludes, aesthetics is a good, but it does not save. The weight of the world's stresses has to be carried by means other than poetry alone. Arnold's activism, Auden's irony are both inadequate. Poetry is a real good, but not the only one. 'It is an aspect of the hunger for justice, it must do justice in its wording, and do what it can to carry stresses that are not only its business.' And, as he suggests almost casually, one of the most significant ways in which poetry does this is by memorialising the dead.

Geoffrey's readers will recognise at once the centrality of this to his own practice. If poetry cannot be either propagandist or exquisite, one thing it is singularly equipped for is doing justice to the past of words and speakers, giving voice in a multitude of ways

to that always present cloud of witness, about whose fate, in one sense, we can do nothing, yet whose life and voice is, in another way, in our hands: writing for the fallen and for the unfallen alike, you might say, writing for the dead so as to write for the survivors, who may not even know what they have survived.

Ethical poetry comes slowly into focus as a practice that embodies witness, standing consistently in a place where something is, however intermittently, clear and refusing those versions of it that are slanted by transient feelings, agendas of one kind or another, functionalist reduction or aesthetic over-ambition. The dead won't reward you, so you can write about them without twisting yourself around the politics of a relationship and simply work for their voice. And needless to say, this witness entails bearing witness to your own imperfection of witness, your own seductions and dramatisations.

Geoffrey's late collections, certainly from *Speech! Speech!* onwards, are characterised by savagely ludic self-chastisement, some of it a pre-emptive strike against the hapless reader or the snide critic, sometimes a rueful fingering over of the near flawless lyric voice of his early work, sometimes simply a caricature of the grumpy old man persona, the rancorous old sod with which he identified himself, all worked through with comprehensive, unmerciful clarity. One of his own most persistent themes from that wonderful inaugural lecture at Leeds in 1977 is how we word repentance, particularly in the face of that moment when the unmoral is suddenly caught up in the moral, where, in the language he uses later, the simultaneity of semantic and ethical recognition is inescapable, when doing justice in words is transparently bound up with doing justice to what there is in every sense, including what there is, uncomfortably, unreconcilably inside the poet.

Geoffrey believed that the Christian narrative of guilt – true, not self-dramatising guilt – the weight of the stresses born out of one's own failure, of the clarification of our being by grace, of the continuous tension between love and betrayal and the inexhaustible resource of patience underpinning all things, was a narrative that was worth committing to. And it is this narrative that gives us our

words today for redirecting pain towards paean, turning things, making our bereavement a little more precise, that is, doing justice to where we find ourselves.

We are here because we have all sensed something of our judgement, in Geoffrey's words, in poetry and prose. We have been called to account. We have been 'brought to justice', in the old phrase. We can read the later collections, that extraordinary last flowering of energy and technical brilliance, feeling sometimes that what he says, in his own words from *Odi Barbare* 'chides us beyond all bearing'. He sets an impossible level of compression, needling challenge, ruthless scrutiny of every syllable, ruthless dismantling of settled and accessible meanings. But these poems are not an aberration, they are fraught with that stress of looking for justice, and so inviting judgement on any or all of us who work in words. And they are as much as ever a territory in which grace, ethical and semantic recognition, springs into life again and again.

I have ridden out one cosmos already,
Manner of speaking. The metaphysical
End of desire is always to be real;
The word and world well-met and going steady.

If this is not possible, trick is to renew
Batteries of arcane matter: fatalism
For one; the labyrinth or chasm
Of language. Tedium can be made to glow.

Comes real at last only renunciation.
I am before that, inadequately tired;
What has been taken remains unrestored.
Each word excruciate in its computation.

Command I spit upon clay to obtain merit –
For what remains to us in the great set
Book of the People that is not escheat? –
Who once could beget love but could not bear it.

Poetry, like all speech, ends in renunciation. The great set book contains nothing that is not bound to revert to another's image. What we say is an attempt to open eyes, as Christ did with the clay and the spittle laid on the blind man's eyes. But can we bear what

is uncovered? Doing justice is a dangerous enterprise, dangerous for our fragile selves, wounding us and those we love when we cannot bear the weight we have loosed and allowed to slip on to our laps. Geoffrey knew all this and if his knowing was often angry, that anger was not the final motor of the poetry, not something 'clamouring for expression', but the deeper knowledge of what the subterranean shifting of lost loves and half-lost guilts might bring to birth. Or not, of course. Because successful voicing is not granted automatically to anyone. But he has brought something to birth for all of us by that grace he celebrated, something inescapably ethical in a way given to few poets of our age.

Here we are to try and echo both the turning of things about in words and the renunciation he spelled out for us. Our bereavement has various levels of imprecision. Geoffrey's family will have a different sort of precision in their grieving and they will have words for it that the rest of us cannot share. But in this liturgy we prepare ourselves of the stiff axis of the death and resurrection of Christ, to stand steady as we wind our tensions around it and pray for freedom like the arrow's flight, for Geoffrey, and for all of us.

Dr John Harvey writes:

Geoffrey Hill came to Cambridge in 1981. Many colleges would have wished him to join their number, and I was fortunate in having early knowledge of the appointment. Happily the Master, Derek Brewer, shared my enthusiasm. Quickly we spoke to others, and within two days of being offered his lectureship, Geoffrey had agreed to be a Fellow of Emmanuel, provided that the Governing Body concurred.

As a college supervisor Geoffrey was conscientious, exacting and warmly appreciated. Being deeply serious, but deaf in one ear, he could seem, in company, forbidding, though his conversation could be light-hearted. He was a connoisseur of children's books as well as of the higher literature, recommending especially Joan Aiken's *Wolves of Willoughby Chase*. He delighted in old beautiful things and one afternoon, at his invitation, we chose together his birthday present for a friend. He knew in principle what he wanted and in an antique shop in King Street we found a huddle of small,

aged bottles of faded blue glass. One in particular, which was slimly rectangular with a slender neck, had a true beauty.

The major poem he wrote while at Emmanuel was *The Mystery of the Charity of Charles Peguy*, his tribute to the Catholic socialist radical and poet, killed in the First World War, with whom he felt a kinship. We could watch its progress because, while we enjoyed a house-swap in Martha's Vineyard in the summer of 1982, Geoffrey came to stay with us. In the evenings as we sat together Geoffrey would write, on and off, in a stiff-covered exercise book. At the time he said only that he was writing a long poem. It proved to be his longest, and one of his great poems. Back in Cambridge I had a privileged sight of a later draft because Geoffrey asked if he could leave his typescript with me when he had to be away, since the only other copy would be locked in his College set and he was concerned that the poem should survive were some cataclysm to overwhelm South Court. Given the relaxed, incremental way in which the poem appeared to build, it is interesting that 'Peguy' is unusual in Geoffrey's output for its unflagging force of forward momentum. Ironic and tragic though its mood may be, it is perhaps the text of Geoffrey's which is most exhilarating to read – or to hear read.

The moment that must be most poignant to me now is the time, in Geoffrey's early days, when we attended a College funeral. As the Fellows processed slowly round Front Court, following the coffin two by two while the College bell tolled slowly, Geoffrey exclaimed to me quietly, with a grim but also humorous relish, 'They bury you well at Emmanuel!' Geoffrey's funeral at Emmanuel is an honour to the College, and to Geoffrey.

Dr Nigel Spivey writes:

Once upon a time – in another age, before academics were haunted by the inquisition of their 'research output' – the Fellows of Emmanuel played cricket, and staged an annual contest with the College graduate students. Whether Geoffrey Hill volunteered for the Fellows' eleven, or had to be cajoled, I cannot now recall. In any case, since sporting enthusiasm was not an overt part of his persona, he surprised us. Would he care to open the batting? He

duly obliged, and took his stance at the crease with a sort of grim aplomb. The graduates naturally enjoyed the prospect of humiliating their seniors, and liked to frighten us with some brisk bowling. Hill, G W stoutly blocked their assault. We watched in admiration as he presented an orthodox straight bat. It was only after three overs that admiration turned to dismay and Geoffrey had to be called back to the pavilion, for overs were limited and we needed some numbers on the scoreboard.

I wish I could extend Geoffrey's mastery of the forward defensive stroke into an epitome of his life and poetic achievement. He was too complex for that: but a certain virtuous obduracy was surely part of his nature. Once I made some crass remark about writing for posterity, and he gravely corrected me: 'We either endow or cheat posterity'. When he lamented the miserably small sales of his works ('I did for Andre Deutsch', he would say, referring to his erstwhile defunct publisher), he was not really regretful. No one was less likely to engage with social media, literary festivals and all the shameless cronyism required of a 'bestselling author' nowadays.

The first I knew of Geoffrey Hill was his collection *King Log* (1968), and its fastidious eloquence had immediate impact. I sent several adolescent poems to *Stand* magazine, and received the due rejection slip with a comment added by its editor, Jon Silkin: 'There is too much Hill here'. Then at Emmanuel it transpired that Geoffrey's son Julian was a contemporary and I had my first experience of hearing Geoffrey read his work – the lately published *Tenebrae* (1978) – in a crowded junior parlour. A few years later, after he had moved from Leeds to Cambridge, I invited him over to my graduate digs in Madingley Road, for supper and the experience of listening to some recordings I had acquired of Eliot's *Four Quartets*. Geoffrey appeared on a winter's night in a black hat, with something like a black cape: all in black, except fluorescent orange socks. We ate the only dish I had then mastered for special guests, gammon and pineapple gratin. Geoffrey conducted a critical survey of my bookshelves, implying by various grunts and groans that my taste in modern poetry was mostly woeful. 'What's wrong

with Larkin?' I asked; 'What's right with Larkin?' he replied. As for the recordings, Eliot's delivery proved rather flat and querulous, like a faithless curate, but we heeded the recitation with respect. When Geoffrey shouldered his cloak to leave, I asked what plans he had for Christmas. He said he was staying in College. He added: 'If a man of 50 can't spend Christmas alone, what can he do?' With hindsight I can think of a few replies. At the time I watched with reverence as he strode off into the dark.

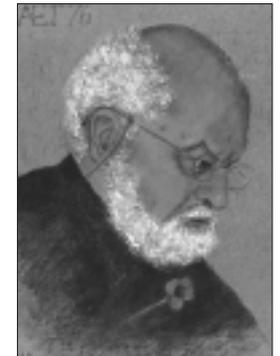
Reverence, at least unilateral reverence, is a perilous basis for friendship (De Quincey and Wordsworth the classic cautionary tale). When eventually I joined the Fellowship several years later, in 1986, and Geoffrey was still lodged in College, the opportunities to deepen acquaintance did not multiply. Geoffrey had rooms in Front Court, yet kept a shadowy presence, and plainly did not enjoy the routine pleasures of eating, drinking and conversing with others. In the jargon of the cloistered state, he was more idiorhythmic than cenobitic. Along with other resident Fellows I assumed his preference was to be left undisturbed. He did his stint of undergraduate supervision as if a sort of penance; but to lectures he brought theatrical flair. I followed a course he gave on the poets of the Great War. His commentary was learned and empathetic: a primary motive for attending, however – for the loyal few who kept up their attendance – was to hear him read aloud the works of Owen, Sorley, *et al.*

Geoffrey himself might have been good company in the trenches. I remember paying him a visit in the Cromwell Road hospital after major heart surgery. The trauma seemed to give him a certain morbid gaiety. 'I could have died at High Table', he said. 'Think of that. "Hill's unusually quiet, even by his standards. Fine him a bottle."' "

Since we consider Boston (Mass) a spiritual branch of Emmanuel, Geoffrey's move to America never seemed like definite emigration. Sure enough he was back in Cambridge (UK) before too long. But his aspect had altered. To some, he now appeared like the stereotype of an Old Testament prophet. I was reminded rather of some antique image of Homer. Though partial deafness afflicted

him, his voice had grown grander in its range and timbre, and his performance when reading even more powerful. It was while watching this white-bearded Geoffrey in action, at a podium of the Mill Lane lecture-rooms, swiping his brow with a large handkerchief, that I wished I might try a portrait. So it happened, one day in November 2008, that he came over for a sitting in my College room. He was a docile subject, content to hold a posture so long as he could work with a notebook on his lap. (The volume of *Odi Barbare* was then in the making.) From time to time we chatted, or he tried me with queries about Horatian metre, but mostly we worked engrossed at our respective tasks. I noticed how physical and agitated was his sedentary craft – how he frowned and glared at what he wrote, clucking to himself – and I sought to convey something of that vexed expression, within my amateur limits.

What was going on in that glistening dome of a cranium? I know that if I showed Geoffrey's poetry to any member of my own family, they would hardly comprehend a single sentence. What is it all about? This is not the place for particular exposition, but I will risk a general summary, by way of anecdote. Once I made the mistake of asking Geoffrey if he would put his mind to a sequence of poems in the pastoral mode. I was thinking of the exquisite lyrical evocations he gave of rural France, *en passant*, in his address to *The Mystery of the Charity of Charles Péguy* (1984). His refusal was brusque: trees were not his subject. So what was? He did not specify. I should have known. There is a clue in every biographical puff of Geoffrey Hill: 'the son of a police constable'. To write pastoral would be an escape into quietism, and therefore a shirking of his poetic duty. When composing, as I witnessed, he was effectively in a session of assize: trying not only to get things right verbally, but set things right absolutely. 'Unacknowledged legislation' may be one way of putting it; but if anyone asks me what Geoffrey's poems are about, my simpler answer is 'justice'. If belated, better than never: justice all the same.



In that sense, he was, I dare say, always his father's son.

UNA ANN FINLAY (2010), Benefactor Bye-Fellow, died on 20 May 2016. The following tribute was written by her husband, Derek (1952):



When I first met Una 67 years ago I was still climbing out of the period of grief following the deaths, within the space of four weeks, of my dear mother and a war hero brother, Douglas (Emma 1941) that had happened just over a year before.

She was a beautiful, warm and kind young 17-year-old who helped me through that very tough time, during which we discovered a great deal in common and laid the foundation of the bond between us which lasted forever afterwards.

Always proud of her father's Scottish family and roots in the Grant country of Angus, Brechin, Montrose and Arbroath, she shared with me a love of Scotland and

was as proud as I of my, and our, association with the Gordon Highlanders, which permeated through all our years together following my service in that fine regiment.

Along with that she was unstinting in her support of my professional and business career, which became very demanding and allowed us to enjoy the most wonderful world-wide travel opportunities to meet many world leaders and other high profile individuals while at the same time giving us three wonderful children and being a wonderful mother as they grew up to become fine successful individuals and, in due course, to pass on those skills as grandmother to her two daughters-in-law.

It was a matter of great pride to me when, as a Benefactor Bye-Fellow of my old college, she was inducted by Lord Wilson, then Master of Emmanuel, to become a full Member of Emmanuel College.

She was a lady of great elegance and beauty, both of which attributes never left her. Her warm smile was always there for

everyone, friend, family and stranger alike. She was also an accomplished artist who enjoyed the background of Iona, the western islands and gardens to create many lovely paintings that caught the beauty of those places. She relished the company of others with similar interests through the painting group she hosted at our home.

She always had great concern for the sick and ailing. She treasured greatly her seven years as chairman of the Strathtay and Grandtully Macmillan Cancer Relief Committee, where she was accorded special lifetime recognition by Macmillan for her work and the successful fund-raising efforts of her committee, which focused on helping Macmillan nurses and the establishment of a hospice.

She was also the best buddy, life-long friend and companion any man could ever have wished for. We have had the most wonderful, I think I can say fantastic, life together cherishing our family grow and bind together.

ADRIAN TIMOTHY JAMES STANFORD (1995), Honorary Member, died on 3 May 2016. The following obituary has been sent in by his nephew Edward:

Adrian Stanford, an Honorary Member of the College since 1995, died peacefully at home after a long illness; he was 80 years of age.

After National Service with the Sherwood Foresters, when he was for a time stationed in Libya, he studied law at Merton College, Oxford. Subsequently, he had a successful career in the City as a merchant banker. He remained with Samuel Montagu throughout and was the bank's longest-serving director. He was known for his attention to detail, his knack of asking probing questions and his considerable analytical powers.

He was appointed company secretary seven years after joining the firm, a job he held for 12 years. Subsequently he rose to become chairman of the credit committee and head of credit and risk management. He was also chairman of the trustees of the Samuel Montagu pension fund.

After retiring he was a trustee of the Old Broad Street Charity Trust, granting scholarships for students to attend MBA courses at

INSEAD. He was also the treasurer of the Georgian Group for many years and was closely involved with the Royal Fine Art Commission. His life-long interest in architecture and historic houses was complemented by his love of gardening.

He will be remembered by all who knew him for his charm, courtesy, and infectious sense of humour. He was always a welcome guest, a good friend and a wise counsellor. Probably unknown to him, he was also regarded as a mentor to many who worked with him.

His life-long partner was the late Lord St John of Fawsley, a former cabinet minister and a past Master of the College. He is buried with him in Northamptonshire.

The College is very grateful to relatives and friends who provide information for inclusion in this section, and would be glad to receive fuller appreciations of those whose deaths are listed only in List section of this *Magazine*. The names below are arranged in order of matriculation date and alphabetically in the Contents section.

FREDERICK PHILIP BALL (1935) died on 28 October 2015. We have received the following obituary from his daughter, Zebidiah Platt:

Frederick Ball came up to Emmanuel in 1935 from Varndean School, Brighton, with a State Scholarship. He read mathematics. His tutor was P W Wood. In his second year he was supervised by A J Ward. In 1937, in the 'May' exams in the paper for which Ward had been concerned, Ball had more marks than in the other three papers in total. On learning of Ball's first in Part II, P W Wood sent a postcard 'Congratulations. Your pen produced quality as well as quantity.'

In College Ball took part in Dionysiac productions. In his first term he rowed in the third Lent boat, which suffered three bumps. He took part in the SCM group, which concluded its Friday evening meetings with Compline in Chapel. He swam and played water polo for College and University, being awarded Half Blues in each.

Ball was an active member of the CU Congregational Society, becoming successively secretary and president. While in Cambridge during terms he taught at the Sunday school at the Chapel on Castle Hill. In the University SCM he took part in two September evangelistic campaigns: in 1936 to the Selly Oak Division of Birmingham, in 1937 to Wolverhampton (as secretary). In 1938 he was appointed to teach maths at King Edward VII Grammar School, King's Lynn. (The headmaster C J L Wagstaff had been at Emmanuel at the turn of the century. W W Grave, a Fellow of Emmanuel, was a former pupil of the school.) During his time in the town he was active in the Congregational church (the minister being the father of D H Drennan, who was Ball's contemporary here). His Christian belief had led him to a pacifist position before the war came. He was instrumental in forming the King's Lynn peace group. At a tribunal in Cambridge he was given unconditional exemption from military service.

Among other new friends he met Lorna Barber, a teacher of domestic subjects at the newly established Gaywood Park School. At Easter 1942 they married and moved to Leighton Park School, Reading (Quaker). During his time there Ball became senior maths master. He shared responsibility for the school Sea Scout Group. He was an acting housemaster for four terms. He was a member at Trinity Congregational Church. As a lay preacher he led worship in different churches and chapels. He taught evening classes in physics (electricity) at Reading Technical College. He taught and examined for the Royal Lifesaving Society. He became an assistant examiner in mathematics at London University.

The family, now including two daughters, moved in 1946 to Cheadle Hulme, near Stockport, where Ball had the post of sixth-form maths master at the Manchester Warehousemen and Clerks' School. He was again heavily involved in scouting, swimming and lifesaving teaching. At the Swan Lane Congregational Church he led the youth group, called Cygnets. He continued as a lay preacher.

Lorna's home was in Lowestoft. The advertisement for senior maths master at the City of Norwich School was attractive. Ball obtained the post and took it up at Easter 1950. The family, including a third daughter, lived in College Road. Ball became senior master. He continued to teach swimming. He became increasingly involved in examining for the Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate and for the Northern Universities Joint Matriculation Board. In 1953 their youngest daughter was born. In summer 1957 he was appointed to the headship of the new county grammar school due to be established in the city fringe. The first three years' entrants to the school were collected by devious bus routes and taken to the recently established Wymondham College. The new buildings being prepared at Thorpe St Andrew were not available for use until Easter 1958. They were designed for a maximum of 360 pupils. During the next 22 years numbers grew to over 1000 (the population of the catchment area – a radius of up to 15 miles outside the City – was growing faster than had been expected). There were good contacts with the contributory primary schools, some large suburban ones, others small village schools. There was a co-operation with the (also new) secondary modern school (with a much smaller catchment area) with whose pupils the field was shared. During those years Ball served on the BBC committee for schools broadcasting and for five years on the CU Local Examinations Syndicate. He was chair of the committee preparing with the East Anglian Examinations Board for mathematics in the forthcoming GCSE.

Norfolk's plans for comprehensive schools included the combination of the two schools on that site. Both heads retired a trifle early. In retirement Ball became secretary of the Congregational (later URC) Church at Prince's Street, Norwich. He undertook the chair of the local committee of the Macmillan Cancer Relief Campaign. He was a member of the support group of Priscilla Bacon Lodge, a hospice specialising in developing treatments for patients with advanced cancer. He was an active local Rotarian and a Samaritan.

He was also a chief examiner for the Joint Matriculation Board, and gained a DipEd from Oxford, and an MEd from Manchester.

Dad's interest in education continues after his death as he donated his body to the medical school at the University of East Anglia, who were very pleased to accept it.

THOMAS HENRY LOUIS PARKER (1935) died on 25 April 2016. Paul, his son, has sent the following obituary:

T H L Parker, who has died five months short of his one-hundredth birthday, was the leading British scholar of the twentieth century in his field. That field was the life and thought of the sixteenth-century thinker and Reformer John Calvin. Widely perceived as a gloomy and authoritarian figure, obsessed with predestination, Parker's research led to an appreciation of the breadth of the man and his place as a leading

European thinker, and to an understanding of his faults within the context of his time. Parker's work is characterised by its immersion in the writings of Calvin, by the independence of his analysis and by the quality of his writing. Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of his life is that he was self-taught in almost everything that he did.

He grew up in north London, where his father was a civil servant. Although he was the only child of his parents' marriage, both had children when they met, so he grew up in a large family of half-brothers and sisters. He also had the freedom of a great city to explore with his friends. His parents had no great attachment to church-going, and it was a chance meeting with an Anglican clergyman who took an interest in him and encouraged him, that drew him into the life of a practising Christian.

He attended Queen Elizabeth School, Barnet, and pursued a career of no great academic distinction, but sufficient to win him a place at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he went to study English. Childhood holidays in Newquay were perhaps one reason why, faced with the great divide in the English faculty between devotees of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and followers of F R Leavis, he gave his allegiance to the former. He claimed to have spent the three years of his degree reading every line of English poetry except the texts on the syllabus. This perhaps explains why he graduated with a third-class degree (a matter of great encouragement to his weaker students in later years). Another reason may have been his growing interest in theology; he wanted to change subjects but was told by his tutors that he was not clever enough to study the discipline. A beloved half-sister died at this time leaving a grief that was always with him. When a student he met Mary Angwin, a Cornishwoman training as a primary teacher at Homerton College, who was to become his wife.

Although the doors of the theology faculty were closed to him, he and several of his friends discovered their vocation to the Anglican priesthood, and went to study at St John's College, Highbury. He wished to go as a missionary to Tibet, and took some steps in learning the language. But both these plans and his training were interrupted by the outbreak of war, and he was, as it were, prematurely ordained in December 1939 to a curacy in Chesham. A weak lung caused by a near fatal illness when he was three made him unfit for chaplaincy in the services. While studying he had come across the writings of the Swiss theologian Karl Barth and, inspired by them, he pursued a serious study of German both at Chesham and in subsequent curacies in Cambridge and Cobham, Kent. Meanwhile he and Mary had married in June 1940. Anne was born in 1941 and Paul in 1943.

One day when talking to someone about the study of Barth, he was advised that to understand the Reformed theologian Barth one must understand the Protestant Reformer John Calvin. This led him first to the better-known writings of Calvin and then into all of his work, and to his first book, a study of Calvin's preaching.

In the later war years, he was one of many looking towards reconciliation beyond it. He and Mary welcomed German prisoners-of-war as Christmas guests, and in 1945 he volunteered to join those working with people who had just been released from concentration camps. It was a great sorrow to him that he was rejected for this work, but instead he engaged in a series of visits to Germany for theological discussion and cultural exchange.

In 1948 the family moved to the fenland parish of Brothertoft near Boston. These years were characterised by cricket, occasional teaching at Lincoln Theological College and for the Workers' Educational Association, ownership of some remarkable old cars including a 1926 Rolls Royce, and solid work on Calvin and Barth. The ambitious project to translate Barth's multi-volume *Church Dogmatics* into English, led by the Scottish theologian T F Torrance, needed translators. Tom Parker became one of them,

and made a major contribution to the success of the project, continuing as reader and adviser after Geoffrey Bromiley took over the main task. Barth himself said that Parker was the translator who understood him best.

The 1950s saw the birth of David, and engagement in the developing theological scene in England, notably as a founder member of the Society for the Study of Theology and a variety of initiatives to bring an awareness of continental thought to English, especially Anglican, ears. In 1950 he had received a Cambridge BD, and in 1961 became a Doctor of Divinity on the basis of his published work. After six years in Little and Great Ponton near Grantham, in 1961 he became vicar of Oakington near Cambridge. For him parish life consisted of certain essentials done well: visiting, a well-prepared liturgy and preaching, and a parish run efficiently.

Books continued to appear, including further studies of Calvin, especially his exposition of scripture in his Bible commentaries and his sermons. Much research had interpreted Calvin through the lens of a few writings, notably *The Institutes of the Christian Religion*. Parker broadened the focus by drawing attention to Calvin as a biblical exegete pioneering an early form of historical analysis of the text. As well as writing books on Calvin's preaching, on his Old Testament and New Testament commentaries, Parker also took part in the editing of some of his hitherto unpublished sermons. He also edited a collection of writings of the English Reformers as well as Festschrifts for Barth's seventieth and eightieth birthdays. He taught classes at Westcott House and Ridley Hall in Cambridge, and gave occasional papers in the theology faculty that had once rejected him. The question, at this stage of his life, was why someone with such an output should not be in a position to share this knowledge with students. For several years he had been applying for a number of university posts but none had worked out. As he said when asked, 'the desirable wasn't attainable and the attainable wasn't desirable'. This changed in 1971 when he was appointed to a lectureship at Durham in Reformation theology, a post more-or-less created for him. There he gave stimulating and popular lectures and was a kind and generous teacher. He was never convinced by some aspects of academic life, liking to refer to colleagues who took some administrative role too seriously as toying with some rich jewel. But he made the most of his new opportunities. His full-length life, *John Calvin: A Biography*, the first in English since 1936, was the product of these years. It has been translated into a number of languages. Dealing always with the original sources and at all turns trying to avoid taking anything for granted, the book provides an account of both Calvin's life and thought. At this time he also became part of an international team making the first complete edition of Calvin's works for over a century. From 1974 for more than a decade he was the British representative on the Presidium of the four-yearly International Congress on Calvin Research.

In 1981 came retirement to a Cambridge suburb and a decade of intensive output, with half a dozen books and editions. Only when Mary became ill in the early '90s did this begin to slacken. By the final years of the century his time was largely occupied with looking after her. In 2003 they left Cambridge to live near a son in Herefordshire, where she died. He continued there for another 12 years. Apart from writing a preface for a new edition of his early work *Portrait of Calvin* to coincide with the five-hundredth anniversary of the Reformer's birth, his theological engagement dwindled, while his love of poetry continued. In 2015 he moved into an apartment with a higher level of support near his daughter in Kendal, and lived independently until a few weeks before his death.

He is survived by his children Anne, Paul and David, and by eight grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

The College is grateful for Mr Parker's gift of several books to the College Library.



DONALD BRITTON (1938) died on 7 June 2016. We have received the following eulogy from his daughter Valerie:

Whenever he was asked why he emigrated to Australia my father would answer 'chilblains'. I don't know if people get them now, what with modern heating and global warming, but for the susceptible like Dad, in cold weather they afflict fingers and toes, which is especially troublesome for an organist.

Dad and his sister Eileen were born and educated in London. He attended Wilson Grammar School and became head boy. His father was a rather dour inspector at Scotland Yard and not musical. But his mother played the piano and sang in local choirs. Dad was blessed with perfect pitch and showed precocious talent in the piano, becoming the school pianist when he was only 13. One of his teachers used the Yorke Trotter method that focused on improvisation. As a boy, Dad was paraded around England as an exemplar of this. One of his party or recital tricks was to ask people to give him a small phrase of music – to hum a few notes or write them on a scrap of paper – and he could improvise on those few notes *ad infinitum*. But certainly not *ad nauseam*, because he knew when to stop. One of the things he most disliked was the tendency to over-long speeches and he avoided committees, probably for the same reason.

Writing about improvisation he said: 'the ability to improvise is one of the principal tools of the trade of an organist. No other branch of the creative musical profession makes such constant and unrelenting demands on the spontaneous creative impulse of the performer. It is significant, with this in mind, that so many of our greatest British musicians have been the product of the organ loft.'

Donald won an organ scholarship to Emmanuel College, Cambridge and had completed a year or two of studies when war broke out. He was assigned to the Duke of Wellington's regiment and underwent training in the UK. With an early pay packet he bought himself a rather dashing American car called Hudson Straight 8, and promptly drove it into a RAF bus. Bruised in body and wallet, he also lost his two front teeth and was sent to hospital in disgrace. But there was a regimental ball that night so he invited one of the nurses, sneaked out of the ward in full uniform and then back into pyjamas in bed without being caught by the steely-eyed matron.

His regiment was sent to Burma: he was part of the famous Chindit force, an experiment in guerrilla warfare, led by the eccentric general Orde Wingate. They fought behind the Japanese lines to prevent the Japanese getting into India. The Chindit columns fooled the Japanese completely by their exploits. After attacking them in one village they would march at an almost unbelievable pace over country that the Japanese deemed impossible to penetrate in the monsoon, and attack again in another village. Time and again ... until the enemy was led to believe there was an entire army operating behind them instead of considerably fewer than 3000 men. The conditions were appalling, the casualty rate over 50 per cent, and they fought in perilously steep terrain, dense jungle, heavy heat, monsoon rain, mud, leeches, lice and fleas. But Dad's physical appearance – that of the tall, slim, sensitive musician – belied his toughness. One of the books about the Chindits says and I quote: 'Jaundice, fever, malaria, dysentery, all took their toll. Probably the one man unclaimed by hospitals was Lt Donald Britton whose constitution – though he was certainly thinner – seemed absolutely unaffected by his experience of jungle warfare.' Dad ended the war as Major Britton and was mentioned in dispatches.

Later when he took over the Melbourne Grammar Cadet Corps he thought he should do a course at the Army's jungle-training facility in Canungra, Queensland. He was told that anyone doing the course aged over 35 was usually carried out on a stretcher. Dad was nearly 40 but he walked out upright and became a lieutenant colonel.

In those war years he played an organ only twice and piano rarely. He had met our mother Pearl when on leave in Bombay and as soon as war ended they married.

Dad loved the East and was loathe to return to England so he applied to remain an extra six months. He became military commandant of a hill station in Mussourie in the foothills of the Himalayas, where his new wife experienced snow for the first time. No doubt he hoped he was helping to acclimatise her as well as delay their return. There were Italian POWs still there with whom Mum painted and when dad played Italian arias on an old piano he rented, they wept.

But then it was back to continue his broken studies at Cambridge, living in cold apartments in Emmanuel College set aside for now married returned soldiers. Post-war years in Britain brought particularly cold winters. There was no proper heating and continued rationing of food and other essentials. It can't have been easy for mother to adjust. But she did and there were May Balls, charades played in Latin and art classes for her to attend and she made life-long friends. When Mum said she thought she might be pregnant Dad was overjoyed and immediately made an appointment with the doctor. The doctor said 'I'm very happy for you Donald but it would really be more useful if your wife came!'

Despite the interruption of war and now with a wife and young baby, he graduated from Cambridge with a double first and was appointed to teach French and Spanish at Winchester College, then as now a top academic school in Britain. He was also organist and choirmaster.

In the meantime Melbourne Grammar had at the helm the late great Sir Brian Hone who made, and I'm quoting here: 'the significant and inspired appointment of Donald Britton as director of music'. Dad had been interviewed for the job in London by Sir William McKie, then organist and choirmaster at Westminster Abbey. So in 1954 the Britton family made the long sea journey to Australia, stopping in India for a few months for Mum to see her family again.

1950s Australia and perhaps especially 1950s Australian boys' schools were not exactly classical-music friendly. And here came this tall, wiry Pom sporting long hair instead of short back and sides, and wearing waistcoats and bow ties. Well, you can imagine what they thought! But the fact that his war was known about, and he was also in charge of the Cadet Corps, undoubtedly helped. And when he went off for cadet parades each week resplendent in military uniform his daughters couldn't resist a flicker of admiration even in our rebellious teen years. There is no doubt he had 'presence'. It was said that he was the only master who could hold an assembly of the whole senior school without another staff member present. I don't think he needed to shout. But it was those eyes! I have vivid memories of coming back later than instructed from some night-time revelry, tip-toeing up to my room, hoping not to be noticed, only to be held in the glare of those eyes at the top of the stairs.

As a father he was awkward I suppose: we knew we were loved but it wasn't expressed. I experienced closeness most when we would drive to the docks to look at ships, something he loved to do, often not speaking, just quietly comfortable together. He supported Cara when at 13 she bravely said she couldn't believe enough to get confirmed. He supported me when I said I wanted to give up piano in favour of ballet. He surprised Cara, who was dutifully learning the violin but hankering for a guitar. For her birthday a cello case arrived and she tried not to look disappointed, but opened it to discover a guitar inside.

He didn't talk about family much, nor his war. Though he had grown up in the stiff upper lip tradition, his was a romantic nature. His feelings went into his music. He favoured the romantic composers, Schumann, Rachmaninov, Chopin. Our house resounded – it shook says my husband John – to his playing and many recitals and recordings over the years brought joy and admiration. He was especially good at explaining music, giving recitals into his eighties, playing always from memory and speaking without notes. As he reached his nineties this was a source of great anguish, first that he needed the music, then that he couldn't see it properly.

As a solo performer he was amongst the top pianists of the time, ranked by the ABC when he came to Australia alongside other famous visiting international pianists. He could have had a career as a concert pianist but he had a passion to teach. He enjoyed accompanying others, whether singers or instrumentalists, and he was part of the Melbourne Trio that performed for many years. He led the MGS orchestra and choirs in the first televised performance of the *Nelson Mass*.

There was a lot of playfulness too: I recall parties with Henry Touzeau the famous cellist playing *The Dying Swan* perfectly while wearing boxing gloves. Dad would sit on the floor with his back to the piano keyboard and play Bach with his hands backwards over his head. Pearl and Donald were a great team: Mum, sociable and artistic, injected fun and laughter. The kitchen in our years in the lovely house in Bromby Street was constantly occupied by young single staff chatting, relaxing, with large glasses of sherry. Mum dispensed what she described as 'coffee and confidence' to many young students. We took in boys, especially boarders for whom home was too distant or troubled or in strife due to illness or death.

This was a really creative couple. Dad produced operettas, Mum supervised the stage makeup, the costumes, wrote witty words for revues, for the light-hearted nightlife at school music camps and at the national youth music camps at which Dad was a conductor. Attending concerts here and elsewhere, as we often did, Dad would stride into the hall looking elegant in dark suit and the inevitable bow tie, tap the lectern lightly and silence would fall as the conductor's baton was raised.

Perhaps unusually for a musician he was also an able administrator: his organisational skills were the added benefit that MGS and the Queensland Education Department snaffled when they took him on. Running a large music department is very complex – upwards of 40 staff, most part-time, students juggling their school periods with music tuition, sport commitments and so on – the timetabling was a nightmare and there were no computers to assist.

He moved to a job in Brisbane after 20 years at Melbourne Grammar, partly prompted by not wanting to be a Mr Chips, partly by the restless travel bug that never left him, partly the lure of warmer weather. The job was as the first coordinator of instrumental music in Queensland schools. It was a big job as the music programme is very extensive there and was more administrative than before, but offered the opportunity he relished to travel widely around the state. Again, though he was a public servant he managed to avoid committees as much as possible and would be 'on the road', not easily tied down.

There simply isn't enough time to detail all his achievements as a performer, conductor, composer: he had two pieces for piano published in London when he was only 16 and went on to compose hymns, anthems, works for children and a mass.

He had always been a sought-after adjudicator at music festivals in Victoria and an examiner for the Australian Music Examinations Board in piano and organ. In Queensland where distances were so huge, they found in Donald someone who could examine in all instruments as well as music theory, a rare ability (he also by the way played the double bass well and could pick out a tune on every other instrument in the orchestra). He became chief examiner for Queensland and in 1994 became the first Queenslander, and equal first Australian, to be made an honorary fellow in music.

From his base in Brisbane he had several stints examining and helping raise funds by giving piano recitals in Papua New Guinea. He loved this and so did Mum, who accompanied him several times. In fact had he not already uprooted Mum across several continents three times I think he might have packed the Bluthner and moved again for more exotic challenges.

Cara and I know from the many letters written in Dad's honour when he retired in Queensland, and from emails received this week, that the adult music educators he worked with there were as inspired by his guidance and leadership as had been the many boys under his care here at this school.

When they moved back to Melbourne, Dad then in his eighties, he was delighted to find that the door chimes on the house they bought rang the notes D and B. His initials! He wrote a properly scored piece entitled 'Duo in C sharp minor' (subtitled 'the Narcissus') for the DB Trio – DoorBell (DB), Damned Bluthner (DB) and Donald Britton. The recording of this piece involved Mum having to run up and down the hall pressing the door chime while Dad accompanied on his piano two rooms away on some dodgy recording equipment that Mum, who was totally inept at machines, was supposed to operate. I've found another score, a mini-fantasia on 'Men of Harlech' written for organ, piano and bicycle air horn, performed by Dad and John Mallinson for the Retired Staff Association in 2001.

He enjoyed relating the tale of being locked in Winchester Cathedral after he'd been practising the organ there in 1952. Imagine that vast dark space, all on your own, locked in, no mobile phones with which to call for help! Resourcefully he put a matchstick under the loudest organ stop, the tuba stop, to keep it playing while he clambered down a spiral stair from the organ loft to the main door. The tuba stop had made such a din that he was soon rescued by a flustered verger.

Conviviality with colleagues was very important to him. It was he, with Gordon Jones, who initiated the gathering of staff for drinks after school on a Friday here at Melbourne Grammar. There were always amusing activities for students and staff at music camps, such as mock trials where staff were put on trial by the students. In Queensland he enjoyed visiting his far-flung teachers, encouraging them not only to play well themselves and pursue their own musical goals, but also to play together in groups, to meet and enjoy themselves. The tributes paid to him on his retirement, and in a recent flood of emails from those whose professional and personal lives he touched, are testament to his enormous influence.

Dad had an almost childish sense of humour and loved the ridiculous, the slapstick, silly ditties, nonsense rhymes, wearing party hats and pulling faces, and for the grandchildren he was good at monsters! He adored his pets, several cats and dogs over the years. He fancied himself as a handyman, in fact it's a wonder they survived his wiring. He did some carpentry, made bookshelves and drawers and was terribly proud of them, though masking tape and blutack seemed to feature rather a lot!

In his aged care home he had a top drawer that was lockable and was supposed to house money and medals and anything precious. But we would find screwdriver sets in there, even a portable drill, and he constantly repaired and un-repaired his beloved watches. The family would like to pay tribute to the staff at the Mecwacare, Trescotwick Centre, in Prahlan for their exemplary care.

They both accepted the problems of old age with some fortitude and little complaint, thoughtful as parents literally to the last: we found they had pre-paid their funerals to save us trouble, specifying the simplest pine coffins.

Always well dressed, he traded bow ties for cravats, a glass or two of Scotch whisky never far out of reach. In fact I sometimes joked with him that if he had to decide to rescue me or a bottle of whisky he'd be hard pressed to decide! His beloved Scotch was the most constant presence in his life and his greatest solace as it drew to a close.

Dad often said that he could leave Melbourne Grammar when violin cases were left behind the goal posts at footy practice. This reached fruition in 1968–69 when there was a boy who was not only in the Chapel choir but also leader of the school orchestra and also in the first 18 footy team, and in the first cricket – and school captain – that boy is here to address you next: Michael Loughlin.



NOEL HETHERTON (1939) died on 12 December 2015. The following address was read at his memorial service by his eldest son, Simon:

I wonder how many of you have been to Bermuda. For those who have not, let me set the scene for you. It is June last year, midsummer and hot. Coral pink sandy beaches – crystal-clear turquoise water, colour-washed houses, roofs painted white to collect rainwater – in the North Atlantic 700 miles east of the Florida coast, an island paradise unchanged for decades except ... for jet skis: marine motorbikes!

There they are, a line of four playing follow-my-leader across the water, noisy, fast and dangerous. At the rear, and slightly detached from the others, the rider, astride the saddle, is hunched and head down as if riding a finish, the jet ski rising almost out of the water as it crosses the wake of the one in front.

But wait, as the group comes closer the tail-ender catches your eye again. He's wearing something different from the others, baggy and striped! This is the last day of his holiday, his swimmers are packed in another suitcase, and all my father can find to wear are his pyjamas!

Let me go back to the beginning. My father was born on 23 December 1921 to John and Mary, their third child of six and, without any great originality, given the time of year, he was christened Noel. His early years were spent in a large house in Sycamore Place, off Bootham in York. The garden was small and his first memories were playing with his older brothers in the nearby museum gardens, although to get there they had to run down a dark alley past a joiner's shop, the door of which was invariably open revealing rows of coffins.

The family then moved to a lovely house in Moorgate, Acomb, with a large garden and tennis court which, much to his delight, he was able to re-visit four years ago.

He was educated at Bootham School in York, but was proud of the fact that aged five he went to Bootham's sister school, The Mount, one of the few boys to do so. At a recent gathering of old scholars from both schools he insisted that he must be photographed with both groups, much to the amusement of the elderly ladies from The Mount.

At Bootham he showed himself to be a natural and talented all-round sportsman, playing football, cricket, tennis and fives, but one of his most surprising achievements, he would recall with a typical self-deprecating humour, was the prize he won for the rabbit hutch he made in the workshop, for he was not then or subsequently well-known for his DIY skills!

He played down his academic abilities. Indeed throughout his life he preferred not to trumpet his talents and successes. Aged 17 he went up to Emmanuel College, Cambridge to read law, a career that had not really occurred to him, but he was worried that his father might suggest the church! He later adopted Emmanuel's colours, pink and navy blue, for his racing silks and caused a stir in the village when the garden cottage was painted in the same livery.

Again, sport figured large during his undergraduate days, playing for the College first eleven at cricket and captaining the first eleven football team, but the most significant event in his second year was meeting my mother, Anne, a student at the London School of Economics which had been moved out of London at the outbreak of hostilities. They fell in love, became engaged and, as he would often say, the rest is history! They were married for 65 years until her death almost five years ago.

Here I must mention his war service with the Guards ... perhaps you know some of the guards regiments. He would say with a twinkle in his eye there was another – the Home Guard – which he joined with his father and brother in the summer vacation of 1940 when home from Cambridge! The threat of invasion was real and although we still laugh at the antics of the Eastgate Platoon at Walmington-on-Sea in the TV comedy *Dad's Army*, there was a serious side to their activities. I understand that theirs

was the only mounted Home Guard in the country and they would patrol the outskirts of York watching for subversives and enemy paratroopers dressed as nuns, as well as calling in at local hostelrys to make sure all was well!

My father's degree course at Cambridge was shortened and he graduated after two years and was called up in December 1941, joining the Royal Navy as an ordinary seaman. It was three years before he was to see his fiancée again for he was despatched to Scapa Flow in the Orkney Islands to join *HMS Mauritius*, a colony-class cruiser about the same size as *HMS Belfast*, which is still moored on the Thames.

He would enthral his children with his experiences aboard ship and the places he visited in the South Atlantic and Indian Ocean largely on convoy duties throughout the Japanese invasion of Burma. His 'action station' was in the sealed shell room beneath one of the gun turrets lifting shells onto the hoist transporting them to the guns above. Not a good place to be, but certainly character-building.

Having served his sea time, he was selected for officer training at Port Elizabeth in South Africa and was commissioned as sub-lieutenant in August 1943. I recall him telling me that although he found life at sea in wartime a dreadful experience it had a positive aspect in that he learned very quickly how to get on with everyone whatever their rank or station.

Having been promoted to lieutenant, it was when he was on his first leave in the UK, on 5 April 1945, that he and my mother were married. A posting to Edinburgh with her for a year followed but to his dismay he was summoned one day to his commanding officer, who told him he was to be sent overseas again. Although he protested it was to no avail and his spirits fell until he was asked rather sarcastically if Bermuda would suit and if he would like to take his wife and son – me – with him! And so began a close family connection with the island, which he visited many times since.

On the family's return from Bermuda he resumed his plans to qualify as a lawyer and became articled to a local solicitor for two years and passed the Law Society's final exams. With characteristic boldness (his advice to others was always to aim high) he declined an immediate partnership with his employer and set up his own practice with Tommy Thompson, another newly qualified solicitor at the firm. The business flourished as a result of hard work and enterprise, and when Thompson emigrated to Australia he established a new firm, giving a partnership to his assistant, Eric Dempsey. He bought offices in Castlegate and remained as senior partner until his retirement in 1986. A master of the art of delegation and finding new business and contacts, he was not afraid to trust his own judgement in the face of advice from others, including Counsel and Queen's Counsel, when he believed the best interests of his client were not being served. His steady hand and clear thinking resolved many seemingly intractable problems. He was indeed a good man to have on your side.

Horsing was in his blood, his father being a prominent owner/breeder before, during and after the war, winning the Ebor handicap at York in 1951 with Bob. My father's first success, which he described as like winning the Derby, was in a humble seller at the now long defunct Bogside in 1954 and the last at which he was present was, perhaps appropriately, the final race of the season at Ripon just a couple of months before his death. Like his father before him he was a long-standing steward at the course and was honoured on his retirement to be appointed patron (as indeed had his father). A Ripon race day rarely passed without his presence and he relished the company of his friends, the race-day officials and race-goers. We hope to stage a race in his memory next season.

In between those two victories there were more than 100 others, some at the highest level, Tantivy winning the Queen's Vase at Royal Ascot, Line Slinger, a home-bred, the Yorkshire Cup at York and Past Glories, another home-bred, the Welsh Champion Hurdle. Most of his horses were trained at Bill Elsey's Highfield stables in

Malton but the connection with Highfield continued after Bill's retirement when my brother, James, took over the reins in the '90s, adding further victories to his score. Keep It Dark, the last of his racehorses to carry his silks and trained by Tony Coyle at one of the Highfield yards, brought down the curtain with a final win just days before he died and which he was able to watch on television. There were, of course, many more disappointments than triumphs but his reaction was always the same: how fortunate he had been to have such fun throughout his racing life.

His last excursion just a couple of days before the onset of his final illness was with me and other retired stewards – the Past the Post Club – to Jack Berry's house in Malton, the new rehabilitation centre for injured jockeys, which he toured with enthusiasm before finding a comfy sofa to have lunch and reminisce with friends.

My father was an accomplished horseman, learning to ride on farm horses on his grandfather's farm, beach ponies at Filey and the mounted Home Guard. Having moved to Green Hammerton in 1954, it was not long before he bought his first hunter from Ruth Johnston, who ran a local riding school. He hunted with the York & Ainsty North from then until a crashing fall in 1993 brought his days in the hunting field to an end after 38 seasons. Although invited to wear a red coat he declined but he cut an imposing figure in his silk top hat for most of his hunting career. He had been so committed and enthusiastic that he would go early to the office on hunting days with his hunting gear under his suit and leave after a couple of hours' work so he could arrive at the meet on time. The staff at the office knew when to say nothing!

He was never going to be content following in the car but he did enjoy Boxing Day meets at Boroughbridge, opening meets at Ribston Hall and hosting many meets on the green at the Garden Cottage, and was a generous supporter at other fund-raising events, the last being a dinner at Great Ouseburn a few days before his last illness, when he was on cracking form.

He loved listening to music and in recent years said he felt most comfortable and contented driving through the countryside listening to Classic FM. The station was playing in his bedroom as he drifted away.

My father was a remarkable man who led a remarkable life and it was always going to be impossible, in the few minutes available this morning, to do justice to a long life lived well and to the full. He was wise, generous, kind and courageous, never complaining when things did not quite turn out as hoped. He was an astute businessman, a benevolent employer, utterly reliable and his integrity unquestioned.

There has been a single golden thread running through the tapestry of his adult life without which much of this could not have been achieved: my mother Anne. Together they built a home for themselves, their children and grandchildren at Green Hammerton, a community they lived in for more than 60 years. The Garden Cottage has been the focal point of our lives for so long and which we will treasure always.

Noel ... Dad ... God bless you!

ANTHONY HALSALL WAILES (1941) has died. His granddaughter, Martha Wailes has sent the following obituary:

Born and bred in Scotland, Anthony Wailes was the youngest of a family of four. His father opened a prep school, Craigflower, just outside Dunfermline, and Fife was home for many years. Holidays were spent in the wilds of Perthshire, near Dunkeld, which was where he was eventually to retire.

After school at Craigflower and then Wellington College, Anthony went to Cambridge to read engineering before volunteering for the Royal Engineers in 1942. Wartime service took him to Malaya, India and Burma, where he joined 23 Brigade and the Chindits.

After the war Anthony worked briefly for what was to become BP in Rangoon before returning to the UK in 1946 and taking a job with Turner & Newall, a large



engineering and construction company, a company that he was to stay with for nearly 40 years.

In the early 1950s he gained a place on a postgraduate business scheme and went to America to study for a year at Syracuse University. He met his wife Nancy there, and in 1954 they were married in the United States and came back on the *Queen Mary* to start married life in Bearsden, Glasgow.

Just a few months later Anthony was posted to southern Rhodesia, where he stayed until 1965 and where his two children were born. He then returned with his family to the firm's head office in Manchester and lived in Cheshire until the early 1980s, which saw a final few years back in Africa, this time in Zambia. Retirement meant the start of many happy years back in Perthshire, in Dunkeld.

He was a great traveller, gardener, fisherman and engineer, and beloved husband, father and grandfather. He died on 7 August 2014. His wife predeceased him.

RUPERT LINDSAY LEATHAM (1942) died on 26 June 2015. The following obituary has been sent in by his daughter Caroline:

He was born in Godalming, Surrey and went to Sandroyd prep school and from there to Charterhouse. He spent a year at Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Joined the RAFVR in June 1942 aged 18 years old. He initially learnt to fly on Tiger Moths. Sent to Pensacola, Florida in September 1943, he received his 'wings' in July 1944. He then went to Canada for two months to learn to fly Catalina flying boats. When the war ended in June 1945, he was stationed at RAF Jerusalem. He was one of the lucky pilots who had a 'good war'.

1952-63: Commercial airline pilot.

He took part in the mini Berlin airlift for five months between October 1952 and March 1953, whilst working for Air Charter Ltd (Freddie Laker), flying Yorks between Hamburg and Templehof, between six and eight flights a day.

He then flew Vikings, Dakotas, Rapides and Viscounts whilst working for Airwork Ltd and Eagle Airways (Bermuda) Ltd between 1954 and 1963.

1960-71: lived in Bermuda

1963-65: Bermuda Airlines Ltd, a sight-seeing seaplane business, that my father started with a six-seater Cessna 185B Skywagon.

1971-78: London underwriter and claims manager for American International Underwriters and Lloyds Aviation Claims Centre.

1979-87: bought the Star Garage, Bridport, selling Talbot and Peugeot cars

1987: took early retirement aged 63

1993-2007: member of the gliding club at The Park, Kingston Deverill, Wiltshire

Hobbies: sailing, squash, photography, gliding, camping and gardening

Married three times and had four children: Sarah born 1956 died 1959, Caroline born 1950, Jackie born 1966 and Tim born 1970.

From 2000 Rupert lived in Hindon, near Salisbury until his death.

STUART WESTLEY (1942) died on 14 November 2015. The following has been sent in by his son, Keith:

Stuart Westley was born in 1924 in Oldham where his father was vicar of Werneth. Aged 11 he persuaded his father to send him to Manchester Grammar School rather than to join his brothers at Hulme Grammar School, Oldham, because the selection interview at MGS was so much friendlier. This cost the vicar £2 8s 4d per term, which Stuart had to deliver to the bursar at MGS, being the excess of its fees over the Oldham schools.

Proceeding to the Maths VI, he was evacuated to Blackpool at the start of the war for all of 42 days, and he moved on to become a maths undergraduate at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, for one year before war service intervened.

Offered the choice between the Royal Signals and the coal mines, he chose the former and spent his war safeguarding the radio equipment of the Sudan Defence Force in what was then Equatoria province and recently became the still troubled republic of South Sudan. Stuart was much affected by his contact with the African people and the Church Missionary Society, and he elected to visit the Holy Land on his route home in 1948. He completed his Cambridge education with a final year studying theology.

After theological college at Wells, Somerset, he served the Church of England in the Manchester, Blackburn and Bradford dioceses, including spells as vicar of Watersheddings in Oldham and of Simonstone near Burnley.

He also practised as a teacher, both of maths and of religious studies, at Arnold School in Blackpool, Bramhall Grammar School (on its creation), Denstone College, Staffordshire and Ermystead's Grammar School, Skipton.

Both Stuart's sons followed him to MGS, Keith 1966–68 and Peter 1966–70, but he had to wait another generation before any of his offspring – granddaughter Eva – followed him to Emmanuel, to his great joy. After retirement Stuart moved to the Church of England's sheltered housing for retired clergy in Lytham. He was known for his preaching and for his speaking, and was elected president of Lytham St Anne's PROBUS in 2010, a role he carried out with grace and humour for four years. After his death hundreds of pounds were raised in his memory for Oxfam's South Sudan emergency appeal.

HERBERT GARFIELD WITHERINGTON (1942) died on 28 February 2016. His son Peter has sent the following family tribute:

Last week in Dad's study, we discovered an old, innocuous-looking Midland Bank folder. The contents were not the expected bank statements but Remembrance Day sermon notes, prepared by two Methodist local preachers: by Dad and by his father, Arthur. That these were separate from the boxes of other sermons is telling. These were special sermons.

'Have we forgotten God?' asked my grandfather; he went on to say 'We can answer that question only in the silence of our own hearts. If we have, let us return to Him, fear Him and think upon His Name. Thus shall we be able to leave this place in peace, in the sure and certain knowledge that our name is written in indelible lettering, in God's book of Remembrance.'

I am certain that Dad knew that peace and that his name is written in God's book of Remembrance.

Who was this man whom so many held so dear?

Born on 10 February 1923, Herbert was the youngest of three brothers, in a family with strong Methodist traditions. He told us that their lives were also dominated by cricket. Tragically, his two elder brothers, whom he idolised, were killed in the Second World War, shortly after which his mother died. In these difficult days he found strength in his Christian faith. Words that particularly helped him were those of Paul to the Romans: 'And we know that in all things, God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose'. It was this faith that underpinned the rest of his life.

Following education at Tunstall School Sunderland, The Leys School Cambridge and Emmanuel College Cambridge, in 1945 he joined the family shipping business on the Newcastle quayside.

Undoubtedly the most significant year in Dad's life was 1947 when, after four years of her thinking she was too young, Eileen accepted his proposal and they married. Mum recounts that she cannot remember a single word of the sermon at her wedding, but that afterwards the minister whispered in her ear 'stick together', and so

they did, for over 68 years, bringing lasting happiness to each other. What a role model for us three children, seven grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren!

In the same year, Dad became a fully accredited preacher in the Methodist church. I recall my grandfather saying after he had completed 60 years of local preaching that Herbert would never exceed that; of course he did, by several years, with some saying 'he was much loved and one of the best local preachers'. Many people have written over recent days to affirm this ... one describing how Herbert gave them an insight into the mystery of faith, expounding the gospel of Jesus, personally giving them hope in the down times, and sharing joy in the least of their successes. Many described how they looked forward to his sermons, knowing them to be encouraging, inspiring and interesting. It seems that it was good to be in the house of the Lord when Herbert was preaching.

Most telling is that he has inspired folk to follow in his footsteps as a preacher, frequently mentoring them along the way. This included his granddaughter Gill and several in the north-east circuits. One in Tyneside described him as a 'leading light' and another said to me last week 'I don't know anyone greater'.

As a ship-owner he worked in Exchange Buildings, Newcastle. I remember being allowed to join him on Saturday mornings, fascinated by the huge desks, ledger books and boardroom with photographs of my great-grandfather, who had established the business with Arthur Everett in 1868. It had started with the old coal trade between Newcastle and London. As the importance of coal dropped, Herbert ensured survival of the business by developing it into a sophisticated general cargo operation entitled the Gracechurch Container Line. This venture was highly influential in developing the ports of Runcorn and Felixstowe, the latter now a flourishing major port in the UK. A further extraordinary legacy of the shipping business was the connection it forged after the Second World War with Germany. Despite fighting throughout the First World War and losing two sons in the second, our grandfather Arthur decided to build new ships in a small shipyard in Germany. This was the beginning of a life-long friendship between Dad and Mum and the Meyer family. As Paul Meyer says, 'this friendship helped to lay the foundation of our fondness for English culture 10–15 years after the terrible Second World War in which our countries fought against each other'. Meyer Werft is now a leading European ship-builder.

Throughout this time, Dad's love of cricket was undiminished. He played for Sunderland in the Durham senior league with his highest score being 148 not out. His love of the game was infectious and passed on to me and to the grandsons.

We will remember with great affection our times playing various versions of cricket with him in the garden and on the beach. However, our games could never be too serious as, despite the importance of cricket, he could make a joke out of anything. I am afraid to say that none of us have managed to challenge his best innings.

At the age of 60 Dad became seriously ill with cancer, and three people from the church offered to come along to pray and lay hands on him for healing. Despite his strong faith, he had believed that miracles occurred in Bible times but not today. It is testament to his humility that Dad called me to ask what I thought. I suggested he should accept anything on offer. I remember his describing after the event the power of the presence of God he felt when those friends prayed for him. His oncologist was surprised at how rapidly and completely he recovered. Dad went on to review the theology of healing and established with others a healing ministry in the North-East, which I have recently been told continues to this day.

Following this illness Dad decided to wind up the shipping business and retire. As we three children had long since left home, it gave him and Mum the impetus to open a new chapter in their lives and they began their long distance walking. Starting with the 'Coast to Coast', to raise money for the National Children's Home, they then

covered many popular UK walks, and others in Italy, Switzerland and California. A highlight was their trek from Kathmandu to Everest base camp. Although the oldest on the trip, they were amongst the few to reach the destination. As most here will know, in their late sixties they walked from Land's End to John O'Groats, raising large sums for Christian Aid and publishing the popular *Grandparents' Guide*, wittily subtitled *I Know Someone who did it on a Bicycle*.

Painting became a real passion for Dad when, in his own words, he became 'too old' to play cricket. He subsequently received many commendations and awards, including that shown on the front of the order of service. His talent has inspired many, including Helen, to develop their own skills, and through this gift he has helped several to discover opportunities they never thought existed.

After their golden wedding anniversary and of ministering to thousands in the North-East, Dad and Mum decided to move to the Lake District that they loved. He continued to preach and they had many wonderful years of walking and painting before Parkinson's came to spoil their plans. Throughout this insidious disease Dad never complained, valuing the overwhelming support of Mum, the Church, the wider community, friends and carers. Carers who lovingly and tenderly cared for him, and appreciated his wit, as he continued to crack jokes and pull their legs to the end.

A funny, lovely, faithful man was our Dad, who cherished Mum every moment of their 68 years. He was generous in his encouragement and loving care for us, for our children and for their children. We knew that he was at his happiest when his family was around and it was very special when, two weeks ago, he was introduced to his youngest great-grandson, Jesse.

He supported us all unflinchingly through times of worry, difficulty and tragedy. We came to rely upon his wonderful wisdom and insight. Certain sayings will remain with us for ever such as 'it is only money', and 'when you have made a decision it is the right one'.

Dad's gracious service to others extended far wider than to his immediate family, and we have been overwhelmed by the comments received in so many letters, cards and calls over the last two weeks. These speak of a gentle man in every respect, with impeccable manners: a gracious, generous, wise and witty person, held with great affection and in huge respect. Such respect has led to the Sunderland Circuit deciding to hold a service of thanksgiving at Whitburn Methodist Chapel at the same time as this one.

As I have said, that Midland Bank folder was found in a box of things of special significance to Dad. I started with a quote from it, and will close now with another, this time from Dad's Remembrance Day sermons, where he echoes my grandfather's belief:

The truly sacred men and women throughout the centuries have been those whom obedience to God's commandments have been their chief delight.

Indeed, Dad was one of those sacred people he described, and we are truly thankful for his legacy and for the indelible impression he has left upon our lives.

THOMAS BABINGTON BOULTON OBE (1943) died on 1 July 2016.

His granddaughter Kate Laycock (2004) has sent the following:

Tom Boulton arrived at Emmanuel College in the autumn of 1943, at a time when its timeless world of college tutorials and formal dining was punctuated by compulsory military drills, black-outs and the occasional air-raid siren. Graduating in 1946 with a BA in natural sciences, and MB BChir in 1949, he took up a six-month house surgeon appointment at St Bartholomew's Hospital in London. Six months became 12 when he decided to defer his National Service by applying for a further posting to a



specialist department. This uncharacteristic delay enabled him to win the hand of Helen Brown, the vivacious young nurse who was to become his life-long 'companion, support, comfort and constructive critic'. He had first applied for a post in obstetrics, but such was Helen's pull that he accepted anaesthesia instead, thus inadvertently securing both the first and second loves of his life.

Tom's service in Malaya – for which he was mentioned in dispatches – laid the foundations for what was to become his pet speciality: anaesthesia in difficult conditions. 'Difficult Conditions Boulton', as he was to be dubbed by amused colleagues later on in his career, became a champion of simple, 'draw-over' anaesthetic techniques which were widely adopted for use by both the British army and various developing countries around the world. Tom himself remained a British army reservist until the compulsory retirement age of 60. In 1969, he spent five months in Vietnam, working at the Basky Center of Children's Medical Relief International in Saigon and (as Helen later found out!) two Australian-run hospitals in the midst of the fighting.

Tom's civilian career progressed in parallel to the early days of the NHS and the development of anaesthesia as a speciality. Two brief, but formative experiences – a year spent under the tutelage of the great Dr J Alfred Lee at Southend-on-Sea and another as a visiting instructor at Ann Arbor, Michigan – introduced him to new techniques and alternative models of pre- and post-operative care. He applied these to the reorganisation of the emergent anaesthetic department and the establishment of the first-ever intensive care unit at St Bartholomew's Hospital. He also played a key role in the pioneering of open-heart surgery in the UK, taking responsibility for both anaesthesia and perfusion in those early, high-risk operations.

In 1973, Tom was to exchange the prestige of St Bartholomew's for the comparative calm of his beloved Royal Berkshire Hospital in Reading. He was, however, busier than ever as the editor of *Anaesthesia* (1973–82), a lecturer at Oxford's Nuffield Department of Anaesthetics and a faculty member of the Royal College of Surgeons embroiled in the 'medico-political battles' that resulted in the formation of the Royal College of Anaesthetists. He was president of the anaesthesia section of the Royal Society of Medicine from 1983 to 1984 and of the Association of Anaesthetists of Great Britain and Ireland from 1984 to 1986. He advocated and helped found the History of Anaesthesia Society, becoming its president in 1988. In 1990, Tom delivered the Lewis H Wright Memorial Lecture of the Wood Library-Museum of Anaesthesiology at Schaumburg, Illinois and was made a national laureate of Anaesthesiology in the US.

'Retirement' (the family always thought of it in inverted comas!) brought his magnum opus: *The Association of Anaesthetists of Great Britain and Northern Ireland 1932–1982 and the Development of the Specialty of Anaesthesia*, for which Cambridge awarded him an MD in 1989. 'Finally', he said, 'I'm a proper doctor!' Tom was prouder of his MD than of the OBE for services to medicine that he received a couple of years later: testimony both to his modesty and the value he placed on hard graft!

Although naturally shy, Tom maintained a rich collection of friendships with colleagues and former trainees from across the globe. Helen kept an open house and their children (Angela, Adam and James) joke that they never knew whom, or what, to expect when they got back from school. With time, the visiting anaesthetists were joined by grandchildren: a boisterous, close-knit tribe, Tom and Helen's joint legacy.

GRAEME STUART FERGUSON MACKENZIE (1943) died on 9 August 2015. *The Monterey Herald* wrote:

Graeme Stuart Ferguson Mackenzie died peacefully on August 9th, surrounded by his loving family. He was 90 years old. Graeme was a long-time resident of the Monterey Peninsula, and owner of the Sandpiper Inn, on Carmel Point, for 25 years.

A lover of the great outdoors and all the natural beauty that is so special to Carmel, Pebble Beach and Big Sur, Graeme called the Monterey peninsula the most

magnificent place on earth. He will be truly missed by friends and family, and anyone who knew his warmth and personality.

Born in Glasgow, Scotland in 1925, Graeme went to Loretto boarding school in Edinburgh, trained in the British Royal Air Force as a navigator in the Second World War, and attended both Cambridge and Glasgow universities, becoming a chartered accountant. He went on to earn graduate degrees at the Swiss Hotel School in Lausanne and the School of Hotel Management in Cornell. Graeme started his career at the Dorchester Hotel in London and the Gleneagles Hotel in Scotland, followed by management positions at the Inverurie Hotel in Bermuda and the Greenbriar Resort in West Virginia.

Graeme and his first wife, Irene, from Edinburgh, met at a Scottish ball in San Francisco and were married in Carmel in 1957. The couple moved to London and then Hong Kong, when Graeme was hired to open the world's first Mandarin Hotel in 1961. Returning to the Monterey Peninsula in 1966, Graeme became general manager of the Mark Thomas Inn and then regional director for Sheraton Hotels in Dallas.

In 1973 Graeme and his family returned to Carmel permanently when he purchased the Sandpiper Inn. In 1998, his dear wife Irene passed away after 42 years of marriage.

In 2001 Graeme married Judy Bramble. They have enjoyed a happy, loving and fun-filled life together in Pebble Beach, with their many friends and family.

Graeme was president of the Monterey Peninsula Scottish Society and founder of the annual Monterey Peninsula Scottish Highland Games, now in its forty-eighth successful year.

An avid sailor, tennis player and golfer, he was a long-time member of the ROMEOS, the Monterey Peninsula Country Club, and the Beach and Tennis Club in Pebble Beach. People who knew Graeme always said he had a great passion for life, adventure and, most of all, for people.

Graeme is survived by his loving wife Judy, son Colin, daughter Fiona, step-children Stacey and Scott, and five step-grandchildren. He was predeceased by his father, Dr William Ferguson Mackenzie, mother, Jean McIntyre Mackenzie and brother, Fergus Mackenzie, all of the UK.

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RONALD ALBERT MARCHANT (1943) died on 15 April 2015, as reported in last year's *Magazine*. Douglas Paterson (1951) has sent the following, based on what was said at the funeral:

Ronald was born in Barnet in 1926. His parents were Albert Marchant (1887–1970), then curate at Christchurch in that town and Mary Alice Switzer (who had been a teacher on Long Island, New York). They had met whilst engaged on missionary work in Canada in about 1918.

Ronald must have grown up in rather challenging surroundings, for his father was a vicar on Tyneside in 1932, at a time when there was mass unemployment and great hardship for many people. He later noted that his father had four very busy and tough years in this post. In general, Ronald (and his mother) had a rather unsettled existence, as Albert frequently wanted to move on to a new position, making it hard for family to put down roots. So from the age of six to 17 he was educated at Scarborough College as a boarder.

During the Second World War Ronald was evacuated to Swaledale and later volunteered to work down the mines as part of the war effort. After Emmanuel College, Cambridge, he found this rather tough and sometimes felt that he was deliberately given the most difficult jobs to do because of his background. He then went into the army and having undergone five months' infantry training in Scotland (near Loch Lomond), he subsequently joined the Education Corps. Ronald ended up

teaching recruits basic reading and writing (many of them were functionally illiterate), using the company orders!

He was a scholar at Emmanuel, where he matriculated in 1943, read history and theology Part III in church history, BA 1950, MA 1952. He was awarded a PhD 1957 for his work on the ecclesiastical courts in the Diocese of York under the supervision of Professor Norman Sykes (Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Fellow of Emmanuel), completed during his first curacy at St Stephen's Acomb, York 1954–57 after training for the ordained Anglican ministry at Ridley Hall Cambridge from 1950, coming into Emmanuel for supervisions with Professor Sykes and occasionally into Hall. He had hoped for a lectureship in church history, but when this did not materialise he became a 'county parson' after a second curacy.

Ronald followed his father's profession, becoming a clergyman in the Church of England and a canon of St Edmundsbury in 1975, and was the author of a number of learned works on church history, notably *The Church under the Law: Justice, Administration and Discipline in the Diocese of York, 1560–1640* (Cambridge University Press, 1969). He was vicar of Laxfield near Woodbridge in Suffolk in the diocese of St Edmundsbury and Ipswich from 1959 for 33 years, adding Wilby – with Brindish – from 1986 until his retirement in 1992. Ronald was also active in local government, being at one time chairman of his local planning committee as well as the local parish council.

His family remember him as a man with a keen, not to say wry, sense of humour, who wore his learning lightly and enjoyed good food and conversation. When asked by the present writer during a genealogical enquiry, as to when he was born, he replied mischievously 'I'm as old as the Queen'.

Rather like his father's travels around Canada and the USA, Ronald enjoyed foreign travel well into his sixties. Displaying an energy belying his years, he visited Peru, Bolivia, Tibet, Nepal, China and Kenya amongst other places, climbing the Himalayas, Andes etc, taking friends and parishioners with him and often paying for them. I will remember the slide shows that he delivered at my parents' home in Kent on the return from his journeys.

After retirement, Ronald lived at Acomb, a suburb of York, for several years helping at the Church of Holy Redeemer during an interregnum, finally moving to Dulverton Hall, a Church of England retirement home in Scarborough in 2011, where at first he still walked up the stairs to his fourth-floor flat and went out for brief daily walks including to the local shops until his leg ulcers prevented this. He was regularly at the Book of Common Prayer, Sunday evening prayer and communion (never to Common Worship), though his deafness was a great hindrance, including to mutual communication. But this did not affect his very clear and precise diction until near the end, first in hospital and then in the local hospice. He always proudly wore his Emmanuel tie on Sundays.

REGINALD FREDERICK BENNETT (1944) died on 20 September 2015. We have received the following from his daughter Susan:

Life's journey for Reg came full circle in 2015 when he died peacefully at his family home in Blean, near the University of Canterbury. He was born in Canterbury, where his father started a grocery business and sold coal to the military families garrisoned there. Reg won a scholarship to Kent College but when German bombing escalated in the early 1940s, this school was evacuated to the west of England. Reg then transferred to the Simon Langton Grammar School in Canterbury, where he became head prefect. One day, when he was cycling home from school, a German aircraft opened fire on him. The plane was so close overhead that he could see the face of the gunner. Reg managed to survive by rolling his bicycle into a ditch.

Despite being very passionate about the theatre and performing for the Canterbury Players, Reg did enough school work to win a scholarship to Emmanuel



College, Cambridge to read natural sciences. In his third year he fell in love with Sheila Hodgson, a postgraduate student from Newnham College and they married in 1948. Reg and Sheila had two children and the marriage lasted until Sheila died in 2011.

Reg was always slightly conflicted throughout his life about his choice to study science rather than the arts. He always claimed to have spent more of his time as a student rowing on the Cam and performing on stage than working in a laboratory. However, he got a respectable degree and went on to make a significant contribution to the British chemical industry.

Initially Reg worked on developing dyes for the textile industry near Manchester. This enabled him to be close to Sheila, who was undertaking research work at Manchester Royal Infirmary. By 1957 the family had moved to Surrey as Reg had started a new job with the chemical company Albright & Wilson, with whom he stayed for the rest of his long career. Reg initially worked on the specialised applications for strontium compounds and then organotin compounds, becoming the chairman of the chemistry panel of the International Tin Research Institute. He was particularly interested in the use of tributyltin compounds in anti-fouling paints for ships and in wood preservatives, becoming an expert on their environmental impact. Towards the end of his career, Reg used his strong interpersonal and presentational skills to become the Albright's lead for public relations. On his retirement from the company, he set up his own independent environmental consultancy and worked extensively with ORTEP, the Organotin Environmental Programme Association.

Throughout his career, Reg engaged in business projects all over the world, making many life-long friends. Despite his wartime experiences, he particularly enjoyed doing business in Germany, learning some of the German language and also becoming fairly fluent in French.

Reg certainly had a significant dramatic talent and that assisted him with his public relations work. However, if he had become an actor, the chemical industry would have lost a very industrious applied chemist.



JOHN LYONS CBE (1944) died on 22 May 2016. The following obituary was published in *The Daily Telegraph* on 19 June:

John Lyons, who has died aged 90, wielded considerable power as a trade union leader during the 1970s and 1980s, despite his own political moderation and the modest forces he led; for the 50,000 members of his Electrical Power Engineers' Association (later the Engineers' and Managers' Association) controlled all the nation's power stations and electricity transmission systems.

Successive governments took great pains to keep Lyons on side with generous pay settlements. This was not just because of his union's capacity to bring the country to its knees; they would have no chance of resisting a miners' strike if Lyons threw in his lot with an increasingly militant National Union of Mineworkers.

Temperamentally, Lyons – an ex-Communist who became a Labour right-winger and in 1986 the only union leader to join the SDP – was unlikely to side with Arthur Scargill. But he kept governments guessing to extract the best possible deal for his members.

Edward Heath's government bought off the EPEA – who were also in dispute over pay – as the miners prepared to strike early in 1974, to avoid having to fight on two fronts. When Scargill brought the miners out again ten years later, Lyons enraged the Left by refusing to call out his members. Rejecting a request from the NUM not to cross its picket lines, he said: 'We don't allow our industry to solve the disputes of another'. After a year, the miners were defeated.

Lyons was one of the first general secretaries to have a university education rather than come up through the ranks, and one of the first to argue – the EPEA

not being affiliated to the Labour Party – that the unions should be politically independent. 'Relations are one thing', he said. 'Dependence is another'.

Amiable and quiet-spoken, Lyons was given to bluntness where his fellow union leaders were concerned. His warning in 1975 that they had to adjust 'mental attitudes derived from a world of rhetoric and fantasy' to the realities of daily life won him few friends in the movement.

He repeatedly found himself pitted against the giant semi-skilled unions – especially the Transport & General Workers – over pay differentials. These tensions were most acute when, under the 'social contract' with the Labour government elected in 1974, the Trades Union Congress accepted the T&G leader Jack Jones's call for a flat-rate increase of £6 a week. Lyons saw this as an attack on his members' standard of living, but accepted it reluctantly. Ministers later gave Lyons just enough ground on pay to keep the union out of the 1978–79 'winter of discontent'.

With Margaret Thatcher in power, Lyons attacked the TUC for refusing to talk to ministers about pay unless they adopted its economic strategy, saying: 'This is a demand to which no government can, or should, agree'. Elected to the TUC General Council in 1983 (serving until 1991), he reminded colleagues that their members' interests were not necessarily those of the Labour Party.

When left-wing unions moved to expel the engineers and electricians from the TUC for accepting government funding for ballots, Lyons warned that this could trigger the creation of an alternative grouping of moderate unions, which would be a powerful attraction to his own.

He further upset the Left when in 1986 he persuaded the TUC Congress not to vote for the phasing out of nuclear power. Shutting down one of Britain's most competent and technologically advanced industries would, he said, deny Britain 'the chance to participate in the world-wide development of nuclear power, which is going to go on whatever narrow-minded politicians in the country may think'.

Lyons stepped out of line again by defending high pay for captains of industry. He argued that such salaries paved the way for a major increase in rewards for tens of thousands of workers at lower levels.

John Lyons was born on 19 May 1926, the son of Joseph Lyons, an East End publican, and his wife Hetty. He was educated at St Paul's School, Regent Street Polytechnic and Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he read economics.

He served in the Royal Navy from 1944 to 1946, and in 1947 joined the Communist Party, leaving in protest at the Soviet suppression of the 1956 Hungarian uprising. After a spell in market research with Vacuum Oil and the Bureau of Current Affairs, he joined the staff of the Post Office Engineering Union in 1952.

In 1957 Lyons became assistant secretary of the Institution of Professional Civil Servants. He pressed for the Atomic Weapons Establishment at Aldermaston to become a base for civilian research and development as the weapons programme ran down; lobbied Tony Benn over a 'brain drain' of nuclear scientists to the US; and criticised the MoD for letting its most junior officials draw up major contracts after Ferranti was found to have made a £4.25 million excess profit on the Bloodhound missile. He became general secretary of the EPEA in 1973.

Lyons was broadly supportive of the 1974–79 Labour government despite his differences with it over pay. He was one of three union leaders appointed to its National Enterprise Board, which was set up to 'back winners' in industry but found itself backing lame ducks like British Leyland.

He attacked Mrs Thatcher's 'emasculatation' of the unions, but refused to order power engineers to pull the plug during the TUC's 'day of action' in 1982, saying: 'It would not become long before we would be the arbiter of every dispute'.

Lyons upset Scargill on the eve of the 1984–85 miners' strike by dismissing his anti-nuclear evidence to the Sizewell power station inquiry as 'nonsense'. He was one of five General Council members to vote against a statement of support for the strike, and at the TUC Congress faced cries of 'scab!' for saying the power workers were being asked to strike to solve the miners' dispute for them.

To fury from the floor, Lyons said: 'We would be specifically responsible for kicking the old and sick, as well as the healthy, making the unemployed more miserable, and putting at risk the jobs of many tens of thousands who work in industry. There is not the slightest prospect of this policy being put into effect.' That November he urged the TUC to reconsider its support for the strike unless the NUM made concessions.

Conservative ministers appointed Lyons to the board of the infant British Telecom, but he resigned in protest at Cecil Parkinson's plans for privatisation. When electricity privatisation was mooted, Lyons, chairing the TUC's energy committee, warned of 'disaster' if the Central Electricity Generating Board were broken up and higher prices charged. In 1988 his private discussions with Parkinson resulted in the government agreeing to protect the power workers' pension scheme after privatisation, a deal Lyons was proud of having achieved.

In 1990 – the year before his retirement – he tried to work up a management-employee buyout of PowerGen, but could not prevent the company being floated.

From 1994 to 1996 Lyons was president of the energy section of the EC's Economic and Social Committee. He was at various times chairman of the National Economic Development Office working party on industrial trucks, secretary of the Electricity Supply Trade Union Council, a council member of the Policy Studies Institute, and a governor of LSE and the London Business School. From 1996 to 1998 he was president of the Single Market Observatory, which monitors the working of the EU.

He was appointed CBE in 1986.

John Lyons married Molly McCall in 1954; she died in 2009 and he is survived by their two sons and two daughters.

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ERIC JOHN COOPER (1945) died on 29 November 2015. His children have written:

Eric Cooper was an undergraduate at Emmanuel College from 1946 to 1949.

Much of Eric's character was forged in the Second World War. His own account in his war memoir *Clipped Wings** tells of his schooldays and of an epic cycle ride from his home in London to Land's End during that idyllic summer before war broke out. He left school early to volunteer for the RAF, trained as a bomber pilot and was shot down during the second Thousand Bomber Raid in 1942.

Rather than baling out, Eric crash-landed the plane, still full of bombs, to rescue his front gunner who was trapped in the turret and his injured radio operator. Three days on the run, interrogation by the Gestapo, more than three years as a prisoner-of-war, and the long march from Poland in sub-zero temperatures in January 1945 left their mark. In his eighties he would be diagnosed with post traumatic stress disorder and awarded a war pension, 'not backdated', as he wryly remarks in his memoir.

While in Stalag Luft III he studied for the London University intermediate examination in Latin, French, history and economics. Eric Williams, author of *The Wooden Horse*, was one of his tutors. He eagerly followed the progress of the Beveridge enquiry, and met a Methodist padre who ignited his interest in Christianity.

After the war Eric was accepted into Emmanuel College for the moral sciences tripos – philosophy and psychology – a staggering change of circumstance after three years as a PoW. He wrote these lines in 1946:

I have crossed Clare bridge,
They have locked the gates behind.
Gates, locked! –
Yet there is peace.

Now the night is deepening
Chill:
Yet the dew is comforting
And the leaves
Are Still

Flesh, you must have patience
With your bride –
This heart:
Three years she was in prison
Strengthening you;
You did not hear her whispers
Strengthening me too.

Now we
Must listen with her
To the night
And just be
Free.

Eric's life-long apprenticeship to intellectual integrity was nurtured by Wittgenstein, whom he remembered lecturing in algebra on a chalkboard in the philosopher's rooms, amidst a detritus of half-empty tins of baked beans.

After graduation Eric taught children with special needs in the East End of London, but was then called to the priesthood in the Church of England. Lodgings in Chichester became home for his growing family during the years 1952–54; theological colleges in those days did not have married quarters.

While an impecunious curate his skills as an engineer, honed in PoW camps, came in useful. He cycled around the parish, with his cassock tucked into his belt, on a BSA Winged Wheel, a lightweight motorised bicycle that he'd rescued from a jumble sale and got working again.

His ministry as a parish priest was marked by prophetic insights, which did not always make him popular. He was keenly aware of the social evils engendered by political and economic injustice. Before OPEC he warned that Third World countries would one day form their own trade coalitions and radically change the balance of power in the world economy. In the '60s he foresaw the rise of terrorism and advised his congregation not to fear the atom bomb: 'For when they come they will come from Africa, and they will come with their bare hands'.

During his retirement Eric took each of his three children to visit his old college, staying in Emmanuel and taking breakfast in the Hall. For these excursions he prepared copious briefing notes beginning with the origins of Cambridge University in the thirteenth century.

After he died on Advent Sunday 2015, his children found amongst Eric's few remaining possessions a pair of flying boots, the sheepskin-lined leather boots which had helped him survive the long march from Poland in 1945 as a PoW.

GORDON HENRY HARPER GLASGOW (1945) died on 23 February 2016. The following has been sent in by his wife, Betty:

My husband was born in Leeds in 1926 and moved in 1932 to Southport, Merseyside, where he lived for the rest of his life. He was educated at Bickerton House

* www.clippedwings.uk is currently being updated by Chris: c.lewis-cooper@talktalk.net



School, Birkdale, and at Merchant Taylors' School, Crosby, where he was a Harrison Foundation Scholar and in 1944 won an open major scholarship to Emmanuel. He graduated with first-class honours in the historical tripos, law tripos and Bachelor of Law, being awarded the Edward Spearing Prize and Dick Longden Prize. He was Senior Scholar and Research Scholar of Emmanuel obtaining the degrees of MA and LL.M., his research project being on land registration.

On leaving Cambridge Gordon qualified as a solicitor and remained with the same Southport firm for his entire working life, specialising in conveyancing, wills, trusts and probate work. He retired in 1997 after 47 years.

In 1963 he was appointed deputy coroner for the West Hundred of Derby, an area which covered all of south-west Lancashire other than the city of Liverpool. In 1983 he was appointed coroner by the then Merseyside County Council, an office he held until 1998 and during which time he dealt with more than 25,000 sudden deaths and 3000 inquests.

On his retirement Gordon enrolled as a mature student at Manchester University and, under the supervision of Dr Ian Burney, researched the role of Lancashire Coroners in the nineteenth century and obtained an MPhil degree in 2002. He then, independently of any university, widened his research field, extending it to the politics of the inquest in Victorian England with the advancement of democracy. Over the next ten years that research involved visiting record offices and libraries in north-western England and beyond, which did not always turn out to be as straightforward as it sounds: for instance on one memorable occasion he was locked in the archive room in the basement of Manchester Town Hall on a Friday afternoon and only managed to escape with difficulty by using the emergency fire escape, ending up in the City Architects Department to the consternation of the staff there!

Gordon worked in record offices extending from the Cumbrian Archives in Carlisle in the north, down to the Warwick County Archives and the Shakespeare Centre at Stratford-upon-Avon and the London Archives, where he worked in the House of Lords Record Office and the old Public Record Office. During that time he wrote up his research and many of his findings were published in academic periodicals. He was aware that the faculty of history at Cambridge had for some years awarded a PhD degree by Special Regulations on the submission of published work of the required standard and in 2012 he decided to submit 12 published papers and books to the history faculty for their consideration. In due course he was given a date in October 2013 to attend a viva. By then he was 87, his health was failing and he had become very frail.

Despite my carefully made plans, travelling to Cambridge by train was a nightmare because it was the week of the Great Storm so train services were disrupted; assisted travel for the elderly was not operative and there had been a fire in the hotel that I had booked! However, we eventually arrived in Cambridge without mishap thanks to the help of some of the other passengers, and our hotel was still functioning!

The University, hearing of Gordon's health problems, had changed the venue for the viva to the ground floor of the old Emmanuel Development Office and Gordon was most impressed and grateful for the kindness and courtesy of everyone involved. He was informed in January 2014 that his submission had been successful but he couldn't even contemplate the idea of travelling back to Cambridge to collect his award. He had dreamt of being awarded a Cambridge PhD ever since he had been an undergraduate and was absolutely delighted with it.

Despite his health starting to decline rapidly, Gordon spent the last two years of his life quite happily, gently pottering in the garden, seeing friends and old colleagues, going to services at the church we had attended together all our married life, reminiscing about the many happy holidays we had enjoyed in the Lake District, relishing

the company of our cat and rejoicing in the fact that he had achieved his lifetime's ambition.

He died quietly and peacefully, as he had lived, at home aged 89 and the large congregation at the service of thanksgiving for his life was a great tribute to him. He is sadly missed.

GUY THORNTON WHITAKER (1945) died on 3 May 2016. We have received the following obituary from his daughter, Sarah:

Guy was born in Beckenham, Kent on 14 October 1927, the only living son of Frank and Hilda Whitaker. He was a middle child, bridging the 11-year age gap between his older sister Anne and younger sister Julia.

His childhood and school years were ones of comfort and privilege. He was a day boy at a local prep school and then went on to board at Charterhouse, in Surrey. During those war years he played cricket for the school and, encouraged by his musical parents, Guy learned the French horn, beginning his own life-long love of music.

In the years before and after the war, the family spent holidays at Thorpeness, on the Suffolk coast. Guy and his sisters were free to spend their days playing tennis, sailing, riding and rowing on the Meare. Thorpeness held many happy memories for Guy. It was a place to which both he and Julia later brought their own families, and more recently returned with their grandchildren.

In 1945 Guy went up to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to read natural sciences. On the advice of his father, who felt there was no future in his own successful career of journalism, Guy went on to study medicine. He had just completed his training when he met his wife, Trich, on a skiing holiday in Austria. When they met, Trich was the better skier and Guy the beginner. With true Guy determination and application, however, he soon overtook her, perfecting his parallel turns and eventually passing on his love of skiing to his daughter.

Guy and Trich married in 1954 in Hong Kong, where Guy was doing his National Service. On returning home they settled in Folkestone, Kent, where Guy lived out his career as a family GP. Guy was well respected in his work, important as a colleague, friend and mentor to many. As the eventual head of practice, his legacy survives in the principles he established of care and efficiency.

His dedication and selflessness extended well beyond his surgery. He was active in St George's Church, Folkestone, and volunteered for causes such as FoodStop, Operation Sunshine and Charterhouse in Southwark. He was heavily involved with St John Ambulance, becoming commissioner for Kent.

Guy had tremendous energy and enthusiasm for everything he did. He needed to be busy and was not very good at doing nothing. Letters arriving in the post were almost always dealt with immediately. Walks with him, whatever the weather, were purposeful and vigorous. Good food and drink – especially cheese and wine – were enjoyed with lip-smacking relish. Opera was appreciated with detailed attention to the libretto. His thirst for knowledge also extended to a keen interest in art and maritime history. New technology, particularly energy-saving devices, were embraced and adopted with early enthusiasm.

Soon after he retired, Guy began a part-time degree in English and drama at the University of Kent. Taking part in one student play required him to dye his hair, a temporary look, which he nevertheless carried off.

He was generous and thoughtful, forward-thinking, with a wry sense of humour, always happy to share his interests. However, keeping up with his boundless energy – both mentally and physically – was sometimes quite hard!

Leaving Folkestone in 2009 to be nearer his family in Hertfordshire was a wrench for Guy. However, over time, he managed to adapt, making new acquaintances and



finding new interests with customary vigour. Always a great walker, Guy was also cycling the Hertfordshire Greenways in his early eighties.

His wife's death in March 2015 ended a loving partnership of more than 60 years. Following this, Guy found his growing physical frailty increasingly hard to bear. With perseverance he managed to maintain a keen interest in life and also in the people around him. Sunday lunches, meals out, visits to the pub, trips to Norfolk, Suffolk and Cornwall, taking in English Heritage and National Trust sites along the way were all enjoyed by Guy and his family in the last year of his life.

Guy was dedicated and hardworking in all endeavours to the end. He was a true gentleman. He passed away peacefully, following a stroke, with his daughter Sarah by his side. He is also survived by Oscar and Olive, his two grandchildren. He is greatly missed by family and friends.



CHARLES ANDREW BARNES (1946) died on 14 August 2015. We have received the following obituary, which was written by Kathy Svitil for the Caltech website:

Charles A Barnes, professor of physics, emeritus, at Caltech and an expert in the study of both the weak nuclear force – one of the fundamental forces of nature – and of the nuclear reactions that produce the majority of the elements in our universe, passed away on Friday 14 August 2015. He was 93.

'Caltech was the place at which nuclear astrophysics was invented and Charlie made many fundamental contributions in this field', says Fiona Harrison, the Kent & Joyce Kresa Leadership Chair of Caltech's Division of Physics, Mathematics and Astronomy and Benjamin Rosen Professor of Physics.

Born on 12 December 1921, in Toronto, Canada, Barnes received his Bachelor of Arts degree in physics and mathematics from McMaster University in 1943 and his Master of Arts degree in physics from the University of Toronto in 1944. He earned a doctorate in physics from the University of Cambridge in 1950. He came to Caltech as a research fellow in 1953 and became a senior research fellow in 1954, an associate professor in 1958, and a professor in 1962. Barnes retired in 1992.

Barnes was a fellow of the American Physical Society and the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

An experimental physicist who specialised in nuclear physics, Barnes performed pioneering research in two key areas. The first was in the study of the so-called nuclear weak force, which governs the radioactive decay of elements and is responsible for the fusion of protons to form deuterium. This fusion releases the energy that is the source of heat from our sun and other stars.

During the 1960s and '70s, in experiments using the particle accelerators in the basements of Caltech's Kellogg Radiation Laboratory and Alfred P Sloan Laboratory of Mathematics and Physics, Barnes studied the breakdown of 'mirror symmetry' in the weak force, the phenomenon that causes an experiment and its mirror experiment to give different results. 'This is a surprising and novel feature of the weak nuclear force', says Caltech professor of physics Bradley W Filippone.

Barnes was also an expert in nucleosynthesis, the formation of new atomic nuclei from simpler ones, a process that occurs on a cosmic scale in the cores of stars.

'He is probably best known for his nucleosynthesis studies of the nuclear reaction that produces oxygen from carbon and helium', says Filippone. In 1974, Barnes and his student Peggy Dyer (PhD 1973) performed the first careful measurement of this reaction. Over the next two decades, in collaboration with Filippone and others, Barnes improved upon the measurement; their work culminated in a precision measurement at TRIUMF, Canada's national laboratory for particle and nuclear physics, in 1993. This reaction rate was called 'a problem of paramount importance' by Caltech's William A Fowler, co-winner of the 1983 Nobel prize for physics for his research into the creation of chemical elements inside stars, in his Nobel address.

Through his work, Barnes provided critical input in determining the final distribution of the chemical elements produced in stars, and whether the final fate of a star is to become a black hole or some other celestial object, such as a neutron star.

In addition to his scientific achievements, Barnes will be remembered fondly for his support of young scientists. 'He was a superb mentor to young scientists – including me – providing encouragement, enthusiasm and great ideas to a generation of nuclear physicists studying both the weak nuclear force as well as nuclear reactions that occur in stars', says Filippone.

'Charlie was still active when I came to Caltech, and I remember conversations with him about signatures we could look for to identify how rare chemical elements are manufactured in the universe', Harrison says. 'Charlie was a wonderful person, scientist, and collaborator', says George L Argyros Professor of Chemistry Nate Lewis (BS '77, MS '77), who worked with Barnes during the late 1980s. 'He was thorough, scholarly, and curious, and a shining example of the best qualities in a long tradition of truly world-class experimental nuclear physicists at Caltech.'

Barnes was predeceased by his wife of six decades, Phyllis, who passed away on 12 August 2013. He is survived by his son, Steven Barnes, and his daughter, Nancy Wetherow; by four grandchildren; and by two great-grandchildren.

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BRIAN EDGAR MOODY (1947) died on 20 December 2015. We have received the following from his wife Kathleen:

Leaving St Albans School during the Second World War, Brian volunteered for the army, serving in the Royal Horse Artillery in India and Egypt. He came up to Emmanuel in 1947, to read natural sciences with Part II physics. In his spare time Brian enjoyed playing his clarinet in College concerts and with several music groups.

After graduating Brian took a job in the research laboratory of United Glass (now absorbed into Diageo), manufacturers of utilitarian glassware and containers, and stayed with them until retirement. He became widely known in the industry, contributing to the development of glass as a packaging material, liaising with the commercial users, and serving on many local, national and international technical committees, often as chairman.

In retirement Brian edited *Glass Technology*, the journal of the Society of Glass Technology, which awarded him its highest accolade, honorary membership.

Brian married Kathleen Holding (Newnham 1947–51), who survives him.

PETER BRINE (1948) died on 6 October 2013. The following obituary was published in the *ANZCA Bulletin* in March 2014:

Peter Brine was born on 27 December 1924, in Lancashire UK, and died in Albany WA, on 6 October 2013. His wife Brenda, children Nigel and Pippa, and grandchildren Mia, James, Thea and Bryce survive him.

During his long life, Peter pursued many interests with passion, and his achievements within and outside medicine were outstanding. His family home was in Norbreck, Lancashire, and he was a talented boy chorister, winning many choral contests and developing a love of music that lasted all his life. His secondary school education was at Blackpool Grammar School and he originally intended to study engineering. The Second World War interrupted these plans and he served in the Royal Air Force for four years, two of which were in India when, as he said, his eyes 'were opened to the rest of the world'.

After the war Peter studied medicine at Cambridge and King's College Hospital, London. According to the stories he told, the Cambridge years were noted for cricket, rugby, golf and squash, and exams were passed 'eventually'. Peter and Brenda Jowett married in 1949, their families having known each other for many years. It was a long

and happy marriage of two people whose joy in each other's achievements and interests was always obvious.

Peter completed his anaesthetic training at King's and had already developed an interest in paediatric anaesthesia. However misgivings about the medical situation in the UK led the family to move to Canada to the small town of Cabri, in Saskatchewan, where he was the town general practitioner for three years. The stories of this period were colourful, especially about the trials of the prairie winters. Nigel relates that the ambulance was also the hearse, and that it often contained an empty casket, an emergency kit and Peter's golf clubs. Peter also found that he was expected to be the town vet and cope with some unusual problems. He was much respected in Cabri, but the medical political situation in Canada became difficult, and to Australia's great benefit Peter decided to pursue his paediatric anaesthetic interests as a full-time anaesthetist at Princess Margaret Hospital for Children (PMH) in Perth. It was an inspired appointment for PMH.

He and Brenda, Nigel and Pippa arrived from Canada into a typical Perth heat-wave in 1984 and rapidly settled into the lifestyle in what he described as a house on a sand hill at City Beach, an attractive display home for the Commonwealth Games.

The early 1960s at PMH were exciting but frustrating for paediatric surgery, paediatric anaesthesia and the developing field of intensive care. Until then, diagnoses and perioperative care was in the hands of the physicians, who viewed surgeons and anaesthetists as mere technicians despite their specialist training. In particular, the introduction of prolonged nasotracheal incubation by Allen and Steven in Adelaide had enabled the anaesthesia department to take over aspects of the care of medical patients, which the physicians were at first reluctant to relinquish. Opposition to an intensive care unit led to the patients being scattered throughout the hospital with varied standards of nursing expertise and often late referral.

Peter joined this busy and exciting scene as the second full-time anaesthetist. From the beginning it was obvious that he would be an enthusiastic, very skilful and congenial colleague who was willing to put in the long hours required both by the intensive care requirements and by the widening scope of anaesthesia in all the surgical specialities. Nigel's comment that Peter's children saw very little of him during this time was undoubtedly true. Such was his dedication that the hospital's administration hoped that with two full-time anaesthetists, the visiting anaesthetists could be dispensed with, an untenable concept, as they too were essential for the development of the anaesthetic and intensive care services. It was not until 1969 that a small intensive care unit with a dedicated physician lightened the load of the anaesthetic department. It was several years before 24-hour specialist nursing care was provided.

Peter spent two years as a full-time anaesthetist before entering private practice in 1966. He then spent half his time at PMH and a large part of his private practice working with children at St John of God Hospital, Subiaco. He worked with many surgeons in all the paediatric specialities and especially with paediatric surgeons Alasdair MacKellar and Gordon Baron-Hay. It is interesting to have his operative and perioperative account of one of their most challenging patients (an infant with an enormous haemangioma also described in Alasdair MacKellar's memoirs), which attests to Peter's outstanding standards of care.

He remained a loyal member of the department of anaesthesia at PMH until his retirement in 1989, when he was appointed emeritus consultant anaesthetist.

One of his many major achievements was the establishment of the same-day surgery unit in 1974, only the second such unit in Australia. This was achieved in minimal time in a hospital not noted for rapid change, with little administrative opposition. From the beginning it flourished with none of the predicted catastrophes and it was the forerunner of many such units, both paediatric and adult, in WA. It is hard to

remember the days when even the most straightforward surgery required admission for two nights.

Peter also was an early exponent of local anaesthetic blocks combined with general anaesthesia, which contributed to the relief of post-operative pain and proved particularly useful in same-day surgery.

He was an outstanding and popular teacher of anaesthetic registrars. He always preached the importance of the team approach; he worked 'with' surgeons and objected to surgeons who referred to 'my' anaesthetist in a patronising way. Indeed, he seldom worked with such surgeons. He placed great emphasis on high ethical standards in the speciality of anaesthesia and in the medical profession generally. His advocacy for the status of anaesthetists was mainly through the Australian Society of Anaesthetists (ASA), where he was the federal president between 1976 and 1978, a source of pride because he was then still technically an Englishman. He also became president of the medical board of WA (1981 to 1994) and was a member of the Australian Medical Council and the National Specialist Qualification Advisory committee. He became a fellow of the Australian Medical Association in 1989 for these contributions to the profession.

In 1996 he was appointed a Member of the Order of Australia (AM) for services to paediatric anaesthesia and intensive care.

He was an outstanding public speaker and his opening address to the 2000 ASA Congress in Perth on 'professionalism' exemplified his approach to life, the profession and our duty of care to our patients and ourselves. It should be widely read.

These achievements make him sound a very serious person, but he had a wonderful sense of humour and wide interests outside medicine. He was a great raconteur and any gathering where Peter was present was never dull. Some of his best stories related to a memorable expedition along the Canning Stock Route in 1972, a feat very few West Australians have achieved. He described himself as a 'one-eyed sandgroper' and so Australian that he ultimately barracked for Australia against England at cricket.

He was a great golfer and a proud member of Lake Karrinyup Country Club, where he delighted in defeating young players who were deceived by his grey hair. He would then defeat them at the billiard table as well. His highest achievement was to win the Winter Cup, defeating the professionals.

Peter and Brenda retired to Albany, where Pippa lives with her family, and they happily enjoyed the lifestyle and the view of Oyster Harbour from their home. Peter died in Albany, his health having declined after a stroke three years ago.

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RICHARD JACK SNOOK (1948) died on 17 June 2015. The following obituary has been sent in by his son, Jeremy :

To those who met him he was considered a gentle man. Indeed, a true gentleman. Private, scholarly, generous and altruistic, he lived his life quietly but with great enjoyment, appreciation and love.

For a man who never drank much, if at all, it was ironic that he was born in a pub: the Bridge Inn in Calver, Derbyshire.

His childhood was spent flitting from one home to another as his father changed occupation from one location to another, going as far afield as Lincolnshire but finally settling down on a small-holding south of Sheffield.

Called up during the Second World War, my father missed active service by weeks because of contracting glandular fever. A captain in the Sherwood Foresters, he served in the Middle East including Egypt and Cyprus. A favourite memory was celebrating New Year's Day 1946 with a friend by surreptitiously climbing up the Great Pyramid and opening a bottle of champagne. Now who can boast that?

On return to civilian life, my father went to night school to further his education. Typically modest, he never made anything of the fact that he succeeded into going onto Cambridge and gaining a degree in French and Italian. I remember many years later going to visit his college, Emmanuel, and feeling immensely proud of his achievements. However, he always played it down.

While Cambridge was the source of a few amusing anecdotes – my father of all people caught in the act of jumping a red light on his bike – it was above all the place where he met my French mother, Michèle. She had come up with a friend to visit one of my father's room-mates but an eternal bond was soon struck up.

After they got married in Holmesfield on 4 December 1952, they moved to France where my father worked as a teacher, but after I was conceived the decision was taken to move back to England, as it was where my mother felt most at home.

1953 was not a good time to find a job or indeed to rent rooms when a wife was expecting. Many hurdles were overcome and rather than the world of academia a job involving one of my father's other great loves beckoned: chocolate!

My father was offered a position in distribution with Cadbury Brothers, with whom he stayed for the rest of his working life. At Cadbury's, much to my surprise one day, I found out he was called Richard and yet to all his family and friends he was Jack.

For me, he was Papa, as I could only speak French until the age of five. Rather cheekily I then used to call him 'mon petit père' which was quite ironic as I only overtook him on the height stakes in recent years: not because I grew any taller but because he became slightly shorter!

At the time that Papa worked for Cadbury's it was a most benevolent employer and we eventually settled just outside Bourneville in King's Norton, a leafy suburb of Birmingham, a brisk mile's walk there and back for him to and from the famous factory.

We all know Cadbury's, the Dairy Milk bar and those delicious creme eggs. What most people don't know is that my father had the bright idea of approaching Wall's, whose ice-cream delivery trucks were vastly under-utilised in the winter months, to deliver the enormous quantities of Cadbury's Easter eggs required by shops in the spring. The challenging delivery spike of the winter and spring months became no more.

Deeply interested in politics and social affairs, I think it is fair to say that as an avid *Guardian* reader, he was liberal-minded in his thinking. He also had a dry wit and when he was on a rare roll, he would reduce you to tears of laughter.

He was also someone who had a thirst for knowledge, keen to learn new things and improve himself. His love of literature and language stayed with him all his life: after his passing, we typically found a Latin tome open on his study desk. Always prepared to change his opinion, he was never entrenched in his views and loved to debate and think deeply.

He was so happy when I met my own 'love of my life' Elizabeth and we had our two beloved children, Christopher and Catherine.

He adored his grandchildren and tracked their progress with keen interest. He was also immensely generous to them, as he was to us, and loved having them to stay. One favourite anecdote involved the garden shed. Papa was not allowed to eat much chocolate, cake or biscuits. The first time they went to stay, he devised all sorts of little activities in the garden and took them up to the shed. There he revealed a secret tin full of chocolate: 'just don't tell your grandmother about this!'

As I said he was tremendously proud of the achievements of his family and recorded major milestones in his diary. But above all, he was in love with his beloved Michèle and used to compose a love poem to her for her birthday.

It is no real surprise that following her illness last year, he was determined to have her home for as long as possible. He was devoted to her care and, in recent times, it has become apparent that he hid many things from us in terms of the stress he was under and the deterioration in her overall health.

He tragically passed away while visiting her in hospital, a shock to all as he was such a fit and energetic 89-year-old. I had had a lovely affectionate chat with him the afternoon before and Elizabeth had had a similar one that morning. That is a major consolation to us both as was his serene state as he lay there in hospital looking very noble and at peace with the world.

Rest in peace 'mon petit père'. We all love you dearly. And I am so proud that you were my father.

ALASTAIR FIFE ANGAS (1949) died on 22 January 2016. The following obituary has been sent in by his wife, Janet:

He was born in the Clare Hospital on 15 December 1930 to Dudley T Angas and his wife Mary, who hailed from Stockton, California, USA. His schooling at Geelong Grammar was delayed because of wartime restrictions on inter-state travel. Meanwhile he started as a boarder at St Peter's College, Adelaide in 1941. Sadly, his father Dudley died prematurely at the age of 50 in 1942 as a result of lingering effects of wartime injuries sustained by serving with the Royal Naval Air Service based at Great Yarmouth in the First World War.

In his last year at Corio – 1948 – he was awarded his house colours, school half-colours for work and the Old Boys' Prize. Alastair stated that his only sporting achievement was to row in the fifth eight and coach the sixth. But that was soon to change, as the boss, Dr Darling, fast-tracked him to go direct from Corio to enter his father's old Cambridge college, Emmanuel, with the stern command that he expected no less than a first in history. This did not take place!

On arrival at Cambridge, he found that the Senior Tutor of the College was a senior lecturer in history in the University, and his father and he had rowed in the same Emma boat in the two years from 1912 to 1914 and had become great friends before they joined up at the outbreak of war. Being now without a father, he treated him like a son and his first words were 'coming from Geelong Grammar and having rowed, the College Boat Club is for you!' There was no mention of the history degree.

He returned to SA in 1952 with a modest MA Cantab degree, although not what the 'boss' had ordered, and settled down to a farmer's career on his permanent home, historic Hill River Station close to Clare, greatly reduced in area through closer settlement legislation at the turn of the century compared with the large property his great-grandfather, John Howard Angas, had purchased in 1875. The property is a mixture of cropping for hay and grain for feed for the stock together with lucerne, but principally it carries merino sheep and a rare herd of the ancient English red beef variety Sussex, which he started breeding by artificial insemination himself in 1970 after completing a veterinary course.

In June 1953 he married Janet MacLachlan. At the time he ill-advisedly mentioned to his future bride that his happiest days were those spent at Cambridge. This, of course, was soon proved quite wrong, and they celebrated their diamond wedding anniversary in June 2013. They have two sons, Hamish and Charles, and a practising medical daughter, Catriona.

In 1970, with Janet's support, Alastair crossed the border into Western Australia and took up a pastoral lease of virgin country, one million acres in area south-east of Kalgoorlie and Rawlinna on the western Nullarbor Plain, and spent the next 12 years developing it into a sheep station. This experience became invaluable when, in 1995, he found he had another job managing his wife's inheritance from her parents of an extensive pastoral sheep station in the Gawler Ranges, north-east of Ceduna on South Australia's west coast area.

Dedicated in the belief that the merino breed of sheep is still a core strength of this country's profitability, Janet and Alastair found the two properties a great interest and working them in conjunction helped a lot in changing seasonal conditions. They

continued to conduct operations until well into their eighties, making regular visits to the Gawler Ranges and sharing the driving although 700km from Clare.

Following his parents' example, he asked for his ashes to be spread on his much-loved Hill River property. As he said, 'the family vault at Angaston is already rather crowded!'

JOHN RICHARD BATCHELOR (1949) died on 21 December 2015. The following obituary was written for *The Guardian* by Leslie Brent and published on 23 February 2016:

The most dramatic medical advance in the second half of the twentieth century was, arguably, in the field of tissue and organ transplantation, now commonplace for a great many organs, but unthinkable in the 1950s. Richard Batchelor, who has died aged 84, played a very significant part in this revolutionary development.

As director of the Blond McIndoe Research Centre in East Grinstead, West Sussex, founded as a tribute to the great plastic surgeon Sir Archibald McIndoe who treated and rehabilitated badly burnt airmen during the Second World War, Batchelor led a team of research scientists who attempted to elucidate many of the basic obstacles that stood in the way of successful transplantation of foreign tissues and organs.

A stream of publications from the late 1960s onward was devoted to this objective. Once a Korean surgeon, S Lee, had foreshadowed a technique for transplanting kidneys in laboratory rats, Batchelor and his colleague M E French perfected the technique and showed that the lifespan of kidneys transplanted between genetically different rats could be substantially prolonged, in many cases indefinitely, by the transfer of antisera containing high levels of antibodies directed against the tissue markers – the histocompatibility antigens – of the donor kidney.

This paradoxical result – the antibodies might have been expected to cause the accelerated destruction of the kidneys – was evidently brought about by antibodies induced after multiple immunisations of the antibody donors: the 'enhancing' antibodies. The 'enhancement' of rat kidneys became a big preoccupation of transplantation immunologists in the 1960s and '70s, and the solution to the puzzle, to which Batchelor and his colleagues contributed, was the finding that the sera had helped to generate 'immunoregulatory' T lymphocytes, which can subdue the response of the conventional T lymphocytes that are normally responsible for the rejection of foreign grafts. However, so far as organ transplantation is concerned, 'enhancement' proved to be largely confined to the rat.

Another area of research to which Batchelor made seminal contributions was the study of the histocompatibility antigens, a highly complex system of cell surface molecules triggering graft rejection. Each individual is virtually unique for his or her histocompatibility antigens, with the exception of identical twins. These molecules are deeply involved in the way that different kinds of cells interact and collaborate with each other to produce immune responses; in the mouse they are known as the H-2 system, in humans as HLA.

We owe their discovery to pioneers including Peter Gorer (of Guy's Hospital) and George Snell (Bar Harbor, Maine) in the mouse, and subsequently Jean Dausset (Paris), J van Rood (Leiden) and Rose Payne (Stanford University) in human populations. Subsequently many others became involved. Batchelor became a regular participant in the frequent histocompatibility workshops in which the complexity of the HLA system was studied with on-the-spot comparative experiments, leading to the correct identification and classification of the antigens and to an internationally accepted nomenclature. Tissue typing of organ donors' recipients thus became the norm, especially once Paul Terasaki had devised a technique using minuscule amounts of antibody and cells. Even with the advent of immunosuppressive drugs, it is still of the utmost importance in bone marrow transplantation.

Batchelor and his colleagues went on to study the association of specific HLA types with certain autoimmune diseases such as rheumatoid arthritis and systemic lupus erythematosus, for which they can be important diagnostic markers. He spent some weeks, together with Peter Morris (later Sir Peter), in the remote highlands of New Guinea determining the HLA distribution of the native population. This arduous fieldwork allowed them to identify the origin of a population that had been isolated since time immemorial.

Although born of English parents, Esme (née Cornwall) and Basil Batchelor, in Woking, Surrey, Batchelor spent his childhood in Madras, India. (His grandfather, Lt-Col Jesse Cornwall, had been deputy director of the Indian Medical Service and his father had moved to India to become a director of Binny's, a shipping and banking company, and a decorated captain during the First World War.) He was later educated at Marlborough College and qualified as a doctor in Cambridge. His first research experience was in the laboratory of Gorer who, being a heavy smoker, died prematurely of lung cancer, leaving the young Batchelor in charge of his laboratory.

This proved to be a formative experience and Batchelor never looked back. He became a fellow of the Royal Colleges of Pathologists and Medicine and a valued member of the transplantation community. After his long stint as director of the Blond McIndoe Research Centre, he went on to become professor of tissue immunology and, later, head of the immunology department at the Royal Postgraduate Medical School at Hammersmith Hospital. He became deputy chairman of the Kennedy Institute of Rheumatology and helped the institute to make its transition from London to Oxford. At one time or another he was the European editor of the journal *Transplantation*, chairman of the Medical Research Council's grants committee, and president of several professional societies, including the International Transplantation Society.

Batchelor became a regular member of a small elite of mainly British and American immunologists and transplant surgeons and was regularly invited to the annual round-table discussions in a ski resort in Austria organised by the Institute of Surgical Science in Munich. A keen sportsman all his life (cycling, hockey and real tennis), he skied very competently and was the winner of 'the English professors' downhill race' on the Axamer Lizum, his faster but more reckless competitors, Roy Calne (later Sir Roy) and myself, having come to grief towards the end of the race.

He had family connection with the Skinners' Company and served as its master, as well as chairman of the board of governors of its school. His wife, Moira, a physician and a passionate gardener, suffered from a debilitating condition for the last 15 years of her life and Batchelor became her devoted principal carer; she predeceased him by six months.

He is survived by four children, Simon, Annabelle, Lucinda and Andrew, and nine grandchildren. John Richard Batchelor, immunologist, born 4 October 1931; died 21 December 2015.

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DAVID COLEBROOK (1949) died on 4 January 2016. We have received the following from his brother, Martin:

David Colebrook, matriculated 1949, died on 4 January 2016 aged 87. David came up to Emmanuel from Seaford College in West Sussex after National Service in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. He read mechanical sciences, specialising in civil engineering. He had performed well on the cricket and rugby fields at school but at Emmanuel his non-academic interests focused on the Chapel and playing the organ. Although the engineering degree did not have simple honours grades, he was assured by his supervisor that he had the equivalent of first-class honours on graduation.

His first job was as site engineer at Southampton Docks designing terminal buildings and supervising a piling contract. After that, for three years he was design



engineer at Hirfanli near Ankara in Turkey for a dam and hydroelectric station to supply the capital with power. One of the cranes there collapsed and he was the only one there with the ability to repair and restore it to use. He enjoyed this so much that thereafter he specialised in structural rather than civil engineering.

Returning home he was engaged by a number of firms and also went into partnership with a colleague for 11 years. He designed a project directly appreciated by all of us, which was a mobile bridge over motorways to enable work on high-voltage grid lines without closing the road. The last 14 years of his full-time career were with Sea Containers as senior engineer and project manager. Work then included container roll out/roll on platforms for the US military and 'trouble shooting' with containers and container cranes. He retired in 1999 but continued working part-time. Initially he designed for Grandstands Worldwide, designing spectator stands that could be transported as container-sized units and easily assembled and dismantled on site. He travelled world-wide largely as a consultant on collapsed, faulty or damaged cranes but also advising on modifications as changes were required. We can also raise a glass to him for strengthening the 25,000 litre containers in which wine is imported so that they no longer cracked and leaked!

His last job was to advise on a quayside container crane in Asuncion, Paraguay. This had been making odd noises so officials crowded into the cab while a test load was lifted. The crane collapsed into the water, drowning those in the cab. After the mounting had been rebuilt, David had to inspect the fittings at the bottom of a water-logged two-foot-diameter hole before the crane was remounted. He was strapped into a harness and a mobile crane brought along which lowered him down to do his task. After that, at the age of 84, he decided it was time to retire completely! Thereafter he was able to continue enjoying himself in his bungalow on Hayling Island sailing dinghies with Hayling Island Sailing Club, uninterrupted by cranes falling over around the world. He was a great supporter of his local church, playing the organ and assisting at services. He died after eight months of sadly disabling illness and a service of celebration of his life was held at St Peter's Church on 5 February 2016 before interment of his ashes in the churchyard. He never married.

RICHARD JAMES STARLING (1949) died on 3 October 2015. The following obituary has been sent in by his son, Nick:

Richard (Dick) Starling died in Edinburgh on 2 October at the age of 87. He was born and brought up in Suffolk, and went up to Emmanuel in 1949 to study engineering. He won his oar at number 3 in the 1951 first Lent boat. He worked as an aeronautical engineer for de Havilland, and then moved to Edinburgh in 1960, where he worked for Ferranti on airborne radar and laser systems until his retirement in 1990. He married Mary (Newnham 1949) in 1953, and had five children. Mary died in 2001, and Dick spent the rest of his life in a house in Portobello overlooking the Firth of Forth.

JOHN MICHAEL TURNER (1949) died on 30 March 2014. Ed Webster writes:

He was a singular climber, of medium height, lean and agile, perhaps the epitome of the fearless leader with an innate talent for rock climbing. A stylist of the vertical – an ethical purist – Englishman, John Turner was a 1950s and early '60s climbing pioneer who always wanted to push his personal boundaries while putting up new routes. Yet his active years in North America numbered just seven. In Guy and Laura Waterman's apt words, he was 'an isolated comet flashing across north-eastern skies and then disappearing'.

From Cathedral Ledge in New Hampshire's White Mountains to the Adirondacks and Shawangunks in New York to the crags of eastern Canada, between 1955 and 1962 John Turner created a lasting legacy of classic free climbs combining high difficulty, top quality and often mentally challenging runouts.

Although born in 1931 in Derby in England's Peak District, John Turner was, in essence, as Gunks climber Richard Goldstone notes, 'really a North American climber'.

The 'Turner years' on our crags were highly productive. When leading up unclimbed rock, his curiosity egged, forging another first, Turner was consistently bold, bordering on unsafe and foolhardy, said many of that era's more cautionary climbers. But Turner, forecasting the future, was a trendsetter in multiple ways, placing the absolute minimum of gear, never a bolt, and weight-training to build endurance and upper body strength. After learning to climb mostly with the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club in the Peak District and North Wales in 1951, he took advantage of a Fulbright Award to enrol in postgraduate studies in organic chemistry at MIT and arrived in Boston in 1955.

Leaving behind post-war Britain, Turner found a whole new world of possibility in America. He hooked up with the Harvard Mountaineering Club, and climbed his first new route in New Hampshire, the ever-popular Thin Air (5.6) on Cathedral Ledge in 1956. His studies complete, Turner realised he'd have to do National Service if he returned to Britain, so he moved instead to Montreal. During the next five years, John Turner injected British boldness into the somewhat stagnant north-eastern American rock-climbing scene. It was his three other new routes on Cathedral that solidified Turner's reputation for climbs that were elegant, strenuous and scary. His 1958 lead of Repentance with Art Gran, its unprotected overhanging offwidth crux still a daunting challenge today, was perhaps the first climb of 5.10 difficulty in North America. Of Turner's Flake, now rated 5.8 R and featuring a four- to five-inch-wide crack behind the Flake, he wrote, 'Our primitive pitons did not fit anywhere, so it was (led) without protection ... (whose) complete absence was a little discouraging'.

Henry Barber praised John Turner for setting such a high ethical bar. 'He inspired me and imbued me with a sense of 'it's not what you do, but how you do it', said Barber. While Repentance and Turner's Flake still make aspiring climber's hands sweat, Recompense is one of the premiere multi-pitch 5.9 rock climbs in America. Fortunately, today you can sew up the crux layback with all sorts of wired nuts and small cams. You no longer need to use a wooden wedge for protection, as John Turner did on the first ascent in 1959.

In New York, Turner explored extensively in the Adirondacks, according to Jim Lawyer, co-author of *Adirondack Rock*, ascending the three highest-quality routes at Poke-O-Moonshine: Catharsis, Gamesmanship and Bloody Mary. He also excelled at the Shawangunks, making the first free ascents of Gunks classics Alphonse, Glypnod and Yellow Belly, plus adding Maria Direct and the notorious Thin Slabs Direct: at 'hard 5.7', one of the world's most frightening 'moderate' leads! Jim McCarthy recently stated, 'Turner was certainly a force in the Gunks in the late '50s and early '60s. John was very strong for those times ... and especially bold. He was not afraid to fall.'

Indeed! It was at Ontario's Bon Echo cliffs in 1960, on one of his four attempts to make the first ascent of a route he named The Joke (5.10), that Turner took a 60-foot leader fall and fractured a bone in his foot. When I interviewed John at his home in the English Midlands in 2013, he declared quite specifically, 'In my entire climbing career, I only had two major leader falls. On a Joe Brown route, Hangover in Llanberis Pass in 1955, and on The Joke at Bon Echo. It was later that I developed a reputation for falling off climbs, but that was just a rumour.'

Partnered by Dave Craft, Dick Sykes and Dave Isles, Turner also pioneered one 'big mountain' route, the north-east ridge of Bugaboo Spire, in 1958 in Canada's Bugaboo Range. This five-star multi-pitch granite ridge was included in the Sierra Club book, *Fifty Classic Climbs of North America*. In 1962, Turner returned to England, discovered a new passion, horseback riding and fox-hunting, and rarely roped up again, but American and Canadian climbing was never the same. As Steve Arsenault declared, 'I have done many of his classic climbs and they are bold, æsthetic lines. The

guy was one tough SOB with a great eye.' John Turner, from the climbers of North America, thank you so very much. Your great climbs live on.

David Chaundy-Smart writes:

Was it his reticence, the shortness of his presence where he did most of his climbs, or the obscurity of the cliffs on which he did them that contributed to his absence from much of the climbing record? Colin Wells' *Who's Who in British Climbing* includes many Brits who did most of their notable climbing outside of the UK – including Brian Greenwood, Robin Barley, and Chris Jones – but Turner is absent. Apart from a piece on Alpinist.com by Ed Webster, neither the British nor American climbing press ran obituaries after he died. Perhaps he isn't as recognised partly because he climbed free at small, little-known cliffs in the golden age of aid ascents of big walls.

His last message before dying at his home in Church Farm, Long Buckby, on 30 March 2014, was taken down by his partner, Elsa, a few days earlier and sent out to his friends via American climbing writer Ed Webster. At the end he had found his climbing memories and the fact that his climbs had provided so much enjoyment to be sources of happiness:

It is very gratifying that so many routes have been giving pleasure to so many people and somewhat surprising that this has persisted for so long. I should very much like to thank each of them personally, but this would be beyond my capabilities. I wonder whether I might prey upon your good nature by asking that you should circulate copies of this email to everybody concerned ... May I say how much I have enjoyed the resurrection of happier days?



JOHN JAMES WARR (1949) died on 8 May 2016. The following obituary was published in *The Daily Telegraph* on 11 May:

John Warr, who has died aged 88, was an extremely useful fast-medium bowler for Middlesex between 1949 and 1960; he was also celebrated, both within the game and in the City, as one of the most amusing figures of his time.

For nearly 35 years, however, his wit and humour were required to support the distinction of possessing the worst bowling average – 281.00 – in the history of Test cricket.

Eyebrows were raised in 1950 when Warr, a Cambridge undergraduate, was selected for the forthcoming tour of Australia. The more experienced, if less middle-class, Les Jackson of Derbyshire and Derek Shackleton of Hampshire stood well above him in the averages that year, while Lancashire's Brian Statham already seemed a more likely prospect. (In fact Statham would be sent out to Australia half-way through the tour.)

Nevertheless, Warr had his moments Down Under. Against an Australian eleven he picked up the prize scalps of Neil Harvey and Keith Miller, and soon afterwards he returned the creditable figures of four for 67 and two for 25 against a powerful New South Wales side. His fielding, on the other hand, won few plaudits.

Selected for the third Test at Sydney, Warr had no luck at all. With the England attack reduced to three regular bowlers by injuries, he was obliged, along with Alec Bedser and Freddy Brown, to toil for more than two days in intense heat on a perfect batting wicket against such outstanding batsmen as Lindsay Hassett, Neil Harvey and Keith Miller. England's trio of bowlers did well to restrict Australia to a total of 426, of which Miller contributed an uncharacteristically cautious 145 not out.

Warr finished with figures of none for 142 from 36 eight-ball overs. Back in England, friends sent him a telegram: 'Hymns Ancient and Modern 254'. Warr looked it up and discovered 'Art thou weary, Art thou languid,/Art thou sore distressed?'

Yet Freddy Brown, the England captain, paid heartfelt tribute to his efforts in that Test. Warr, he declared, had been a 'tremendous trier' who remained 'extremely cheerful' in adversity.

In the next match, against Tasmania, Warr took four for 47 and three for 39. During the fourth Test at Adelaide, however, he again had to plug away on a thankless wicket, finishing with analyses of nought for 63 and one for 76. His sole victim was Ian Johnson, caught behind by Godfrey Evans.

That, as it proved, was the end of Warr's Test career. When, decades later, he was stopped for speeding on the motorway and asked by a cricket-loving policeman how fast he thought he had been driving, he ventured: 'Marginally faster than I used to bowl'.

Yet several England bowlers have returned from Down Under with worse records than Warr's. In all first-class matches on that tour of Australia and New Zealand he took 25 wickets at 36.60 apiece. Nor should it be forgotten, in this context, that Shane Warne, after his first two Tests, had a bowling average of 228.00.

Eventually, in 1985, a Sri Lankan left-arm spinner called Roger Wijesuriya ended his four-match Test career with figures of one for 294, thus relieving Warr of his invidious record.

Warr, though, had always appeared entirely unfazed by his statistical affliction. 'You know, Fred', he told Trueman, 'you and I have 308 Test wickets between us'.

John James Warr was born in Ealing on 16 July 1927, the youngest of three children. His brother became a good club cricketer for Ealing, and his sister Marion married Bill Slater, the Wolves and England footballer. At Ealing County Grammar School John Warr was head boy and captain of cricket. Afterwards, from 1945 to 1948, he did his National Service in the Royal Navy, becoming a petty officer in the Fleet Air Arm.

By the time he went up to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1948, he had played for the Arabs, run by E W Swanton, who recommended him to the Light Blues' captain, Doug Insole. Warr's bowling action was never a thing of beauty; his enthusiasm, however, was instantly apparent.

'JJ' made his first-class debut for Cambridge University against Yorkshire in May 1949. In the next game Warr showed his potential by taking six for 35 against a strong Lancashire side.

Later that summer, after making an important contribution to Cambridge's victory over Oxford at Lord's, Warr played for Middlesex. In the last game of the season, he helped them to tie the championship with Yorkshire with an analysis of five for 36 against Derbyshire.

In four seasons (1949–52) and 42 matches for Cambridge he took a total of 169 wickets (including 20 against Oxford) at 21.07 each.

In 1951, after his winter in Australia, Warr captained the Light Blues. His side included a future bishop (David Sheppard), a future High Court judge (Oliver Popplewell) and two fledgling CBEs (Peter May and Subba Row). Oxford won the Varsity match.

Most creditably, in view of his dedication to cricket, Warr achieved a second-class degree in history.

At Middlesex, from 1952, he formed a successful bowling partnership with Alan Moss, which helped make the county a formidable, if never quite a dominating, side throughout most of the 1950s. Warr captained the team from 1958 to 1960, and if the first two of those seasons proved disappointing (Middlesex came tenth in both years), they finished third in 1960.

Warr's affability made him a popular choice for various tours overseas: with MCC to Canada in 1951 and to East Africa in 1957–58; with E W Swanton to the West Indies in 1956; and with the Duke of Norfolk to Jamaica in 1957.

Between 1949 and 1960 he played in 344 first-class matches, taking 956 wickets at 22.79 apiece. He twice surpassed a hundred wickets in a season: in 1956 (116 @ 18.17) and in 1959 (109 @ 16.49). His best performance was nine for 65 for Middlesex v Kent in 1956. As a batsman he mustered 3838 runs (including three fifties) at an average of 11.45.

From 1962 to 1972 Warr wrote about cricket for *The Sunday Telegraph*. His main career, however, was as a discount broker in the City. The Union Discount Company, for which he worked from 1952, proved generous in granting him time off to play for Middlesex; Warr, for his part, was adept at drumming up business. In 1973 he moved to Clive Discount, retiring as deputy chairman in 1987.

Warr's ability to set the table on a roar meant that he was much in demand as an after-dinner speaker. He never missed an opportunity for a quip. 'Bride or groom?' he was asked at Bill Edrich's fourth wedding. 'Season ticket', he returned.

In 1970 Warr saw two men fleeing down an alley beside his office, carrying cash boxes which, it later transpired, contained £2000. When he gave chase, a third man came up behind, and fired at him. The shot missed; another of the crooks, though, in an attempt to cosh Warr on the head, struck him on the wrist.

Subsequently Warr was awarded the Binney Memorial Prize for bravery, named after a Captain Binney, RN, who had been killed in 1944 while trying to foil a smash-and-grab raid.

Another unexpected honour came Warr's way in 1974, when Australia's Board of Control, the ruling body of cricket Down Under, asked him to be their representative in England. Warr expressed amazement, since he had not been to Australia since 1950–51, and 'the only quality I had on that tour which they might have admired was that I never caught any of them out'. In fact, the Australians had been captivated by a brilliant speech he had given at a cricket writers' dinner. Warr carried out this commission until 1987.

He was a member of the organising committee of the World Cup from its triumphant inception in 1975, and in 1979 served on the ICC delegation which visited South Africa to discuss that country's exclusion from Test cricket on account of its government's apartheid policies.

Elected president of MCC in 1987, Warr seemed inclined to appeasement in dealing with South Africa, exploring the suggestion that a player deemed unacceptable by the host country of a tour should not be considered for selection.

Warr also had to deal with the solicitation of E W Swanton, who wanted to be elected to MCC's committee. 'My dear Jim', Warr told him, 'that is rather like asking Satan to put forward the Pope to be Chief Rabbi'.

Warr was devoted to the Turf, and served as a steward at Windsor and Goodwood. A member of the Jockey Club from 1977, he was chairman of the Racecourse Association from 1989 to 1993.

He was a great friend of Denis Compton's, whom he once described as the only player to call his partner for a single and wish him luck at the same time. In Compton's last years Warr became one of the few people able to lift him out of his melancholy. They would meet at Denham Golf Club and talk over old times without noticeable recourse to sobriety. Warr was a highly competitive golfer, whether at Denham, Temple or the Berkshire.

He was president of Berkshire County Cricket Club in 1990. A prominent member of the Saints and Sinners charitable organisation, of which he served as chairman in 1991–92, he especially enjoyed the whitebait dinners organised by the Club at the Trafalgar Tavern, Greenwich. He also loved going to the opera.

John Warr married, in 1957, Valerie Powell (née Peter), who predeceased him; they had two daughters.

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JOHN RICHARD PERCIVAL ALLEN (1950) died on 1 October 2015. We have received the following tribute written by his nephew Giles Allen:

Richard was a farmer, horse-racing steward, mental health panel member, good fun, gentleman, good conversationalist and a great friend. During the many conversa-

tions I have had with Richard's friends over the last few days, all of these have been mentioned. However, if in the course of my work selling farms I was preparing a *Farmers' Weekly* advertisement or a set of sales details for Uncle Richard, the headline or strapline would undoubtedly feature the fact that he was a farmer.

Farming was near a constant in his life and when I last saw him in June; the first topic of conversation was the harvest prospects, commodity prices, land values and the general mood within the farming industry. It was the Serlby estate, or more precisely Serlby Farms, which was to benefit from Richard's life-long passion for farming.

After joining the business as partner in the late 1950s, with the support of the Galways, he set about expanding and enlarging the farming business, establishing one of the best pedigree Holstein Friesian herds in the region, a significant potato operation requiring the installation of an estate-wide irrigation scheme, reclaiming water meadows and the erection of a specialist dairy and commodity storage buildings.

I guess that throughout the 1960s and 1970s, the Galways were bombarded with new proposals and schemes to make Serlby Farms a bigger and more profitable farming operation, taking it to the forefront of farming at the time.

He could not have done this without either the considerable support of the Galways and, of course, his loyal staff.

The energy, enthusiasm and intelligence he brought to Serlby was recognised by his peers and he was voted chairman of the United Biscuits growers' committee of crisping potatoes. It was formed to negotiate better prices for the growers from the processors, which in those days was nearly a cartel. As a man prepared to listen, but also of strong opinion that he was willing to impart, it was a role he was ideally suited to.

The fact that he was a farmer at all was quite surprising, because the Allens did not have farming in their blood, although I understand from a childhood friend that Richard always wanted to be a farmer.

John Richard Percival Allen was born on 30 July 1931 to Perks and Molly Allen in Wollaton, Nottingham. Both his parents were solicitors and both families emanated from the professions, a trend Richard was to break. Richard moved with his parents and, by now three, younger brothers to Collingham at the beginning of the war. Richard, as the eldest, quickly established himself as the leader of a large gang of boys in Collingham and set up 'essential' wartime patrols on their bicycles: I can imagine he would have had his 'serious' face on. They did however fall foul of the authorities and, after making an impromptu inspection of a Lancaster bomber on Swinderby airfield they were arrested! So incredibly unlikely for Wares, Allens and Fordhams and others to be arrested; needless to say this misunderstanding was soon cleared up and their criminal records weren't permanently blotted.

Richard's readiness to lead might have led to the services. He did his National Service with the Seventeenth/Twenty-First Lancers when the Cold War was at its tensest. The regiment were based in Germany to train in their tanks and also as part of the first line of defence against the expansionist Soviet Union. The Lancers had different concerns and Richard's first task upon joining the regiment was establishing its polo pitch: such an essential task when the world was on the cusp of an atomic war!

The war years however, did have a profound effect on Richard. As the oldest son, he was possibly most affected by his Mother's – let's say 'carefulness' – making every penny go as far as possible, which was such a strength during the war years in Collingham.

So, for example, a story about being given a trial in the reserve Cambridge University boat when he was an undergraduate was less about his prowess as an oarsman, and more about that he had to buy a new pair of rowing shorts! As he was not invited back after the trial, this unnecessary purchase of shorts still rankled many decades later.

Richard loved Cambridge. He went up to Emmanuel College to read agriculture and made many friends with whom he would keep in touch with for the rest of his life. One contemporary told me how he threw himself into university life; including joining and being on the committee of the Pitt Club and rowing for his college.

His early schooling had been at Lincoln Grammar School, which he travelled to by train from Collingham. He later went to Stancliffe Hall prep school in Derbyshire and then on to Uppingham. Richard never talked much about his Uppingham days, but a contemporary from his house, Highfield, with whom he shared a study, remembers with envy how he was good in both the classroom and on the games field, but that he could be a little disorganised.

Susie Farquhar became Mrs Allen in 1961 and moved to High House Farm, with Sarah and James arriving soon after. When Susie moved in, Richard's dog slept in a trunk beside his bed. 'There might have been central heating' she recalls, but we all know that it would rarely have been switched on! I bet it was cold. She explained how there wasn't much money and how they would, or should I say, Richard, and under themselves one treat a month: a cinema trip, dinner party or to go racing. Well, as you can imagine, racing won most of the time, as this was a passion of Richard's. It had to be, as he watched it on a black-and-white television most of the time! The 'carefulness' gene stopping him buying a colour television decades after they become standard.

He turned this passion and interest into a second career, spending over 20 years stewarding at racecourses around the country. He started at Nottingham and Southwell, and moved onto classic courses such as Doncaster and Newmarket, where he sat, sometimes as the chair, at the Classic Guineas and St Ledger meetings. A fellow steward said, 'he was particularly conscientious and well respected, and set very high standards'. This explains why he was able to continue well past the normal retirement age of 70: we all thought it was because his lack of grey hair meant he looked younger than he actually was!

He was always ready to convey an opinion, and when going racing with him and Sarah to the Royal Meeting at Ascot in June, he wandered off the walkway as we were crossing the track from the carpark in the middle of the racecourse to the enclosure. With some show, he dug his heel into the track and announced at a volume that many other race-goers around could hear, that 'the chairman of the Doncaster stewards declares the going as – good to firm, possibly firm in places'. He re-joined us and we walked on, across another racetrack, whereupon he realised that he had declared the going on the National Hunt Course, which would not be used for a further two to three months: he looked sheepish and laughed.

He had a happy retirement in Brant Broughton, with the companionship of Angela and stewarding as his part-time occupation. His step-children, Fiona and Philip, also became part of the enlarged family embracing Allen Christmases and other family gatherings.

The final string to Richard's bow was his appointment to the manager's panel of Rampton and Millbrook hospital. An astute appointment, which I for one, and probably many of his family, never imagined he would be suited to. As one of his fellow panel members said, 'he exercised a very thorough judgement, was very good at assessing cases and understanding each side of the argument'.

His other great love of course was field sports, particularly shooting. He had, it has to be said, a very unusual style of shooting. I am not sure where it went wrong, but I think he shot off the wrong shoulder, left-handed, using the wrong eye! It was quite surprising that he could hit anything, but he did and always had a strong opinion about other people's shooting ability. He ran a very enjoyable shoot at Serlby, where with Everett he created a wonderful atmosphere despite the constant leg-pulling from his brothers, chivvying us all to 'talk less, walk faster and 'embus'. He and

Charlotte were extremely generous with the shoot: the Serlby Boys' Day became an institution with many first pheasants being shot.

Richard was a man of intelligence and strong opinion, with high levels of energy and enthusiasm, which he brought to bear across a broad range of interests. He had a strong sense of right and wrong, which he was not afraid to display and, to his youngest nephew, could come across sometimes as a little stern, perhaps even fierce. This however was just his 'default' expression; underneath it he was a kind man. He always had time for people, to impart an opinion or his wisdom and enjoyed seeing the funnier side of life, if he felt it appropriate. I for one sought his guidance both at the start of my career and also in the shooting field.

I will miss him a great deal.

ROBERT HENRY GOODING (1950) died on 6 May 2016. His wife Marion has sent the following obituary:

Robert (Bob) Gooding grew up in Ipswich, Suffolk, winning a scholarship to Ipswich School which he attended between 1941 and 1950. From there Bob won a scholarship to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, graduating in 1953 with a first-class honours degree in pure mathematics. He later obtained a PhD in 1967.

After graduating, he became a researcher at Orfordness Research Station, Suffolk 1954–58. Work involved tracking missiles and rockets as part of military trials. Bob was involved in tracking satellites including Sputnik.

In 1958, he transferred to the Royal Aerospace Establishment (RAE), Farnborough, Hampshire and remained there until his retirement in 1992, working first in guided weapons and then in the space department.

Whilst at RAE, Bob helped to develop the research undertaken based on actual satellite observations, which led him to being known in the field as an eminent orbital dynamicist. Specific projects included NAVSTAR, and UK satellite programmes Ariel, Prospero, Miranda and Skynet (working with the Americans).

Bob continued his research on orbit dynamics and orbit determination following retirement from RAE, and his last position was as a visiting research fellow at the Centre of Satellite Engineering Research at the University of Surrey between 1993 and 2010.

One of Bob's key contributions was his work on the Lambert problem. His algorithm provides a powerful tool for solving the angles-only problem, and was incorporated into the MATLAB analytical software suite.

He contributed papers to a variety of scientific journals and continued writing until ill health prevented him from continuing in 2012.

Bob married Sylvia in 1955 and they had three daughters: Jennie, Caroline and Rosemary. After her death in 1976, he married Marian in 1982 and had a son, Jeremy.

As well as enjoying his work, Bob loved music (particularly classical) including singing in a local choir, playing bridge, and croquet and politics.

He lived in Farnham, Surrey from 1958 until his death.

GEOFFREY JERMYN HOLBOROW (1950) died on 11 August 2015. We have received the following obituary from his wife, Lady Mary:

Geoffrey Holborow, who has died aged 86, was the founder of the South-West's leading independent professional land and estate agency practice, Stratton & Holborow. Celebrating its fiftieth anniversary in 2010, Stratton & Holborow has recently merged with Savills, where Geoffrey's son Crispin is a director. A passionate countryman, he was also a memorable force in the business, ecclesiastical, charitable and cultural world of his adopted home county, Cornwall.

Under the leadership of Geoffrey Holborow and his partner Richard Stratton, Stratton & Holborow developed a business from Cornish roots, expanding into Devon and Somerset, with offices in Truro, Exeter, Taunton and Plymouth. With Richard



focussing on farming consultancy and subsequently share farming, Geoffrey personally looked after many of the region's leading estates from Trewithen, Caerhays, Newton Ferrers, the Truro Diocesan Glebe and St Aubyn Estates in Cornwall to Flete and Molland in Devon. His work for the glebe managing diocesan lands became a template for diocese management across the country.

Still working as a consultant at the age of 84, he believed in hard work and discipline in budgeting, monitoring and a proper and methodical schedule of repairs. It was a source of constant surprise (and irritation) to him at the number of estates that 'bumbled' along without this sort of discipline. He very rarely (only when clients insisted) stopped for lunch, preferring a sandwich from a small tin box that his wife had prepared him earlier that morning and which was eaten on the road between appointments. Those assisting him were expected to follow suit.

When taking on a new client, the first task he would set himself was to walk every field and meet every tenant, soil augur always to hand to measure the depth of the topsoil. Many a farmer was required to accompany him in a walk round the farm, a custom that they were not used to, especially when the agent could 'out-walk' them. When a tenant would complain that there was no more than two inches of topsoil, in would go the augur, proving there were six, or more if the nicely slim weapon slid smoothly between the stones. The respect that the farming communities held for him as a tough but fair negotiator was renowned: many a story or joke was shared whilst a rent increase was negotiated.

Geoffrey Holborow was a great believer in the importance of contribution to the land agency profession, mentoring both young and old, with a string of future land-owners and aspiring land agency professionals passing through the Stratton & Holborow offices. Respected for his skill, insight, knowledge and professionalism, none of the juniors had any regrets about being taken to task when they got something wrong.

Involved with both the Land Agents' Society and the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors, he was on the Council of Land Agents, becoming chairman of the executive committee and finally vice-president at the age of 42. He never followed as president as that was the year the Land Agents Society merged with the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors. The merger was a controversial move within the land agency profession but Geoffrey recognised it was the only progressive option and carried the members with him.

Outside Stratton & Holborow, he was chairman of the Association of Cornish Boys' Clubs for 22 years, for which he was appointed OBE in 1979. He was also a governor of Truro High School for almost 20 years, for many years was county organiser of the National Gardens Scheme and was the 'cornerstone' of the Cornwall Historic Churches Trust for 50 or so years, with his diligence, careful husbandry and fund-raising ability (he was an enthusiastic participant in the annual 'ride & stride' around Cornish churches) leaving a valuable legacy.

He was High Sheriff of Cornwall in 1977 and for 17 years was the consort to his wife Lady Mary Holborow in her role as Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall. He took huge interest in her responsibilities, particularly in the military aspects, attending all TA and cadet camps. He much enjoyed meeting members of the Royal family, the Countess of Wessex being a particular favourite. Many of the duties required a morning coat and he was very proud of it, which had belonged to his uncle and had turned a curious green over the years. Even HRH the Prince of Wales noticed it and asked if it represented a particular hunt.

Geoffrey Jermyn Holborow was born in Beccles, Suffolk in 1929, the third son of The Revd George Holborow and his wife Barbara (née Watson). His older brother David later became a diplomat in the New Zealand Foreign Office, serving as ambassador across the world and his middle brother Christopher became one of the leading ENT surgeons in the country.

Brought up in Suffolk and later Kettering, Geoffrey Holborow attended Repton school and was set on a career in the Coldstream Guards. Whilst at Sandhurst, TB put an end to his military career and he decided to become a land agent, planning to read rural estate management at Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

At Cambridge he was a member of the Pitt Club and whipped-in for the Trinity Foot Beagles. Leaving Cambridge, his first job was as an assistant agent on the Longford estate in Wiltshire. Keen on his hunting, he was invited by a local farmer to hunt and ride his horse in the members' race at Wilton. He got too close behind the horses he was following up to the first fence and so never left the ground, both horse and rider somersaulting and landing on their heads on the far side. His mother, watching the race, mistook him for another rider in the lead in similar colours, with none of the rest of the party wanting to tell her that her son was in fact comatose at the first fence. A cracked vertebra and four weeks in hospital ensued.

Geoffrey Holborow's life-long association with Cornwall began in 1957 when at the age of 27 he was appointed agent to the Williams estates. Shortly afterwards he went into partnership with Richard Stratton, establishing Stratton & Holborow in 1960.

In 1959 he married Lady Mary Stopford, daughter of the eighth Earl of Courtown. They had two children and set about renovating a former rectory, which is still today the family home. Lady Mary was one of the first female Lord Lieutenants in the country and was Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall from 1994 to 2011.

He was a passionate gardener and loved the countryside, terriers and his shooting, which he only gave up in 2014. He was a great supporter of the church and a church warden for 50-odd years. He was awarded the St Piran's Cross by the Bishop of Truro in March 2015 for services to the diocese. His family meant a great deal to him and he thoroughly enjoyed the company of his children and six grandchildren, with trips to the beach always accompanied by a proper garden spade for building proper sea defences.

Geoffrey Holborow is survived by Mary and their two children, Kate and Crispin.

WILLIAM MCKERROW SLOAN (1951) died on 3 June 2016. The following obituary has been sent in by his son, Michael:

William (Bill) McKerrrow Sloan was educated at Loretto School in Musselburgh (1942-49) and at Emmanuel College, Cambridge (1951-54), where he graduated with a degree in agriculture.

On 18 December 1956 he married Anne Francis Dorothy Vernon and they remained happily married for over 50 years until she died in 2008. In recent years he found happiness with a new partner, Jo, who survives him.

He worked as farm manager for Peter Cazelet at Fairlawne Farms in Kent until 1972, and then became general manager and agent for the Elveden Farms in Suffolk, the largest arable estate in England, from 1972 to 1992. He was a governor and honorary treasurer of Chadacre Agricultural Institute and a governor of Chadacre Agricultural Trust.

He is survived by his son Michael and daughter Elizabeth and six grandchildren.

CECIL EDWARD PARKINSON (1952) died on 22 January 2016. The College is indebted to him for his chairmanship of the fund-raising appeal 1993-97, which raised nearly £11.5m for the Queen's Building and many other projects. *The Daily Telegraph* wrote:

Lord Parkinson, who has died aged 84, was arguably the best Party chairman the Conservatives have had since the 1950s and looked set, after master-minding Margaret Thatcher's landslide election victory in 1983, to go on to greater things; but his progression to high office was fatally compromised later that year by revelations that his former secretary, Sara Keays, was expecting his child.

As Parkinson's colleague John Biffen remarked, no living politician more deserved the epithet 'cut is the branch that might have grown full straight, And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough'. The Keays affair was devastating to Parkinson politically. He was compelled to resign and, although he resumed his cabinet career in 1987, it never regained momentum.

The future that could not be remained a tantalising question mark over the course of Thatcherism after 1983, since Parkinson was the only senior Conservative politician who, while remaining staunchly loyal to Mrs Thatcher, was also generally liked by his colleagues and at the same time in touch with the real world. He might have replaced Lord Whitelaw as the cabinet conciliator; he might have been Chancellor of the Exchequer, a job in which his background in accountancy and closeness to Mrs Thatcher might have helped him to avoid the mistakes of the Lawson years; she had certainly wanted him as her Foreign Secretary. As it was, these possibilities remained 'what ifs'.

Much was made of Cecil Parkinson's Kennedyesque good looks, his monogrammed shirts and easy charm, though he once said that if he were reincarnated, he would like to be born 'short, fat and ugly'. It was a jest, of course, but there was a serious point, for he was too easily dismissed as a political lightweight, a dilettante who had got where he was by charm alone.

In fact, Cecil Parkinson not only looked good, he was good, and very effective, particularly on television where his contributions were always much sharper than his opponents expected. As a minister, he impressed even the most cynical journalists with his grasp of his subject, his avoidance of clichés and willingness to listen and argue a point seriously. At the same time he could also be indiscreet, funny and gossipy, and thoroughly good company.

At Central Office, he restored the Party's financial position and beefed up the constituency associations that were to play a central part in the 1983 election victory, winning the devotion of staff demoralised by years of cuts and departmental in-fighting. His openness, sense of humour and knack of giving the person he was talking to his fullest attention won round even the most intransigent and made him adored by the Tory faithful, especially the women.

If the events that led up to his resignation in October 1983 did not reflect well on Parkinson, he paid a heavier price than many colleagues who had done worse and bore his humiliation with stoicism and restraint.

His affair with Sara Keays began in the early 1970s when he was MP for Enfield East and a rising star in the Tory firmament. By the general election of 1983, she had become pregnant with their child. On the evening of election day, he confessed the affair to Mrs Thatcher who, though it gave her pause, did not see it as an insuperable obstacle to his becoming Foreign Secretary.

It is unclear whether he told her the whole truth, however, as when, the following day, she received a letter from Sara Keays's father revealing that his daughter was pregnant with Parkinson's child, she decided that, with such a cloud hanging over him, he could not be Foreign Secretary after all. 'I urged him to discuss the personal questions with his family. Meanwhile I decided to make him Secretary of State for Trade and Industry', she recalled.

At first, Parkinson felt he should honour his promises and marry Miss Keays, but subsequently, on holiday with his wife and two elder daughters, he changed his mind. Together they decided that 'as a family, come what may, we would stick together, and that I shouldn't get divorced'.

At the beginning of October, shortly before the Party conference, Parkinson, with Sara Keays's consent, made a statement to the press admitting that he had withdrawn an offer to marry her and confirming that she was to have his child. At first it seemed that he might succeed in weathering the storm; his Party conference speech received

a standing ovation. On Thursday evening, however, it was discovered that *The Times* intended to carry an interview with Miss Keays in which she would complain about the way she had been treated. 'It was clear that this story was not going to die down', Mrs Thatcher recalled, 'and though I asked Cecil to hold back from resigning that evening, we all knew he would have to go'.

She had been baffled by what *Private Eye* referred to as 'Ugandan affairs' in relation to Parkinson's affair with Sarah Keays, saying: 'I know it's untrue. He's never been to Africa.'

Parkinson's conduct was not blameless and although he supported Flora, his daughter by Sara Keays, financially, on her eighteenth birthday it was noted that he had never met her. The affair overshadowed the rest of his career and he never managed to escape the label of the man who had tarnished the Conservatives' image as the party of the family. The irony was that if Parkinson had left his wife of 26 years and his three daughters – in traditional Westminster fashion – he would probably have saved his political career. As it was, he was punished for standing by them.

The son of a railway linesman, Cecil Edward Parkinson was born in Lancaster on 1 September 1931 and brought up at Carnforth, Lancashire. The Parkinson family was firmly in the tradition of northern working-class Conservatism – his grandmother, the local midwife, was chairman of the Unionist Women – and his early years bore the authentic touch of Thatcherite self-improvement.

Parkinson won a scholarship to the Royal Lancaster Grammar School, where he worked hard and was a good athlete: a long-distance runner, sprinter and rugby player. He was also a fervent socialist, becoming treasurer of the local Labour League of Youth and campaigning for the Party in the 1950 general election. At the same time he had thoughts of taking holy orders and won a place at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to read divinity.

When called up for National Service, Parkinson had thoughts of declaring himself a conscientious objector. Although he hated his time in the RAF, the experience convinced him he did not wish to be a clergyman and, at Cambridge, he switched from divinity to English. But academic pursuits took second place to sport and having fun. He ran for the University against Oxford and represented the combined Oxford and Cambridge teams against American universities, but got a lower second in English and a third in law.

By this time, he had become disillusioned with the Labour Party, though he had not yet made the full transition to Conservatism. It was his marriage to Ann Jarvis, the daughter of a well-to-do Harpenden builder and ardent Tory that made the difference both to his career and his political affiliations. The two met shortly after he had left Cambridge when he was working as a management trainee with the Metal Box Company. They married in 1957.

During their engagement, Parkinson decided they should emigrate to Canada, where he had been offered a traineeship in an international accountancy firm. But his father had a heart attack and he postponed his departure to qualify as an accountant in Britain. His father-in-law helped him to gain access to the City firm West Wake Price, where he qualified in 1959. He became a partner in the firm in 1961 and a director of several companies.

Meanwhile he had joined the Conservative Party and in 1968 became chairman of the Hemel Hempstead Conservative Association, with Norman Tebbit as his vice-chairman. He fought the marginal Labour seat of Northampton in 1970 against the colourful Reggie Paget, who disarmed his opponent at his first public meeting by telling his audience: 'You will find that Mr Parkinson and I disagree about very little, but we do disagree about one thing: Mr Parkinson dislikes Mr Wilson, the prime minister. I hate him.'

Parkinson entered parliament as MP for Enfield West in November 1970 at a by-election caused by the death of the chancellor, Iain Macleod. In 1972 he became PPS to

Michael Heseltine, then minister for aerospace and shipping, then served as a junior whip in the dying days of the Heath administration.

For the February 1974 election the constituency of Enfield West was abolished and Parkinson was returned for Hertfordshire South (which became Hertsmere after boundary changes in 1983). He remained in the whips' office in opposition. Though grander members of the Tory party viewed with disfavour the combination of new money and smooth talking that he personified, he impressed Mrs Thatcher who picked him out to be opposition trade spokesman in 1976, and appointed him the 'supersalesman' trade minister of her first administration.

By now Parkinson was very comfortably off. In 1969, on a tip from his father-in-law, he and a partner bought an ailing Stockport building firm for a down payment of £7500. They did so well over the next two years that they bought another construction firm in Strood, Kent. When this was sold in 1979, Parkinson was estimated to be worth £750,000.

Even more important, though, he had won the admiration of the prime minister, who found him a man after her own heart, 'dynamic, full of common sense, a good accountant, an excellent presenter and, no less important, on my wing of the party'. Parkinson put their rapport down to the fact that neither of them came from the Tory establishment and neither was overawed by those who did. 'I always say that when you look back at history there are only two types of people: serfs and ambitious serfs', he explained. 'This is what united Margaret and myself; we couldn't possibly be chippy or envious with all the opportunities we'd been given.'

At Tebbit's urging, Mrs Thatcher picked Parkinson to become chairman of the Party in succession to Lord Thorneycroft in 1981, with the cabinet post of paymaster-general. In 1982 he was elevated to the Falklands war cabinet as chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. In his memoirs, Parkinson recalled how, on the morning of the Tories' 1983 election landslide, 'Willie Whitelaw felt I should have one of the three top jobs, and added he felt I could do any of them'. The words had barely been spoken before the Keays affair transformed his life.

Parkinson once likened his fall from grace to 'being in a car crash: you can't move. Just utterly stunned.' Yet he never lost his sense of humour. One Sunday morning, at the height of the uproar, he sent the door-stepping press two bottles of whisky to keep them warm. His resilience in adversity revealed a philosophical determination to keep going that surprised many.

In exile on the backbenches, Parkinson put his popularity with the Party faithful to work by doing the rounds of the constituencies and it was not long before Mrs Thatcher, always relaxed about the sexual misdemeanours of her colleagues, began dropping hints of a return to office.

Soon after the 1987 election (in which Parkinson was returned by a record majority) he returned to cabinet as energy secretary with the task of privatising the electricity industry. 'I returned to remove the word "disgraced" from "disgraced former cabinet minister"', he said. 'And that's why it was essential for me to go back, not just for my benefit but for the kids.' But colleagues noticed that the old sparkle had gone and in 1989 he was shifted sideways to the unglamorous environs of the Department of Transport, where he strove, in the wake of Lockerbie and King's Cross, to prevent transport issues from becoming an electoral liability by winning huge amounts of extra investment for roads and rail.

Parkinson remained loyal to Mrs Thatcher to the end, but his years in the wilderness meant that he was not in any position to save her from her enemies. As energy secretary he had been designated 'star chamber' chairman to arbitrate on ministerial spending bids amid speculation that he might become chancellor. But the star chamber never sat under his chairmanship and there were suggestions that ministers ensured they settled their differences privately rather than confer status on a colleague so close to the prime minister.

Parkinson belatedly declared in favour of John Major during the 1990 leadership election, but his heart was no longer in it and he resigned from the cabinet when the new prime minister took office. In 1992 he stood down as an MP to take a life peerage.

He resumed his business career, becoming director of 14 companies. He was behind one of the failed bids to build a channel tunnel, established his own public relations outfit, and was chairman of an internet company, Planet Online, which was sold in 1999 for £75 million.

In 1991 he became founder chairman of the right-wing Conservative Way Forward Group, dedicated to upholding Thatcherite values, and as the Conservatives lurched from crisis to crisis as the decade wore on, he jumped on the bandwagon of disillusioned Thatcherites who criticised John Major's leadership.

After Labour's victory in the 1997 general election and the subsequent Tory leadership contest, Parkinson made a surprise return to active politics when he was picked by the new Conservative leader William Hague to chair the party once again. But he retired from his role after a year and there was nothing he could do to prevent the Tories going down to a second heavy election defeat in 2001.

Lord Parkinson is survived by his wife Ann, by their three daughters, and by his daughter with Sara Keays.

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BRIAN WALTON (1953) died on 20 November 2014, as reported in last year's *Magazine*. We have received the following appreciation from his older brother, Dennis (1939):

'It was a fair cop', admitted Brian, when the military police swooped on him and two other subalterns as they were about to enter a main street in Hong Kong. It was clearly marked 'Out of Bounds' and led, they discovered later, to one of the more notorious brothels.

Royal Military Police charge sheets have to be mercilessly actioned and the trio were officially 'admonished'. Wondering how this might affect their careers, they were heartened when the mess steward brought in three glasses of whisky, 'with the brigadier's compliments, gentlemen'.

As a National Service subaltern, Brian's most pressing duty was to be ready on the border to repel the Chinese hordes. Fortunately, he was not put to that test. Before Hong Kong he had had an interesting spell in Korea.

At Emmanuel College, Cambridge, 1953–56, he read law, which showed up well on his CV, and helped him obtain management posts in W D & H O Wills and Van Dal Shoes. He had been captain of Bury Grammar School 1951–52.

Times, however, were not at their best in the business world. Although his wife, Mollie, had opened a shoe shop in Norwich, to keep himself informed he accepted an offer to run the footwear division of a large operation in New Zealand. This allowed him to purchase a lovely house with a swimming pool, which I, his elder brother, greatly envied. He had married Mollie after a whirlwind courtship in 1957.

When she died in 1998 he retired and returned to Norwich to be nearer his three lovely daughters. He also had a son, Peter, who starred in soaps such as *Emmerdale*. Peter's first wife was Clare King, who enjoys a successful acting and modelling career.

Brian had a gift for making friends, and maintained contacts with New Zealand, Bury Grammar School and Emmanuel to the end. He also remained in touch with many business and charity organisations.

He had difficulty in finding a suitable photograph for my rogue's gallery. 'I've only one', he said, 'It's with King Olaf'.

After graduation (BA, MA) he joined the territorial army, firstly as a captain in the Bolton Artillery, (commanded by myself), then as Battery Commander of the Bury St Edmunds Battery of the Norfolk and Suffolk Yeomanry.

I occasionally helped with his Latin verse homework. Once, when I wasn't available, the classics master said, 'Well, Walton, Dennis didn't do very well for you last night'.



MICHAEL DAVID BRINING (1954) died on 3 November 2015. The following obituary has been sent in by David Thomas (1954):

Like many of his era, Mike undertook his National Service between his school, Aldenham, and university.

At that time, the College Hockey Club was particularly strong, having for some four successive years been requested to let our second eleven fulfil the vacant position in the lower half of the inter-college League, where they regularly secured a mid-table position. Rumours of another useful player heading our way caused little excitement until about five minutes into our first practice, by which time everyone on the field had recognised that Mike was a quite outstanding player. Our centre-half and fulcrum throughout his time with us, he achieved an early election into the University Wanderers and was their secretary in his final year. In the latter role, he achieved much admiration for his well-balanced selection of University-wide teams, capable of providing appropriately strong opposition to a variety of opponents, ranging from schools to almost county level.

A strong supporter of both College and University activities made him widely known eg as a member of both the Mildmay Essay Club and the Emmanuel May Ball committee. Personally I was very grateful to him for undertaking the vital role of circulation manager of the self-funded University magazine *Light Blue*.

After graduating, Mike continued studying to qualify as a chartered accountant and in due course became an FCA. After brief periods with Standard Telephones & Cables and the Iraq Petroleum Co., he was employed by the Association of Industrial Consultants, 1965–1973, and then from 1973 to 1992 he was the chief executive of the Pharmaceutical Services Negotiating Committee.

Sadly, in later life Mike was found to have developed a significant brain tumour, the treatment of which much curtailed his further activities. Following an overnight fall he became hospitalised, but fortunately he was left with enough time to see all the members of his extended family, which it is known gave him much satisfaction.

His daughter, Emma, has written the following:

Michael was born to Mike and Mary Brining on 21 July 1934 in Slough. He attended Windsor House prep school, winning a scholarship (First Junior Platt Scholarship) to Aldenham in 1947.

At the end of his first term, his Methodist lay preacher grandfather wrote to him these words of advice:

So I would say play the game. The winner of the game is not to the swift or to the strong but to those that *endure* to the end. Keep clean in *thought* and *word* and *deed*, then you will have to fear no-one. Stand firm for what you believe is right. I am hoping you will become a great man some day, God bless you. The poem Longfellow wrote, 'Excelsior', is well worth reading and studying. So my boy, keep on keeping on. There is a lot in life you may win if you so desire. I would like to see you one of nature's gentlemen and you have everything to help you by helping others. Courtesy is to *do* and *say* the kindest thing in the kindest way.

Michael very much took this advice to heart for life.

Michael's parents both came from Scarborough, so family holidays were generally spent with Grandma Haikings, who ran a small hotel. One of Michael's most endearing traits was his sense of humour and the practical jokes he would play. There was the occasion when he was in Scarborough (banished up north because of the imminent arrival of his sister) when one of his aunts cooked him beef casserole with

dumplings. Michael had a total aversion to dumplings but couldn't disappoint his aunt, who was delighted when presented with the clean plate. It was only the next day that the offending objects were found in the gutter outside the window!

Later, wet afternoons at home might be spent with his sister dreaming up alternative titles for books, such as Enid Blyton's Famous Five: 'Five blow up the Houses of Parliament'.

Michael's altruism displayed itself at an early age when he and his cousin put on a Christmas concert for the family in Scarborough. Three shillings and seven pence was raised for the local lifeboat, which Michael duly sent off and it was he that received the letter of thanks, much to his cousin's chagrin.

The Scarborough Easter hockey festival, and the cricket festival at the beginning of September, were annual fixtures in the family diary. The golden sands of Scarborough provided a wonderful opportunity for the young Mike to hone his batting and bowling skills.

Michael gained a classics scholarship to Emmanuel. But two years of National Service intervened, when Michael served as a lieutenant in the 46 (Talavera) Battery, Royal Artillery as an officer. The battery had fought and gained battle honours at Talavera in 1807.

Michael's National Service took him to Germany, during which time he learnt to drive a tank on the north German plains. He never formally took a driving test, having been handed a licence by his commanding officer. He did consider making a career in the army, but Cambridge beckoned.

On coming up to Emmanuel, he found himself in the same year as men who had come fresh from school, National Service having been abolished. Feeling himself to be at an academic disadvantage, he changed his degree to law and economics.

After matriculating in 1954, Michael was a member of the Mildmay Essay Club, a literary society with 12 members. He was also a member of Emmanuel Law Society and a member of the Piglets, with his own black bow-tie embroidered with pink piglets. One summer term, Michael and three friends filled the pedestrian underpass outside College with water. The fire brigade had to be called, a severe dressing-down was given to the miscreants and Mike Brining senior was faced with a large bill from the fire brigade!

Michael retained his fluency in ancient Greek and Latin. On one student vacation, he and some friends travelled to Greece and, on the Acropolis, met Sir Mortimer Wheeler, the archaeologist. But he was not a sun worshipper and preferred to go off golfing in Scotland, Wales and Ireland with his three friends in the little Standard 8, loaned to him by his mother.

After graduating in 1957, Michael became an articled clerk with Coopers & Lybrand, qualified as a member of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in 1961 and subsequently became a fellow. It was during this time that he was sent on audits to the Middle East and to Finland, from where he returned with a beautiful fur hat for his fiancée, Patricia. Michael decided not to stay in the accountancy profession and joined PA Management Consultants. He eventually became financial director of the Pharmaceutical Services Negotiating Committee.

Michael met his future wife Patricia on 27 October 1959 in Windsor. He purchased a diamond ring to propose and the family home was burgled later the same day. You can imagine how Michael felt as he dashed upstairs to check his desk drawer, which fortunately had not been ransacked. He and Patricia were married on 15 July 1961 at St Mary's Church, Langley. Despite it being St Swithin's day, the weather kept fine. Michael initiated Pat into the Brining family Christmas when he persuaded her on one occasion to dress up as Father Christmas for the traditional afternoon visit to the 20 or so relations gathered at the family home. He became a father to Emma in 1968 and Steven in 1970 and later a doting grandfather to three granddaughters.

Cricket and hockey played a large part in Michael's life. He earned a hockey Half Blue at Cambridge. He was a member of Richings Park Sports Club and played for the first eleven in both sports, as well as being captain. He was a good opening batsman with one of the club's best averages and, in addition, was an effective slow spin bowler. He also went on a number of cricket tours with the club as well as hockey festivals, where his practical jokes came into their own. He played for Buckinghamshire County at hockey and, occasionally, for the Berkshire Ramblers at cricket. He also coached at Farnham Common Sports Club. He was an active member of the MCC and enjoyed golf, playing most of the major courses in the UK.

Michael – Mike to his friends – was a founding member of Burnham Beeches Rotary Club in 1985 and remained active till the end, acting as secretary for over a decade. He was a stickler for old fashioned values: punctuality, courtesy and formality in correspondence. He eschewed informaton technology, so all minutes and club correspondence were done by hand.

Michael stalwartly organised the Donkey Derby and spring fair for nearly quarter of a century with humour, patience and unflappability. He obtained paid sponsorship for all races and runners, provided prizes and charmed the Inner Wheel ladies into helping him run the Tote on the day.

In addition, for each runner, he provided a donkey name – hundreds in total – that demonstrated his wit:

'Scott of the Sahara by Satnav out of Technical Error'

'Googly by Leg Spinner out of Back of Hand'.

Michael became a Paul Harris Fellow, the highest honour for an individual in Rotary and awarded to those who embody the Rotary motto: 'Service above Self'.

Michael was a fountain of historical knowledge, especially with regard to war, and daily would remind family and friends about what had happened on that particular day years ago. His own memories of the Second World War as a child were very vivid. This meant he was de facto quiz master, entertaining others with erudite questions such as 'Who was the second President of the United States?' [John Adams], then asking with a completely straight face 'Why does the owl population drop in the rainy season?' [Too wet to woo].

After declining health, Michael passed away on 3 November 2015 aged 81. Thomas Hood's 'Autumn' was read at his funeral, a poem he had translated into Latin as a schoolboy:

The autumn skies are flushed with gold,
And fair and bright the rivers run;
These are but streams of winter cold,

And painted mists that quench the sun.
In secret boughs no sweet birds sing,
In secret boughs no bird can shroud;
These are but leaves that take to wing,
And wintry winds that pipe so loud.

'Tis not trees' shade, but cloudy glooms
That on the cheerless valleys fall;
The flowers are in their grassy tombs,
And tears of dew are on them all.

Later was found Michael's own sonnet 'Autumn' dated 3 November 1958 (also titled 'Ortum' in jest):

Now has come the season of the fall
Of the leaves from the trees and birds
Feel the cooler air blow through the hall

Thus sending them south. Into the herds
Of earth-coated cattle drives the rain
And the mist from the hills in the clouds.
The farmer prays for the last of his grain
And into his mind then crowds –
A thought for the soil which has given him food
A thought for the men who have sown and reaped
A thought for the power that works for the good
Of man and the blessings that on him are heaped.
So let the coming of Autumn persuade
That the beauty and plenty of earth shall not fade.

ANTHONY BRIAN HIDDEN (1954) died on 19 February 2016. We have received the following obituary from Anthony Porten (1965):

When I came to 3 Temple Gardens in 1969 Tony Hidden was then about eight years' call, and already had a thriving practice on the south-eastern circuit. Before the Bar, his education and history had been Reigate Grammar School, Emmanuel College Cambridge (where he read English for two years and then switched to law for his third year) and National Service in the First Royal Tank Regiment; he had also managed to fit in a short spell as schoolmaster at Pierrepont in Surrey.

I was his pupil for six months in 1970. During that pupillage and, after it, as a young tenant I experienced first-hand his kindness, his good humour and his generosity.

In those days (in contrast to now) pupils paid their pupil-masters a fee for the privilege of pupillage. It was 150 guineas for each six months, which I duly paid to him (though in fact it cost me nothing, being covered by an award from the Inner Temple); some months later, when Kathy and I got married, he gave us a wedding present: it was a cheque for 150 guineas. He was equally generous with his time: I cannot remember how often, early in the morning driving to Hastings or Lewes or Bury St Edmunds I would have to stop and find a phone box (no mobile phones in those days) and ring Tony to ask him how to deal with some point about which I was clueless but for which I needed the answer by 10.00am. Whether he was busy working on some more serious case of his own or even scarcely awake, he would give me his full attention, his advice and, very patiently, give me the answer to my problem.

I say 'more serious case' because he was increasingly being instructed in really heavy cases, for good reason. He was an outstanding lawyer and advocate: his attention to, and grasp of, the detail was exceptional, but even more striking was his prodigious memory and the retention of that detail. I remember a hideously complicated drugs case that he prosecuted for Customs & Excise. The tentacles were far reaching: by movement between several countries and multiple handlers the gang had tried, almost successfully, to hide the identities of the source, the international movements, and the eventual distributors and buyers; there were boxes and boxes of witness statements and exhibits. At the trial, Tony opened the case for a day in great detail; the boxes, which he had read and mastered remained unopened behind him, all he used was one piece of paper on which he had written some names, some places and some dates, as an aide memoir only because everything else had been memorised. He cross-examined to devastating effect, using just that same piece of paper.

As an advocate he was both fluent and precise: the fact that he had read English at university was reflected in his skill with words and language. This skill was combined with a superbly calm, measured and assured delivery and an obvious regard to fairness; when prosecuting he displayed that level of objectivity which should always be expected but not always observed.

He was appointed to silk in 1976, less than 15 years from call and within weeks of his fortieth birthday. Not surprisingly he went from strength to strength. The qualities I have described impressed not only clients, judges and juries alike but also his



fellow professionals; he was elected a Bencher of Inner Temple in 1985, and in 1986 he was elected leader of the south-eastern circuit: as was predictable, he was a popular and conscientious leader.

Three Temple Gardens in the early 1970s was, by modern standards, a very small set, with about 14 to 15 tenants only, and there was great comradeship and support from the more senior members to the most junior. Tony Hidden was one of our triumvirate of giants (in all senses), the other two of course being Anthony Scrivener and David Penry-Davey: this was of great benefit to the chambers, but not always to him. Sometimes judges would confuse the two Tonys: Scrivener, who did not always exhibit quite the same calm, measured and restrained composure as Hidden once had a serious falling out and exchange of invectives with Ormerod J by giving as good as he got from that (not always courteous) judge. Hidden, on his next appearance before the same judge, could not understand why he got such a frosty reception and was given such a hard time.

In silk, he was very much in demand and was instructed by the Director of Public Prosecutions in many cases of importance, either because of the point of law involved or because of the high-profile identity of the defendant: thus, for example, it was Tony who was chosen to lead the prosecution of Lester Piggott on charges of tax evasion. So many of his cases seemed to be at the cutting edge in the developing law, or just so big and complicated as to make him the obvious choice; he also undertook several such cases abroad, including in the Cayman Isles and Hong Kong.

At the top of his game, he was appointed in 1989 to chair the inquiry into the Clapham rail disaster that had occurred in December 1988 and in which 35 people died and some 500 were injured. The 'Hidden Inquiry' sat for 56 days; he produced an immaculate report and concluded it with some 93 recommendations that he saw as necessary for the improvement of rail safety.

In that same year (1989) Tony was elevated to the High Court Bench, a very well deserved and popular appointment. Almost immediately, and as had been the case as an advocate, as a judge he was allocated some of the most high-profile cases of the day, in which there was bound to be great public interest and close press scrutiny, not just criminal cases but civil too: this meant that he was very frequently in the public eye. I will not detail them, but the names will ring some bells; they included in 1990 the civil case of *Alcock and others v Chief Constable of Yorkshire*, following the Hillsborough disaster where the 16 plaintiffs were relatives of those killed or injured at the stadium and claimed damages for nervous shock and psychiatric illness suffered as a result; in crime, in 1991 the trial of Stephen Owen; later, the case known as 'The Rattenden Murders', which occupied him sitting in no 2 Court of the Old Bailey for four months; later still, he sat as a member of the Court of Appeal (criminal division) deciding on the appeals of the Bridgewater four.

That then was Hidden the barrister and judge: what of Hidden with the wig off? His entries in *Who's Who* at the time showed his recreations only as 'reading and playing bad golf'; this would have fooled no-one who knew him. It is correct that he claimed no great sporting prowess: there is a famous story of his turning out for the chambers cricket team: his claim to fame was not by reason of his taking wickets or scoring runs, but because of the spectacular ripping of his trousers and the display of lurid purple underwear. He also went skiing: I remember the occasion when, somewhere in the Alps, he had an accident and fell, and he was expected back to start some heavy trial; too frightened to tell John Jones our then senior clerk himself, he got on to me (back in chambers) and told me to 'pick my moment' to tell John that he had broken his leg and would be delayed coming back.

The skiing, and the après-ski, is rather more indicative of Tony's recreation in those days: away from work, he was fun, he was convivial, he was the best of company, if you met him you could not help but like him, and ... he enjoyed a full ...

a very full, social life. He enjoyed the bachelor life all through the sixties ... and then carried it on through the seventies: fast cars and glamorous girlfriends. I remember an early Porsche 911 and a TR6 (driven as often as possible with roof down): the cars just one at a time, not always so with the girl friends; another tale that lives on in history had him putting girlfriend A onto a plane at Heathrow and seeing her off with only minutes to spare before greeting girlfriend B as she arrived on an incoming flight.

On the occasion of Tony's sixtieth birthday, many years later and by which time he was of course a knight of the realm and married, I wrote him a short verse: it was meant for his eyes only, but in his speech at the splendid party that Mary arranged for him he read it out. As he was happy with it, I think I can repeat it. It went like this:

A sexagenarian Knight said

'I don't think that this is quite right'.

The aegenarian bit just doesn't fit,

And the sex part ... well ... well maybe that might.

In fact, his lively bachelor life extended into his forties but only until he met Mary, and he was smitten. They married in 1982. Although the marriage was to end in divorce, there were many happy years: he much enjoyed those years as a family man and the great joy of their four children, James, Lucy, Tom and Edward. In the early years of the marriage Tony was instructed in one of Hong Kong's big fraud cases: he went out for the committal proceedings and they lasted several months; the defendants were committed, and they wanted Tony to represent them at the trial. He declined the brief: he knew the trial would take even longer than the committal and he did not want to be away again or for so long from Mary and his growing family (the postscript to this refusal is well known, mentioned in Scrivener's obituaries).

Notwithstanding the divorce, at all times Mary continued to be a supporting presence in Tony's life. When in 2005 he could no longer live in his house in Pentlow Street, it was Mary, together with Judy Penry-Davey and Jacqui (now Dobson), a former girlfriend, who found The Pines, arranged his move, and ensured a comfortable and supportive environment. Mary and those two (named by Judy P-D as the three witches, but in reality more like three angels) not only saw initially to his comfort but then continued to do so for the whole of the 11 years that he was there.

I don't want to say much about those years he spent at The Pines, but just this. Whenever I visited him, he retained his sense of humour, he never complained, and had only praise for the three witches, the staff and the way he was looked after. Because his memory over time became more variable, topics of conversation might be limited, but he nearly always would tell the latest news of the children, their activities and their achievements: he was very proud of them. In turn they can be more than proud of their father, and we can all be grateful to have known him. We will all miss him enormously.

JOHN NORTHCOTT (1955) died on 16 March 2016. The following obituary was published in *Your Local Guardian*:

Colleagues and friends have paid tribute to the 'highly knowledgeable and conscientious' Mole Valley councillor John Northcott, who died this month.

Cllr Northcott, who represented Ashtead Common as an independent for 16 years, died on 16 March at the age of 80.

Described as an expert in planning, Cllr Northcott was the executive member with responsibility for planning and served as Mole Valley District Council chairman between 2010 and 2011.

Councillor Chris Townsend, who represents neighbouring Ashtead Park, said his former colleague was a popular and effective councillor, who would be greatly missed in the chamber. Cllr Townsend said: 'He served his area very well and was very popular, and popular with other councillors. He would research everything in great

detail and if you opposed him on anything you knew you had to be prepared. He was opinionated but he was willing to listen to other people, which is why he was so popular and well-liked with councillors from all parties.'

Born in 1936, Cllr Northcott was brought up in St Albans and went to Emmanuel College, Cambridge to read natural sciences.

Spending most of his life in the steel industry, he worked in Sheffield, Barrow-in-Furness, Coatbridge and London, settling in Ashted in 1972.

The council's Independent group leader Simon Ling praised Cllr Northcott's integrity as 'second to none', and described him as a 'highly valued' councillor.

Cllr Ling said: 'His knowledge of all planning related matters was without question. He will be sadly missed by the constituents in Ashted Common, and councillors and officers alike. Our thoughts and prayers are with his family.'

Yvonne Rees, chief executive of Mole Valley District Council said: 'We are deeply saddened to have lost such an experienced member who dedicated so much of his time for the benefit of his local community and the wider district. His wise words will be greatly missed by us all.'

Cllr Northcott leaves behind his wife Gill, son Richard, daughter Clare, and her family.

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JEREMY L'ANSON COOPER (1956) died on 12 December 2015. Barry Montague (1955) wrote in the magazine of the Old Bedford Modernians Club:

Jerry and I were first brought together by our determination to gain the necessary exam levels to apply for entry to Oxbridge. It was one thing to achieve A-levels but quite another to acquire those five necessary matriculation subjects at credit (later O-level) standard; the *bête noir* of these was, of course, Latin. We were lucky that Colin Hill took us seriously and he became a valuable mentor. JET (The Revd John Edward Taylor, head master) took little interest in us (but was pleased a few years later to dine with us and all undergrad OBMs at Cambridge!). I had dropped Latin after First Form, having suffered at the hands of The Revd Hartley and his 'Tonk' and so had the prospect of doing five years work in one. Jerry had soldiered on a little longer but still had much ground to make up. We spent many an anxious hour together with Caesar's Gallic wars in one hand and a translation in the other, trying to make sense of it all. Come the exams I passed! Jerry had to re-sit but all was well.

Coincidentally, we both applied to Emmanuel College, Cambridge (Toot's old college) and were accepted after National Service, of course.

Jerry was an all-round sportsman excelling in fives, rugby, cricket and athletics. There was a memorable occasion when he nursed me round the track in an 880-yard race so that I gained some points for my house. I returned the favour after the exams were over when sixth-formers were expected to produce worthwhile projects before the end of term. Having studied geography we decided on a survey of the River Ouse flood-plain, which we thought sounded imposing enough. We took a tub pair from the boat house every day for a week and I taught him how to row. 'Three men in a boat' became two, as we picnicked at Cardington Mill or near the Slipe in Queen's Park, enjoying the occasional swim. I don't remember having to hand in any project though.

We went our separate ways for National Service, he into the RAF regiment and I joined R C Tomkins in the 1st Bedfords in Egypt. Jerry was envious that I was able to take a flight in a two seat Meteor jet fighter at the invitation at the local RAF station at Isrnollo, while all of his flights used propellers.

At Cambridge he made my rooms in New Court his second home and the next year, his room in the Hostel did the same for me. He always maintained that his interest in classical music came about because of the 'brainwashing' he received from my record player. Two years after leaving university he was my best man and a few

months later, I was his. I forgave him for spending his teaching career at 'the other place'. I moved to Australia but on our trips back to UK it was always easy to pick up where we had left off and continue our friendship.

I am so glad that I was able to meet him in May 2015 on Bedford Regatta weekend. He brushed aside my concerns about his health as 'just a bit of bronchitis, Mont'.

RIP old friend.

RICHARD VINCENT OSBORNE (1956) died on 29 September 2015. The following obituary has been sent in by his son Dean:

At the Deep River and District Hospital (Ontario) on Tuesday 29 September 2015, Richard Osborne of Deep River died at the age of 79 years, beloved husband of Nancy Osborne (née Farnsworth), loving father of Dean and his wife Cindy of Epsom, John and his wife Frances of Deep River, and Adrian and his wife Kate of Carleton Place, and cherished grandfather of Richard, Christopher, James, Nicholas, Benjamin, Sydney and Jesse Osborne. He is also survived by his sister Janet Williams and her late husband Gareth of Princeton, New Jersey.

Richard was born in Chapel-en-le-Firth, Derbyshire, where he met his wife Nancy of 56 years. He was educated at Cambridge and London universities, receiving his PhD in biophysics from London University in 1962. He and Nancy emigrated to Canada in 1963, where he joined Atomic Energy Canada Limited (AECL) at Chalk River and raised their family in Deep River.

Richard's extensive professional life began at AECL as a research officer in the health physics branch. His work included the invention of a hand-held tritium monitoring device, which was patented by AECL in 1976 and was used world-wide for several decades. He was appointed manager of the environmental research branch at CRL in 1981. From 1991 to 1994 he had responsibility for all occupational safety and health protection programmes in AECL Research, in addition to responsibility for directing the research programme in health sciences. From 1994 until he retired from AECL in 1998 he directed the AECL research programmes in radiation biology, health physics and environmental research. In 1999 he founded and was president of Ranasara Consultants Inc, working in the general area of radiological protection.

He was awarded the Elda E Anderson Award of the Health Physics Society in 1975, the only non-American ever to receive this award. He served as a member of the Society's board of directors from 1976 to 1979, was the Society's G William Morgan Lecturer in 1992, the Robert S Landauer Lecturer in 2004, and was elected a fellow of the Society in 2005. He founded and was first president of the Canadian Radiation Protection Association in 1979 and was awarded a life membership in 2008. He was vice-president of the International Radiation Protection Association (ICRP) from 1992 to 1996.

Richard served on Committee 4 of the ICRP from 1980 to 1993 and from 1997 to 2001, when he was its vice-chairman. In 1989, he chaired the ICRP task group on radon in buildings and from 1997 to 2001 he chaired the ICRP working party on controllable doses. He has worked with committees and advisory groups of the Nuclear Energy Agency (OECD) in Paris, the NCRP in the USA, the International Atomic Energy Authority (IAEA) (including the radiation safety standards advisory committee), and various Canadian agencies, including the advisory committee on radiological protection of the Canadian Nuclear Safety Commission. He was a member of the US National Research Council's committee on radiological safety in the Marshall Islands. He was the Canadian representative to the United Nations scientific committee on the effects of atomic radiation (UNSCEAR) in 1996 and 1997, and in 1997 was the task leader for tritium safety and environmental effects for the IEA, implementing an agreement on environmental, safety and economic aspects of fusion power.

In 2012, Richard was awarded the highly regarded Sievert Award for his outstanding contributions in the field of radiation protection. The award is made in honour of Rolf M Sievert, a pioneer in radiation physics and radiation protection and is awarded once every four years. Richard is the only person to have been awarded both the Elda E Anderson and Sievert awards.

Richard also enjoyed a full life with his family and in the local community. The earlier years were filled with hosting visits from the English 'rellies' and many family camping outings, including trips to both the east and west coasts of Canada. He spent many hours supporting and participating with his sons in their sporting, musical and academic activities, his legendary physics and maths tutoring sessions even recently enjoyed by the next generation.

Over the years, he spent time with the cricket club, the Deep River yacht and tennis club, the squash club, the Deep River Planning Board, the Mount Martin ski club, the lawn bowling club, and the Deep River public library.

Until the last few years, both he and wife Nancy enjoyed their retirement years, spending time with their seven grandchildren and travelling regularly to warmer climates during the winter months. Most recently his time and energy was focused on tirelessly caring for his beloved wife and fighting his own battle with cancer.

He will be greatly missed by all.

PHILIP GRAEME CHRISTOPHER KETCHUM (1957) died on 13 September 2015.

The following obituary was placed in the *Edmonton Journal*:

It is with deep sadness that we have said a final goodbye to our beloved husband, father and grandfather, Philip Graeme Christopher Ketchum, who went home to his Lord and saviour Jesus Christ on 13 September 2015. His family and friends mourn the loss of a kind, generous and beautiful man, who bettered the lives of all he encountered.

Philip Ketchum, affectionately referred to as 'Cricky' by his family members, was born near Boston, Massachusetts. His childhood years were spent in Port Hope, ON, where his father was headmaster of Trinity College School, and at a log cabin in Nares Inlet on the Georgian Bay, where summers spent paddling, sailing and reef-jumping with his five siblings instilled a love of wildness adventuring that he nurtured and shared throughout his life. From TCS, Philip attended Trinity College at the University of Toronto, where he studied English and philosophy. Invited to teach literature at the prestigious Choate School in Connecticut, he did so for two years, before taking up a scholarship to Cambridge University to read law at Emmanuel College. While there, he captained the ice hockey team to wins and adventures throughout Europe and met his lovely English bride Patricia Connell.

Before marrying Paddy in 1962, Philip returned to Canada and moved west to begin practising law with Milner Steer in Edmonton. Philip's subsequent career included busy years in private practice with Crockett, Hattersley & Ketchum, followed by a long stint with the Federal Department of Justice (including time spent drafting constitutional law in Ottawa in the mid-1970s). In 1979 he was appointed Queen's Counsel, and in 1984 he was called to the bench, where he served as a judge of the Provincial Court of Alberta until his retirement in 2002. He was a passionate advocate for the independence of the judiciary, and was known by his colleagues as being thoughtful, methodical and fair. By the time he retired at the age 70 he had written many well-reasoned, precedent-setting judgments.

Philip gave of himself generously. He mentored young lawyers and taught classes at the University of Alberta, and was active for years as secretary of the Edmonton Bar Association's Needy Litigants Society and chair of the civil liberties section of the Canadian Bar Association. He was the co-founder and chairman of the Judy Hill Memorial Fund, an organisation dedicated to sending qualified nurses to

communities in the high Arctic. His faith in Christ compelled him to advocate for the protection of the unborn, as well as to participate in all areas of civic life, sharing with others his keen intellect, abiding commitment to justice, support of education and devotion to family.

Most of all, Philip will be remembered as a faithful husband and loving father. He and Paddy raised five children in Edmonton and were long-time members of St Paul's Anglican Church. As lovers of the outdoors and keen cross-country skiers, they led many young adult ski trips into the back-country of the Alberta Rockies, and their house and tobogganing hill in the river valley was a place of welcome to all. Always adventurous and pioneering, Philip and Paddy built a log cabin on a remote lake in BC in the 1960s, where they spent time every summer 'off the grid' listening to the call of the loon and enjoying time with their family, friends and Creator.

Philip will be missed by many, but most especially by his wife (of 53 years) Paddy, who faithfully cared for him through the challenges of alzheimer's, his children Alisa Ketchum Walker (Edmonton), Kate Tisdalle (New York City), Jonathan Ketchum (Calgary), Susannah Ketchum Glass (Boston) and Amelia Jensen (Red Deer), and his much loved grandchildren, Geneviève, Emily, Philip, Sarah, Isobel, Adam, Jack, Justin, Thea, Henry and Matilda.

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JOHN ELIAS ROBERTS (1958) died on 3 August 2015. Bernard Kay has sent the following obituary written by Sergio Doplicher:

John Elias Roberts was born in New Malden, England, on 20 November 1939; his father was English, his mother of Austrian origins.

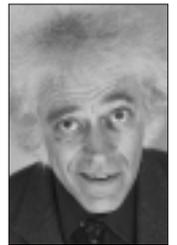
He studied mathematics at Cambridge University, where he got his PhD in 1965, with Richard J Eden as the first adviser, the second one being Res Jost from ETH, Zurich, where John spent the year 1963–64 during his PhD studies.

The inclination of John to pure mathematics in his research in mathematical physics was a constant trend of his life; the first example being his rigorous formulation, in terms of 'nested Hilbert spaces', of the Dirac bra-ket formalism for the description of the Hilbert space based on a complete set of compatible observables with continuous spectrum.

This mathematical attitude gave its rich and full fruits when he joined Rudolf Haag and Sergio Doplicher in a research project on the description and the structure of the collection of superselection sectors in the algebraic formulation of quantum field theory, based on C^* algebras generated by local observables. That collaboration started in July 1968, when Sergio Doplicher visited the University of Hamburg, where John held a post-doc position in the group of Rudolf Haag. It went on with increasing speed, despite numerous discussions on terminology, where John insisted it should be chosen in a way familiar to mathematicians. In particular, this was the case for category theory which, superficially, did not seem to add much to the physical concepts developed until then. Needless to say, he was quite right. His mathematical inclination and neat way of formulating and handling problems were both essential to the whole project. It went on till 1973, with the accomplishment of the last joint paper of the series, later called *DHR*, which appeared in 1974.

But his quest for mathematical elegance and insight did not stop; he elaborated the concept of Hilbert spaces in von Neumann algebras, recognising that structure in the entities met in von Neumann algebras of field operators in the *DHR* papers; those entities provided examples of Cuntz algebras, which later became an important ingredient in the further development of the theory.

After his employment at the University of Hamburg, he spent some years at the Centre for Theoretical Physics, University of Marseilles-Luminy and at the CNRS, Marseilles, and was appointed as a full professor at the University of Osnabrück in



1977. During that time he developed a version of the structure theory of superselection sectors in terms of local cohomology and worked on an extension of his novel framework for the structural analysis of local gauge theories.

He also continued to meet regularly his former collaborators at conferences or on the occasion of shorter visits. Motivated by the study of local aspects of superselection rules developed in those years, in a visit of John to Rome in 1982 attention turned again to a missing last step in the previous *DHR* research, namely the intrinsic reconstruction of the field algebra and the global gauge group from the local observables. It became clear that Cuntz algebras were the right tool to tackle this problem. It laid the basis for a programme which came to completion with two mathematics papers, published in 1989, on abstract compact group duality and on actions of duals of compact groups on C^* algebras, and an ensuing physics paper in 1990 on the reconstruction of the global gauge group and of the field algebra from the local observables. That was the triumph of John's far-reaching sight that tensor categories were essential and categorists immediately took notice of these results.

In 1992 John was appointed as a full professor at the University of Rome II, Tor Vergata. His collaborations with the Rome group became more intense; initially with Sergio Doplicher and Claudia Pinzari, notably on quantum groups, but then also with Roberto Longo and other young members of the group, in particular on the sector structure in curved spacetimes.

Roberto Longo had realised an intimate relation between Jones' subfactor theory and the *DHR* sector theory, specifically between the Jones index and the statistical dimension. The interaction with John Roberts in Tor Vergata naturally led to the set up of a general theory of dimension for tensor categories, that extended the Doplicher-Roberts definition of the dimension for compact group dual objects.

During the years in Tor Vergata, John Roberts had two PhD students, Giuseppe Ruzzi and Fabio Ciolli. He collaborated with them on aspects of the local cohomology theory that he had introduced and investigated much earlier, and which is still being studied by Ruzzi and Ciolli among others.

In 2002, John received the Alexander von Humboldt Research Award, which gave him the opportunity for an extended stay at the University of Göttingen. There he continued discussions with Detlev Buchholz on the sector structure of theories with long-range forces which were not covered by the *DHR* analysis and therefore were always in the back of his mind. He had worked on this topic before with Sergio Doplicher, Giovanni Morchio and Franco Strocchi and the insights gained were put on record in several publications. But the central problem of a thorough extension of the *DHR* analysis to theories such as quantum electrodynamics remained.

In the autumn of 2012 John retired from the University of Rome II, having reached the age limit; and in 2013 he moved to Göttingen. Shortly after his arrival in Göttingen, a breakthrough in the solution of the sector problem in theories with massless particles was reached in cooperation with Detlev. The novel ingredient in this approach was the insight that the arrow of time has to be incorporated into the description of the state space of these theories by considering partial states corresponding to the restrictions of global states to the observables in future light cones. The von Neumann algebras generated by observables in any such cone are known to be of type III₁ in the presence of massless particles. Based on this input and the Connes-Størmer transitivity theorem, John and Detlev were able to establish a complete analysis of the simple sectors in these theories, related to a global abelian gauge group. This conclusive work appeared in 2014; it happened to be the last paper by John.

Unfortunately, in past years John's health was getting worse and worse; in the summer he also fell and broke his leg. An operation was necessary, but severe complications following it were fatal to him. He passed away on 3 August 2015.

He left his wife Dürten and three children, Mark, Linda and Jenny. He also left many friends who will never forget him: his elegance in mathematics; his precious use of language; his culture and taste for music, both in listening and singing himself in classical music choirs; and his conversation, which was never imposing itself, but almost emerging out of shyness with witty comments and revealing statements. Having to miss him is a terrible loss.

NEIL AFRED GEORGE HARRISON (1959) died on 19 October 2014. We have received the following obituary from Richard Greenwood (1960):

Born 12 October, 1940

Emmanuel College, Cambridge 1959–62

Production manager, ICI, Grangemouth

Lecturer in quality management at Stirling University

Married to Jenny for 50 years

Father to Sally, Vanessa and Katie

Grandfather to Anna, Tara, Zoe, Indi, Harri, Ben, Annie and Daniel

All-round games player, bridge expert and budgerigar fancier

There you have it, the bare outline of a life exceptionally well lived, but wait, there is so much more to help us paint a fuller picture of this remarkable man.

I first met Neil at Merchant Taylors' School, Crosby, in the 1950s where we played together in the first eleven and first fifteen. The contrast in Neil's approach to the two sports was startling. Obdurate as a batsman, he set himself up to resist whatever the bowlers could offer and defied them to get him out. Run-scoring was an optional extra as he wore the bowlers down. All they could see as they ran up to bowl was the peak of his cap meeting the top of his left pad and his resolutely straight bat.

His approach to rugby, though, was the exact opposite. He was an exciting, make-it-happen player; gifted, quick-witted, tactically astute and a wonderful distributor of the ball. His skill as a passing fly-half was a great enabling factor, freeing the rest of us to exploit the space he had created. Our finest hour was winning the inter-college rugby sevens in 1963. Captained by David Storey, we played outstanding, fluent rugby and derived great satisfaction from beating Christ's in extra time in the final.

At Emmanuel Neil played rugby and rowed in the rugby boat. He was lighter than the cox, but swore that it gave him the great advantage of the best power-to-weight ratio in the boat.

As the senior man, he was especially kind to me in my early months at Emmanuel. He nursed me along, with helpful introductions to all the right people: to Jim Wyness, the Emma rugby captain, to John Collier, our all-time favourite don and, of course, with David Storey, to the Bun Shop.

It was at Emmanuel that his passion for bridge was ignited. His first partner was Eddie George, who went on to become almost as successful as Neil (at bridge that is). Having enjoyed his time in Cambridge so much, it was a long-held ambition of his that one of his grandchildren would follow in his footsteps. He was thrilled when granddaughter Tara took her place at Churchill College, and even more thrilled when she went on to win a netball Blue.

It is unclear how or why he developed his interest in budgerigars, but in his youth he kept George (who later turned out to be Georgina) and Flanagan, a particular favourite and regular trophy winner.

Neil married Jenny, his childhood sweetheart, on 1 August 1964. Jenny knew he was keen when Neil persuaded John Marsh to take him all the way to Devon on the back of his Vespa to see her, just in case she was enjoying her holiday job too much without him. After a spell in Cardiff working for the Coal Board and playing rugby for Glamorgan Wanderers, they moved to England and then on to Scotland, where Neil took up a position as a production manager for ICI in Grangemouth.

They made their home in Edinburgh with their three girls, Sally, Vanessa and Katie, right next to the local tennis club. Cue Neil as life-long tennis player, club president, tournament organiser and expert at playing his entire career running round his backhand. His regular partner recalls that 'Neil had a remarkable ability to get *every* ball back, and I mean *every* ball, so the rallies went on forever'. Shades of his Boycott-like approach to cricket. All the family loved tennis and he was mightily proud of youngest daughter Katie, who made it onto the competitive tennis circuit.

Neil, the family man, has been an inspiring influence, first on his three daughters, and then on his eight grandchildren. He introduced his daughters to skiing and ski racing and, latterly, could be seen trying to keep up with his grandchildren on the ski slopes of Europe. He played golf with his girls and defied convention to become, with Vanessa, the first father-and-daughter to win the traditional father-and-son tournament at their local golf club.

Jenny and Neil both worked hard and were able to retire at the young age of 52, which enabled them to indulge their passion for travel, to Australia and New Zealand, Norway, Madeira, Costa Rica and Crete, with a memorable visit to India then Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos. Walking was their preferred mode of transport and on one trip to Petra, Neil and Jenny became separated as they explored a spectacular gorge. Neil's solution was to hire a camel (well you would, wouldn't you) and set off in search of his missing lady, with the extra elevation producing the desired result in no time.

We live in a competitive world, but if you know anyone with a greater competitive instinct than Neil, I would like to meet them. This instinct stood him in great stead throughout his battle with cancer since he had his stomach removed in 2010. His power of positive thinking banished all traces of self-pity and his stoicism helped him rise above the difficulties of his condition. He practised mind control and enjoyed four action-packed years after his operation: to meet him during that period was to marvel at his composure, his charm and the sheer conviviality of his company.

Let us celebrate the fullness and the excellence of the life of this gifted all-round sportsman, competitor, traveller, loving husband, father and grandfather, and be thankful to have had the privilege of being part of it.

JOHN DAVID MARSH (1959) died on 5 January 2016. We have received the following obituary by Richard Greenwood (1960):

John Marsh represented all that was best in our Emmanuel fraternity. He was a tireless worker for all things Emmanuel, author of *The Lion Rampant* and *The Lion Triumphant*, multiple reunion organiser, steadfast supporter of each and every one of us, inveterate communicator of interesting news, utterly genuine and the humblest of gentlemen.

John followed his father and grandfather to Emmanuel, matriculating in 1959 and graduating in 1962; he emerged with an MA in economics and law. This led him to a career, mainly in marketing in the Midlands with such well-known brands as Rugby Cement, Massey Ferguson and Dunlop Tyres.

He married Carol in 1964 and in 1974 they moved with their three sons, James, Andrew and William, to Camborne, where John took up the post of marketing manager with ComPair. The marriage was dissolved in 1980.

John and Mary were married in 1983 and the family grew to include Mary's two daughters, Karen and Jacqui, and further expanded with grandchildren Sam, Eliza, Martha, Poppy, Daisy, Charlie and Ella, plus step-grandchildren Rebecca, Thomas, Jack and Michael. He was immensely proud of each and every one of them, relishing his role as doyen of the family.

John changed tack in 1983 and moved into further education, lecturing and teaching respectively at Lowestoft College of Further Education, Frome College, North Devon College of Further Education, Shebbear College and Plymouth College of

Further Education until 1993. Subsequently, he taught part-time in 13 colleges in both Devon and Cornwall until his retirement in 2005.

His additional personal educational achievements were outstanding: a PGCE in business studies in 1982–83 at Wolverhampton Poly, member of the Institute of Management in 1990, along with membership of the Institute of Marketing, and then an A grade in A-level business studies in 1993.

Not only an academic, John was also an expert in the produce of the vine, with a diploma in wine appreciation, on which he lectured at Lowestoft, Frome, Newquay and Penryn from 1982 to 2009. With such an extensive and eclectic mix of talents and achievements, John must rank as the most qualified individual of our entire acquaintance!

In between all that, he managed to find time to work raising funds for Children's Hospice South West, organising Gilbert & Sullivan concerts, sports' memorabilia auctions and wine events.

John was passionate about rugby. Between 1959 and 1975 he played in the back row for 16 different clubs, including Rugby Lions, Headingley, Blackheath and Redruth at the very top level of the English game. He also coached the game between 1982 and 1993.

He played rugby and cricket at Emmanuel, sprinted for the Athletics Club and rowed in the rugby boat. I quote, 'I represented the College at athletics, cricket, rugby and rowing without any distinction'. Typically modest, but don't I recall Baron de Coubertin saying something about taking part being the most important bit? He was also a real sports fan, typified by his travelling by Lambretta all the way to Rome for the 1960 Olympics, with Andrew Ransford riding shotgun all the way there and all the way back.

In acknowledgement of his sporting debt to the College he set about the task of writing the history of rugby at Emmanuel, *The Lion Rampant*. A magnus opus if ever there was one and a testament to John's painstaking research and attention to detail. It stands, a well-thumbed volume, on my bookshelves as I write. Standing beside it is his other great work, published in 2006, *The Lion Triumphant*, a history of the Emmanuel Athletics Club from 1855 to 2005.

Another of his renowned achievements was to run a series of sporting reunion dinners at the College, with his rugby friends first in the queue to subscribe. He was the glue that bound us all together and the occasions were wonderful affairs of good will, nostalgia and amazement at the exceptional progress made by the College since our time: the magnificent new Library, a range of imposing new buildings, major refurbishment of student living accommodation, top of the Cambridge academic tree and lady undergraduates. The absolute opposite of 'plus ça change, plus c'est la meme chose!'

We were all delighted that we were able to return the compliment to John and have him as our guest of honour at a reunion dinner in April 2013: a joyous occasion, indeed, and a fitting thank you to our great friend.

His debilitating illness was only too apparent at the dinner and, as Nick Swarbrick later remarked, John was a man, 'who loved his College, bravely endured his incapacity and brought a smile wherever he went'. He was greatly assisted in his battle by the loving care, support and attention unconditionally bestowed upon him by Mary, his wife of 32 years, whose selflessness stands as an example to us all.

John, we thank you for all you have done for us, we salute you for your achievements, we admire your modesty and charm, and we acknowledge that our lives have been made the richer for having known you: you are our all-time favourite Emmanuel man.

CHRISTOPHER HENRY SPORBORG (1959) died on 2 January 2015, as reported in last year's *Magazine*. The following obituary was published in the *The Daily Telegraph*:

Christopher Sporborg, who has died aged 75, was an entrepreneurial merchant banker who created the Countrywide estate agency chain, and a racehorse owner who was much involved in racecourse management on behalf of the Jockey Club.

Sporborg was a senior executive of Hambros Bank in 1985 when he conceived the idea of creating a nation-wide home-selling business with a mortgage and life insurance arm attached. Hambros proceeded to acquire two established firms, Bairstow Eves and Mann & Co, to create Hambro Countrywide, which was listed on the London stock exchange; its subsidiary Hambro Assured became a leading life insurance broker.

The group grew by the addition of 300 Nationwide offices bought for £1 in the property slump of 1994, and of well-known high street names such as John D Wood, Faron Sutaria, and part of Bradford & Bingley. At its peak Countrywide was Britain's largest group of its kind, encompassing 27 estate agency brands with 1200 offices.

By 2007, however, Sporborg believed the business was undervalued by the stock market and determined to take it private again. A management buy-out backed by the private equity group 3i was favoured by Sporborg, but not by some of his institutional investors, and it was topped by an offer of more than £1 billion from Apollo, a US investment firm.

Though it was not the outcome he had looked for, Sporborg retired from the chairmanship of Countrywide with the satisfaction that the sale price exceeded the highest market value ever attributed to Hambros itself, prior to the bank's break-up in the late 1990s. A Countrywide colleague said of Sporborg that behind a soft-spoken, elegant manner, 'he was made of steel'.

Sporborg's passionate engagement with racing began in his youth as an amateur jockey: on his racecourse debut he finished ahead of the great Fred Winter. As an owner he kept horses in training with David Ringer at Newmarket, but in later years he trained his own point-to-pointers, saddling more than 160 winners, though he took it as a bad omen that Neverbepooragain came third for him at Higham in Suffolk at the height of the tussle over the Countrywide sale.

He had been elected a member of the Jockey Club in 1982 and took a hand in many business aspects of the sport, including the setting up of SIS, the broadcaster to the betting industry, and the club's acquisition of United Racecourses, owner of Epsom, Kempton Park and Sandown.

He was chairman of United Racecourses and later of Racecourse Holdings Trust, through which the club owned some 15 courses, and was never shy of a fight with other powerful interests when necessary. In 2001 he gave vigorous support to a contract between all 59 British courses and Go Racing, a broadcasting consortium including Channel 4 and BSkyB, which displeased leading owners and trainers, including grandees such as Henry Cecil and Sir Michael Stoute, who were surprised to find themselves collectively dismissed by Sporborg as a 'lunatic fringe'.

Christopher Henry Sporborg was born in Rugby on 17 April 1939 and brought up in Hertfordshire. The Sporborgs, probably Bavarian in origin, had emigrated to America in the early nineteenth century. Christopher's grandfather was an engineer who came over to work on the building of the London Underground; his father Harry was a City lawyer who became vice-chief of SOE during the war, working alongside Sir Charles Hambro, and was afterwards a long-serving director of Hambros Bank.

Christopher was educated at Rugby School, and did National Service as a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards before going up to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to read economics, in which he shared tutorials with the future Bank of England governor Eddie George but did not warm to the subject; instead he switched to law.

After a brief stint in a solicitor's office, Christopher joined Hambros in 1962 and soon made his name as an up-and-coming corporate financier. In 1968 both Sporborgs, father and son, acted for the Carr family, majority owners of the *News of the World*, in

defence against a bid from Robert Maxwell supported by dissident shareholders. Rupert Murdoch was introduced from Australia as a favoured alternative, and at the gladiatorial shareholders' meeting at the Connaught Rooms on 2 January 1969 that secured for Murdoch his first British newspaper title, it was Christopher's task to supply the ailing chairman Sir William Carr with scribbled answers to questions from the floor.

Christopher Sporborg became a director of Hambros in 1970; he went on to act for blue-chip clients such as the P&O shipping company, and for Hong Kong Bank in its thwarted 1981 bid for Royal Bank of Scotland. He was head of corporate finance before becoming deputy chairman and head of investment from 1983 to 1995, running the bank in tandem with his good friend (Sir) Chips Keswick under the chairmanship of Lord Hambro.

In later years Sporborg was chairman of Chesnara, the demerged life and pensions arm of Countrywide, and deputy chairman of the insurance broker CE Heath. He was also a director of Getty Images, the stock photo agency in which Hambros had been a start-up investor, and a trustee and fund-raiser for several medical charities.

Beside his involvements on the Turf, Sporborg loved hunting. He was master of the Puckeridge for 25 years, a keen rider in team chase events, and by one account 'a surprisingly good huntsman given that he only saw the hounds at weekends ... feared by foxes throughout the Puckeridge country'. He also enjoyed skiing and shooting, supported Arsenal, and was described as a 'swashbuckling' bridge player.

He was appointed CBE in 2001.

Christopher Sporborg married, in 1961, Cindy Hanbury, who died in 2010; he is survived by their two sons and two daughters.

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DAVID LARS WINTHER (1959) died on 12 June 2015, as mentioned in last year's *Magazine*. The following obituary has been sent in by his brother, John:

David died on 12 June 2015 aged 75 years. He was born on 7 November 1939 in Oxted, Surrey a couple of months after the outbreak of the Second World War. He was aged under three when evacuated to the safety of Yorkshire with his elder brother. He returned south in 1944 to a house taken by his parents in Fleet, Hampshire. Here he first went to St Nicholas School and on to prep school at Frilsham House at Yattendon near Newbury. There he gained a senior foundation scholarship to Charterhouse. Here his academic ability continued to develop rapidly, becoming a GEC scholar, sponsored by the electrical giant.

He became head of his house and enjoyed his sport, captaining the school's soccer third eleven, no mean achievement at Charterhouse, which prides itself on prowess in that sport.

Leaving Charterhouse he joined GEC as a trainee at Coventry as part of his compact with the electrical company for a year before coming up to Emmanuel in 1959 as a G G Hooper Exhibitioner, and became a senior scholar for 1961-62. He graduated in 1962 in mechanical sciences with a first-class honours degree and in his third year read mathematics, but sadly his time in Cambridge was curtailed by illness.

Fully recovered he decided not to follow a career with GEC in industry but returned to Charterhouse to try his hand at teaching. It was back at his old school that he discovered he had a talent for the craft of schoolmaster but thought he could mould and direct the talents of the young more effectively if teaching them earlier before they arrived at public school age.

He briefly joined the staff at a secondary modern school in Farnborough in Hampshire before re-joining the private sector as an assistant master at Sandle Manor preparatory school in Fordingbridge in Hampshire for a number of years before moving to his final school, the larger renowned Horris Hill at Newbury.

David remained here for 35 years, rising to be senior master and devotedly teaching mathematics and science to generations of boys. He also became housemaster of two different houses at Horris Hill at separate periods.

He ran the school's second cricket eleven as well as the golf for some 25 years. Loving music, he took up the viola to play in the school orchestra. A former colleague said of him, 'David was an excellent maths teacher, methodical, patient and generous with his time. But he was not just the teacher; he was a true "schoolmaster"'. The cricket, the golf, the house, the music, the common room were all of huge importance to him.'

David never married; his life became dedicated to the school he so loved. Many of those he taught later rose to become successful in their own fields and when returning to Horris Hill would seek him out to express their gratitude for the role he had played in their formative years, a number asking him to coach their sons privately.

In retirement he moved to live near his sister Janie at Weston near Newbury, where he much enjoyed his bridge and golf. Indeed the last few days before his death he had invigilated exams back at his beloved Horris Hill, had played, he stated, his best 18 holes for years and ultimately collapsed with bridge cards in his hands amongst old friends. A fine end for a truly lovely man who gave of himself so much to so many.

KENNETH WILLIAM ALLEN (1960) died on 26 December 2015. We have received the following obituary from his family:

Ken was born on 9 January 1941 in Chesterfield and spent his childhood in Dronfield. He passed the 11-plus exam, which enabled him to attend Dronfield Henry Fanshawe School, where he eventually became head boy.

He came up to Emmanuel in 1960 and gained his natural science tripos BA in 1963 (becoming MA in 1967). He then entered Sheffield Medical School and was awarded his MB ChB in 1966. He continued his medical education at Sheffield Children's Hospital, Leicester Royal Infirmary and Sheffield Royal Infirmary, where he did obstetrics. He gained the DObst in 1969. He had developed an interest in public health medicine and began his career as a trainee at Trent Regional Health Authority, working under the Medical Officer of Health for Sheffield in schools and local authority clinics. In 1972 he gained his diploma in public health from Manchester University.

In 1973 he was given the post of District Medical Officer for Bassetlaw Health Authority. He found working within the community very satisfying and he remained there until 1990. In 1987 he was awarded a diploma in business administration again from Manchester University and in 1989 he was made a member of the Faculty of Public Health.

In 1990 he returned to work in the Trent Regional with the title of Regional Epidemiologist/Consultant in Communicable Disease Control. He was involved in the coordination and regularisation of multi-disciplinary teams within the various districts, as they then were. As a chair of committees his unbiased judgement and calming influence were greatly appreciated and respected by all. In 1990 he became an honorary lecturer in public health medicine at Sheffield Medical School and in 1995 he was made a fellow of the Faculty of Public Health.

In 1994, following yet another reorganisation of the Public Health Service, Ken joined the Doncaster and Barnsley Health Authority, where he worked until his retirement. In 1996 with the introduction of EEC regulations he was put on the specialist register for communicable diseases. The recognition of AIDS and HIV brought a new area of concern to his responsibilities. He was involved in tracing the contacts in a particular case that attracted the attention of the national press. This case improved awareness in the general public of the risks HIV presents to the heterosexual community.

During his career he was joint author of a number of articles published in the *Journal of Public Health*. He was a member of the John Snow Society and until his retirement he was the out-of-London representative; there were three representatives for

London! This meant that all enquiries from the rest of the UK and abroad came to him. This increased when he instigated the production of small, silver badges depicting the Broad Street pump, resulting in orders from home and abroad. He attended two conferences at the Center for Disease Control and Prevention in Atlanta and had to load up his case with the badges in response to requests. John Snow seems to have a bigger following in the USA than in the UK.

He retired in 2005, which gave him the opportunity to concentrate on his many non-medical interests. Even so he was invited to take a trip to Rwanda to advise the charity Engalynx on the building of a small maternity unit. He did this on a self-funded basis and the unit is now open providing basic care for women who had previously had none. Nevertheless his other interests have dominated his later years. He had become interested in archaeology, both pre-history and industrial, which he studied at Castle College and Sheffield University. He was currently making a study of mining in Derbyshire, a life-long interest inspired by his father's life as a pit deputy.

His archaeological studies led to his becoming a founder member of Friends of Wincobank Hill and he campaigned to protect and promote interest in this site of a little known and appreciated hill fort overlooking the Don valley. He and his wife visited similar hill forts in Cardiff and Aberdeen as part of a joint project between the universities of Sheffield, Cardiff and Aberdeen entitled 'On shared ground'. They had always shared an interest in ancient sites and had visited them abroad and at home, particularly in West Penwith, Cornwall and the Burren, County Clare in Ireland. They had rented the same small cottage in Marazion, Cornwall for at least one holiday a year for nearly 30 years. Ken and their two sons, Stephen and Daniel, had enjoyed sailing his small motor boat in Mount's Bay, sometimes fishing, sometimes catching fish. Recently Ken and his wife had spent holidays each May in the Burren, which proliferates in stone-age burial chambers and hill forts.

In 1999 the cottage in Cornwall lay in the path of totality of a solar eclipse at exactly the time of their annual holiday, but on the day the sky was overcast and the sun was covered in cloud. Not to be thwarted, Ken determined to experience an eclipse and made trips to the middle of the Sahara and subsequently to China. In both instances he was not disappointed.

Ken had jogged and run all his life, long before it became fashionable. He ran in Cambridge round Parker's Piece, in Dronfield and in Ecclesall woods. He ran half-marathons in Sheffield, in the Great North Run, in a prediction race in Atlanta in 1995 and in half-marathons up and down the hills in the Burren. They were the toughest apparently.

He had an allotment for 30-odd years and this, along with running, studying archaeology, volunteer work as a friend of Millhouses Park and Friend of Wincobank Hill and membership of North East Derbyshire Industrial Society (NEDIAS), Ken was kept active to the last. The day after he died a friend rang to ask him if he was free to help her finish taking photos of old gravestones in Sheffield General Cemetery as he had done the previous fortnight. His wide knowledge, lively interest, generous nature and, not least, great sense of humour, were qualities that colleagues and friends remember.

Ken met his wife, Hilary, at Chesterfield Young Socialists, where they were active members and they marched with CND at Aldermaston. They celebrated their golden wedding in 2015 at a private showing of the Billy Wilder film *Some Like it Hot* with family and friends. They have three teenage grandchildren, Helen, Oscar and Pernille.

Ken died unexpectedly on Boxing Day 2015 after spending a happy Christmas at home with his family.

JOHN GAVIN BASTERFIELD (1960) died on 17 September 2014. We have received the following obituary from his friend Chris Wood (1960):

I remember long walks with John and Peter Walker. We used to walk abreast with Peter in the middle. Peter was a head shorter than John and me, so we could talk (physically) over his head. I, as an exhibitioner, was privileged to keep company with these two major scholars, particularly as they always got firsts. Perhaps my four-times chess Half Blue entitled me to consider myself almost on a par intellectually. I do remember solving a problem for *New Scientist* faster than my friends: how should a swimmer escape from the middle of a circular pool, when a runner is trying to intercept him on the bank? What speed ratio just lets him escape?

I do not remember John playing chess or cricket at College (and I played plenty), but he was generally ready to try anything. I expect we talked about the films of Hitchcock, Kubrick, Bergman, Fellini and even Kurosawa, as well as books by Nabokov, Salinger, Kerouac and Tolkien.

In my mind's eye, I can still see John's boyish face, lit up by good nature and intelligence. It surprised me that he took a while to get his doctorate. But I guess he was doing other things. At College meals, most of us 1960 mathematicians sat together and talked about maths, much to the disgust of people reading less exciting subjects. Was it here, or on our walks that I heard about mathematical tidbits like Marlow's Marvel, the hairy balls theorem, the axiom of choice, or the formula for the area of a triangle given the side lengths?

After Part III maths, I turned to the computing diploma, and John came to our lectures too. After a few weeks, a lecturer remarked that there were only two clever people attending, and one of them (yes, John) was just attending in his spare time! I think the other was Hadley Hatfield, best known as a bell-ringer.

John Larmouth, another 1960 exhibitioner, had taken the computing diploma a year earlier, which gave me the idea. He stayed on at the maths lab, became well respected there, and soon became a professor. But I might have had more fun developing operating systems.

John and I were good swimmers and punters. I remember once we were punting behind King's, when a rather clumsy punter near us fell in and failed to resurface. One of the girls in his punt called out 'he can't swim!' The two of us jumped in, but I first took off my watch. I wondered what my conscience would do to me if the young man drowned. The water was, of course, completely opaque, with mud stirred up by punt poles. Together we two quickly found him lying on the river bed, brought him up and pushed him onto his punt. He was none the worse. I was not seriously worried about my conscience, feeling sure that John could rescue him without my help. Perhaps it was just a jape, but it is hard to lie on the bottom with lungs full of air.

NICHOLAS GUY HENSHALL (1964) died on 16 September 2015. The following obituary has been sent in by Stephen Lamley (1964):

Nick Henshall was a gifted historian, with wide intellectual and cultural interests, and a good friend. He was devoted to his old school as well as Emmanuel, and it was no surprise when, after a couple of false starts, he went back to Stockport Grammar School, where he was eventually head of history and joint head of sixth form. He lived at home for the rest of his life, and had many friends and former pupils who esteemed him highly. Typical of the tributes after his death was this, from a former pupil and former Fellow of Emmanuel, David Armitage, who now holds a chair of history at Harvard:

'Nick was the kind of committed, charismatic, contrarian teacher everyone should have when they are young. As a ten-year-old, I had no idea how lucky I was. Indeed, I found Nick's energy and eloquence more than a little frightening and certainly hard to take in: his report on my first year briskly noted, "He works sensibly and carefully but is not very enterprising". That might have been enough to put anyone off history and to avoid "Mr Henshall" ever after. I stubbornly stuck with it and

returned to his classroom for my A-level. By then, I had a much better idea of Nick's talents. Thirty years of friendship only confirmed what an inspiration he was: resolute in discussion, endlessly curious and emphatically engaged until the cancer and the treatments that kept it at bay together took their toll.

The effort Nick expended on his pupils, inside and beyond the classroom, was all-consuming but must have had a cost. He retired very early in 1997 to pursue history through other channels, but with undimmed enthusiasm. He had already published one major synthetic work, *The Myth of Absolutism: Change and Continuity in Early Modern Monarchy* (1992), which spanned from Britain to Russia between the fifteenth and the nineteenth centuries. He was touchingly proud that his provocations stirred debate and that the book's pan-European sweep earned translations into German, Italian and Russian as well as a conference in Münster ferociously contesting its arguments: rare accolades for any historian but unique for a retired schoolteacher. He held a schoolmaster fellowship at St John's College, Cambridge while writing it and later became a fellow of the Royal Historical Society in recognition of his contributions to early modern history.

In retirement, Nick painstakingly, and somewhat painfully, wrote a sequel to his first book. *The Zenith of European Monarchy and its Elites: The Politics of Culture, 1650–1750* (2010) showcased his ever-expanding erudition and distilled generations of scholarship on the cultural politics of power and the political power of culture in a pivotal period. He also taught occasionally at the University of Manchester, wrote for *History Today* and edited *History Review*, its sibling magazine aimed squarely at sixth-formers. For many years, the highlight of his social calendar was the annual *History Today* awards party each January.

'Nick taught you how to think by showing you how to write. Grab the reader's attention. Keep sentences punchy. Avoid clichés like the plague (but never miss a good metaphor). Make every paragraph a miniature essay. And say what you mean even if you don't always mean what you say. In short, he passed on the classical art of rhetoric: after all, he taught at a fifteenth-century grammar school combined with the Augustan virtues of Pope and Johnson, liberally laced with caustic Humean scepticism and the wit of his great intellectual hero, Voltaire.'

His Emmanuel friends would add: Nick's was a vibrant personality, and his gift for communicating his many and varied enthusiasms, not to mention his infectious zest for life and his unflinching courtesy and kindness, will be sorely missed.

MICHAEL JULIAN FLAY (1968, died on 9 May 2016. Dr John Harvey writes:

Mike Flay came up to read English, with an exhibition, in 1968. He was among the first students I supervised at Emmanuel (I had come in 1967), and I hardly know whether I ever had a student with a more intense devotion to literature. I can still see the knit look with which he tested texts, as I hear him plead a point with a light West Country accent, in a voice which even then had begun to be gravelly. His tripos results were sprinkled with firsts, and he went on to do a PhD at Bristol, where he could investigate to the full his life-long double interest in D H Lawrence and Dostoevsky. That research led to numerous later essays, while he also wrote widely – on diverse authors, from Byron to Pynchon – for *Essays in Criticism* and other journals.

While working on the PhD, Mike had enjoyed teaching English as a foreign language at Bath, and he presently began a travelling career, teaching English in Finland, Germany, Iran, Switzerland, Tunisia: diverse locations that fascinated him deeply and which reappear vividly in the novels he later wrote. While in Lausanne he met Victoria Lerf and they married in 1987. After ten years in Finland – at Oulu then Vaasa – the young family returned to England, where Mike developed an expertise in teaching children with special needs. He participated in a Birmingham University research project, worked for a time in the pupil referral unit at Burton House in

Cheltenham, and finally took a permanent post as a senior lecturer in the education department of Derby University, where he ran the MA programme in special educational needs.

He had kept in touch. We met for lunch in College when he came up to Cambridge, and I know from our conversations the depth of interest he had in his work. He was always psychologically inquiring. His fiction shows a comparable penetration when he digs into the 'dark side' of a repressive Iranian father, a corrupt Swiss TV celebrity, or one or another English 'Establishment' type. He published two short story collections, *Foreign Lives* (1994) and *Closed Doors* (1999) then three novels, *The Watchers* (2009), *The Lord* (2012) and *The Persian Wedding* (2015), all issued by the independent imprint he set up, Polar Books. The novels are ambitious, idiosyncratic, sombre, touching abuses Mike had glimpsed abroad as at home. The turn of phrase can be startling but apt, as when he calls an artificial smile 'strange like buckled metal' (*The Watchers*). The perspective is broad, and Simon Lavery has praised Mike's depiction of 'the swaggering toxicity of power elites'. He had just completed a new novel when he died.

We lunched with Mike in our home, last January. He always wore his hair at seventeenth-century length and, being strongly built, looked perhaps like an affable John Bunyan. As ever he was energetic, generous, serious, humorous and passionate still about fiction. By mid-May he had died, of late-revealed oesophageal cancer. I still cannot reconcile the positive Mike of January with the sight, in June, of his grave in Prestbury churchyard. The place, though, is beautiful: from the shaded plot the eye rises to the sunlit slopes overhead of Cleeve Hill which, until so very recently, Mike would climb, up to the crest, sometimes more than once a week.

Mike is survived by Victoria and by their daughter Catherine, who graduated at Emmanuel, in English, in 2011.

MARTIN PETER DOOLAN (1968) died on 29 April 2015. The following obituary was written by his daughters Milly and Karen:

This photograph of our father, Martin Peter Doolan, drinking a very sweet mint tea on an ideally warm day, was taken in Fez in 2012. This was the second time he had visited Morocco; the first was soon after he had graduated from Cambridge in 1971 with a degree in English. We find it difficult to imagine him studying anything else. He was devoted to the written word throughout his life. During his time at Emmanuel College he wrote a children's book about a charming, curious little character called Mulberry who would 'pick dew-drops in the morning and felt bored on lazy days'. He read Mulberry to us when we were children. He was a skilful story reader, one of those who would read at a pace that was easy to follow and who made his characters come alive in exciting ways.

After Dad left Cambridge he spent a couple of years travelling and teaching English as a foreign language. It was in Switzerland in 1973, teaching at a language school, that he met our mother, Katarina. According to their stories, they found each other to be quite exotic: Katarina, an adventurous Croatian who could quote English literature at will. And Martin, a public school (Dulwich College) Londoner with a passion for punctuation. When it was time for our mum to return to Croatia, our dad followed. This was the beginning of their life-long love and professional collaboration.

Our dad spent his life writing (first on a yellow typewriter, then on various computers). One of his major writing projects was a series of secondary-school textbooks on English as a foreign language, which he co-authored with our mum. These were approved by the Croatian Education Ministry and are still used in schools today. He also spent his professional life teaching. For several years after he arrived in Croatia he taught at the English Department of the Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences in Zagreb; later he continued to teach at his own language school, which he founded



in 1990 and successfully managed for many years. In addition, he enjoyed holding teacher-training workshops across former Yugoslavia and other European countries, often through the British Council. His last big project involved developing the English language test for the new secondary-school leaving exam in Croatia. He also found himself doing professional activities such as occasionally reading the news in English for Croatian radio and television, and even translating a Croatian Eurovision song contest entry.

Dad was a sensitive, extremely smart, acutely witty, exceptionally modest workaholic, who was admirably stoic in his illness. He did his daily *Guardian* crossword until the very end, did not neglect the football scores and even during the most trying times in hospital laughed out loud over a Terry Pratchett novel line. He was exceptional. He really was. He passed away on 29 April 2015 at our family home near Zagreb. He is survived by his mother Margaret, wife Katarina, daughters Karin and Milly, sons-in-law Jeremy and Scott and grandchildren Abigail, Lucas and Benjamin.

HAROLD WILLIAM MCCREADY (1970) died on 5 April 2016. The following has been sent to us by Jim Bellingham (1982):

Harold McCready (schoolmaster fellow at Emma 1970) died on 5 April 2016. Harold hailed from Wallasey and spent much of his life at Birkenhead School, first as a pupil (1939–48) then, after Oxford and National Service, from 1954 to 1991 as physics teacher, head of department and finally from 1980 as joint deputy headmaster (with Keith Stevens, another Emmanuel man). With his unfailing courtesy, willingness to help and ready concern for all, he contributed an immense amount to the life of the school and influenced the lives of many. He was a true gentleman. Beyond teaching physics he worked in school on careers advice, the co-ordination of Oxbridge entry, the technical side of dramatics, and the introduction of computing to school business. And, on a personal note, I will always be very grateful for the way he steered me towards Emmanuel, rather than other Cambridge colleges!

JOHN ANTHONY ROBILLIARD (1972) died on 15 April 2015. The following obituary has been written by Richard Digard:

A celebration of the life of Advocate St John Robilliard, a partner of Mourant Ozannes, author, academic and a leading expert in his field, has been held at St James, St Peter Port.

The well-attended event heard many tributes to a remarkable man who, despite his bookish and slightly eccentric mannerisms, was warm, funny, approachable and a firm friend of many. Advocate Robilliard, who was born on 17 September 1953, was the son of Lemuel and Eileen, a strongly spiritualist family from whom St John gained his life-long vegetarianism.

He also inherited a passion for learning and a scholastic approach, which saw him attend Beechwood and Elizabeth College from 1961 to 1972, during the course of which he won numerous essay prizes and impressed his contemporaries with his fluent approach to passing examinations.

The celebration of his life, cut short at the age of just 61, followed an earlier funeral service attended by family and close friends only.

St John's ability to make friends and impress colleagues, clients and competitors, however, was such that many more wanted to pay their respects and remember an individual who had added significantly to Guernsey's legal profession, with people also travelling from Jersey and the UK to attend. Life-long friend Robin Le Prevost welcomed those present to remember the enormous talent, character and intellect of St John, who attended Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he studied law from 1972 to 1976 and gained a first-class honours degree.

That same year he was appointed a law lecturer at Manchester University, the youngest such appointment at the time. He remained at Manchester until 1987, the

year he gained the Certificat d'Études Juridique Francais et Normandes at Caen University, having been called to the Bar (Gray's Inn) two years earlier, qualifying as a barrister.

St John was keen to return to Guernsey and practise law here but, possibly because of his academic background and lack of commercial experience, was unable to find a position, which led him to Nigel Harris & Partners in Jersey.

During the celebration of his life, barrister Talmai Morgan, who was at Cambridge with him, recalled his idealism and academic achievements while Nicola Adamson, who worked with St John in Jersey, provided a vivid account of an extremely likeable individual, for whom she acted as unofficial food taster to ensure that odd pink bits in his quiche weren't meat.

St John remained in Jersey until 1994, when Ozannes (now Mourant Ozannes) created a position for him in their litigation department and latterly he worked in the trust department, where he quickly became a leading authority. He was admitted to the Guernsey Bar as an advocate in 1996 and became a partner of Ozannes in 1999, involving himself in many aspects of trusts and the offshore world.

Advocate Peter Ferbrache spoke of St John's long and distinguished career with Mourant Ozannes and of the depth of knowledge and diligence that he displayed and which he shared with colleagues, greatly assisting them in their own duties and cases. Although very different characters, they quickly became friends.

Initially working in litigation, St John specialised in trusts and tax matters and also Guernsey's Housing Control Law, where he had some notable successes in curbing the department's excesses. He appeared in many trust cases and made contributions to international trust precedents, international succession, trusts in prime jurisdictions, enforcement of foreign judgements and was a frequent contributor of articles and a speaker at conferences.

St John also served as a member of the States of Guernsey Legislation Committee and was an academician of the International Academy of Estate and Trust Law, a member of the Society of Trust and Estate Practitioners and a founding attendee of the International Wealth Advisors' Forum.

In addition, he wrote the book *Religion and the Law*, published in 1984, and co-authored *Police Powers and the Individual* in 1986. He wrote guides to the Jersey and Guernsey housing laws in 1984 and 1985 respectively. *Constitutions and Dependencies* and *Special Sovereignties*, focusing on the Channel Islands, followed in 1986 and 1994, and *Butterworth's Offshore Cases and Materials* in 1996.

He was also editor of *The Use of Offshore Jurisdictions*, published in 1991 by Longmans and authored by Nigel Harris.

The final speaker was the Bailiff, Sir Richard Collas, who knew St John from childhood and who spoke warmly of the man, his academic achievements, his innate decency and the contribution he made to the profession and those with whom he came into contact.

Professional cellist Angelique Lihou, one of a number of younger people who knew St John because their parents were his friends, played three movements from Bach's *Cello Suite No 1*, celebrating the fact that, although childless, St John was very much a family man and able to engage with all ages and backgrounds.

At his annual Christmas Eve party he combined his affection for his friends with his appreciation of good wine and port. He would write a new Christmas short story each year and read it to the assembled children, making sure that the adults were well supplied with his carefully chosen refreshments.

To family, friends, colleagues and acquaintances, St John was a man who was warm, colourful, exceptionally talented yet modest in the demonstration of his ability. Law and work were passions for him and he added greatly to the areas of his specialisms through his knowledge and understanding of them, yet retained an

approachability and mischievous sense of humour that his friends and associates greatly miss.

ELISE TOMKINS (PARTRIDGE) (1981) died on 31 January 2015. The following obituary has been written by her husband, Stephen:

After completing her AB at Harvard, Elise read English at Emmanuel as a Marshall Scholar. She came to regard her tutorials with Christopher Ricks as among the most important elements of her entire education, and she remained friends with him for the rest of her life. She also always spoke highly of the kindnesses of Derek Brewer to her and other overseas students. After receiving her BA in 1983, Elise returned to the US for further study at Harvard (AM 1989) and Boston University (MA 1992). In 1992 she moved to Vancouver, Canada to join her partner Stephen Partridge, who had begun teaching medieval literature at the University of British Columbia. Aside from stays in the US during his sabbaticals, Elise lived in Vancouver until her death. Elise wrote three books of poetry: *Fielder's Choice* (2002); *Chameleon Hours* (2008), which among other subjects included poems about her 2001–02 diagnosis with and treatment for breast cancer and their aftermath; and *The Exiles' Gallery* (2015), which was largely complete before her diagnosis in early 2014 with a second cancer, but which she continued to work on until early 2015. In 2017 the *New York Review of Books* will publish her collected poems as *The If Borderlands*.

Elise taught at several universities, including Western Washington and Brandeis, and in later years tutored students preparing for university entrance and mentored emerging writers. In addition to poetry, Elise loved dance, especially the work of George Balanchine and Mark Morris; the visual arts; and the vocal music of Handel and Mozart. She was also a devoted observer of the natural world, and her observations became the basis of many of her poems. She was loyal to and constantly supportive of a large number of friends, including fellow writers in Canada, the US and elsewhere. Her passion, vivid sense of humour, intelligence, and generosity are greatly missed. In addition to many dear friends and her husband Stephen, she leaves her mother and three brothers.

MATTHEW RALPH HUTCHINSON (1989) died in February 2016. The following obituary has been sent in by his father Peter:

In her tribute to Matthew at his funeral his younger sister said he simply wanted to be remembered as someone who was kind.

Matthew's commitment to being someone who cared for others had first showed in itself whilst still at school, when he joined the group of young leaders who ran the local diocesan summer camp and then during his gap year as a CSV volunteer accompanying a student at York University who was paraplegic.

It matured into a life-long vocation after Cambridge when for 18 months he worked as a volunteer at the faith-based Urban Promise project with young people in a tough inner city neighbourhood in Camden, Philadelphia.

He spent a year at St Martin's, Lancaster to gain his PGCE in primary education and then taught in Blackburn before returning to West Yorkshire to schools in Mirfield and Barksland. Here he first focused on working with youngsters with special educational needs and resolved to qualify as an educational psychologist. For someone with a wife and young son and a mortgage the qualification journey was tortuous; the regulations and requirements changed several times, the funding was always uncertain and, because of Local Authority cutbacks, the prospect of a post once qualified became problematic. Throughout, Matthew displayed a calm but steely determination to achieve his goals. Never having specialised in a science subject at school, he took to the disciplines of psychology with enthusiasm but could not resist occasionally



embellishing an essay with a literary reference or a striking turn of phrase. (Matthew and mischief were always close companions!)

For his doctoral thesis Matthew, using the techniques of interpretative phenomenological analysis, examined the impact instances of bullying can have on young people who witness them. The work for this thesis was undertaken against the background of his treatment for cancer. He had been given a diagnosis of osteosarcoma the day before his daughter was born in 2008 and after that each day he faced up to the challenges of fatherhood, study, work and treatment.

He took great strength from the practice of mindfulness and developed an astonishing ability to make each day a day that he lived to the full. He spent his last eight years pouring himself into his wife Alex and their children, Charlie and Martha, completely committed to his work as an educational psychologist, from time to time taking his place on the children's teaching rota at church, regularly visiting West Yorkshire's world standard sculpture parks and art galleries, and always up for any excuse for a family gathering. (Woe betide anyone trying to dodge taking part in one of his home-brewed murder mysteries!)

For Matthew, dying well became a part of living well. His ashes are now in a quiet church graveyard near his home, where the children can visit frequently and take flowers and blow bubbles.

Dust am I
and all too soon to dust return.
What remains is love.

BARAKA IFTEKHAR KHAN (2009) died on 18 February 2016. Becky Palmer (2009) and friends have sent the following obituary:

'She was a wonderful lady, and her smile was so bright.'

It is with great pain and sadness, that we said goodbye to our amazing friend Baraka on a cold February day. Baraka passed away after a long and courageous battle with her illness, days before she was due to receive her Master's degree. We will always remember her as the beautiful, inspiring, touching and loving friend we came to know. She is painfully missed every day.

Baraka was, and I believe always will be, the bravest and most faithful person I know. She fought so hard and always saw the positives in each situation and thought how to make things better. Baraka had amazing passion for life, deep appreciation for everyone and everything around her, and so much love and desire for peace and happiness for her dear family, friends and society. Baraka always greeted me with abounding warmth and her beautiful beaming smile. She was so easy to talk to, so open, understanding, non-judgemental and with wise advice and views on life. Baraka is sorely missed every day.



Lists

THE FELLOWSHIP

THE HONORARY FELLOWS

1979

Professor Derek Curtis Bok, BA (Stanford), LL.D. (Harvard). Formerly President, Harvard University

1985

Michael Frayn, BA, Hon LittD

1990

Sir Leslie Fielding, KCMG, MA, Hon LL.D., FRSA, FRGS. Formerly Vice-Chancellor, University of Sussex

1991

Neil Leon Rudenstine, BA (Princeton), MA (Oxon), PhD (Harvard). Formerly President, Harvard University

1999

Peter Michael Beckwith, OBE, MA, Hon LL.D.

2000

Professor Sir John Michael Taylor, OBE, MA, PhD, FRS, FREng. Chairman, the Web Science Trust; formerly Director-General of Research Councils and Director of Hewlett Packard Laboratories Europe

2001

The Honourable William Lloyd Hoyt, OC, QC, MA. Formerly Chief Justice of New Brunswick

2002

Professor Lawrence H Summers, BSc (MIT), PhD (Harvard). Formerly President, Harvard University

2003

John Edward Meggitt, MA, PhD

Professor Sir Roderick Castle Floud, MA, DPhil (Oxon), Hon DLitt (City), FBA, AcSS, FCGI, Member of the Academia Europaea. Formerly Provost of Gresham College

2004

Professor Geoffrey Joel Crossick, MA, PhD, FRHistS. Formerly Vice-Chancellor, University of London

Professor John Boscawen Burland, CBE, PhD, MSc & DSc (Witwatersrand), Hon DSc (Nott & Warwick), Hon DEng (Heriot-Watt & Glasgow), FRS, FREng, FICE, FStructE, FCGI. Emeritus Professor of Soil Mechanics and Senior Research Investigator, Imperial College London

2007

The Most Revd Dr Peter Frederick Carnley, PhD, BA (Melb), Hon DLitt (Newcastle, Queensland & Western Australia). Formerly Primate of the Anglican Church of Australia, Archbishop of Perth and Metropolitan of Western Australia

Griffith Rhys Jones, MA, FWCMD, FRSA, Hon DLitt (APU, Cardiff, Essex, Glamorgan & UEA). Honorary Fellow, Bangor University; Vice-President, Victorian Society; President, Civic Voice

Professor Francis Patrick Kelly, CBE, PhD, BSc (Durham), Hon DSc (Imperial College London) FRS. Professor of the Mathematics of Systems; formerly Master, Christ's College

Professor Jane Carol Ginsberg, MA (Chicago), JD (Harvard), Doctor of Laws (Paris II). Morton Janklow Professor of Literary and Artistic Property Law, Columbia Law School; Director, Kernochan Center for Law, Media and the Arts

2008

Professor David John Drewry, PhD, BSc (Lond), Hon DSc (Anglia Ruskin, Hull, Lincoln & Robert Gordon), FRGS, CCMI. Vice-President, European University Association

Sebastian Charles Faulks, CBE, MA, Hon DLitt (UEL), FRSL

Professor Drew Gilpin Faust, BA (Bryn Mawr), MA (UPenn), PhD (UPenn). President, Harvard University and Lincoln Professor of History

David Travers Lowen, MA. Honorary Secretary of the Royal Television Society; Chairman, the Emmanuel Society 1996–2013

Professor Sir Eldryd Hugh Owen Parry, KCMG, OBE, MA, MD, FRCP, FWACP, Hon FRCS, Hon DSc (Kumasi). Founder and Trustee, Tropical Health Education Trust

2011

Thomas Gerald Reames Davies, CBE, MA, DCL (Loughborough), Hon DLitt (Loughborough), Hon DUniv (Glamorgan), Hon LL.D. (Swansea)

Professor John Hopkins Lowden, MA, PhD (Lond). Professor of History of Art, Courtauld Institute

Professor Sir Peter Charles Rubin, MA, MB, BChir (Oxon), DM (Oxon). Emeritus Professor of Therapeutics, University of Nottingham; Chairman, General Medical Council 2009–14

2012

Andrew William Mildmay Fane, MA. President, the Emmanuel Society

2014

Professor Curtis Tracy McMullen, BA (Williams), PhD (Harvard), Hon DSc (Williams). Cabot Professor of Mathematics, Harvard University

Moira Wallace, OBE, MA, AM (Harvard). Provost, Oriel College Oxford

2016

Professor Christopher Roy Husbands, MA, PhD, PGCE (Lond). Vice-Chancellor, Sheffield Hallam University

Professor Peter Slee, PhD, BA (Reading). Vice-Chancellor, Leeds Beckett University

THE MASTER AND FELLOWS, 2016–17

We publish below for reference a list of the Master and Fellows as at 1 October 2016, indicating their College and University offices and the class of Fellowship currently held by each. The names are arranged in order of seniority. The date against a name is that of election to the Mastership or of first election to a Fellowship (of whatever class). A second date indicates that the person concerned ceased to be a Fellow for a time and has been re-elected.

2012

Dame Fiona Reynolds, DBE, MA, MPhil. Master

1978

Barry Alexander Windeatt, MA, LittD. Professorial Fellow; Vice-Master; Keeper of Special Collections in the College Library; Professor of English

1973

John Eirwyn Ffowcs Williams, MA, ScD, BSc (Soton), PhD (Soton), Hon DSc (Soton), FREng. Life Fellow; formerly Master 1996–2002; Emeritus Rank Professor of Engineering

2002

Lord Wilson of Dinton, GCB, MA, LL.M. Life Fellow; formerly Master 2002–12

1960

John Lewis Reddaway, MA, CEng. Life Fellow; formerly Secretary, University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate

Brian Arthur Thrush, MA, ScD, FRS, Member of the Academia Europaea. Life Fellow; Emeritus Professor of Physical Chemistry

1964

Anthony John Stone, MA, PhD. Life Fellow; Emeritus Professor of Theoretical Chemistry

1966**The Revd Don Cupitt**, MA, Hon DLitt (Brist). Life Fellow**1968****John Francis Adams Sleath**, MA, PhD. Life Fellow**1970****Alan Reginald Harold Baker**, MA, PhD (Lond), DLit (Lond), FBA, Chevalier dans l'Ordre des Palmes Académiques, Honorary Member of the Société Géographique de Paris. Life Fellow**1967****John Robert Harvey**, MA, LittD. Life Fellow**1968****Stephen Roger Watson**, MA, MMath, PhD. Life Fellow; formerly founding Director of Judge Business School and KPMG Professor of Management Studies**1973****Bryan Ronald Webber**, MA (Oxon & Cantab), PhD (Calif), Hon PhD (Lund), FRS. Life Fellow; Emeritus Professor of Theoretical Physics**Peter O'Donald**, MA, ScD. Life Fellow**1974****David Anthony Livesey**, MA, PhD, BSc(Eng) (Lond), ACGI, Hon DUniv (Derby). Life Fellow**Richard James Barnes**, MA, PhD, MB, BChir. Life Fellow, Director of Studies in Medicine**James Edward Pringle**, MA, MMath, PhD. Life Fellow; Emeritus Professor of Theoretical Astronomy**1979****Ulick Peter Burke**, MA (Oxon & Cantab), Hon PhD (Brussels, Bucharest, Copenhagen, Lund & Zurich), FBA, FRHistS, Member of the Academia Europaea. Life Fellow; Emeritus Professor of Cultural History**1981****Bruce Richard Martin**, MA, PhD (Brist). Life Fellow**Susan Kathleen Rankin**, MA, PhD, MMus (Lond), FBA. Professorial Fellow; College Lecturer in Music and Director of Studies; Professor of Medieval Music**1982****Finian James Leeper**, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Chemistry and Director of Studies; University Senior Lecturer in Chemistry**1984****Steven Rowland Boldy**, MA, PhD. Professorial Fellow; College Lecturer in Spanish; Professor of Latin American Literature**1975, 1986****John Henry Coates**, PhD, BSc (ANU), D Hon Causa (Heidelberg, École Normale Supérieure, Paris), FRS. Life Fellow; Emeritus Sadleirian Professor of Pure Mathematics**1984****Keith Sheldon Richards**, MA, PhD. Life Fellow; Emeritus Professor of Geography**1985****Stephen John Young**, MA, PhD. Professorial Fellow; Professor of Information Engineering**1988****Christopher John Burgoyne**, MA, PhD (Lond), MICE, FIStructE. Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Engineering; Professor of Structural Engineering**1986, 1992****Nigel Jonathan Spivey**, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; Tutor; College Lecturer in Classics; University Senior Lecturer in Classics**1989****John William Grant**, MA, MD (Aberdeen), ChB (Aberdeen), FRCPath. Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Medicine; Consultant Histopathologist at Addenbrooke's Hospital**1990****Michael John Gross**, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; Bursar; College Lecturer in Economics and Director of Studies**Nigel Peake**, MA, MMath, PhD.

Professorial Fellow; College Lecturer in Applied Mathematics and Director of Studies; Professor of Applied Mathematics

1993**Michael Dennis Sayers**, MA, DPhil (Sussex). Supernumerary Fellow; Head of Information Systems; formerly Director of the University Computing Service**Robert Michael Henderson**, MA, BSc (Lond), PhD (Lond). Official Fellow; Senior Tutor; Tutor for Admissions (Science); College Lecturer in Medicine; Reader in Macromolecular Pharmacology**1984, 2007****Stephen Phelps Oakley**, MA, PhD, FBA, Member of the Academia Europaea. Professorial Fellow; Kennedy Professor of Latin**1988, 2000****Alison Sarah Bendall**, PhD, MA (Oxon & Sheff), FSA, MCLIP. Official Fellow; Development Director; Fellow Librarian; Fellow Archivist; Curator of the Douglas Finlay Museum of College Life**1994****The Revd Jeremy Lloyd Caddick**, MA (Cantab, Oxon & Lond). Official Fellow; Dean; Graduate Tutor; Praelector; Director of Studies in Theology**1995, 1999****Mark John Francis Gales**, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; Fellows' Steward; College Lecturer in Engineering; Professor of Information Engineering**1995****Catherine Jane Crozier Pickstock**, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Theology and Director of Studies; Professor of Metaphysics and Poetics**1997****David John Tolhurst**, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Physiology; University Senior Lecturer in Physiology**Elisabeth Maria Cornelia van Houts**, MA, LittD, PhD (Groningen), FRHistS. Official Fellow; College Lecturer in History and Director of Studies; Honorary Professor of Medieval European History**Jonathan Simon Aldred**, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Economics and Director of Studies**1998****Florin Udrea**, PhD, MSc (Warwick), FEng. Professorial Fellow; College Lecturer in Engineering; Professor of Semiconductor Engineering**2000****Julian Michael Hibberd**, BSc (Wales), PhD (Wales). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Plant Sciences; Professor of Photosynthesis**Lawrence Eliot Klein**, BA (Rochester), MA (Johns Hopkins), PhD (Johns Hopkins). Official Fellow; Tutor; College Lecturer in History; University Senior Lecturer in History**Philip Mark Rust Howell**, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; Tutor; Tutor for Admissions (Arts); College Lecturer in Geography and Director of Studies; University Senior Lecturer in Geography**Glynn Winskel**, MA, ScD, MSc (Oxon), PhD (Edin), Member of the Academia Europaea. Professorial Fellow; Professor of Computer Science

Mark Andrew Thomson, BA (Oxon), DPhil (Oxon). Professorial Fellow; College Lecturer in Physics and Director of Studies in the Physical Natural Sciences; Professor of Experimental Particle Physics

2002

Nicholas James White, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; College Lecturer in French; Director of Studies in Modern and Medieval Languages; Reader in Modern French Literature

Corinna Russell, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; Tutor; Tutor for Admissions (Arts); College Lecturer in English and Director of Studies

Robert Macfarlane, MA, PhD, MPhil (Oxon), Hon DLitt (Aberdeen & Glos). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in English and Director of Studies; Reader in Literature and the Geohumanities

Catherine Rae, BA (Oxon), DPhil (Oxon). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Engineering; Professor of Superalloys

2004

Carolyn Susan Crawford, MA, PhD. Supernumerary Fellow; Tutor; Tutor for Admissions (Science); College Lecturer in Mathematics for the Physical Sciences; former Gresham Professor of Astronomy

Lionel Alexander Fiennes Bently, BA. Professorial Fellow; Herchel Smith Professor of Intellectual Property; Director of the Centre of Intellectual Property and Information Law

Jon Lawrence, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; College Lecturer in History; Reader in Modern British History

Lucia Ruprecht, PhD, BA (Aix-en-Provence), MA (Tübingen & Aix-en-Provence). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in German and Director of Studies

2005

Richard William Broadhurst, MA (Oxon), DPhil (Oxon). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Biochemistry; Director of Studies in Biological Natural Sciences; Assistant Director of Research

in NMR Spectroscopy at the Department of Biochemistry

John Maclellan, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; Assistant Graduate Tutor; College Lecturer in Earth Sciences and Director of Studies; Reader in Earth Sciences

2000, 2009

Francis Michael Jiggins, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Genetics; Reader in Evolutionary Genetics

2006

Okeoghene Odudu, MA (Cantab & Keele), DPhil (Oxon). Official Fellow; University Senior Lecturer in Law and Director of Studies; Deputy Director, Centre for European Legal Studies

2007

Rosy Ellen Thornton, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; Tutor; College Lecturer in Law; University Lecturer in Law

Patrick John Barrie, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Chemical Engineering and Director of Studies; University Senior Lecturer in Chemical Engineering

Devon Elizabeth Anne Curtis, BA (McGill), MA (McGill), PhD (Lond). Official Fellow; Adviser to Women Students; College Lecturer in Politics and Director of Studies; University Senior Lecturer in Politics

Jonathan William Nicholls, PhD, BA (Brist). Professorial Fellow; University Registry

Christopher Lyall Whitton, MA, PhD, FRCO. Official Fellow; Director of Music; Deputy Praelector; College Lecturer in Classics and Director of Studies; University Senior Lecturer in Classics

Alexandre Joseph Kabla, PhD, MA (ENS Lyon). Official Fellow; Tutor; College Lecturer in Engineering and Director of Studies; University Lecturer in Engineering for the Life Sciences.

2008

Jonathan Sam Simons, PhD, BSc (Aberdeen). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Experimental Psychology and Director of Studies in Psychological and Behavioural Sciences; Reader in Cognitive Neuroscience

2006, 2013

Julie Sylvie Marie-Pierre Barrau, BA (Paris Sorbonne), MA (Paris Sorbonne). Official Fellow; Acting Adviser to Women Students; College Lecturer in History and Director of Studies; University Lecturer in History

2011

Anurag Agarwal BTech (Bombay). PhD (Penn State). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Engineering and Director of Studies; University Lecturer in Engineering

Penelope Jayne Watson, MA, VetMD, PhD. Official Fellow; Tutor; College Lecturer in Veterinary Medicine and Director of Studies; University Senior Lecturer in Small Animal Nutrition

David Maxwell, BA (Manch), DPhil (Oxon). Professorial Fellow; Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History

Geoffrey Smith, MA (Cantab & Oxon), BSc (Leeds), PhD (NIMR), FRS. Professorial Fellow; Professor of Pathology; Wellcome Principal Research Fellow

Perla Sousi, MA, MMath, PhD, BSc (Patras). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Statistics; Research Associate in the Department of Pure Mathematics and Mathematical Statistics

2012

Alexander Sam Jeffrey, MA (Durham & Edin), PhD (Durham). Official Fellow; Tutor; Financial Tutor; College Lecturer in Geography and Director of Studies; Reader in Human Geography

Laura Moretti, MA (Venice), PhD (Venice). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Asian and Middle Eastern Studies and Director of Studies;

University Lecturer in East Asian Studies

Ayse Zarakol MA (Wisconsin), PhD (Wisconsin). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Politics and Director of Studies in Human, Social & Political Sciences; University Lecturer in Politics and International Relations

John Charles Miles, BA (Durham), PhD (Cranfield), FEng, CEng, FIMechE. Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Engineering and Director of Studies; Arup/Royal Academy of Engineering Professor of Transitional Energy Strategies

2013

Chloe Alaghband-Zadeh, BA, PhD (SOAS). Research Fellow; Director of Studies in Music

Alexander Mitov, MSc (Sofia), MA (Rochester), PhD (Rochester). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Physics; University Lecturer in Physics

2014

Christopher Alexander Hunter, MA, PhD, Hon DSc (Ulster), FRS, HonMRIA. Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Chemistry; Herchel Smith Professor of Organic Chemistry

Daniel John Nicholas Credgington, MA, PhD (Lond). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Physics and Director of Studies; Royal Society Research Fellow in the Department of Physics

Alexander Thomas Archibald, BSc (Bristol), PhD (Bristol). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Chemistry; University Lecturer in Chemistry

Giovanna Biscontin, PhD (Berkeley). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Engineering; University Lecturer in Engineering

Andela Saric, MA (Columbia), PhD (Columbia). Alan Wilson Research Fellow

Stergios Antonakoudis, BA. Meggitt Research Fellow; Director of Studies in Pure Mathematics

Andrea Mariko Grant, MPhil, BA (McGill), MSc (Edin). Research Fellow; Director of Studies in Social Anthropology

2015

Katherine Emma Spence, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Archaeology; Director of Studies in Human, Social & Political Sciences; University Senior Lecturer in Archaeology

Dominique Olié Lauga, BS (École Polytechnique), MS (École Nationale des Ponts et Chaussées), MA (Paris), PhD (MIT). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Economics; University Senior Lecturer in Marketing

Pawel Gola, BA (Warsaw), DPhil (Oxon). Mead Research Fellow in Economics

Tobias Henning Wauer, PhD, BSc (Munich). Research Fellow

Johannes Martin Carmesin, BA (Hamburg), MA (Hamburg). Research Fellow

2016

Caroline Egan, BA (Penn State), MA (Penn State), PhD (Stanford). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Spanish

Simone Agnes Ingridsdotter Kotva, BA, MPhil, PhD. Research Fellow

James Edward Hillson, BA MA (York). Research Fellow

Emma Victoria Yates, MPhil, BA (Princeton). Research Fellow

Andrea de Luca, BA (Naples), MEng (Naples). Research Fellow

BYE-FELLOWS**2003**

Robert Daniel Sansom, MA, PhD (Carnegie Mellon)

2004

Jack Arnold Lang, MA. Director of Studies in Management Studies; Entrepreneur-in-Residence, Centre for Entrepreneurial Learning (CFEL), Judge

Business School; Affiliated Lecturer in Computer Science

Simon Lebus, MA (Oxon). Group Chief Executive of Cambridge Assessment (University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate)

2005

Richard Godfray de Lisle, MA, IMC

2007

James Oscroft Wilkes, MA, PhD (Michigan)

2009

David John Lomas, MA, MB, BChir. Director of Studies in Medicine; Professor of Clinical MRI

2011

Stephen John Cowley, MA, PhD. Director of Studies in Applied Mathematics; Professor of Applied Mathematics

2012

Richard Thomas Latham, MA, MusB. Director of Chapel Music

John Stuart Marshall, MA, PhD. Post-doctoral Research Associate in the Cavendish Laboratory

Sylvia Richardson, PhD (Nottingham), DDÉtat (Paris Sud-Orsay). Professor of Biostatistics, Director of the MRC Biostatistics Unit

2013

Ashley Alan Brown, MB, BS (Lond), MD FRCS. College Lecturer in Anatomy and Director of Studies in Medicine

2014

Stephen Ian Gurney Barclay BA, MD, BM (Oxon), BCh (Oxon) MSc (Lond). Director of Studies in Medicine; University Senior Lecturer in General Practice and Palliative Care

Ioanna Mela, PhD, MSc (Nott). Post-doctoral Research Associate in the Department of Pharmacology

2015

Daniel Popa, PhD, LS (Rome). Director of Studies in Engineering; Senior Research Associate in Department of Engineering

Ian Michael David Edwards, MA

Baron Jean Christophe Iseux von Pfetten, MSc (Oxon), MSc (Strasbourg), Dipl. Eng (Strasbourg)

Jonathan Hayman, BA (London), PhD. Director of Studies in Computer Science

2016

Javier Ortega-Hernández, BA (Mexico), MSc (Brist)

Lorenzo Di Michele, PhD, MA (L'Aquila)

BENEFACTOR FELLOWS**2006**

John Edward Meggitt, MA, PhD
Dorothy Meggitt

2014

Edward Scott Mead, MPhil, BA (Harvard), JB (Penn)

BENEFACTOR BYE-FELLOWS**2006**

Peter Michael Beckwith, OBE, MA, Hon LLD

Robert Daniell Sansom, MA, PhD (Carnegie Mellon)

2008

Robert Derek Finlay, MA

2009

David John Brittain, MA

Teresa Elaine Brittain, BA (Open), BSc (Colorado), MSc (Colorado)

2010

Stella Ho

Tzu Leung Ho, MD (Chicago), FACS

David Beech, MA

Judith Margaret Beech, Dip (Central School of Speech & Drama)

Donna Brigitte McDonald

Kevin McDonald, OBE

2011

Georgina Sarah Cutts

Philip Nicholas Cutts

2012

John Francis Ballantyne Marriott, BA

2014

Michael John Jones, MA

2016

Robert Colby Milton, BA (Harvard)

Nancy S Milton, BA (Louisville), MS (Houston)

Thomas Martin, MA

DEREK BREWER VISITING RESEARCH FELLOWS, 2016–17**Michaelmas**

Anna Clark, BA (Harvard), MA (Essex), PhD (Rutgers)

Lent

Peter Jordan, BA (Dublin), PhD (Dublin)

Easter

Jonathan Spencer, BA (Nott)

THE COLLEGE STAFF

ARRIVALS*Development Office*

Elizabeth Shelley-Harris (donations officer: maternity leave cover)

Gardens

James Johnson (assistant gardener)
Adam Whitley (gardener)

Household

Elizabeth Brown (bedmaker)
Edita Miksiene (bedmaker)
Terence Mullins (services assistant)
Lana Verpaja (bedmaker)

Library

Victoria (Lennie) Chalmers (library assistant)

Maintenance

Jonathon Aird (handyman)

Tutorial Office

Anna Osipova (college registrar)

DEPARTURES*Bursary*

Pauline Martin (secretary to the Master)

Catering

Jack Aldous (food service supervisor)
Maria Berrall Almeld (catering assistant)
Adassa (Jean) Gordon (kitchen porter)
Alina Pujate (catering assistant)

Gardens

Alex Mills (gardener)
Will Tye (deputy head gardener)

Household

Susan Bates (bedmaker)
Elizabeth Brown (bedmaker)
Justin Fowler (household services assistant)
Karen Langford (bedmaker)
Susan Marsh (bedmaker)
Edita Miksiene (bedmaker)
Alison Pearson (bedmaker)
Alicja Posadna (bedmaker)
Denise Potter (bedmaker)
Susan Shortt (bedmaker)
Elizabeth Spaxman (bedmaker)
David Webb (head of household services)

Library

Sophie Fletcher (library assistant)

Maintenance

Paul Daniels (plumber)
Mark Smith (handyman)

Tutorial Office

Angela Elliott (college registrar)
Ann Shannon (tutorial assistant)

ACADEMIC RECORD

MATRICULATIONS

The number of matriculations during the academical year 2015–16 was 226. The names are given below

Abbot, Alexandra Wood

Royal Latin School, Buckingham

Acharya, Tanvi

Sheffield High School for Girls

Achawal, Sushant Shailendra

Hymers College, Hull

Adebajo, Arenike

Westminster School, London

Alimi-Omidiora, Idris

CFA Institute, Virginia, USA

Almond, Hayley

Southend High School for Boys

Apostoli, Giulia

University of Venice, Italy

Armishaw, Megan

Chelmsford County High School

Ashkenazi, Ayelet

Ben Gurion University of the Negev, Israel

Baker, Alexandra

Parrs Wood High School, Manchester

Balasuriya, Sahishnu Keshav

University College London

Banasik, Joanna

Mayfield School

Benford, Alistair Steven

Bilborough College, Nottingham

Bevan, Thomas James

Wymondham High School

Biddell, Molly Myrtle

Bryanston School, Blandford Forum

Blanchard, Aoife Isabel

West Kirby Grammar School

Broadway, Alex Susannah

Bournemouth School

Bulford Welch, Ellen Miranda Vismayah

St Hugh's College, Oxford

Burke, Sorcha

Belfast Royal Academy

Butler-Gallie, Fergus

St John's College, Oxford

Caroe, Eve

Hills Road Sixth-Form College, Cambridge

Carslaw, Emilia

Jesus College, Oxford

Cartwright, Penelope Claire Bicol

Magdalen College, Oxford

Castaneda, Cristina

Harvard Business School, Cambridge, USA

Causbrook, Timothy William

University of Sydney, Australia

Chadha, Ankit

Merchant Taylors' School, Northwood

Chen, Hongqiao

Cambridge Tutors College

Chevallier, Catherine Mary Bretland

Alton College

Chiavenna, Chiara

University of Milano-Bicocca, Italy

Cho, Han Youl

Swarthmore College, USA

Cho, Jung Yeon

Sevenoaks School

Chowdry, Sofia

Bishop Vesey's Grammar School, Sutton Coldfield

Clarke, Freya Florence

King's College School, Wimbledon

Clarke, Jane

Clare Hall, University of Cambridge

Cochrane, Robert Thomas

Wilson's School, Wallington

Conder, Heather Julia St Helen & St Katharine, Abingdon	Dodd, Joanna Australian National University, Canberra	Graydon, Madeleine Elizabeth Paula Louise St Helen's School, Northwood	Jones, Natalie Melanie University of Canterbury
Cook, Katherine Hills Road Sixth-Form College, Cambridge	Dorrell, William Uppingham School	Grimm, Pierre-Emmanuel International School of Brussels, Belgium	Joshi, Amol The Grammar School at Leeds
Cooke, Alicia Lauren Porthcawl Comprehensive School	Duffert, Christin Maria University of Heidelberg, Germany	Grimmette, Oliver Aylesbury Grammar School	Kazhdan, Dmitry The Heritage Private School, Cyprus
Cooney, Steven University of Virginia, USA	Duperrier, Felix École Normale Supérieure de Lyon, France	Gupta, Akshit Raj University of Pennsylvania, USA	Keijer-Palau, Lucia Inge Woldingham School, Caterham
Crabb, Amber The Queen Elizabeth's High School, Gainsborough	Dyer, Rosa Joy Truro & Penwith College, Truro	Gurtler, Matthew Richard Lancing College	Kershaw, James Alex East Norfolk Sixth-Form College, Great Yarmouth
Cragg, Amy William Farr Church of England Comprehensive, Welton	Elmer, Philippa Chetham's School of Music, Manchester	Haddad, Jacob High Storrs School, Sheffield	Kienl, Christiane Technische Universität Wien, Austria
Crook, Hugh Collyers Sixth-Form College, Horsham	Emma-Adamah, Victor Uredo University of the Free State, South Africa	Hall, William Ross Spencer Eton College	Kim, Joo Royal Holloway, University of London
Cugini, Daniella Jade King's High School, Warwick	Emsley, Alexandra Sabrina Evangeline Headington School, Oxford	Hanrahan, Roisin Oxford High School	Kim, Christine Minju Boston College, USA
Davies, Jonathan City of London School	Enright, Carly Jade Greenhead College, Huddersfield	Harris, Benedict John Ross King Edward's School, Bath	Kim, Daniel Ha Won Westminster School, London
Davies, Joseph Peter Lawrence Sheriff School, Rugby	Evans, Rachel University of Bristol	Harrison, Samuel Edward Peter Altrincham Grammar School for Boys	Klyne, Harvey Carter Eton College
Deacon, Jason Tobias Manchester Metropolitan University	Feitoza, Pedro Barbosa De Souza University of Brazil	Herring, George William Patrick Winchester College	Kohl, Matthieu Ludwig-Maximilians-Universität München, Germany
Demeo, Benjamin Williams College, Williamstown, USA	Follador, Elena Universita Degli Studi Di Venezia, Italy	Hill, Timothy Philip Birkbeck College, University of London	Kristof, Gregory Harvard University, Cambridge, USA
Deo, Aditya Neil Hampton School	Fraser, James William Winchester College	Hinrichsen, Ture Fabian Georg-August-Universität Göttingen, Germany	Kubala, Kajetan Abingdon School
Depierreux, Delphine University of Namur, Belgium	Ganis, Julia Clark Sevenoaks School	Ho, Victor Wei Qi Brooke Weston Academy, Corby	Kwon, Young Harvard University, Cambridge, USA
Derby, Edmund Alexander Carey Manchester Grammar School	Garry, Thomas William Dr Challoner's Grammar School, Amersham	Hodgkin, Rosa Katharine University of Manchester	Laing, Felix Norwich School
Dhawan, Serene Tanglin Trust School, Singapore	Gayne, Daniel Tytherington School, Macclesfield	Hong, Kevin Harvard University, Cambridge, USA	Lamar, Emilio Richard Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, USA
Diaconu, Camelia Emil Racovita National College, Romania	George, Tom Maitland Peter Symonds College, Winchester	Jacobson, Daniella Rebecca North London Collegiate School	Lammin, Benjamin King Edward VI Grammar School, Chelmsford
Dillon, Jessica Anne University of Sheffield	Goodall, Miriam Princeton University, USA	Jaggi, Vidit Ajesh Aston University	Lane, Tobias St Paul's School, London
	Gray, Peter University of Sydney, Australia	Jenkinson, Ella Queen Elizabeth's School, Wimborne	Lawrence, Alexander Paul Bolton School Boys Division
		Johnson, Tom Fullbrook School, Addlestone	

- Lawson, Freya Hope Lucia Stanton**
Hockerill Anglo-European College,
Bishop's Stortford
- Leanse, Oswald**
City of London School
- Leonard, Stephen James**
Llandoverly College
- Li, Siyuan**
S H Ho College, Chinese University of
Hong Kong
- Lila, Eardi**
Politecnico di Milano, Italy
- Lo, Chun Hay Brian**
Harrow International School, Hong
Kong
- MacDonald, Connor Gregory George**
Lester B Pearson College of the Pacific,
Victoria, Canada
- McGiff, Aidan**
Latymer School, London
- McGregor, Jacobides, Elizabeth Ann**
Stanford University, Palo Alto, USA
- McKay, Calum James**
Larne Grammar School
- McLennan, Isabel**
Oxford High School
- McMinn, Jack**
Lancing College
- Makelov, Aleksandar Aleksandrov**
Harvard University, Cambridge, USA
- Manchester, Callum George Brown**
Charles Thorp Comprehensive School,
Ryton
- Mann, Ellen Bridget**
North London Collegiate School
- Markham-Woods, Georgina**
Homerton College, Cambridge
- Menshova, Marie Deirdre**
Massachusetts Institute of Technology,
Cambridge, USA
- Mills, Charlotte Anne Casebourne**
King's College, London
- Mirsky, Adam William**
Tiffin School, Kingston Upon Thames
- Mirza, Fatima**
Harvard University, Cambridge, USA
- Mistlin, Alexander**
Woodhouse College, Finchley
- Mokhtari, Tahmineh**
Islamic Azad University of Gorgan,
Iran
- Monteiro, Daniel Nigel**
South Island School, Aberdeen
- Morgan, Charlotte**
University College School, London
- Moss, Daniel Peter**
Herschel Grammar School, Slough
- Nagappan, Palaniappan Ganesh**
Cardiff Sixth-Form College
- Neel, Dylan**
Harvard University, Cambridge, USA
- Nevill, Eliot**
South Cheshire College, Crewe
- Nicholls, Emma Louise**
Norwich High School for Girls
- Nigudkar, Aditya Girish**
University of Mumbai, India
- Oakley, Saskia Elizabeth**
Havant Sixth-Form College
- Oliver, Jack**
King Edward VII School, Sheffield
- O'Malley, Craig**
King's College School, Wimbledon
- O'Neill, Benjamin**
St George's School, Harpenden
- Palmer, Ellen**
Piggott School, Wargrave
- Panesar, Jasraj Singh**
Bancrofts School, Woodford Green
- Patel, Abhishek**
St Olave's and St Saviour's Grammar
School, Orpington
- Peacock, Robert George**
St Bartholomew's School, Newbury
- Pegg, Danny**
University of Kent
- Phelps, Eleanor**
George Heriot's School, Edinburgh
- Pimlott, Gemma**
Skegness Grammar School
- Power, Alexandra**
St Paul's Girls' School, London
- Price, Joseph Peter George**
King's College, London
- Raby-Smith, William**
Malvern College
- Rachawong, Saweera**
Chulalongkorn University, Thailand
- Raksit, Arpon Paul**
Harvard University, Cambridge, USA
- Raskin, William Beck**
Williams College, Williamstown, USA
- Ratnayake, Theuni Sahanika**
University of Auckland, New Zealand
- Raveendran, Mukunth**
Haberdashers' Aske's Boys' School,
Elstree
- Reinstadler, Bryn**
Williams College, Williamstown, USA
- Restarick, Claire**
Watford Grammar School for Girls
- Robb, Emily**
Chelmsford County High School
- Rock, Sofia Livia**
St Michael's Catholic Grammar, Barnet
- Roe, Thomas**
The Grange School, Northwich
- Ross, Alexander John**
Ripon College, Cuddesdon
- Ryan, David**
Magdalen College, Oxford
- Ryle, Niamh**
Joseph Swan Academy, Gateshead
- Ryley, James Benjamin**
Durham University
- Saleem, Shahid**
University of the Punjab, India
- Schlosser, Anja**
Leibniz University of Hanover,
Germany
- Schotte, Carsten**
Philipps-Universität Marburg,
Germany
- Scott, James Henry**
Dulwich College
- Seagull, Jay Bobby**
Hughes Hall, Cambridge
- Sealey, Isabella Kei**
North London Collegiate School
- Sefton-Minns, Lydia**
Magdalen College School, Oxford
- Sharp, Abigail**
St Ivo School, St Ives
- Shaw, Wilfred**
Lancaster Royal Grammar School
- Sherwood, Tatiana Arianwen Himalya**
Haileybury & Imperial Service College,
Hertford
- Sides, Edward Paul**
Notre Dame High School, Sheffield
- Sognaes, Ida Andrea Braathen**
University of California, Berkeley, USA
- Stafford, Dominic Vincent**
Eaton Bank Academy, Congleton
- Stewart, Allan Gordon**
University of Stirling
- Stewart, Haley Ann**
Williams College, Williamstown, USA
- Stewart, Zachary Lee**
Williams College, Williamstown, USA
- Storer, Matthew Stewart**
Repton School
- Sturm, John**
Harvard University, Cambridge, USA
- Sturrock, Natasha Helen**
St John's College, Cardiff

Stylianou, Helena Maria

Southgate School, London

Tamblyn, Francesca Claire

St Catherine's School, Bramley

Tan Ming Hui, Tamisha Lauren

Hwa Chong Institution, Singapore

Tan, Georgia Ruo Xuan

University of California, Berkeley, USA

Tan, See Yee

Kolej Yayasan UEM, Malaysia

Tan, Ze Kai

Mabecs SDN BHD, Malaysia

Tao, Jiawei

Ruthin School

Teitelbaum, Elijah Samuel

Mount Allison University, Canada

Thavanesan, Ayngaran

Whitgift School, South Croydon

Thorp, David

Ysgol Uwchradd Caereinion High School

Toth, Marcell Adam

Alternative Secondary School of Economics, Hungary

Toynton, Alice Clemency

University of Durham

Tucker, Charlotte Henrietta

Oxford High School

van Hensbergen, Rosa Katharine

Pembroke College, Oxford

Wallace, Catriona

St Edward's School, Cheltenham

Wang, Benjie

Peter Symonds College, Winchester

Ward, Anna

All Saints Roman Catholic School, York

Ward, Leah Marie Anna

Kendrick School, Reading

Warren, Patrick David

Cardinal Newman College, Preston

Waters, Fraser Robert

Redland Green School, Bristol

Weih, Christopher George

Williams College, Williamstown, USA

Wetherell, Alexandra

University of the Arts, London

White, Helen Elizabeth

Windsor Girls' School

Williams, Indeg Elen

University of Aberystwyth

Wilson, Natasha

Newlands Girls' School, Maidenhead

Wineman, Adina

North London Collegiate School

Wong, Merrick Kwan Yuet

Shrewsbury School

Wood, Alexander James Telfer

University of Western Australia, Perth

Wood, James

Silverdale School, Sheffield

Wu, Kelvin Jun Yu

Raffles Junior College, Singapore

Yang, Jingxuan

The Perse School, Cambridge

Yao, Daniel Yuan

Raffles Junior College, Singapore

Yu, See Ip

UWC-USA, New Mexico, USA

Zabolotnaya, Ekaterina

Ludwig-Maximilians-Universität München, Germany

Zaki, Fadi

Queen Elizabeth's School, Barnet

Zhang, Kankan

Chinese University of Hong Kong

Zhang, Shiyang

Edinburgh University

SCHOLARSHIPS, EXHIBITIONS AND PRIZES 2016**Bachelor Scholarships**

Re-elections:

R Lanza Munoz, A J McCleery, J E Meyer

Windsor Bachelor Scholarships

Elections:

A J Holender, T H McKane

Re-election:

D H Pope

Honorary Bachelor Scholarships

Elections:

N M Jones, W Lumb, A A Makelov

Re-elections:

E L Bain, J T Nunley

Peter Morris Bachelor**Scholarship**

Re-election:

J Morris

Adrian Martinez Scholarship

Re-election:

A J Mathias

Senior Scholarships

Elections:

P Achakulwisut (Ash), L C Allen (Frank Marriott), S Bauernfreund (Dixie), A S Benford (Braithwaite Batty), A I Blanchard (Smith), D Bradbury (Hooper), A Chadha (Prettejohn), F E Chatt (Langley), C M B Chevallier (Langley), J J M Degenhardt (Hunter), A N Deo (Braithwaite Batty), E A C Derby (Davies), C Diaconu (Frank Marriott), M Dillon (Frank Marriott), W Dorrell (Davies), A R Duff (Davies), A S E Emsley (Prettejohn), J W Fraser (Prettejohn), J C Ganis (Smith), D Gayne (Langley), T M George (Davies), H Gledhill (Frank Marriott), P-E Grimm (Frank Marriott), O Grimmette (Welford-Thompson), B J R Harris (Davies), T Isazawa (Davies), M Jesani (Davies), T Johnson (Smith), A Joshi (Prettejohn), L I Keijer-

Palau (Owen), J A Kershaw (Davies), G H Kim (Hunter), F L Kreyszig (Frank Marriott), S H Kung (Braithwaite Batty), N C Kurian (Langley), O Leanse (Saxelby), S J Leonard (Prettejohn), S W Li (Braithwaite Batty), A McGiff (Smith), I McLennan (Owen), E B Mann (Langley), I N Mueller (Frank Marriott), A Patel (Davies), R G Peacock (Frank Marriott), J P Robinson (Langley), K H Schwarzmann (Owen), J H Scott (Hooper), L Scott Lintott (Owen), J Shepherd (Frank Marriott), E O Sivan (Smith), H M Stylianou (Smith), S Y Tan (Frank Marriott), T L Tan Ming Hui (Langley), P D Warren (Prettejohn), F R Waters (Braithwaite Batty), P Welch (Frank Marriott), K Y J Wong (Langley), K J Y Wu (Davies), D Y Yao (Smith)

Re-elections:

C Barton (Jordan), M Bradley (Davies), J R Breedon (Prettejohn), P Cohen (Frank Marriott), S J Deans (Davies), M Elango (Prettejohn), A Eyres (Frank Marriott), O Faraggi (Braithwaite Batty), A Ghose (Davies), S Grigg (Jordan), S G Hadjineophytou (Greenwood), B Haworth (Davies), T D Heesom (Frank Marriott), J Higgins (Langley), F C Illingworth (Braithwaite Batty), R D Jacob-Owens (Saxelby), M Kainth (Hunter), A I Latcham-Ford (Langley), R J Ley (Welford-Thompson), M Lindsay-Perez (Hyett), S A M Lockey (Sands), O Mohamed (Langley), O J Morley (Davies), F R Y Myatt (Bryant), J K Nicholson (Braithwaite Batty), E O'Hanlon (Bryant), E T Okada (Braithwaite Batty), A Paris (Prettejohn), O H E Philcox (Davies), S Phillips (Frank Marriott), W C Price (Frank Marriott), M R Radia (Braithwaite Batty), J W Reynolds (Hooper), F J Richards (Davies), E I Roberts (Davies), R J G Simon (Davies), A R Y L Tan (Langley), H B Thorne (Davies), C J D Whitehead (Smith), M Wilson (Davies), S Zekioglu (Davies)

Senior Exhibitions

Elections:

A W Abbot, S S Achawal, M Armishaw,
A Attlee, J Banasik, T J Bevan,
M M Biddell, A C C Bird, I Boxman,
S G J Bryan, H Bryson-Jones, S Burke,
F Butler-Gallie, E Caroe, J Y Cho,
F F Clarke, H J Conder, A L Cooke,
A Crabb, A Cragg, H Crook, H Curtis,
J Davies, J P Davies, J Davis, B Dobson,
R J Dyer, M Elbahnasawi, P Elmer,
T W Garry, A George, H L Gillard,
M E P L Graydon, M R Gurtler,
M B Hannay-Young, R Hanrahan,
H Hardstaff, G W P Herring, T Hill,
V W Q Ho, J Horn, D R Jacobson,
I Johnston, D Kazhdan, E Kisz, F Laing,
A J Lamb, T Lane, F H L S Lawson,
J B Lee, J Lister, C H B Lo, Q G Ma,
C G G MacDonald, J McMin, A
Mistlin, D N Monteiro, C Morgan,
D P Moss, E A Mullens-Burgess,
P G Nagappan, E L Nicholls, B O'Neill,
E Palmer, E Paparounas, E Phelps,
J E D Powell, A Power, W Raby-Smith,
M Raveendran, C Restarick, S L Rock,
T Roe, H Sandford, I K Sealey, A Sharp,
W Shaw, T A H Sherwood,
D V Stafford, M S Storer, N H Sturrock,
E Sullivan, F C Tambllyn, Z K Tan,
D Thorp, E Thuey, I Timmins,
M A Toth, A J R Wade-Smith, B Wang,
A Ward, L M A Ward, H E White,
N Wilson, M K Y Wong, J Yang, S I Yu,
F Zaki

Re-elections:

O A Baines, B S Barton-Singer, F Beber-
Fraser, T J D Bennett, H A Butcher,
Y Cai, E Charlton, R F Chicco,
M Clifford, K L Craven, A-Z Damji,
C Del Rio, M Duff, A M Elliott,
B Fowler, W Grover, Z Gu, H L Hall,
E L Holliday, D Hsuan, L Huang,
N Jackson, H F P Judge,
L C Jurascheck, A-L Koerling,
L A Lansing, J Larman, R L Lewis,
S Lieng, H Lloyd, K E Lodge,
E J McDowell, D Manetta-Jones,
K H Murison, S J Naylor, I Nettleton,
L Nunez-Mulder, A N Patwardhan,
E L Phillips, M W Phillips, D Rasbash,
R Rebis, S E Roche, L Schubert,

L Schymyck, K B Shah, M Shamekh,
W P Shaw, F E Smith, L A M Smith,
N Taesopapong, R Tinn, E A P Upcott,
A M Walker, L S Wallis, R A Walshe,
F Wesby, C E J Wyman, N Zamvar

College Prizes

P Achakulwisut, C Barton,
A I Blanchard, D Bradbury, M Bradley,
J R Breedon, J Brooks, A M Brown,
F E Chatt, C M B Chevallier, P Cohen,
M Corkery, S J Deans, A N Deo,
E A C Derby, W Dorrell, A R Duff,
M Elango, A S E Emsley, A Eyles,
J C Ganis, T M George, H Gledhill,
F B Green, S Grigg, O Grimmette,
J A Gunn, S G Hadjineophytou,
B J R Harris, B Haworth, D G Hepburn,
J Higgins, T Isazawa, A Jiang,
T Johnson, A Joshi, M Kainth,
J A Kershaw, G H Kim, J M T Knapp,
S H Kung, N C Kurian, R Lanza
Munoz, A I Latcham-Ford, O Leanse,
S J Leonard, S W Li, M Lindsay-Perez,
C Little, S A M Lockey, A McGiff,
T H McKane, A A Makelov, E B Mann,
C-E L Martin, J J C E Mead,
O Mohamed, O J Morley, I N Mueller,
F R Y Myatt, J K Nicholson, J T Nunley,
E O'Hanlon, R G Peacock,
O H E Philcox, W C Price, D H Pope,
R D Prescott, J W Reynolds,
D H M Richards, E Roberts, E I Roberts,
J P Robinson, C Rourke, D Ryan,
J Scott, J Shepherd, G Singhal,
E O Sivan, H M Stylianou, T L Tan
Ming Hui, H B Thorne, K Turakhia,
P D Warren, F R Waters,
C J D Whitehead, M Wilson, S-C Wolf,
K Y J Wong, K J Y Wu, D Y Yao,
S Zekioglu

Named College Prizes and Awards

Abdul Aziz: I McLennan,
K H Schwarzmann
Zainab Aziz: D Gayne, A R Y L Tan
Bokhari: E S R Leydon
Braithwaite Batty: A S Benford,
F C Illingworth, E T Okada, M R Radia
Elisabeth & Derek Brewer:
J J M Degenhardt

John Clarke (Part IA): J W Fraser
John Clarke (Part II): A J Holender
Robert Dobson: A Patel
M T Dodds: E L Bain, C A Cooke,
G A Li, A J McCleery
Glover: S Bauernfreund
Hackett: R D Jacob-Owens, R J Ley
Henderson: A Ghose, R J G Simon
Albert Hopkinson: A Chadha
Dick Longden: L I Keijer-Palau
Colin MacKenzie: A Paris
Master & Tutors': M Dillon
Pattison: Z Kay
Peake: M Jesani, F J Richards
Herman Peries: O Faraggi
Quadling: K E Lodge
Bill Ray: L C Allen
Rodwell: N M Jones
Peter Slee History Prize: L Scott Lintott

Edward Spearing: W Lumb
Sudbury-Hardyman: L Brown, I Flower,
S Powell, J A Rashbass
H J & C K Swain: S Y Tan
Dr Arthur Tindal Hart: G Vare
Wallace: C Diaconu, M Greitans,
P-E Grimm, T D Heesom, F L Kreyssig,
S Phillips, M Rodgers, P Welch
T J Williams: J E Meyer

UNIVERSITY AWARDS

Hebrew Prize: S Bauernfreund
Charles Fox Memorial Prize: J A Dillon
Whewell Scholarship for International Law:
N M Jones
Kurt Hahn Prize: S A M Lockey
*Gordon Wigan Prize for Biological &
Biomedical Sciences*: R D Prescott
Middle Eastern Studies Dissertation Prize:
J A Rashbass

DEGREES

The following are the principal degrees taken by Emmanuel men and women during the academical year 2015–16:

PhD	Hoggard, M J	Riach, G K
Abernethy, S T	Jalali, M	Turner, R C G
Adams, A M	Katzelnick, L C	Waldie, J
Ainsley, E J	Kazi, A A	Zink, J
Aleksandrova, A A	Kendrick, A K	
Ashby, M R	Kotva, S A	LLM
Bayle, E D	Kozak, K	Dodd, J
Blackshaw, J A	Lo, W L	Jones, N M
Breen, D P	Loo, Y	Mason, P M
Bruce, H A	Myelnikov, D	
Clickard, B C J	Pugh, D J	MRes
Davies, J L	Ramskill, N P	Day, E S
Freeman, E	Raven, K E	Heeley, N J
Glasgow G H H*	Renshaw, M H	

* Gordon Glasgow's PhD degree by Special Regulations was awarded in 2014 when he was aged 88. It was unfortunately omitted from the 2014–15 list. Sadly he died on 23 February 2016; his obituary on p.233 records the years of research that led to his being awarded his degree

Rees, A E M
Tzokova, P S

MPhil

Addelson, J
Ainsley, E J
Aruneeniramarn, P
Ash, J
Beadles, M P H
Bugatti, G
Bulford Welch, E M V
Burgess, S L
Cartwright, P C B
Causbrook, T W
Clarke, J
Coskun, Z
Dierker Viik, A C
Elliot, L D
Goodall, M
Hickmore, H
Hilton, E S
Hong, K
Kazi, A A
Kim, C M
Kozak, K
Liu, P
Maxwell, D S K
Mayaud, J R
Miller, D
Mills, C A C
Mir, T
Morgan, A S
Puttock, C K
Ratnayake, T S
Richardson, A L
Sasse, S
Savage, D R
Schmidt, H K
Skinner, G R
Teitelbaum, E S
Toh, W L
Tunncliffe-Glass, E R
Wetherell, A
Williams, I E
Wynn, L
Zhang, K

MMath & BA

Bain, E L
Hepburn, D G
Lanza Munoz, R
Wolf, S-C

MMath

McLean, B

MAst

Makelov, A A
Raksit, A P

MEng & BA

Botu, A
Deytrikh, E
Fryers, P W C
Greitans, M
Harris, J R
Kurien, M A
Law, C
Little, C
Richards, D H M
Rodgers, M
Walker, B J
Wan, E
Warrington, T M

MBA

Ornrattanasakul, Y
Reed, J A
Whitehouse, A A

Exec MBA

Catachanas, A
Einy, R
Faller, K
Matenchuk, K
Neelam, S K
Yu, X A

MFin

Ang, W B S
Humbataliyev, N R O
Jiang, M

MEd

Horrocks, T
Middleton, K
Mitchell, E M

MSci & BA

Brown, A M
Day, L
Farmer, C
Foster, R
Freeland-Haynes, L
Gunn, J A
Ionescu, A-M
Knapp, J M T
Marsden, R C
Myers, T
Pham, D K
Sestovic, M
Softley, C
Starley, R

MSt

Rhodes, S G

MB

Chilvers, N J S
Loo, Y
Murphy, P M
Stretch, B

VetMB

Bevan, E L
Doster, L R
Fforde-Lutter, H
Smith, L A

BA

Acharya, A
Acheampong-Berchie, A
Armitage, J
Blackburn, J
Brooks, J
Brown, L
Buck, S A
Carlisle, L A

Carr, O J
Chandler, E L
Charles, P
Cho, C J
Cooke, C A
Corkery, M
Crowhurst, L J
de Gracia Hahn, D
Dewhurst, A D
Doughty, J
Earnshaw, R H
Elcock, E J
Farnsworth, C G
Farrant, S
Flower, I
Forbes, T
Gemmell, C E
Godley, B J
Green, F B
Hart, R
Haynes, F
Holender, A J
Hone, L
Hosking, L
Huldisch, R N
Jiang, A
Jordan, R W
Kay, Z
Le Feuvre, T
Lewy, G
Leydon, E S R

Li, G A
Li, S
Lumb, W
McCleery, A J
Mack, E
McKane, T H
McKinnon, K A
Maikovsky, Z
Markham, R L
Martin, C-E L
Mead, J C E
Mendelsohn, J
Mercer, C
Meyer, J E
Miller, H
Monk, R D
Montgomery, M I K
Moore, G S
Moss, H
Nairn, R K
Nardella, L M
Nunley, J T
Parsons, A J C
Paterson, R L
Pelly, F
Philp, H
Pinder, W C
Pope, D H
Powell, S
Prescott, R D
Rashbass, J A

Reaich, L A
Rice-Jones, Z C
Richardson, E
Ridsdale, B
Roberts, E
Roberts, E T A
Roessner, J
Rourke, C
Sharrock, L
Sheikh, Z
Shepherd, G
Sillars, K
Sime, J R
Singhal, G
Spencer, D J
Stark, W
Stevens, H G
Stonier, B J
Talbot, L
Taylor, L S
Taylor, R
Tucker, Y
Turakhia, K
Urquhart, K
Vare, G
Vaughan, S
Wang, H
Wang, R
Warr, E
Whalley, L E

MEMBERS' GATHERINGS

On 26–27 September 2015 the following Members were present at a Gathering:

The Master and Fellows

The Master, Dame Fiona Reynolds
Dr Alan Baker
Dr Sarah Bendall
The Revd Jeremy Caddick
Dr Robert Henderson
Professor Nigel Peake
Professor Stephen Watson
Lord Wilson of Dinton

Former Fellows

Dr Ted McDonald
Dr Gordon Sreaton

1942

Dr Ian Fallows

1944

Mr Bob Miles
Mr Alfred Witham

1945

Mr Michael Brown
Dr John Ryley

1946

Mr John Cook

1949

Professor Brian Loasby
Mr John Young

1950

Mr John Dean

1951

The Revd Canon Gordon Dodson
Mr Alec Holmes
Mr John Marriott
The Revd Derek Prime
Dr Peter Rohde
Mr Graham Taylor
The Revd Canon John Wheatley
Price

1952

Mr Tony Baker
Mr John Britten
Mr Derek Finlay
Mr Michael Peacock
Mr Mike Richardson
Mr Mike Simmons
Dr John Stark
Mr Tony Wechsler
Mr Alan Whitson

1953

Dr Colin Campbell
Mr David Forster
Dr Simon Harcourt-Webster
Dr Tym Hattersley
Dr Michael Henk
Dr Geoff Hillam
Mr Peter Lord
Mr Martin Lee-Browne
Mr Malcolm Melrose
Professor John Melville-Jones
Mr Peter Morton
Dr Tim Taylor
Dr Jim Williamson
Dr Donald Wilson
Dr Edward Youngs

1954

Mr Nick Alexander
Professor Tony Bradley
Mr Paul Brudenell
Mr David Buck
Professor David Bugg
Mr Desmond Gailey
Mr Ralph Holden
Mr Roy Lander
Mr Ken Lee
Mr Peter Riley
Mr Peter South
Mr Peter Schofield
Mr Patrick Thompson
Mr Graham Tottle
Mr Fred Towers

On 19–20 March 2016 the following Members were present at a Gathering:

The Master and Fellows

The Master, Dame Fiona Reynolds
Ms Chloe Alaghband-Zadeh
Dr Jonathan Aldred
Dr Richard Barnes
Dr Sarah Bendall
The Revd Jeremy Caddick
Dr John Grant
Dr Robert Henderson

2001

Mr David Cornish
Dr Katie Marwick
Mr Neil Roques

2002

Miss Sophie Adelman
Dr Ehsan Ahmadnia
Mr Ed Aldcroft
Dr John Apps
Mr Michael Bannister
Mr Colin Barnard
Mr Scott Bradley
Miss Asha Brooks
Mr Stephen Burgess
Dr Gary Chandler
Mr James Chapman
Ms Lou Clark
Miss Grace Clements
Miss Emma Davis
Mr Piers de Wilde
Dr Judah Eastwell
Mr David Evans
Mr Robin Fairey
Mr Matt Fincham
Mrs Kimberley Foxell
Miss Rachael Gledhill
Dr Julia Goedecke
Miss Rebecca Harrison
Mr Joseph Heaven
Mr Tom Hopwood
Miss Deborah Humphries
Ms Sara Huws
Mr Adam Jacobs-Dean
Dr Wil James
Mr Joe James-Kallarackal
Mrs Clair Harvis
Mrs Charlie King
Dr Simon King
Dr Jimmy Kwok

Dr Sophie Lam
Miss Kim MacDonald
Miss Jennifer MacLeod
Miss Shelly-Ann Meade
Mr Dom Morgan
Mr Daniel Murphy
Miss Louise Needham-Didsbury
Mr Sebastien Neilson
Miss Chamindri Perera
Dr Joanna Pocock
Dr Kate Prentice
Dr Beatrice Priest
Miss Sanchia Purkaystha
Mr Thomas Richardson
Mrs Sarah Rigby
Mrs Susie Roques
Mrs Lindsay Rose
Dr Senem Sahin
Mr Javid Salim
Miss Caroline Shaw
Mrs Hannah Smith
Miss Jo Smith
Dr Giles Story
Mrs Madhumita Suresh
Miss Katherine Vinnicombe
Mr Kavin Wadhar
Mrs Manon Walther
Mrs Catherine Wilkinson
Mr Adam Willans
Miss Rhiannon Wood

2003

Mr Tom Adlard
Mr Jamie Aitcheson
Miss Samantha-Jane Armsby
Miss Isabel Burnham
Dr Tom Close
Mrs Felicity Cornish
Miss Fran Costigan
Miss Joanna Davis
Dr Gary Doctors
Mr Tom Dyer
Mrs Helen Eldakrouri
Mr Edwin Evans-Thirlwell
Miss Laura Freeman
Mr Bobby Friedman
Dr Eliza Gil
Mrs Kate Groom
Miss Lydia Guthrie

Miss Eleanor Haggis
 Mr Rob Haworth
 Dr Rachel Howcroft
 Mr Hugh Hurley
 Ms Jo Hurley
 Mr Peter Inglesham
 Mr Mike Jenkins
 Miss Amanda Kilsby
 Mr Geoff Lam
 Miss Natalie Landlaw-Mott
 Mr Dave Lee
 Miss Olivia Mills
 Mr Peter Parkes
 Mr David Phillips
 Mr Nick Pollitt
 Miss Zarah Rasool
 Dr Ian Saunders
 Dr Helen Stark
 Mr Matthias Volmer
 Mr Sam Walker
 Mr Ric Whalley
 Mr Tom Winter
 Miss Lizzie Woolley

2004

Mr Matt Austin
 Mr Francis Bartleet
 Miss Cong Bo
 Mr Alan Bowe
 Mr Charlie Breslin
 Mr Thomas Brydges

Miss Ruby Casey-Knight
 Mrs Becky Chisnall
 Miss Sam Cutts
 Ms Barbara Drew
 Mr Adam Drury
 Dr Julia Farley
 Dr Charlotte Forrest
 Mr Ben Gardner
 Mr Edward Gascoigne
 Mr Marcus Gillard
 Mrs Hannah Gore-Randall
 Miss Françoise Howe
 Mr Andrew Jones
 Dr Claire Jones
 Mr Deep Lidder
 Miss Fiona Manders
 Miss Lamorna Newcombe
 Mrs Emma Pereira
 Mr James Robinson
 Dr Kim Roper
 Mr Tim Salmon
 Mr Adrian Somerfield
 Miss Ine Steenmans
 Mr Tom Sutherland
 Miss Natalie Thomas
 Miss Josephine Tippet
 Miss Steffi Warrillow
 Mrs Anna Wright
 Mr Chi Yeo

FUTURE GATHERINGS OF MEMBERS

Dates given against each Gathering refer to the year of matriculation and not of graduation

25–26 March 2017:	1986, 1987, 1988
23–24 September 2017:	1978, 1979, 1980
March/April 2018:	1970, 1971, 1972
September 2018:	1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966
March/April 2019:	2005, 2006, 2007
September 2019:	1997, 1998, 1999
March/April 2020:	1989, 1990, 1991
September 2020:	1981, 1982, 1983

Invitations will be sent a few months in advance of each Gathering to all Members of the College who matriculated in the years shown, and for whom the College has a current address.

If special circumstances mean that an invitation would be welcome to a Gathering other than one for your matriculation year, please contact the Development Office.

DEATHS

A Requiem is held each year in the College Chapel on or near All Souls' Day, ie on 2 November or shortly thereafter, at which Members and staff of the College whose deaths we have learned about in the preceding year are remembered, along with others. All are very welcome to attend. Please contact the Development Office, (development-office@emma.cam.ac.uk, Telephone +44 (0)1223 330476), if you are intending to come, to ascertain the exact date and inform them of your intention to attend.

RICHARD LLOYD (porter and then Deputy Head Porter 1974–2002) died on 20 May 2016.

We are saddened to announce the deaths of many Members. The College is very grateful to relatives and friends who provide the information. News of deaths received after 1 July will be recorded in next year's *Magazine*. The names are arranged in order of matriculation date and † denotes that there is also an entry in the Obituaries section (p.179). We would be glad to receive fuller appreciations of those whose deaths are only listed here so that we can publish an obituary in another year.

WALTER GRAY AITKEN LAWRIE
(1934)

FREDERICK PHILIP BALL† (1935) –
28 October 2015

THOMAS HENRY LOUIS PARKER†
(1935) – 25 April 2016.

KENNETH WILLIAM BADDELEY
(1937) – 25 July 2015

DONALD BRITTON† (1938) – 7 June
2016

RONALD DOUGLAS GRAY† (1938,
Fellow 1958–2015) – 19 November 2015

JOHN RANDOLPH SHELLEY (1938)
– 8 September 2015

HAROLD BRADLEY (1939) – 18 July
2015

NOEL HETHERTON† (1939) –
12 December 2015

JOHN KELSEY CBE (1939) – 10 June
2016

STUART MARLOW LIMB (1941) –
1 April 2015

HARVEY HERBERT STARTE (1941) –
18 July 2015

ANTHONY HALSALL WAILES†
(1941)

JOHN DESMOND COX (1942) –
1 November 2014

RUPERT LINDSAY LEATHAM†
(1942) – 26 June 2015

TREVOR BOYD OWEN (1942) –
17 December 2016

STUART WESTLEY† (1942) –
14 November 2015

**HERBERT GARFIELD WITHER-
INGTON†** (1942) – 28 February 2016

THOMAS BABINGTON BOULTON†
OBE (1943) – 1 July 2016

GEOFFREY ALAN COBHAM (1943) –
2 October 2014

JOHN HERBERT COUPLAND (1943)
– 7 December 2015

HUGH ROLAND CROOKE (1943) –
22 November 2015

**GRAEME STUART FERGUSON
MACKENZIE†** (1943) – 9 August 2015

GRAHAM WALLACE PAGE (1943) –
24 December 2014

REGINALD FREDERICK BENNETT†
(1944) – 20 September 2015

JOHN BRIDGEN (1944) – 29 August
2015

ROGER PHILIP EKINS (1944) –
26 July 2016

JOHN LYONS† CBE (1944) – 22 May
2016

ALEXANDER LEWENDON MARTIN
(1944) – 1 July 2016

ERIC JOHN COOPER† (1945) –
29 November 2015

**GORDON HENRY HARPER
GLASGOW†** (1945) – 23 February
2016

**GORDON WILLIAM EWING
PADDOCK** (1945)

GUY THORNTON WHITAKER†
(1945) – 3 May 2016

CHARLES ANDREW BARNES†
(1946) – 14 August 2015

WILLIAM IVOR BENGOUGH (1946)
– 3 September 2015

BRIAN EDGAR MOODY† (1947) –
20 December 2015

PETER BRINE† (1948) – 6 October
2013

JOHN HADWEN KIRKLAND (1948)
– 19 February 2016

CLIVE WILLIAM LESTER (1948) –
14 February 2015

**JOHN DESMOND MORGAN
RICHARDS** (1948) – 8 September 2015

RICHARD JACK SNOOK† (1948) –
17 June 2015

ALASTAIR FIFE ANGAS† (1949) –
22 January 2016

DEREK HIGNETT ARDERN (1949) –
15 December 2014

JOHN RICHARD BATCHELOR†
(1949) – 21 December 2015

DAVID COLEBROOK† (1949) –
4 January 2016

RICHARD JAMES STARLING† (1949)
– 3 October 2015

JOHN MICHAEL TURNER† (1949) –
30 March 2014

JOHN JAMES WARR† (1949) – 8 May
2016

JOHN RICHARD PERCIVAL ALLEN†
(1950) – 1 October 2015

MURRAY MELLES CARLIN (1950)

JAMES IAN CUNNINGHAM (1950) –
29 December 2015

ROBERT HENRY GOODING† (1950)
– 6 May 2016

GEOFFREY JERMYN HOLBOROW†
(1950) – 11 August 2015

FRANK RICHARD KEOGH (1950)

ROBERT IAN MURRAY SCOTT
(1950) – 12 June 2015

ELLIS GEORGE FREDERICK
TINSLEY (1950) – 4 November 2015

ALISTAIR KENNETH CAMPBELL
MACMILLAN (1951) – 10 June 2016

WILLIAM MCKERROW SLOAN†
(1951) – 3 June 2016

JAMES MILN SMALL (1951) – 1 July 2015

JONATHAN ROBIN FRANCIS
ARTHUR (1952) – 25 June 2016

CECIL EDWARD PARKINSON†
(1952) – 22 January 2016

ERIC JOHN ALEXANDER (1953) –
9 February 2016

MICHAEL DAVID BRINING† (1954)
– November 2015

JOHN GREENWOOD COLLIER†
(1954, Fellow 1959–63) – 18 June 2016

ANTHONY BRIAN HIDDEN† (1954)
– 19 February 2016

MAURICE HOPE (1954) – 28 January 2016

MARTIN NICOLAS PHILLIPS (1954)
– 13 April 2016

PETER KEMNITZ GRANT (1955) –
5 May 2016

HARRY LEVERICK (1955) – 1 October 2015

DAVID MICHAEL LOADES (1955) –
21 April 2016

JOHN NORTHCOTT† (1955) –
16 March 2016

DAVID WILLIAM BAXTER (1956) –
21 April 2015

JEREMY L'ANSON COOPER† (1956)
– 12 December 2015

MICHAEL JOHN HANDSCOMB
(1956) – 29 November 2015

RAYMOND WALLACE HUMPHREYS
(1956) – 28 June 2015

RICHARD VINCENT OSBORNE†
(1956) – 29 September 2015

PHILIP GRAEME CHRISTOPHER
KETCHUM† (1957) – 13 September 2015

FREDERICK JOHN SELF (1957)

WILLIAM GILES ATKINS (1958) –
24 September 2014

MICHAEL HENRY DAVIES (1958)
died 28 June 2016

JOHN GEORGE IRELAND (1958) –
1 September 2015

JOHN ELIAS ROBERTS† (1958) –
3 August 2015

NEIL AFRED GEORGE HARRISON†
(1959) – 19 October 2014

JOHN DAVID MARSH† (1959) –
5 January 2016

RONALD GEORGE JAMES (1959) –
16 July 2016

KENNETH WILLIAM ALLEN† (1960)
– 26 December 2015

JOHN GAVIN BASTERFIELD† (1960)
– 17 September 2014

BRIAN MAXWELL ELMO DE SILVA
(1960) – 6 January 2009

GEORGE HENRY GRIBBLE (1960) –
4 February 2016

MACAILLAN JOHN HUTTON (1960)

PETER ANTHONY VAUGHAN
JONES (1960) – 7 April 2016

DENNIS ERIC NINEHAM† (Fellow
1961–1969) – 9 June 2016

PATRICK DOUGLAS COOK (1963) –
27 August 2015

NICHOLAS GUY HENSHALL† (1964)
– 16 September 2015

ROBERT DAVID MCGLUE (1965) –
6 December 2015

MICHAEL JULIAN FLAY† (1967) –
9 May 2016

RAVI PARKASH SHARMA (1967) –
18 August 2015

WILLIAM ALAN THOMAS (1967) –
31 May 2015

MARTIN PETER DOOLAN† (1968) –
29 April 2015

STEPHEN WALKER (1969)

HAROLD WILLIAM MCCREADY†
(1970) – 5 April 2016

JOHN ANTHONY ROBILLIARD†
(1972) – 15 April 2015

PHILIP JOHN SMITH (1975) –
20 December 2007

ELISE TOMKINS (PARTRIDGE)†
(1981) – 31 January 2015

GEOFFREY WILLIAM HILL† Kt
(Fellow 1981–1988, Honorary Fellow
1990–2016) – 30 June 2016

MATTHEW RALPH HUTCHINSON†
(1989) died in February 2016

JONATHAN SIMON CHRISTOPHER
RILEY-SMITH (Fellow 1994–2005) –
13 September 2016

ADRIAN TIMOTHY JAMES
STANFORD† (1995) – 3 May 2016

KATHERINE MARY PENDLEBURY
(1996) – 16 April 2015

BARAKA IFTEKHAR KHAN† (2009)
– 18 February 2016

UNA ANN FINLAY† (2010) – 20 May 2016

We were saddened to learn, as the proofs of the Magazine were being corrected, of the tragic death of a current research student Negar Miralaei (2013) in October 2016

