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**EMMANUEL COLLEGE  
MAGAZINE**



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2016–2017

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 (15 June) 2018.

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](mailto: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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## CONTENTS

- 1 THE YEAR IN REVIEW**
- 2 From the Master by *Fiona Reynolds*
- 6 From the Senior Tutor by *Robert Henderson*
- 10 From the Bursar by *Mike Gross*
- 13 The College Library by *Helen Carron*
- 16 The College Archive by *Amanda Goode*
- 25 From the Development Director by *Sarah Bendall*
- 30 The Emmanuel Society by *Nick Allen*
- 35 VIEWS**
- 36 The Dark Side of Genetics: The Gomes Lecture 2017  
by *Lord Winston*
- 54 Emmanuel and the Great War: Part Four 1917  
by *Amanda Goode*
- 65 'The Big Push': Ypres and Passchendaele in 1917  
by *Phil Brown*
- 77 The Spirit Of Place: Harvard, Emmanuel and Southwark  
Cathedral by *Fiona Reynolds*
- 82 Archbishop Who was Driven Out of Office by *John Tiller*
- 88 Thomas Young: An Ordinary Polymath? by *Peter Burke*
- 100 Thomas Young: Polymath, Bioengineer and  
Interdisciplinary Pioneer by *Michelle Oyen*
- 105 William Moulton, Fenton Hort and Brooke Foss Westcott:  
A Cambridge Friendship by *John Harding*
- 118 Timothe Bright's *A Treatise of Melancholy* and Emmanuel  
College: Early Modern Emotion in the Making?  
by *Angela Hurworth*
- 126 Wu Lien-Teh: A Synopsis from his Autobiography  
by *Madeleine Fairweather*
- 133 *Fit Via Vi*: The Origin of the Boat Club Motto  
by *Robert Jones*
- 136 When Evidence Cedes to Intuition by *Alan Baker*
- 145 The Stigma of Aleppo Boil by *Joe Hollins*
- 151 Eclectic Emmanuel: Extracts From Evocations of  
Experience  
Boys among the men by *John Kirkup*  
Emmanuel College and Cambridge 1974–77  
Post-Second-World-War college life and surplus  
equipment that enabled a Nobel prize by *Brian Thrush*
- 168 Brewer Hall Poetry Prize
- 174 John Hughes Prize
- 177 NEWS**
- 178 Fellowship Elections
- 187 Fellowship News
- 187 News of the Fellows
- 189 News of Former Fellows
- 190 News of Honorary Fellows
- 193 News of Benefactor Fellows
- 193 News of Benefactor Bye-Fellows
- 194 News of Bye-Fellows
- 194 News of Former Visiting Fellows
- 194 News of Members
- 202 News of Staff
- 203 CLUBS AND SOCIETIES**
- 204 Arts & Photographic Society (ECAPS)
- 205 Association Football Club
- 208 Athletics and Cross-Country Club
- 210 Boat Club
- 213 Chapel Choir
- 218 Chess
- 218 Christian Union
- 219 Cinema
- 220 Cricket Club
- 222 Emmanuel College Students' Union
- 225 Lacrosse
- 226 May Ball
- 228 MCR
- 232 Music Society (ECMS)
- 234 Mountaineering Club
- 235 Netball Club

- 239 Quiz Society  
 241 REDS  
 242 Rugby Club  
 244 Women's Rugby  
 245 Squash Club  
 245 Tennis Club
- 247 OBITUARIES**
- 248 Fellows:  
 248 John Greenwood Collier  
 250 Jonathan Simon Christopher Riley-Smith  
 259 Ira Dyer  
 262 Alan Dobson  
 264 David Christopher Gervais
- 266 Staff:  
 266 Tony Dennison  
 266 François Reverchon
- 269 Members:  
 334 Addo, Emmanuel Akwei  
 295 Arthur, Jonathan Robin Francis  
 339 Baptista Ochoa, Rafael  
 296 Benney, David John  
 285 Bewes, Peter Cecil  
 272 Boulton, Thomas Babington  
 272 Briggs, Donald Knowles  
 323 Britten, Alan Edward Marsh  
 274 Brunstrom, Rudolf Geoffrey Waldemar  
 310 Charanjiva, Arvind  
 298 Colebrook, Martin  
 275 Coupland, John Herbert  
 277 Davies, Peter Trevor  
 279 Dench, Peter George Reginald  
 288 Dewhurst, John Kesteven  
 294 Duke, Angus John  
 319 Edgcombe, Frederick Horatio Cochrane  
 326 Fane, Francis Michael George  
 306 Fletcher, Derek  
 304 Fletcher, Edward Walter Leslie  
 332 Gibbs, David Frank  
 338 Gray, Janette Patricia  
 291 Griffin, John Stanford  
 319 Guthrie, Ian William  
 270 Haseler, George William  
 333 Hengen, Steven Edward  
 298 Howell, Owain Morgan Rhys
- 326 Hutton, Macaillan John  
 309 Jones, Arthur George  
 328 Kirwan, John Edward Francis  
 292 Lees, Anthony Philip  
 312 Loades, David Michael  
 305 MacAulay, Donald  
 330 Mcglue, Robert David  
 294 Macmillan, Alastair Kenneth Campbell  
 281 Martin, Alexander Lewendon  
 325 Merwin, John Elwood  
 340 Miralaei, Negar  
 321 Moore, Robert Gordon  
 269 Norman, Archibald Percy  
 283 Oecken, John  
 282 Pendrill, Geoffrey Reginald  
 302 Rogers, Christopher  
 338 Russell, Nicholas James  
 322 Sharp, Michael Charles  
 285 Stevens, Charles Keith  
 282 Third, Richard Henry Mcphail  
 292 Tinsley, Ellis George Frederick  
 337 Walker, Nicholas David  
 271 Willis, Arthur Newcombe  
 317 Wimpenny, Julian William Thomas
- 343 LISTS**
- 344 The Fellowship  
 344 The Honorary Fellows  
 345 The Master and Fellows, 2017–18  
 350 Emeritus Fellows  
 350 Bye-Fellows  
 351 Benefactor Fellows  
 351 Benefactor Bye-Fellows  
 352 Derek Brewer Visiting Fellows, 2017–18  
 352 College Research Associates
- 353 The College Staff
- 354 Academic Record  
 354 Matriculations  
 362 Scholarships, Exhibitions and Prizes 2017  
 364 University Awards  
 364 Degrees
- 367 Members' Gatherings  
 367 Gatherings of Members  
 370 Future Gatherings of Members
- 371 Deaths

### A NOTE ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS

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

The upper photograph prefacing The Year in Review (p. 1) is one of the photographs c. 1886 in the album, on loan from Professor Sir Timothy Gowers (see p. 18), which was compiled by Raymond Pelly (1883). It is an alternative view of his room in front court to that shown on p. 19. The lower photograph is taken from the album of 1900–01 donated by Rodger Bullock (see p. 22) which is believed to be a view of a room in old court.

Views (p. 35) has more photographs from the Pelly album – a view from St. Andrew's Street above a view, across the pond, of the chapel and of the then master's lodge.

News (p. 177) is a photograph also from the Pelly album of the hall.

Clubs and Societies (p. 203) begins with Freddie Dyke's photograph taken at the May Ball on 18 June 2017.

The picture preceding Obituaries (p. 247) is of one of the Emmanuel entrants who never came into residence and who are mentioned on pages 65–7. He was lieutenant Victor Richardson, a close friend of Vera Brittain and her brother Edward, who features in her book *Testament of Youth*. He was severely wounded during the battle of Arras on 9 April 1917 and died in London from an abscess in the brain.

Lists (p. 343) begins with a photograph, from the Pelly album, of his fellow third year students in 1886, above a photograph of the Emmanuel Rugby Club in 1892, by some years the earliest one which the College has for that sport. See page 22 for details of the donation from the executors of Joy Paterson, whose father Archibald Patterson (1892) is in the photograph.

All of the illustrations, with the exception of Clubs and Societies (p. 203) and that from the album donated by Rodger Bullock, were re-photographed by Nigel Luckhurst.



## The Year in Review

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## *FROM THE MASTER*

Another academic year has drawn to a close and once again it's been a good one for Emma. A glorious summer saw success in examinations and on the river, with both of our top crews gaining their blades, an unprecedented achievement. The year has, too, been punctuated by exciting developments in college. Below, the Senior Tutor reports on our excellent academic results and how we're responding to fast-changing policies and structures in higher education; and the Development Director describes how we're gearing up for a major change in college.

I'm delighted to report that our long-sought purchase of the remaining part of Park Terrace is finally coming to fruition, four years after we first asked to buy it from the university. We will soon be the proud owners of Furness Lodge, the building next to Camden House and the only one of the Park Terrace buildings we weren't able to acquire in 1983, and of a long lease on the car park adjacent to it. The only part we couldn't buy was the old telephone exchange on Regent Street, because the university is so keen to hang on to office buildings. So we don't quite complete our ownership of the whole 'island'; that will be for another day!

But the purchase of Furness Lodge and the car park presents a tremendous opportunity for us. With these assets, we can completely reorient and improve the southern end of our college, with significant new building to provide more accommodation on the main site for undergraduates, improved social facilities for all students, new green spaces, and a place for an increased number of post-docs and all members of our community to meet and socialise. We will be able to reorganise spaces across the wider college estate, enabling us to find a site for a nursery for under-fives, improve the accommodation we offer to graduates, and achieve many other consequential benefits.

As the Development Director explains, there's a huge amount to do to prepare for this change, and to raise the money to make it possible: we will keep you in touch, so watch this space!

Meanwhile the life of the college continues and we will welcome an impressive new crop of Research Fellows in October: Charlotte Bentley (an Emma music graduate), Emma Mackinnon (politics), Aja Murray (psychology) and Vinesh Rajpaul (astrophysics). They will be joined by our new joint Smuts Research Fellow, Clara Devlieger, replacing Andrea Grant who has successfully held that post for the last three years and remains in Cambridge, and is now, I am delighted to say, married to another former Emma Research Fellow and Bye-Fellow Daniel Popa. We also have a new John Coates non-stipendiary Research Fellow in mathematical sciences, Vikas Trivedi, who replaces Lorenzo de Michele, who again is remaining in Cambridge and becomes a Bye-Fellow. We said goodbye to Research Fellows Andela Saric, who is moving to UCL and Chloe Alaghband-Zaleh, who is taking up a role at Loughborough University. In a special dinner to mark his retirement, we said thanks and farewell to the university's Registry Dr Jonathan Nicholls, who was a Fellow of Emmanuel during his time at the university.

Dr Jon Lawrence, who has been a history Fellow here for 13 years, is moving to Devon and to a post at Exeter University with his wife Jane. He will be much missed and we are very grateful for all he's done for the college. Sadly another of our historians, Dr Lawrence Klein, has retired from the university; happily he has kindly agreed to direct studies for us next year. A number of our Fellows took up Life Fellowships this year: Professors Steven Boldy, Chris Burgoyne, Barry Windeatt and Steve Young.

New Fellows will join us in October: Dr Bettina Varwig, a specialist in Bach, will add to our strength in music; and Dr Thomas Sauerwald joins us from computer sciences following Neil Dodgson's departure last year.

This year we have also welcomed as new Bye-Fellows Sarah d'Ambrumenil from the Office of Student Conduct; and Dr Paul Wilkinson who replaces Dr David Lomas as Director of Studies for Clinical Medicine, whom we warmly thank for his years of service. Two new Honorary Fellows have been elected: Professor Dennis Lo, who is Professor of Chemical Pathology at the Chinese

University of Hong Kong, and Dr Indrajit Coomaraswamy, the Governor of the Central Bank of Sri Lanka.

We were delighted that several of our Fellows received promotions this year: Dr Frank Jiggins was awarded a chair; readerships were awarded to Dr Ayse Zarakol, Dr Alex Mitov and Dr Alex Kabla, and Dr Laura Moretti becomes a senior lecturer.

It has, too, been a year of sadness, notably with the death of François Reverchon, our catering manager for the last 23 years. As well as being a wonderful colleague he was responsible for the huge improvement in Emmanuel's catering and the success of our chefs in competitions; and we are very pleased that Matt Carter, the young chef he brought in over 20 years ago, is now our executive head chef and head of catering.

We also held two memorial services in the chapel for a current and former student. Negar Miralaei was a fourth year PhD student from Tehran when she was tragically killed in a car accident during a visit home. Her family came to visit in June when we held a beautiful service in her honour, which included planting a cherry tree in the Fellows' Garden; in happier news her younger sister Aida has a PhD place here to start this October. Rafa Baptista Ocha was a former undergraduate, and was studying for a PhD in Oxford at the time of his death. We mourned his loss in a very moving service in the chapel, organised and led by our assistant chaplain, Alexander Ross.

College life was, as always, enriched by a series of events and guest speakers, among which Robert Winston's lively and controversial Gomes lecture, 'The Dark Side of Genetics', was a highlight, as were talks by two of the lawyers involved in the long-running Hillsborough inquiry, Henrietta Hill and Christina Lambert. And of course, our *University Challenge* team, led by the charming Bobby Seagull, received great plaudits for their cleverness and wit. And as well as our brilliant success in the May bumps, Freddie Davidson (2016) was a member of the Boat Race crew; Helen White (2015) won windsurfing Cuppers; Ekaterina Zabolotnaya (2015) and her partner were nominated the 'Cambridge Couple of the Year' in the Varsity dancesport match (which Cambridge won); and we had

two members of the successful men's Varsity rugby team: Mike Philips (2014) and Seb Tullie (2012).

A highlight of the summer term, on a sweltering day, was our lunch party for members over 80; it was incredibly well attended and a delightful, happy occasion, as were our two Gatherings this year, for the 1994–96 and 1986–88 generations. A number of other events for members were organised in association with the Emmanuel Society, whose hard-working chair, Nick Allen, and his committee have our fulsome thanks.

We also travelled, meeting Emma members in North America and Belfast. Our trip to the East coast of the States was in March, where we experienced both the bitter cold and the warm welcome offered by Williams College (who send us a cohort of students each year through the generosity of Herchel Smith funds), Harvard University and Boston. Our attempts to reach the west coast of America were almost thwarted by British Airways because we attempted to fly out the day their computers went down: 24 hours later, after sleeping in the airport and with no luggage we landed in San Francisco and continued our journey to Los Angeles and Vancouver. Throughout the trip we were without our cases, but we were grateful for much help and encouragement in 'shotgun shopping' from our members. It was an experience we have no wish to repeat, though!

There's much, then, to look back on and feel proud of; but much too to which we look forward. Everything changes and nothing changes at Emmanuel; our values and passion for excellence, beauty and community continue as we seek constantly to adapt to meet the needs of each generation. It's a glorious challenge and a glorious place from which we all draw strength.

**Fiona Reynolds, Master**

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## *FROM THE SENIOR TUTOR*

Writing in the *Magazine* last year, I noted that while the life of the college and the university continues year-to-year with many things changing imperceptibly, occasionally fairly substantial events occur that can have significant and far-reaching consequences. Last year a major unexpected event was the vote in favour of the UK leaving the European Union, and I'm not sure we are any further forward one year on in knowing how that is going to turn out, in our introspective way, for the college and the university. The slightly less expected event was the alteration of the A-level system, which had knock-on effects upon the way in which we can assess applicants for admission as undergraduates. Things have not exactly been quiet since I put pen to paper in August 2016. There has been an unexpected general election, with a (probably) surprising result. The aftermath of that, together with the unresolved position regarding the European Union, synergise to produce an air of uncertainty. However, that is not to say that things have ground to a halt. As an institution, we are having to react not only to the broader political situation but also to new initiatives and legislation introduced over the last year and in the recent past.

Last year I wrote of the changes to the A-levels, which were going to result in the colleges not having access to module scores obtained in AS papers the year after GCSEs. As most undergraduate applicants do take A-levels, these module scores proved useful in distinguishing (on academic grounds) between our applicants and without them things become a little more complicated. In October 2016 we had 791 applicants for our 140 or so undergraduate places. Of these, 498 were taking A-levels. Without the module scores, we must rely on predicted A-level grades (as well as on previous academic attainment). Not surprisingly both are generally very good. The average number of A-levels taken per applicant is around four. So, for our 498, there are about 2000 A-levels to be taken in 2017 (and predictions to be made by schools). Of the predictions 48 were for grade B, nine for grade C and 1482 for grade

A\*. The remainder are pretty well all for grade A. One thousand four hundred and eighty-two divided by 498 is just short of three, so there's an average of three A\* predicted per candidate. The standard conditional offer is two A\*s and one A grade for most science subjects, and one A\* and two As for most arts subjects. There is thus a problem. Most of our A-level applicants are predicted to exceed the terms of the standard offer and the truth is, given the rather unusual nature of our field of applicants compared with most other universities, many of them probably will. They are not all the same though, and some A\* (and A) grades will have obtained higher marks than others. This is where module scores are useful, because they formed a way of intra-cohort comparison. So, with the disappearance of the module scores, our 498 A-level candidates found themselves in the same position as the 300 candidates taking other examinations (in which intra-cohort comparison can also be difficult).

That is why this year the colleges introduced assessments to compare applicants amongst the cohort applying for each subject. When I wrote about these assessments this time last year they were in a late stage of development, but now they have been and gone. The pre-interview assessment took place during the first week of November (all over the world, in applicants' schools, or in centres nearby) and they were delivered to Cambridge and marked within the very tight deadline before inviting applicants for interview at the beginning of December. A further set of assessments took place for other subjects on the days of the interviews. I have been amongst a group of Senior Tutors and staff from the Cambridge Admissions Office and Cambridge Assessment given responsibility for the design and implementation of the new assessments. This was not straightforward. There are many different subjects offered at Cambridge University and those responsible for each subject have their own ideas about what constitutes an appropriate form of assessment. There are many different colleges as well and some of them showed a degree of scepticism about the concept of any central comparative assessment of applicants. Nevertheless, everything worked and we will go ahead with refined versions of the



assessments in the forthcoming admissions round (considering what we learnt last autumn). This will be the second year of a two-year pilot and it remains to be seen what will happen in 2018. Everything new and unfamiliar has the potential to be unsettling, but one advantage of the new assessments is that they are taken by applicants who themselves are taking a wide range of examinations, not just A-levels, but also IB, Pre-U, Scottish Highers and Advanced Highers, and the plethora of national and local examinations from outside the UK. While these new assessments evidently form a way of comparing applicants at the initial stages of the admissions process, we will not know for a long time how our performance in the assessments maps with that of the candidates in their university examinations. Module scores were a remarkably good predictor of tripos performance, regardless of the educational background of the student.

Another interesting innovation that I wrote about last year was the Teaching Excellence Framework (TEF) assessment being made of universities. Well, the current round assessment has also taken place and you will probably be happy to hear that the University of Cambridge received a gold rating. There will be a further TEF assessment in the near future in which slightly different criteria will be used, so we shall see what happens then. The TEF exercise has been somewhat controversial in Cambridge and beyond, and it shows little sign of becoming less so. One aspect of the assessment depends upon the results of the National Student Survey, completed by students shortly before they graduate. Because of its association with TEF, there was what must be counted a successful student boycott of the survey in Cambridge this year, and the overall participation rate did not reach the level necessary to allow the data to feed into TEF. What this means for the exercise remains to be seen, but Cambridge is by no means alone amongst universities in finding itself in this position.

Last year I also described the Green Paper on Higher Education that the government had invited universities to comment upon. This has now turned into the Higher Education and Research Act, which received Royal Assent on 27 April and is a

very wide-ranging piece of legislation. Among other things it reorganises the regulation and responsibilities of public research funding bodies including the research councils, but it also introduces and formalises various procedures concerned with the educational function of universities. Not least amongst these is a highly detailed responsibility concerning access to higher education. This is of course a serious topic and one that universities have been addressing for some time. Recently, the efficiency of institutions in promoting access to higher education has become linked to the fees chargeable to undergraduates. Responsibility for this lay with the director of fair access and the Office of Fair Access (OFFA), through agreed statements of aims with individual higher education providers. Under the new legislation OFFA (and the director) will cease to exist and be replaced by the Office for Students (which will also replace the Higher Education Funding Council for England – HEFCE – under a chief executive). These developments mean that we live in interesting times, times which mean that the university and hence the colleges are going to be under increased scrutiny and, it should be said, some degree of increased regulation. Administration of the new processes is complex but necessary. Definitions in some areas are not yet clear. For example, in terms of access to higher education it is now incumbent upon universities to extend outreach activities into schools (which is something that has been happening for a long time), but there will now be a requirement to demonstrate that these initiatives with schools are bearing fruit in terms of attainment of students at school. No doubt things will become clearer as the new system beds in.

So, we are in the middle of a shakeup in the higher education world and Cambridge and its colleges, as always, are likely to find themselves in the spotlight. I expect I'll have something more to report back this time next year.

I should end by retreating from the exhilarating world of higher education politics back into a more domestic, collegiate sphere and say something for myself about François Reverchon. François and I arrived at the college at the same time in the Michaelmas term of 1993. This means that I had no extensive

experience of college catering in the pre-François days, but I did know that his arrival had created a great stir and general approbation for our then gourmet-Dean, Brendan Clover's efforts to recruit him. Brendan left the college in 1994 to become vicar of St Pancras and so there was a vacancy for Fellows' Steward, which I filled for a few years. I'm not sure why people thought I'd be an appropriate choice, though I think I once made a comment about the wine glasses that made people think I knew something about food and drink, which was not necessarily the case. In any event this meant that I had to work with François and it was interesting seeing the calm way in which he built up his team and interacted with the different constituencies within the college with quiet efficiency. From a career in high-end hotel and restaurant cuisine to providing a catering service for a Cambridge college is quite a jump and one that François made with remarkable assurance. Emmanuel's kitchens soon became renowned throughout Cambridge and I don't think anybody really expected François to stay for very long. He would surely be snatched away by some more glamorous institution? That would prove not to be the case and he was with us for 23 years, familiar to students, Fellows, staff and many members, until he was struck down at the end of last year. Matt Carter, in a way François's protégé, has stepped into the breach and I am sure that he and all would agree that François is missed.

**Robert Henderson**, *Senior Tutor*

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## *FROM THE BURSAR*

The college year begins with freshers' week and runs through to graduation in June. Well, one particular college year does. But there are many other overlapping years, some running parallel to the undergraduate seasons, while others run almost exactly counter-cyclical. Different groups of college staff work to very different calendars. Admissions only reaches its peak, with interviews and

offers, once the undergraduates have gone away for Christmas. The financial year, and its particular calls upon staff in the bursary, comes to a conclusion in November with the annual audit, while the cycle of college committees and sub-committees continues throughout the academic year until the final meeting of the College Council in July.

Much of the work of the maintenance team is only possible once the undergraduates have gone away. The vacations are when we can take up floors and replace rotten windows. In May and June, when the undergraduate year is reaching its climax, the buildings manager has to find repair jobs that can be done in silence. When exams finish the busiest part of the maintenance year begins, with Emmanuel, along with all the other Cambridge colleges, chasing the city's contractors and advisers in order to complete projects in the short 12-week window before the next term starts.

The college kitchens provide for Fellows and graduates throughout the year. But they also then squeeze in a fourth 'term' in July and August, when our conference guests take up residence here. With meals for interview candidates, school visits, Christmas parties, banquets and residential conferences, the catering year runs for almost the full 12 months and any quiet periods are much less quiet than in the past.

The success of the catering department – and it is a source of great pride to us when we tell those at other colleges what they are missing – is due to the work over many years of François Reverchon, the head of catering who died earlier this year. François transformed the department and led a team which has produced such excellent food that our position in the annual inter-college catering competition has typically matched our position in the table of tripos results. Catering is a demanding profession, but François' ability to ensure that the expectations of students, Fellows and guests were met, whatever problems there might be in the heat of the kitchen, was remarkable. Matt Carter, who was our head chef and is now our executive head chef and head of catering, will ensure that the College's reputation for excellent dining is maintained.

Food is central to college life. High table dinners, formal halls, college occasions, receptions and parties mark out the various stages in the college year. Matriculation, Commemoration, the 1584 Dinner and graduation provide their own annual cycle spread across the undergraduate calendar. These are the essential social events which bring the college community together, occasions when students and Fellows meet and talk informally.

For the junior members at least, the JCR bar is an equally important social lubricant. It provides an even more informal meeting space, and it is a space – sunken in the middle of South Court – which has its own unique place in college myth and folklore. With its cavernous air, strange blue plastic banquettes and permanently sticky floor there is, spread over many generations of students, great affection for it. But knowing what exactly it is about the current JCR bar that works well is a challenge, though the fact that it is student-run must be part of the explanation. As we start to think about the opportunities to create new facilities on the site neighbouring South Court including, we hope, a new space for the College bar, we will need to decide how best to replicate what is good and liked in its current setting. We'll be discussing this with ECSU and the MCR and with the current and recent bar managers, trying to distil the essence of the South Court bar ready for its eventual relocation. The plastic banquettes and the permanently sticky floor will, however, soon be history.

**Mike Gross**, *Bursar*

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## *THE COLLEGE LIBRARY*

This academic year the College library began a new project to catalogue a specific section of mainly folio-sized books from the rare book holdings. Work started on this at the beginning of Lent term. Up to the date of writing, over 500 pre-1800 books have been catalogued and entered on both the College library's local catalogue system (Liberty) and the University Library's Newton catalogue. The bibliographic records include copy-specific information, for example details of previous ownership, identification of donors, descriptions of binding and state of conservation. This is all information which will be of use to both current and future researchers. Work has also continued on the detailed listing of the papers of A E Tomlinson (1892–1968).

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 and among the many donors were:

Dr Alan Baker, Nick Chambers, Professor John Coates, the Revd John Drackley, Ulrike Draesner, Dr Christopher Fletcher, John Jemmett (collection of botanical books and other subjects), Isaac Johnston, Sandy McCleery, Michael McHale, Keith Pearce, Dr John Pickles, David Seddon, Dr Derek Smith, Petar Velnic, Anna Walker and Mark Walter.

The following presented copies of their own publications:

Paul Adam *A Sunburnt Country: Europeans and the Australian Environment. A Lecture by Paul Adam; Leonard Slater Fellow, University College 1985–86* (Durham, 1988); Professor Steven Boldy *A Companion to Juan Rulfo* (2016) and (with Diego Gómez Pickering, Silvia Lemus *et al.*) *Carlos Fuentes y el Reino Unido* (2017); Professor Peter Burke *Secret History and Historical Consciousness from the Renaissance to Romanticism* (2016); Valerie Edden (Derek Brewer Visiting Fellow 1999) *De Instytucyonys and Specyal Dedys of Relygyows Carmelitys*, edited from London, Lambeth Palace MS 192 (2016);

Sami M El-Soudani (with art work contributions by Nabawia J El-Soudani) *In the Beginning: Hijacking of the Religion of God* (2008–09); Phil Fairclough *Pyrex: The Final Meltdown* (c. 2008); Daniel Godfrey *New Pompeii* (2016); Janet Gough *Director's Choice: Churches of the Church of England* (2016); Andrew Harding *The Mayor of Mogadishu: A Story of Chaos and Redemption in the Ruins of Somalia* (2016); John Harding *A Very Christian Friendship: William Moulton and the Broad Church in Cambridge* (2016); Professor David Hughes *The Leicestershire Law Society 1860 to 2017: A Local Portrait*, second edition (2017), and 'The 10th Earl Ferrers: time for revision and re-evaluation' in *Transactions of The Lodge of Research*, **2429**, 66–131 (2015–16); Christopher Leffler (editor) W S Fitch *The Manor of Walton & Trimley*, second edition (2016); David Lewis *After Atheism: Religion and Ethnicity in Russia and Central Asia* (2014); Michael McHale *Irish Piano Concertos* (CD, 2015–16); David Moore (editor) *Letters from South Africa by Philip Moore* (c. 2016); Chriss Nex (editor with Frances Nex) *Edward Woodall Naylor 1867–1934: Variations for Piano, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn and Bassoon* (2017); a collection of books presented by and written by Hugh and Velma Richmond; Cynthia Wight Rossano (editor) *Durable Values: Selected Writings of Peter J Gomes* (2012); Dr David Rundle (editor) *Humanism in Fifteenth-Century Europe* (2012); Ola Sigurdson *Heavenly Bodies: Incarnation, the Gaz, and Embodiment in Christian Theology* (2016); Dr Rosy Thornton *Sandlands* (2016); Graham Tottle *Post-Colonial Hokum: Revisiting the Recent History of Britain and the Commonwealth* (2016); and Dr Philip Wood *In Praise of Simplicity: A Memoir of Christian Service in Times of Peace and War in Africa* (2016).

### Special Collections

There have been a lot of enquiries about the college's collections of early-printed books and manuscripts, plus many researchers and students coming in person to consult the collections. This academic year's research enquiries included books of hours; the library of Humphrey Dyson; MS 30, a late fifteenth-century copy of Herodotus's *Histories*; MS 47, Anthony Askew's 'Album amicorum' (eighteenth-century); the Cambridge Platonists; Joshua

Barnes's play *The Academia*; Thomas Young; and the 1641 Italian Diodati Bible.

The following donors have generously presented volumes, which have been added to the library's special collections:

Martin Atherton: several books including Francis Leopold M'Clintock's *The Voyage of the 'Fox' in the Arctic Seas: A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions* (1860); Christopher Leffler: *The Book of Common Prayer* (reprinted from the edition of 1662, according to the sealed copy in the Tower of London 1853); Michael Scarborough: a number of volumes including William Gilpin's *Observations, Relative Chiefly to Picturesque Beauty, Made in the Year 1776, on Several Parts of Great Britain; Particularly the High-Lands of Scotland. Vol. I*, second edition (1792), and Samuel Johnson's *A Dictionary of the English Language*, 4 vols, edited by the Revd H J Tod (1818); and from the estate of Nicholas Walker came Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop: A Novel about Journalists* (1938) and James Boswell's *The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, with Samuel Johnson, LLD* (1785).

### Special Collections Lectures

Two lectures took place this academic year. In Lent term Dr Darren Bevin, librarian of Chawton House library, spoke about the library and the centre for women's writing. This was followed in Easter term by Dr Lynsey Darby, archivist of the College of Arms who gave a talk about the library and archive in her care.

### Events and Visits

On 25 September, on the occasion of the Gathering of Members, the library and Graham Watson Room were open. The exhibition on display in the atrium was 'March of the King Penguins 1939–59', along with a selection of books from the library's Cambridge Collection.

The Graham Watson Room was open for the Emmanuel Society's AGM (19 November), with a display of books relating to a talk by the Keeper of Rare Books entitled 'Travels in search of the

Picturesque'. In the same month two MPhil history classes were held in the Graham Watson Room and the students consulted some of the library's medieval manuscripts. In February the Graham Watson Room was open and treasures from the archive were on display before the 1584 Dinner.

### Conservation Work

Conservation work on both early-printed books and manuscripts was carried out by the Cambridge Colleges' Conservation Consortium.

Four Chinese printed books MS 226 (1–4), one from the late sixteenth century and the others from the seventeenth century, were cleaned and repaired. These were individually housed in paper folders and then collectively in a phase box, which now also houses the old leather case in which the books were originally stored.

Additional drop-spine boxes and phase boxes were constructed as part of the continuing project to make boxes for the library's collection of manuscripts.

**Helen Carron**, *College Librarian*

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## THE COLLEGE ARCHIVE

2016–17 has been an averagely busy year for researchers and accessions. Visitors' topics of research, apart from genealogical enquiries, have included: engineering students, the early teaching of anatomy and dissection, Emmanuel students of African origin, the architectural history of the college chapel and the date of the chapel clock, eighteenth-century student discipline, sixteenth- and seventeenth-century college benefactors, Bertram Goulding Brown, the Culverwell family, John Codrington's designs for the college gardens, William Law, Richard Holdsworth, the history of Parker's Piece, late-Victorian and Edwardian student life,

Founder's Kin, John Harvard, Emmanuel Puritans in the New World, and the early history of the college gardens. Phil Brown (1964) has continued working on the detailed index to Emmanuel's collection of First World War letters which, when used in conjunction with his transcripts, will be an extremely useful research tool. He has also begun to compile brief biographies of all the men who appear on the College's Roll of Honour, which lists casualties of both World Wars. His article on the Battle of Passchendaele appears elsewhere in the *Magazine*.

Accessions of original archives, artistic works and printed material have been received this year from Paul Adam, Nicholas Alexander, Dr Alan Baker, Rodger Bullock, Alan Creak, Robert Dalrymple, Ian Fallows, Nigel Gates, Susan Glasson, Francis Glynne-Jones, Thomas Grindley, the Harvard Club of the United Kingdom, Geoffrey Hodson, Christopher Hooper, the Jesus College archivist, Tim Kent, Philip Kiddle, the King's College archivist, John Knox, the estate of Rosalind Leney, Jugdip Parmar, the estate of Joy Paterson, John Pickles, Ian Reynolds, Norman Sharp, the estate of Adrian Stanford, Richard Staughton, the estate of Nicholas Walker and Peter Young. Thanks are due to all donors, many of whom are members or their relatives. The usual transfers of material from the various college departments took place, and there was a consignment of files from the ECSU vice-president.

Tim Kent (1950) has given the college three delightful portrait miniatures. The earliest shows Sir William Temple, a graduate of the college who became a well-known essayist, horticulturalist and diplomat during the Restoration. Set in a square pear-wood frame, the miniature was painted in about 1660 by Richard Gibson, the famous dwarf court painter not only to Charles I and several post-Restoration Stuart monarchs but also to Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector. The other two miniatures depict William Bennet, Fellow and Tutor of Emmanuel between 1769 and 1790. He was a keen historian of the college and his notes, transcripts and manuscripts are still a valuable source for researchers. He left Emmanuel on his appointment to the bishopric of Cork and Ross in 1790, and was translated to the see of Cloyne in 1794.

One of the miniatures dates from the period of the first of these appointments, the other from the second.



Nigel Luckhurst

*William Temple by Richard Gibson*

It has been a particularly good year for accessions of historic photographic material. The archive holds an extensive collection of photographs and postcards of Emmanuel but the earlier ones tend to show the same repeated views (Front Court and the chapel inevitably feature heavily), so it is always good to be able to acquire photos that show different scenes. Professor Sir Timothy Gowers kindly loaned for copying, via his wife Dr Julie Barrau, Fellow of Emmanuel, a photograph album compiled by his great-great grandfather Raymond Pelly, who matriculated from Emmanuel in

1883. The album contains many interesting photos, including an unusually clear view of the old master's lodge and the chapel, with the pond in the foreground. There are also views of the chapel taken shortly before the stained-glass windows were installed in 1884, and of the hall, where the high table is set for only 12 Fellows, a number which had not changed since the college's foundation. There are photos of the Lions Club and third-year men, both taken in 1886. Of even more interest, however, since they are the earliest surviving photos of their type, are those showing the interiors of Raymond Pelly's set in Front Court. The photos provide a fascinating example of late-Victorian taste, for the rooms contain a wonderful array of knick-knacks, set against a backdrop of William Morris-type wallpapers and patterned curtains, rugs and tablecloths. There are ornaments, framed photographs, pictures, vases and Chinese fans; a large brass rubbing and an upright piano. A peacock feather screen fills the hearth near a decorated bellows and fancy fire-irons, while the walls, mantelpieces and elaborately-carved mirror are bedecked with cartes de visite and somewhat sentimental paintings of winsome young ladies.



*One of Raymond Pelly's rooms in Front Court, c. 1886*

Another interesting photograph was given to the college in January 2017 by one of our Fellows, Dr Alan Baker. It is a copy of Herbert Ponting's photo of Griffith Taylor and Frank Debenham, taken in Antarctica during Captain Scott's ill-fated 1910–13 expedition to the South Pole. Taylor, a geologist, had been continuing his studies at Emmanuel after graduating in 1909 with a research degree, but left at the end of Lent term 1910 and returned to Australia (his home since the age of 12) to make preparations for the expedition, embarking on the *Terra Nova* at the end of November. Talkative and argumentative, despite the 'halo of good fellowship which hovered over his head', Taylor was described by Frank Debenham, another expedition geologist, as 'rather selfish in small matters ... I shall have to share a cubicle with him and he is not a pleasant cabin mate'. Taylor and Debenham worked closely together as members of the 'western geological party', which conducted two successful and scientifically significant geological surveys during the course of expedition. Whatever may have been their initial impressions of each other, a lasting bond was formed in the atrocious conditions of Antarctica; in fact the last letter Taylor ever wrote, shortly before his death in 1963, was to 'Deb'; he told him that he was confined to bed but had been reading lots of novels, 'the last being QUEED which Prof [Edgeworth] David sent me as a birthday present in Dec 1911. I got it on the *Terra Nova* when you also got a big mail, I remember. I fancy David thought Queed might do *me* good! Anyhow there are numerous resemblances in *his* career and mine.' Taylor's post-Antarctic career had been in academia, specialising in geography and anthropology. A controversial figure, his most recent biographers have commented that 'he took political stances and intellectual positions that pushed him to the margins of professional respectability'.

On his return from the Antarctic, Taylor presented Emmanuel with a copy of the survey map he and Debenham had produced. This was reproduced in the 2011–12 *Magazine*, where it was noted that Taylor had bestowed the name 'Emmanuel' on one of the glaciers he had surveyed. Members may be interested to know, if they do not already, that there is also an 'Emmanuel Glacier' in



Herbert Ponting

Frank Debenham and (right) Griffith Taylor in Base Hut, Antarctica, 1911

Greenland. It, too, was named by an Emmanuel man: Brian Birley Roberts (1931), who had joined an expedition to East Greenland in the summer of 1933 with the aid of a Worts Travelling Scholars grant. A biography of Brian Roberts is currently in preparation, but unfortunately the college archives were not able to provide the authors with much detailed information about his time here. Roberts graduated BA in 1934 and PhD in 1940 and went on to have a distinguished career in the field of Polar studies, being, amongst other things, a research associate of the Scott Polar Research Institute (SPRI), a Fellow of Churchill College and head of the polar regions section of the Foreign and Commonwealth Office; he was also a keen ornithologist and conservationist. Roberts maintained a close association with Emmanuel and in reply to the Master's letter of congratulation following his being made CMG in 1969, wrote: 'I shall always be deeply grateful to Emmanuel for giving me the initial support which enabled me to embark on a rather unusual career connected with the Antarctic'. In 1971 he gave the SPRI one

of his early sledging flags, which bears, amongst other emblems, the Emmanuel College crest.

A collection of family photographs was received in February 2017 from the executors of Joy Paterson, who had studied medicine at Newnham. The photographs of Joy as an undergraduate and hockey player were transferred to Newnham College archives, but those of her late brother Douglas (1950) and father Archibald (1892) were retained. They include several sporting team photos, one of which, the Emmanuel Badminton Club photo for 1951–52, is the solitary photo we hold for that particular club, while the Emmanuel Rugby Club photo of 1892 is by some years the earliest one which we have for that sport.



*Emmanuel Badminton Club 1951–52; Douglas Paterson is standing, third from left*

Yet more interesting photos were given to us a few weeks later. This donation comprised several pages from a photograph album of 1900–01, purchased as part of a job lot at auction by Rodger Bullock and kindly donated by him to the college. The original owner of the album, although unquestionably an undergraduate, is unidentified, but some of the photos are annotated as having been taken by Walter Rowland Rhys (1898). The photos include many

unique views of the college, including some rare interior views of rooms in Old Court. Those showing undergraduates, including a group in the swimming bath, are fortunately captioned with the subjects' names or initials, and it has been possible to identify them all.

Rosamund Leney, a collateral descendant of Richard Farmer, Master of the college in the late eighteenth century, bequeathed to us a copy of the 1785 mezzotint of him, engraved by John Jones after the portrait by Romney. The bequest also included a framed pencilled letter from George Steevens to Farmer, incorporating a sketch of the coats of arms of Emmanuel College and the Farmer family that were to be displayed in the mezzotint. Steevens was an essayist and author who, like Farmer, was an expert on the works of Shakespeare, and had jointly produced, with Samuel Johnson, an erudite edition of the Bard's plays. Johnson had become acquainted with Farmer in 1765 on a visit to Cambridge made especially for that purpose, and he later asked Farmer to assist Steevens with his research into possible source material used by Shakespeare. Steevens had a rather eccentric and waspish personality that grew worse with age and led him to perpetrate various academic hoaxes. It is unclear why he got involved in the matter of Farmer's mezzotint. His letter reads:

Small is my paper, short be my letter! Have you any objection to such an arrangement of the Arms? It is at present but lightly touched in. This Lion will stand fire, but not the lion you sent me up for a pattern. Like the Recorder, he would have been afraid of a pipe of Knaptha. I have thrown a little more animation into the brute I offer you. He but holds the Laurel in his paw till the author of Charles the Bold announces himself to the Public; for as Emmanuel has not yet produced a bard whose celebrity could claim the wreath, it has hitherto been undisposed of. – If you afford me no answer, by the next post, I shall order the Plate to be finished. Yours most faithfully & affectionately, G Steevens. This Paper would not carry ink, so that I have been obliged to write with a pencil. The writing will be exactly according to your directions, at the Bottom of the Plate.

The coats of arms in the mezzotint did indeed follow Steevens' design. The wording chosen by Farmer to appear at the bottom of



the mezzotint was: 'Richard Farmer D.D. Master of Emmanuel College in Cambridge, and Principal Librarian of that University'.



*Detail from the mezzotint of Richard Farmer, after Romney*

Nicholas Alexander (1954) gave us two pictures, including a hand-coloured print of the well-known Loggan engraving of Front Court and the chapel; hitherto the college possessed only a black-and-white version. A typical Loggan touch is the depiction of a dog roaming loose in the court, judged to be an Irish setter by the colourist, if its lurid coat is anything to go by. Its presence need not be taken literally, for it is evidently a nod to the coat of arms included in a cartouche at the top right-hand corner of the engraving. The arms are those of the Sudbury family, and feature a hunting dog known in heraldry as a Talbot. The cartouche also contains a dedication to Sir John Sudbury, who appears to have commissioned the engraving as a memoir to his uncle: John Sudbury, late Fellow of Emmanuel and dean of Durham (and instigator of the College's Sudbury Prize). It would be interesting to know if Loggan's famous 'bird's-eye' engraving of the college was ever produced in a similar coloured version.

Other donations of original archives included a notice of a fine incurred by Christopher Glasson (1960) for riding a bicycle without a light, and a Lent term 1969 lodging house bill incurred by

Geoffrey Hodson (1967), which included a 5s charge for 'meter hire'! Nigel Gates (1970) gave us his geography essays and reading lists. Thomas Grindley (1951) sent a photograph of John Bennett (also 1951), taken during his undergraduate years. Ben Fallows (1942) donated additional personal material dating from his time at Emmanuel, including some more papers relating to the Sigma Phi Alpha Club, which was featured in the 2011–12 *Magazine*.

*Amanda Goode, College Archivist*

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## *FROM THE DEVELOPMENT DIRECTOR*

Today I have been making arrangements for the launch of a new history of Emmanuel and as I reflect on the path that has led to this point I realise that the past year has had been one in which Emma past, Emma present and Emma future have intertwined even more than usual. The extent of the linkages between Emma members, Emma buildings and Emma activities give this college its own distinctive spirit.

The focus on Emmanuel's history this year has partly arisen from the work we undertook in 2015 to draw up a conservation statement for the college. Jeremy Musson, the architectural historian who was one of the team who produced the statement gave a lecture about it to the Emmanuel Society, and then in 2016 we produced a leaflet 'Our Spirit of Place' to summarise many of the findings of the statement. After Jeremy's lecture we asked him to write a new illustrated history of Emmanuel, looking at the college and the people who have made it what it is today through our buildings and grounds. This last year I have been reading and re-reading drafts, checking proofs, helping with photography – the book will be illustrated by specially commissioned photographs taken by Will Pryce – and liaising with the publishers. *Between Two Worlds: An Architectural History of Emmanuel College Cambridge* will be published in the autumn by Scala; it will be available by post from the College and online at [www.emma.cam.ac.uk/merchandise](http://www.emma.cam.ac.uk/merchandise).

We are very grateful to Jeremy, who has given us a superb volume with many new insights into our history, to Will for his stunning photographs, and to the Emma member who has helped us meet many of the costs of putting the volume together.

Along with the new history, we have also produced, in-house, a new guidebook to the college. Written by Amanda Goode, the archivist, it too has many illustrations, of buildings, features, objects and documents. Amanda starts by outlining our history, and then takes visitors round the site, area by area, highlighting items of particular interest. The new guide is available through the College website [www.emma.cam.ac.uk/merchandise](http://www.emma.cam.ac.uk/merchandise) and from the Porters' Lodge.

The guide book is one of the ways we welcome visitors to Emma, and in the past year we have seen many Emma members. About 15 per cent of our membership (1400 people or so) have come to see us this year, either in Cambridge or at one of our events elsewhere in the UK and overseas. Over 300 have dined at high table, some as part of a large group, others by themselves or with a guest. It is always lovely to see you and we make sure there is someone to look after you when you come. Highlights have included two Gatherings (1986–88 and 1994–96); the evenings when those who matriculated in 2009 came to dine; a tea party for local members and their families (the slope in the Master's garden was very well rolled by the end of the afternoon); Sunday lunch for our most elderly Emma members; many events organised by the Emmanuel Society in Cambridge, London, Belfast and elsewhere; and parties in Hong Kong, Sydney, Perth, Singapore, Boston, Los Angeles and Vancouver. San Francisco should be on the list too and a party was held there at the end of May in the spectacular setting of the St Francis Yacht Club, thanks to a local Emma member John Jenkins, but British Airways failed to get us, the hosts, there because of a computer failure. While there might be competition for the most enjoyable event, there's little for the low point: a night on a cold, hard floor in Heathrow, followed by a week in California and Vancouver without our luggage. I've never bought so many clothes at once, or so quickly!

We're extremely grateful to all of you who have supported us this year. Some of you have done this through coming to events, and I thank here Nick Allen and the Emmanuel Society's committee, who have worked tirelessly to arrange a full and varied programme of activities. Many of you have supported us financially, and of course there is overlap between the two groups. We again are one of the colleges where the highest percentage of our members make donations: about one-quarter of you have done so (the average across all colleges is 13 per cent) and together you have pledged £2,723,080 over the year. We're very grateful to the many Emma members who spoke to our students during their telephone calls in January: about 71 per cent of you made a gift as a result raising over £300,000, and your kindness and generosity is heart-warming. We get lovely feedback about the calls, such as 'I enjoyed our conversation, and I hope that she did too. I thought that she did herself, you, and the College proud, and I hope that she flourishes at Emmanuel. It was so good to hear the bubblyness of one who is obviously having the time of her life!' and 'I sensed real respect, modesty, thoughtfulness, and appreciation of the chance he has of being at Emma. Good for me to know the College has got such students!' The callers enjoyed the conversations too and frequently made comments such as: 'I've really enjoyed talking to College members', 'it is quite a confidence booster', 'So nice!', 'she gave amazing (honest) advice', 'a lovely person'.

One Emma member said to me after his phone call that it was the student 'who pointed out that a large number of small donations encourages the "Bigguns", which is very true. While some are in a position to make gifts with lots of zeros we realise that others are not, but all contributions, of whatever size, are really helpful. Almost 60 per cent of gifts were under £250 and 461 members donated under £100. Without these gifts the percentage of members supporting us would have plummeted, which would have reduced the number of donations at higher levels.

Some donors express a wish about how their gifts should be used; others are happy for us to decide. Whatever the preference, the donations make a real difference. Eleven graduate students

came in October 2016 who would not have been able to take up their places here without financial support from donors; 187 hardship grants were made; students were helped with the costs of extra-curricular activities such as sport, music and drama; some could not have taken up vacation placements without financial help; and others used college funding to carry out charitable works. Other donors supported teaching and research, or our buildings and grounds. All have been very welcome.

We have received many legacies in the past year, ranging in amount from about £500 to £800,000. I have many conversations with those who are thinking about drawing up a Will, and with families after a member has died. Again, some are happy for the college to decide where the need is greatest; others prefer to specify the area they wish to support. It is wonderful when Emma members think of helping future generations in this way.

As a tiny way of saying 'thank you', we invite all who have donated in the past year to a party in London. Last December, we were delighted to see many of you in Haberdashers' Hall, a place with a connection with Emmanuel as the architects of the new building for the company were Michael and Patty Hopkins, who designed our Queen's Building. We also had a very enjoyable dinner in College in the spring, when the hall was full of members of the Master's Circle (for donors of £10,000 and above) and their guests.

The interest and enthusiasm you demonstrate for your college gives us confidence as we think about Emma's future. As the Master has written elsewhere in this *Magazine*, we have been working on a masterplan this year for the whole College, thinking about our hopes, aspirations and needs for the future and how and when these might be met. The thinking has emerged from the work on the conservation statement and Emma's spirit of place, and has been carried out in the context of the exciting news that we have finally reached an agreement with the university to acquire Furness Lodge and a long lease of the car park beside it. As we think about developing this land and bringing it into use by the college, we need to make sure we are acting in the best interests of

Emmanuel in the long term, which is why the masterplan is such an important first step. The Bursar has managed our finances so that we are able to pay for the land, but development of it – refurbishment of Furness Lodge and construction of a new building on the carpark site – will not be possible without help. This is something we are thinking hard about at the moment and we'll keep you informed as our plans develop. Ideas and suggestions are always extremely welcome: this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for all Emma members to be included and involved.

One of the steps we have taken when thinking about the future is to increase the staffing of the Development Office. With a big project on the horizon it is clear that we need more resources, and we were delighted as a first move to keep Lizzie Shelley-Harris in a new post of 'information officer' when Samantha Marsh returned from maternity leave. We've expanded our premises into D4, which is now the main enquiry point, and the Master's PA Jane Macmillan has moved to join us.

Emma has a digital future too. Mary Longford puts together a monthly e-news, and makes sure we keep in touch through Facebook, Twitter and Instagram. Our traditional mailings, the *College Magazine*, *Emmanuel Review* and newsletters, continue, of course, though they are now also available online.

This brings me back to my starting point with the news of a new college history and a new guidebook. We hope you enjoy reading about Emma and keeping in touch with us, through printed publications, online and social media, and visiting. We are always delighted to hear from you, see you and welcome you back. You are a really important link with the world outside our college and we thank you so much for all you do to maintain and strengthen it as we look from Emma past and present to Emma future.

**Sarah Bendall**, *Development Director*

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## EMMANUEL SOCIETY

The society's year began with a first – a first for me and also for the society – with a visit to Northern Ireland. It was long overdue. We enjoyed a dinner in the splendour of the Ulster Reform Club in Belfast (where the Master was the guest speaker) and a guided tour of the historic surroundings of Hillsborough Castle the following morning. I was able to indulge my inner political geek-ery by standing at the foot of the same stairs where Tony Blair famously said during the Northern Ireland peace talks in 1998 that although 'today is not a day for soundbites ... I feel the hand of history upon our shoulder'. Ken Sheringham (1966) organised the visit but was unfortunately unable to attend for personal reasons. He was greatly missed.

Eighty-five members and guests came together in November 2016 for the triennial lawyers' dinner, which we held in Cutlers' Hall in the City of London (founded for us by JuG Parmar (1986)). The guest speaker to my great pleasure was Dr Yvonne Cripps, a Fellow in law at Emmanuel from 1981 to 2000 and Director of Studies for many of those who attended, including me. In my thanks to her, I was able to lay to rest some of the ghosts from my admission interview in 1989. It was cathartic for me if not for anyone else!

Also in November, after the society's AGM, geographers took to the field with a day entitled 'Travel, geography, and literary landscapes'. The first talk was from Dave McLaughlin (a graduate student) about travel related to Sherlock Holmes. Thereafter the Vice-Master, Professor Barry Windeatt, spoke about 'Travels in search of the picturesque', introducing books in the library's Graham Watson Collection. In the afternoon the college's two Teaching Fellows in geography, Dr Phil Howell and Dr Alex Jeffrey, spoke on 'Patrick Hamilton and the publand of Fitzrovia' and 'Agatha Christie, the Orient Express, and Balkan geopolitics' respectively. Dr David Beckingham (2001) joined Dr Howell in his talk.

Shortly before Christmas the chapel choir led the society and college carol service at Temple Church in London. A congregation

of about 200 members, friends and family heard seasonal readings and prayers. The service started (how could it not?) with 'O Come, O Come Emmanuel' and ended with 'O Come, All ye Faithful'. The service has now happily become an annual event and this year will again take place at Temple Church on 5 December 2017 with drinks to follow. No advance booking is required and do come along.

In March 2017 we were truly fortunate to enjoy a performance of *The Pirates of Penzance* by the English National Opera at the London Coliseum. The event was a victim of its own success: Harry Hickmore (2011), who now works for ENO and who kindly organised the evening, had hoped to organise a back-stage tour before curtain-up. That was possible when numbers for the event were originally set at about 30: by the time that 130 tickets had been sold it wasn't quite so feasible!

June 2017 saw the year's event for those who are half-way between formal 'gatherings'. Members who matriculated before 1950 or between 1955 and 1960 met for a fascinating visit to the *Cutty Sark* followed (appropriately!) by a full afternoon tea, organised by Dr Virginia Warren (1978). The afternoon was a great success, giving members the opportunity to meet up with old friends and make new ones. Next year is the turn of those who matriculated in 1991–93 and 1999–2001 (both inclusive), so if one of these was your matriculation year please look out for details.

In July Lucinda Hawksley, author and descendant of Charles Dickens, led a tour of portraits relating to the life and times of Charles Dickens at the National Portrait Gallery in London. Lucinda's encyclopædic knowledge inspired many questions and lively conversation flourished throughout a champagne afternoon tea which followed the tour. JuG Parmar organised the visit.

The annual City and Central London Drinks were held in September 2016 at The Bottlescrue, close to St Paul's and organised (as ever) by Rodney Jagelman (1969). About 20 members across a wide range of matriculation years were there. The year's other informal London drinks took place in early March at a new venue, The Phoenix Artist Club, in the heart of London's Theatreland and organised by JuG Parmar, Jessica Reilly (2011), and Shelly-Ann

Meade (2002). They set themselves a target of getting many new (and younger) faces to the event and exceeded their own expectations, helped no doubt by Bobby Seagull (of *University Challenge* fame) posting a video on the event's Facebook page confirming his own attendance and encouraging others to come along. This event is particularly targeted at those who graduated the previous summer and several 2016 leavers took up the first opportunity for a year-wide informal reunion. So if you graduated in 2017 we hope to see you at the drinks next March!

October 2016 saw the first of the year's two careers evenings, organised once again by Faith Archer (1990) with support and publicity from the ECSU and MCR committees. At least 60 students joined eight Emma members with experience of recruitment for workshops on CVs, application forms and interview skills. Current students repeatedly say that meeting 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.

Sport remains part of the society's calendar. In December 2016 there was a trip to the Varsity matches at Twickenham to see the Cambridge women, three of them from Emmanuel, lose by the narrowest of margins and the men, two of them from the college, win for the first time in seven years. The society's support was, I am sure, critical to their success. In mid-June Old Emma succumbed to the narrowest of defeats – by just two wickets in the final over – at the hands of the college's cricket eleven. This was only the college's eighth win since 1969 and it is the first time in living memory – and perhaps ever – that the college has won in three successive years. Perhaps that is why I got into trouble with my predecessor David Lowen (1964), who captained Old Emma and who has played (I think) every year since 1971, when I ran into him at Euston Station the day before the match and said that I was hoping for a college win ... Sorry David: I hope normal service is resumed next year.

Other events included a visit to Staunton Harold Hall and estate in Ashby de la Zouch (organised by Sarah and Mary in the society's office). Former and newly elected Herchel Smith scholars

also attended the annual Harvard dinner in college (the places for the newly elected scholars are paid for by the society). I attended on the society's behalf. Malcolm Blackburn (1959) also led a group, as he has for many years, to the opera in Buxton.

The society also advertised to members a number of college lectures, including one by Ed Bussey (1997) entitled 'To the top of the world – taking on the North Pole unsupported': a fascinating talk about his four-week self-supported trek to the North Pole in May 2010. During Lent term Christina Lambert (1982), lead counsel to the Hillsborough inquests, and Henrietta Hill (1991), counsel for 22 of the families, gave a vivid account of their roles during the two-year inquests into the deaths of the 96 victims of the Hillsborough stadium disaster.

A number of Emma members also organised gatherings overseas: in Chicago snow delayed the annual Christmas drinks organised by Nigel Cameron (1971) until mid-January 2017. A summer lunch in Basel, Switzerland was organised by Joseph Heaven (2002) and finished with the guests standing on the banks of the Rhine toasting Emmanuel with college port.

After this piece has been written but before publication the society will have held this year's City and Central London Drinks in September and also a dinner for Emmanuel members and their guests at Exeter College, Oxford in November, where the guest speaker will be the Master. After this year's AGM there will be talks by the Revd Jeremy Caddick, Dean, and by Dr Stephen Barclay, university senior lecturer in general practice and palliative care. The scratch *Messiah* will take place in the afternoon.

On the committee, Faith Archer (1990) stood down at last year's AGM after 15 years of outstanding service. Her legacy will last for many years: I know many former students who got new ideas, made important contacts and even secured their first jobs from the twice-yearly career evenings that she organised. She is also the person who got me involved in the Emmanuel Society in the first place. She greatly deserved the print of the chapel by Minty Sainsbury (2010) I presented to her at her last committee meeting. She will be greatly missed.

Faith was replaced by Jessica Reilly (2011), who has brought to the committee the same 'can do' spirit she brought to the role of ECSU president in 2013. Luke Montague (2008), who was also president of ECSU, in his case in 2010, will join the society's committee at this year's AGM.

Once again I would like to express my sincere thanks to Dr Sarah Bendall, Mary Longford, and their colleagues Samantha, Lizzie and Linda for their unqualified support of the society and all that we do. I am conscious that they all have competing calls on their time, but they are tireless in both organising and publicising our events.

I also wish to thank the Master for her support. She too has many other commitments but is a regular attendee at our events both in Cambridge and elsewhere. She hits the road on our behalf seemingly without complaint! The support of her husband, Bob, is also greatly appreciated. The Master's support – and that of the wider Governing Body – is fundamental to the society's success and something that is never taken for granted.

I also thank Andrew Fane (1968) (president), Rodney Jagelman (treasurer), and Ken Sheringham (secretary), for their commitment to the society and their willingness to provide me with advice and support. I likewise thank all the committee members for the time that they put into the society's activities and for their friendship.

The society has a very simple purpose: 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, which is now published as part of the college's own newsletter. I hope that you will find at least one of our events to be of interest in the year ahead.

**Nicholas Allen**, *Chairman of the Emmanuel Society*



## Views

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## *THE DARK SIDE OF GENETICS* *THE GOMES LECTURE, 2017\**

\* This is an edited transcript of the lecture. See [www.emma.cam.ac.uk/gomes](http://www.emma.cam.ac.uk/gomes) for a history of the Gomes lectures.

This occasion gives me a wonderful opportunity to annoy quite a lot of people, so I'm very grateful to be invited to Emmanuel to give the Gomes lecture. Having looked at your list of previous lecturers, much more distinguished than myself, I will reflect on some of the things that they have said. John Polanyi, Martin Rees and Bob May have all talked about the responsibility of the scientist and it therefore seemed to me to be appropriate that, as a professor of science and society, I should do the same thing. You had the wonderful Lord Berkeley, so I'll introduce some musical references into this lecture. Where I'm going to fall down completely flat on my face, is with that wonderful person, P D James. In this lecture there'll be a certain amount of murder, but no mystery.

I would like to pay tribute to Peter Gomes, who started life as a Catholic, but then moved to become a Baptist. Gomes was a pretty outspoken individual. Later, I will come back to his idea of reading interpretations into the Bible, or into religious texts. I wonder what he would have thought about what is happening in our field today.

In *Nature* this week,<sup>1</sup> we saw an interesting item, in the news and views section, on a report<sup>2</sup> published in America: an agreement that we might implement germline modification in the human. The interesting thing is what followed only yesterday. The headline in *The Times*<sup>3</sup> was 'Edit babies' genes to wipe out inherited disease, say scientists'. This raises a real problem. First of all, it is not possible to 'wipe out' inherited disease. It's a nonsense because, as the medics in this audience know only too well, so many inherited diseases occur as new mutations. With some of the really important

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1 Sara Reardon, 'US science advisers outline path to genetically modified babies', *Nature News*, 14 February 2017

2 *Human Genome Editing: Science, Ethics, and Governance*, US National Academies of Science, Engineering, and Medicine, 14 February 2017

3 15 February 2017

diseases, that's really quite common. Secondly, we generally only learn of somebody carrying a serious mutation after that family gives birth to a sick child. But we'd never be able to screen everybody for even the commoner genetic diseases in the immediate future. Maybe, perhaps with knowledge of the genomes, we might in due course, but I'm rather doubtful.

What this piece of journalism, rather surprisingly, fails to acknowledge is that we don't need to modify the germline in order to prevent inherited disease. We already have a technique to do that. It's called pre-implantation genetic diagnosis. Most genetic disorders are inherited in a Mendelian fashion as recessive mutations. This means that only one in four children will be affected and thus only one in four embryos will carry the mutation on both chromosomes. If we screen embryos from families at risk, which is relatively cheap to do (although not sadly in the private sector where prices are inflated), we can use a tried and trusted method, to place those embryos which are free from the mutation carried in that family into the uterus. Later, I will take you back to the time when that was first done.

But we have manipulated our own evolution, and may do so again. What is astonishing, from a comparison of the skulls of *Australopithecus* and *Homo erectus*, is that early pre-humans seemed really to have unwittingly modified evolution by their use of technology. The first and most important technology, without which we wouldn't be in this college, was the stone hand-axe. What early hominids did was to carve off the flesh, particularly the meat, from bones. Consequently they built the lipids and proteins in the modern human brain. Knapping flint-stones developed dexterity with fingers and opposable thumbs and, moreover, when hominids started to hunt, they did so in groups and were able to communicate and build that brain, an important part of the innate intelligence which we've inherited.

One particular stone hand-axe from the Olduvai gorge in the British Museum, is dated about a million-and-a-half years old, and displayed nearby another is only 300,000 years old. The striking thing is that the difference between the two in shape, size, chip-pings and workings is minimal. In a million years, nobody thought

of the obvious next technological development, to attach a stick. Once humankind did that, you've then got a lever and can use more force. Humans could kill at a distance, using a weapon with which they could fight, but that took over a million years. Our initial technological development was very slow.

If we assume *Homo sapiens* has been around for over 100,000 years and draw a timeline, we can barely see the period of the last 400 years. Yet throughout this time the genes which make our brain have hardly changed. However in those recent 400 years in:

- 1599 (though actually the date has now been revised slightly) Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet*,
- 1609 Galileo looked at the moons of Jupiter and showed, by observation, that they're moving around Jupiter, that we're not in the geocentric universe, actually clearly proving what Copernicus had said in the 1540s, but was not prepared to publish,
- 1801 the first locomotive was built, the first piece of engineering which allowed us to drive without a horse or push. It was the steam engine of Trevithick, in Camborne in Cornwall. It goes up a hill, to the top. The steering wasn't very good, and it collapsed in a ditch and caught fire. They retired to a pub at the bottom of the hill, they drank lots of brandy and got so drunk they couldn't put the fire out. That's why there isn't a replica in South Kensington, in the Science Museum. But it's not just technology that's changing,
- 1826 Beethoven's Opus 131, the C# minor string quartet, was written, in the last year of his life, when he was totally deaf and isolated. The isolation of genius is an extraordinary issue. I reckon that the counterpoint of this opus would have been unintelligible 25 years earlier in Vienna or Bonn. Now, of course, it's completely accessible.

The human mind is developing rapidly, is massively changing, even though the genes which make this brain have hardly changed at all in the last 100,000 years. Now, of course, we can build computers, we've landed on the Moon and we've got synthetic organisms living in the laboratory. Craig Venter started it, but now synthetic biology is commonplace.

We might imagine Shakespeare leaning over the parapet of London Bridge and spitting into the Thames and saying, 'Well, this view's not going to change in my lifetime'. To be fair, if he'd looked

at the South Bank, he would have been wrong about that. The Globe burnt down 15 or so years after *Hamlet* was written. Ironically it was the use of the latest technology, cannons, during a performance of *Henry VIII*, which set the thatch alight. But the principle of an unchanging world was there then. Now our young people going through university cannot possibly predict, any more than we can, where our science and technology will lead us. It holds a massive promise, but also a very considerable threat.

I find it extraordinary that we humans are obsessed with our genetics. If you read the Bible – I'm sure Gomes would have remembered this – there are whole chapters in Genesis which are devoted simply to family genealogy and that humans are made in the image of Adam, who was made in the image of God. The notion of the perfect species clearly comes through the Hebrew Bible. Then differences start to occur.

Elsewhere in the British Museum there is a bass relief of the sack of Lachish by Sennacherib's forces in 701 BC that shows the cruelty of the Assyrians, who took the people they had subdued as slaves. The picture in the museum's sculptures show how they made a nice little incision around their abdomen and then stripped the skin right down the legs so that they didn't die immediately. The slaves, who were given this most painful death because they were 'subhuman', were not people who the Assyrians saw like themselves. They didn't have a responsibility of any kind for sanctity of life of this slave people, because they were not real.

To take a different example, the extraordinary painting, the master of which is unknown, the Oberstein altarpiece near Mainz, shows Pontius Pilate washing his hands, and Jesus being led out to the flagellation. But both Pontius Pilate and Jesus are quite indistinctly painted, making the striking figure in the centre the focus of attention. The central character is a dwarf with stubby legs, a protruding belly, probably with an enlarged liver or an abdominal hernia, virtually no neck, certainly *kyphosis*, uneven shoulders, and a face which is quite typical of *mucopolysaccharidosis*. That's likely what this person has got and therefore he was subnormal. But it is important to notice that this deformed dwarf carries a huge sword, the sword of power; he is ultimately responsible for what is



happening to Jesus. What the Oberstein master seems to suggest is that he's basically an animal, a theme which occurs repeatedly in paintings of this period. This was in about 1400. From then on, up to the much later time of Velásquez, who painted dwarfs with proud humanity, we see this trend towards the notion that dwarfs – with essentially a genetic mutation – are the work of the devil.

It's a curious idea of how subhuman things happen to humans as a result of subhuman influences. This goes right through to Victorian times, when a European with a high forehead and big brain was portrayed by Nott and Gliddon in scientific drawings. They compare this drawing with somebody who they call a Negro or a 'Hottentot', seen as similar to a picture of a gorilla. This conviction that the subdued peoples around the world were subhuman was strong. A genetic difference was being seen here which does not exist.

A picture of Francis Galton the scientist sitting in his office in a very minor university in Bloomsbury, called University College London, brings me to my main theme. He has a self-satisfied smile because he knows with surety the world as it is. By the age of five he could read Latin and Greek fluently, as a young man he was a tropical explorer and he became a significant mathematician, a founder of modern statistics. He linked up with Pearson and was a cousin of Darwin. He believed that intelligence was inherited, and he wrote a book called *Hereditary Genius*, which is available on the web. He was an extraordinarily brilliant man, but when you read *Hereditary Genius*, what can be seen is that his data are deeply flawed.

He saw what he wanted to see by selecting his data. He assumed, wonderfully, that members of the House of Lords are more intelligent. So are bishops of course, because they are drawn from the same families as were their Lordships in his day. Galton was convinced that society must improve families. It would be desirable in his view to ensure that the right families were encouraged to breed and others, like those in the East End of whom a large number died young, who should be discouraged from reproducing. His assessment was that children from less intelligent

families ended up in poor schools, that these families were a drain on the rate-payers, or were on subsistence from local government and were often dying from diseases like tuberculosis.

These people were, in his view, 'abnormal' because of heredity, not because of their environment. And he argued that degrees of intelligence were massively different in different populations and he wanted to engineer survival of the fittest in society. This concept became a major cause. Shortly afterwards, the great and the good – people like George Bernard Shaw, Winston Churchill, H G Wells, Bertrand Russell and in America, John D Rockefeller and Theodore Roosevelt – all espoused the idea that there was a need to improve society. To do that, they felt the 'better' people should be encouraged to breed.

This led, in time, to the selection of people. We have a picture from Namibia of the bones of the Herero tribe piled up after a massacre led by the Germans at the turn of the last century. There are similar pictures from other parts of the globe with various different perpetrators, but this picture is particularly poignant, being an ordinary postcard sent to Germany from Windhoek. Here, shortly before the First World War, these men in a picture postcard are gathering skulls, which have been lying in the desert, to be sent back to Germany for 'scientific' measurement. Incidentally, the person who was the governor-general of Namibia at that time was a man called Heinrich Göring, the father of Hermann Göring.

In America the eugenic movement hit off in a massive way; one idea was that criminality was inherited. However the first eugenics conference was held not at that small university in Bloomsbury but at Imperial College London, to which the great and the good came, and still come, from all over the world. The general decision was that something had to be done to stop inherited traits such as criminality. Hence the notion was that the pursuit of eugenics would be altruistic by improving our society. This ignores one of the principles of ethics, the respect for the autonomy of individual humans.

Here you can see how the eugenicists brought all sorts of different sciences into the idea of the eugenic tree. One practical

example in the 1920s in America, was that many female sterilisations were being done. To do this without consent was not strictly legal, but nobody was doing much about it. This was true in other countries too. The watershed case of Carrie Buck is particularly poignant and important. Carrie's mother was a drifter who got pregnant. Unable to support herself, she required charity, as did her illegitimate daughter Carrie, when she was born. Whilst in care, 13-year-old Carrie was raped and she had a daughter. That child was put into care as well.

We doctors are immensely powerful. We often feel we know what is best; I know there are lots of doctors in this audience, so they will understand this too well. The doctors then thought that they knew what was needed and they agreed that it would really be in the interests of society if people like Carrie Buck were formally sterilised. So they pursued her. Her case, *Buck vs Bell*, was taken through the courts, eventually to the Supreme Court of the United States of America, with one of the most famous judges, Oliver Wendell Holmes, presiding. This was a time when racial integrity acts were coming into force in different states, such as in Virginia in 1924.

Oliver Wendell Holmes argued that sterilisation is merely like vaccination or taking out the appendix; and basically 'three generations of imbeciles', were enough for the Supreme Court to permit sterilisation without consent. So what eventually happened was that Dr Bell sterilised Carrie, who had not been warned that she was being sterilised; she thought that she was having her appendix out. Of course sterilisations without consent, then being legal, increased in many states in the US: in California there were tens of thousands. This was something that happened in Europe as well, and to some extent in Britain. The paradox is that *Buck vs Bell* was cited by the lawyers in the defence of the doctors in the Nuremberg trials in 1946. It turns out that the commonest profession in the SS was the medical profession. There were thousands of SS doctors, it wasn't just one or two. Perhaps they were intent on trying to improve their society. Maybe some of them thought that they were being altruistic, but as we know the results were really appalling.

In America, Hollywood films portrayed the case for the prevention of miscegenation. In the 1920s, the genetic scientist Harry Laughlin<sup>4</sup> was appointed by the President of the United States to screen people coming into the country to assess their genetical fitness; I wonder if that rings a bell with anybody in the audience? Whether it does or not, it's something which, perhaps, we might want to reflect on. Eventually, in 1936, Laughlin received an honorary doctorate from the University of Heidelberg. At this time Germans were shown posters of cripples. An advertisement invites people to be angry about the costs of caring for the invalid depicted on the poster. 'It's your money, if you want to know what to do about it, read our newspaper.' So these people of course were bundled off. They entered what seemed to be a hospital bathroom with a shower fitting, but it wasn't water that came out.

Dr Mengele was another interesting member of the medical profession, doing unspeakable experiments on children without anaesthesia. What is notable about Mengele is that whilst he directed the research, he seldom actually got his hands wet. He required other SS doctors to do the actual work, and tried to advance his career by sending the results back to the Institute for Genetics in Berlin. He was particularly interested in hereditary, so twins who came into Auschwitz were at terrible risk, twins on whom horrendous transplantation experiments were performed. Most of these children died. A few of them might have had some anaesthesia, but most of them clearly didn't from the eyewitness accounts that we have. You would have thought that after the Holocaust this could not happen again, but there's no question that it could, though not perhaps in exactly that form.

It's very interesting to look at a picture drawn by a scientist looking down the microscope at the Carnegie Institute to record a karyotype, probably in about 1952. This was my school year when we first learnt how many chromosomes there were. This microscopist has counted the number of chromosomes in a white person

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<sup>4</sup> He was then at Cold Spring Harbor which, if you're medical or scientific, we all know as one of the leading genetic institutes in the world. I've had the privilege of being there and talking a couple of times on different subjects

and tried to match them with a black person to demonstrate that he is genetically different, what he calls a 'negro'.

The picture probably dates from 1952 because it depicts 24 pairs of chromosomes; a year later the true complement was accurately reported. How often we scientists, I dare say this, fail to be genuinely objective. We think of something we're pursuing as the truth, but actually it's so often influenced by what we hope we're going to see. I look at my own career, with the rather undistinguished publications of which there are a large number that I've published ... I say 'undistinguished' with genuineness. I know in my heart that most of the time I've been looking for something that I hoped to find. I think that's not uncommon, but I think it's a real problem, particularly in biology. It's very easy to get seduced. It doesn't mean to say that what you do is necessarily useless, but the consequence can be that something very important is missed.

Let's lighten this for a moment. I used to have a teacher who used to stand in front of the class, head down, legs together with each arm spread horizontally from the shoulders and the wrists drooping and say to us, 'What am I? What am I?' What he was trying to demonstrate was the shape of the human female pelvic anatomy, 'I'm a womb and two tubes'. This brings me to my long-standing fascination with the fallopian tubes. When I was doing my early work on tubal microsurgery, I was interested in trying to find ways of modifying those fallopian tubes, on a grant from the World Health Organisation. The contraceptive pill then had many unpleasant side effects. So in the early 1970s the pressure was to see if simpler methods of contraception could be developed. The project for which I was funded was an attempt to hasten the transport of the fertilised egg into the uterus in the hope it be too immature to implant.

So we attempted to modify the tube, for example by shortening it in experimental animal models. After practising with an operating microscope for long enough, we were able to join the cut human tube at its narrowest point internally, where it is only half a millimetre in diameter. We made our own surgical instruments and used home-made needles. Very fine lengths of nylon a few microns

in diameter were attached to these needles with great difficulty. But no instrument manufacturer in the UK was interested in helping us as the work seemed of no commercial value. These needles with their thread were so delicate that when they were dropped they didn't fall to the ground, but floated on airwaves in the laboratory. There was little point in scrabbling around on the concrete floor to try and find them, because they were so tiny. But eventually a very good method of anastomosis was developed, which turned out to be useful for reversal of sterilisation.

Once it was known we could reverse sterilisation it surprised me that women came from all over the United Kingdom for this operation. In the early 1970s we didn't have an internal NHS market, so academic units could take patients from anywhere; we didn't need anything beyond the normal referral. So people were coming from Northern Ireland, from Scotland and from the West Country to Hammersmith Hospital, where I was then working at the postgraduate medical school. When I talked to these women I learnt that many felt deeply defeminised as a result of being sterilised. They frequently saw themselves as not being a 'proper woman'.

Very often, these women had stopped having orgasms if they'd had pleasurable sex before sterilisation. They sometimes said, 'During sex, I feel like an empty vessel'. These were normal, psychologically stable individuals. The thing that they all had in common was they had nearly all been sterilised at the time of a pregnancy. The majority of them had been sterilised after they'd requested a perfectly legal termination of pregnancy and the doctor had said, 'Yes, of course, it's legal to terminate your pregnancy, but you understand you're not fit to have more children. I should sterilise you.'

A few of those women were younger than the undergraduates in this college, so the injury that they experienced can be understood. Yet they were ashamed they had nobody that they could tell this to. Soon we saw 400 or 500 women in this situation and over time we had a fairly successful method for reversal. I have to say, and I expect that one or two of my senior colleagues will recall

similar stories, that when I was in training as a junior doctor, learning how perform caesarean sections, it was quite common for various consultants to suggest to me, 'You're doing a caesarean section, aren't you, tomorrow, on Mrs X? She's had four children already, she really can't afford a fifth. You might want to consider putting the clamps across her fallopian tubes, and crushing them. It might be the best solution.' You can see how we might want to interpret what we think is in the best interest of the patient without actually requesting consent. So, could this still go on?

Recently, in California, the governor of one of the women's prisons, said that it was costing him \$147,000 a year to sterilise the inmates when they leave prison. Now, I don't think the governor was doing the operations. I imagine these operations were being done by members of the medical profession to whom this money was being paid. We have an immense amount of power, and we have people in front of us often when they are most vulnerable and most naked.

One of the problems, of course, with the pressures of health-care is that doctors are being asked to make decisions without adequate communication and to make decisions based on the good of the health service or its budget, rather than on the autonomy of the individual in front of them. I think the pressures on all health-care systems are challenging our ethical standards. This is even more likely in times of turmoil or deprivation such as during:

- 1929 when, in the Great Depression, 100,000 workers in the Ford factory rioted peacefully not doing anybody any physical damage. They broke shop windows and the police fired on them and killed a number of those who were demonstrating, but the rioters didn't actually fight back;
- 1933 in Central Park, New York, when there was a demonstration against Roosevelt by what was essentially a Nazi organisation. Dark times indeed, they filled a hall, and during the amazing meeting one member of the audience tried to protest about the Nazi salutes and things that were going on on-stage. He was immediately grabbed by the Brownshirts. What is interesting to me is that the real violence was not shown by the Brownshirts but by the official body, the New York Police. They almost killed him. They dragged him out into the street and they really did for him. He did survive. Can this happen again?

2017 When in a couple of months' time, we've got an election in France with Marine Le Pen, who, I suppose, is really arguing that what she does is entirely in the name of *la loi*, the law. Just to take another example, Donald Trump, before his election in 2016: for me, the chilling thing is not so much what Donald Trump says, but the sound of the cheering of the people who are listening to him, which I find very threatening, that there's a general popular appeal and that people could really listen to that uncritically and think what it actually means.

I'm going to talk about one further film clip if I may, this time one that is typical of constant broadcasting from Saudi Arabia. Many times a month there are broadcasts in which the official announcer displays religious zeal. In this clip a child of three-and-a-half is saying that Jews are like pigs. This is on mainstream terrestrial television using words that are really very, very shocking, particularly when they're repeated on a weekly basis.

Here's a film clip of the public announcement in 2000 of the first preliminary sequencing of the human genome trumpeted by President Clinton speaking from the White House. Here Francis Collins is on one side of the president and Craig Venter is on the other. This achievement was described as a milestone for humanity in the broadcast but, to my mind, its nature reflects something of our obsession with our genetics. Tony Blair also speaks here; my American friends may correct me but I think an event like this, about science, was unparalleled as a public broadcast, with statements from the White House, and transatlantic comment from Westminster and from the Wellcome Trust in London by Mike Dexter.

A paraphrase of what Clinton was along these lines – he used a religious argument – 'By God's grace, we've now constructed a map, which is the most important map we've ever made'. Down the line, Tony Blair, who I understand was advised by Bob May,<sup>5</sup> said: 'This tells us more about our humanity than any previous human achievement'. At the Wellcome Trust, Mike Dexter declared, 'This is more important than the invention of the wheel'. It's

<sup>5</sup> This is not a negative thing about Bob, I think he's one of the most wonderful people that I've ever met in science. I admire him massively. Bob May was advising the prime minister at the time, and I suspect he went a bit over the top

interesting to consider such hyperbole, because the printed roadmap of Washington DC is rather more accurate. Shakespeare's *Hamlet* probably tells us more about our humanity than the genome does, and as we see more and more of the genome, and as epigenetics start to take off, we begin to see how flimsy is our knowledge. As for the wheel, I suspect that this is a wheel that hasn't turned in any kind of way that Mike Dexter probably expected, although it's only 17 years later and a very short time for technological development. After all, many technologies take a hundred years to develop. Look at the laser from 1905. It's not until now that we've started to see how important and ubiquitous it is.

This brings me to pre-implantation genetic diagnosis and my meeting in 1984 with Pamela. She had had a child who died in shocking circumstances. He was born normally and initially crawled normally. But then he stopped crawling, and then he couldn't lift his head. By the age of one-and-a-half he still couldn't stand. He started to get fits and vomiting, his growth stopped, and by the age of two he was blind and deaf, and he died sometime afterwards. What Pamela said to me was, 'You're doing *in vitro* fertilisation with embryos. I know that some of my embryos will be normal, because this is a genetically determined disease which both my husband and I carry. Surely there must be something you could do to prevent my seeing another one of my children die in this fashion, because I'm afraid to say I'm not prepared to consider antenatal diagnosis because I am not prepared to have an abortion.'

I said, 'There's nothing we can do, absolutely nothing'. I went home and felt extremely worried. I had two very sleepless nights. Then I thought about it more, and talked to my closest colleague, the brilliant Alan Handyside. At the time, we were starting to think about working on stem cell biology and we wondered whether we might be able to look at the DNA inside a single cell. In early embryos each cell is totipotent, being identical at this stage. So removal of a single cell for analysis seemed worth considering.

So over the next five years we looked at ways of trying to biopsy the human embryo. The method of polymerase chain reaction (PCR) had just been published by Kary Mullis and we thought we might be able to attempt PCR on a single cell. Over

those five years we learnt how to make a little hole in the zona pellucida with a droplet of acid. The implements were homemade glass pipettes, which were so fine you can't see the tips with the naked eye. They were made by drawing heated glass under a microscope. Once we'd immobilised the embryo, we could extract single cells.

When we considered the effect in various animal species, the wonderful person who was massively helpful was Professor Anne McLaren. In my view she was perhaps one of the most important embryologists in the whole field. I think she should have won the Nobel prize for the astonishing work she did in embryology, because without her I doubt human *in vitro* fertilisation really would have happened. She had done this work similarly in sheep and cows, and we did it in rabbits and rodents, and so on. One of my colleagues then helped, with access to rhesus monkeys, to do a couple of transfers of biopsied embryos in the rhesus monkey in Texas. We were able to be pretty sure that when we put these embryos back, while they might not implant, they would not have been damaged in any way.

PCR was initially used to diagnose the sex of an embryo in cases of patients with sex-linked disorders, with the idea of only returning females to the uterus. But soon we could refine PCR for specific genetic mutations. In our first big run we had three patients treated in the same week, returning two screened embryos in each case. Two of these patients conceived successfully.

Recently I was invited with that wonderful man, Raymond Blanc, to speak at a symposium on food science at Excel in London. Why I was invited there I'm not sure as I know next to nothing about nutrition, but I knew that Blanc was taking part. My wife and I had met him before and enjoyed his company, and I thought it'd be fun to see him again. The symposium went well. Of course, he got all the usual acclaim from people in the audience who wanted to shake his hand afterwards, and one or two people came up to say hello to me.

I walked out feeling very happy to have met Raymond again, and then outside the auditorium was this young woman who was standing there looking very anxious, carrying something in her

hand. I tried to walk past her. I thought she wanted to talk to Raymond Blanc, but she wanted to attract my attention, and I really wanted to get off. I stood there for a moment, perhaps a bit ungraciously, and then she introduced herself. I didn't know who she was, because the last time I saw her she was not that big. She said, 'You know, you were the person who took the cell away from me when I was an embryo, and made the diagnosis that I was clear of the disease'. She was almost in tears.

I said two things to her on the spur of the moment. I said, 'You must be 27. Are you married?' She said, 'No'. I said, 'Well, at least when you do get married, you won't have that spectre hanging over you because you'll be free of that particular mutation and there will not be a problem with the disease that was carried in your family'. Then I said, 'I've never told anybody this, when, about 12 days after the embryo transfer, the laboratory came through with the pregnancy test result with the beta HCG results, which suggested you were twins. I went into the laboratory office to see Alan Handyside. I sat down, and told him I thought your mother was pregnant with twins.' He didn't say, 'Wow, this is a paper in Nature.' We both were completely silent, and for a long time we stared at the floor and didn't talk to each other at all. We didn't say anything.'

By the end of the conversation with this young woman, I was pretty well in tears too. I tried to explain that even though we had gone through every aspect of that procedure, the PCR, the embryo biopsy, every possible loophole that might go wrong, when it came to the crunch we had a brave woman, her mother, who was prepared to chance this and have embryos transferred. I also pointed out that had the politicians had their way and particularly Enoch Powell, who had introduced a private members' bill to ban this research, she would not have existed, together with thousands of other IVF babies. This is now a technique which is worldwide. But I do not consider it to be a eugenic act as it is done, not for society but to further the interests of a family and protect their autonomy.

To return to that report in *The Times*. Our snap judgements, and the way we communicate what we think and do to the press

and therefore to the public, must be carefully considered and intelligible. That's what troubles me about how the report<sup>6</sup> was handled by *The Times*. I understand why this report from the Academy may be necessary, but the kind of level of endorsement, or the way it's been expressed, is a bit troubling. We already have a market which is absolutely overblown in the United States of America. In my view, it's quite shocking how much people are being asked to pay for a technology which could be so much cheaper. *In vitro* fertilisation should not cost the great deal of money that is being charged, but people are prepared to pay to have a baby. To take another example, most people think that if they freeze their eggs, they're insuring themselves for the future because they'll get pregnant when those eggs are thawed and fertilised. But the British figures, stated by the Department of Health following a parliamentary question, show that over the seven years we've been freezing eggs on an increasing basis in the United Kingdom, the pregnancy rate is 2.2 per cent. And if people are prepared to pay for this, might they want to consider, at a price, genetic enhancements to improve their children, their intelligence, their strength, their 'desirable' attributes?

We can now modify genes by injecting DNA into the fertilised oocyte, now a standard technique first developed by J W Gordon in 1980. More recently the work by Hanson and Hakimi is a good example of what might be possible. They modified the muscular activity of a mouse to make a super-mouse with a particular genetic construct, so that its metabolism and muscles were much more efficient, and you can see the results on the film. This is the power of transgenesis. Whereas the normal mouse was sensible enough to give up after about 200m, the modified mouse enjoyed running so much that he carried on running for an hour and he was still running twice as fast as a normal mouse. Amazingly, he can keep this up for more than three or four hours.

So what is interesting about that mouse is this, that when Hanson and Hakimi did the experiment, they'd never predicted that this animal would be much slimmer and would eat far more

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<sup>6</sup> Human Genome Editing: Science, Ethics, and Governance, *op. cit.*

carbohydrate, and yet would never suffer any effects from that. So it's potentially an important clue about glucose metabolism. Also nobody predicted that these animals would be living about a third longer than normal mice, and nobody predicted they would be more fertile. So there are all sorts of completely unexpected effects as a result of the modification of that one genetic sequence. Now, the other thing that's interesting about those mice is that within two weeks of their birth, researchers can tell they are modified, because if they put their hand in the litter and pick out one of the modified mice, they try to bite. They are very aggressive, which is completely unexpected. The people who work with these mice know that immediately. Unfortunately, they haven't followed up a lot of the biology yet, and I think that's a great pity because it would be very interesting to understand what's going on.

It worries me when Francis Crick and Jim Watson – great individuals, Nobel prize-winners for their work in this university on the structure of DNA – each said some time ago that we should consider modifying humans. It seems to me that this is something which we need to be thinking about much more carefully, because we need to see the compass of what we might be doing.

But given our obsession with genes and the potential market there might be, it is easy to see how genetic enhancement may seem very attractive. Eugenics may sound like self-direction of human evolution in an harmonious entity. But now with this recent report, the scientists seem to be riding on the CRISPR wave. We now talk about gene editing as being precise and predictable. I don't believe that. Certainly, we may be able to get into one particular sequence of the genome, but I'm not sure we can understand what goes on upstream or downstream once we start modifying humans which, of course, is the implication here of doing something which the *Nature* article does not mention. They're surfing. It's a dangerous sport for scientists, ladies and gentlemen.

Let me return to to Gomes, to an early religious concept and see where the Talmud in the third and fourth century seems to mention genetic modification, with a hint of concern. In the tractate Hullin, Rav Huna says in the name of Rab Torta 'I once

went to Wa'ad and saw a serpent wrapped round a tortoise; after some days there came forth an arod from between them. When I came before R Simeon the pious, [and related this to him,] he said to me: "They have produced a new creature which I had not created into my world, I too will bring upon them a creature which I had not created in my world". This arod hasn't evolved; it is a mythical beast which has been produced by genetic modification as a result of the copulation. The implication surely is that it might be harmful to humans. Amusingly juxtaposed with this passage is the admonition 'Rab Giddal said in the name of Rab, "If an inhabitant of these parts has kissed you then count your teeth afterwards"'. It suggests perhaps that mixture of species is risky. This, of course, is also implied in Leviticus, to come back to Peter Gomes, who argues that much of the Bible might be reinterpreted.

Let me cite, in this film clip, Professor Benno Müller-Hill, a distinguished German professor of genetics, talking about Auschwitz and its link with scientific research, because he states something profoundly important to us: 'science must face up to its history'. He states that if we scientists are prepared to forget history, he no longer wishes to be a scientist.

So, ladies and gentlemen, thank God for universities like Cambridge and Harvard. In such places we must not neglect history or ethics. A risk for our young people, is being channelled to learn more and more about less and less from the age of about 14. We must be aware of the dangers of demanding such a large knowledge about scientific facts as they enter university. There is increasing emphasis on a narrow education in our society, which risks omitting consideration of the wider needs of humanity. So in places like Cambridge we have a massive responsibility.

In conclusion, I am reminded of Pieter Bruegel the Elder, with his drawing of the Alchemist. There is a good copy in the Met in New York and another in the Kunst Museum in Berlin. A woodcut of about 1565 depicts a scientist sitting in his laboratory. He is reading from a large tome, 'The Alchemist'. One student is trying to change base metals into gold and another PhD student, who's not looking at what he's doing as his hat is covering his eyes, seems

to be trying to find the elixir of life. His wife has an empty purse because the research council has not come through with a grant. NIH is not interested in his work. But in this really disorganised laboratory there are three of the children running amuck in the background, one with the coal scuttle on his head. There's a medieval device in the woodcut, because the view through the window represents the future.

In the future we see the three children entering a building, *l'hôpital*, the poorhouse, with the one with the coal scuttle still on his head. This scientist has subsumed everything. 'Alchemist' in Flemish means 'all is lost'. It also means 'all is shit' in colloquial Flemish, but the point is clear. He's forgotten the most important responsibility of all, and that is the next generation. In my view, if we lose our children and lose our humanity, by foolish science such as genetic enhancement, I think we run very great risks indeed. What value will human life have in a world containing enhanced superhumans?

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Professor of Fertility Studies at Imperial College, London*

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## *EMMANUEL AND THE GREAT WAR*

### *PART FOUR: 1917*

The editorial which opened the August 1917 issue of the *College Magazine* contained an apology for the lack of content, explaining that 'the resident Editorial Staff have been rather overcome by their efforts in bookkeeping and impersonation of Absent Efficientes, while our Trench Correspondents have been too busy with military duties to keep their promises'. The ironic voice of 'PW' Wood can be discerned here, for he was, of course, the sole member of the 'Editorial Staff'. He had coaxed a 'Trench' report from the Senior Tutor, the Revd Freddie Head, who had been promoted to senior chaplain with the Guards Division, but everything else in the

'Letters from the Western Front' segment appears to be surplus copy from previous years. Probably life at the fronts had become, literally, too grim for words. Lydstone Langmead (1911) no doubt spoke for many when he told PW in May 1917 that he was: '... fed up with the War. I don't mean that my moral [sic] has gone exactly, but it is a good long time now since things were really cheery. The Bosche must be hating it worse, though, which is one comfort, and he is certainly getting it in the neck, which is another ... Sorry I am not very mirthful just at the moment.' As a result of the lack of 'Letters', the bulk of the 1917 *Magazine* comprised war lists and obituaries, but it was still appreciated by the recipients. Francis Musson (1913), writing from the RFC Experimental Station at Orford Ness, sent PW his '... thanks and congratulations on the latest War Edition. I'm afraid it must be a depressing business running such a volume but you are quite right in insisting that it shall exist & most sporting and self-sacrificing in shouldering the burden yourself – you can be quite sure your efforts are duly appreciated though many of us, no doubt, may appear a little unconvincing – at any rate, to show that at least I mean well, herewith my 2/-.' This last comment had been prompted by PW's caustic remark in the Editorial about the 'eight hundred "readers" – to call them "subscribers" would be to carry the sarcasm further – waiting patiently for our August Tabloid of Literary Excellence'. So few members coughed up their subscriptions, in fact, that the costs of the 1917 *Magazine* could only be defrayed by a special grant of £15 from the Bursary, as duly noted in the College Order Book.

The *Magazine* included the usual summary of college news. PW took the opportunity of reminding wounded servicemen that they could come into residence during long sick-leave, pointing out that 'recovery from amputations or nerve trouble is necessarily slow, and the period of convalescence may be profitably spent in keeping one or more terms in residence'. One can sense his keenness to boost the number of resident students, which had fallen to below 30 by the summer of 1917. PW added the reassurance that 'medical courses are still in full swing [and] in other subjects there is still an adequate supply of teaching'. The



Fellowship had indeed suffered no more depredations, although the Bursar, J B Peace, was spending even less time than usual at the college, as in addition to running the munitions factory based in the Engineering Laboratory, he had also accepted a position on the Aircraft Inventions Board. Some Fellows had moved on to new duties: Geoffrey Bennett had gone from the Munitions Inventions Board to the Admiralty and Thomas Hele had left the field ambulance service after some 'exciting experiences' and was now attached to a mobile bacteriological laboratory.

The paucity of undergraduates inevitably affected the very few student societies that continued to hold meetings. The Law Society managed to have its termly meeting throughout 1917 but it was clearly at a low ebb and could manage no proper debates or other social events. The Debating Society decided in March 1917 to hold a concert before the end of term (a modest affair, to be staged in a student's room), the Musical Society having lapsed for the duration. It then held a special meeting in April with PW, to discuss the possibility of organising tennis matches 'in view of the shortage of labour & difficulties arising therefrom'. Billy Manning, the college groundsman, was on active service and PW, despite being a keen tennis player himself, could offer no easy solution.

No more Debating Society meetings were held until October, when a freshers' debate was staged, the motion being: 'We are over-civilised' (defeated). It had been preceded by the usual discussion of general college affairs, in the course of which members voiced their discontent about the war-time privations. Various individuals were nominated to complain to the authorities (PW) about the substitution of margarine for butter in the commons, the inadequacy of the coal allowance for the junior members' library and the continuing unsatisfactory bathing arrangements. A motion proposing that a formal complaint be made to the cook about the raisins not being stoned properly in recent puddings was, however, defeated, 'in spite of Mr P's amendment that the cook should be stoned as well'. Given the appalling conditions being endured by many Emmanuel men on the Western Front in 1917, this sort of petty grumbling, even allowing for the element of facetiousness, is

slightly unedifying. Evidently rationing had not yet been universally accepted as a fact of life. In February 1917 the acting steward (PW) had issued a notice that food rationing was to be introduced with immediate effect, 'in accordance with the Food Controller's scheme for reducing the consumption of meat, flour and sugar'. Henceforth the daily commons would be six ounces of bread only and at dinner no meat would be served on Tuesdays and Fridays, and no more than half a pound per person on other days; sugar and flour restrictions would also be applied to meals. The Parlour maintained its embargo on wine-drinking with two exceptions, both occurring in January 1917. The first was on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of that month, when PW contributed a bottle to mark the seventy-seventh birthday of the College's oldest Fellow, Alfred Rose. Six days later Harold Hazeltine, Emmanuel's law Fellow, marked a far more startling event when he gave a bottle to 'to congratulate P W Wood on the prospect of his forsaking bachelordom'.



*College servant's bowls tournament, early 1920s. PW Wood and Florence Wood are seated second and third from the right*

PW's transition from archetypal celibate don to married man must have appeared remarkably swift to his colleagues, but he had in fact been contemplating the benefits of matrimony for some time. He found life in the empty war-time college grim and depressing and confided his feelings to Freddie Head's wife, Edith, whose reply, dated 30 June 1916, is worth quoting at length:

I'm desperately sorry for your loneliness & I quite agree that matrimony would help a lot. You are obviously needing a French mother who can wisely and thoughtfully look round & duly arrange a suitable match. I should think no-one is much less suitable at the moment than yourself – & as to leaving it to Nature – poor Nature has so little to do with the artificially unfeminine entourage you have thriven in these many years that She simply has no chance. You can't jump from your present not-knowing direct to matrimony – the one thing, hateful perhaps, that you can do, is to force yourself to go where women may be met. Make yourself take a holiday where young things congregate – some gruesome hydro for instance – Play tennis with lots of them & whatever happens be pretty sure that the right creature is not in the first batch ... Any girl will do to lead on to another! ... Do make an effort to go out & about more – there are so many girls unmarried who would have been so much happier married – even to you! ... She mustn't mind your ups and downs – your not infrequent hardness on people (colleagues, not inferiors, I think?) ... your aloofness when you feel aloof ... But you are such a dear & I should just love to see you happy & with such mellowing joys ahead.

There is no evidence that PW did visit a hydro, gruesome or otherwise, but his engagement a mere seven months later suggests that he did not heed Edith's counsel of cautiousness. His fiancée, whom he married on 21 March 1917, was Florence Katherine, the 30-year-old daughter of Richard Spencer, originally of St Louis and latterly New York. It can be safely inferred that the couple met while Florence was visiting Cambridge as the guest of Harold Hazeltine (also an American) and his wife Hope, for Florence had been one of Hope's bridesmaids at her 1911 Vermont wedding.

(It is a pity that there are no photographs of Hope Hazeltine in the college archives, for she seems to have been a charmer who had half the Fellowship under her spell, from the elderly Henry Melvill

Gwatkin to the Junior Fellow, Geoffrey Day. Professor Gwatkin, who liked to bestow feline nicknames on his kith and kin, called Hope 'the domestic animal' and after her arrival at Cambridge as a bride, Gwatkin told a friend that she was 'a particularly nice one' and 'a great favourite'. Geoffrey Day's letters to PW during the war invariably end with a request that he be remembered to the Hazeltines or 'Hazies' and when he was recovering from his injuries at Gallipoli, he asked PW to 'tell Mrs H I wish she were nursing me (as per arrangement)'. PW himself evidently got on well with Hope: Muriel Hele, Timmy's wife, noted in her diary that she had met them out walking together. One man who did not entirely share the general admiration was Julian Lathrop, an American soldier billeted in Cambridge during the spring of 1919. Writing to his friend Elspeth Giles, the Master of Emmanuel's daughter, he described Mrs Hazeltine as 'pretty and appealing, but not overmuch character ... I do think her remark was a trifle catty'. The remark in question had been made about the reported engagement to a local girl of one of Julian's friends, a fellow American officer of whom, Julian's letter implies, Hope had been noticeably fond. The Hazeltines had one child, Georgina, born in Vermont early in 1920. This was not the only lengthy trip Hope made back home and Professor Gwatkin had been concerned enough, at one point, to remind Harold that he was now the domestic animal's owner, not her mother. It was not that Gwatkin had particularly old-fashioned views about women's independence – indeed, he was happy for his own wife to be a 'scampercat' whenever she wished – but he may have sensed that the Hazeltines' marriage was vulnerable. Hope's evident homesickness and the 13-year age gap between her and her scholarly husband no doubt put strains on the marriage, which ended in divorce in 1930. Hope returned to America and remarried but this union may not have prospered either, for in the 1940 census she is living with her daughter in Pasadena and taking in lodgers. Harold Hazeltine, who had become Downing Professor of Laws of England in 1920, returned to America following his retirement where, according to his obituarist, he settled in Cambridge, Massachusetts, near his daughter and granddaughter.)

PW's marriage was to endure for nearly 40 years. Geoffrey Wynne Thomas (1924) recalled Florence Wood as 'a lively American, the antidote to [PW's] rather gloomy attitude'. Perhaps a little piqued that she was no longer the only attractive American wife in Emmanuel's social circle, Hope Hazeltine fell out with Florence, as Audrey Hele related to her husband, Timmy. He enjoyed hearing all the college gossip and replied: 'More about PW's baby [Florence was expecting their first child] and Hope's stormy words. I wonder how 'arold and PW get along in College. The storm is too intense to last.' PW and Florence set up house at 1 St Paul's Road, where they were joined in due course by Richard, Betsy and Peter. A few glimpses of family life appear in the archives; in 1930 PW wrote a rather glum letter to a friend, reciting the numerous ailments currently afflicting the progeny, but a letter written a few years later to the same correspondent was equally gloomy on account of the youngsters' absence: 'the children are away at school and my wife and I lead a very quiet middle-aged life in a barn-like house which is brightened only by the antics of two dogs'. Following PW's death in 1956 Florence wrote that she would try to face her loss with what courage she could muster: '... like all whom he had guided, we shall miss him every day more & more. He leaves us his beloved garden to tend without his advice and skill.'

North Court was occupied throughout 1917 by successive groups of the 'C' company second officer cadet battalion, who attended 'short courses' lasting about four or five months. PW reported in the *Magazine* that 'The only civilians in the North Court are the porters and bedmakers: they and the architecture combine to distinguish the buildings from a comfortable barrack ... The Cadets have indeed become almost the outstanding feature of life in Cambridge: nearly all the Colleges have provided quarters for them and their officers. Inter-company competitions have been organised in all forms of athletics, and the atmosphere of May-week was distantly and faintly reproduced by eight-oar races in June.' The cadets included many embryo officers from colonial units and in the winter of 1917-18 Australian football was intro-

duced to Cambridge, but was not thought likely to supersede the rugby brand. Two of the 'C' company groups were enterprising enough to produce an in-house magazine during their time at Emmanuel: the first group, billeted here between November 1916 and March 1917, called their magazine *The Glad Rag*; the second, resident from December 1917 until April 1918, produced an impressively weighty publication entitled *Cheerio*.



Two of the many accomplished cartoons contributed to *The Glad Rag* by Cadet C Watson

1. North Court blackout
2. Baby Cadet



The editorial in *The Glad Rag* summed up the group's sojourn thus: 'Out of the mud and turmoil and discomfort and weariness of France, and into the pleasures and peacefulness and beauty of Cambridge and the comfort and cheerfulness of well-appointed Emmanuel was a wonderful and bewildering experience. And when we return to the trenches, the memory of this happy period will act as an incentive and a consolation in the less pleasant environment in which we shall soon find ourselves.' Several of the officers featured in the magazine were to be killed, as attested by their obituaries in the following year's *Cheerio*. In addition to their military training, the cadets found plenty of time for sport and

other recreational facilities, including putting on a 'first-rate' concert by the Company Pierrot troupe, held on 8 February 1917 in Emmanuel's 'handsome' lecture hall (now the library reading room), which was 'beautifully decorated with flags and flowers, and was just large enough to accommodate the smartly dressed Pierrots, who, filled with the right spirit, made merry till 10 p.m'. The concert was attended not only by cadets and their 'attendant flappers' but also by officers from other cadet companies, the Masters of Emmanuel and Pembroke, a 'sprinkling of the professorial staff', undergraduates and Cambridge residents.

The 1917 *Magazine* 'Trench' report by Freddie Head, alluded to earlier, contains some vivid details of life on the Western Front. 'We learned what cold could be, and the mud was beyond my wildest dreams. Among the trenches the path was to be judged by the depth of the mud; the shell-holes lay all around full of water – green, brown or reddish according to circumstances.' He also describes giving a talk to the troops which was interrupted by 'three lecture-cards in the shape of shells within an uncomfortable distance, whereupon the audience scattered, and the lecturer hastily followed suit'. He adds, however, that he would not have missed these two years for anything. Prone to self-doubt, he had begun to wonder if he would be able to return to academic life; in a letter to PW in January 1917 he wrote:



The Revd  
Freddie Head  
in 1915

I ... cogitate on the difference between what you and I are doing today. May 1917 be a happy year with you, old friend, and may it see us all together again at the old common task before it comes to an end. Yet I funk that work again when I think of it for all I have been doing here for the past 18 months is such strange preparation for the production of lectures and the teaching of students. I am due for leave ... and I must try & pop up to Cambridge ... and see the College which is always to me the dearest place on Earth ... And you are just looking after the whole College as usual & worrying your troubled soul over all that has to be done and pretending to do nothing all the while.

Freddie Head was not the only Emmanuel Fellow serving as an army chaplain, for the Dean, Charles Raven, was gazetted chaplain in the spring of 1917 and soon found himself on the Western

Front. First-World-War army chaplains may not have been expected to go 'over the top' but they were nevertheless exposed to many dangers. Head was awarded the MC in June 1917 and later a Bar. He and Raven were to survive the war but four other 'Emmanuel' chaplains were not. The first casualty was Reginald Fulford (1905), who was killed in action in December 1916 in Mesopotamia. Next was Charles Mitchell (1902), who had been the Tyrwhitt Hebrew scholar and Jeremie Septuagint prizeman. Mitchell published several scholarly theological works before the war broke out; he immediately joined the army and went to the front because, he said, the men wanted a chaplain who would be on the spot to care for the wounded and bury the dead. He died of wounds at a field ambulance in Arras in May 1917, being thus summed up by his commanding officer: 'To all ranks alike he set the greatest example of a stout-hearted, courageous, yet a humble and cheerful Christian life'. The third chaplain to die was Basil Plumtre (1902), who had been on the Western Front for about 18 months when he was killed on 16 July 1917. One of his commanding officers wrote: 'I met the padre with the returning battalion. I "strafed" him for being so near the Hun lines and he replied, "I just wanted to keep the men cheery". Within an hour ... he had been killed.' The Revd F H Gillingham, rector of Bermondsey, whose curate Plumtre had been, wrote: 'Mr Plumtre was an extraordinarily modest fellow. We never could get out of him what he did to gain the MC [in June 1916]. It was an individual award; not one of a group of others. He was a very lovable chap. Everyone will miss him very much.' The final casualty was Elijah Cobham (1900), who was a missionary in Kenya when war was declared. When the British Expeditionary Force was sent out to East Africa Cobham was appointed a chaplain; he was killed in September 1917 while carrying in the wounded.

The college war memorial records 33 casualties for 1917 but in fact two more Emmanuel men were killed that year, the information not reaching the college until after the memorial had been completed (many years after, in one case; the memorial's 'missing' names will feature in next year's instalment of this article). The names recorded for 1917 include those of two brothers, Thomas



*The three Nott brothers*

and Louis Nott. A few lines higher, among the 1916 casualties, the name of a third Nott brother, Henry, can be seen. All three brothers, the sons of a civil engineer from Bristol, served in the sixth battalion of the Gloucestershire regiment, enduring long months of trench warfare in France. The youngest brother, Henry Paton ('Pat') Nott, was killed by a shrapnel shell in April 1916 while travelling along a communication trench towards the firing line. He was a very popular young officer and, as his brother Louis (who preferred to use his middle name, Cameron) reported to his parents, 'many men of his company were in tears as they were very fond of our kid, as they used to call him'. A private in the company wrote that he was 'of a brave and fearless disposition, always thinking of others, always of his men and doing all possible in his power to make their load as light as possible ... [his] death has upset us all'. The surviving brothers went on to distinguish themselves, Thomas being awarded the DSO in January 1917, and Cameron the MC in the same month. Thomas, promoted to lieutenant colonel, took command of the sixth battalion early in 1917 and Cameron, now acting captain, was his adjutant. In April, while acting as brigade reserve, the sixth battalion set up temporary base at Villers-Faucon. This village lay in an area recently vacated by the German army, which had withdrawn to the Hindenberg Line. As well as laying waste to everything in sight as they retreated, the Germans also set many lethal booby-traps. Thomas, Cameron and four other officers, including the chaplain, were asleep in the cellar of a village

building when a hidden mine was triggered by a delayed fuse; all six were killed. Replying to the Master of Emmanuel's letter of sympathy, Mrs Nott wrote: 'I am so glad every time I remember the happy days our boys spent at Cambridge. They enjoyed every bit of the time they spent at Emmanuel College & we had so hoped that after the War was over the two younger boys might go back & finish their courses, but God has planned differently & we must bow to Him. We are very proud of our boys' work in the Army.' As requested, she sent the Master photographs of her three sons, reproduced here.

*Amanda Goode, College Archivist*

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### ***'THE BIG PUSH': YRPES AND PASSCHENDAELE IN 1917***

By late 1917 the First-World-War correspondence between college members and the Acting Senior Tutor 'PW' Wood seems to have dried up; at least none later than September of that year has survived in the college archives. Amanda Goode and I have debated what might have happened: did PW's new wife clear them out, or were the later letters accidentally destroyed? If not, a possible explanation is that those members who knew PW from earlier times and who had survived the three years of fighting on the Western Front were so despondent about the future that they had no desire to write to him (and happy memories of Cambridge were long gone). More recent recruits had never had the close friendship with PW that had spurred the earlier correspondents to write. Long gone, too, was the patriotic enthusiasm with which the first recruits gladly interrupted their studies in the Michaelmas term of 1914; it had been replaced by conscription, which resulted in many young men being sent to the front with their studies incomplete.

Some of those who had won places at Emmanuel never even reached the college, being conscripted straight from school. Sadly,

some of these did not survive to take up the places when peace arrived, but their names are nevertheless included on the college war memorial. One of these young men, Victor Richardson (see page 297), was a close friend of Vera Brittain and her brother Edward, and features in her book, *Testament of Youth*. He was wounded in the arm whilst leading his men into action during the battle of Arras on 9 April 1917, but carried on until shot in the head. Severely wounded and having lost his left eye, he was transferred to London for specialist care, but died from an abscess in the brain. His commanding officer wrote, in a letter to Victor's father:

I saw your son when he was wounded, and fear he was suffering great pain, though he was very plucky about it. He did exceedingly well that day, and you may well be proud of him. The battalion was told to attack a strong German redoubt, and your son was at the head of his platoon in one of the leading companies. The battalion came under very heavy fire after capturing the first trench, and it was then that your son was hit in the right arm. He took off his coat and got his arm dressed, and then carried on again. Then just before reaching the second trench he was hit again, this time in the head. He had done his best, and a good best. I have recommended him for the Military Cross, and have no doubt he will get it. [He did; it was awarded posthumously on 18 June 1917.]

Later, Victor's father wrote to Peter Giles, Master of Emmanuel:

I am afraid I have been a long time in writing to thank you for your very kind letter of sympathy in my sad trouble. The poor boy was always such a lovable & cheerful companion that his loss is bound to leave a bitter blank in our lives. I shall have to have some more of his photos printed & when I get them will send you one. I was not surprised that my other boy failed in his exam in June [for entry to Emmanuel] as he & his brother had always been devoted to each other. He will be going up in October for both parts when I hope he will do himself more justice. Will you kindly send the necessary papers to me or direct to him at The Lodge Uppingham so that they can be filled up before the holidays?

Clearly Victor's death was felt strongly by his younger brother, Maurice. Although the latter recovered to pass at a second attempt

he was, like many, conscripted on leaving school, in his case into the Sherwood Foresters. Eventually he came up to Emmanuel in 1919 to study classics and history, graduating in 1921. He can be seen in the Historical Society photograph reproduced on page 69. Another Emmanuel entrant who never came into residence was second lieutenant James Pater Hargreaves, who died aged 19 at Ypres in 1917 and has no known grave, being commemorated on the Tyne Cot memorial. As with Victor Richardson, a younger brother was able to come to Emmanuel after the war: Edward (known as Peter) Hargreaves matriculated in 1926 and served as a medical officer in the Royal Army Medical Corps during the Second World War.

Although the letters written to PW during the First World War are a valuable source of information for researchers, censorship meant that the writers were perforce vague about their locations, which were often limited to 'Flanders' or 'Belgium'. Lieutenant Frank Robert Wordsworth Jameson (1912), for instance, wrote in June 1915 from 'somewhere in Belgium'. He described his journey to the front and taking part in fighting on 16 June (probably the attack on Bellewaarde Ridge, two miles east of Ypres). He wrote about the local town, almost certainly Ypres:

The town here is wonderful – blown to blazes. As I sit in my dug out on the outskirts our artillery is having quite a serious evening hate to be repaid no doubt by the Huns shortly. Its a beautiful old town still tho' there's scarcely a house standing. Its very interesting to wander round the desolate streets & see what the place really was like. We've done ourselves well since we've been here & drunk out of cups (sometimes when occasion arose out of wine glasses) eaten off plates on real table off a real table cloth! How sad that we must leave it all behind shortly when we return to the trenches.

Much of this letter was reproduced in the *College Magazine* of August 1915, where Jameson is shown as a signals officer in the Royal Engineers. Writing to PW at about the same time, second lieutenant Frederic William Kirkland (1914, killed 1916) was pleased to be billeted with the rifle brigade in the ruins of Ypres when involved with trench building at night.

The next four days I spent in Ypres. We were very comfortable with mattresses, furniture, etc. & even hot baths. The Germans didn't worry us much with shelling – the place was too much in ruins for that unless they'd reason to believe we were there. We had 'gas' shells occasionally though, & they weren't nice. The worst part of all was the marching some four miles each night, digging trenches in front of the front line all night, & coming back in the early morning.

Ypres continued to be held by the Allies despite being under constant surveillance from the surrounding Passchendaele and Bellewaarde ridges and subject to regular artillery fire. Sir Douglas Haig had always wanted the British army to have the credit of breaking through the German lines and, importantly, to do so before the American troops joined in the fighting. To Haig's regret, the major attack in 1916 had been along the Somme, to fit in with French plans. The 'Big Push' for 1917, however, was to be centred on the Ypres salient, so gallantly defended by the British army since the battles of 1914 and 1915.

By early 1917 there was an air of optimism that the war might soon be over. There had been many advances at the end of the battle of the Somme in late 1916 and the German army was apparently in retreat. The Senior Tutor, the Revd Frederick (Freddie) Head (who was working as a chaplain with the third battalion, the Grenadier Guards) wrote to PW from France on 18 October 1916 with an air of optimism.

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 [the Battles of Flers-Coucelette and Morval (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.

However, the retreat was merely a tactical withdrawal to the heavily fortified Hindenburg Line. On the way the Germans carried out demolitions, poisoned water supplies and left many



*Emmanuel Historical Society, 1921. Freddie Head is seated in the second row from the front, fifth from the left. Standing in the middle of the row behind is Maurice Richardson, brother of Victor. Also in the second row are Edward Welbourne, later Master (second from the left) and Robert (Bobby) Gardner, who had succeeded J B Peace as Bursar in 1920 (fifth from the right). Head, Welbourne and Gardner were all awarded the Military Cross during the war, the first two in 1917, the last in 1918*

booby-traps. The Allies rejected peace overtures by Germany in December 1916 and the USA joined the Allies on 6 April 1917.

Whilst the fighting near the village of Passchendaele does not have quite the reputation of the first day of the battle of the Somme, the battle of Passchendaele (more correctly, the third battle of Ypres) had many similarities to the earlier engagement, including heavy loss of life and ultimate futility. A map of the region to the north of Ypres shows a low lying area crossed by many small rivers, or 'beeks'. Crossing these would not be easy at the best of times, but a combination of a very wet summer in 1917, and artillery bombardment, turned this into a swamp in which a man could drown if he slipped off the duck-board paths. The area was dominated by a ridge that ran around the east and south of the

area. This ridge, with Passchendaele at its northerly point, was held by the German army and enabled them to look down on the town of Ypres and bring down artillery fire on any movement by the town's defenders (as noted in Frederic Kirkland's letter, above). Capturing this ridge would ease the situation in Ypres and provide a stepping stone towards the important town of Bruges. A breakthrough here would enable the Allied forces to sweep on to the coast at Ostend and to Brussels: the 'Big Push'. During the operations of 1917 around Ypres 23 members of the college were to lose their life in the fighting.

The fighting on the Passchendaele ridge was preceded by two other battles further south at Arras and Messines. The fighting around Arras started well on 9 April, with the notable achievement of the Canadian forces in seizing the high ground of the Vimy ridge. Heavy rain, however, caused further deterioration of the ground, preventing the consolidation of the advance by slowing the move forward of artillery. Whilst some advances were made over the next few days, notably by the Australians around Bullecourt, the delay had allowed the German army to bring up reserves so these were costly. Like so many British efforts, the initial success was insufficient to provide the breakthrough needed, and whilst further advances were made over the succeeding weeks, it is doubtful whether they were justified by the resulting casualties. It must be said in support of Haig, however, that the British efforts at least took pressure off the French army, which was preoccupied by the widespread mutinies that occurred during May and June 1917, following its disastrous failures at the second battle of the Aisne. Despite these mutinies, the French wished to be involved in the fighting at Ypres and one of their best units was later to join the battle north of Ypres.

When the Arras fighting drew to an end in the middle of May 1917, the British moved north and the action at Messines started on 7 June with a bang: a bang loud enough to have been heard in London. The Messines ridge to the south of Ypres had dominated the British front line since the second battle of Ypres in April 1915. As a prelude to the 1917 'Big Push', it was essential to capture the

ridge. Nineteen tunnels had been laboriously excavated under the German lines, under extreme danger, over the past months, and packed with explosives. The detonation of these mines almost destroyed the German front line. Following extensive rehearsals on a model of the area, the result was a great success: the British forces took their objectives by nightfall, advanced two-and-a-half miles over a nine-mile front, and removed an annoying salient into the British line.

Of the Emmanuel fatalities at Arras and Messines, only one, Frederick Moorcock (1913), seems to have corresponded with PW during the war. He had an interesting career, joining the Royal Army Medical Corps (RAMC) as a trainee dresser before serving in Egypt and later being commissioned as an infantry officer in the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. He wrote to PW in February 1915, describing his medical training:

As regards the work, it is far easier than I anticipated, in fact in many respects too much so. There appears to be a great deal of muddling and disorganisation, which yet seems to be shared with nearly every other unit of which one hears accounts: and of course our colonel is somewhat a redeeming feature. It not that there is nothing to learn, for there is a great deal, but that there seem few opportunities of learning it: if you really want to get on you must read & practice bandaging on your own in the evening. We parade for a short march at 7.15, and after breakfast for inspection at 8.45: and our day finishes at 4 o'clock, so that we are not hard-worked. There are squad and stretcher drills, route marches and lectures. We have to be in our billet by 9.30 at night. Of course, when one is put on fatigue duties, it is not such an easy time: I have had two experiences of this, one day at the officers' mess doing washing up, etc and the other on picket. Still it was not so bad, & the experience was novel. Last week we had two inspections, one by the brigadier of the division, the other by a general from the War Office, for whose benefit we had to form a dressing-station and perform all the various functions that would fall to our lot in the field.

James Wyvill Lesley (1907; pictured overleaf) survived the fighting around Arras, but was wounded and subsequently taken prisoner when his eighth battalion, King's Royal Rifle Corps was forced to withdraw from the ground they had taken to bring them



in line with adjacent units. He too had corresponded with PW, writing in December 1916 with news of other Cambridge men and conditions in the trenches:

I was awfully pleased to hear the Emmanuel news & also glad to get the college magazine. Langmead [Lydstone George Newman Langmead (1911), seventh rifle brigade (Prince Consort's Own)] is in the Bde 7th RB & also G V Carey – an Eastbourne & Caius man you may remember as a Rigger Blue. Our adjutant only just missed a fellowship of All Souls & is a v. clever chap & very nice – Hardy by name. There are a lot of quite good chaps in this lot. The C.O. is a jolly good soldier Frewen is his name – he's Sir E Carson's brother-in-law & a charming man ... I'm looking forward to a fortnight or three weeks at 3rd Army School. Unfortunately I've never come across Freddy Head. I wish he was our chaplain our man is too gushing. The trenches in our sector aren't in a very flourishing condition. I saw a man the other day in a main communication trench stuck in the mud – he'd been there an hour and was being dug out! A bit of a strafe last night near us machine guns & a regular Brock display of Very lights a few bombs & artillery busy. It only lasted 20 minutes. A raid I hear by our people. Generally its pretty quiet.



*Detail from Natural Sciences Club photo of 1910, showing (left) James Lesley, captured at Arras in 1917 and (right) Gordon East, killed at Passchendaele, July 1917*

There is some confusion over William Lee (1916). The *College Magazine* noted him first as joining the London brigade of the Royal Field Artillery as a gunner, but later shows him as a private in the Cambridgeshire regiment. He died on 21 April 1917 but has no known grave and is commemorated on the Thiepval memorial as a private in the Lincolnshire regiment. Although the Lincolnshire regiment was engaged in the fighting around Arras, this is a long way from Thiepval, and there are much closer memorials. Furthermore, there was no significant fighting around Arras on 21 April. He came from Finsbury Park with an open exhibition to study modern languages and it would be interesting to hear from anyone who can shed light on him.

After the success of the fighting at Messines, the scene was set for the tragedy that was to follow. The British plan reverted to a heavy preliminary bombardment in the hope of destroying the well-established defences. Unfortunately, these were such that only a direct hit by heavy artillery would destroy them, but what was destroyed was the delicate drainage system of this low-lying land. The result was to turn the area over which the infantry was to advance into a swamp. Nevertheless, the opening day of the battle of Passchendaele, 31 July 1917, was promising, achieving good advances despite the heavy rain, which was to stop further attempts to advance for several weeks. Two Emmanuel men were to lose their lives on the opening day: captains Gordon East and Hubert Harris, both of the RAMC. The 1917 *College Magazine* reported that East, who had been a house-surgeon at St Bartholomew's when war broke out, was acting as medical officer to the Grenadier Guards in 1917; his commanding officer wrote that East had been: '... working hard attending to the wounded under rifle and shell fire, and I asked him to go and reconnoitre another and better aid-post. It was while doing this that he was killed.'

The advance was renewed on 20 September, and moved the front line further north along the ridge over the next few days. The scene was then set for the thrust to take the village of Passchendaele, which started on 4 October. The repeated delays

caused by the weather had allowed the German high command to reinforce the sector, whilst the ground over which the Allied troops were to advance had deteriorated under a wet summer and autumn. Some advances were made and the battle reached a turning point. Despite advice to the contrary, Haig chose to continue the attacks rather than consolidate the front line for the winter. In this he may have been influenced by the collapse of Russia, which gave the potential for German units to be transferred to the western front and the continued need to keep pressure off the French. The decision led to tragic loss of life as the Allied troops moved forward through a quagmire, where they were up to their knees in the water, and where to be wounded risked drowning.

Judged by the stated objective of a breakthrough, the entire battle must be seen as a costly failure. Four months' fighting failed to reach the objectives set out for the first day. It must be remembered, however, that the French army had still to recover from failure and mutiny so it was imperative that German forces were tied down in the northern sector, especially with the reverses in Italy and the revolution in Russia. To that extent, therefore, the

*Card sent to the Master of Emmanuel by the parents of Lieutenant James Hargeaves, killed at Ypres in October 1917*



battle served some purpose. The cost in manpower had been high and this was to have an impact at Cambrai, the first modern armoured battle, where the breakthrough by the tank corps in November 1917 could not be developed because of a lack of reserves.

#### **Phil Brown (1964)**

#### **Emmanuel casualties at the time of the battles of Arras and Messines, April – June 1917**

2Lt Frederic Ashcroft, 18th Bn The King's (Liverpool Regt). Died 9 April, Arras, 1st Battle of the Scarpe. Buried in Neuville-Vitasse Road cemetery

2Lt Kenneth Cothay Bonnell Storey, 3rd Bn, att'd 5th Bn, Royal Berks Regt. Died 9 April, Feuchy, 1st Battle of the Scarpe. Buried in Faubourg D'Amiens cemetery, Arras

Capt George Hamilton Williamson, MC, 7th Bn KRRC. Died 12 April of wounds received the previous day. Buried in Warlingcourt Halte British cemetery, Saulty, nr Arras

2Lt James William Payne, 6th Bn Durham L I. Died 14 April leading an attack at Wancourt, 1st Battle of the Scarpe. Commemorated on the Arras Memorial

Pte William Lee, Lincolnshire Regt. Died 21 April. Commemorated on the Thiepval memorial (the *College Magazine* gives Cambridgeshire Regt, but this seems unlikely)

2Lt Anthony B Enright, D (Howitzer) Bty, 17 Bde. Royal Field Artillery. Died 11 May of wounds received in April. Buried in Etaples military cemetery

Revd Charles Wand Mitchell, Chaplains' Dept att'd 8th Bn E Yorks Regt. Died 3 May, 3rd battle of the Scarpe, Arras. Buried in Faubourg D'Amiens cemetery, Arras

2Lt Frederick Arthur Moorcock, 2nd/5th Bn. KOYLI. Died 3 May. Commemorated on the Arras memorial

2Lt Vivian Sylvester Moses, 11th Div Ammunition Col, died 4 June, buried in La Laiterie military cemetery, West Vlaanderen

Lt Edouard (Edward) Jacot, 42 Sqn Royal Flying Corps, died 6 June. Commemorated on the Arras Flying Services memorial  
 Lt Victor Richardson, 4th Bn R Sussex Regt, att'd 9th Bn. KRRC, died 9 June from wounds received on 9 April, buried in Old Shoreham Road Hove cemetery  
 L/Cpl Philip Sydney Bridson, 5 Coy, New Zealand Machine Gun Corps. Died 7 July on Messines Ridge. Commemorated on Messines Ridge (NZ) memorial

**Emmanuel casualties at (or in preparations for) the third battle of Ypres (Passchendaele), July – November 1917**

Capt Arthur Joseph Brearley, 1/7th Bn Devonshire Regt, att'd 'N' Special Coy Royal Engineers. Died 20 June. Flanders. Buried in Reninghelst New Military Cemetery, West Vlaanderen  
 Capt Henry Stewart Chalmers, 'C' Bty, 295 Bde, Royal Field Artillery. Died 29 September Polygon Wood, 3rd Ypres. Buried in Lijssenthoek military cemetery, West Vlaanderen  
 Capt Wilfrid Thomas Chaning-Pearce, RAMC, att'd 18th The King's (Liverpool Regt). Died 1 October, Polygon Wood, 3rd Ypres. Buried in Derry House cemetery No. 2, West Vlaanderen  
 Capt Cecil Thomas Coyne, 9th (Serv) Prince of Wales's Own (W York Regt). Died 27 August, Flanders. Buried in Cement House cemetery, West-Vlaanderen  
 Capt Gordon Doulton East, RAMC att'd 3rd Bn Grenadier Guards. Died 31 July, 3rd Ypres. Canada Farm cemetery, West Vlaanderen  
 2Lt James Pater Hargreaves, 126 Bde Royal Field Artillery. Died 9 October, Ypres. Tyne Cot memorial, West Vlaanderen  
 Capt Hubert Alfred Harris, RAMC, att'd 74 Bde Royal Field Artillery. Died 31 July. Buried in Bleuet Farm cemetery, West Vlaanderen  
 2Lt Edmund Thornbee Hussey, 1 Bn Royal Munster Fusiliers. Died 7 June. Buried in Irish House cemetery, West Vlaanderen

2Lt Walter Henry Lewis, 'D' Bty, 107 Bde, Royal Field Artillery. Died 15 August having been wounded earlier. Buried in Etaples military cemetery  
 L/Cpl James Outram Morris, 1st/28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles). Died 30 October. Tyne Cot memorial, West Vlaanderen  
 The Revd Basil Pemberton Plumptre, Chaplains' Dept att'd 1st/21st London Regt (First Surrey Rifles). Died 16 July. Buried in La Clytte military cemetery, West Vlaanderen

**Phil Brown (1964)**

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***THE SPIRIT OF PLACE: HARVARD,  
 EMMANUEL AND SOUTHWARK  
 CATHEDRAL***

*The Master was the speaker at a dinner held in Southwark Cathedral on 23 February 2017 to celebrate the Harvard Club of the UK's centenary. We print her speech below.*

I'm delighted to be here at Southwark Cathedral and honoured to be asked to address this special occasion: the one-hundredth anniversary of the Harvard Club of the UK.

I'm here among distinguished hosts and guests, many of whom have held significant roles in Cambridge, Massachusetts and in Cambridge, England, and among whom I'm delighted to recognise old friends. There are friends here from the National Trust; from Emmanuel College, of which I've been Master since 2012; and of course from Harvard. And I'm especially delighted that we are here in Southwark Cathedral. One of my voluntary roles alongside Emmanuel is as chair of the Cathedrals Fabric Commission for England, which gives me the delightful excuse of being a regular visitor to and gentle scrutineer of the extraordinary cathedrals of England.

## Spirit of place

What I want to talk about tonight is spirit of place. I first came across the term in the National Trust. It's a simple, beautiful concept: that every place, no matter how large or small, has its own spirit: the accumulation of its history and stories, its physical and spiritual characteristics, and – of course – the people who have shaped it. In the Trust we aimed to understand the spirit of each of our places and ensure our management honoured and if possible enhanced that spirit, so that the place would continue to inspire future generations.

This evening I want to talk about the spirit of three special places, connected by one person: John Harvard. And I'll start with the place that unites us all tonight: Harvard.

## Harvard

I think I'm right that everyone here has either studied, taught at or at least visited Harvard, the place to which John Harvard's name was given. I'm not sure that Harvard's spirit of place has ever been formally captured, so it would be a task of some arrogance to try to do that tonight. But there are some visible anchors, and I'd like to highlight three.

First Harvard's motto, Truth, apparently adopted in 1643 but lost until revived by President Quincy in 1836. In these days of anguish over truth, post-truth and even alternative facts, it is a motto and a purpose that could scarcely be more important.

Second, I want to quote the words with which Harvard University's biographer Samuel Eliot Morison concluded his magnum opus *Three Centuries of Harvard*. He wrote: 'The University is a school of liberty as well as of learning; and the events of the last few years [he was talking about the 1930s] have driven home the lesson that only in an atmosphere of liberty, and in a body politic that practices as well as preaches democracy, can learning flourish'.

And third, some words of the current president, Drew Faust, from her inauguration address in 2007. She recalled John Winthrop's words to his band of followers as he arrived on the ship

*Arbella* in 1630 in Massachusetts Bay, when he urged the settlers to be 'knitt together in this work as one'. Drew Faust renewed that pledge, promising 'an unwavering belief in the purposes and potential of this university and in all it can do to shape how the world will look another half century from now'. 'Let us', she said, 'embrace those responsibilities and possibilities, let us share them, "knitt together as one"; let us take up the work joyfully, for such an assignment is a privilege beyond measure'.

Truth, liberty and a joyful sharing of responsibilities and possibilities: might that that be a passable shot at capturing Harvard's spirit of place?

## Emmanuel College

I'm on altogether firmer territory when I talk about our second special place, Emmanuel College. This is of course the place where John Harvard earned his BA and MA between the years 1627 and 1635.

Emmanuel was a very different place then, but it would not be unrecognisable today. Nor would it have been unrecognisable an astonishing 300 years earlier, to the Dominican monks, or Black Friars, who established themselves in Cambridge in 1238 on the site that Emmanuel was later to occupy. In John Harvard's day the refectory, where he ate every day, was on the site of the former Dominican chapel (it is still the dining hall today); the puritans' chapel where he worshipped (oriented north-south and dressed appropriately austerely) was reconstructed from one of the Dominicans' former buildings; and he may have lodged in college rooms that now form part of Front Court. Or even, just possibly, in the range now called Old Court, completed the year before Harvard left Emmanuel, where the Lionel de Jersey Harvard scholar now lives. The only records of John Harvard's presence at Emmanuel, though, indeed the only formal records that exist anywhere in the world, are his signature in our matriculation book (you have a postcard of it by your place-setting) and a book once owned by him in the College library, *A Retection, or Discoverie of a False Detection*, 1603.

The spirit of place exercise we conducted at Emmanuel in my first year as Master tried to capture the college's 400+ year history as well as its contemporary relevance. After consultation with the Fellows, students and members we concluded that there are three complementary elements:

- our high academic standards and aspirations (we're proud to be one of Cambridge's top performing colleges)
- the extraordinary beauty of our college found in both its buildings and open spaces, reflecting every century since our foundation in 1584
- and our reputation – not disconnected from our puritan foundation, we believe – as a friendly college, where love and respect for each other shapes our culture and decisions.

### Southwark Cathedral

And so from Emmanuel's spirit to that of Southwark Cathedral, our third special place. It's perhaps less well known to people here tonight but was arguably the most important of our three places to John Harvard, as the Dean told us earlier.

Because he grew up here, living in what is now Borough High Street, in his father's butchers' shop, a member of an assiduously religious family. Set on the first, and for a long time only, bridge across the Thames, Southwark saw all human life, and has for centuries been a busy, bustling, multi-faceted place. It was from here that Chaucer's pilgrims set forth for Canterbury; one of London's earliest hospitals, St Thomas', was founded; and the Thames and numerous railways shaped commerce, trade and the somewhat chaotic urban form. Close by are the National Trust's galleried George Inn, Shakespeare's revived Globe Theatre, the infamous Clink prison, and, today, Tate Modern and the revived, thriving Borough Market.

And of course the church was at the heart of it: this church, first a priory and from the twelfth century the parish church of St Mary Overie; in John Harvard's time known as St Saviour's; and since 1905 London's oldest (in terms of fabric) cathedral. John Harvard's father Robert was a vestryman at St Saviour's church

from 1602 until his death from plague in 1625; and John was baptised here in 1607, the year of his birth, and later attended St Saviour's grammar school. And it was on the recommendation of the minister here in 1627, Nicholas Morton (an Emmanuel graduate), that John Harvard was encouraged to apply to study at Emmanuel College.

Though of still-visible thirteenth-century origins, Southwark Cathedral was extensively restored in the nineteenth century by, among others, Sir Arthur Blomfield, who restored the form of the original nave. It is a place of monuments: to the fifteenth-century poet John Gower, leading seventeenth-century figures John Trehearne and Lionel Lockyer, and the more contemporary figures of Nelson Mandela and Desmond Tutu as well as the victims of the Marchioness disaster. And of course, there is the chapel that is dedicated to John Harvard.

Southwark's spirit of place reflects this changed and changing interior, the borough's rich and gritty history, and its place in one of London's busiest (and now, somewhat extraordinarily, trendiest) places. Yet for all the hustle and bustle outside, here in the nave we are reminded of the enduring peace and tranquillity brought about by a centuries-old place of worship. Oh, and another connection: a graduate of Emmanuel, Peter Wright, is the current organist.

### John Harvard

These three places are, of course, bound together by one man, a man about whom we know remarkably little (though of late we know more, thanks to Roger McCarthy).

What we do know is that he was pious, a dedicated puritan and a man of determination and vision. His name was given to the new college built in Cambridge Massachusetts because of the donation of his impressive library and one-half of his fortune, estimated at £800 (a large sum). He was a declared champion of the new college, but he already had tuberculosis by the time it was being built and he died on 14 September 1638 at the age of 31.

John Harvard was one of 35 Emmanuel graduates and around 130 from Oxford and Cambridge who emigrated to the new

colonies in search of the 'new England' of better morals and purer behaviours. He could so easily have been one of those which Emmanuel College's commemoration of benefactors' recitation records as living a life of 'uneventful constancy'. But he wasn't, because of that single act of generosity and foresight. As a result his was a life to be commemorated for all time.

In a world of aggressive competition, fights over power and people shouting loudly, we should remember the quiet but persistent voices of those who have gone before us. And tonight, in this hallowed place, the values that suggest themselves for our admiration are not those of grandeur, fame and power but of modesty, religious dedication and scholarship, and a commitment to future generations. And we have as our model John Harvard, whose life and work though short, left an enduring legacy.

So whether you are from Harvard, Emmanuel or Southwark, on the occasion of the one-hundredth anniversary of the Harvard Club of the UK, I invite you to join me in a celebration of the spirits of the places that unite us all and ask you to rise and drink a toast to ... JOHN HARVARD.

*Fiona Reynolds, Master*

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## *ARCHBISHOP WHO WAS DRIVEN OUT OF OFFICE*<sup>1</sup>

The most memorable archbishops of Canterbury have tended to be those who met violent deaths: Becket, Cranmer and Laud. By contrast, Archbishop William Sancroft, who was born 400 years ago on 30 January 1617, died in his own bed at the age of 76. Yet his career was in many ways as dramatic as any archbishop's.

He was the painstaking scholar who edited the 1662 revision of the *Book of Common Prayer*, and saw it through the press. The

King wrote that 'his service is so expedient and necessary, that if he should desert it, the proceedings therein ... would be greatly retarded and hindered'. He was the practical and clear-headed dean who worked with Sir Christopher Wren on the rebuilding of St Paul's after the Great Fire and single-handedly transformed the Dean and Chapter's chaotic accounts, so that, in the opinion of the late Patrick Collinson, 'the St Paul's we know was as much a monument to Sancroft as to Wren'. He was the devoted monarchist who believed that rebellion was never lawful, and yet opposed the direct command of James II and was sent to the Tower.

He was the national hero who declined to wield the levers of power when events placed them in his hands. He was the conscientious churchman who refused to recognise the right of William III to sit on the throne while James II was still alive. He was the Lear-like figure who was turned out of Lambeth Palace and hounded and persecuted in retirement, and suspected of plotting with the Jacobites. He was the schismatical archbishop who presided over a body out of communion with the rest of the Church of England. Finally, he was laid to rest, declaring to the last that 'what I have done I have done in the integrity of my heart'.

The first half of Sancroft's life was much less eventful. Before 1660, he was an aspiring academic whose career was frustrated by the outbreak of the English civil war. He was born and grew up in rural Suffolk, in the ancestral home of the Sancroft (or Sandcroft) family at Ufford Hall, near Fressingfield. This ancient farmhouse still stands today, rooted amid the fields that William loved all his life, and to which he returned whenever danger threatened. After attending King Edward VI School, Bury St Edmunds, he was sent in 1633, with his elder brother Thomas, to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where their uncle William was the Master.

Having the largest student body of any Cambridge college at that time, Emmanuel was known as, first and foremost, a puritan seminary for training the clergy. It adhered to the plain style of worship which William was used to.

But another college, Peterhouse, soon had a new Master, John Cosin, who introduced splendid ornaments and more elaborate ceremonial into its fine new chapel, so that it became 'the gaze of

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<sup>1</sup> Originally published in the *Church Times* on 20 January 2017, reproduced with the permission. For subscription details or a free sample copy, see [www.churchtimes.co.uk](http://www.churchtimes.co.uk)

the university'. William was among those attracted. He achieved his MA in 1641, and was soon elected to a vacant Fellowship at Emmanuel. The outbreak of civil war in 1642 made life difficult for those in the university who were identified with the high-church, or Laudian, programme of reform within the church. Sancroft's refusal to take an oath of loyalty to the new régime, or to use the directory that replaced the *Book of Common Prayer*, put him in danger of eviction; yet his late uncle's name, the reputation of Emmanuel, and his indispensability as the college's Bursar kept him in post. When Charles I was executed on Sancroft's birthday in 1649, Sancroft wrote in despair to his father: 'The black act is done ... which an age cannot expiate ... The church here will never rise again, though the kingdom should. The universities we give up for lost ... In the mean time, there are caves and dens of the earth, and upper rooms and secret chambers, for a church in persecution to flee to, and there shall be our refuge. 'In fact, Sancroft managed to sit tight until July 1651, when he was finally 'forced to sigh out a long and sad farewell to Cambridge'. For the next few years, he lived in seclusion at Ufford Hall, or visited friends; but in 1657 he set off on his only trip abroad, journeying through the Netherlands and then down to Italy, where he enrolled at the University of Padua shortly before hearing of the return to England of Charles II.

Now in his forties, Sancroft took an apparently surprising step in becoming chaplain to the new bishop of Durham, who was none other than Cosin. There was no immediate prospect of resuming his career in Cambridge while the future ecclesiastical settlement remained unclear. In fact, Cosin – who was one of the leading liturgical experts in England – wanted Sancroft as far more than a domestic chaplain: the plan was for him to remain in London as Cosin's agent in the forthcoming process of revising the *Book of Common Prayer*. Cosin himself was urgently needed in the north to sort out his diocese. Others, including the bishop of London, Gilbert Sheldon, soon came to appreciate Sancroft's capacity for order and precision in the drafting of texts. He kept account in his neat handwriting of the various alterations that were discussed. Then, on 8 March 1662, convocation appointed Sancroft to oversee the printing of the new prayer book. Evidence of his passion for

accuracy and detail is to be found in his own copy of the 1662 *Book of Common Prayer*, where he noted in the margin seven small slips that had escaped the printer's eye.

Meanwhile, Cosin had installed Sancroft as a prebendary of Durham and rector of Houghton-le-Spring, a rich living. Both the houses provided, however, were dilapidated and cost Sancroft a great deal to restore. In 1662, at the King's instigation and in recognition of his services, Sancroft received a Cambridge DD, and was then elected by the Fellows to be the Master of his old college, Emmanuel, a position vacated by William Dillingham who could not subscribe to the new Act of Uniformity. Among many initiatives, Sancroft engaged Wren to design a new college chapel. Meanwhile, he not only retained his posts in Durham diocese but, in 1664, further added the deanery of York, where once again the house was dilapidated and allegedly cost him more to restore than his income, although he was only in office there for ten months.

Then it was all change again. Sheldon, now Archbishop of Canterbury, recommended Sancroft to the King to be Dean of St Paul's. Inevitably, the deanery was uninhabitable, but this time there was a far greater building project to tackle. Work to restore the cathedral, damaged since 1561, had been dragging on for decades. In 1628, William Laud, then Bishop of London, found that he 'could not rest under the shade of those vast ruins'. In April 1663, Charles II set up a commission to restore the cathedral 'to the ancient beauty and glory of it'. Progress was delayed by differences over what to do first. Then the outbreak of bubonic plague in 1665 stopped everything until March 1666, when – perhaps through Sancroft – Wren was brought in to advise the commissioners. His suggestions went far beyond repairs. The Great Fire in September 1666 gave Wren the opportunity to propose a radical new structure. Sancroft urged him to remember practical factors, such as where services could take place while this comprehensive scheme was in progress (it took until 1710 to complete), and the need for an enclosed space where the daily office could be said in winter.

On the death of Archbishop Sheldon in November 1677, the King chose Sancroft before all the existing bench of bishops to be his successor. It was a time of great political tension over the

prospect that Charles's brother and heir, James – a zealous recruit to Roman Catholicism – would inherit the throne, and thus also become supreme governor of the Church of England. Attempts were made to exclude him in parliament. Passions boiled over with the disclosure in August 1678 of a 'popish plot' (or, as it emerged, non-plot) to assassinate Charles. When it was eventually revealed that the initiator of the rumours was a disgraced Anglican priest, Titus Oates, Sancroft's response was to require all bishops to interview personally any candidate whom they wished to sponsor for holy orders, and to send details of all those whom they ordained to be kept in a register at Lambeth.

When James became King, Sancroft tried hard to avoid confrontation with him. He drafted a coronation service without setting it within the context of holy communion; James attended a Roman Catholic mass in his own chapel beforehand.

Sancroft also declined to serve on the new ecclesiastical commission, which he considered illegal, although he simply pleaded infirmity. He was excluded from the Privy Council. But when he received an order to have the Declaration of Indulgence read out in all churches, he refused to obey what he thought was an illegal claim to a royal dispensing power. With six other bishops, he signed a petition for the order to be revoked; they were all sent to the Tower, but found not guilty of the charge of libel. Sancroft was now a national hero.

When Prince William landed and James fled, Sancroft was made president of a regency council, but resigned when James was captured and brought back to London. In the constitutional crisis that followed James's second flight, Sancroft had the power to influence events, but he remained at Lambeth and took no part in debates in parliament. In any case, William would never have accepted becoming regent, which was the archbishop's preferred option. Sancroft refused to crown William and Mary, or to take the oath of loyalty. When Mary asked for his blessing, he told her to ask first for her father's blessing: 'Without that, mine would be useless'. Strenuous attempts were made to win him over, but eventually he was removed from office. He remained at Lambeth, earning the

gratitude of countless scholars by organising the manuscripts and cataloguing the books in Lambeth Palace Library, until he was finally ejected on 23 June 1691.

He went home to Suffolk, but Ufford Hall was crowded with his relatives, including three children under ten; so there was no peace for an aged archbishop. He set about one final building project: a home in the grounds of Ufford Hall, which he occupied for just over a year in failing health, before he died on 24 November 1693.

About 400 fellow clergy also became non-jurors (clergy who refused to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary), including the six bishops who, together with Sancroft, had opposed James's arbitrary exercise of power. Sancroft handed over the powers of archbishop of this continuing rump of the uncompromised Church of England to William Lloyd, formerly Bishop of Norwich. Successors were consecrated by authority (*congé d'élire*) from the exiled James II. The schism eventually fizzled out about a century later.

Sancroft's career reveals a record of achievement that not many churchmen have equalled in any age. Everywhere he went, he made substantial and lasting improvements, often within a short space of time, delivering great institutions from accumulated muddle and inefficiency. Yet he was neither a boring bureaucrat nor a dyed-in-the-wool traditionalist. He had plenty of ideas for reforming the church, which were often frustrated by events. His presence may not have been commanding: he was slight in stature, always prone to worrying about his health and had a disposition that could, at times, be nervous and peevish. A confirmed bachelor determined to avoid the attachments of married life, he could easily be dismissed on slight acquaintance as a dry scholar whose sustenance came more or less entirely from intellectual pursuits.

Such a conclusion would be wholly wrong. A contemporary engraving by Daniel Loggan, done in 1680 and now in the National Portrait Gallery, fixes one's attention immediately by the steady gaze of his large, deep-set eyes. From them shines the sensitivity of a gentle nature allied to a firm, unbending will. He was devoted to



poetry and music. He was skilled in several languages. His books reveal an extraordinary breadth of interest, and his notebooks are crammed with observations on all manner of things, such as whether dogs suffer from seasickness, or why fossils of shells are found far from the sea. His correspondence is full of lively expressions and witty comments. For those who could understand his references, he had a delicious sense of humour. Warm emotion vibrates through everything he wrote.

Above all, he had a great capacity for lasting and fruitful friendships, whether with fellow students or pupils in Cambridge, colleagues in office, or his chaplains as archbishop, who gave him unswerving devotion through all his troubles. In retirement he wrote: 'There is nothing I regret the loss of but Lambeth Chapel, and the company of a few friends ... whom I trust I shall meet still every day in their walk to heaven: for that is almost all that is left to us, to pray and love one another'.

**The Venerable John Tiller**, *former Archdeacon of Hereford*

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## THOMAS YOUNG: AN ORDINARY POLYMATH?

Thomas Young (1773–1829) is one of the best-known of former members or Fellows of Emmanuel and probably the one of whom the college has most reason to feel proud. His many-sided learning gained him the nickname 'Phenomenon Young' in his own day, while a recent biography calls him 'the last man who knew everything'. Of course he didn't: there were too many knowledges, both academic and practical, for any individual to master. All the same, the variety of his achievements is impossible to match today. Trained as a physician, Young made contributions to the study of the eye and published a book on consumptive diseases. He was also active as a physicist, studying optics and the tides as well as putting forward the wave theory of light. He carried out research

on standards of length, life assurance and families of languages, and was one of a number of scholars who were competing to decipher ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics (in this field, Young was overtaken by the Frenchman Jean-François Champollion).

These achievements have been studied many times, notably in four book-length biographies of Young, and they are doubtless well-known to many readers of this *Magazine*. The question that I should like to pursue in this article, summarising the provisional conclusions of a book that is still in progress, is the following: how phenomenal was 'Phenomenon Young?' Was it extraordinary or was it normal for a scholar in his day to become a polymath?

### A long history

Polymaths, defined as individuals who have mastered a number of different intellectual disciplines, are an intellectual species with a long history. In ancient Greece, Aristotle offers an obvious example of a many-sided scholar. In China, Shen Kua (1031–95) wrote on 'rituals, music, mathematical harmonics, administration, mathematical astronomy, astronomical instruments, defensive tactics and fortification, painting, tea, medicine and poetry'. In the Islamic world, Ibn Sina (c. 980–1037), known in the West as Avicenna, who came from Bukhara, wrote on medicine, philosophy, astronomy, geography, geology, alchemy, theology, mathematics, optics, mechanics and poetry.

In the Middle Ages, western scholars were walking in the footsteps, if not standing on the shoulders, of their predecessors in the Islamic world (who had in turn learned from ancient Greeks). The German friar Albertus Magnus (c. 1200–80) was known as 'the Universal Doctor' on account of the breadth of his learning, which ranged from theology and philosophy to astrology, alchemy, musicology and botany. Another friar, the Englishman Roger Bacon (c. 1214–c. 1292), wrote on theology, philosophy, astronomy, alchemy, mathematics, optics and language. These achievements certainly impressed contemporaries, since it was rumoured that Albertus was helped by a kind of robot, while Bacon had a brazen head in his study that – rather like a smartphone – would answer his questions!

In short, examples of what is often called the many-sided 'Renaissance Man' can be found before as well as during the Renaissance. Leonardo da Vinci was simply the most spectacular example of an individual who had mastered a whole range of disciplines, not only painting, sculpture and engineering, but also anatomy, geology, optics, botany, metallurgy and mathematics, not to mention his famous inventions. As the story of Dr Faustus suggests, the ideal of universal knowledge seemed attainable at this time, or at least within reach.

So far as academic knowledges are concerned, the apogee of the polymath was probably the seventeenth century, at least in Europe. It was at this time that the term 'polymath', coined in ancient Greece, came into common use among scholars writing in Latin, French and English (the Germans preferred *polyhistor*, an individual who investigates different subjects). There were a few female polymaths (possibly for the first time since Hildegard of Bingen in the twelfth century), notably Anna Maria Schurman in the Netherlands and Juana Inés de la Cruz in New Spain (now Mexico). To make the task of polymaths more difficult, it was at this time that scholars were expected to produce new knowledge as well as mastering the old, thus encouraging competitiveness and disputes over priority, like the one between Newton and Leibniz over the invention of calculus.

Leibniz is surely the most remarkable example of a seventeenth-century polymath, a true 'monster of erudition', in the phrase coined by the Dutchman Herman Boerhaave, himself no narrow specialist but a physician, physiologist, chemist and botanist who occupied three chairs in these subjects at the University of Leiden. Remembered today as a philosopher and mathematician, Leibniz was active in many more fields, including law, theology, medieval history, comparative linguistics, astronomy, chemistry, medicine and natural history. Understandably, he did not find the time to publish on all these topics and so fame as a polymath was eclipsed by another monster, his contemporary the German Jesuit Athanasius Kircher.

Like Young, Kircher has a book devoted to him entitled *The Last Man Who Knew Everything*. Again like Young, he tried to decipher

Egyptian hieroglyphics. He published studies of acoustics, optics, language, fossils, magnetism, mathematics, mining, music, China and of universal knowledge itself. Kircher was also an inventor: of a magic lantern, for instance, an improved sundial and a sunflower clock. Unfortunately, his reputation did not last. His view of ancient Egypt, sometimes based on intuition rather than evidence, was challenged, like some of his ideas about music and magnetism. Descartes called him a charlatan, while Christopher Wren (another polymath) called him a 'juggler', in other words a fraud (Young was more generous, describing Kircher as 'profoundly original and revolutionary', while diverging from his translations of hieroglyphics). In similar fashion to Kircher, one of his main rivals as a scholar, the Swede Olof Rudbeck, carried out research on anatomy and botany but became most famous – and later, notorious – for his theory that Sweden was the site of Plato's Atlantis and the cradle of civilisation, and that the first human language, spoken by Adam and Eve, was Swedish. Rudbeck's reputation declined after his death, and his ideas about Sweden as Atlantis became the object of satire.

The problem of the rise and decline of the reputations of Kircher and Rudbeck was partly that of the excessive self-confidence of these two scholars, whose intense curiosity and great ambition was not matched by their critical sense. All the same, this is not the whole story. A growing suspicion of polymaths was encouraged by the sense that there was now too much to know, thanks to the discovery of America, the scientific revolution and above all the proliferation of books on every subject. It is no exaggeration, or at least not much of one, to speak of a 'crisis of knowledge' in the seventeenth century.

### The rise of specialisation

One response to this crisis was the division of labour among scholars, the rise of specialisation in universities as well as in the factories of the Industrial Revolution. In the seventeenth century, it was still possible for a single scholar, Johann Heinrich Alsted, to produce a seven-volume encyclopædia surveying the whole of

knowledge (in practice, mainly academic knowledge) single handed, while Pierre Bayle's *Historical and Critical Dictionary* ranged across the humanities. In the 1750s, on the other hand, when Diderot and d'Alembert edited the famous *Encyclopédie*, they commissioned articles from over 150 contributors, one of whom remarked in an article in the encyclopædia itself that 'the more we have acquired knowledge, the more we have been led, and even forced, to divide it into different sciences'. In the 1770s, Adam Smith extended his famous discussion of the division of labour to intellectual labour, remarking that 'Philosophy itself becomes a separate trade and in time like all others, subdivided into various provinces' or into 'a great number of branches, each of which affords occupation to a peculiar tribe or class of philosophers'. One might have thought that Smith was being ironic, but he continued by remarking that 'Each individual becomes more expert in his own peculiar branch, more work is done upon the whole, and the quantity of science is considerably increased by it'.

Academic specialisation was modest at first, with new chairs in subjects such as chemistry or political economy, but the trend was an accelerating one. Old disciplines fragmented. Natural history was divided into geology, botany and zoology, each of which later divided in its turn. In the nineteenth century, the new emphasis on research in universities was linked to the division into more and more departments, with Germany and the USA as the leading innovators. The climate of opinion changed, becoming less favourable to many-sidedness, condemned more and more frequently as superficial. Thomas Young often published his studies anonymously, apparently because he was afraid of not being taken seriously as a physician if his colleagues and patients discovered all his interests. In similar fashion, Young's even wider-ranging contemporary, Alexander von Humboldt, was criticised as 'restless', someone who 'dabbled in too many subjects'. Humboldt himself complained that 'People often say that I'm curious about too many things at once'.

In short, the polymath was becoming an endangered species. Despite the dangers, however, their story does not end in the early

nineteenth century. Humboldt, who lived until 1859, was able to make original contributions to geography, geology, botany, zoology, anatomy, astronomy and climatology as well as writing about politics, society and history. A younger generation included admirers of Humboldt, who emulated him to some respect. Ernst Haeckel, for instance, spanned the fields of anatomy, zoology, physical anthropology and ecology (a discipline that he named), as well as writing on the philosophy of science. He was also an artist who illustrated his own books and the first polymath since the fifteenth century to achieve distinction in athletics, winning a prize for the long jump. In Cambridge, Young had a younger rival in William Whewell, who once confessed to a 'desire to read all manner of books at once' and wrote on mathematics, mechanics, mineralogy, astronomy, philosophy and history of science, theology and architecture. It was said of him that 'science is his forte, and omniscience his foible'. The split between what C P Snow called the 'two cultures' was only just beginning to be visible at this time. One sign of the split was the appearance of a new word, 'scientist', coined by Whewell, apparently in 1833.

### The twentieth century

When I began working on a history of polymaths, I expected to end the story around the year 1900. It was a pleasant surprise to discover how many examples of the endangered species survived, indeed flourished, in the twentieth century, despite the continuing rise of specialisation and, no less important, its institutionalisation in academic departments, turning the campus into a kind of archipelago. It is true that the bar has been lowered over the years and that twentieth-century individuals who made original contributions to two disciplines are sometimes described as polymaths, though a few scholars and scientists have been more ambitious than this. The polymath or 'general practitioner' has survived alongside the specialists. This specialist in the general performs the important task of mediating between disciplines. Going a little further, I would suggest that polymathy itself has become specialised. There are at least four species within what we now

have to call the genus: the passive polymath, the serial polymath, the clustered polymath and the occasional monster who regularly contributes to a wider range of disciplines.

A well-known example of the passive polymath is Aldous Huxley, who – apart from writing novels – wrote essays on a wide variety of subjects without making original contributions to any, and is said to have read the *Encyclopædia Britannica* from cover to cover (he would take volumes away on holiday in a special carrying case). The ‘serial’ polymath (so-called on the model of the serial polygamist), moves on from one discipline to others, like Joseph Needham, who migrated from biochemistry to the history of the sciences in China. Clustered polymaths are relatively easy to find: Herbert Simon, for instance, who studied decision-making and artificial intelligence and gained a Nobel prize in economics without ever working in a department of economics. Simon once wrote that ‘Psychologists think that I am an economist, but economists think I am a psychologist. In fact, I feel allegiance to none of these academic tribes, but regard myself as a citizen of the world: a behavioural scientist.’ As for the monsters, a striking example comes from twentieth-century Russia: Pavel Florensky, whose intellectual range included mathematics, physics, philosophy, theology, art history and electrical engineering. A priest in the Orthodox church, Florensky once addressed a conference on electrification, after the Bolshevik Revolution, wearing his cassock.

Florensky and Needham are not the only exceptions to Snow’s rule of a ‘commonwealth of learning’ divided into two cultures. The charismatic town planner Patrick Geddes held successive chairs in botany (in Dundee) and sociology (in Bombay). At Harvard in the 1930s, the physiologist-chemist Lawrence Henderson organised seminars on the sociology of Pareto, and later wrote a book about him. Pareto himself was a serial polymath, who was trained a civil engineer and practised as one (working for the Italian railways) before becoming a professor of economics, taking the idea of equilibrium with him and later using it to analyse social and political systems as well. Jacob Bronowski was a mathematician-turned-biologist who published a book on *The Western Intellectual Tradition: From Leonardo to Hegel*, as well as appearing on

the *Brains Trust* and making a famous television series on *The Ascent of Man*. As a character in *Monty Python’s Flying Circus* once remarked of Bronowski, ‘He knows everything’.

### Psychology and sociology of polymaths

It is time to return to the question asked in the title. Was Thomas Young an ‘ordinary polymath’? The phrase is obviously an oxymoron, but one that serves to underline the fact that the extraordinary individuals whom we describe as polymaths belong to a group with some common characteristics. The question, ‘How did they achieve what they did?’, is one that has general answers as well as answers specific to the career of each individual. In my view, these answers need to draw on psychology and sociology as well as history. Since I cannot claim to be either a psychologist or a sociologist, what follows is somewhat speculative.

So far as the psychology of polymaths is concerned, an overdose of curiosity is probably necessary but certainly insufficient to explain their achievements. Many of these individuals were driven to study for long hours, sometimes by what might be called the Protestant work ethic, as in the case of Max Weber. Weber, whose mother was a fervent Calvinist, studied the relation of what he called ‘the Protestant ethic’, including the duty to make a good use of time, to the rise of capitalism. In similar fashion Thomas Young, who was brought up as a Quaker, declared with pride at the end of his life that he had never spent an idle day, while the librarian Melvil Dewey, who also came from a strongly Protestant family, is said to have scolded a junior colleague for greeting him with ‘Good Morning, Dr Dewey!’ thus wasting moments that she might have spent working.

It obviously helps polymaths to have a good memory (Needham’s, for example was notoriously elephantine). Self-confidence also helps, all the more because polymaths are necessarily autodidacts in most disciplines after their first two or three. Thomas Young made a virtue of this necessity, claiming that the best form of education was self-education. Polymaths also need more energy than their specialist colleagues. A friend of Harold Lasswell, best

known as a political scientist, remarked on his 'high level of physical energy', while another friend, the psychologist Harry Sullivan, once told him, 'Harold, you are a psychosomatic monster!'

Isaiah Berlin once gave a lecture entitled 'The hedgehog and the fox', borrowing the images from the Greek poet Archilochus but using them to distinguish between two kinds of intellectual. The fox 'knows many things', but the hedgehog, 'one big thing'. I began my research on polymaths expecting to find that they belonged to the group of foxes, drawn in centrifugal fashion towards many different kinds of knowledge. Gregory Bateson, for instance, an anthropologist-turned-psychologist and ethologist who was also attracted by systems theory, described himself as an 'intellectual nomad', admitting his fondness for what he called 'detours'.

Somewhat to my surprise, however, I have gradually reached more-or-less the opposite conclusion, to the effect that many polymaths were actually centripetal, driven by their belief in the unity of knowledge and their desire to make connections between fields or disciplines. For example, Kircher reveals this desire in a book that he wrote on knowledge itself, *'The Great Art of Knowing'* (*Ars Magna Sciendi*). Like other seventeenth-century scholars, he was in pursuit of *pansophia*, a seventeenth-century version of the theory of everything. Again, one of Humboldt's favourite words was 'connection' (*Zusammenhang*). Haeckel had a vision of the unity of the life sciences. John von Neumann believed in the unity of science, founded on mathematics, bringing together research that ranged in his case from economics to computers and from physics to biology. Florensky wrote of himself that his 'life's task' was to continue along 'the path toward a future integral world view'. An important group of polymaths at the very least, including many of the monsters, might be described as hedgehogs dressed in fox's clothing. They were driven not by simple curiosity, or at least not by curiosity alone, but by the desire or the need to link fragments of knowledge together.

A sociological approach to polymaths is also relevant because, like other species, they can only flourish if they find a suitable

niche. Universities have been more or less accommodating in this respect. In the seventeenth century, Hermann Conring was able to hold successive chairs in natural philosophy, rhetoric, medicine and politics while remaining at the same university (Helmstedt), but in the nineteenth century, when Hermann Helmholtz changed fields from physiology to physics, he had to change universities as well, moving from Heidelberg to Berlin. Occasionally, modern universities have shown themselves to be more flexible. When Michael Polanyi, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Manchester, informed the university that he would really prefer to study and teach philosophy, the response was to change his title to Professor of Philosophy and move him along the campus.

An obvious niche for many-sided scholars is a library. Leibniz is the most famous instance of the polymath-librarian, classifying books as a means to classifying knowledge (or vice versa), but there are a number of others, including William Robertson Smith at Cambridge, a theologian, orientalist and anthropologist who held the post of university librarian in the 1880s. Institutes of advanced study offer a particularly welcoming environment for polymaths. One of the twentieth-century monsters, John von Neumann, spent his most creative years at the institute at Princeton, developing the theory of games with the economist Oskar Morgenstern.

Other polymaths have chosen a habitat outside the university in order to have the freedom to work where, when and on what they please. Lewis Mumford, for instance, the literary, architectural and cultural critic, preferred to make a living as a freelance writer rather than accept permanent academic employment. Other many-sided scholars could rely on a private income, like Humboldt, Pareto or indeed Young, who inherited a fortune from his great-uncle.

If this were a talk rather than an article, I am sure that among the first questions from the audience would be, are there any living polymaths? If so, who are they? Until a few months ago, my first choice would have been Umberto Eco, not for his novels (although I think highly of *The Name of the Rose*) but for his studies of philosophy, literature, language and especially semiotics, as well as his

many essays on a wide range of subjects from Superman to Candomblé, many of them originally published in his weekly column in an Italian newspaper, *L'Espresso*.

A second choice, nearer home, would be the polyglot polymath George Steiner, a literary critic who has also written on theology, philosophy, linguistics, chess, music and politics. Steiner has been described by an admirer as 'this monster who knows everything', and by the novelist Antonia Byatt as 'the last, last, last Renaissance Man'. He has also been described as a charlatan, like other members of the species from Pythagoras ('the prince of impostors') onwards. Such accusations are an occupational hazard for polymaths.

A third choice, indeed the best living example known to me of a serial polymath, is Jared Diamond, an American professor of physiology who moved into ornithology and then into comparative history. His studies of the subject include *Guns, Germs and Steel: A Short History of Everybody for the Last 13,000 Years* (1997) and *Collapse: How Societies Choose to Fail or Survive* (2005). Like Polanyi at Manchester, Diamond has changed fields but remained at the same university (in his case, UCLA), simply moving down the campus and changing the title of his chair from physiology to geography.

The examples of Pythagoras, Kircher and Steiner serve as a reminder that polymaths have often been criticised for superficiality. To dismiss them all in this way is too easy (indeed, it might be said to be superficial). It would be odd to describe Leibniz, for instance, as lacking depth. It is more exact to suggest that many-sided scholars risk leaving many of their projects unfinished (again, like Leibniz), and their insights undeveloped. Thomas Young admitted to having offered 'suggestions' rather than proofs.

Again, it is often the case that polymaths are better at asking new questions than at giving answers that are both new and plausible. Their lack of formal training in the discipline or disciplines into which they have moved frees them from the pressures of the conventional wisdom in that discipline and so makes it easier to come up with new ideas, often by analogy with the discipline they originally studied. John Maynard Smith, for instance, read engineering at Cambridge but decided to become a biologist. He

studied the evolution of the flight of birds as a series of attempts to solve an engineering problem, that of combining stability with manoeuvrability. One might say that asking new questions and offering alternative points of view is one of the essential functions of polymaths, giving them a special place in the division of intellectual labour, alongside (and I hope in dialogue with) the specialists. If that is so, it is surely important for everyone that the species does not become extinct. We need to preserve its habitat, whether in universities, colleges, institutes for advanced study or elsewhere.

#### A note on sources

When I was acting as college archivist, I once received a letter from a researcher in an institute for the history of science in the USSR, explaining that he was writing an intellectual biography of Thomas Young and asking whether the archives contained documents about his studies. I had to admit that they did not, but added that they revealed something about his leisure activities, sending xeroxes of pages from the Fellows' betting book in which Young had won or lost various wagers. Whether this information was ever used, or whether the biography was ever published, I do not know. Young's surviving papers are actually in the British Library.

In English, book-length biographies of Young include Emmanuel Fellow Alexander Wood's, *Thomas Young* (Cambridge, 1954) and Andrew Robinson, *The Last Man Who Knew Everything: Thomas Young, the Anonymous Polymath who proved Newton Wrong, Explained How We See, Cured the Sick, and Deciphered the Rosetta Stone, among other Feats of Genius* (London, 2006). As the title suggests, the account offered is somewhat over the top. Useful short accounts of Young may be found in the entries on him in the *Dictionary of Scientific Biography* and the *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*.

Little has been published on the species in general, but I am preparing a book on the cultural history of polymaths, beginning in ancient Greece but concentrating on the West from the fifteenth century until the present.

**Peter Burke**, *Life Fellow*

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## *THOMAS YOUNG: POLYMATH, BIOENGINEER AND INTERDISCIPLINARY PIONEER*

Interdisciplinarity has been a hot topic in the twenty-first century. There has been a particular interest in collaborations between life sciences and the physical sciences or between clinical medicine and the physical sciences, with significant recent growth in the fields of bioengineering and biophysics. This growth has roots back in the middle of the twentieth century, when a couple of physicists cracked the structure of DNA (with huge credit to an X-ray crystallographer); when Schrödinger (of cat fame) wrote a treatise called *What is Life?*; when Second-World-War fighter pilots accidentally discovered biocompatible implant materials when fragments of shattered plastic airplane windscreens did not cause an immune reaction in their eyes. This last occurrence even led directly to the development of pioneering medical treatments in the 1950s based on implants, such as total joint replacement and cataract surgery to replace the intraocular lens. Hence was born modern bioengineering and biomaterials science.

In some ways, however, this modern interdisciplinarity was a return to a much earlier era, the golden age of the Renaissance polymaths. Leonardo da Vinci is a well-recognised example, with his imaginative biomimetic flying machines and his pioneering anatomical studies of human pregnancy. Another, later, example was the nineteenth-century polymath Thomas Young. Young, born in 1773 in Somerset, was a practising physician, but also a recognised Egyptologist, a natural scientist with a specialism in physics, and arguably one of the founding fathers of both modern engineering and bioengineering. Young has been called ‘the last man who knew everything’, which is the title of a recent biography that gives significant insights into the man himself and not just his accomplishments.

Young’s formal higher education studies were in medicine, including stints at St Bartholomew’s Hospital, London; the

universities of Edinburgh and Göttingen, after which time he was technically a doctor; and finally as a Fellow Commoner at Emmanuel College, Cambridge for six terms from 1797 to 1799. This last stop was apparently necessary to gain access to the Royal College of Physicians and be able to hang his shingle as a physician in London, which he did in 1799. The degrees arrived somewhat later: MB (Cantab) was awarded in 1803 and the MD (Cantab) not until 1808. Emmanuel College was a natural choice for Young, since he had been made a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1794 at the tender age of 21, with Richard Farmer, the Master of Emmanuel (1775–97), as one of his sponsors. During his time in Cambridge, Young, significantly older than the undergraduate students, was dubbed ‘Phenomenon Young’, as the students could clearly recognise his polymathy even then.

Young’s attention did not remain solely focused on practising medicine, however. By 1801 he was made the second professor of natural philosophy at the new Royal Institution in London. In this role, he gave a series of over 100 lectures entitled ‘A course of lectures on natural philosophy and the mechanical arts’, which covered topics in many aspects of physics. This also covered what we would now recognise as modern solid and fluid mechanics: the branches of engineering science concerned with forces and motions. The lectures were published in 1807, but unfortunately the publisher went out of business around the same time, and they were later edited and re-published in 1845 and replicated in their original form for re-issue in 2002. Much of what Young accomplished in producing the almost unbelievably comprehensive lectures was lost for a time, but was subsequently re-discovered by Lord Rayleigh in the 1890s when he himself was lecturing as a professor at the Royal Institution.

For a medical clinician, it is perhaps not surprising that Young made pioneering advances on the medical side of engineering. However, Young made a large and surprising number of contributions to the field of more traditional engineering, as detailed in the book *History of the Strength of Materials* by the legendary twentieth-century engineer Stephen Timoshenko. The name Young is one of the first things aspiring engineers encounter early on in their

studies, since Young's modulus of elasticity ( $E$ ) is one of the most fundamental constants in engineering.

In fact, as detailed in Timoshenko's book, Young performed a large number of basic solid mechanics analyses that were mostly unrecognised in terms of his early contribution to the field. Young's terse speaking and writing styles have been blamed for the engineering field's limited recognition of Young's work beyond the basic formulation of the elastic modulus. This same deficiency of scientific communication has also been blamed for the lukewarm reception to his lectures at the Royal Institution. Explaining difficult concepts in laymen's terms to persons who did not have his capabilities or knowledge appears to have not been a strong point for this particular polymath. As a modern student, Young would have been rightfully criticised for not 'showing his work' in the midst of complex mathematical calculations. Consistent with his appointment to the Royal Institution and its original mission to focus on practical aspects of science, Young was truly an engineer in not just performing mathematical analysis of beams but also of extending that analysis to complex structures such as ships.

In addition to the pioneering and eponymous work in solid mechanics and engineering, Young famously contributed to the field of optics, both to basic physical understanding and also to human medical implications. He carried out early work on the wave nature of light and pioneered the 'Young double-slit experiment' to illustrate wave interference. He was also the first to establish quantitatively the mechanism of how the lens accommodates (changes shape) to allow visualisation of objects across a wide range of focal distances. He had the mechanism slightly wrong, thinking the lens of the eye was itself muscular instead of just attached to muscles, but the physiology of change of shape was correct. It is interesting to note that currently bioengineers are still endeavouring to produce a functional accommodating artificial lens, in particular for cataract surgery in younger and healthier patients.

The eye was not Young's only interest in biomechanics; he also published on the engineering hydraulics of blood flow in 1809. In

this work, Young applied his knowledge of stiffness of materials to concerns regarding whether arteries and veins are unyielding like glass tubes or are compliant and expand and contract as blood flows, and whether this matters. As with the later work of Schrödinger, Young was particularly aware of the fact that the laws of physics applied to living matter as much as to inanimate objects. This may seem obvious to us today, but in an era in which many physical arguments still included 'the æther' as a major factor, Young was particularly prescient in his nuanced biomechanical analysis.

Thomas Young was a visionary and in some ways a product of his times. Long before the trend towards academic hyperspecialisation he was a true polymath, with recognised contributions across the fields of physics, engineering, bioengineering and linguistics. As noted above, he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society at the age of 21, based on the work on lens accommodation in the eye. He was well known by the end of his life as a scientific generalist and was the secretary to the historic Board of Longitude. In his short 55-year life he was also recognised world-wide, as a foreign honorary member of the American Academy of Arts & Sciences, foreign associate of the French Academy of Sciences, and foreign member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences. Modern museum websites, including that of the British Museum, mention Young (identified as a physicist, not a physician!) in the context of his early critical contributions to deciphering the Rosetta stone. Interestingly, and perhaps surprisingly, worried about the integrity of his clinical practice, Young himself seemed to be trying to protect his main affiliation to the medical field, and published some of his works on physics and engineering topics anonymously.

If anything, his contributions to medicine were more important on the scientific side than on the practical side, as not much has been written indicating great success in his clinical practice. The same flaws of character that made his scientific communication skills limited in the Royal Institution lectures also seem to have affected his bedside manner. Medicine largely took a back seat to his many other scientific and linguistic interests, but he clung to it



as a primary vocation throughout his career, perhaps cognisant of the fact that this was where his formal education gave him credibility.

Fortunately, we are not restricted to such mono-disciplinarity when considering Young's nineteenth-century contributions to bioengineering and biophysics from here in the modern era. While Young's age was that of the polymaths – single persons covering a vast breadth of knowledge – the current scientific landscape is one of interdisciplinarity, bringing together groups of researchers with complementary expertise in service of a single problem of mutual interest. Given the ever-increasing presence of high-tech equipment and techniques in modern hospitals, it is increasingly clear that only through the translation of physics and engineering concepts across to medicine (via biophysics and bioengineering) can difficult clinical and social problems be solved. I'd like to think Young would feel both pleased and vindicated by this state of affairs.

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## WILLIAM MOULTON, FENTON HORT AND BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT: A CAMBRIDGE FRIENDSHIP

At the chancel end of the nave in Great St Mary's there are depicted the 12 apostles. On the south side the faces are generic, but those on the north side contain faces of contemporary theologians, including Lightfoot, Westcott and Hort. They were glazed in memory of Fenton Hort, the most distinguished theologian in late nineteenth-century Emmanuel. The decision to use money from the sale of part of Hort's library to finance this memorial was taken at a meeting in Trinity Master's Lodge attended by many senior university Anglicans. Also there, and adding his voice, was a Methodist, the headmaster of The Leys, William Moulton. Why was Moulton at that meeting? And what was the message behind the apostles' window?

Moulton first met Hort when they were both on the New Testament committee for the revision of the King James Bible. The decision to make a revision was taken in the wake of the controversy over *Essays and Reviews*, published in 1860 when the arguments over Biblical exegesis raised by the German school of biblical criticism had swept over the Church of England. By 1870 much of the dust had settled and Convocation voted to go ahead

with a revision committee. Unsurprisingly the overwhelming number of revisers were senior Anglican clergymen, but it was recognised that distinguished Biblical scholars from other denominations would be both welcome and desirable. Dr Angus, a Baptist, was invited as was Dr Vance Smith, a Unitarian. John Henry Newman, now converted to Catholicism, unsurprisingly perhaps, turned down his invitation. The Methodist church possessed at that moment one of the foremost Biblical scholars of his generation, Dr William F Moulton, a lecturer at Richmond College, a training college for Methodist ministers in Surrey. Moulton had arrived at the forefront of scholarship as a result of his edition of Winer's *Grammar of New Testament Greek*, which he had only just published. Not only had he translated it from the German but he had also provided extensive notes in the light of recent work, especially that of Westcott and Hort, who had been working on their Greek New Testament for over 20 years. Moulton had been encouraged to embark on his work on Winer by Ellicott when the latter was still Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge.

There was opposition to the idea of revision of the Authorised Version in various quarters. Amongst Methodists it was suspected that the version would be exclusively Anglican and therefore partisan. The *Methodist Recorder* felt that the current Authorised Version was perfectly satisfactory. On the other hand, Archdeacon Denison, from the traditional wing of the Church of England, declared that he would have nothing to do with a work that was a joint product of the efforts of schismatics, heretics and infidels, presumably Moulton, Angus and Vance Smith. Canon Jebb felt that in the Authorised Version 'we possessed the most perfect ever known to the Church of God', and he now perceived a 'virtual equality ... between the members of our Church and those external to her communion ... I can hardly hope for God's blessing upon the adoption of a version, should it ever come to completion, constituted upon principles so repugnant to the ancient methods of the Church'. These misgivings came from outside the Committee. One amongst its number, the Revd F H A Scrivener, shared them to some degree. He wrote to Moulton on 17 February 1870 thanking

him for sending him a copy of 'Winer' but worrying that the difficulties of revision might add 'one more to our sad divisions'.

The revision was almost wrecked at the outset. Westcott suggested to Arthur Stanley as Dean of Westminster that there should be a service of holy communion in Westminster Abbey at the start of their deliberations in the Jerusalem Chamber. Stanley agreed provided all revisers were invited and Westcott was happy with this. It is not clear whether all three non-conformist members took communion but Dr Vance Smith, the Unitarian, certainly did. Westcott's son, in the memoir of his father, says that it had never entered his father's head that Vance Smith would do such a thing. The damage was done. Church newspapers referred to the 'scandal', 'blasphemy' and 'horrible sacrilege'. The Upper House of Convocation voted that 'any person who denies the Godhead of our Lord Jesus Christ' should cease to act on the committee. However, the Lower House, after a stormy debate, resolved by a bare majority of three merely to express only 'its deep regret'. Westcott wrote to Hort in February 1871 saying he would resign from the revision committee if the Upper House's resolution were to be carried through. After the Lower House's decision, Westcott felt 'that the indignant protests of the Cambridge group against the breach of faith may have contributed to the good result'.

Many of the revisers, however, rather than sharing Scrivener's concern, saw the enterprise in a far more positive light. Moulton, in a letter to the Revd C O Eldridge on 15 April 1875, wrote: 'I have hardly, if ever, known an instance in all our deliberations in which the prejudices of a single member can be said to have prevailed over his scholarship. Of course there are points in which scholarship is in doubt: where two opinions are possible from the mere scholar's point of view, a man's opinion will naturally coincide with his ecclesiastical leanings, if they can touch the questions. As to the result, however, I think there need be no fear.'

It was not, however, merely a case of defending themselves against groundless criticisms. Many had a more positive outlook. On 15 March 1873, Dr Moberly, the Bishop of Salisbury and one of the revisers, wrote to Moulton: 'In the precious work in which we

are engaged together it is by no means the least point of thankfulness that we meet so many men who, though outwardly divided in communion, are of one heart and mind in love of our Lord and devotion to his Word. May He grant that what I believe to be deep and real inward communion may also lead to such outward communion as may lead "the world to believe" in the divine mission of the Son.' In a later letter of 21 December 1880 he adds: 'the feeling of brotherhood remains and will never be lost'. The day before this second letter, Moulton had received one from Westcott: 'None of us can count up what he owes to the meetings in the Jerusalem Chamber. From the first I felt that the Revision itself would not be the greatest result of the gathering. May our common work be fruitful for each one of us, and for the whole Church in ways which we cannot yet foresee.'

Senior figures in the Anglican communion were not merely treating Moulton as an admired colleague, they were giving him practical support as well. In 1873 he applied for the vacant examinership at London University in the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, the Greek text of the New Testament, the evidences of Christian religion, and scripture history. His list of testimonials is an astonishing one for a Methodist minister of 38. They included the bishops of Gloucester (Ellicott) and Salisbury (Moberly), the deans of Westminster (Stanley) and Rochester (Scott), and, amongst others, Lightfoot, Westcott and Hort. The testimonials make impressive reading, none more so that of Westcott, at that time Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. In praising his scholarship in the committee, Westcott wrote: 'I believe that I express the opinion of the whole company of revisers in saying that no-one has rendered more important services to the Revision than Professor Moulton'. Shortly after his appointment at London University, Moulton received the degree of doctor of divinity from the University of Edinburgh, the first Methodist minister to receive that distinction from any British university.

This support from Anglicans on the revision committee was not merely because Moulton's scholarship was so highly respected. It was also his liberal views in theological matters that brought him

such warm support from these revisers. His son, James Hope Moulton, in the memoir of their father that he wrote with his brother Fiddian, writes: 'He belonged by close affinity of scholarship and principles to the Cambridge school, the illustrious contingent of teachers from the great University which adopted him while the Revision was in progress, and would have owned him from the first had her doors then been open to a Free Churchman'. He goes on to explain what these principles were, using his father's own words about another reviser, Dr Milligan. Reverence for the Holy Scripture was 'most fitly shown by a strenuous effort to make the English version a faithful and true presentation of the meaning conveyed by the original text'. 'He feared that the witchery of familiar words blind him as a translator to any intimation of the inspired writer's thoughts.' James Moulton makes clear that this progressive wing of the revisers could never command the two-thirds majority necessary before a reading was accepted and, therefore, needed to persuade their more conservative colleagues. Where this proved impossible the more liberal readings appeared as marginal alternatives.

In 1875, out of the blue, Moulton found himself closer to the Cambridge theologians than he could ever have expected. In 1871, Gladstone's Liberal government passed the Universities Tests Act, which removed the barrier preventing non-conformist graduates from being elected to Fellowships. The Methodist Conference, eager for Methodists to take advantage of this, decided to establish a public school. There were already schools for the sons of Methodist ministers, Kingswood and Woodhouse Grove, but this was to be for the sons of Methodist laymen. By the 1870s there was much money being made by Methodists in trade and manufacturing, especially in the north, and aspiring middle-class parents were wanting a public school education for their sons. However there was real fear that exposing them for five years to daily Anglican chapel services in a typical public school would turn their sons out as Anglicans. What was needed was a Methodist public school, indeed 'a Methodist Eton'. Moulton was on a committee set up by the Methodist Conference to choose a site and oversee the creation

of this Methodist school. After considering Oxford and also Richmond (where it could have been next to the theological college where Moulton was lecturer), a site was chosen just outside the city of Cambridge in the grounds of a private house off the Trumpington Road called 'The Leys'. Having agreed to go ahead, Conference then unanimously chose Moulton to be the first headmaster. He wished to remain at Richmond teaching those training for the ministry, but felt that he must obey God's will. So in February 1875, without any experience of teaching schoolboys, Moulton arrived in Cambridge where he was to remain as headmaster for the rest of his life. What had been a working relationship reinforced by mutual respect for their scholarship on the revision committee was to deepen into something more personal now. In October 1874, Moulton wrote to Hort after the announcement of his appointment as headmaster of The Leys that 'his most pleasant thought' was that he would now see his Cambridge colleagues more frequently than once a month. Hort replied, 'rejoicing to think that you will soon be taking up your home among us'. Clearly, already their relationship was rather more than just as academic colleagues.

The main work of the revision committee was drawing to an end and the New Testament was published in its revised form in 1881. Coincidentally, Westcott and Hort's great Greek New Testament was published five days before; in it the editors thank Moulton for his 'careful and thorough examination' of the Old Testament passages quoted there, and in general for his 'many excellent suggestions'. The Apocrypha, those books of the Old Testament not part of the official canon, remained to be revised and its books were split up amongst four committees. Moulton, Westcott and Hort formed the Cambridge committee and were assigned the second book of Maccabees and the book of Wisdom. Between March 1881 and January 1892, they met 207 times during term-time, always in Moulton's study at The Leys. After his appointment to the bishopric of Durham in 1890, Westcott communicated by post. It was the book of Wisdom that took the most time and the result was hailed as one of the masterpieces of the entire

enterprise. The reviewer in *The Times* wrote: 'it stands out as the masterpiece in the volume before us' from 'three of the greatest Biblical scholars of the century'. He went on: 'the difficulty of the book of Wisdom seems to have put its revisers on their mettle and challenged them to exert their full strength, with the most felicitous results'. Clearly the three of them gained deep satisfaction from the enterprise. James Moulton writes of his father: 'often he would come out of his library after a prolonged Apocrypha revision session, gleefully retailing some brilliant restoration which Dr Hort's almost uncanny insight had brought out'.

With Hort at Emmanuel and Westcott at Trinity, not surprisingly Moulton developed strong links between his fledgling school and these two colleges. Both were among the colleges most used by Leysians going up to the university. In particular, Emmanuel, with its puritan origins, lent itself to Leysians interested in entering the Methodist ministry: of the 41 Leys boys going to Emmanuel before the Great War, 11 subsequently became priests, fairly evenly split between Anglicans and Methodists. There was a further, teaching, link. G E Green taught history at The Leys between 1891 and 1909 and he was also Director of Studies in history at Emmanuel (along with Christ's, Clare, Jesus and Caius). Furthermore, Bertram Goulding Brown taught history at The Leys during the Great War, before moving to the college, where he occupied rooms in Front Court for the rest of his life as a College Lecturer, with no Fellowship or university post. (On a personal note, had he not died during the Long Vac of 1964, I would have been taught by him in my second year at the college). Moulton appointed two distinguished mathematicians to The Leys teaching staff in the 1880s, C H French and George Osborn. Osborn was responsible for Osborn's rule (for converting a trigonometric identity into a corresponding hyperbolic one). Both were graduates of Emmanuel.

In 1891 Moulton was elected president of the Methodist Conference. It so happened that his year in office coincided with the celebration of the centenary of the death of John Wesley on 2 March 1791. As president, Moulton played a central role and his sermon on the afternoon of the centenary itself (the celebrations

lasted a full week) is very instructive. The sermon dealt with the identity of principles that activated both St Paul and John Wesley. In one section he explains Wesley's relationship with the Church of England. Having said that Wesley gloried in the traditions of that church he goes on: 'the very idea of desertion was intolerable; and with all his power, with words of greatest vehemence, with reiterated appeal, he cried out against separation. He was in his own belief to the very last a true member of the Church of England.' Why then that separation? Moulton explains that it was because Wesley needed ministers to help spread his Methodist word and, because insufficient Anglican clergymen joined him, he felt impelled to ordain his own ministers, thus securing his condemnation by the church authorities. In doing this he felt 'linked with primitive times', as Moulton puts it.

Moulton felt that it would be fitting for a senior figure from the Church of England to be present for a day during the week-long Wesley celebrations; it was his intention that, on this day, only Anglicans would join with Wesleyan Methodists (on the other days other non-conformist denominations would be present). Although the daily events were not services but meetings, the venue, Wesley's chapel, carried implications, and Moulton felt that a senior Anglican figure should be sounded out in advance of a formal invitation. Moulton met with Hort at The Leys and asked him to invite Westcott to attend. As Hort in his letter to Westcott puts it, 'incomparably the most acceptable bishop would be yourself'. Westcott informed Hort that he would decline the invitation. It is not entirely clear what his reasons were but, in a letter to Westcott, Hort says that he agrees with Westcott when he says that the Church of England must not recognise separatism as a normal and permanent state of things. There were clearly difficulties and suspicions on both the Anglican and Methodist sides and it was a bitter disappointment to Moulton. Hort found the whole incident depressing and tried to reassure Moulton that Westcott hoped that there might indeed ultimately be unity. Both Lightfoot and Westcott became cooler about moves towards dialogue with the Methodist church after their appointments as bishops. In such

ways did the religious politics of the age help to block any possible move towards a reunification of the Anglican and Methodist churches, a hope which had developed amongst the more liberal member of the revision committee.

In the event the senior figure who represented the Church of England was Frederick Farrar, another product of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was to end his life as Dean of Canterbury. (Farrar, then Archdeacon of Westminster Abbey, was an appropriate choice: his broad-minded approach is indicated by the fact that, although not convinced by Darwin's theory of evolution, he urged its consideration on scientific grounds and was instrumental in getting the church's permission for Darwin to be buried in Westminster Abbey, where he preached at the funeral.) At the unveiling of Wesley's statue during the centenary celebrations, Farrar paid a 'brilliant tribute to him' in the words of Fiddian Moulton, who would certainly have been there. Maybe his father felt somewhat reassured. This matter was only a passing cloud over Moulton's friendship with Westcott. He was soon offering to support Westcott in any way possible during the Durham miners' strike of 1892, as he had influence with the Methodists of the North-East.

The first of the friends to die was Fenton Hort, on 30 November 1892. Moulton said in tribute 'I can present to myself no higher ideal of a generous and affectionate friend'; he referred to '22 years of close and familiar friendship' and added: 'I can see him now sitting or standing up to speak in one corner of the long table in the Jerusalem Chamber'. Writing to Milligan, he says 'the memory of his beautiful character and inspiring example is so vividly present that he seems near still'. He closes the letter with a postscript: 'Happy it is to have known such men!' There was a meeting in Trinity College Master's Lodge to discuss a memorial to Hort, and Moulton was one who attended and spoke alongside many distinguished Cambridge men.

At this meeting one of the decisions taken was to use money from the sale of part of his library to finance a series of stained-glass windows. These were to be in the clerestory of Great St Mary's, the

university church, and were started soon after his death in 1892. Six of Christ's apostles are depicted on the chancel end of each wall. The six on the north side have the faces of Victorian divines, Thomas Arnold, Arthur Stanley, F D Maurice, Lightfoot, Westcott and Hort himself, rather than the generic apostolic faces of those on the south side. In these six lights, Stanley is St Matthias, Maurice St Simon and Arnold St Jude in one window, and in the other, Lightfoot is St Matthew, Westcott St Thomas and Hort St James. It is striking that these contemporary figures should be the founders and heirs of the broad church movement of the Church of England. The design of the windows makes explicit visually that the Cambridge Three were seen by their contemporaries in the university as heirs of the broad church, and being shown as some of Christ's apostles suggests that, in a sense, they, like the apostles, are also heirs of Christ. That there may have also been a double-meaning over the term 'apostle' (as the four Cambridge men were members of the Apostles' society, with Maurice one of its founders) is intriguing but it should not blind us to the real significance of these windows, for they are not unique but the culmination of the use of stained-glass programmes in late nineteenth-century Cambridge associated with the Cambridge Three.

Hort was very closely involved with the Cambridge Apostles and was at one time their secretary. Also from 1877 he hosted the Eranus Club, a sort of 'Senior Apostles' as his son described it. It is unclear who started the club and when. Some say Westcott had started in 1872, but others say it was started by Sidgwick. Arthur Balfour was an early member. He and Westcott apparently indulged in séances. Those attending the first of Hort's meetings were Westcott, Lightfoot, Sidgwick, Clerk Maxwell, Coutts Trotter, Henry Jackson and V H Stanton. They were all Trinity men, although Hort was now at Emmanuel, and most were linked to Arnold's Rugby or Prince Lee's King Edward's Birmingham. Henry Sidgwick was a brother-in-law of Edward White Benson, the Archbishop of Canterbury. Stanton was later to take the Regius Chair of Divinity. Trench defined the Cambridge Apostles as 'a gallant band of Platonico-Wordsworthian-Coleridgian

anti-Utilitarians'. Whilst not being the most elegant of phrases it does point to the society's origin in the Romantic movement and neo-Platonism.

Between 1870 and 1875, Lightfoot and Westcott were responsible for the glazing in the chapel at Trinity, the designer being the pre-Raphaelite Henry Holiday. It is a vast scheme: there are 15 windows with eight figures in each. The windows 'represent the historical development of the course of Christian life, gradually confined within narrower limits until it finishes with representatives of the College'. That Lightfoot was the driving force behind the scheme is made clear by Holiday in his *Reminiscences*: 'with him I had reams of correspondence on and off for three years'. There is an extraordinary breadth in the historical figures represented in the windows. Starting at the east end of the chapel, the whole of Christian history is explored, from Christ's disciples and evangelists, through the early church, the Eastern and Western churches of the medieval period, the English church from the Anglo-Saxon period to the Reformation, and finally a developing focus on the history of the university and college. There are several striking features. There is a catholicity in the choice of figures, which is very much a broad church feature. Eastern church figures are acknowledged including Constantine and Justinian, and, in the sixteenth century, Catholic figures such as Wolsey, Erasmus, Fisher and Cuthbert Tunstall are alongside the more obvious Protestants, Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley. Edward VI and Elizabeth I are represented but so is Mary I in her role in the endowment of Trinity chapel. It is a list, also, that recognises cultural and political history as well as religious, as well as many women from the early church.

Hort devised 'a broadly similar plan' to Trinity for Emmanuel College chapel in 1884. The subjects were chosen by Hort and his notebooks reveal how precise his instructions were to the glaziers, the firm of Heaton, Butler & Bayne. As at Trinity, the subjects were chosen to illustrate the continuity of the history of the church, but here there are only eight figures on each side: Origen, (John Scotus) Eriugena, Augustine and Anselm; Colet, Tyndale, Fisher and

Cranmer; Whichcote, Sterry, Chaderton and Harvard; and Smith, Law, Bedell and Sancroft. As Frank Stubbings puts it: 'They are chosen to illustrate the continuity of the history of the Church ... The Cambridge Platonists are seen as legitimate heirs of Origen and Eriugena.' It is a striking 'broad church' view that has the Catholic Fisher and the Protestant Cranmer sharing a window as church martyrs. The choice of Origen as the starting point of the collection of divines is interesting. Origen was an important figure for the Cambridge Three. He was the leading member of the Alexandrine Platonists, and his views on 'universalism' and his teaching on Biblical inspiration help to place him at the origin of liberal theology. Westcott wrote an article on 'Origen and the beginnings of Christian philosophy' and, naturally, he is also represented in the Trinity windows. A college witticism had it that the early Fathers chosen by Hort and depicted in the Emmanuel glass might have been Emmanuel men had the college then existed. There is a serious point here: the Cambridge Three saw themselves as heirs of a Platonic tradition that they regarded as peculiar to Cambridge.

This is made clear by Westcott in 1900 when he was invited to preach at Trinity at the college's commemoration service. It was a moving occasion for him. In his sermon he reflected on the influence of Trinity on his life: 'In this Chapel and in these Courts 56 years ago I saw visions, as it is promised that young men shall see them in the last days'. He referred also to 'the Cambridge motto: I act, therefore I am'. He was subsequently asked by someone to explain what he meant. His reply is dated 17 January 1901: 'I thought everyone was familiar with Whichcote's saying, perhaps because I have dwelt on it and quoted it so long. He was to my mind a truly representative Cambridge man, and the way in which he repeats the words leads me to think that it was a watchword in his time – an answer, and, as I think, a complete answer, to Cogito, ergo sum. Do you not think that the saying does give the truly Cambridge view of things: we must take account not of one part of our nature only, but of all.' So the link between the broad church and the Cambridge Platonists is made explicit here. The broad

church movement, Trinity College and the great Cambridge divines past and present – the setting for Moulton's life both intellectually and physically – are brought together in this sermon.

Moulton's health deteriorated in the 1890s. On 16 February 1898 he would have been headmaster for 23 years but he died on February 5, collapsing as he crossed a footbridge over the Cam on Coe Fen. In the memorial edition of the school magazine *The Fortnightly*, F B Stevens writes: 'his name will always be joined with those of Westcott and Hort, Milligan and Lightfoot. It is to such learned men as these that Dr Moulton must be compared; and working in harmony with them he has accomplished all his literary labours.' At his funeral one of the addresses was given by Revd Professor Ryle, President of Queens' and Hulsean Professor of Divinity in succession to Hort. Within his eulogy there was an allusion to his work for closer ties across denominations: 'He in his life here ever sought to promote good-will, to remove any shadow of misunderstanding, to preserve the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace'. The secretary of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference also referred to his 'wide Christian sympathies and remarkable catholicity'. The representatives of the university are witness to the remarkable stature that Moulton had in Cambridge. The vice-chancellor, 11 heads of house and 12 professors attended. Westcott himself was unable to come but wrote to Moulton's widow and their sons. He referred to 'the last dear friend' whom he had lost, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Benson), and went on: 'and now all those with whom I have worked during long years in the closest friendship have passed away, and I the oldest of all remain. Yet I feel that my friends are friends still. The afternoons in which we worked week after week for five years in your father's study are among my happiest memories, and I learnt there continually in some new form the power and beauty of absolute self-devotion. I never knew anyone who as by imperious instinct forgot self like your father.'

Reading so many comments on Moulton both in the revision committee and in his work and stature in Cambridge, I am increasingly feeling that in a profound way Moulton was seen by his

Anglican friends as their leader, both in scholarship and as a model for a perfect Christian life. If my impression is not misguided it is perhaps the ultimate tribute to him.

John Harding (1963)

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*TIMOTHE BRIGHT'S A TREATISE OF  
MELANCHOLY AND EMMANUEL  
COLLEGE: EARLY MODERN EMOTION  
IN THE MAKING?*

The statutes of Emmanuel College<sup>1</sup> offer a glimpse of Walter Mildmay's circle in 1585; the signatories are not Fellows of Emmanuel but his sons and, one may suppose, like-minded friends of whom most are Cambridge doctors of divinity.<sup>2</sup> The text<sup>3</sup> reads:

The statutes contained above in this book were confirmed by the Honourable Sir Walter Mildmay and signed by the same and sealed with his seal; and the delivered to Laurence Chaderton, Master of Emmanuel College in the University of Cambridge as the statutes of the said college in presence of us:

Ant[hony] Mildmay Hum[phrey] Mildmay Jo[h]n Hammond  
Tho[mas] Byng W[illiam] Lewyn Timothe Bright  
Edmund Downynge

There is one name that belongs to neither of these groups, that of Timothe Bright, a doctor of physick.<sup>4</sup> Born in 1525, possibly the son of the Thomas Bright mayor of Cambridge in 1571, he declares his pride in his origins and environment:

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1 Emmanuel College Archives (ECA) COL. 18

2 See the late Frank Stubbings' edition of *The Statutes of Emmanuel College*, Cambridge; Cambridge: Cambridge University Press (1993), pp 90–91

3 I am grateful to Professor Barry Windeatt, Keeper of the Special Collections and to Dr Sarah Bendall for their help

4 This is the original of the statutes; there may be a second copy, signed by the same group of people, in the British Library (Sloane 1739). I am indebted to Amanda Goode for this information, but I have not been able to see this second copy myself

I am a Cantabrigian both by birth and ordainment of life. Here it was first given me to see the light of day, and, what is far more, to be instructed in pure religion and the precepts of the liberal sciences.<sup>5</sup>

His trajectory within the university is well documented: he matriculated as a sub-sizar<sup>6</sup> of Trinity College on 21 May 1561, and on 18 April 1567 was admitted as a scholar, graduating with a BA in 1576–78. His name appears in books of the college as bachelor scholar until Michaelmas 1570, when he apparently went out of residence without taking his degree. Thereafter he gave lectures in the medical faculty, given the evidence of early medical treatises in Latin in the 1560s (certain of which are in that college's library).<sup>7</sup> Then he left Cambridge for the continent, probably to complete his studies in medicine, possibly in Paris or Montpellier, as was the custom for English doctors at that time.

Bright's peregrinations led him into danger, for he was in Paris on the morning of Sunday 24 August 1572, with Francis Walsingham at the English embassy along with Sir Philip Sidney. When the Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve broke out, the company was housebound for days; an event which terrorised him for the rest of life, according to his 1589 edition of Foxe's *Booke of Martyrs*.<sup>8</sup>

But Bright was safely back in Cambridge in 1573–74 for his degree of MB; in 1582 he seems to have moved briefly to Ipswich, as the dedication of an early work in Latin to Sir Philip Sidney testifies.<sup>9</sup> However until the signing of the Emmanuel statutes there is

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5 *Hygieina. Id est De Sanitate Tuenda Medicinæ*, London (1582), sign. A5 (verso)

6 A 'sizar' was a student who received tuition in return for duties as a college servant

7 'Among all your honorable favours, that especial protection from the bloody massacre of Paris, nowe sixteene yeeres passed; yet (as ever it will bee) fresh with mee in memory: hath alwaies since bound me, with the bondes of duetie, and service unto your honour. The benefite as it was common to many, (for your H[onour's] hose at that time, was a very sanctuarie, not only for all of our nation, but even to many strangers, then in perill, and vertuously disposed) so it was therefore, the more memorable, & far more honorable: and bindeth me with streighter obligation of dutie, and thankfulnes' (1582). The preface to *Hygieinia* confirms the hypothesis that its author gave medical lectures at Cambridge, which he was importuned to publish. The second part was entered in Stationers Register 16 July 1583, and dedicated to Lord Burghley as Chancellor of the University

8 *An Abridgment of The Booke of Acts and Monuments of The Church*, London (1589)

9 Dedication to Sidney In *Physicam Scribonii*, Cambridge (1584). This is possibly one of the earliest publications of the Cambridge University Press



little indication of his interest in divinity, although Trinity College was staunchly puritan in the 1570s. But Bright leaves Cambridge in 1586 for appointment as chief physician of the Royal College of Physicians in London, a prestigious position obtained through the influence of Francis Walsingham, Mildmay's brother-in-law. In London until 1590, he may well have been physician to Mildmay's circle of courtiers, and with other roles too, for he renders service to Walsingham the spymaster, by translating and abridging an Italian treatise on cyphers for him.<sup>10</sup>

The Mildmay circle – William Cecil, Francis Walsingham and William Davison with their numerous friends and political allies – were all orthodox Calvinists.<sup>11</sup> Indeed the founding of Emmanuel College was not simply the apotheosis of Mildmay's political influence but also symbolic of his desire to formalise and foster the place of 'new religion' within the Anglican church, and it has been said to have personified the extent to which puritan attitudes had penetrated to the centre of the Elizabethan establishment.<sup>12</sup> Mildmay was mindful of his mission when he insisted that Laurence Chaderton, a fellow Christ's man, should be first Master of the college.

Chaderton was one of the 'New Men'<sup>13</sup> who were part of the 'universities, particularly Cambridge [who] were beginning to supply the rank and file of a new and larger puritan party'<sup>14</sup> and he was one of the first great puritan masters and tutors.

10 In 1587 Bright submitted to Walsingham a manuscript entitled 'De clandestino scripto methodica tractatio', a translation undertaken at William Davison's request of two sections of *De Furtivis Literarum Notis, vulgo Ziferis* (1563), a Latin work on cryptography by Giovanni Battista della Porta, a copy which had been sent to him by Lord Burghley through Davison. Bright's tutor at Trinity, Vincent Skinner, appears to have recommended to Burghley that Bright might be useful to net spies: 'Bright might do as much for you as Mr Babington's Barber had done in lyke case of using his art and faculty by requittal' *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, [www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/3424](http://www.oxforddnb.com/view/article/3424), accessed 2017

11 Patrick Collinson, *The Elizabethan Puritan Movement*, Oxford: Clarendon Press (1990), 122

12 Peter Lake, *Moderate Puritans and the Elizabethan Church*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press (1982), 40

13 See Patrick Collinson's chapter, 'The universities and the new men', in Peter Lake, *The Elizabethan Puritan Movement*, Worcester & London: The Trinity Press (1967), 122–30

14 Collinson, op. cit., p. 12

Chaderton was the pope of Cambridge puritanism. In the 'sixties and 'seventies he made Christ's a puritan seminary in all but name, and then in the 'eighties he carried the tradition over to Emmanuel. Much that was distinctive of English and American civilisation in the seventeenth century was shaped in these two neighbouring colleges that bred John Cotton and John Milton.<sup>15</sup>

He held the view that 'the minister, through his skill as a scholar, preacher and practical divine, was the mediator between the page of scriptures and the spiritual predicament of his flock'.<sup>16</sup> He had a fervent belief in the value of preaching, and was the lecturer at St Clement's for 50 years.

The foundation of Calvinist teaching was scripture, and the mark of the devout man was faith, defined by Chaderton as:

a sure and certain persuasion of the heart grounded upon the promises of God and wrought in me by the holy ghost whereby I am persuaded that whatsoever Christ hath done for man's salvation he hath done it not only for others but also for me ... such a faith cometh by hearing.<sup>17</sup>

A preacher's role, he believed, was to link the realm of objective doctrinal truth to the subjective response of the godly. The spoken word pierced the spirit of the hearer 'thereby all the faculties of the mind are moved', and acquired a transformative power, whereby 'all our affections may be changed that we may become new creatures'.<sup>18</sup> The power of puritan preaching was meant to effect a basic reorientation of the personality as the truths of right doctrine were fully internalised by the individual believer.<sup>19</sup>

The plight of the godly was such that spiritual guidance was central to their needs. Late sixteenth-century Calvinism laid heavy emphasis on the doctrine of predestination, whereby mankind was divided into two categories: those who were saved, the elect, and

15 Collinson, op. cit., p. 125

16 Lake, op. cit., p. 33

17 Laurence Chaderton, *A Sermon preached at Pauls Crosse* (1578) fol 9v, quoted by Peter Lake in *Moderate Puritans and the Elizabethan Church*, p. 12

18 Chaderton, quoted by Lake, p. 128

19 Lake, op. cit., p.128

those who were damned, the reprobate. But, unfortunately, 'scripture contained no roll-call of the elect', and the faithful were beset by doubt regarding election. Thus the sermons of Chaderton and contemporary Cambridge preachers were predicated on the 'anxiety-ridden rift'<sup>20</sup> that afflicted the puritan conscience, and they aimed to lead the listener from this to a sense of assurance of election.<sup>21</sup>

This Calvinist context provides the background to Bright's best-known work, *A Treatise of Melancholy*. The evidence of the Emmanuel statutes tells us that he knew Chaderton, and the Chadertonian preaching technique surfaces in the *Treatise* to surprising effect, since it disrupts what initially appears to be a standard Renaissance handbook of medical self-help. *A Treatise of Melancholy* was an outwardly conservative, user-friendly guide to the causes, symptoms and remedies of melancholy, and as such it was an instant popular success. In octavo form, just over 350 pages long and printed by a Huguenot printer, Vautroillier, it initially appeared in May 1586 and went to a second edition in October of the same year.

In early modern medicine, melancholy was thought to be caused by an excess of black bile in the body, the grossest part of blood, a 'muddie humour'. From the spleen it sent vapours to the brain, so that 'large monstrous fictions' clouded the mind causing exceeding sadness, and the melancholic is an alienated anti-social being, a prey to hallucinations and fits of ill-temper. There seems to have been something of an epidemic of the malady in late Elizabethan England, as *Hamlet* demonstrated in the playhouse, and John Dover Wilson convincingly argued that Bright's *Treatise* was the handbook used by Shakespeare for his portrayal of Hamlet.<sup>22</sup>

However, certain elements immediately alert us to Bright's departure from traditional writing on melancholy, because of the emphatic distancing from religious melancholy in the full title:

20 Lake, op. cit., p. 156

21 Collinson, 'Antipuritanism', in J Coffey and P C H Lim (eds), *The Cambridge Companion to Puritanism*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press (2008), 19–33

22 John Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, New York: Macmillan (1953), 309–20

*A Treatise of Melancholie containing the Causes Thereof, & the Reasons of the Strange Effects it Worketh in our Minds and Bodies: With the Physicke Cure, and Spirituall Consolation for Such as Have Thereto Adjoynd an Afflicted Conscience. The Difference Betwixt It and Melancholie with Diverse Philosophicall Discourses Touching Actions, and Affections of Soule, Spirit and Body.*

And, more surprisingly, embedded two-thirds through the treatise is a disproportionately long chapter that reads, by its impassioned and oratorical style, like a Calvinist sermon. Bright also explicitly refers to predestination here as 'this most comfortable doctrine, and the firme anchor of our profession'.<sup>23</sup> It is clear that Bright was writing for a new readership, those who subscribed to the new form of piety based around seeking for signs of assurance of election, and Hunter<sup>24</sup> claims that the *Treatise*

.... established the pattern of puritan writing on melancholy and cases of conscience, which first rejected a reductionist view of despair in which sin played no part, but then established that melancholy could play a significant role in unsettling a person's assurance of election.<sup>25</sup>

... Although Bright's treatise was mainly a medical treatise, his cure for despair of salvation did not rest entirely upon the traditional cures for melancholy offered by the Galenic tradition, but on the Calvinist theology of assurance of election. True comfort for the soul was found in regaining a certainty of salvation. It was the centrality of this concept to puritan consolation that set the puritan approach to despair apart from all other attempts to comfort the dejected.<sup>26</sup>

In the section on afflicted conscience, Bright grapples with the problem of how could a devout person come to believe that he was reprobate? He describes the experience of a fictitious friend 'M', the addressee of the *Treatise*, who has come to fear that he is reprobate:

23 *A Treatise of Melancholy*, London: Vautroillier, (1586), 201

24 Elizabeth Hunter, 'The black lines of damnation: double predestination and the causes of despair in Timothy Bright's *A Treatise of Melancholie*', *Études Épistémè*, 28 (2015)

25 Hunter, op. cit., 26

26 Elizabeth Hunter, *Melancholy and the Doctrine of Reprobation in English Puritan Culture, 1550–1640* unpublished Oxford D Phil (2012), p. 121–2. I am grateful for Dr Hunter's permission to quote from it

You feele (you say) the wrath of God kindled against your soule, and anguish of conscience most intolerable, and can finde (notwithstanding continuall prayers and incessaunt supplication made unto the Lord) no release, & in your owne judgement stand reprobate from Gods covenant, and voide of all hope of his inheritance, expecting the consummation of your misery and fearefull sentence of eternall condemnation.<sup>27</sup>

This pose as a friend and consoler of 'M' is one adopted by several prominent Cambridge puritans of the time, and its greatest exponent was William Perkins, another Cambridge puritan divine, in *Cases of Conscience*.<sup>28</sup> Puritan consolation literature had initially taken the form of letters written by clergy in reply to parishioners suffering from doubts about their salvation. To be effective, consolation required knowledge of both medicine and divinity. One Cambridge divine, Richard Greenham, was particularly renowned for the empathy he showed in comforting those in the grip of despair. One of his best-known works was on 'afflicted conscience', and it is tempting to see the title of Bright's work as a reference to his works, for example, the *Paramuthion. Two Treatises of the Comforting of an Afflicted Conscience, with Certaine Epistles of the Same Argument: Heereunto are Added Two Sermons, with Certaine Graue and Wise Counsells and Answeres of the Same Author and Argument*.<sup>29</sup>

The final proof of Bright's immersion in Cambridge practical divinity is circumstantial: in 1590 he became a clergyman and obtained a living at Methley in Yorkshire, where he lived until his death in 1615. The years 1589–90 had seen a seismic shift in Elizabethan government, when four leading statesmen, Leicester, William Cecil, Mildmay and Walsingham, had all died in quick succession. After this watershed, Bright's star was eclipsed, for he retired to the countryside but continued to work on melancholy, revising and correcting his *Treatise*; the third edition was published in 1613. He died in 1615, leaving many of his books to his brother William Bright, one of the first Fellows of Emmanuel.

<sup>27</sup> Timothe Bright, *A Treatise of Melancholy*, London: Vautroillier, (1586), 207

<sup>28</sup> William Perkins, *The Whole Treatise of the Cases of Conscience Distinguished in Three Bookes*, Cambridge: Printed by Iohn Legat (1606)

<sup>29</sup> London: Richard Bradocke (1594)

It has been said that 'Bright's own theological convictions and his reasons for writing on the topic of predestination in the *Treatise* are obscure',<sup>30</sup> but to my mind the fact of Bright's signature on the statutes of Emmanuel resolves this obscurity, since it enables us to explore his Calvinist connections and link him with the debates animated by Chaderton, Greenham and Perkins. What is perhaps more significant is that this context delineates an 'emotional community'<sup>31</sup> of Cambridge Calvinist divines where language about anguish and consolation circulated and accumulated connotation. Theorists of the study of early modern emotions identify preaching practices and discourses on melancholy as some of the most influential *loci* for the formulation of ways of talking about emotion in this period.<sup>32</sup> Furthermore discourses on melancholy and preaching practices are identified as particular channels for the dissemination of terms for varieties of early modern emotion.<sup>33</sup> In *A Treatise of Melancholy* Bright, I think, seeks to infuse the term 'melancholy' with an updated awareness of its meanings, and to diffuse these primarily through his immediate emotional community, at the heart of which we may glimpse the newly founded Emmanuel College.

Angela Hurworth (1977), *Centre des Etudes Supérieures de la Renaissance, Tours*

<sup>30</sup> Hunter, 'Black lines of damnation', 21

<sup>31</sup> Emotional communities are largely the same as social communities: families, neighbourhoods, syndicates, academic institutions, monasteries, factories, platoons and princely courts. But the researcher looking at them seeks above all to uncover systems of feeling, to establish what these communities (and the individuals within them) define and assess as valuable or harmful to them (for it is about such things that people express emotions); the emotions that they value, devalue, or ignore; the nature of the affective bonds between people that they recognise; and the modes of emotional expression that they expect, encourage, tolerate and deplore.

See B H Rosenwein, 'Problems and methods in the history of emotions', *Passions in Context: Journal of the History and Philosophy of the Emotions*, 1 (2010), among her other publications

<sup>32</sup> S Karant-Nunn, *The Reformation of Feeling: Shaping the Religious Emotions in Early Modern Germany*, Oxford: Oxford University Press (2010) considers how church leaders and preachers of various confessions in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries used different modes of emotional expression and engagement to shape a communal religious consciousness amongst their followers. Quoted by Andrew Lynch in *The Early Modern Emotions*, edited by Susan Broomhall, Abingdon and New York: Routledge (2017), section 1.1

<sup>33</sup> See B H Rosenwein, *Generations of Feeling: A History of Emotions, 600–1700*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press (2015), 254

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## *WU LIEN-TEH: A SYNOPSIS FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY*

There are many reasons why I have written this article for the *Emmanuel College Magazine*. One is not to forget the onward progression of science, but another is to recall my personal amazement at a black-and-white photograph in this *Magazine*, albeit some 27 years or so ago shortly after my matriculation, showing a young Chinese medical student sitting next to a particularly complex, compound-light microscope. I had not really appreciated such advanced microscopes existed back in the 1890s, with the added realisation that this student at Emmanuel had studied bacteriology, a favourite subject of mine. This was no trivial pursuit in those days; pre-First World War and pre-antibiotics. The microscope was no incidental piece either. It was his trusted British-made Beck, which he purchased once qualified and took with him when he returned to China.

The student was Wu Lien-Teh. I shall attempt to explain the importance of how and why he came to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and what he went on to achieve and its relevance today. In Chinese, the family name (Wu) is placed first, followed by the given name (Lien-Teh). He matriculated at Emmanuel in 1896 as a much anglicised 'Tuck', Gnoh Lean, which is the Cantonese form of his name. Thus, his true surname was Gnoh (Wu in Mandarin), but he was known as Tuck. He was the first student of Chinese origin (born in Malaya, 1879) to come to Britain and gain an English university education. One asks how did he afford this and were there student grants or loans in those days?

Well, first, his family were goldsmiths to the Emperor of China. They were well-to-do in Chinese terms and held in esteem as highly accomplished in art and working with precious metals and other material. As a young boy he attended the English-run free school in Penang. At 18 he gained the Queen's scholarship of £200 a year from the Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate in Singapore, run via the States Settlements (part of the British Empire

in China), and geared to enabling exceptional students to study in England. Soon after arrival his mother sent an intricate beadwork shield of the Emmanuel lion which she made as part of a settling-in present, a picture of which was published in *Emmanuel College Magazine*, 80 (1997–98), to accompany an article by F H Stubbings, 'Recollections of a plague-fighter'. This shield was subsequently the property of Wu Chang-Sheng, Lien-Teh's son, who studied law at Emmanuel (1953–56).

Yes, you read it correctly: plague, otherwise known as the Black Death. How did this bright but modest medical student become one of the leading authorities on the Black Death? Why then, and why is this relevant today? In Britain our last recollection of this killer disease dates back to 1665–66, the last great plague of London, Winchester and most of this country and Europe. Surely the World Health Organisation has eradicated it these days? This leads on to the second reason why I wrote this article: in life you never know just what is around the corner or where the knowledge that you gain through education is going to take you.

Back to Dr Wu's training. After gaining a First in the natural sciences tripos, he completed his medical training at St Mary's Hospital, then had research posts at the Halle, Paris and then at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. He returned to Malaya into general practice: the rules regarding non-British doctors meant he did not have the same opportunities as qualified British nationals. By 1908, however, he joined the Imperial Army Medical College in Tientsin as vice-director.

Dr Wu and his assistant, Lin Chia-Swee, (Lin was selected from 40 senior medical students from the same college) were posted to Harbin in north Manchuria in 1910 by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, to lead the medical team to tackle an outbreak of pneumonic plague in the area. Manchuria is a vast area of northern China bordering Russia. It took three days to travel there, mainly by rail. It comprises three states with an area equivalent to Germany, France and Switzerland combined. The plague had been contracted and spread partly by trappers of a large marmot or tarabagan, its thick fur being popular for the traditional headgear

and boots of the region, and partly by the tradition of workers returning home, often a long distance away, to their families for the Chinese new year celebrations. At the time the outbreak was attributed to rats. However, Dr Wu had a strong suspicion that they were not the cause, mainly from the clinical manifestation of the symptoms, and surmised it was spread directly via man-to-man transmission through coughing. In the aftermath of the pandemic, Dr Wu showed that the tarabagan was the natural reservoir for the disease and tarabagan fleas were the vector. The fleas were later identified as *Ceratophyllus silantievi* by Charles Rothschild and named after Dr Silantiev, a Russian biologist. Despite his insight he could not convince the medics in the local hospital plague wards or segregation centres.

The disease had spread along the railways and small stop-over towns, in part because the time of year – Manchurian winter temperatures were typically of –25 to –35 degrees centigrade – meant that the trappers stayed in taverns which were well heated, and had the window shutters firmly sealed against the cold. The taverns were also cramped: the trappers lived and slept in communal rooms. The symptoms were rapid: fever, cough, eventual red sputum, the characteristic purple face of septicaemic plague and then a coma followed by death in a matter of days. The winters were harsh and Dr Wu and his aid, Lin, arrived on 24 December 1910 (Christmas Eve was not marked in the area). They were shocked by the backwardness and general poverty of the area. The dead and dying were frequently abandoned on the streets overnight, in part to avoid having to carry out sanitation of the homes and taverns made compulsory by the government, and also to avoid further investigation, screening and removal to plague wards (a hospital if nearby, otherwise sheds) of those who had been in contact with the victims. There had been a similar outbreak in the region in 1900 when China had been slow to respond and lacked the technology and know-how of its neighbours, Russia and Japan, so was now keen to gain modern knowledge and ideas for tackling diseases.

On his arrival in Harbin, Dr Wu was on the whole made welcome and met the consuls-general of Russia and Japan, as well

as consuls for Great Britain, the United States and France. Unfortunately, he was not received well by Mr H E Sly, the British consul, who was stiff and supercilious and made it clear that in his opinion it was unlikely that Chinese officials would be able to manage the situation, despite the choice of Dr Wu for his educational background and specialist knowledge. Soon after, he met the US consul in Harbin, Mr Roger S Greene, a Harvard graduate, who was particularly encouraging and was sure that with the right organisation and determination they would succeed. Not long after they met, Consul Greene was promoted to consul-general at Hankow at the start of the Chinese Revolution.

Dr Wu and Lin soon had an opportunity to conduct a post-mortem and to provide clinical and bacteriological confirmation of pneumonic plague. This was followed by their first visit to the Russian epidemic hospital where the medical officer was Dr Haffkine. Haffkine was 28 and of Jewish decent, the nephew of Haffkine who worked on bubonic plague in India and had invented the Haffkine vaccine, made from attenuated bacteria preserved in dilute carboxylic acid. The entire medical and support staff relied upon this vaccine. They did not therefore wear any protective masks on entering the plague ward. Dr Wu was put in a dilemma as to whether to ask for a mask, but decided against such a request in case it made him appear cowardly or not showing the correct professional courage! He followed Dr Haffkine but kept his face averted from the patients' direct breath and examined them from the back at the full length of his stethoscope. Dr Wu was very nervous during the ten minutes he spent on the ward and Dr Haffkine was amused, saying they relied so much upon the efficacy of his uncle's vaccine that they needed no other precaution. This over-reliance, however, was proved misplaced when there were many deaths amongst hospital staff.

Such was the confidence of the local medical profession that the plague was transmitted by rats (and rat fleas), that Dr Wu and Lin were further hampered by the attitude of officials as well as the public they had been seconded to help. The former did not seem to appreciate how serious the situation was, and the latter were fatalistic, lethargic and often ignored government advice on reporting

new cases. Soon after his arrival Dr Wu went on a courtesy call to meet the French doctor, Dr Mesny, senior professor at the Peiyang Medical College, who was staying in the Grand Hotel in Harbin. Wu related his experiences, saying the outbreak was a purely pulmonary one and they should organise the campaign by isolating the new cases, detaining the contacts, wearing of soft cotton and gauze masks, inoculating the public with Haffkine's vaccine and treating the sick with Yersin serum. Dr Mesny, who was 43, preferred to rely upon his past experience of Tongshan where rats were the main carrier and was not interested in the talk of someone he saw as a mere junior (Wu had just turned 30). In a heated outburst, Dr Mesny lost his temper with Dr Wu, asking what did he, a Chinaman, know and how dare he contradict a superior. This was dealt with by polite smiles and an apology from Dr Wu for what had been intended as a friendly talk and he made his exit. After that point Wu was so discouraged that he wrote to his boss at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to say that he was not certain he should continue. A few days later he received the reply to say that he should carry on and there was no doubt that they had chosen the right person and he had full authority. Once reassured of his official backing he re-doubled his efforts to tackle the outbreak and bring it under control.

The main factor at this juncture, which turned the tide of both official and public cooperation, was that Dr Mesny then contracted plague himself and was taken to the Russian plague hospital in New Town. This was a great surprise as no-one expected a medical professional to catch it and certainly not someone so experienced. What had happened was that immediately after receiving a letter suspending him of his duties on 5 January, Mesny had wired Dr Haffkine and asked to see some cases. As had Dr Wu on his earlier visit, Mesny had entered the plague ward wearing a white coat, white cap and thin rubber gloves but no mask, and was invited to percuss and auscultate the chests of several patients. He felt unwell three days later after a visit to friends and a shopping trip, when he had a chill, which became a severe headache and fever. Plague was suspected and he was removed immediately to the Russian obser-

vation ward with a temperature of 101°F, a fast pulse, an increasing cough and sputum tinged with pink blood. He died on 11 January, only six days after visiting the plague ward.

Plague swept the area. The local helpers and medical staff worked hard to collect the dead, somewhat forcibly remove contacts from their homes to the segregation areas (sheds) for observation and tests, and send those who were suffering from fever and coughs to the plague hospital. At the subsequent international plague conference, the imperial commissioner, Saoke Alfred Sze, in his address, expressed his concerns over how best to manage such a truly cruel situation and asked for suggestions from the delegate countries. With their recent experience of such a deadly, infectious disease the new mantra was: if this was preventable then why not prevent it?

The mortality rate was almost 100 per cent, except for one lady who allegedly managed to carry plague to at least two families in her attempt to avoid capture. Once she was caught she did not present any symptoms or test positively for the bacterium, so after a period of detainment and monitoring was subsequently released. There was also a native doctor and his assistant who, although they toiled for weeks in close proximity with the patients and the deceased, had never been vaccinated, had not worn masks and never showed any sign of the disease. A three-year-old Russian child also survived, although both his parents died.

In the meantime, Dr Wu visited the cemetery in the north of the city to which the bodies had been removed. He was shocked to see the situation. The government authorities had made proper provision for the burial of all the dead. However, the severe winter weather meant that no burials had occurred, the ground being frozen to a depth of six to seven feet. Coffins had frequently not been used as many had died frozen to death in their final position, huddled up against the cold once they had been thrown out of the inns and hostels. Many of the coffins had not been sealed properly and their grim contents were clearly visible. In all of Manchuria and Mongolia over 60,000 people died (46,000 died in northern China, according to final records). The worry was that once spring came,

rats might infest the bodies and risk spreading the disease further. Mass cremation seemed the only option to this serious risk to public health. This was completely against the accepted practice of burials, especially in China where worship of ancestors and respect for the dead was a deeply ingrained cultural tradition. Nothing short of imperial consent was needed to allow cremation, as public opposition would be insurmountable without it. Wu invited as many officials as he could who had the stomach to see for themselves the mounds of corpses and coffins. The local leaders agreed to support him in his petition, which was sent via telegram to the imperial government in Peking for permission to cremate the dead. A similar petition was dispatched to the Governor of Kirin. Three days later, on 30 January in the afternoon, they received a telegram from the Foreign Office to say that Dr Wu's petition had been sanctioned by the emperor and that they could proceed. This proved to be a turning point in the control of the epidemic and eventually no new cases were reported. By 1 March the outbreak had ceased.

Dr Wu's life story is recorded in his autobiography, in his scientific writings and in conference proceedings but, alas, there are very few copies of any of these in existence and I researched the material for this article at the British Library. Readers may find parallel with their own careers, although I hope not as dramatic, as they gain an insight and experience of the working world outside of academia. Not only did Dr Wu quickly assess the situation and make the right judgement, he was also put down by his so-called peer; this to me can typify the situation many young professionals find themselves in at work, so it may appeal to certain readers who have had similar experiences. With the right back-up, because he almost quit, he was able to complete the assignment; due to the twist of events and by using his position of influence, he was able to gain the cooperation of others and approval from the emperor of China (to overturn the cultural barrier) to progress his plans to overcome the outbreak. His peers were mostly wrong and to me this is a story of how, once he had left the academic training ground, he could see clearly, uncluttered by the experiences that hampered others.

The outbreak arose in a backward, poverty-stricken area, and the same can be said of today with the not-so-distant Ebola outbreak, of which there were 28,652 suspected or attributed cases, of which 15,261 were confirmed in a laboratory, claiming 11,325 lives (World Health Organisation figures, last updated 13 April 2016). Two in every five persons diagnosed with Ebola died. The doctors, nurses and army had to deal with poorly educated people, who had similar traditions of reverence for the deceased, so today there are very similar issues and I do not believe that will change. The serious issue is the rapid and high mortality rate, and the highly contagious nature of such fevers. What was remarkable was Dr Wu's ability to identify clinically and direct the control of the plague outbreak to the point of no new cases, all within nine to ten weeks of the start of his secondment in a very remote region where over 60,000 people had succumbed and died.

Wu Lien-The, *Plague Fighter: The Autobiography of a Modern Chinese Physician* Cambridge: W Heffer & Sons Ltd (1959)

Wu Yu-Lin, *Memories of Dr Wu Lien-Teh: Plague Fighter* Singapore: World Scientific (1995)

**Madeleine Fairweather (1990)**

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## FIT VIA VI: *THE ORIGIN OF THE BOAT CLUB MOTTO*

Having come up to Emmanuel College in 1964, and being anxious to comply with my tutor's<sup>1</sup> exhortation to 'get involved in College life', I lost no time in joining the Boat Club as a member of the novices' eight crew. This decision soon took me to the boathouse by the river Cam and my first encounter with the Boat Club motto, *Fit via vi*, underscoring as it does the college shield that graces the gable of the boathouse. Since my admission to Emmanuel had been

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<sup>1</sup> My tutor was the distinguished civil engineer, specialist in soil mechanics and rugby Blue KH ('Ken') Roscoe

dependent on gaining a pass in Latin at GCE 'O'-level, my scant fulfilment of that requirement at least enabled me to guess the language of the motto with reasonable certainty, but left me embarrassingly baffled as to its meaning. No-one spontaneously offered an explanation: I was too shy to ask and it played no apparent part in either learning to row or in reading mechanical sciences, so it remained one of life's unanswered questions.

However, being now of riper years and hence having slightly more time at my disposal, I have renewed my latent interest in Latin and am attending lessons in the hope of improvement. When, in lesson 8 of the course textbook, the prescribed vocabulary introduced the word *vis*<sup>2</sup>, with its dative and ablative cases of *vi*, I instantly recollected the Boat Club motto and felt compelled to investigate further.

A quick search on the internet with Google revealed the astonishing information that *Fit via vi* is a complete, three-word Latin sentence echoing down the millennia from the epic poem the *Aeneid* written by the Roman poet Publius Vergilius Maro (better known as Virgil) between 29 and 19 BC.

A key event in Greek mythology was the Trojan War, which the Greeks waged against the inhabitants of the city of Troy in about the twelfth century BC. After ten years of siege by the Greeks, the city finally fell to them through the famous ruse of the Trojan horse, which enabled Greek troops to penetrate and sack the city. An eyewitness to those violent events was the Trojan hero Aeneas, who escaped and, after a long and tortuous journey, was ultimately instrumental in the foundation of Rome.<sup>3</sup> It is Aeneas's journey that is the subject of Virgil's *Aeneid*. On his sea voyage to Italy, Aeneas makes landfall at Carthage (situated in modern Tunisia), where he meets, and becomes the lover of, its queen, Dido. While staying with Dido, Aeneas recounts to her<sup>4</sup> the dramatic capture of the Trojan royal palace by the Greek warrior Pyrrhus.

2 *vis* (f): strength, force, vigour

3 The legend of the foundation of Rome by Aeneas was subsequently ingeniously reconciled with the legend of its foundation by Romulus and Remus

4 Virgil, *Aeneid*, Book 2: Sed si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros et breviter Troiae supremum audire laborem, quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit, incipiam

In the climactic incident, Pyrrhus breaks through the gates and doors of King Priam's house. As Aeneas tells Dido, 'Within, amid shrieks and woeful uproar, the house is in confusion, and at its heart the vaulted hall rings with women's wails. On presses Pyrrhus with his father's might; no bars, no guards can stay his course. The gate totters under the ram's many blows, and the doors, wrenched from their sockets, fall forward. Force finds a way. The Greeks, pouring in, burst a passage, slaughter the foremost, and fill the wide space with soldiery.'<sup>5,6</sup>

'Force finds a way' renders into English the original three-word Latin sentence that was penned by the Roman poet Virgil more than two thousand years ago to express the violent turn of events at the fall of Troy that was witnessed by Aeneas. For well over one hundred years<sup>7</sup> now, Virgil's compactly dramatic Latin sentence has formed the motto of the Emmanuel Boat Club: *Fit via vi*,<sup>8,9,10,11</sup>

5 Virgil, *Aeneid*, Book 2: At domus interior gemitu misereque tumultu miscetur, penitusque cavae plangeribus aedes femineis ululant; ferit aurea sidera clamor. Tum pavidae tectis matres ingentibus errant; amplexaeque tenent postis atque oscula figunt. Instat vi patria Pyrrhus; nec claustra, neque ipsi custodes sufferre valent; labat ariete crebro ianua, et emoti procumbunt cardine postes. *Fit via vi*; rumpunt aditus, primosque trucidant immissi Danai, et late loca milite complent

6 English translation by H Rushton Fairclough, professor of classical literature, Stanford University, (California, London: William Heinemann Ltd, 1938). There are, of course many other translations of the *Aeneid*

7 In *Fit Via VI: The Story of the EBC 1827-1977*, p. 6, G Wynne Thomas dates the opening of the present boathouse to 'the spring of 1897'. It is assumed that the college shield complete with motto was mounted on the building before its opening

8 This is the motto beneath the shield on the boathouse and assumed by Wynne Thomas to be known to 'All who have rowed for Emmanuel', to whom he dedicates his book. However, he gives no indication of how the motto came to be chosen for, and formally assigned to, the Boat Club

9 The use of *Fit via vi* as a motto is not unique to the EBC and there are examples of its use both in Britain and abroad (see footnote 10) well before 'the spring of 1897' cited by Wynne Thomas. In *A History of Clan Campbell from the Restoration to the Present Day*, Edinburgh University Press, 2004, p. 377, Alastair Campbell cites its use by the Campbells of Craignish at the latest by 1742 and possibly earlier. Their coat of arms included 'the mast of a galley, oars in action': was this the first association of the motto with rowing?

10 A use of the motto *Fit via vi* in France supports the translation of '*vi*' with 'force'. It is the motto of the Caumont family, who in the seventeenth century bore the title Duc de la Force, built a castle at La Force in the Dordogne, and translated the motto with *La force leur montre le chemin*

11 The Boat Club's motto *Fit via vi* (force finds a way) appears to be a direct contradiction of the Founder's motto *Virtute non vi* (by virtue, not by force) (cf. F H Stubbings in *Emmanuel College Magazine*, 76 (1993-94)). The author hopes to address this observation in more detail in a subsequent article



Fittingly, in the Boat Club's report of the 2015 May bumps<sup>12</sup> in the *Emmanuel College Magazine* volume XCVII (how Latin lives on!) we read: 'The first men bounced back to have a final crack at Christ's on the last day. This opportunity was taken with relish, forcing (!) Christ's boat to crash into the bank.'<sup>13</sup> Echoing Pyrrhus and his men storming Priam's palace at Troy more than three thousand years ago, force (still) finds a way':

*Fit via vi, unanimi*

*Vociferabimur, fit via vi!*<sup>14,15,16</sup>

**Robert Jones, (1964)**

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## WHEN EVIDENCE CEDES TO INTUITION

For some 60 years, since entering the privileged university world, I have been both testing ideas against evidence and allowing evidence to engender new ideas. My early researches into the agricultural geography of medieval England and later work on the social geography of nineteenth-century France have been grounded in the reciprocity of evidence and intuition. When making bold assertions – about agricultural practices on the manors

of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the fourteenth century or about the cultural significance of brass bands in France during the Belle Époque – it has always been necessary to be ready to answer the questions posed by critics: 'How do you know? What is your evidence?' Historical research is often likened to detective work: it is seen as being akin to solving mysteries. I prefer the metaphor of solving a complex jig-saw puzzle, but a jig-saw with an unknown number of pieces, many of which (but how many?) are missing. Moreover, it is a jig-saw for which there is no picture of the completed puzzle; on the contrary, that picture has itself to be (re)constructed by combining evidence with intuition.

The crucial importance of evidence has rightly imposed a powerful limit, a strict discipline, on my research as an historical geographer. While it has been possible and appropriate to be excitingly imaginative in the use of evidence, it has always been necessary to be circumspect and to differentiate between firm conclusions and tentative conjectures. Evidence-based argument became my second nature as a scholar. But retirement provides an opportunity to engage in free-range thinking, less constrained – if at all – by the need for evidence. I have been thinking intuitively about some random issues for which I have no expertise or evidence, merely experience and frustration. They are issues which have niggled me. Here are a few.

### Foreign languages

On lecturing visits to Peking University, I learned that many (was it all?) of its students were required impressively to take weekly English language classes. Is there any university in the UK that has compulsory foreign language learning for all of its students, not necessarily of Chinese but of, say, Arabic or even a continental European language? In France, at lycée level, the baccalauréat requires all candidates (who are about 18 years of age) to study a foreign language. In England, the national curriculum now ineptly and sadly allows pupils to abandon foreign languages at the age of 14. Our increasing insularity – as witnessed by the Brexit vote in June 2016 – might satisfy Little Englanders in the short term but

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<sup>12</sup> In his Preface (p. vii), Wynne Thomas points out that 'The first recorded (rowing) race is (also) in the fifth book of the *Aeneid*'

<sup>13</sup> *Emmanuel College Magazine*, 97, 133 (2014–15)

<sup>14</sup> Wynne Thomas reprints on page 31 the text of a Latin song *Fit via vi*, of which these words are the chorus, but gives no indication of its authorship or date. However, *A History of Emmanuel College* by Bendall, Brooke and Collinson (Boydell Press, 1999) records that 'In 1892 James Adam, the classical fellow, composed the words of the Boat Club song, *Fit via vi*, and an undergraduate called Arnold Culley set them to music in 1893'. The Boat Club song, and hence also the motto, therefore predates the opening of the boathouse by four years

<sup>15</sup> Bearing in mind that the song was set to music, an approximate free translation of the chorus might be '*Fit via vi*, we'll all sing together, *Fit via vi!*'

<sup>16</sup> One year after the words were set to music, the *Emmanuel College Magazine*, 5, Lent term 1894, contains a report by the Musical Society that 'The Annual Popular Concert was given in the Guildhall on the 24th of February. It proved a great success and the several items were very well rendered', the first of which was 'God save the Queen' and the last *Fit via vi*, 'all of which received their due reward.'

will ultimately disadvantage future generations of Great Britishers both culturally and economically.

### **Grade inflation in A-level examinations**

Many reasons underpin the increasing proportions of A grades awarded in A-level examinations in recent years. Perhaps teaching has improved markedly, perhaps pupils have become significantly more intelligent, perhaps assessment methods have changed. But there is another contributing factor often overlooked. Formerly, there were about a dozen or so A-level examination boards in the UK, but mergers have reduced them to only five today. Schools and colleges have a completely free choice among the boards. Most schools use a mixture of boards for their A-level examinations (although in practice, the Council for the Curriculum, Examinations & Assessment has few candidates from schools from outside its native Northern Ireland). Each board is in effect a profit-seeking, commercial, enterprise seeking greater market share in competition with the other boards.

Part of the process enabling one board to gain a competitive edge over others is to consider awarding slightly higher proportions of A grades in key subjects as an inducement to schools to switch to it from other boards. This fundamental weakness in the assessment system would be eliminated if the merger process were taken to its logical conclusion by establishing a single examination board for England, Wales and Northern Ireland. This is already the situation in Scotland and in many European countries. They avoid the annual media attack on examination standards which has become such a demoralising feature of the school year in England and Wales.

This solution to the problem of grade inflation at A-level could not readily be applied to the similar phenomenon identifiable in recent years in university examinations, where market competition for applicants and academic status seems to be challenging, even undermining, the comparability of degree standards both among the more than 100 universities in the UK and within individual

universities through time. Many Cambridge tripos class lists now have about 30 per cent of candidates in the First class, compared with perhaps 10 per cent in the 1990s.

My experiences as an examiner both for A-levels and for tripos have led me to believe that there are not absolute standards for assessing the examination performances of students, so that comparing cohorts from year to year reliably and confidently is nigh impossible. Would it not be better to use relative measures? Rather than ascribing candidates in a year's cohort to one of four classes (in which one percentage mark astonishingly and almost unbelievably separates at degree level, for example, the 'lowest' First from the 'highest' Upper Second) would it not be fairer and more informative to candidates and to employers to indicate each candidate's position in the year's group of candidates stating, for example, that undergraduate X was fourteenth in a class of 93 in 2016? Such a solution would not be practical for A-level subjects, which have hundreds, even thousands, of candidates. In such cases could a candidate's result be portrayed graphically, locating her/his position on the overall curve of the cohort's distribution of marks, or at least reported as a percentage mark rather than as a somewhat arbitrary grade?

### **Funding the National Health Service**

An ageing population and increasingly sophisticated medical practices have combined to put the NHS in the UK under enormous financial pressures. But there is an unwillingness on the part of politicians and a large section of the public either to depart from the principle that the NHS should be 'free' at the point of use or to provide more funding by increasing general or even hypothecated taxation. Two measures might address the funding problem. First, we all need to be educated into realising what the 'free' NHS actually costs. Pharmacies and GPs' surgeries could display posters indicating the costs of treatments, ranging from a visit to a nurse or GP through measures such as mending fractures to major surgical procedures such as a heart by-pass or kidney dialysis. Awareness of

the actual costs of medical procedures might make us more appreciative of the role of the NHS and consequently willing to pay more for it than we do at present. Second, additional revenue for the NHS could (and, I would argue, should) come not from higher National Insurance contributions from employees and employers but from retired pensioners (like me), who are heavy users of the NHS but exempt from paying National Insurance. NI contributions could be merged into the income tax system, so that pensioners and non-pensioners alike would contribute not at a flat rate, which would be a regressive tax, but according to their ability to pay. Some additional funding for the NHS could also be raised if the winter fuel payments to pensioners were to be taxed as income: this would eliminate the current absurd effect of making these tax-free payments to millionaires as well as to those who genuinely need them.

### Citizenship

'No man is an Island, entire of itself.' John Donne's maxim seems to have been replaced in the public mind by Margaret Thatcher's infamous claim that 'There is no such a thing as society'. In a liberal democracy, *liberté* and *égalité* are the rights of individuals but *fraternité* – the other component of the French Revolutionary triad – is an obligation. In recent decades, we seem to have focused on our rights as individuals and to have neglected our obligations as members of a community. This is expressed in the reluctance of many to contribute through taxation to public services and in the advocacy by some of the virtues of a small state.

The root of the problem seems to be a limited, poor, understanding of the relation of an individual to society at large. I would like to see this remedied in schools by compulsory courses in citizenship, to promote knowledge and understanding of the rights and obligations of citizens. This could encompass elaboration and discussion of different systems of government at local, national and international levels, and of different systems of taxation to raise funds to pay for public services that individuals cannot provide for

themselves. It could also examine different electoral systems and voting as both a right and an obligation.

Such a proposal would be opposed on the grounds that a citizenship course might elide into being political indoctrination by prejudiced, ideologically motivated, teachers. That concern could be addressed by having a pair or a team of teachers deliver the course and by focusing it on philosophical rather than political issues. Studies of the nature of knowledge would encourage critical thinking in all fields. It could embrace knowledge and understanding of the aims and methods of the natural sciences, the social sciences and the humanities. It would certainly embrace a consideration of ethics, of an individual's rights and obligations.

As an *Inspecteur* for history and geography for the French baccalauréat for some years, I was impressed by the inclusion in its curriculum of philosophy as a compulsory subject for all candidates. It was assessed by a written examination of four hours during which a candidate was required to plan and write just one essay on a topic chosen from a list of six or so. Among recent topics, for example, have been the following: 'Do artworks have to be pleasurable?' 'Can we prove a scientific hypothesis?' 'Is it our duty to seek out the truth?' 'Would we have more freedom without the state?' While simple 'Yes' or 'No' answers to such questions would be possible, candidates are of course expected to assess the evidence and arguments embedded in such questions and to present their own nuanced, considered, judgements. Such questions require lycée students to think critically and logically about 'big issues', equipping them better to address the major social questions and debates they will encounter as fully-fledged citizens.

### Geopieté

As individuals, we are increasingly being held to account for our actions, most especially and rightly when they impinge upon the lives of others. But no person can be primarily responsible for her/his ethnicity, gender or nativity. While there is debate about the extent to which ethnicity and gender are cultural options rather

than independent absolutes, there is no such room for manoeuvre in relation to a person's place of birth. While an individual might wish to choose her/his ethnicity and gender within a spectrum of hybrid possibilities, there can be no such options about birth-place. For that reason, I find it difficult to understand why some people become fervently, even ferociously, proud of their birth-place. It was not one they chose or for which they have any direct responsibility.

Humans are indeed territorial animals and there is presumably some primitive and enduring drive for us to retain control of the resources of the places where we were born and then lived during our formative years. This is the foundation of so-called geopiety, the reverence which an individual might have for her/his birth-place. But that primitive attachment to a particular place is no longer tenable in the modern globalised world of connectivity and mobility. Just as ethnicity and gender are coming to be seen as cultural hybrids, so too should geopiety.

To take my own case, I was born in Canterbury. As a schoolboy, I became aware that there was a cultural distinction between Men (or Maids) of Kent and Kentish Men (or Maids). The former were people born to the south and east of the River Medway, the latter to the north and west. So, I was – and remain – a Man of Kent. I am clearly also both English and British. In addition, as an historical geographer working on France, I regard myself as being a European, fundamentally influenced by European history, geography and culture. I recall that schoolboy 'game' of addressing letters to one's relatives or friends detailing, after their names, the house number and street, the town or city, the county, and then adding 'England', 'The United Kingdom', 'Europe', 'The World' and 'The Universe', to ensure that the postman was fully informed. Thus, from an early age I developed or adopted hybrid geopieties, which fit into each other and can be unpacked like a Russian nesting doll.

While I can value highly what people born in Kent or in England have achieved, it does not necessarily follow that I must myself be proud to be Kentish or English. Indeed, the distinction between Men of Kent and Kentish Men reflected not only a territorial

but also an ethnic rivalry between Jutish settlers and the Angles and Saxons: it is thought that the former resisted the invasion of William the Conqueror in 1066 while the latter surrendered. Territorial conflicts seem often to be products of distorted geopieties. Narrow-minded nationalisms underpinned many international conflicts in Europe during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and continue to do so today both there and elsewhere in the world. Again, could our education systems do more to develop the concept of world citizenship, to promote recognition of the interdependence and connected character of people and places in today's world? There is a role for geography here.

### Geography

Finally, a very personal niggle. Often in novels and plays, geography is portrayed as a facile subject whose pupils spend most of their time colouring maps and whose teachers are depicted as uncultivated, low-brow and anti-intellectual. In practice, undergraduates who obtain degrees in geography are very employable because they have been instructed in a spectrum of modes of enquiry: those of the natural sciences, the social sciences and the humanities. They have acquired a range of transferable skills, such as literacy, numeracy and graphicacy. They have been taught awareness of the links between the local and the global, and between people and their physical and social environments. They will have acquired knowledge and understanding of the significance of geographical location and of the iconography of landscapes. Geographers study not only physical environments but also contemporary and historical societies and cultures. It is regrettable, nay deplorable, that a subject so highly valued by employers has not received due recognition from politicians, who have inately made it possible for children in England to abandon geography at the age of 14, knowing far too little about the world.

The diversity and interdependence of places lie at the heart of geography. Knowledge and understanding of 'other' regions,

countries and continents has been its core concern for centuries. Places are different, people have different cultures. Alongside this place-centred geography there has always been a systematic geography, focused on phenomena and processes, for example geomorphology and urban geography. The latter approach has in recent decades come to receive more attention in both the school curriculum and university courses. In the geographical tripos in 1995–96, one-third of the 37 papers addressed issues in named countries or areas (among them, Britain, the United Kingdom, the European Union, Latin America, Africa, South Asia, the post-Soviet States, and Developing Countries). But in 2015–16, none of the papers for the tripos named specific places: instead, they focused on phenomena and processes, such as ‘volcanology’, ‘austerity and affluence’ and ‘historical demography’. Sadly, the distinctive, arguably unique, role of geography – its territorial claim – has been surrendered. By comparison, almost all of the more than 50 papers and special subjects for the current historical tripos still specify the periods for which their stated topics are to be studied. By abandoning its core concern with places, the geographical tripos has opened itself even more to the charge – first made, it is thought, some years ago by a distinguished cultural Latin American geographer on his retirement – that geography could be partitioned by the university and merged into earth sciences, economics and history.

These are some of the issues that niggle me personally. They do not stand comparison with the crucial problems that concern all of us, such as climate change, global security, sustainable development and population migrations. But they all matter and not only in Cambridge.

**Alan Baker**, *Life Fellow*

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## *THE STIGMA OF ALEPPO BOIL*

Leishmaniasis. Not really a word that rolls poetically off the tongue, and how many people, unless they live in one of the afflicted countries, really know about this disease? Yet it is the second largest parasitic killer after malaria, with 900,000 to 1.3 million new infections annually, bringing an untimely end every year to some 20–30,000 sufferers. Not for nothing does the World Health Organisation give it the self-damning, official classification of a NTD: Neglected Tropical Disease. And, as I found out this last year, amidst the tragic devastation of war-trampled Syria, dying from leishmaniasis is just half of it.

The Cambridge veterinary degree is a far more versatile beast than James Herriot aficionados might think. After a prolonged spell in private practice, a brief window of opportunity drew me into a new world: the UK Overseas Territories of the South Atlantic, in my case the Falkland Islands, St Helena, Ascension Island and currently the remotest settlement on earth, Tristan da Cunha. Island vets are more than just straight general practitioners, and must turn their hands – and their heads – to a far broader range of disciplines lying within their scope. St Helena, my workplace for six years, has acquired the moniker ‘Galapagos of the South Atlantic’. In fact in a recent stocktake report commissioned by the UK government, the island was found to carry more endemic species than the summation of all other British territories including the UK mainland. Add to that a perfect incubator climate with a broad range of habitats to nurture pests and diseases of almost every spectrum, and a major priority for the island vet is developing biosecurity.

Biosecurity: another slightly intimidating word. It has been variedly defined, but for St Helena’s purpose the following definition covers most of the important considerations: ‘the system of security designed to protect a contained environment – including its ecosystem, the local populace, animals, and produce – from potentially harmful, invasive or destructive organic agents’. St

Helena is – or was – only reachable by sea, a six-day voyage on the charmingly eccentric last true Royal Mail ship, RMS *St Helena*. She serves as a useful, if somewhat brief, floating quarantine station. But during my sojourn on St Helena the British government built an airport, and the beauty of air travel is immediacy. In biosecurity terms, it introduces the potential to leapfrog diseases and disease vectors to your doorstep almost instantly from pretty much anywhere in the world. If you think this is paranoid, it's not. The ability to move people, animals and animal products both legally and illegally so speedily between the continents, combined with a decent dose of global warming, has seen an alarming spread and co-mixing of disease entities and their vectors throughout the planet. Traditional land and sea barriers have been broached and bridged forever.

It was while considering the range of vectors that the island could be exposed to, should airport and aircraft biosecurity fail, that I stumbled across a UK NGO called the MENTOR Initiative. Their speciality is vector-borne disease, and they were holding a one-week training course in Mombasa, Kenya, which coincided rather fortuitously with my annual leave.

It was inspiring. The charismatic CEO, Richard Allen, an epidemiologist and one-time WHO malaria guru, led most of the sessions. At the end of the week, when bidding farewell and shaking hands, he looked me in the eye and with a charming smile said quite simply: 'Leave your island; come work for us'. So I did.

The posting was Gaziantep, home of the pistachio and the original baklava, an historic Turkish city on the border with Syria. Once part of Syria's Aleppo governorate, it shares some architectural features including a citadel and some magnificent *hans* or *caravansarais*, but is now home to a large Syrian refugee population, offices of the UN and the WHO, a gamut of NGOs, and the world's watching media. As a country Turkey has been remarkably supportive, opening its doors, unlike any other nation, to some three million Syrian refugees, building state-of-the-art camps, providing health services, education and jobs, and offering some at least nationality. This, by the way, comes from the true, not

grotesquely distorted, teachings of Islam. Without touching the subject of Turkey's politics, I have come away greatly enamoured with this historic nation and its cultured inhabitants.

The office was staffed by Turks and Syrians, two differing peoples for whom I developed powerful bonds of friendship and an abiding deep respect. My official role of medical and technical lead was soon piggybacked by others, including veterinary entomologist and acting country director, and the world of fighting leishmaniasis under conditions of an anarchic proxy war unravelled before me as did the disease's other important, less heralded aspect: stigmatisation.

Leishmaniasis is a disease caused by a protozoal parasite transmitted in the bite of the female sand fly, tiny, golden-winged, silent in flight and seeking nourishment for her eggs. And, if it wasn't for the consequences, rather cute. There are many species of parasite, fly and reservoir host, and in the Old World, two main forms of the disease. The headline killer, visceral leishmaniasis (VL) – or kala-azar – attacks the organs and is 95 per cent fatal if left untreated. This though was not our target, or at least so we thought. Syria is meant to have almost no VL, but is one of the top six countries in the world for the other form, often side-lined because of its non-lethality: cutaneous leishmaniasis (CL) or 'Aleppo boil'. But it is not just another skin disease; it is more akin to a third degree burn, targeting mainly the younger generations and emanating as large ulcerated inflammatory lesions on exposed parts of the body. Scar tissue doesn't grow but the body does, and the resultant facial distortions and disfigurements are stigmatising, with strong evidence of profound psychosocial impacts, marginalisation in society and associated impoverishment. Sometimes there are worse things than death.

The war in Syria is a dirty one, a war by proxy with many players, each honing vested interests and political stances. 'The enemy of my enemy is my friend' has no meaning there, where your enemy can be both your friend and enemy depending on where, what, why and when. The figures are of apocalyptic enormity: a population of 22 million reduced to 17 million, with 13.5

million of them defined by the UN as 'people in need'; over 10.5 million forced to leave their homes, of whom 6.5 million are internally displaced (IDPs) and over four million have crossed international borders. Some 300,000 dead. Pause and think on that; it's too easy not to.

All of this creates the perfect scenario for leishmaniasis, everything the parasite and vector desires: the mass movement of people carrying parasites to previously uninfected sand flies, the debris of war, a clustering of hosts, and loss of municipal services and organic waste in which to breed. CL in Syria is an epidemic.

The model the MENTOR Initiative adopts is ingenious: versatile, flexible and rapidly responsive to the mercurial vagaries of a grim war. Rather than establish expensive clinics just for leishmaniasis and thus too rapidly dissipate funding, MENTOR instead specialises in providing existing health facilities of the many other medical NGOs with everything needed to treat the disease. 'Everything' means exactly that: training, using strictly WHO protocols; laboratory equipment with the stains, microscopes and other necessary accoutrements; medicines, syringes, needles, swabs and creams; posters, leaflets and local awareness campaigns; and patient cards and data sheets with weekly visits from a MENTOR medical officer to collect the data and help with difficult cases. Obvious gaps in coverage are filled by MENTOR's own mobile clinics, each complete with an on-board laboratory, which visit at least ten remote rural villages twice weekly. The aim is to treat the lesions before they mutilate, before they stigmatise and ruin another life. This model gives the broadest reach and the best value for money, always a plus with donors. It has also made MENTOR the most dominant and effective force for the treatment of leishmaniasis in Syria, and a funnel for a mass of valuable epidemiological data.

This is only half the operation. The other side is prevention: the recruiting, training and deployment of numerous teams to conduct indoor residual spraying (IRS) and distribute long-lasting insecticidal nets (LLINs), all door-to-door and monitored and evaluated, and supported by educational talks and printed materials.

This is a huge logistical task at the best of times, at its height employing up to a thousand or more people, let alone when using remote management in an unstable and treacherous environment.

All of this is provided free, courtesy of MENTOR's donors. And all is made possible by the profound commitment of my Syrian office colleagues, backed by their Turkish counterparts and combined with the extraordinary fortitude, persistence and resilience of staff inside Syria, who negotiate with local authorities, military and civilian, to gain the greatest cooperation and thus effectiveness. Our areas of operation were the three northern Kurdish cantons and the territories of the mixed conglomerate factions of the Free Syrian Army: 'the rebels'. This included East Aleppo. While under full siege our staff still supported 21 health facilities, and as these flickered slowly out of existence under the relentless lash of cold-blooded aerial bombardment, they continued to treat and submit data with utter selfless dedication. How, I can still barely comprehend.

On top of this we made an important discovery: a second leishmaniasis epidemic. As a precautionary measure MENTOR also provides RDTs – rapid diagnostic tests – an on-the-spot immunochromatographic test for the rK39 antigen of *Leishmania infantum*, the principal cause of fatal VL. A steady trickle of positive cases provoked MENTOR into conducting a village survey, and a hidden killer was exposed. Virtually unknown in Syria, it is generally unrecognised and undiagnosed, lacking the hallmarks of CL's skin lesions but instead presenting with non-specific symptoms of anaemia, fever and organ enlargement. The more we looked, the more we found and, with increased awareness, the more that are now being diagnosed. The annual caseload in one small area is now far exceeding any previously recorded annual caseload for the whole of Syria, and the incidence is still increasing. It is undoubtedly the tip of a very nasty iceberg. Without trying to sound callous, when a bomb drops you see the dead. With undiagnosed VL you don't, and the numbers probably run into hundreds, even thousands. Eminently treatable in its early stages, it is an epidemic to seek out, hunt down and corner.

And then there's the furtherance of knowledge about this multifaceted disease, which has spread now all too proficiently around the coastal fringes of the Mediterranean. Very little research has been conducted in Syria during recent times, and no party is better placed to do it than MENTOR. One of MENTOR's donors, the UK's Department for International Development (DFID), had the wisdom and foresight to ring-fence some money for research, a task allotted to myself as nominal veterinary entomologist. From the US we procured John Hock light traps and from Turkey all the associated paraphernalia for specimen collection. We sent them across the border and, with the tremendous enthusiasm of our staff inside Syria, amassed 1400 sand flies, and over 1000 diagnostic tissue samples crammed with parasites. Our collaborating partners are the doyens of leishmaniasis in Turkey, Professor Bülent Alten of Hacettepe University, Ankara, and Professor Yusef Özbel of Ege University, Izmir, remarkable professionals with diligent teams who are at this very moment analysing and identifying the various species of *Leishmania* and phlebotomine sand fly by genetic (PCR) and observational means. Many of the flies are blood-fed, giving the added bonus of elucidating food species and possible reservoirs by genetic identification of the erythrocytes. The information is pouring in, and already the results are gratifyingly ground-breaking.

Is there any point providing such health care in a country that is still being torn to pieces? For me, most certainly. The project creates hope, income and goodwill, as well as leaving a legacy of trained personnel for the post-war reconstruction of health services. It also without a doubt minimises or prevents the brutal scarring of many individuals. But judge for yourself, and before doing so, just consider the scale of the operation: in one calendar year MENTOR provided treatment for over 35,000 cases of CL, distributed insecticidal nets to over 600,000 beneficiaries, and sprayed the houses of a staggering 3.4 million residents. Since inception in 2014 over 85,000 cases have been treated. These are life-changing figures, the dam holding back the deluge.

**Jonathan Hollins (1977)**

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## *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 each in its own way gives a flavour of their critical analysis of what Emmanuel has meant and means to different individuals.*

### **Boys among the men**

Michaelmas term 1946 at Emmanuel witnessed the arrival of mostly mature students who had served in the armed services during the Second World War; indeed the number of schoolboys accepted aged 18 was minute by comparison, mostly a group of seven or eight pursuing medicine including myself, on the pretext that the services were short of doctors and would recruit us for National Service later. Admission was also granted to a few schoolboys either unfit for the services or with special academic abilities.

Most ex-service men were in their 20s, some aged up to 26 years or more; a few exhibited evidence of facial scarring, one had lost an arm and others limped due to war-time injuries. All three services were represented including former prisoners-of-war in Germany and in Japan; however, it was rare for any to mention their experiences and indeed little contact was practical when many lived with families away from the college. Fortunately, a small group of ex-servicemen pursuing medical studies and a few others communicated with the schoolboys, at least at a superficial



level. Even so a sense of isolation was evident for at least a year, unless one gained a place in a sports team which was rare; only two schoolboy medics achieved this level.

Fortunately, there were other contacts. Whilst shaving in the communal bathroom of North Court, an adjacent shaver from Adelaide undertaking research, asked 'Why do you bother with a shaving brush? In the Western Desert we abandoned unnecessary items and used our hand to make a soap lather.' Ever since I've followed this simple and effective shaving method. And in the Anatomy School dissection room we were paired at random; my partner from another college was a former major in a tank regiment who had fought in Italy from the Anzio beach-head to the River Po, not that he mentioned any battle details. In the concentration of dissecting the leg together, a close friendship developed strictly within the confines of the Anatomy School; away from this, first, he was not at Emmanuel and secondly, he had a young family to consider.

In reality, the schoolboy students would congregate in hall, play squash together and entertain in our rooms within the limits of food-rationing which, it should be remembered, continued to 1953. Our weekly meat ration was mostly consumed at one meal but the supplement of unrationed whale and seal meat, acquired by an enterprising steward occasionally, was loudly cheered by us all. Fortunately I was picked for the first fifteen to initiate closer relationships with older students, later augmented by rowing in the rugby eight for the May bumps. Even so, away from the rugby field and river contacts were restricted; for example there was little if any 'after the match' conviviality, which few could afford in any event. Two pints of beer after a Cuppers win was the maximum I attained.

However, by our third year there were even younger members in college and our initial sense of isolation was displaced by growing confidence and perhaps superiority!

**John Kirkup (1946)**

### **Post-Second-World-War, college life and surplus equipment that enabled a Nobel prize.**

I came up in 1946 as a freshman, one of ten who came straight from school in a total intake of 102, who were mostly ex-servicemen and much older. It was a time of shortages in food and fuel. The winter of 1946–47 was exceptionally cold and the gas pressure was so low that my digs in Warkworth Terrace were barely habitable; fortunately the alternatives of libraries and cinemas were comfortably warm. The sudden thaw coincided with the end of Lent term, but flooded the railway lines to London.

Food rationing was severe, extending even to potatoes and bread at one point. The Paddock had become a vegetable garden but did little to vary the regular diet of celery from the fens. We had to surrender our ration books and were assigned to one of four halls at 6.45pm or 7.30pm in either the hall or the Old Library, where our attendance was noted by a porter. Jimmy Line, an agriculturalist, was steward and oversaw these arrangements but Miss Mary Bolt, a dietician, planned the meals. On the whole these were quite varied, but the service of seal stew provoked a walk-out. Miss Bolt left to manage a miners' canteen in Sheffield (where the rations were probably most generous!). After retirement she returned to Cambridge and married Jimmy Line, who was by then a widower. They were both Plymouth Brethren, and he became one of the Strict Brethren and renounced all connections with the college.

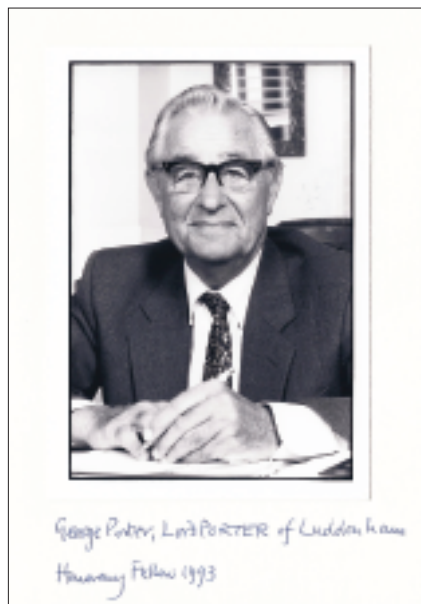
As a scholar, I received a note from the Dean, Hugh Burnaby, asking me to read grace in hall. In those days the Fellows dined in order of seniority, with the Master presiding at the end of high table. Hugh Burnaby was invariably late for dinner so that he could sit with the younger Fellows and missed grace. He was therefore known as the late Dean. He was very active in the musical life in college and concerts, including excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivan operas, were always popular.

The Master was Timmy Hele, who had been vice-chancellor during the war and was approaching retirement. He was a medic and was reputed to offer to use a stomach pump on those who had

overindulged at club dinners. The Senior Tutor, Edward Welbourne, was a constant presence in college. He was a great talker, whose conversations would pass apparently seamlessly between many unexpected topics, for instance: there was no revolution in Victorian Britain because fish and chips provided the working classes with an affordable diet which was rich in protein and carbohydrate; that the chemists poured all the university's money down the drains in Pembroke Street; that there are few Roman Catholics in East Anglia because few Irish navvies were needed for railway excavations in the flat countryside. These were just a few of his wisdoms that I received during a three-hour perambulation of Front Court with him when I graduated in 1949. His tenure as Senior Tutor continued until 1951, when he succeeded Timmy Hele as Master. His arrival in hall on the day of his election was loudly applauded. The Master's Lodge, a Victorian building by Blomfield, was deemed to be unsafe and Welbourne and his wife continued to live in their large house in Shelford. Nevertheless, he continued to spend many hours in college



Ronald Norrish (1919, Fellow 1925–78)



throughout his Mastership, which like that of his two immediate successors lasted 13 years.

Graduating in 1949, I began research in the Department of Physical Chemistry and encountered another outcome of the 1939–45 war: the availability of war-surplus equipment, which facilitated new approaches in research. Thus, my first year was spent developing a microwave resonator system to study ionisation in luminous flames. After that I joined Norrish and Porter and built the second flash photolysis apparatus.

As it is now 50 years since these two Fellows of Emmanuel were awarded the 1967 Nobel prize for chemistry for their study of fast reaction, by flash photolysis, the origins of the technique and its relation to the war is of some interest.

Norrish was born in Cambridge and his research here enjoyed a considerable reputation in combustion and photochemistry. These processes are often complex and include a series of steps involving fragments of molecules known as free radicals. The problem was that the free radicals reacted so rapidly that their

## Two Britons share in Nobel prize

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT  
STOCKHOLM, Oct. 30

Two British scientists, Professor Ronald George Wrayford Norrish and Professor George Porter, were today jointly awarded half of this year's Nobel prize for Chemistry. They share the prize with Professor Manfred Eigen of the Max Planck Institute for Physical Chemistry in Göttingen, west Germany.

The prize for physics was awarded to the German-born scientist Professor Hans Bethe, who since 1955 has been working in the United States.

Professor Norrish and Professor Porter, together with Professor Eigen, were awarded the prize for their studies of extremely fast chemical reactions, effected by disturbing the equilibrium by means of very short pulses of energy.

Professor Norrish was born in 1917, and, with an interruption for war service from 1940 to 1944, studied at Cambridge where he became a research Fellow of Emmanuel College in 1923. From 1927 to 1965 he was Professor of Physical Chemistry at the University of Cambridge and director of the University Department for Physical Chemistry, where he is still active, since 1965 as Professor Emeritus.

Professor Porter was born at Stamford, Yorkshire, in 1920. He studied first at the University of Leeds and then, after a period of war service from 1941 to 1945, at

Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He was assistant director of the department, headed by Professor Norrish, from 1952-54. In 1955 he moved to the University of Sheffield, first as Professor of Physical Chemistry and later occupying a special chair in chemistry. Since 1966 he has been Professor of Chemistry and director of the Royal Institution in London.

Professor Hans Bethe was awarded the prize for physics for his contributions to the theory of nuclear reactions, especially his discoveries concerning the energy production in stars. He is 61. In the 1950s he was compelled by the Nazi regime to leave Germany. After two years in England, he went to the United States in 1955 and joined Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, where he has occupied a chair in theoretical physics since 1957. He served as director of the section for theoretical physics at Los Alamos New Mexico, the establishment for nuclear research, from 1943 to 1946.

The Oslo correspondent writes:—

The Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Storting decided today for the second consecutive year, not to award the peace prize. It was also decided to transfer one-third of the prize for 1966 to the Nobel Foundation and two-thirds to the Peace Prize Fund.

Science report, page 9; leading article, page 11.

concentrations were too small for them to be identified and characterised. After the war Norrish and Porter (who had served in the navy) first tried a focused searchlight to increase the production rate of free radicals, but its output of ultra-violet light proved inadequate. They then tried very powerful flash tubes, which had been developed for aerial photographic reconnaissance. Extra energy was provided by a small roomful of 4000-volt condensers provided by the navy. With adequate light intensity it was necessary to detect the short-lived intermediates during and immediately after the millisecond duration of the flash. A second flash was therefore used to photograph the absorption spectrum during and after the first flash, the time interval being determined by contacts on a rotating disc.

When I came to build the second flash photolysis apparatus, the aim was to improve the time resolution by using an electronic timer constructed mainly from equipment from discarded airborne radar systems. By using higher voltage flashes and more compact apparatus, time resolution was improved by a factor of 50.

The technique was soon adopted in many laboratories and applied to a wide variety of problems. The Nobel prize-winning spectroscopist Gerhard Herzberg used flash photolysis to detect and study several of the free radicals that Norrish could only postulate. But he had the advantage of the superb grating spectrographs in Ottawa (coincidentally my late wife's birthplace).

**Brian Thrush, *Life Fellow* (1946)**

#### **Emmanuel College and Cambridge 1974–77**

The telegram arrived just before Christmas 1972: 'CONGRATULATIONS SCHOLARSHIP AT EMMANUEL – SENIOR TUTOR'. Confirmation from D G T Williams followed, a standard printed letter with the relevant details typed in: 'Our expectation is that you will be coming into residence in October 1973, and that you will be reading history (subject to satisfying the matriculation requirements by gaining a pass in the Use of English examination)'. On the accompanying page was a report on my performance in the

entrance scholarship examination with the grades for its various elements, where 1 was excellent; 2 very good; 3 good; 4 fair and 5 weak. I scored as follows:

General Paper (history)	1
General historical questions	2
British history	2
Foreign history	3
Passages for translation: French 1 and German	2

Comments were added: 'a consistently high standard, with an excellent performance in the General Paper – lucid and elegant, which put him clearly into the Scholarship class'. I loved 'lucid and elegant' and have never forgotten it.

I don't know how the final decision was reached from the various elements of an application. I had been interviewed by Geoffrey Crossick and Gerard Evans in late September. I thought it had gone rather well and enjoyed it. I don't recall feeling under any kind of examination, indeed was quite at ease as we discussed historical matters. I had heard things to the effect that one's sporting prowess and the like would form part of it, but such was not at all the case, fortunately for me. I do remember discussing the relative merits of Gladstone and Disraeli (at the time I favoured the latter, now the former) and eighteenth-century French history, in which I was then greatly interested. I had become fascinated by the court of Versailles and read St Simon's memoirs and biographies of its inhabitants from Louis XIV to Mesdames de Pompadour and du Barry and the duc de Richelieu, among others. Perhaps too fascinated, as when, years later, on asking to see my college file I saw that the admissions interview report said simply: 'Keen on Louis XV. Obsessive. Await school. Grade C. Crossick'. So they awaited school.

I had taken my A-levels when I was still 16 (my birthday being late, 31 July) and whilst I got As in history and French, I managed an O in English. The headmaster's reference was written in June 1972 as I retook them. It began: 'A retiring and scholarly young man who must have been as mystified as we were by his comparative failure in English last year', which went on to praise my 'ability and

industry of a high order' and averred that 'I can only imagine that in English he failed to link his wide, if discursive reading, to the particular requirements of the syllabus'. Perhaps so. I was certainly a voracious reader. He continued: '... his written work rather lacks fluency which sometimes prevents him conveying the full range of his ideas, it is always interesting and sound (sic) based, and he appears to have a good grasp of history'. I was in addition an 'above average linguist' and 'quite an effective speaker' in the Debating Society, and he concluded that, 'He has plenty of inner confidence and as he learns to give greater external indication of it, he should do very well'. In the event he was able to add in October that A grades in French and English and a distinction in scholarship history had amply confirmed 'our good opinion of this young man'. I have no idea how I rose from O to A in English in the intervening year. So I already had my A-level results when I attended the interview and sat the scholarship exam. On my UCCA form I had placed Cambridge first, followed by Bristol, York, Warwick and Kent but I think I only thought in terms of the first two. I did have an interview at Bristol, which I liked, with John Vincent and a medievalist whose name I can't now recall, and was offered a place. My interests I listed as chair of the History Society, junior committee member of the Debating Society, architecture, French literature, cinema, jazz, genealogy, historical novels, eighteenth-century France, twentieth-century politics, World War II, the history of art, music (Russian), walking and tennis. I can only imagine that I put the last as some kind of sop to any sporting interest, as I was not very good and rarely played. I described my dad as a 'textile consultant', which was probably me foolishly trying to talk it up. He was a reed maker, a key part of a loom, and had been for the greater part of his working life, at Lister's Mill, Bradford. My mum had been a typist, also at Lister's, in the knitting-wool office, before they married. I wasn't the first to go to university in the family, an older cousin had gone to Oxford to read classics, but none of my parents' generation had stayed at school beyond 14. My parents must have been enormously proud but to my great delight, both then and later, I never felt any pressure on me to succeed, just 'do

my best'. In contrast, when I arrived at Emmanuel in due course, I met people who had clearly been under great parental pressure.

I had won a scholarship to Bradford Grammar School, a direct grant school. Getting its pupils into Oxbridge seems to have been one of its chief goals. It was thus entirely in keeping with this that in the speech day programme the listing of university degrees obtained by former pupils began with Cambridge, then Oxford, then 'Other Universities'. The school was enormously snobbish towards its pupils who followed other paths, like my brother, who left after good A-levels to study accountancy as a part-time student. In my year then, 37 went to Oxford or Cambridge, of 87 university places obtained, plus 11 to polytechnics or colleges of education. I may as well state now that I loathed Bradford Grammar School from first entrance in September 1965 to my final leave-taking in early spring 1973. I don't, however, propose to rehearse my school days here. Suffice to say that I always thought that Pevsner's comment on the new building, completed in 1949 – 'aesthetically out of date from the moment it was taken over' – applied equally to the general ethos of the place. It had its masters in gowns, houses with their colours, the annual Founders' Day at the city's cathedral, most of which were in fact of relatively recent introduction, and the rest. The head, Kenneth Robinson, possibly the most pompous individual I ever met, liked to refer to association football as 'the other game'. Amidst the generality of the mean, time-serving and incompetent, I would though like to praise a trio of history teachers: Reg Petty, John Tarbett and Roger Symonds, who were really enthusiastic and imaginative in their approaches to the subject, so that by the time I left I felt I moved fairly seamlessly into university-level history study. Tarbett particularly really enthused me with special subjects on Thomas Carlyle and on Roosevelt and the New Deal.

In the event, I didn't come up to Emmanuel until the following year, 1974. I took some 18 months out, having left school finally in mid-term in March 1973. The head's parting words were: 'I suppose you want to go off and be a lorry driver'. Since I couldn't drive, I in fact took various jobs in Bradford until in the summer I went off with my girlfriend to work at the White House Hotel on

Herm in the Channel Islands. Then for a year we lived in Norwich, where she studied at the University of East Anglia whilst I worked in a trio of routine clerical jobs, which were just still easy to come by then, before we spent the summer touring Europe.

So I was 20 by the time I arrived in Cambridge, slightly older, I think, than most of my contemporaries, who all seemed to have come direct from school. I should really say here too that my experience of Emmanuel and Cambridge was coloured partly by the fact that during the whole of my three years, I spent as much time as I could with my girlfriend. In the first and third years, every weekend I would spend in Norwich or she in Cambridge. In this I was slightly surprised at the College's apparently relaxed attitude to female guests after what I had read of the strictness of Oxbridge colleges, but perhaps my information on this was as outdated as that on the importance of sporting prowess to entry. Emmanuel was of course all male then and I don't recall too many young women about the place, although the girlfriend of one of my first-year neighbours had a habit of tripping along the landing to the bathroom in her underwear. In my second year, my girlfriend was studying at the Sorbonne and I spent time away in Paris when I could. So my experience may not be typical, or perhaps it was more typical than I know, and my memory of the place retained something of a mix of the romance of our being together there and the melancholy of separation.

I have retained no friends from my college days and didn't really make any when I was there, although I did socialise a little. So what was my experience? I was much taken with the beauty of the college and the town, as I always am whenever I have visited over the succeeding 40 years, in whatever season, just looking across at the chapel every time one came through the gate, or walking through the gardens, especially at night when the bats were about. I loved my daily walks, for example, across the market place, through King's and across the river to the History Faculty or through Clare to the University Library; or down Downing Street towards the Mill Lane lecture rooms. I loved too, in particular, the collections at the Fitzwilliam, and spent many hours there and at the Arts Cinema, which regularly showed film classics like *La*

*Grande Illusion* in its very varied programme. Cambridge seemed like a small town, certainly in contrast to Bradford and certainly too in contrast to today. At the time, Lion Yard had just been completed, part of the general homogenisation of British towns, and which has proceeded apace in Cambridge since then. The battle was then on to save the Kite from development, unsuccessfully as it turned out. It seemed to me also to be very much town and gown, the latter wealthy, the former not. The town's pubs seemed to reflect this, with those for students and 'townies' and there seemed to be soldiers too in the latter in those days. I didn't spend time in either really, though I did find an old-fashioned local pub further out of town on one of the main roads, whose name I can't now recall, but where you could enjoy a quiet pint. I remember an elderly regular was allowed to drink free from the slops of beer that collected in the drip trays. I never completed the King Street run; I don't recall going into any of the pubs there in fact. I did enjoy the odd pint in the Castle, opposite the college, still there but unrecognisable. The Eros restaurant was a great favourite.

In my first year I lived in South Court but for the second and third I asked for the cheapest available room in the college and was given one which I loved, on the top floor above the kitchens. This had a window looking on to New Court, under which was my desk, and another on to St Andrew's Street, under which was my bed. I think there were two other rooms on the landing and we shared a little galley kitchen and a somewhat primitive toilet and shower. I can't, I am afraid, recall the names of my neighbours. One was a chap from Derby I think and one a vet, whose room contained a collection of small skeletons. We had a 'bedder' in those days, although I always gave her a cup of tea and had a chat, as I didn't want somebody making my bed for me and doing the washing up. I remember she wore quite a bit of make-up for an older woman and liked to pay me compliments on being handsome, in her eyes anyway.

I can't say I took to college life. The dining hall and the gowns, for example, all seemed too redolent of my school days. I wrote both to my parents and my girlfriend about my feeling of 'apartness', of being 'out of place', whereas everyone else seemed to be

fitting seamlessly into it all. I went to the Debating Society and it was exactly like the one at school, worse if anything, its members so full of pomposity and self-importance, future rulers of our country as I characterised them at the time. I spoke in just one debate, about legalising prostitution, in which the two main lines of argument as I remember them were for the introduction of state-run brothels with strict supervision and medical examinations, or sweeping the women as refuse from the face of the earth. I made some sort of plea for a world where sex was based on love and friendship, not commerce. I was in the Jazz Club, which gave me access to a fantastic collection of records, and the Emmanuel-Newnham Historical Society, although I am afraid I can't recall its historical activities and I couldn't afford the dinner. I played the occasional game of squash, in which I was invariably trounced by much better players than I was. I took some interest in ECSU, voting and attending meetings if I was around but it seemed often fairly parochial (food in hall) or unlikely to get very far (more say in the running of the college), unless I am being unfair in retrospect. I did work for a time in the bar in the JCR, to raise a bit of cash, but didn't use it myself very often, except for a last drink, preferring pubs already mentioned. So I suppose I didn't really take much part in the life of the college.

In my second year, I joined the Labour Party but became fairly quickly disillusioned. The ward membership seemed hopelessly divided between old-style right-wing Labourites and middle-class radicals who favoured policies (raising the price of basic goods like coffee to benefit Third World producers, for example) which were anathema to the former members. I also hated party work, especially canvassing, where one encountered the rude, ignorant and smart-alec and, on one occasion canvassing a room in South Court, a chap who had decorated the entire wall surface with soft-pornographic photographs. I wondered what his bedder thought. There was a by-election during my time there, in December 1976, which Labour lost, to our great disappointment, which I remember taking part in, including demonstrating against the National Front candidate and being warned by a police officer not to throw a beer can I was holding.

People have sometimes asked me whether I encountered any social snobbery or the loutish undergraduate behaviour that one

reads about at Oxbridge. I never met any of the former but I do recall incidents of the latter. I remember a perfectly inoffensive lad being doused with beer, for example, in the JCR by a group celebrating the end of exams, or the occasional throwing in the pond, but it was fairly peripheral, to me at any rate. I do remember in South Court being woken up early one morning by noise outside and on looking out saw what appeared to be a champagne breakfast in full flow. I never went to a May Ball.

What I really loved was the study of history. I read Griff Rhys Jones's (he was at Emmanuel at the same time although I have no memory of him) account in his *Semi-Detached* of his experience of the college's historians, which I simply could not recognise, although I of course appreciate he was writing for effect. His first supervision was with 'two crazed enthusiasts for the historical process [who] seemed to have descended from some heady and complicated research undertaking to spend an hour trying to focus on the requirements of a group of defective novitiates' and who, having hosed them down with 'a water-cannon of sources' left them entirely to their own devices. My tutor and also supervisor was Gerard Evans. I was very fond of him. From the interview two years previously, and both as tutor and supervisor throughout my time at Emmanuel, I found him to be kind, charming, witty and stimulating. As a tutor I found his blend of sympathy and practicality exactly right when listening to any difficulty I had. His supervisions, during which he chain-smoked, were a delight, encouraging but critical but with occasional bursts of pithy advice: 'you have to learn to gut books, Paul', he said to me once as I tended to feel obliged to read the complete work. He once also referred to my 'beautiful shell-like ears', in what context I can't now remember, but which always amuses people. He was kind enough to comment on the 'lapidary elegance' of one of my essays, which I loved. He was certainly a witty man and I did witness a scene where it rather rebounded on him. It always stuck in my mind as it wasn't quite what I was expecting of a college dinner. He supervised me for American history since 1689 in my second year and in my third for the political culture of the United States since 1900. These were embellished with anecdotes of his own visits to the US.

I remember him telling me how he was once caught up in a riot in Harlem, which conjured up a delightful picture of a donnish Gerard looking on as the locals looted the shops.

In my first year my Emmanuel supervisors were Roderick Floud for modern British social and economic history and David Brooks for modern British political and constitutional history. I remember Roderick Floud's leather jackets and once when I took him to task for reducing human life to statistics, I flattered myself that he responded by inserting into a lecture the story of how in one poor Edwardian family a dead infant had lain for days in the room awaiting burial. But he too was an excellent supervisor. From other colleges, Roy Porter was terrific for early modern European history. I loved the walk up to Churchill College and remember his fairly flamboyant attire, compared to some, and his interest and enthusiasm, including for the rabbits that played on the grass outside his window. I was thus enormously gratified to read his supervisor's report, which professed to have found me 'most pleasant to supervise, friendly, courteous and eager' and, in view of my own career as an historian, his observation that my writing style had 'the ability to pick out the important issues, it is clear cut, decisive and knows the use of a choice example'. On the Expansion of Europe I was supervised by David Blackburn of Jesus, who also was an excellent tutor, but with him I didn't seem to get on for some reason, despite on our first meeting sharing an enthusiasm for the Philip Marlowe novels of Raymond Chandler. I confess I found him a bit too much of a 'stage' scholar, very intense, whilst he, for his part, found me 'mulish and prickly', among other things, if on the whole 'very rewarding to teach'.

The supervisions were compulsory but the great thing I liked overall was that everything else was up to you. There was a huge menu of lectures from which to choose and I made the most of it. I was richly rewarded with many interesting and often entertaining series of lectures by, among others, John Brewer, Floud, Vic Gatrell, Edward Norman, Henry Pelling, Porter, Anil Seal, Jonathan Steinberg, Zara Steiner and Betty Wood. I can only recall one who in any way matched Rhys Jones's jaundiced descriptions: that was Maurice Cowling, who gave two lectures on some aspect of inter-

war politics at the very end of the afternoon – 5 o'clock – to a fairly select group in a gloomy Mill Lane lecture room. He began the first one with words along the lines of 'You're not going to understand this' and then read as if he sincerely meant it. But he was the exception. One also heard John Gallagher, for example, on the Expansion of Europe, beginning his series of lectures with the observation that said expansion had taken place over the bones of millions of indigenous peoples, or noting of Spanish Equatorial Guinea, I think it was, that it was possibly the worst governed state in the world and adding, after a pause, 'a title for which the competition is intense'. There were also seminars offered, which few of us ever seemed to take up. I especially enjoyed John Brewer's on crime, the magistracy and the community in England, 1715–1832 and a series on US history, in which I recall Diane Abbott, later a Labour politician, was a frequent contributor. And there were visiting lecturers and other occasional speakers. Robert W Fogel was there (*Time on the Cross* had just been published), a big man with a thick accent, giving out copious handouts to his lectures on the US economy and slavery. I managed to squeeze into his famous 'encounter' with Geoffrey Elton, which, perhaps predictably, was something of a love-in in the end. There was Lawrence Stone to a packed lecture theatre on 'The family, marriage and sex in England', or Herbert Butterfield to a small gathering at Sidney Sussex.

But in the end, most of the work inevitably was in the library and I spent hours in the Seeley, which bore out its reputation for being too cold in the winter and too hot in the summer. I also increasingly gravitated to the University Library, which few contemporaries seemed to, and formed quite an attachment to it despite its austere exterior, searching for books in remote, peaceful corners and poring over them as outside the light slowly faded.

There were other opportunities. Throughout my time I had tuition in French with Sandra Graham as she was then, afterwards Smith, later the distinguished translator of Nēmirovsky, Camus and Maupassant. There was some sort of exam, which I never in fact took, but I enjoyed enormously the works which we looked at, like Apollinaire's poetry or Aragon's *Le Paysan de Paris* and translating some of my favourite English works into French. She was

American, from New York, an added bonus when my interest in that country was developing. We have remained good friends ever since. In the summer of my second year I spent two months in Mannheim, funded by the Goethe Institut. I can't remember who put me on to this opportunity, Geoff Eley or Gerard Evans, but it was terrific. Students from several other European countries took part, mostly radicals of one sort or another (except the English) including a trio of Spanish communists, who had dark tales to tell of Franco's rule. We had language classes in the elector's former palace and a series of cultural events, including a Wagner opera and visits to nearby places like Heidelberg, Worms or Speyer and the BASF plant at Ludwigshaven, where I remember particularly the sewage works and an enormous mountain of polystyrene.

In my third year, for my Part II I took papers in social and political sciences, against Gerard's advice, if I recall correctly, who wanted me to stick with history. But at the time I wanted to take a paper in particular on the political culture of the United States and so ignored it. Dave McKay came across from Essex and gave great lectures to the small group of us taking the subject. In the event the other papers were absorbing: 'Theories in the social sciences', with lectures by Anthony Giddens among others, often fairly incomprehensible to me I have to say; 'The sociology of politics', supervised by David Lane and Kevin Bonnett; and 'The politics of Latin America', which I am afraid I no longer remember too much about, but enjoyed, including giving a seminar paper on Zapata. And so I took my Part II exams in the spring of 1977, getting a 2:1. I can't now remember whether it was these or the Part Is, but I recall turning up for one on a gorgeous spring day to the news that the building had been ruled unsafe and at another a young woman near me took one look at the paper and fled, sobbing, from the room. I left Cambridge immediately after the exams were over. 'The course of true love never did (I am afraid altogether) run smooth' and at that point I really wanted to get away and so took up a job at a hotel in Great Langdale, at which we had worked on and off since 1974, and where I was to remain, on and off, for nearly four years. But that's another story.

I have often returned since to Cambridge, to visit Sandra or to avail myself of the UL. I will say that both university and college are generous to alumni, certainly compared to what I know of other institutions, including the University of Bradford, from which I retired at the end of 2016. Eventually, I pursued a career myself in social history, publishing a trio of books on the subject of drink and drinking places, and teaching in university adult education at Leeds, the Open University and Bradford and also for the WEA. I have always too on visits at least looked into Emmanuel. In 1995 I met Gerard again and waited, as many times 20 years earlier, outside his room until he arrived with a bottle of sherry and we spent a delightful hour or so before lunch discussing my subsequent travels around the US (I had done an MPhil on the post-war politics of Georgia and spent time there researching) and matters historical. At lunch, David Lane was sitting opposite us but unfortunately I didn't immediately recognise him. As it eventually dawned on me, Gerard remarked cheerily, 'You two obviously made a big impression on each other'. Most recently, in late March 2017, coming to Cambridge for a seminar in the Geography Department and some work in the UL, I stayed at the college and was Sarah Bendall's guest at high table. I still didn't feel wholly comfortable wearing a gown.

The town of course has changed immensely. I had been taken aback, visiting with my family in the summer of 2016, just how busy it had become. It was so too in late March. I was astonished too, arriving by train for the first time in over 20 years, at the scale of development around the station and in the countryside as the train approached from the south. Although I have little experience of college life since my time (I have been usually there out of term-time) my impression from the *Magazine* and conversations is of change, notably of course with the admission of women. But the beauty of the college buildings and grounds still remain. And indeed, my two abiding memories of Emmanuel and Cambridge are the beauty of the place and the immense enjoyment and stimulation of my studies in history.

**Paul Jennings (1974)**



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## BREWER HALL POETRY PRIZE

*The Brewer Hall Prize, endowed in honour of Derek Brewer by Andrew Hall (1972), was in 2017 divided between Ren Chun Ho (St John's), who received a major award for his collection of poems, and Imogen Cassels (Caius), who received a special award for her poem. We print here their winning poems.*

### Biographies in Ideogram

椿 (*chún*) is the Chinese character for *T. sinensis*, known as the tree of heaven, and can be broken down into separate characters: 木 (*mù*), 春 (*chūn*), 日 (*rì*), 三 (*sān*), 口 (*kǒu*), and 人 (*rén*).

木. *mù* / **tree, wooden, simple, numb.**

Trees always flanked the river  
of my tongue as I sipped for roots.  
By red flowers and palms I grew,  
long and lithe green arms that skewered  
the face of bluest pools.  
The soft crush of frangipani  
tread upon silted the air,  
sour, young, hungry, a honey  
dripping in our hair.  
Bright fruits I sunk  
my teeth in to tear,  
sloughs of warm juice drunk  
by collarbones. Yours.

When I first saw fall trees dropping  
their autumnal gowns, like bricks to the  
mortar of earth, I took up my bags and knew  
the blackness of death a step behind.  
A pallium of bread-brown leaves twirled  
round me, like a pelt or sea and I could see

memories that made mirrors for me,  
the hide of spurned loves behind.  
Branches, veins of thunder yearning  
back for amaranthine.

春 *chūn* / **spring, youth, lust, life.**

It was in spring my great-grandfather sailed,  
a ship-maker, a shadow,  
no seasons where he landed,  
and like a still, pliant banana tree  
in the cool shades he worked, kneading wood.

The boy by his foot,  
by the *tongkangs* in Tanjong Rhu,  
went on to Nanking, to America.  
To him, with her rich Shanghai father,  
grandmother, the stray chemist turned writer,  
must've seemed like rays streaming through curtains:  
a bit too harsh and bright.  
she was glory and smooth stone,  
she was light and cold bone, the pause  
in the middle of his sentence.

In such stuttered spaces darkneses settle –  
movement like slow birds from under the stones  
of China, birdlike clasping with talons invisible  
strings that tie them to the sun.

Grandfather caught us boxes from his journeys.  
simple cedar, tortoise-shell, fitted with shining stones,  
opaque and too-smooth like coffins. All empty,  
except slivers of paper. Brussels, Belgium, 1960,  
swimming in memory,  
like a lost strand of wind blown in.  
An oracle bone, a piece of silver soul:  
grandmother left a collection of jade

and porcelain turtles; some from before  
she saw her mother the last time  
the borders were closed.

I am a lost strand of wind blown in,  
unexpected, a fallen leaf  
in the late womb of April.  
Thirsting for return, I die and seek rebirth,  
like a crescent of white flowers by the bay.

日 *rì* / **the sun, or a day in one's life.**

Look in here.  
A partition, a shuttered room,  
a broken sun, the moving loom,  
the half eye lid of the moon  
rimmed with innocent light.  
An eye of a son. See here.

For a Boy, it was a hefty exchange  
Glimpsing such adult secrets.  
Every day I was dried by the truth.

Where once hung immutable truth  
In my worldly exchange,  
The orchard of my parents' secrets

Or the ripened fruits of secrets  
Became known as sour truth.  
Years of shouts intended hidden exchange,

And in exchange, by forgiving secrets, I forgave truth.

三 *sān* / **three.**

But let us not forget, there are three of us:  
words thumbed through by intermittent sun.  
The sentence is my father hunched over  
a slab of oak bench, whisky

in the far corner tumbling  
with the orbit of once-tender ice,  
a feeling of rain, out side. *lěng*.

Lingering ashes plaster on the walls,  
a bouquet of balmy southeast asian  
vines move itself through the fronds  
of bird's nests up the feet of the wood,  
through our eyes, impressionable minds,  
ceiling.

Toucans cluster on the left wall,  
hazy and yellow and godlike in a painted nest  
beyond a vanishing point;  
my mother in her study.

Two lines stood above me,  
older lids heavy  
on a closing vision.  
I was etched too short,  
too faint a strike.  
Me, me, and me.  
swimming pikes in netted sea,  
not local enough for the taste,  
or seasoned with sour accent,  
turned up like rot.

Confucius said,  
wherever you go, go completely.  
Proust said having new eyes  
was the real journey.

After a long time, I knew what my siblings meant  
when they said to stand  
at the brink of land and call out  
from beneath the rained upon well,  
and hear your own whisper.

□ **kǒu / a mouth, a bite, to speak, to exit, to enter.**

I.

An open window.  
A field awaiting its lines.  
Earth is groundless ground.

II.

Here and there windows punctuate  
my grammar of yawning spring fields,  
the warm language of English homes.  
Yet no house for my name, strokes on the  
glass like mother's blood, a humid rain.  
Where, here or there, are my words?

III.

An open window.  
An eye dilated in dark.  
Still we look for earth.

人 **rén/ man, person, people.**

Wreathes of flower, life's fitful fever, the long chain of gold or  
iron or rose or thorn, ropes of blood around the gone. The  
fragility of skin makes for good measure of time, as joints set  
deep. Fingers get stiff from years of clutching. Lining the  
uncles up, one by one, variants of a stride, they spring the  
digits of a hand reaching across time. Tapping the rubber plan-  
tations of Malacca. My mother was the wrist, the only girl in a  
poor family in Little India. But a dancer, a singer, a ladle and a  
tether.

across the space

Sharing a handshake with *ji mai*, wrinkles form the greeting.  
Hard-won, bookshelves, marks of a fidelity to life. Partial maps  
to family trees. A forest of distance. I wait for wrinkles. I spring  
from the soil and cast down roots like fisherman's poles

tapping the moon. I am told I have *wai po's* hands (I've never  
met her) but they tremble slightly when held out (all limbs of  
shadows once) still preparing dinner for six.

The *tang yuan* children float around the bowl of the living  
room. Budding, bobbing – the open, dark, chiding and lit sea  
remains wide, and they're next. A shutter of dusk and light,  
waiting to be groundwater and rain. Migrating a hundred  
times in a lifetime; the husk and the grain.

**Ren Chun Ho**

**French Work**

*after Holly Pester*

I never meant to see you walking out  
at night, boy gap among the rose-rows,  
my lulla my lulla my etcetera. I am  
a mock of atoms. Watching the bone china  
seethe at dusk, praying for the gas gas,  
making lace: French work. It is an ugly  
life. With rough hands, made for quick  
work. Locomotion. Things come to pass  
away easier in the dark, sewing the baby  
to sleep. What what I wouldn't give to change  
my red-seamed fingers, the ridges where  
the needle caught a thousand times.  
In all my short life I never saw a tapestry  
so wrecked as this one, baby, so dragged  
apart. Webbing. What world we will  
swaddle you in. No more cloth to import.  
I cannot speak of the owl your father –  
why talk politics when you could just flood  
the engine with love and drive out

to the nearest bridge. On the nights  
 you don't sleep, baby, I stay with you,  
 stitching up my heart, singing bye-bye.  
 Won't be long now, honey. Coffining's a kind  
 of bare love. I hear the earth sometimes,  
 teeming with white roots. Now the song  
 will fade to breathing, then stop altogether,  
 and like every other soaring film, will pan  
 skywards, where clouds burst with joy,  
 and end with rain.

**Imogen Cassels**

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## *JOHN HUGHES PRIZE*

*The John Hughes Prize for 2017 was awarded jointly to Arabella Milbank (2012) and Jessica Scott (2016). The prize was set up in memory of The Revd Dr John Hughes (2001) whose PhD was supervised by Professor Catherine Pickstock. John was Dean of Jesus College when he died tragically in a car crash in 2014. The prize, endowed from a legacy John left the college, is for an essay in theological discourse, and Arabella's submission included a poem 'Rest', which was in part a tribute to John's monograph, **The End of Work: Theological Critiques of Capitalism** (Oxford: Blackwell, 2007).*

### **Rest**

works end when we can no unrest  
 but all return: blazing in the east, blazing  
 in the west. When burned emoting motions  
 succoured gaze, forgave of further point, finds  
 its will blessed.  
 the turn, reach, when awake, the race:  
 received fruits, buds with a little graced

earth; a little graced rain. We flect  
 like leaves which turn and die and blaze  
 glory into the eye; the heart's  
 untongued gaze.

to stand crowned with the laurel of the work's worth,  
 leisurely praising under the oak,

to be the vine your own love planted,  
 impeded on the rooted tree,

to fall to dust and still and also mount  
 in flames like furls of bulb bark,  
 to earth's height.

I saw bright hands receive you,  
 palms that lapped with light  
 wearing matter of unlikeness  
 as the mirror made for sight.

works' end: when we can no unrest  
 but, all return, blazing, in the east, blazing,  
 in the west.

Amen. Amen.

For JH



# News

## FELLOWSHIP ELECTIONS

The college has made the following Fellowship elections:



Alexander Kolassa

**Charlotte Bentley** writes: Originally from Leicester, I came up to Cambridge as an undergraduate, gaining my BA in music in 2013. I spent the following year studying for an MA at the University of Nottingham, before returning to Cambridge to begin my PhD (completion of which is imminent at the time of writing!). Since I matriculated at Emmanuel in October 2010, the college has played a huge part in my life, and I am delighted to have been given the opportunity to experience it from yet another angle, as a Research Fellow.

My research focuses on operatic mobility in the nineteenth century, using the translation of opera into non-European environments as a way of examining questions of international cultural transfer in the period more broadly. So far, I have worked on New Orleans, which was home to the first (and, for some 35 years, the only) permanent opera company in North America, and recruited its performers each year from Europe. I have explored the city's place within growing global operatic systems, arguing for the centrality of human agency to the long-term development of transatlantic networks of production, as well as the role of material culture in promoting an increasingly international operatic discourse. At the same time, I have sought to understand the more distinctively local aspects of the city's operatic life, in terms of the theatre-going experience and the adaptation/reception of particular works.

During my research fellowship, I look forward to beginning a larger project about touring opera in the Caribbean and southern United States, exploring the ways in which operatic translocation might challenge dominant narratives of nineteenth-century globalisation. My other research interests include Jules Massenet, operatic

realism, and the influence of media technologies on the production and reception of opera in the late nineteenth century.

In my free time, I enjoy playing the violin and singing (during my undergraduate years I was a member of the Emmanuel chapel choir). An avid fan of cookery programmes, I enjoy being let loose in the kitchen, although I am not renowned for my speed or my tidiness!

**Clara Devlieger** writes: I am originally from Belgium, where I completed a licentiate degree in Germanic languages (English, Dutch) at the Katholieke Universiteit Leuven. While I love(d) languages and literature, I wanted a more hands-on opportunity to study history and culture, and so I decided to change direction with a Masters in anthropology at the Université Catholique de Louvain. I moved to Cambridge for an MRes and PhD in social anthropology, which I completed this year, both at Trinity College.

For my doctoral research I spent 22 months doing fieldwork in Kinshasa (Democratic Republic of Congo, DRC), where I focused on the livelihood strategies of physically disabled adults who make a living thanks to unregulated practices of poverty alleviation. At the border between Kinshasa (DRC) and Brazzaville (Republic of Congo), disabled people receive unregulated discounts on import taxes at customs, as well as on ferry passage fees across the Congo River. A large-scale specialised economy has developed around these concessions, in which disabled people make a living working as intermediaries for those who wish to profit from their privileges in systems of regular trade, illegal migration and customs fraud. Organised begging, in turn, is practised in a remarkable system of solicitation called 'doing documents', where beggars deliberately imitate government bureaucratic systems of tax-collection and humanitarian fund-raising. Considering these activities together as strategies that combine economic and social value for marginalised people, I argue for the necessity of taking into



Aidan Russel

account the perspective of a petitioner in exchange relationships, as much as the classic perspective of the 'giver'.

As a Fellow in anthropology and African studies, I intend to develop my thesis into a monograph while starting a new research project that will consider the bio-political dimensions of organised social welfare in Kinshasa. I will focus on three groups of people who will be legislatively recognised as 'disabled' and 'vulnerable', contrary to many common contemporary conceptions in the city: people who are blind, deaf and who have albinism. Exploring social outreach programmes as much as substantive redistribution projects, I will question how the promise of welfare can shape the social landscape of the city, as the classificatory label of 'vulnerability' becomes a qualification for a share of the country's meagre resources.

In my free time, I enjoy swimming, cycling and walks in the lovely British countryside.

Beth Rooney for the Pozen Center, University of Chicago



**Emma Mackinnon** writes: I am coming to Cambridge from the University of Chicago, where I am currently completing a doctorate in political science. My research is in contemporary political theory and the history of human rights, with broader research interests in international political thought, liberalism and empire, and global justice. My work combines readings of canonical and contemporary texts with original archival research.

My current work concerns the legacies of the eighteenth-century French and American rights declarations in mid-twentieth-century politics of race and empire. My dissertation questions a narrative in which those foundational declarations are viewed as universal in their aspirations, but often contradicted in practice. In this story, rights promises may have been unfulfilled – or, worse, a mask for imperial ambitions – but nonetheless enabled later rights claims. I argue against viewing ideals as separate from practice and trace how, historically, narratives about gradual

universalisation helped justify forms of imperial and racial domination in the twentieth century. Drawing on the work of political actors who opposed such domination, I try to identify an anti-imperial version of human rights politics. That version, I argue, called not for the fulfillment of past promises, but for the making of new, more mutual ones; demanding a reckoning with history, rather than appealing to a future universal vision, it stands as an alternative to narratives of gradual fulfillment.

I grew up in Brooklyn, New York, and went to college at Harvard, where I concentrated on social studies, an interdisciplinary programme that let me take courses across history, politics, philosophy and literature. Before graduate school, I lived in New York City and in Washington, DC, working for four years at a political communications firm and for one year at a social policy research organisation.

Outside work I like reading, exploring and taking on what often turn out to be overly-ambitious cooking projects. I'm very excited to come to Emmanuel, which will be entirely new for me, and am looking forward to getting to know everyone there.

**Aja Murray** writes: I was born and grew up in Edinburgh to two clinical psychologists. From almost the start I was thus immersed in discussions on how the mind works; how different these workings can be across people; and how we can best support those struggling with mental health difficulties. My early academic passions were, however, skewed much more towards the biological and physical sciences. Thus, when it came time to choose a degree, a biological sciences BSc with a specialisation in psychology at the University of Edinburgh seemed the perfect way to combine my social and biological science interests. After completing my psychology BSc, I remained at the University of Edinburgh to complete an MSc in psychology. Here, my research focused on testing a statistical methodology used to understand the 'structure' of



Tom Booth

psychological constructs, such as intelligence, personality, or mental health. Building on this, I then completed a PhD in psychology, again at the University of Edinburgh, where I worked on evaluating a broader set of statistical methodologies, for example those used to test gene-environment interactions. Alongside this, I also maintained a line of research focused on understanding, identifying and assessing difficulties related to autism spectrum disorders, intellectual disability and mental health problems.

When I moved to the University of Cambridge as a research associate in 2015, I decided to dedicate myself fully to mental health research. From here on, my research focused on illuminating the developmental roots of mental health problems, why different mental health problems so often co-occur, and how we can use this knowledge in prevention and intervention. My research over the next few years will use longitudinal data covering the prenatal period to adulthood to reveal how, across different stages of development, dispositions and experiences together influence life-long tendencies to experience mental health problems. One particular interest will be on how we can leverage smartphones better to understand, monitor and support mental health not just at the severe or 'clinical' level but for all.

In my spare time, I like to get outdoors and into nature. I'm an obsessive (but mediocre) runner and enjoy other physical activities such as swimming, cycling, football and hill-walking. I am also an information glutton and love to keep up-to-date on the latest science news through podcasts, popular non-fiction and social media.

**Vinesh Rajpaul** writes: Some of my earliest memories are of being perched as a toddler on my grandparents' porch in South Africa and staring, utterly transfixed, at darkening twilight skies. I marvelled as glittering pinpricks of light started to appear in the firmament. I wasn't sure what I was staring at, though I sensed I was witnessing something sublime. As night fell, my parents or grandparents usually had to drag me inside.

Years later, I encountered the Voyager probe's photograph of Earth from a distance of 6 billion km. I was awed to think that every

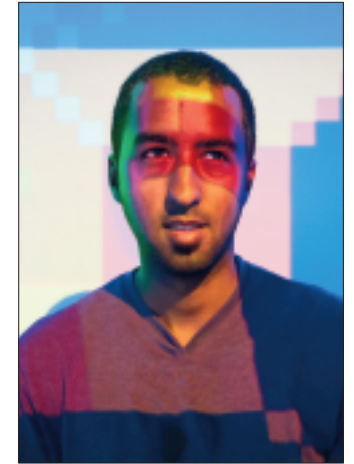
human being that ever existed had inhabited this 'pale blue dot ... a mere mote of dust, suspended in a sunbeam ... a lonely speck in the great enveloping cosmic dark' (as Carl Sagan put it). I was even more excited to learn of the discovery of the first planets around stars other than the sun, ie exoplanets.

By and by I found myself studying astronomy, physics and applied mathematics at the University of Cape Town. A Rhodes scholarship then brought me to Oxford, where I read for a DPhil in astrophysics at Merton College. My doctoral research focused on developing ways to discover smaller, more earth-like, exoplanets around a wider variety of stars than has until recently been possible. I helped discover and characterise various exoplanets, though my highest-profile result was proving that Alpha Centauri Bb – until 2016, thought to be the closest exoplanet to earth – actually does not exist.

I can still scarcely believe how fortunate I am to be conducting research in one of the most awe-inspiring and rapidly advancing fields in science: a field that fills me with the same child-like wonder I experienced on my grandparents' porch all those years ago. If there are other 'pale blue dots' out there in the vastness of the cosmos (perhaps teeming with life!), I very much hope to learn about them in my lifetime, and I am thrilled to have the opportunity to pursue this research at Emmanuel College.

Astrophysics aside, I am committed to improving scientific literacy among the general public and leveraging science education to transform broader worldviews.

Outside academia, my interests include techno tourism; playing the piano; listening to alternative and indie rock; politics; and modern literature. My biggest non-academic passion, however, is photography: my photographs have been published and exhibited internationally, and accolades include a 'UK Photographer of the Year' award. I've enjoyed creating a photographic account of



Victoria Maguire-Rajpaul



life 'inside' the University of Oxford over the past few years, and hope to do something similar in Cambridge. The photograph of me shown here was taken at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, with a projection system shining colourful light on my face. I rather like the rainbow motif, given its suggestions of inclusivity and equality, and as a photographer I enjoy playing with light and colour. Finally, my astronomy research involves splitting light from distant stars into its constituent frequencies/colours (rainbows again!), and looking for subtle variations in this frequency spectrum caused by the presence of unseen planets.



**Thomas Sauerwald** writes: I grew up in a small town in central Germany, located in the 'Sauerland' region, which may or may not be related to my family name. I completed my PhD in computer science at the University of Paderborn on efficient protocols for parallel networks. After two postdoctoral fellowships at Berkeley and Vancouver, I worked as a senior researcher and group leader at the Max Planck Institute for Informatics in Germany. Since 2013, I have been a university lecturer in Cambridge. So far my lecturing experience here includes two undergraduate courses on algorithms (Part I and Part II) as well as a graduate course on machine

learning and data mining. I have also greatly enjoyed giving supervisions, and I admire Cambridge's unique teaching environment that combines lectures with one-to-one supervisions.

My research interests have always been at the intersection of computer science and mathematics, but more recently I have shifted my focus to the use of random walk-based methods in computer science. This typically involves the simulation of small particles performing random walks on a network, for instance a large social network, in order to obtain quickly some information and insights about its structure. For instance, we may want to find out whether two given nodes are connected or, more generally, whether we can partition the network into well-connected groups

known as clustering. Since some of the networks we are dealing with contain billions of vertices, it is not feasible to perform a more traditional exhaustive search. Instead, we have to resort to randomised – that is sampling-based – approaches, which often includes running multiple random walks. In 2016 I was awarded a European Research Council starting grant, which enables me to establish the first research group working in this area.

In my free time I enjoy running (but definitely not as a random walk!), hiking, chess and classical music, for which Cambridge is probably one of the best places in the world!

**Vikas Trivedi** writes: I am a Herchel Smith post-doctoral fellow at the Department of Genetics, University of Cambridge. I started my academic career as an undergraduate at the Indian Institute of Technology Kanpur, where I appreciated the application of engineering/physical principles to biology. This exposure stimulated my interests in research at the boundary of biology and applied physics. Subsequently I decided to go for a PhD at California Institute of Technology (Caltech), Pasadena, USA.



During my stay in Pasadena, I worked on several biological processes across the length and time scales, ranging from heart development to musculoskeletal growth in vertebrate embryos. Fortunately, I had the freedom and the environment to explore multiple aspects of quantitative imaging such as 2-photon light sheet microscopy, quantification of RNA molecules *in situ* and hyper-spectral techniques for high-content imaging of live samples.

My current research work focuses on understanding the interplay of mechanical forces and chemical signalling that drive the beautiful self-assembly of cells to shape a developing embryo. In experiments, I utilise mouse embryonic stem cells to make three-dimensional aggregates that mimic events in an early embryo, thereby providing an excellent *in vitro* model to understand patterning and morphogenesis in the absence of external signals.

I enjoy teaching and have taught courses in various capacities in India and the USA. At Cambridge, I teach the imaging module for the systems biology course. I am also the deputy editor of Royal Microscopical Society's magazine *infocus*. I enjoy discussions across disciplines and am looking forward to interactions with the members of Emmanuel.



Benjamin Walton

**Bettina Varwig** writes: I am a university lecturer at the Faculty of Music, specialising in music of the early modern period. Previously I was senior lecturer in the Department of Music at King's College London, where I also took my undergraduate degree in 2000. I completed my doctoral studies at Harvard University in 2005, followed by a Fellowship by Examination at Magdalen College, Oxford and a British Academy Fellowship at the University of Cambridge and Girton College. I took up my teaching post at King's College London in 2009 but remained living in Cambridge, so already feel quite at home here. I am thrilled to be joining the community of

Fellows and students at Emmanuel.

My research concerns the cultural history of Western music in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, taking in composers from Claudio Monteverdi to Johann Sebastian Bach. At present I am particularly interested in histories of the body, the emotions and the senses, asking where and how musical sound operated upon or within the bodies, minds and souls of early modern performers and listeners. How did music and its perceived powerful impact on animate beings shape contemporary ideas about human nature, its physiology and psychology? How can these past musical practices and discourses aid in recovering particular historical forms of being-in-the-body? And how might this music begin to sound differently to us as a result? I have also worked on the intersections between music and rhetoric in the period, as well as on reception studies, in particular the afterlife of J S Bach in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries.

I am originally from Frankfurt, but by this point have lived longer in Anglophone countries than in Germany. I am married with two young children, who keep me gratifyingly busy when I'm not working. I particularly enjoy high Alpine walking (though the Gog Magogs will do!), swimming, drawing and producing German baked goods.

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## FELLOWSHIP NEWS

### NEWS OF THE FELLOWS

**Alan Baker** has published *Amateur Musical Societies and Sports Clubs in Provincial France 1848–1914: Harmony and Hostility* (Palgrave-Macmillan: Basingstoke, 2017). Although these voluntary associations drew upon traditional concepts of cooperation and community and the Revolutionary concept of fraternity, they were also marked by competition and conflict. Intended to produce social harmony, in practice musical societies and sports clubs expressed the ideological hostilities and cultural tensions that permeated French society in the nineteenth century.

**Peter Burke** has published *Exiles and Expatriates in the History of Knowledge*, Brandeis University Press (2017).

**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** discussed on BBC Radio 4 in March both the icy Kuiper Belt region beyond Neptune (home to Pluto) on *In Our Time* and the 'super moon' in March on *Today*.

**Dan Credgington** published a paper in *Science* on a new way of making light from organic molecules, which could pave the way for a new generation of high-efficiency lighting, and the findings of which attracted considerable attention in the media.

Research led by **Devon Curtis** has shown how international ideas, practices and language of conflict resolution are transformed when they meet African 'realities and politics on the ground'. The investigation of how international peace-building strategies are working in post-conflict African countries was covered in *The Wire*.

**Frank Jiggins** (Department of Genetics) has been elected to a professorship.

**Alex Kabla** (Department of Engineering) has been appointed to a readership.

**Robert MacFarlane** was awarded the 2017 E M Forster award for Literature by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. His essay, *The Gifts of Reading*, about gifts and generosity, was written in aid of the Migrant Offshore Aid Station, which saves refugee lives in the Mediterranean and was published online. He curated a photography exhibition, which illustrated his work uncovering language used to describe British weather.

**Alexander Mitov** has been awarded a consolidator grant by the European Research Council for work at a new level of theoretical precision on the Large Hadron Collider at CERN in Geneva.

**John Miles** discussed the challenges and benefits of underground transport in Cambridge city centre in the *Cambridge News*.

**Laura Moretti** (Department of Asian and Middle Eastern Studies) has been appointed to a senior lectureship. She has also published a monograph: *Recasting the Past: An Early Modern Tale of Ise for Children* (Brill, 2016), which recreates in image and text the unresearched 1766 picture-book *Ise fūryū: Utagaruta no hajimari* (*The Fashionable Ise: The Origins of Utagaruta*).

**Alex Mitov** (Department of Physics) has been appointed to a readership.

**Kate Spence** discussed *The Egyptian Book of the Dead* on BBC Four in April 2017.

**Rosy Thornton** has published *Sandlands*, Sandstone Press (2016).

**Penny Watson** received the 2017 Woodrow award for outstanding contributions in the field of small animal veterinary medicine from the British Small Animal Veterinary Association. She has been elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons for meritorious contributions to veterinary practice.

**Ayşe Zarakol** (Department of Politics and International Studies) has been appointed to a readership.

#### NEWS OF FORMER FELLOWS

**David Armitage** was elected to an Honorary Fellowship by St Catharine's College in October 2016.

**Bérénice Guyot-Réchard** published *Shadow States: India, China and the Himalayas, 1910–62* with Cambridge University Press in October 2016.

Rohan Vasudeva Jauregui-Rao was born to **Bea Jauregui** and Anand Rao on 18 July 2017.

Kimia Gwinner-Khodabakhsh was born to **Saghar Khodabakhsh** and her husband Michael Gwinner on 14 September 2016. Her name is inspired by the Persian term for alchemy, the protoscience of turning worthless metals into noble metals and the mother of modern chemistry.

**Emily Lethbridge** is now a rannsóknarlektor, or research lecturer, in the place-names department (Nafnfræðisvið) at the Árni Magnússon Institute for Icelandic Studies, Reykjavík (Stofnun Árna Magnússonar í íslenskum fræðum). Her daughter, Anna, was born on 25 September 2016.

**David Souden** is now head of exhibitions at the British Museum.

**Alexandra Walsham** was appointed CBE for services to history in the 2017 Queen's Birthday Honours.

## NEWS OF HONORARY FELLOWS

**The Most Revd Peter Carnley's** book *A Kind of Retirement* was published in 2016 by Morning Star Publishing.

**Professor Geoffrey Crossick** published (with Dr Patrycja Kaszynska) the report of the Arts & Humanities Research Council's cultural value project, which he had directed for the previous four years.

He writes: 'Understanding the value of arts and culture was based on 70 projects funded by the project and an extensive reading of the wider research literature. The challenge of the project was to understand the value that engagement with arts and culture brings to individuals and society. It is explicitly not a work of advocacy for public funding, but an attempt to encourage more evidence-based conversations of the benefits that arts and culture bring, recognising where some claims are methodologically flawed or not sustained by the evidence, and insisting on the importance of neglected benefits such as reflective individuals and engaged citizens alongside more conventional ones such as the economy, urban communities, health and wellbeing, and education.

'The report pays considerable attention to the character of evidence and the methodologies needed to obtain and test it, insisting on the necessity for the approaches of the arts and humanities to understand important themes that are not susceptible to understanding through the existing hierarchy that places the experimental method and randomised controlled trials as the gold standard for evidence. The need, the report argues, is to draw upon the full range of disciplinary methods and select those appropriate for the subject being investigated.

'The report has received considerable attention in this country – including in the Department for Culture, Media & Sport – and has also generated much international interest, which has led to invitations to present its findings in Denmark, Australia, Brazil and Ireland. The report can be found on the AHRC's website.'

**Gerald Davies** is currently chairman of the Pro 12 Rugby, the competition between the 12 teams from Ireland (4), Scotland (2), Wales (4) and Italy (2).

**Andrew Fane** has been appointed OBE for services to heritage and charity in the 2017 Queen's Birthday Honours.

**Sir Leslie Fielding** writes; 'In recent times, I have been busy round the clock, in speaking against Brexit on the streets, in the lecture halls and on local media in the notoriously Eurosceptic West Midlands, during the EU referendum campaign. And ended up last March in an extensive broadcast in indignant "Remoaner" mode, on the BBC's *Today* programme. So now (until parliament finally kick it all out, as unworkable and against the national interest, and I write as one of the few in this country who really know international trade possibilities and practices, from my Brussels years as the EU's international negotiator), I must once more concentrate on domestic tasks.

'Before all that Euro-jazz, having seen through to publication in 2014 the second edition of my own *Is Diplomacy Dead?*, I had busied myself in a humbler capacity fighting my wife Sally's magnum opus on the Norman invasion (*Domesday, Book of Judgement*) through the dark corridors of OUP. Now I shall offer whatever conjugal assistance I can with her new project: a lively historical novel covering the same period. (I've offered to help with the sex and violence, provided she does the characters and the story line!). Sally has happy memories of giving history supervisions at Emma while she was a Research Fellow at Girton (before being lured away to The Other Place with offers of a university lectureship and a Life Fellowship).

'Similar memories are, of course, shared by all of us who were undergraduates. I am reminded of this by the curious cluster of five Emmanuel men now in place in and around Ludlow. (I've no doubt that Mr Putin is intrigued and even apprehensive; but "C" has told me to tell him nothing!).

'Our seniors, in their nineties, are Edward Pease-Watkin (who can't currently travel much, these days, but asked me in church two weeks back to assure the Master what a happy and welcoming place the college has always been for him) and Tom Caulcott (who made the over-eighties lunch this year and was even seated next to the Master. I DO hope that Tom behaved, Ma'am!). Then there is

me at 85, followed by two relative youngsters: Tom Boog Scott (who patronises the same local garage, and helped me choose my new, red, four-wheel-drive Skoda) and Sheridan Swinson (who has a dynamic book business and helps keep Sally's and my extensive libraries up-to-date).

'As to my own undergraduate years at Emma (1953–56), with college help I was able recently to track down a former contemporary, chum and madeira-drinker, whom I hadn't seen for 60 odd years: he had gone on to Cuddesden and school inspectorates in the UK, while I had got sent on oriental adventures with the diplomatic service. I write of Paddy Orr MC, a quiet and gentle theology student, who had been decorated, shortly before coming up, for leading a successful raid behind Chinese lines in the Korean War with the Duke of Wellington's regiment. (I myself, for my National Service, had been sent as a young gunner officer to the principality of Wales: less prestigious, but not in all respects less hazardous.)'

**Professor Jane Ginsburg** was in October 2016 inducted into the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. This follows her election to the American Philosophical Society (the US's oldest learned society, founded by Benjamin Franklin) in 2013, and as a Corresponding Member of the British Academy in 2011.

**Professor Sir Roderick Floud** writes: 'My work on the economic history of British gardening is proceeding well and I've published an article analysing the account books of Capability Brown: "Capable entrepreneur? Lancelot Brown and his finances" in the rather esoteric *Occasional Papers* of the Royal Horticultural Society's Lindley Library (14, October 2016), which however achieved half-pages in *The Times*, *Express* and *Guardian online*! I've also edited (with Santhi Hejeebu and David Mitch) *Humanism Challenges Materialism in Economics and Economic History* (Chicago University Press 2017), essays presented at a conference honouring Deirdre McCloskey. Otherwise time is taken up with village activities and grandchildren.'

**Professor Chris Husbands** has been chairing the Teaching Excellence Framework for the government, the first systematic

attempt to develop an assessment framework for teaching in higher education. He writes: 'I recognise that this is either a point of distinction or a point of appalling dereliction of academic duty, depending on your perspective, but I like to think I've delivered the TEF with my panel in a way which is robust, transparent and fair. And, whilst it is the competition, I've also become an Honorary Fellow at UCL.'

**David Lowen** is deputy chair of the Committee of University Chairs (CUC) – which includes just about all English universities – and chair of the CUC's northern committee, ie those members north of Sheffield. He switched cricket allegiance this season from Middlesex Over 60s to Kent Over 60s and now plays in a Kent league.

**Griff Rhys Jones** has largely been occupied with appearing in *The Miser* at the Garrick, playing *l'avare* himself: Harpagon. Before that he wrote and performed in a one-man show, which he took around the country in the autumn, reaching Cambridge in November 2016.

**Sir John Taylor** and his wife Judy now have 12 grandchildren and continue to divide their time between Cheltenham and St Mawes, where boating continues unabated.

#### NEWS OF BENEFACTOR FELLOWS

**Scott Mead's** photographs were selected to hang in the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition 2017 for the seventh year; 'Journey into Blue' was hung in the Central Hall; 'Autumn' in Gallery IX.

#### NEWS OF BENEFACTOR BYE-FELLOWS

**Derek Finlay** has donated £5 million to fund the completion of the Chemistry of Health building in the Department of Chemistry, and to support new research into neurodegenerative diseases. The building, which is due to open in 2018, will house the Centre for Misfolding Diseases, which is driving ground-breaking research into how protein molecules 'misfold', leading to diseases such as Alzheimer's, Parkinson's and type-2 diabetes.

**NEWS OF BYE-FELLOWS**

A daughter, Zoe Evangelia, was born on 21 December 2016 to **Ioanna Mela**.

**Jim Wilkes** has been awarded the University of Michigan's College of Engineering's newly instituted Edward Law Emeritus Outstanding Service award.

**NEWS OF FORMER VISITING FELLOWS**

**Valerie Edden** edited *Instytucyonys and Specyal Dedys of Relygyow Carmelitys*, published by the University of Heidelberg in memory of our former Master, Derek Brewer

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## 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 Emma members. It is helpful to have your year of matriculation and to have the news given 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](mailto:records@emma.cam.ac.uk) or by using the form at [www.emma.cam.ac.uk/](http://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 2017.

1919 **Robert Slater** was posthumously awarded a Peter Gomes Memorial award, in recognition of the fact that he was the founding director of the Center for the Study of World Religions at Harvard in 1957 and Professor of World Religions in the Divinity School

1939 **Dennis Walton's** narratives of his war-time service 1939–45 have been lodged with the Imperial War Museum and the Remembrance Society of the Second World War. His capture of Tavoletto (Italy) was referred to in Douglas Orgill's *The Gothic Line*

1950 **John Dean** received the Queen's Maundy money at the Royal Maundy Service in April 2017

1952 **Robin Bishop** was presented with a book marking 30 years of achievement at the Portsmouth Naval Base and Historic Dockyard, and his contribution to it as a chartered surveyor

**Michael Simmons'** book *Low Life Lawyer: In the Footsteps of Bechet* was published in September 2016 by Book Guild Publishing Ltd

**Alan Wilkins** has been elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries and his new book, *Roman Imperial Artillery*, will be published in October 2017

1954 **Christopher Leffler** has edited *The Manor of Walton & Trimley* by W S Fitch (second edition, 2016) and *The Book of Common Prayer* (reprinted from the edition of 1662, according to the sealed copy in the Tower of London, 1853 and the Church of England)

**Graham Tottle** has published *Post-Colonial Hokum: Revisiting the Recent History of Britain and the Commonwealth*

1958 **Steve Martin** is developing 340 acres of the Yorkshire Wildlife Trust's North Cave Wetlands Preserve from the current gravel pits, and is vice-chairman of the development board for Hull Minster

**Cavan Taylor** retired in 1996 as senior partner of the law firm Lovell White Durrant (now Hogan Lovells). There were two objectives he wished to achieve during retirement. The first was to engage in work for a charity. After some research, he chose the Prisoners' Education Trust, which provides educational courses, on a very wide range of topics, that prisoners can undertake while serving their sentences. It has been reliably established that those prisoners who study and complete their courses are far more likely to gain employment on release and are much less likely to reoffend, to the great gain of society and of the prisoners themselves.

His second objective on retirement was to pursue more vigorously his interest in French language and culture. To that end, he joined Le Cercle Français D'Esher, which meets monthly to hear a talk in French about French, language, culture or politics. There are about 70 members of the Cercle and Cavan is currently the president

1959 **Roger Cowley's** book *Gauging the Solar System: Measuring Astronomical Values for Yourself* was published in September 2016

1960 **John Greenwood** was appointed OBE in the 2017 Queen's Birthday Honours for services to national and international rugby

**David Moore** has published *Letters from South America*, a compilation of his uncle Philip Moore's correspondence with his father George, reporting on the development of the society there in the early twentieth century

1961 **Simon Greenfell** is chair of trustees for Craven & Harrogate Districts Citizens' Advice

**Anthony Ketchum** has founded 'ForOurGrandchildren', [www.fourgrandchildren.ca](http://www.fourgrandchildren.ca). The vision is to connect and empower grandparents and prospective grandparents who are concerned about the impending effects of climate change, and enable them to join a movement to counter and prepare for these effects on behalf of all of our children and grandchildren.

He writes:

Our mission

'The World Wide Web offers an unprecedented opportunity to encourage grandparents to speak out on behalf of our grandchildren at this defining moment in our civilisation's history. Our new website will offer opportunities for grandparents to fulfil our duty to future generations: to learn, comment and to come together with others to discuss initiatives such as contacting their decision-makers with their concerns, and participating in regular challenges. ForOurgrandchildren.ca has the potential to mobilise substantial numbers of grandparents, and will also serve to educate children and youth in their communities, preparing them to be active participants in a sustainable world. Our grandchildren will have great opportunities in a very different world.

'We can accomplish much and leave a legacy to our grandchildren. The project's major educational component is unique because of the intimate relationship grandparents have with their grandchildren.

'If you are concerned about the impending effects of climate change, join grandparents across Canada, in the UK and around the world to make a difference. Contributions are most appreciated and can be made through the website or by cheque sent to 'For Our Grandchildren' (4RG) 10 Cortland Avenue, Toronto, ON M4R 1T8, Canada. Thank you.'

He also writes that: 'in 1998 my wife and I built an off-grid house one hour north-west of Toronto. Emmanuel members have been among the 2000 who have visited the house over the past 20 years. Photo-voltaics and a wind turbine provide power; waste water irrigates a year-round indoor garden; a wood-fired masonry heater provides heat; and it has composting toilets.'

**Michael Spicer**'s one-man exhibition of his paintings over the last 60 years was held in November 2016 in the Stern Picasso Gallery, St James' Street, London. At this exhibition he also sold his book *The Spicer Diaries*

**Philip Wood** has published *In Praise of Simplicity: A Memoir of Christian Service in times of Peace and War in Africa* (Alev Books, Canada 2016)

1963 **John Harding** has published *A Very Christian Friendship, William Moulton and the Broad Church in Cambridge* (2016)

1965 **Patrick Hill** has been interviewed by *Frontline Geonomics* ([www.frontlinegenomics.com](http://www.frontlinegenomics.com)) regarding whether or not gene editing is ethical or not, and in what cases it could be considered acceptable

1966 **Kerry Kehoe**'s new film *The Miller Prediction* has won the Best Picture award at the LA Reel Film Festival 2016, Best Lead Actor award at the Madrid

International Film Festival 2016, and was nominated for three awards at the International Filmmakers' Festival in Berlin

**Jonathan Such** has recently been admitted to a very exclusive club, the 100,000 Life-Time Miles Run club. Members include Gary Tuttle, Bill Rodgers, Don Ritchie MBE and Gordon Pirie. He has run over 105,000 miles over the last 44 years. Since then he has averaged over six-and-a-half miles a day, running seven days a week, 52 weeks of the year, for 43 years. He turns 70 in February 2018 and hopes to keep going for a very long time

1967 **David Hughes** has published 'The 10th Earl Ferrers: time for revision and re-evaluation?' in *Transactions of the Leicestershire and Rutland Lodge of Research* 2429, 66–132 (2015–16) and *The Leicestershire Law Society 1860 to 2017: A Local Portrait* (second ed, Leicestershire Law Society, 2017)

**Andrew Strong** lives in Munich, works at the Max-Planck-Institut für extraterrestrische Physik on high-energy astrophysics, maintains contact via the Munich Cambridge Alumni group, the CU Astronomical Society (he ran it as undergraduate), the CU Germany Society and various Emmanuel communications, and met the college chapel choir at their concert in Munich in 2016

1969 **Paul Mendelson** has published two novels *In the Matter of Babel* and *Losing Arthur* (for 9–13-year-olds), published by The Book Guild in June and August 2017, respectively

1970 **John Gosden** was appointed OBE in the Queen's New Year's Honours for services to horseracing and training

1971 **Nigel Cameron**'s new book *Will Robots Take Your Job? A Plea for Consensus* was published by Polity Press/Wiley in July 2017

**Alan Harvey**'s book *Music, Evolution and the Harmony of Souls* was published by Oxford University Press in February 2017

1973 **Robin Foster** was appointed to the Ofcom Content Board in 2016 and is a member of the Advertising Advisory Committee

**Tatsuo Masuda** was appointed as chairman of a London-based consultancy firm, FairCourt Capital, in January 2016

1974 The sixth edition of **Richard Davis**' book *Construction Insolvency: Security, Risk and Renewal in Construction Contracts*, was published in 2017

**Stephen Timms** was re-elected to parliament in the 2017 general election, with 83.2 per cent of the vote, an increase of 5.6 per cent

1975 **Paul Ryley**'s books, *Finding Emily; Reunion; Loose Connections; Taking a Chance on Dr Farrell; Her Role in the Psychiatrist's Life* and *Mark and Angharad* have been released in Kindle format and are available on Amazon

1978 **Andrew Hattersley** was appointed CBE in the 2017 Queen's Birthday Honours for services to medical science

**Jeremy Lent** published *The Patterning Instinct: A Cultural History of Humanity's Search for Meaning* with Prometheus Books in May 2017. The book reveals the hidden foundations of our unsustainable civilisation and offers a potential

vision for a more harmonious future. It investigates how different cultures throughout the world have made sense of the universe and how their underlying values have shaped history to construct the world we live in today

**Nicholas Ryley's** daughter Charlotte married **Niall Jackson** (2014) in the college chapel on 15 July 2017

1979 **Sarah Doole** has been promoted to the main board of FremantleMedia, in addition to her current role as director of global drama

**Barbara Rich** writes: 'I was last in Cambridge on a cold Saturday in May 2017, about 35 years to the day since, ill-prepared and anxious, I cycled from Emmanuel to the Senate House to sit the Tragedy paper in my part II English tripos. This year, I was en route to a wedding in Norfolk. The bride, the daughter of old and close friends, was a young woman I'd first "met" in the late stages of her mother's pregnancy, in the long hot summer of 1990. A group of us Cambridge friends met that day, and I remember an idyllic afternoon of punting in the sunshine – an image of the sort that students arriving in Cambridge sometimes believe will define their experience of the place, but seldom does.

'In my short visit last May, a few things struck me about how Cambridge had changed since I graduated in 1982. Walking along Silver Street I encountered a hen party, a boisterous group of costumed women carrying pink balloons, merry by mid-morning. My upbringing in London had been liberal, cultured and cosmopolitan in many ways, and I'd lived in New York City for six months between school and university, but at home there had been a degree of sexual reticence and prudishness which seems faintly ridiculous now. Cambridge was, amongst many other things, a place for discovering sex, but I could not have imagined, and would have been utterly overcome by embarrassment if I had imagined, being part of a group of women walking down a Cambridge street in daylight, holding aloft a large penis-shaped balloon.

'I had coffee in Fitzbillies café, finding espresso coffee now ubiquitous, when as a student I'd had to make my own on a simple Bialetti on a gas ring in my seventeenth-century college room. I was struck by another difference. Everyone was silent and alone, gazing at their laptop or phone. This is commonplace now all over the developed world, of course, but all my many memories of time spent in cafés, bars and restaurants in Cambridge are of being in company, talking; of endless conversations with different people, ranging across all of the grandiose and trivial things that fill students' minds. Perhaps if I had done less talking and more studying, my parting from academic English might not have been the disappointing thing that it turned out to be in 1982. After a few years working slightly aimlessly in a field I found uncongenial, I went to law school in 1988, and have been in private practice as a barrister in London since 1990, a career and life I've found fulfilling and am glad I chose.

'My last stop in Cambridge was to buy a spare charger and cable for my own indispensable phone. My reflections on my undergraduate struggles to understand structuralism yielded to the universal experience of all middle-class, middle-aged women: queuing for the Ladies in John Lewis, before catching the bus to the park-and-ride for the long drive onwards.'

1980 **Janet Gough**, formerly director, ChurchCare, was appointed OBE in the Queen's New Year's Honours for services to heritage, and published *Churches of the Church of England* in January 2017 with Scala

1983 **Edith Heard** has been appointed director-general of the European Molecular Biology Laboratory (EMBL) from January 2019

1986 **Kalantha Brewis** was ordained in June 2017 and is now a curate in Worcester  
**Damian Crowther** continues his neuroscience research into dementia as director, R&D, with AstraZeneca in the Innovative Medicines and Early Development group

**Peter Yeh** has had a second daughter, Enna Yuan-Ai Yeh, who was born on 18 March 2015 at St Thomas Hospital, London, weighing 2.815kg

1987 **Julian Philips'** composition of Chaucer's *The Tale of Januarie* had its première at the Barbican on 27 February 2017

1990 **Scott Allsop** published his first book in November 2016: *366 Days: Compelling Stories From World History*, with L & E Books

**Niall Murphy** is now Senior Master (Co-Curricular) at Radley College

**Cat Thatcher** has been appointed as vicar of Oxenhope and continuing ministerial development officer for the Bradford episcopal area, Diocese of Leeds

1991 **James Lowen's** book *A Summer of British Wildlife* (published March 2016) won Travel Guide Book of the Year at the 2016 Travel Media awards

**Jonathan Thacker** will be taking up the King Alfonso XIII Professorship of Spanish Studies at Exeter College, Oxford, in January 2018

1992 **Nick Guyatt** has been appointed to a readership in history by the University of Cambridge

**Philippa O'Neill** was made a partner of Spearing Waite LLP in April 2017

1993 **Stefan Hunt** was made an honorary professor by the School of Economics, University of Nottingham in June 2017

1994 **Laura Cameron** held a launch in college in April 2017 of her co-authored book *Freud in Cambridge*, published by the Cambridge University Press. The book explores the impact of Freud's work across disciplines, from anthropology and psychology to philosophy, literature, education and science. An historical geographer, Laura is now an associate professor in the Department of Geography, Queen's University, Kingston, Canada

1995 Rose Caudle was born to **Katie Halsey** and James Caudle on 6 February 2016

1996 Thomas Frederick Joseph was born to **Jenny (née Savage)** and **Alex Bryson** on 9 August 2016

**Matthew Bullimore** has been appointed vice-principal at Westcott House, Cambridge, from September 2017

1997 **Harith Haboubi** is now director of wi-fi firmware at Samsung Cambridge Solution Centre



- Richard Jones** married Ken Seeds in the college chapel on 19 November 2016
- Maria Moorwood** has joined Leighton House Museum as a fund-raiser for their capital project
- Aidan Robson** has been appointed professor of particle physics at the University of Glasgow
- 1998 **Simon Booth** and **Eleanor Crane** (2001) are delighted to announce the birth of Matilda Joyce Booth on 14 June 2017, weighing 8lbs 8oz
- Daniel Godfrey's** second science fiction novel, *Empire of Time*, was published by Titan Books in June 2017. It is the sequel to *New Pompeii*, which was included in the *Financial Times's* and *Morning Star's* 'Books of 2016' lists
- Clare Kirkpatrick** and her husband **Alex Williams** (2000) had their second child, Sebastian Hugh Marcus, on 5 October 2016. Clare was also appointed assistant professor at the University of Southern Denmark, Odense from March 2017
- 1999 **Prodromos Vlamis** has been selected for the management board of the newly established Independent Authority for Public Revenue of the Hellenic Republic
- 2000 **Alex Swallow** published *How To Become An Influencer*, a free e-book, in the summer of 2016
- Beth Thompson**, the Wellcome Collection's head of policy (UK and EU), has been appointed MBE in the Queen's 2017 New Year's Honours for her work on the EU data protection regulation
- Alex Williams** and **Clare Kirkpatrick** (1998) had their second child, Sebastian Hugh Marcus, on 5 October 2016
- 2001 **David Beckingham** has been appointed associate professor of geography at Nottingham University
- Eleanor Crane** and **Simon Booth** (1998) are delighted to announce the birth of Matilda Joyce Booth at on 14 June 2017, weighing 8lbs 8oz
- Michael McHale** has released two CDs: *Irish Piano Concertos* (with the RTÉ National Symphony Orchestra, with a specially commissioned piece by Philip Hammond) and, as an accompanist, *Alex Petcu: In Time*. Both are distributed by Beaumex (Ireland)/Discovery Records (UK)
- 2002 **Sophie Adelman** has co-founded WhiteHat UK, to address the lack of high-quality, career-focused apprenticeships on offer for ambitious young people and to provide employers with the means to attract the best non-graduate talent, and is its general manager
- Marianna Petrasova** married Stuart Meek on 16 September 2017
- 2004 A son, William, was born to **Christine Konfortion-Wu** and her husband Billy, on 10 September 2015
- Ganesh Sitaraman's** new book, *The Crisis of the Middle Class Constitution*, was published on 14 March 2017. In it, he argues that economic inequality is more than just a moral or economic problem; it threatens the very core of our constitutional system
- 2005 **William Bainbridge** and **Emily Taylor** were married on 10 June 2017
- Rakesh Modi** married Laura Chapman on 19 August 2017
- Elliott Sully** became an associate of Kilburn Architects in 2016
- 2006 **John Munns** has published *Cross and Culture in Anglo-Norman England: Theology, Imagery, Devotion* with Boydell & Brewer
- Rachel Williams** was appointed lecturer in history at the Department of American Studies at the University of Hull.
- 2007 **Rob Blythe** and **Charlotte Scott** were married on 16 September 2017 in the college chapel
- Mark Renshaw** is now programme manager for the Research & Innovation Landscape Reform Programme at the Department for Business, Energy and Industrial Strategy (BEIS)
- Robert Weeks** married Emma Roth on 19 August 2017
- 2009 A daughter, Clare, was born to **Christine Cheung** on 30 September 2016
- 2010 **Elizabeth McLoughlin** is now a guest services agent at The Adventure Group, Whistler, British Columbia
- Yelena Wainman** is now a research scientist and entrepreneur/co-founder of CytoSwitch at the Ludwig-Maxilians-Universität Munich
- 2012 **Spassimir Madjarov** has founded DicaX, a social network focused on the relationship between consumer and establishment
- Edward Roberts** was appointed tenor choral scholar at Norwich Cathedral in September 2016
- Jesse Zink** started a new post in August 2017 as principal of the Montreal Diocesan Theological College, an Anglican institution affiliated with McGill University. He was awarded the Audrey Richards prize by the African Studies Association of the UK for his dissertation, 'Christianity and catastrophe: Sudan's civil wars and religious change among the Dinka'. The prize recognises the best doctoral dissertation in African studies examined in the UK in 2014 or 2015
- 2013 **Emily Ward** has been elected to a Finley Research Fellowship at Darwin College
- 2014 **Leah Arnold** married Dan Mason in the college chapel on 5 August 2017
- Niall Jackson** married Charlotte Ryley (daughter of **Nicholas Ryley**, 1978) in the college chapel on 15 July 2017
- 2016 **Ahmad Amir** is now a project manager at Teradata in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia

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## *NEWS OF STAFF*

Nathan Aldous and Daniel Abbs were part of the British Culinary Federation team, which brought home the gold medal in the Restaurant of Nations event and the bronze in the International Buffet event, at the Culinary Olympics in Germany in October 2016. Matthew Carter also won a bronze medal in the Culinary Art competition.

The Household department raised £475 for Children in Need through their fancy dress tea-and-cake morning in November 2016, which they added to the £245 raised from the Porters' charity fund and the £280 from the students' cycle sale, making a grand total of £1000.



## Clubs and Societies

**ARTS & PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY (ECAPS)**

2016–17

- President (Art)* Hollie French
- Vice-President (Photography)* Anna Ward
- Secretary / Social Media* Emma Holliday

The ECAPS committee entered the new academic year pleased to have a year of successful events behind us. Our favourite event this year was once again the popular annual pumpkin-carving event run in Michaelmas. A couple of eves before Hallowe'en, several enthusiastic Emma students descended on innocent fruit and vegetables armed with an assortment of pointy and sharp instruments, to create some of our best carvings yet (see image below). Particularly terrifying was the 'Trumpkin' carved by Aoife Blanchard (second-year geographer), a prudent expression of politics through art!



Hollie French

In Lent term, the nicer weather led us outside on a few photography walks. These are always enjoyable as it is nice sometimes to make time to stop and appreciate the beauty of the city and surrounding areas, which most of us are normally in too much of a rush to look at. Ollie Baines (third-year geographer) captured the last vestiges of winter at Grantchester Meadows (see image on page 205). To encourage more budding photographers and artists from Emma to get and out capture their favourite moments representing our college, ECAPS will be continuing to run our annual competition searching for the next front cover image of the *College Magazine*. We would like to offer a huge congratulations to last



Oliver Baines

year's winner, our very own vice-president Anna Ward (selected anonymously and without bias by the Editor of the *Magazine*).

Next year, ECAPS looks forward to handing over to a new committee (currently under selection), who will take the society on to the next great thing after Emma and I graduate, and Anna will be stepping down for medical reasons. It's been a wonderfully enjoyable and highly rewarding two years of inspiring art and creativity around college, producing some really stunning works. We would like to thank everyone who has been involved with ECAPS these last two years and I wish the society a long and prosperous future.

**Hollie French**, *President (Art)*

**ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB**

*Men's team*

	2016–17	2017–18
<i>Chairman</i>	Tom McKane	David Thorp
<i>Captain (1st XI)</i>	David Thorp	Daniel Remo
<i>(2nd XI)</i>	Daniel Gayne	Ed Phillips
<i>(3rd XI)</i>	Callum Manchester	Jack Deeley
<i>Secretary</i>	Rohan Gupta	David Thorp

The men's first team, bolstered by a healthy intake of freshers, began the season with the minimum task of promotion from

Lafayette Photography



*Back: Freddie Richards, Cameron Millar, Iven Mueller, Simon McGurk, Mojo Odiase, Matt Storer  
Front: Tom McKane, Anton Dennis, Dan Remo, Dave Thorp (c), Alex Mistlin, Will Summers*

division three, reversing the misfortunate consequences of the previous season. Michaelmas term started with some easy wins versus Caius and Downing's second teams before we travelled down to Oxford to take on our sister college of Exeter. Emma agonisingly conceding a last gasp equaliser, after which the game went to penalties in which Exeter narrowly prevailed, the final score, 2-2 (3-4).

The return to Cambridge was greeted by the first round of Cuppers, with Emmanuel drawn against high flying Sidney Sussex. The game was closely fought with both sides having numerous chances; with ten minutes to go the score tied at 1-1, however it was Sidney that managed to find the elusive winner at the death, to the dismay of the Emma team. Returning to the League, comfortable wins followed against Pembroke and Churchill's seconds before the Christmas vacation.

Lent term started with a cold snap causing a series of postponements, backing up the fixture list. Eventually Emma were able

to dismantle King's firsts in the Plate, before losing to a Robinson side whose linesman curiously did not seem to know the offside rule. Nevertheless, focus returned to the League with Emma's 100 per cent record intact. Crushing victories over Corpus Christi, Jesus seconds and Magdalene firsts followed, leading to a title decider with Homerton. An end-to-end game finished 3-4 in favour of Homerton, but with promotion secured regardless, Emma can now look forward to the second division in 2017-18 and will hope for some more new blood to supplement a team that is certainly on the rise.

2016-17 was a character-building year for Emma seconds. After giving different fixture dates to his own team and the opposition, some doubted the captain's unorthodox tactics. However, as the wins rolled in, the team gained faith in these mind games. Sure, sometimes this strategy bamboozled his own squad as much as the enemy, leading to more than one valiant eight-man fights, including one notable 6-0 defeat to St John's in what can only be described as Somme-like playing conditions. But with man-of-the-match Yorkies to keep morale up and the communal sweat of an unwashed kitbag to bind us together, nothing could stop the seconds on our day. A penalties victory against St John's in the shield (I scored mine) and the college varsity victory against Exeter College stand out as high points. The latter was clinched by a 30-yard toe-punt from Ankit Chadha (no Seb Shuttleworth, but worth a mention) and sealed by the captain, who slipped one past the gawping Exonian keeper in the last minute (no biggie). Special mention must go to centre backs Callum Swanston and Alvar Paris, as robust year-round as they are devilishly handsome; Ed Philips, our star playmaker and David Beckham doppelganger, who filled in as captain on occasion and typically led warm-ups with aplomb; and Rohan Gupta, who did his best. Further thanks go to those firsts who regularly stooped to our level, anyone who ever said 'yeah fine I'll go in goal', and anyone who shared their Yorkie with the team. No thanks to James Fraser, this year's flop signing, or Ayngaran Thavanesan, who is a badminton enthusiast. While the mid-table finish was not what we desired, it's worth noting that we

were only a point from third, and with a youthful team there's plenty to build upon next year.

Emma thirds were in with a sight of promotion throughout the season but unfortunately didn't quite make it. Overall we played decently; it might have been difficult to get a full squad out every week because of the hectic Cambridge lifestyle, however when the team was out in force the results went our way! It will be a shame to say goodbye to some of our core players who have been committed third squad members throughout their time at Cambridge, but we've also seen some fresher talent rising to the occasion this year, which is promising for the future. The match that made our season would probably have to be the one in which our opponents didn't turn up, so we had an epic contest between ourselves (it was our biggest turnout for the entire season).

The competition was certainly running scared and it definitely was not down to someone missing an email. We also had Emma's goal of the season courtesy of Seb Shuttleworth (one of the fresher stars), with an epic strike from miles out in the last second of the game, unlikely to be matched at any point in the near future. He saw the opposition keeper off his line, struck for the open goal out of nowhere and, unlike our prime minister, scored! We were in *La La Land* for a while, to the astonishment of everyone around us. We might have lost that particular match if you focus on the small-print, but who cares? Emma thirds for life! Division six is set to be conquered next year and we can't wait. Even if Seb doesn't turn up he can probably score from wherever he is. The assist might be tricky.

**David Thorp**, *Captain (1st XI) and chairman-elect*

**ATHLETICS AND CROSS-COUNTRY CLUB**

	2016-17	2017-18
<i>Captain</i>	<i>Eliot Nevill</i>	<i>Mojowo Odiase</i>

This year sees the return of the athletics and cross-country report to the *Magazine* after a two-year hiatus and announcing great successes for individuals and the college. The team continues to



James Melkejohn

*Emmanuel undergraduate Bijan Mazaheri leads the 5000m at Varsity athletics*

meet only for competitions, giving members the freedom to train with their respective university clubs.

The year started with a bang at the Michaelmas term athletics Cuppers. Emmanuel took home second in both the women's and men's matches, thanks to a strong turnout of quality athletes, many of whom were competing in an event for the first time. Cuppers standards were achieved by Emmanuel Gbegli (200m, high jump, triple jump), Lars Heidrich (high jump), Mojowo Odiase (100m), Laura Schubert (hammer), Olivia Rowe (discus, hammer, shot) and Sam Francis (high jump). With the development of those in training and a healthy fresher intake, a win for Emmanuel is well on the cards for next year.

In the cross-country college League Emmanuel was placed fourth in the men's and third in the women's over a series of races throughout the year. Megan Wilson's consistent performances led her to second place in the individual competition.

Emmanuel athletes continue to represent the university at the highest levels of the sport. Williams College exchange student Bijan Mazaheri ran in the historic Blues' cross-country team, winning both the Varsity match and a British Universities & Colleges Sport team medal: the first time an Emma student has achieved one this

century. Megan Wilson and I ran in the second teams to a Cambridge win in the second's-fourth's cross-country match. Rising talent Mojowo Odiase (100m), Dom Stafford (400m), Olivia Rowe (discus, hammer, shot) and Amy Radford (400m hurdles, 3000m) competed at the freshers' athletics Varsity match with strong performances all around.

Overall it has been a remarkably successful year considering the departure of some of the top talent we had. With the development of individuals and Emmanuel's ever competitive spirit, I hope next year can be even better.

*Eliot Nevill, Captain*

## BOAT CLUB

	2016–17	2017–18
<i>President</i>	<i>Dame Fiona Reynolds</i>	<i>Dame Fiona Reynolds</i>
<i>Captain of Boats</i>	<i>Callum Mantell</i>	<i>Megan Armishaw</i>
<i>Men's Captain</i>	<i>Callum Mantell</i>	<i>Tom Garry</i>
<i>Women's Captain</i>	<i>Lucy Allen</i>	<i>Megan Armishaw</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Anita Holender</i>	<i>Rob Peacock</i>

### *The men's squad*

As has become the norm, the year began with a well-attended pre-season camp that led onto the formation of two senior men's eights. Despite only a single person having returned from the Mays first boat, both crews preformed respectably at Winter Head and the first boat came fifteenth in the Fairbairns, up one from last year. The second boat managed a very good ninth place finish, and our hard-working lower boats captains managed good results with our three novice crews.

Lent term began with a large training camp that integrated the ex-novices well into the senior squad, with a large number moved up into the second boat. With some more people also returning into the first boat, it looked to be a very promising term. A very competitive getting-on race meant that only two crews managed to compete in the bumps, with the first boat continuing their run of row-overs as sandwich boat only to be bumped by Magdalene on

the seventh attempt on the final day, to end second in the second division. The second boat ended up down one after being involved in many bumps and the victims of other crews' crashes. To finish off the Lent term both first and second boats travelled down to London and attempted to race the Head of the River Race but unfortunately, as has happened several times in recent years, this was cancelled. Nevertheless both crews benefited from two days' training on the Tideway.

First-year engineer Freddie Davidson trialled for the University Boat Club this year, making the Blue boat and then continuing on to race in the Visitors Four at Henley this year. We wish him the best of luck next year, and hope to see an Emma rower lifting the trophy for the first time in many years.

The Easter training camp proved to be the largest for several years, with the whole squad taking a day trip over to Peterborough to make use of the lake and river. The first men began the term with a trip to Bedford regatta, where we reached the semi-final, and then reached the final of Nine's regatta a few weeks later. Unfortunately our fifth boat just missed out on getting on to the May bumps; however our fourth boat did manage to move up from bottom of the river, despite the repeated carnage and pile-ups ahead of them. The third crew unfortunately found themselves being over-bumped by a very strong First & Third crew on the final day seeing them down four in total and now the sandwich boat at the top of the fourth division. The second boat ended their week down two as sixth in the third division, but the highlight of the year has to be the first boat winning their blades! Taking our new boat the 'Spirit of 1956', very kindly donated by the third Lent's crew of 1956, and bumping Selwyn, Queens', First & Third Trinity and Jesus to move up to seventh, a position that hasn't been seen since 2003, is an incredible feat that we are looking to repeat next year with the entirety of the crew returning.

*Callum Mantell, Men's Captain & Captain of Boats*

### *The women's squad*

We started this year with a great Michaelmas training camp that really helped bring the club back together and begin training in

earnest. We came eighth out of the Cambridge College VIIIs, ended second in Autumn Head and made the semi-final of Uni IVs.

After a Lent training camp attended by many rowers who had started the term before, the second women’s boat was made up largely of ex-novices. The training camp was a fantastic opportunity for these rowers to develop their technique and fall in love with rowing! The top two crews entered the Lent bumps, where the first boat had a tough week and despite giving it their all went down three, whereas our second boat had a more successful week, going up one to be seventh in the second division and maintaining their position as second highest second boat on the course. Both first and second boats also had the chance to race on the Tideway for the Women’s Eights Head of the River: a fantastic opportunity that everyone in both crews very much appreciated.

In the Easter term training camp 13 women had the chance to row in Peterborough, where the opportunity to row a long distance on a new river and do side-by-side races on the lake was very beneficial, and great fun. The first boat, with a fairly different crew from that of the previous two terms, also were very grateful for the opportunity to race at Bedford regatta, where we reached the semi-final of the open eights category. We would like to thank the Emmanuel Boat Club Association for making these opportunities to

row off the Cam possible. Since then we have come fourth in Champs Head and won Nines regatta! The fifth boat unfortunately had to withdraw from the getting-on race, but this did allow the fourth boat to get on without racing. However, they found themselves getting over-bumped on the first day to row at the bottom of the river for the rest of the week, earning their spoons. The third boat joined in with the spoons, going down four and ending twelfth in the third division. The senior boats had a slightly better week, with the second boat ending up level, bumping Corpus Christi first boat before being bumped by a very fast Wolfson first boat; they therefore hold their place as fourth highest second boat on the river. The Mays first eight moved up four to win our blades, bumping Girton, Clare, Downing and Caius to end in second place, putting us in a very strong position to go for the headship next year with nearly the whole crew returning. For the first time ever therefore both men’s and women’s first boats both went up four to win blades.

**Lucy Allen**, *Women’s Captain*

**Thank you to the EBCA**

The captains would like to take this opportunity to once again thank the Emmanuel Boat Club Association for their unending support of the club. The incredible support shown has allowed us to run training camps and race off the Cam, and the club simply would not function without the time given by members coming back to coach.

**CHAPEL CHOIR**

- |                                 |                                |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| <i>Senior Organ Scholar</i>     | <i>Stella Hadjineophytou</i>   |
| <i>Junior Organ Scholar</i>     | <i>Hugh Crook</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> |

This year the choir welcomed nine new singers from Emmanuel and other colleges. Michaelmas term’s busy schedule takes no



Ben Lammitt

*M1 and W1 with the Master and flags before the Boat Club’s dinner in June*

prisoners and the choir has to hit the ground running. Within a month we had sung Duruflé's *Requiem* to a packed chapel and Haydn's oratorio, *The Creation*, at St Martin-in-the-Fields, London. The organ scholars played the Duruflé *Requiem* superbly and our mezzo-soprano choral scholar Heather Conder sang the *Pie Jesu* with great poise and fullness of tone. She is a young singer whose career we will follow with great interest.

After the success of *The Creation*, the choir has been invited back in October this year to perform an all-Mozart programme, culminating with his *Requiem*. For this performance we will be joined by the Brandenburg Sinfonia and a quartet of professional soloists, including former members of the chapel choir.

The choir sang brilliantly at the annual Commemoration of Benefactors, gave its traditional rendition of the grace from the hall's gallery and then enjoyed a lavish feast in the Robert Gardner Room. Before we knew it, it was Advent Sunday; tinsel was being strewn around the organ loft (and in choral scholars' hair) and we were busking carols around town to raise money for our tour to Kraków, Poland. After the end of term, we headed to the capital to sing for the Emmanuel London carol service, held this year at the Temple Church. The church's matchless acoustic and newly restored organ are a total joy and we thank the Master of the Temple and the verger for welcoming us so warmly. It was good to see so many former members of the choir at the service and to catch up with them at the drinks reception that followed. The following day we headed to Grettton in deepest Northamptonshire to give a Christmas concert. We sang to a very appreciative audience and Bob Chilcott's jazzy setting of *Les Anges dans nos Campagnes* brought the house down. Finally, somewhat exhausted, we all dispersed for the Christmas vacation.

During the Lent term we focused on a forthcoming performance of Buxtehude's *Membra Jesu Nostri*. Considered to be the very first Lutheran oratorio and a precursor to the great passions of Bach, the work combines beautiful choral writing with a great number of step-out solo opportunities for members of the choir. Tabitha Bardsley, one of our cantoris sopranos, and our senior organ scholar, Stella, played the violin parts with elegant baroque

phrasing and articulation. The scale of the work is just right for the chapel's intimate acoustic and we hope to explore more music from this period in the future.

At the beginning of Easter term we hosted a joint service with Selwyn College choir. The two choirs raised the roof with music by Charles Wood, Patrick Hadley and Leighton, and the descant to 'How shall I sing that Majesty' was probably audible in Ely! Two years ago, when we visited Selwyn, their Director of Music was fined a bottle of port for Emmanuel choir's spontaneous singing after dinner. Luckily, our puritan foundation doesn't seem to object to the odd post-prandial 'Oculi omnium' and the inevitable 'Happy birthday to ... (insert former choral scholar)'. I escaped with no fines and the choirs partied into the small hours.

Examinations loom during the Easter term but the liturgical life of the chapel remains busy. Between long stints in the library, the choir managed to squeeze in premières of works by Joe Fort (former Emmanuel organ scholar and now director of music at King's College, London) and by Thomas Hewitt-Jones. Thomas has very kindly dedicated a new anthem to the choir, 'O Lord, support us', which is soon to be published by the Royal School of Church Music; we very much look forward to performing this work in the new academic year.

It has been a great year for the choir and we say a sad farewell to a number of singers, all of whom we thank for their service and commitment to the musical life of the chapel. Special mention must go to our third-year choral scholars: Aditya George, Annie Koerling and Neha Zamvar, and to Lucy Thomas, who has sung with the choir for four years and has been head of fund-raising for our tour to Poland. We will miss them and we hope that they continue with their singing.

We also say goodbye to Stella. She has been a great support to me as director of chapel music: an excellent organist, an inspirational conductor and a very generous party host. We all thank her for the wonderful energy she brought to the chapel and her good sense of humour and we wish her well as she starts as director of music at St Matthias and St Luke's Anglican church, Vancouver.

**Richard Latham**, *Director of Chapel Music*



### The Chapel Choir tour to Krakow

On 1st July 2017, Emmanuel College chapel choir set off for a six-day tour to Kraków, Poland. After flying out, we quickly checked into our hotel and freshened up before heading out to explore the city. We quickly discovered the huge main square in the old city, and the huge variety of food and drink on offer there. The following morning, we woke early to prepare for a busy Sunday. After a brisk 8.30am rehearsal we drove a little way out of the city centre to the Church of Divine Mercy, a large modern church in a residential area. After singing mass, we performed a short recital to an appreciative congregation, receiving our first of several standing ovations! In the afternoon, we drove a short way to the Sanctuary of Divine Mercy, a huge basilica and site of pilgrimage built around 20 years ago that has already been visited by three popes. Several choir members commented that the brutalist exterior looked more like a spaceship than a church! However, the bright interior and vast acoustic made for a very enjoyable mass and recital afterwards.

On Monday, we drove for around two hours to the town of Zakopane, in the Tatra Mountains. The afternoon was spent sampling a local delicacy, Oscypek cheese and cranberry jam, and enjoying the spectacular views provided by the mountain scenery. Some choir members even ventured up in a chairlift to get a better vantage point (much to the author's terror). A rehearsal followed and then in the evening we performed a full concert in the Church of the Holy Cross to an audience of over 150. Our final concert of the tour took place on the Wednesday evening at St Martin's Church in the old city. The mid-seventeenth-century building was an intimate, but stunning final venue. Again singing to a packed house, another fine performance was given, despite the problem of a complete lack of sightline between conductor and organist!

The programme of music that we sang in concerts and in services was largely drawn from music worked on throughout the year. The main feature of each concert was Tippett's *Five Negro Spirituals* from *A Child of our Time*. The imaginative and colourful use of choral forces and soloists in this work allowed us to show off

some of our very best singing and individual voices. In the two masses that we sang, we presented movements from Guerrero's glorious *Missa Congratulamini Mihi*. Other highlights of our varied repertoire included settings of *O Clap Your Hands* by Vaughan Williams and Gibbons, Sheppard's *Libera Nos, Salva Nos*, the motet *Lobet den Herrn* by Bach and *Bless the Lord O My Soul* by contemporary composer Jonathan Dove. Solo organ music included Bach's magnificent *Prelude in B Minor* BWV 544 and the dazzling toccata *Placare Christe Servulis* by Dupré. We were very excited to be joined for the week by four extra singers: Jake Alston, Saul Jones, Alex Ledsham and Syamala Roberts. We are very grateful to them for joining us, bringing their excellent voices and good humour. We look forward to singing with them again in the future.

Of course, not all our time was spent rehearsing and singing, despite the busy programme. We spent our spare time seeing the sights and exploring the markets, shops, restaurants and pubs around the city. Highlights included the ancient Wawel castle, the Wieliczka salt mine and the imposing St Mary's basilica that towers over the market square. One afternoon was spent visiting the Auschwitz concentration camp, located a little way outside Kraków. Our guide led us around both the original camp and extermination camp, teaching us about their history. It was of course a very upsetting afternoon, but an important experience to reflect on. We were delighted to be shown round the city's university, Jagiellonian University, established in the fourteenth century and with alumni including Copernicus and Pope John Paul II. Our hosts gave a short talk about the different choirs at the university and we explained our part in Cambridge's choral music scene in return.

Our time in Kraków was a very successful finale to a busy year for the chapel choir. Heartfelt thanks go to a number of people for their support and effort: Richard, Director of Chapel Music, for his organisational input and for conducting us so superbly all week; Jeremy, Dean, for his support both throughout the year and whilst in Poland; Lucy Thomas, who coordinated our fund-raising events and worked hard to help us meet our fund-raising targets; and Kate Werner, our wonderful guide for the week who showed us

around the city and kept everything running perfectly to schedule. However, our biggest thank you of all goes to friends, family and members of the college who helped us on our way through donating to our crowdfunding page. Without their gracious help, we would not be able to enjoy opportunities such as this to share the hard work we do throughout the year with new audiences. A huge thank you to one and all!

**Hugh Crook**, *Junior Organ Scholar*

**CHESS**

	2016–17	2017–18
<i>First Team Captain</i>	<i>Mukunth Raveendran</i>	<i>tbc</i>

**First team**

Even though Emmanuel College chess has entered an era of rebuilding after the departure of some of our best players, we fought strongly in a very tough top division. Sadly Emma finished the season with five narrow losses, as we were not able to perform as consistently as required against such tough opposition. We hope the new influx of freshers will build a bridge back into the first division. The most valuable player of the year award goes to Emile Okada for his multiple impressive wins playing on extremely strong boards two and three. One noteworthy match was a spectacular defeat of one of his former supervisors in a King’s Indian.

**Mukunth Raveendran**, *First Team Captain*

**CHRISTIAN UNION**

	2016–17	2017–18
<i>Officers</i>	<i>Emma Nicholls &amp; Matt Gurtler</i>	<i>Susannah Lawford &amp; Joseph Adams</i>

From April 2016 to March 2017, Emmanuel College Christian Union was led by Emma Nicholls and Matt Gurtler. In Easter term we hosted the ever popular weekly rounders matches, where teams from Emmanuel played against other colleges. Between the

innings a student worker from St Andrew the Great gave a short gospel talk and many doughnuts were consumed. We also ran a smoothie giveaway outside the library in the exam period to provide a much-needed revision break for members of college.

Michaelmas term in college kicked off with ‘SHARE’, a three-week course looking at what the Bible says about suffering, love and justice. In the lead up to the CICCUCarol services at the end of term we gave out mince pies and flyers in Front Court. The services themselves were held over two evenings at the end of November in Great St Mary’s Church, and drew hundreds of students to hear carols, readings, an a *capella* performance and a talk on the real meaning of Christmas.

Lent term centred on CICCUC’s annual events week. This year’s theme was ‘Unexpected’, and the week involved lunchtime and evening talks on the relevance of faith in modern society and the unexpected character of Jesus revealed in the gospels. The afternoon café even had an unexpected location, being hosted in Ballare nightclub (more affectionately known as Cindie’s). In college we ran a text-a-toastie evening, where students at Emmanuel could request a toastie and an answer to a question about Christianity. Over 50 toasties were given out, and we had many interesting conversations on topics ranging from the reliability of the Bible to how faith affects life as a Cambridge student.

This year we’re saying goodbye to many college group members, who are graduating or heading off on years abroad. However, the large number of freshers who have got stuck into the college group this year means that we won’t be short of members. As of April 2017, leadership of one college group has been left in the capable hands of Susannah Lawford and Joseph Adams.

**CINEMMA**

	2016–17
<i>Chairman</i>	<i>Wilfred Shaw</i>
<i>Outgoing Co-chairman</i>	<i>Vid Mehta</i>
<i>Incoming Vice-Chairman</i>	<i>Alex Harrison</i>

This year has been a reinvigorating one for the society, with a selection of interesting screenings of films from all continents and from a variety of film-making movements and traditions. The society collaborated with the ECSU ethnic minorities officer with three screenings in Lent term with films from Senegal (*Black Girl*, Sembène, 1966), India (*Pather Panchali*, Ray, 1955) and Thailand (*Uncle Boonmee Who Can Recall His Past Lives*, Weerasethakul, 2010), showing the richness of cinema for many different regions and cultures. Despite occasional technical failures (including a broken DVD, DVD player, projector and sound system in the same screening), we successfully screened 17 interesting pieces of the world cinema canon and hope to screen more in the new year.

**Wilfred Shaw**, *Chairman*

**CRICKET CLUB**

	2016–17	2017–18
<i>Captain</i>	<i>Alex Mistlin</i>	<i>Ashwin Raj</i>
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	<i>James Larman</i>	<i>Sushant Achawal</i>
<i>President</i>	<i>Luke Hone</i>	<i>Alex Mistlin</i>

*Emmanuel players head out for the pitch inspection*



It’s fair to say the 2017 season was an extraordinarily successful one for the Emmanuel College Cricket Club. We progressed from a modestly attended (and rusty) net in January to Cuppers final at Fenners in June. We played some fantastic cricket throughout and genuinely enjoyed each others’ company both on and off the field. Even more satisfying was that no individual dominated either the runs scoring or the wicket taking and every member of the team made decisive contributions. Ultimately, it was our depth in both batting and bowling that

told at key moments. When you have a specialist batsman at number nine and a fifth bowler genuinely capable of getting good players out then you’ll be a very difficult side to beat at this level.

And so it proved. In all, we played one pre-season friendly, five Cuppers matches and the highly enjoyable old boys match, which for the third year in a row ended in a win for the college.

We went on to breeze through our Cuppers group with two strong wins against Caius and Downing at our ground in Wilberforce Road. Abhishek Patel stood out for scoring 94 runs unbeaten over the two games. Not only has his game gone to another level this year, but he has also even managed to promote both the game and ECCC during his time at Harvard.

Next came a hastily arranged quarter-final at home to Homerton. After Luke Hone dragged us to 141 with a gritty 53, a very close game ended in our favour after Ashwin Raj bowled a nerveless final over with them needing 12 to win. Along with Ashwin, fellow freshers Parvesh Konda and Harry Knill-Jones were central to our success. The trio not only consistently turned up to training but also complimented the strengths of our existing players.

As well as scoring vital runs, former captains and makeshift openers Tom Mckane and Luke Hone provided the organisational skill, technical prowess and match awareness that was vital to our success against Homerton, Johns and the Old Boys. This trio of glorious wins was owed in large part to our reliable core of senior players that also featured finalists Will Earle and James Larman along with veteran seamer Dan Pope.

Unfortunately, though the Cuppers final was a step too far for this particular group of players (Fitz 203–1, Emma 134–5), it was an undoubted pleasure to play at such an historic ground in front of a decent crowd. In reality, our cup final came two days earlier in the semi-final against John’s, when an outstanding partnership from Ed Sides and Will Earle thwarted their Blue just two weeks before he bowled Cambridge to victory in the university match. The hitting, particularly straight, was remarkable and the two peppered the sight screens numerous times as we chased 54 off the last five overs.

And so to next season. ECCC will be in the able hands of new captain Ashwin Raj and vice-captain Sushant Achawal. After a brilliant season, I am confident we can go one better in 2018.

**Alex Mistlin, Captain**

### EMMANUEL COLLEGE STUDENTS' UNION

The Emmanuel College Students' Union has had a particularly eventful year, despite the committee having just taken over at Christmas. Speaking as president, I have been enormously privileged to have had such an excellent committee, one that has a number of achievements under its belt.

*Access* – Our access officer, Amy Cragg, exceeded herself this year. The response we received in both Essex and Sheffield was excellent, and we managed to cover a vast part of one of the largest counties in the United Kingdom. Going to a variety of schools, teachers and pupils were eager to learn more about Emmanuel, and we are very much hoping to see increased applications from those regions this autumn. We increased the number of schools visited this year from 19 to 22, and we received several positive comments from teachers and students.

*Buildings and Services* – This year has been particularly active for buildings and services. Not only has there been a push for improved services across the college, including greater labelling of food in hall and very successful 'themed' formals, but we have also begun consulting about the new site and are eagerly working with college to ensure that needs are met on all sides. In particular, we are looking forward to seeing how social spaces can be best used, as we undergo the largest building project in a generation. Dave and Frankie, our two excellent buildings and services officers, have proven exceptionally capable in getting things done.

*Careers and Emmanuel Society* – Our careers officer, Jamie, continues to build on our excellent relationship with the Emmanuel Society. Not only did we host an excellent LinkedIn training session with our resident guru and alumnus, JuG, but our careers evening was also a smashing success. We saw large numbers attending and

none of our over 15 Emmanuel members had any un-booked spaces for drop-in sessions. We are hoping for an even bigger turnout for our event in Michaelmas.

*Charities* – We also amended the constitution, which was one of the signature initiatives in our first half of the year. We have thus created the position of charities officer. Charlie Morgan starts in Michaelmas term with a host of ideas of how Emmanuel students can give back to the Cambridge community, and with a few formal fundraisers under her belt I am excited to see what next year brings!

*ECSU shop* – Under the leadership of the fantastic Lydia Sefton-Minns, the college shop now sells a wider variety of goods than ever before, to popular acclaim. Sales are up, and students can now purchase even more of their stationery and confectionery needs at a discount. These changes will endure for quite some time.

*Ents* – Our ents officer, Alex Mistlin, put together two superb entertainments in Easter term. A person with great musical sense and ability himself, he attracted excellent DJs to serenade the JCR in the bar. The dancing, music and atmosphere was stellar.

*Green* – Last year, Emmanuel entered the green impact award scheme, and we swiftly received a silver award. This year, though, after completing all bronze and silver requirements, along with 125 points from the gold requirement, we were awarded gold. This has been in large part thanks to our tireless green officer, Aoife Blanchard, whose green ducks committee has been invaluable throughout the accreditation process.

*Inclusion* – ECSU works tirelessly with all levels of the college across a range of issues, including women's, international, ethnic minorities, LGBTQ+ and disabilities. We would like to thank Emily, Joanna, Tamisha, Katie and Niamh for their tireless work in advancing some of the most complex needs in college, and for being tireless advocates. Tamisha organised some really excellent language days and international formals, Niamh has worked with the Bursar to ensure any new developments are accessible to those with disabilities, Emily continues to work to provide support for women who need it and organising the annual consent workshops, Katie was instrumental in the pride proposal, and Joanna has

fought tirelessly for improved storage for international students and has done a great job preparing for a cracking international freshers' week. Thank you all!

**Pride display** – This February, uniquely among Cambridge colleges, we projected a pride flag on the chapel façade. We also flew a flag for the duration of February on the corner of Emmanuel Street and St Andrew's Street. This was warmly received by the college community, and we hope it is a harbinger for more good work we can do for LGBTQ+ students in the future.

**'Roar'** – This year, we have been blessed with three absolutely brilliant satirical editors of our college magazine, Callum, Daniel and Sam. *Roar* is read now more than ever, and I can't see how it can be topped!

**Sports day** – This coming Michaelmas term, Emmanuel will be hosting our sports day with the dreaded Oxonians from Exeter. Set in November, we were victorious last year in our first attempt and now, on home turf, we look to do even better with an expanded roster of sports.

**Website** – Thanks to the exceptional talents of our webmaster, Ben Lammin, ECSU now has a snazzy new website, complete with an anonymous feedback feature. Again, the committee has received overwhelmingly positive comments about this website, and we look forward to its being employed for years to come.

**Welfare** – Of course, college life would be poorer if it were not for the constant efforts of our two welfare officers, who put together a range of welfare opportunities, including the fabled bouncy castle in Easter term, and the bi-weekly and heavily attended 'tea & cakes'. They also connected students with the counselling service, and have provided listening ears whenever someone needed help.

None of this could have been possible without an exceptional committee, three of whom deserve particular mention. Molly, our secretary, has proven to be a wizard of organisation and her quick procurement of stash and of club and society photos is the stuff of minor legends. Will, our treasurer, has administered the finances like a wise captain, and we begin the new financial year with very

little spending to be accounted for: that means more for clubs and societies. Nothing could even start, however, without Tom George, the ablest vice-president any president could ask for. He has masterminded plans for freshers' week exceptionally well, and he has been instrumental in many of our achievements this year. In particular, his work around the sports day has been superb. I am thoroughly looking forward to working with him even more closely this Michaelmas term, as ECSU continues to work hard for all Emmanuel undergraduates.

**Connor MacDonald, President**

**LACROSSE**

	2016–17	2017–18
<i>Captain</i>	<i>Amy Duff</i>	<i>Ellie Phelps &amp; Saskia Oakley</i>

Emma's had a great season of lax this year. We started off in the second division and the recruitment of some new players, plus the purchase of some inspiring pink-and-blue lacrosse balls, ensured



solid performances throughout the term. We were close to relegation but maintained our place in the division on goal difference. Lent term brought a string of victories, particularly when we had strong turn-outs, and despite not progressing past the group stages at Cuppers we ended the year with a promotion to the first division. Congratulations and thanks to everyone who played! The captaincy next year will be taken on by Ellie Phelps and Saskia Oakley and I wish them and the team the best of luck.

### MAY BALL

This year's May ball went above and beyond what Omri and I could have imagined or hoped for. Between us we have four



Lafayette Photography

*The 'survivors'*



Freddie Dyke

previous years of committee experience, so we began this year with high expectations of what we could hope to achieve, and I was only slightly concerned that we might be (or rather I might be) a little set in our ways.

I should never have doubted the committee's ability to bring a new dimension to an already impressive ball. Building on the success of previous years we tweaked the layout to make better use of the college grounds. New Court, which has so often been forgotten after picking up a glass of bubbly and some nibbles on arrival, was used as an open-air silent disco later on in the evening.

The bar, an area cut from last year's June event for being difficult to incorporate into a theme, was turned into a ball pit (see photograph above). I hope that 150,000 balls managed to distract guests from their nautical surrounding.

The decor team transformed each court into a distinct period of art, from impressionism on the Paddock, to Mexican muralism in the Robert Gardener Room, art deco in the Old Library to Dadaism in Chapman’s Gardens. The theme – The Exhibition: A Story of Art – lent itself to showing off the pre-existing beauty of the college, as well as the talent and vision of our decor officers and their dedicated subcommittee.

The departments worked tirelessly to bring new treats alongside tried and tested favourites: soft-shelled crab burgers and confit duck, skittle bombs and the obligatory gin bar, virtual reality headsets and swing boats. Even the music catered to all tastes, a rarity for a Cambridge party, whilst still providing an abundance of cheesy tunes for the Cindies demographic.

And behind the scenes the collaboration of all team members made the ball surprisingly stress-free and a joy to run. We’re both very much looking forward to seeing what next year’s committee produce; may they have as much fun as we did.

**Molly Llewellyn-Smith & Omri Faraggi**, *Presidents*

**MCR**

	<i>2016–17</i>
<i>President</i>	<i>Alice Rees</i>
<i>Vice-President</i>	<i>Susanna O’Brien</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Delphine Depierreux</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Jessica Fernandez de Lara Harada, Riva Riley (acting) &amp; Tendai Chisowa</i>
<i>Dinners Secretary</i>	<i>Sarah Stenton</i>
<i>Events Secretary</i>	<i>Mendel Bindell</i>
<i>Swaps Secretary</i>	<i>Rachel Evans</i>
<i>Welfare Officer</i>	<i>Dipti Jasrasaria</i>
<i>Accommodation Officer</i>	<i>Abigail Scarlett</i>
<i>Women’s Officer</i>	<i>Riva Riley</i>
<i>International Officer</i>	<i>Luxi Qiao</i>
<i>Green Officer</i>	<i>Young Mi Kwon</i>
<i>Computer Officer</i>	<i>Peter Cihon</i>
<i>LGBT+ Officer</i>	<i>Magdalena Jennings</i>



Ekaterina Zabolonaya

*The MCR enjoying their summer Black Tie dinner*

2017 has been another busy year for Emmanuel MCR and filled with dinners, swaps, grad talks, a healthy dose of hard work and much more. The year started in October with lots of new faces joining our midst. One of the most exciting aspects of the MCR life is the range of its members: graduates with different fields of study, backgrounds and ages come together to make a stimulating and fun community, and this year proved no different.

But with this diversity comes a challenge: with our members so spread out across departments, living in different places, studying full-time or part-time, or spending large parts of the term away from Cambridge, how can we get everyone to come together? A large part of that answer seems to be the ever popular MCR dinners. Always a highlight of MCR life, the thrice-termly dinners this year have been strongly supported by the other staples of the social calendar: grad talks and swaps. At grad talks, we are reminded that all our members are passionate not only about silent discos but also about their research. This year we had the opportunity to hear talks on subjects as varied as Egyptology, neuroscience and even the history of Mill Road, whilst of course enjoying some great snacks and wine. We also saw a full range of formal swaps to other colleges, with some members trying to squeeze in as many dinners as possible in their year with us, while other long-standing members tried to complete the challenge of dining at every college.

As well as our annual array of dinners, grad talks, swaps, wine tastings, film nights and silent discos, this year also saw some new additions to the social calendar. Michaelmas term saw the Belgian Society take over the MCR to educate us on Belgian beer and waffles, whilst in Lent the MCR proved you are never too old for a childhood tradition as we saw the first ever MCR Easter egg hunt. With the Emma *University Challenge* team giving us such exciting viewing, captained by the MCR's own Bobby Seagull, there were plenty of opportunities to get together and admire their work whilst sipping cocktails in the MCR. A revamping of welfare tea and cake to 'The Great Emma Bake Off' saw the regular sugar hit and chat become an opportunity to test the baking skills of the MCR, with one very impressive pavlova surely going down in MCR history! Another highlight was the swap with our sister college Exeter, Oxford, which we'd been looking forward to. It hadn't taken place for some years but this year went ahead

successfully; we were graciously welcomed by Exeter MCR and looked forward to showing them Cambridge on their return swap in the summer.

But the activities of the MCR members are not restricted to the MCR or to their faculty, and this year saw plenty members throwing themselves into college life and the full range of societies on offer. There was notable MCR involvement in the Boat Club, Chapel Choir, Football Club, Emmanuel College Chorus and, of course, the *University Challenge* team.

This year's MCR committee willingly took on the challenge of maintaining the MCR community, bringing bucket-loads of enthusiasm and ideas to their roles. Whilst the Socials team of Sarah, Rachel and Mendel kept us entertained with delicious dinners, after parties and swaps, the welfare team of Dipti, Riva and Magdalena have been keeping us all happy and feeling supported with tea and cake, welfare drop-in hours, and a great LGBT+ month film series. Meanwhile international officer Luxi has been keeping us fed with international pot-lucks, and dumplings to celebrate the lunar new year. Delphine has been keeping all our spending in line whilst also organising some great intercollegiate sports days and a very tasty Belgian Society takeover. Green and ethical officer Young Mi has been as busy as an Emma bee, working hard to raise awareness, including organising a 'green formal' and working closely with the Green Impact committee to help Emma win the Gold Green Impact Award.

I'd like to thank our Graduate Tutors Cathy Rae, John MacLennan and Jeremy Caddick, the MCR committee and all the members who have contributed to making the MCR such a stimulating environment this year. As so many of this year's members leave us to continue in the worlds of business and research we look ahead to freshers' week 2017, where we will once again be joined by a new host of members, all helping to continue to make the MCR a diverse, inspirationally rich and stimulating community in which we can all develop.

**Alice Rees, President**



BBC

*Emmanuel College Cambridge on University Challenge with Jeremy Paxman*



**MUSIC SOCIETY (ECMS)**

	2016–17	2017–18
<i>Honorary President</i>	Dame Fiona Reynolds	Dame Fiona Reynolds
<i>Director of Music</i>	Dr Christopher Whitton	Dr Christopher Whitton
<i>College Fellow</i>	Dr Sarah Bendall	Dr Sarah Bendall
<i>Presidents</i>	Oliver Philcox & Oliver Baines	Robert Cochrane & James Scott
<i>Secretary</i>	Amira Damji	Alexandra Emsley
<i>Treasurer</i>	Abhishek Patel	Abhishek Patel
<i>Hires Manager</i>	Harry Butcher	William Haslam & Oliver Philcox
<i>Publicity Officer</i>	Neha Zamvar	Alexandra Baker
<i>Events Officer</i>		Aimee Lawrence & William Dorrell
<i>Recitals</i>	Heather Condor	Patrick Charles
<i>Orchestra</i>	Rebecca Rebis	William Raby-Smith & Jack Deeley
<i>Big Band</i>	James Scott & Eleftherios Papparonas	Tim Davidson & James Fraser
<i>Chorus</i>	Oliver Baines & Tatiana Sherwood	Tatiana Sherwood
<i>Folk Ensemble</i>	Yanish Tucker	Robert Cochrane & Adina Wineman
<i>Senior Organ Scholar</i>	Stella Hadjineophytou	Hugh Crook
<i>Junior Organ Scholar</i>	Hugh Crook	Marcus Norrey

The past year has been a momentous one for the Music Society, which celebrated its one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary and has been able to showcase the wide range of talent across the college.

The level of orchestral music has continued to grow, with the recently formed ECCO joining with Sidney Sussex to form SECCO (Sidney Sussex, Emmanuel and Corpus Christi Orchestra) and performing Dvorak's *Slavonic Dances*, Beethoven's *First Symphony* and Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream Overture*. Other ensembles have also had success, particularly the Big Band, which has grown in size and ambition over the past year and performed

Letteris Paperomas



Folk Ensemble performing at the ECMS garden party

at several May balls. The Folk Ensemble has also significantly expanded their repertoire to include klezmer and has (somewhat surprisingly) entered into the bat mitzvah market, as well as performing for many ceilidhs and May balls. The Chorus, for all singers in the college, has also significantly grown in size and proficiency over the last year. Our weekly recitals have continued to attract large audiences, with particularly popular performances by recitals officer Heather Conder and ECMS president Oliver Philcox, as well as a range of professional players.

This year has also seen changes in the composition of the ECMS committee, including the creation of events officers to take charge of organising more events for the society, particularly with the aim to integrate more effectively with ECSU and the college. This has taken the form of a termly formal hall for members of the society, a very successful garden party, as well as plans for a freshers' ceilidh in October courtesy of the Folk Ensemble. The ever popular Jazz & Cocktails provided by Big Band has also been made into a termly, rather than annual, feature.

Easter term is always a busy time for the Music Society, and once again the enthusiastic (and by the end of term, muscular) members of the committee were invaluable in their help with

Letteris Paperomas



*Big Band performing in the Easter concert*

hiring out equipment to the many May balls who requested our amps, drum kits and keyboards. A special mention must be made of William Haslam, who has done a fantastic job as equipment officer in arranging these hires and ensuring all transactions went smoothly.

The society is indebted to the continued support of our honorary president Dame Fiona, as well as Dr Whitton and Dr Bendall for their help and advice, without which we would be unable to provide the same range of events across the year.

We have big plans for the society in the next year, with particular ambitions to put on more events and create more ensembles as well as rebrand the society’s website and internet presence.

**Robert Cochrane and James Scott, Presidents 2017–18**

**MOUNTAINEERING CLUB**

	<i>2016–17</i>
<i>President</i>	<i>James Wood</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Beth Godley</i>

2015–16 was a period of rapid growth for the Emmanuel mountaineering club for both regular climbers and first timers alike. The 2016–17 year has built upon this thanks to an experienced and

enthusiastic fresher cohort. The club has continued to spend most of its time at the Kelsey Kerridge climbing wall, but increased interest in larger facilities and outdoor venues has led to plans for climbing excursions to Milton Keynes, London and the surrounding countryside.

This year has also seen a greater mixing of members from all years, which has made for a more cohesive society, letting members new and old expand their social circles. This has fostered a more enjoyable and collaborative spirit during the climbing Cuppers, especially thanks to the high skill levels of our newer members. However, as ever we pride ourselves on being a society that is here to provide a flexible and largely non-competitive sporting activity for those looking for a break from the often intense Cambridge lifestyle.

The forthcoming year will also see myself and Beth continue our roles in to the Michaelmas 2018 term, as we hope to handover the club free of the equipment issues that have plagued it in previous years. Our tenure has seen us increase our range of shoe sizes to provide a more representative selection than the majority of larger sizes we had before, while we have also invested in our disposable and outdoor equipment. It is our hope that assembling a complete equipment set will allow future committees to focus their attention on providing a more varied range of both sporting and social activities for one of Emmanuel College’s growing casual sporting societies.

**James Wood, President**

**NETBALL CLUB**

	<i>2016–17</i>
<i>Women’s Captains</i>	<i>Lydia Sefton-Minns &amp; Alicia Cooke</i>
<i>Mixed Captains</i>	<i>Frankie Tamblyn, Charlie Morgan &amp; Will Raby-Smith</i>
<i>Social Secretary</i>	<i>Alex Power and Patrick Warren</i>

*Ladies' first team*

2016–17 has been an epic year, with both hardship and triumph for the Emma ladies' first team. We started the season in the top division, sad to see the loss of our third-year veterans but with great hopes for the fresher intake. We began Michaelmas with a strong team and managed to get several early wins under our belt, most notably our 22–12 score against Newnham, proving that it's all about the quality not the quantity of players! The highlight of the term had to be the inaugural sports day swap with our Oxford sister college, Exeter. The ladies team put in their all and secured the first win of the morning for Emma. The day finished with a tie between the two colleges but a game of Twister between the opposing JCR presidents clinched a win for Emma and we left Oxford victorious. However, this victory was short-lived as unexpected changes to the League structure meant that at the end of Michaelmas term Emma first team suffered a surprise relegation to the second division. We didn't let this hamper our spirit, however, and continued to play the most liquid netball that Wilby has ever seen, losing just one game in Lent to a very strong Fitz side. Additional team socials solidified the bonds between us and (I believe) was responsible for our success in Lent term. As a result, we won the League and will be promoted to the first division for Michaelmas 2017.

Our Cuppers campaign this year was strong despite clashes with lacrosse matches and the added issue of being drawn into a particularly hard group. We suffered an early loss to Medwards [Murray Edwards] but won the remainder of our games, finishing as runners-up in the group stages. Timing issues meant that only two runner-up teams were able to enter the afternoon play-offs and sadly Emma firsts missed out on these rounds by just one point (it did mean that we could go to brunch though!). Cuppers also saw the return of the Emma second team, who sadly had to disband after Michaelmas term because of a lack of players. The seconds had a really fun day and even managed to beat a firsts team in the group stages! It was great to see the Emma ladies out in force with a high concentration of pink and blue on the netball court.



*The Ladies' first team. Top row left to right: Emily Hopgood, Alex Power, Molly Biddell, Katie Craven. Bottom row: Lydia Sefton-Minns (captain), Frankie Tambllyn*



*The Ladies' second team. From left to right: Eleanor Brendon, Ellie Cox, Katie Craven, Julia Ganis, Emily Hopgood, Aileen Sartor, carrying Alicia Cooke (captain)*

It has been an absolute pleasure to captain the Ladies' first team this year and I am incredibly proud of the resilience we showed in securing our promotion back into the top division. I'm certain that in Sammie's safe hands we will continue to go from strength to strength and achieve even more success next year.

**Lydia Sefton-Minns, Ladies' Captain**

*Mixed first team*

Emma mixed netball first team has had a really fun and successful season. In Michaelmas term we finished in the top half of the League and managed to put out a full team for every match except one, in which we still came away with a draw after a very close fight. Lent term was even better and we ended third in the League, even with a few tight draws and some unlucky cancellations because of rain.

The first stages of Cuppers took place on a rainy day in Lent term and we dominated our group. It was not only our awesome netball that attracted jealousy from other colleges, as we also managed to stay out of the rain under our makeshift tarpaulin tent! The knock-out stages were delayed until Easter term, and after our success in Lent term we were very excited to give it our all in some drier weather. We performed well in the quarter-final, but unfortunately narrowly missed out on a place in the final after facing Downing. Despite the disappointment, it was great to see everyone keep fighting until the end and put out a really impressive performance against a strong team.

The whole team has shown great commitment throughout the year and being a part of Emma netball has been an absolute honour. The 'sausage and coat hanger' drill has served us well, as has the occasional game of 'killer'. We also enjoyed some entertaining socials throughout the year, which contributed to a fun and competitive atmosphere on and off the court. We are in a strong position towards the top of the League for next year and I'm sure it will be another fun and successful year for Emma mixed netball.

**Frankie Tamblyn**



*Emma mixed netball team. Players left to right: Ella Gibbon, Dave Thorp, Alex Power, Lydia Sefton-Minns, Frankie Tamblyn, Toby Lane, Scott Li, Emily Hopgood, Emily Pratt, Hugh Judge*

**QUIZ SOCIETY**

The 2016–17 academic year saw the return of Emmanuel College on *University Challenge* after a seven-year wait. Team Emma (as we fondly call ourselves) consisted of captain Bobby Seagull, Tom Hill, Leah Ward and Bruno-Barton Singer. The team were cheered on the TV studio floor by three mascots: Manny the Lion, Kleiny the Bottle and Ellie the Duck.



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Team Emma captured the nation's hearts with a combination of impressive factual recall, good humour and a real sense of team unity. Fans even created merchandise on the internet: you can buy Team Emma pencil cases, ladies' dresses and even iPhone covers! If you look closely on the Porters' Lodge mantelpiece, you'll see one

of these fan-made Team Emma mugs beside two of our mascots Manny and Ellie (all sitting beneath the official EMMANUEL – CAMBRIDGE plastic sign).

Quizmaster Jeremy Paxman described Team Emma's run to the semi-final as a 'flawless record' in 'cheerfully dashing the hopes' of Nottingham (175–135), SOAS (195–130), Warwick (200–90) and Corpus Christi Oxford (170–55). Despite high expectations from social media, Team Emma sadly lost in the semi-finals to a Monkman-inspired Wolfson College Cambridge. Dubbed by the BBC as 'the greatest face-off of all time', the 170–140 defeat was indeed the tightest semi-final for 12 series. Captain Seagull has since forgiven Monkman and they are combining efforts to write a quiz book together in time for that perfect Christmas stocking filler!

Quizzing on the domestic front has been buzzing as well. The Emmanuel College Quiz Society has formalised its society status and now has its own bank account. ECSU kindly provided funds for the society to have its own set of electronic quiz buzzers and this has helped the college contribute the highest number of teams in the domestic Cambridge quiz Cuppers. Eight teams (and a total of 32 students) represented Emma domestically from a total of 44 college team entries. Emma's Mr Tom Hill has now reached the pinnacle of the domestic quizzing scene and this year will see him as president of the Cambridge University Quiz Society.

As a one-off, a composite Team Emma bravely took on the mightiest quiz team on TV, BBC 2's *Eggheads* on 15 September 2017. The 2009–10 *University Challenge* champions (Alex Guttenplan and Jenny Harris) combined with the 2016–17 crop (Ward, Barton-Singer and Seagull). Despite the valiant efforts of the team and Mr Guttenplan's reminding the quiz world of the sheer breadth of his knowledge, it was no shame in losing narrowly to the Eggheads, who boast the current World Quizzing Champion in their line-up.

Unlike the most recent seven-year gap between Emmanuel teams on *University Challenge*, the wait this time has been just over six months. A new Team Emma has already won our first-round match of the 2017–18 series on Monday 2 October with a heart-stopping victory against St Hugh's College, Oxford. We're excited

to support the journey of captain Alex Mistlin and Edmund Derby, Kitty Chevallier, James Fraser and reserve Dani Cugini. Be sure to come to the ECSU bar for more second drama.

**Bobby Seagull**, *Treasurer*

## REDS

2016–17

*Presidents*

*Adam Mirsky & Os Leanse*

2017 has been a good year for REDS, with a number of successful and innovative shows being staged throughout the year. This year's committee has been dedicated to not only supporting the theatrical endeavours of Emmanuel students, but also to supporting new writing from students at all colleges. The year began with the Emmanuel College freshers' play – this year, a production of Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* – which was as well-received as ever, before a term full of exciting REDS shows around Cambridge. *Come Back to Be* was a two-man, student-written physical theatre piece staged in Queens' College's Fitzpatrick Theatre, and *Our Lady of Lahore* was not only another student-written play (this one was adapted from a Pulitzer Prize-nominated short story), but also featured a fully BME cast and received five-star reviews. In Easter term, REDS funded two shows with Emmanuel students on the directorial team: *The Government Inspector*, a Russian gothic comedy at the Corpus Playroom directed by Matt Gurtler (second year, MML) and *In Extremis*, a philosophical comedy with Phoebe Hamilton-Jones as assistant director (first year, English), which was put on in Jesus College's gardens during May Week. As well as this, REDS funded the one-woman comedy monologue *Why is John Lennon Wearing A Skirt?* at the Corpus Playroom, a show that addresses pertinent questions about gender identity. Looking to next year, REDS is already funding one show – *MOJAVE* – a devised piece about a lone phone booth in the middle of a desert, and I'm sure REDS will have many other exciting projects over what looks to be another great year.

**Adam Mirsky**, *President*

**RUGBY CLUB**

	2016–17	2017–18
<i>Captain</i>	<i>Will Shaw</i>	<i>Craig O'Malley</i>
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	<i>Alex Wade-Smith</i>	<i>Medani Elshibly</i>
<i>President</i>	<i>Sebastian Tullie</i>	<i>Calum McKay &amp; Stephen Leonard</i>
<i>Secretary</i>	<i>Craig O'Malley</i>	<i>Hugo Davidson</i>

It has been a season of rebuilding for the college Rugby Football Club, with the majority of last year's Cuppers-winning squad having graduated or sadly succumbed to career-ending injuries. However, with a large number of new players, drawn from both new and existing members of the college, the team succeeded in remaining in the top flight of the inter-college rugby Leagues.

The key clash of the season was against the combined Selwyn-Peterhouse squad, with both sides knowing that a loss would most likely mean relegation. Despite being behind at half-time, Emmanuel fought back and secured a 12–10 victory. Alongside a 15–5 win against local rivals Downing, relegation was avoided, with the club finishing in fourth out of the six teams in the first division.

The defence of the club's Cuppers title began with a match against St John's second team. The match saw a number of tries, with Emmanuel achieving a flawless victory with 27 points to nil on the scoreboard at full time. A particular highlight of the match

included a magnificent cross-field kick from Craig O'Malley to Tim Bennett, which ultimately resulted in a try for Emmanuel.

Next, Emmanuel faced St John's first team. This was a tough opposition to encounter so early in our Cuppers journey, with John's emerging victorious and then going on to win the tournament. Emmanuel put up a strong defence despite one of our Blues players (Michael Phillips) being injured early in the match. Emmanuel was, of course, not lacking in spirit and flare for the duration of the match and even employed new tactics to confuse an increasingly complacent opposition; this notably involved an Italian style of rucking, which worked with mixed efficacy. This defeat, however, has only served to encourage the club to hone our skills further and bring the fight to St John's in the new season with fresh faces and renewed vivacity.

This year also saw the first match against Emmanuel's sister college in Oxford, Exeter. This took place in a varsity-style sports day hosted by Exeter. Needless to say, this was an important day for both club and college as ECRFC's comfortable victory over Exeter helped secure the overall trophy for the college. This match also saw the return of Freddie Green to the squad; the former captain played with strength and enthusiasm, a reminder that those who play for Emmanuel become part of the club for life, not just for the duration of their degree.

Alongside successful performances on the pitch, the club has enjoyed multiple socials over the course of the year. These have knitted the team together and this has been transferrable onto the pitch, where each man plays for all his teammates. Included in these socials was the annual general meeting in which the club thanked the outgoing committee for its hard work over the course of the year, with special highlight to captain Will Shaw, who has worked incessantly to arrange weekly fixtures and recruit players so that Emmanuel could always field a well-practised team. The meeting also saw a new committee elected and it is with great pleasure to announce these results and to wish them the best of luck in the new season.

**Will Raby-Smith, Social Secretary**



*Rugby Team 2016–17*

Dom Stafford

**WOMEN'S RUGBY**

	2016–17	2017–18
<i>Captains</i>	<i>Emma Nicholls &amp; Georgina McCoig</i>	<i>Emma Nicholls</i>

2016–17 has been another successful season for Emmanuel College Women's Rugby Club, at both the college and university level. Although we play under the Emmanuel name and colours, this year our team has also included players from Homerton and Downing colleges. The team has been captained this year by Emma Nicholls (Emmanuel) and Georgina McCoig (Downing). Emma is continuing on as captain next year, while Georgina steps down to take up a role on the CURUFCW committee.

With many players trying out rugby for the first time, Michaelmas term was largely devoted to learning the basic elements of the game under the coaching expertise of Laura Nunez-Mulder. Alongside weekly college training sessions, uni-wide 'Super Sundays' offered the opportunity for more skills work and match experience in mini-tournaments. As the year progressed we played a number of friendly sevens matches against other college teams, using our technical skill and strong communication between players comfortably to win all of them. At the start of Easter term we played in the college sevens Cuppers tournament against three other mixed-college teams. Despite just missing out on crucial points in our first two games, determination and a strong defensive line in our final match brought us a well-deserved victory over Jesus College

As ever, Emmanuel has been well represented in this year's Varsity matches. Laura Nunez-Mulder, Emily Pratt and Sophie Farrant all played exceptionally in the 2016 Women's Varsity match at Twickenham in December. Even more Emmanuel players did us proud by defeating Oxford 30–0 at the Tigers Varsity match in March, some having never played rugby before Michaelmas. Emma Charlton, Amy Duff, Jess Lister, Georgina McCoig, Rose Bradshaw and Sophie Farrant were all part of the winning squad.

The strong sense of camaraderie within the team has been maintained by lots of events organised by our wonderful social

secretaries, Jess Lister and Becky Walshe. Cocktails nights, meals out and trips to the bar to watch the Six Nations together were enjoyed by all. Our annual dinner in May was a great chance to celebrate the end of a brilliant season.

**Emma Nicholls, Captain**

**SQUASH CLUB**

Emmanuel College squash has once again had a successful year. We were able to enter two strong teams into the college Leagues and also into Cuppers during Lent term. The first team remained consistent, fighting for promotion at the top of the second division and also enjoyed a run to the fourth round of Cuppers to make up for last year's disappointing first-round exit. Many thanks go to Peter Welch for organising much of the college squash this year, especially for instigating casual group sessions during Michaelmas term and a Facebook group to recruit some fresh faces for the college teams.

**Ollie Grimmette**

**TENNIS CLUB**

	2016–17	2017–18
<i>Men's Captains</i>	<i>Craig O'Malley</i>	<i>Dave Thorp</i>
<i>Women's Captain</i>	<i>Maddy Clifford</i>	<i>Ella Gibbon</i>

A new year meant an influx of fresh new faces to the Emma Tennis Club as we looked to build on the success of both squads from last year. Practices were held throughout the year, generally seeing a strong turnout.

The women's matches kicked off at the end of Lent term with a solid win against Downing seconds in the quarter-finals of Cuppers. The Emma team, comprised of Maddy Clifford, Georgina Shepherd, Frankie Tamblin and Ella Gibbon, took the Downing team by storm and won all six matches very comfortably to move into the next round. The semi-final took place in Easter term

against St John's and saw Kim Barker replacing Ella for the match. Though it started well, the match sadly ended in defeat and Emma was knocked out by a very competent John's team, finishing in third place in the Cuppers competition. Ella Gibbon will be taking over as women's captain for the 2017–18 season; we're hoping she can lead Emma back to be Cuppers champions once more!

The Emmanuel men's tennis teams enjoyed great success this year, building upon promising performances last season. Although it was sad to see the departure of certain players, another strong intake of new talent reinforced the depth and quality of the men's teams. The men's firsts had mixed success in a very competitive top division of the League. Bouncing back from tough defeats to Homerton, John's and Jesus, the team showed their resilience in matches against Downing and swept aside a Christ's side that had not been beaten in League matches for the past three years; a sign of things to come. The men's seconds were impressive in winning the fifth division, improving on their third-place finish from last season.

Cuppers began in Lent term for the men's teams. Seeded third despite not having any Blues players, the Emma firsts white-washed Sidney Sussex and Downing before finding themselves in the semi-finals, facing a Christ's team looking to avenge their League defeat. Strong performances from every member of the Emma team, including new faces Cameron Millar and Harry Knill-Jones, and the ever-reliable Cupper's specialist, Ed Kay, saw Emmanuel into the final of the competition. Although ultimately finishing runners-up to an unusually strong Jesus team, the players did well to improve on last year's semi-final result. The men's second team unfortunately could not repeat their League success and lost a tough match against Clare in the first round of Cuppers. A special mention should go to Leopold Lansing for helping to organise the second team fixtures and the debutants who made their first appearance in Emma colours for that match against Clare. Best of luck to Dave Thorp and Cameron Millar, who will be taking over as men's captain and vice-captain respectively next year.

**Maddy Clifford**, *Women's Captain*



## Obituaries



**JOHN GREENWOOD COLLIER** (1954, Fellow 1959–63) died on 18 June 2016 as reported in last year's *Magazine*. We have received the following obituary written by his friend Tony Bradley (1954):

I wish to add a few words to the obituary of John Collier by his son, Martin, that appeared in last year's *Magazine* (page 193). John and I met as soon as lectures and supervisions started in October 1954. We had both completed our national service, John in the RAF and myself in the army. We were among six undergraduates who entered Emma in 1954 to read law for the three years. Since our Director of Studies, Freddie Odgers, did not encourage students to go for optional subjects (of which there were rather few), John and I attended the same lectures and supervisions for all our undergraduate years. (The only exception to this was in our second year when John, Jeffrey Hinksman and I decided to attend what were rather dull supervisions in Roman law on an informal rota by which only two of us went at any time: the rota failed once when John and I each wrongly assumed that the other would be there, leaving Jeffrey with an uncomfortable hour.)

The law curriculum at that time had a heavy dose of Roman law (even including Latin translation classes) and was bent on introducing us to a form of legal history: our interest increased with lectures on the United Nations (and later with supervisions) from the brilliant international lawyer, Clive Parry, at Downing College. In our second year, John and I jointly invested in the weighty Volume One of Oppenheim's *International Law*: he bought out my share of the book when it became clear that under Parry's influence he was developing a deep interest in international law.

Several things became evident from knowing John. First was his aptitude for studying law (returning Firsts in all his Cambridge exams); another was his great sense of humour, coupled with a rare ability to mimic his lecturers and supervisors (one or two of whom seemed to us to be archaic); then there was his wide-ranging knowledge of just about everything, with the fortunes of Aston Villa being a speciality; above all, there was his warm-hearted interest in people and his ability to get to know and remember others in college, whatever their subjects, and whether they were sporting figures, literary types, ordinary students or college staff.

During our first year, when most freshmen were lodged in Warkworth Street and Mill Road (where John shared digs with Iain Hanham and Peter South), John and I (neither of us being oarsmen) spent a wet and miserable afternoon by the river in a vain attempt to support Emma's boats in the Lents. We retreated to toast pikelets and dry out on a gas fire in Warkworth Street.

I don't know whether John had sung or played an instrument at school, but he was a loyal supporter of college concerts (including the end-of-term concert in which the audience sometimes asked for an encore of the surprising rendition of the national anthem by the orchestra, which included a sousaphone). John took an occasional lively interest in the debating society, and he appeared as Tyson in the dramatic society's production of Fry's *The Lady's Not For Burning* in 1957. In our first year, John and I together saw Peggy Ashcroft in the title role of *Hedda Gabler* at the Arts Theatre; in London we saw Chelsea at home beat Sheffield Wednesday. Later, we heard the sepulchral Edith Sitwell read her poems to the University English society. Like many students at the time, John heard Billy Graham at Great St Mary's and firmly resisted that evangelistic campaign.

After graduating, John began research in international law and then went to lecture at King's College London. He took a very active part in a programme of research inspired by Clive Parry, along with his friends John and Cherry Hopkins. In 1977 Parry and Collier wrote the first edition of a Halsbury's Laws title devoted to the UK's foreign relations law (which John revised in 2000). In 1999, he and Vaughan Lowe published *The Settlement of Disputes in International Law: Institutions and Procedures*. And between 1987 and 2001, three editions of John's book *Conflict of Laws* were published.

In the mid-sixties, by which time I was teaching law at Trinity Hall, an opportunity arose for him to return to Cambridge to lecture and direct studies at that college. In the event, we were colleagues for too short a time, but John continued at the Hall until his retirement in 2001. Our friendship continued into John's last years. Despite increasing physical difficulties, John kept up with friends from his days in Emmanuel: he retained a generous and warm-hearted interest in what they were doing, as well as his sense

of humour; and the love he had for his family was evident. An indication of the great affection with which John was regarded as an international lawyer, a university teacher, a college tutor and a warm human being was seen when Great St Mary's was packed for his memorial service on 21 October 2016. But I will always remember him as one of a group of friends in Emma when we were all young and looking forward to what life might hold for us.

**JONATHAN SIMON CHRISTOPHER RILEY-SMITH** (1994, Fellow 1994–2005) died on 13 September 2016. A memorial service was held in Great St Mary's Church on 11 March 2017. We reproduce here the two addresses that were given at that service.

Professor Norman Housley, Emeritus Professor of History at the University of Leicester, said:

When Jonathan Riley-Smith began working on the crusades in the early 1960s it was a relative backwater in medieval history. Five decades later crusading studies form one of the most dynamic fields of research in the whole of history, and much of the credit for

that resides with Jonathan. What I should like to do in this short address is to offer some reflections on how and why that came about.

The bedrock of his contribution was his own published work. Jonathan was a prolific writer for nearly half a century, and it will be many years before the contour lines of his achievement can be accurately mapped, but we can already identify certain attributes of his work. The first of these was his willingness to engage with the full spectrum of historical writing. His research monographs on the Knights of St John, the crusader states and the First Crusade are outstanding examples of detailed, precise scholarship. He was deeply rooted in the Cambridge tradition of empirical enquiry but willingly embraced new approaches: much of the originality of *The First Crusaders* (1997) derived from his construction of a database of all the known individuals who made up the expedition.

Jonathan was not content just to write research monographs and articles. He was always fascinated by big, sweeping questions, especially when they involved the endlessly intriguing conundrum of how best to define and characterise a practice as important but protean as crusading. His own response to that question was *What were the Crusades?* (1977), a book less than 100 pages long whose impact on crusading studies it would be hard to exaggerate. It led naturally to the grand narrative of the crusading movement that he set out in *The Crusades* (1987). These books signalled a resolve to reach out beyond academe, and when crusading became polemicalised in the post-9/11 world, Jonathan made frequent TV and radio appearances.

A second feature of Jonathan's published work was constant revision. To his restless, probing mind the process of enquiry was rarely closed. Prompted by what other historians wrote, or by his own rereading of the sources, which for Jonathan always reigned supreme, he would refine or totally overhaul his views. This could be disconcerting for the rest of us. He would sweep his hand through his mane of hair and declare 'well of course I have totally changed my mind about that', accompanied by the familiar booming laugh. When he told me in 2010 that he was engaged in rewriting his first book, on the Order of St John in the Latin East, I assumed that the result would be an updated version. How naïve of me. As it turned out, he wrote an entirely new book, with the result that we now possess not just one but two fine, indeed complementary, histories of the Order's first two centuries. Much the same applies to *What were the Crusades?*, which has now reached its fourth edition, and *The Crusades*, which is also soon to appear in its fourth edition, co-written by Jonathan and Susanna Throop.

We know that Jonathan's religious faith was fundamental to him. Father Alban McCoy told us at his funeral that Jonathan planned that mass in intricate detail, and his personality and intellect resonated throughout the liturgy in a deeply moving way. For somebody who worked on the crusades, indeed held the Dixie Chair of Ecclesiastical History, such faith was bound to impact on his scholarship. Jonathan took great care to show absolute objectivity



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in the way he wrote about crusading and its effect on interfaith relations. But he was always conscious that many of the individuals he was studying took life-changing decisions, whether to embark on a crusade, to enter military orders or to settle in frontier territories. In many cases their decisions involved extraordinary danger: marching hundreds of miles into inhospitable terrain to fight ferocious enemies. Understanding what made them do it entailed not just reading the sources but also doing so with empathy, a quality which he came to believe had a rightful place in historical technique. And empathy meant coming to terms with the religious mindset of the age. In a few minutes' time Professor Phillips will give us an excellent example of that when he reads an extract from one of Jonathan's finest essays, 'Crusading as an act of love'.

This ambition to grasp, as far as he could, the thinking of those who took part in crusading was not confined to their religious beliefs. Jonathan was passionately interested in the history of his family. The only recreation he listed in *Who's Who* was 'the past and present of own family', and he was enormously proud of the achievements of Louise and the children. He was much taken by how families operated in history, and partly as a result of his database of first crusaders, that interest facilitated one of his key breakthroughs: the discovery of intricate ties of blood and marriage among the crusaders, the settlers and members of the military orders. These patterns of kinship functioned not just in relation to the present but also to the past. Awareness of dynastic engagement with crusading in previous generations was thus identified as a primary spur to enthusiasm for the cause of crusade, interacting with faith, political goals and hopes of economic gain to fashion the complex and evolving range of motivations that took men and women on crusade over the course of hundreds of years.

Jonathan's published work forms only part of the reason why he achieved so much. The other main reason was his teaching and supervision. Jonathan had numerous students, from BA to PhD, and many of them are here today; all, I am sure, could vouch for the unforgettable experience of being taught by him. Every

meeting bore the hallmarks of his knowledge, energy and enthusiasm. Ideas and stories would come tumbling out, accompanied – at least until he was banned from smoking – by endless attempts to light his pipe, none of which succeeded. He was full of patient encouragement. His own start on his PhD work was not easy: his supervisor R C Smail told him that he would have to do better than this if he was going to get the degree. This reinforced his empathy – that word again – for those who faced problems, personal, academic or financial. Success, on the other hand, brought excited praise, whether it was a completed degree, a first article, a book contract, or a job. He did not regard his work as finished on degree day, but was always available, in person or at the end of the phone, to offer guidance and to comment on work in draft.

Scrolling down the lengthy list of Jonathan's research students and their PhD topics and publications, from St Andrew's through Cambridge to Royal Holloway and back to Cambridge, is like charting the development of crusading studies from the 1960s to the early years of the 2000s. So – without naming names – we have individuals who have worked on the origins of crusading, its theory and practice, on the history of the Order of St John, on the means used to defend and govern the Latin east, on crusading in theatres other than the eastern Mediterranean, on reactions to crusading and on the way it was remembered. What lay behind this wealth of themes was an admirable knack: that of setting up a PhD topic at just the right point in its scholarly trajectory, when a new seam of evidence or interpretation had been opened up but had not yet been fully mined. It sounds easy but actually is far from straightforward. Of course it sprang from Jonathan's own interest in all aspects of the crusades, the military orders and the Latin east, though he took care to avoid giving a new student a topic that was too close to what he was currently working on.

At Royal Holloway and Emmanuel Jonathan had impressive clusters of research students and they formed the core of seminars about the crusades and the Latin east, which met regularly and were characterised by a palpable sense of engagement and camaraderie. But Jonathan's belief in the value of focused research

seminars went back further, to his first stint in Cambridge in the 1970s. He was less convinced by the attraction of conferences, which he thought became stale and occasioned too much alpha-male behaviour by senior academics. But he was very keen to promote academic societies and was instrumental in forming the Society for the Study of the Crusades and the Latin East, of which he was president from 1990 to 1995. His early research into the Order of St John created a lifetime commitment to the Order and he was delighted when he was made a Knight Grand Cross in 2007.

As for this university and the three colleges of which he was a member, Jonathan showed them great dedication and affection. They were tempered by a certain amusement occasioned by human frailties and some of his best anecdotes derived from college and faculty life. But he was always proud of what Cambridge was doing, including its prominence in crusading studies, and was pleased to spend so much of his career here.

Individuals endowed with Jonathan's force of personality and intellectual vitality create a painful void when they leave us. But they also bequeath memories so energising and enduring that the pain of their departure is softened. Jonathan transformed the subject to which he dedicated his professional life. But just as importantly, he transformed the lives of numerous people, for which we owe him a measureless debt.

Professor Eamon Duffy, Emeritus Professor of the History of Christianity, said:

I first met Jonathan in the autumn of 1994, when he returned to Cambridge as Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History. Since I myself had been one of the unsuccessful candidates for the chair, I wasn't at all sure I was going to like him. Legend, of course, preceded him. He had been born with a silver spoon, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say a silver beer-mug, in his mouth: his family had made its money in Yorkshire breweries. He was said to have arrived from Eton as an undergraduate at Trinity with his own troupe of polo ponies and, rumour had it, even his own aeroplane. At his admissions interview a Trinity don had said to him 'If we give you a place here, Riley Smith, I hope you'll behave rather

better than your father'. I'm not sure that he did: certainly as an undergraduate he spent a great deal of time in Newmarket on race days. But he also discovered the libraries and acquired a massive French edition of the crusader chronicles, and with them his life's work. It was common knowledge that his eight years as Director of Studies in history at Queens' in the 1970s had made it the most exciting, the most demanding and undoubtedly the most entertaining place in Cambridge to read history. Jonathan's pugnacious, challenging but inspiring teaching, conducted in rooms chaotically strewn with books and spent matches and shrouded in pipe-smoke, had turned generations of his pupils into ardent medievalists and, especially after his departure to Royal Holloway, he recruited a stream of graduate students whom he subsequently helped to university posts: one of his many distinctions was the sheer number of his students who themselves went on to distinguished professorial careers.

Some of that I knew: none of it prepared me for the larger-than-life expansiveness of Jonathan's personality, a cross between Dr Johnson and G K Chesterton, the formidably direct intelligence glinting beneath the roaring laugh and the *bon-vivante* relish. Within minutes of meeting him I knew the Dixie electors had made the right choice, and over the ten years we worked together as colleagues my admiration for his scholarship, his kindness, his integrity and his exuberant humanity deepened. The Dixie Professor is based in the History Faculty but is a cognate professor in Divinity: Jonathan took that bilocation very seriously, chairing the church history seminar with wide learning, good humour and general expansiveness: he was also a robust and often a refreshingly impatient presence in tedious Faculty Board meetings. And he was a brilliant and charismatic lecturer: the special subject he set up on the crusades rapidly established itself as the most popular in the historical trips.

Academics can be tortuous individuals, and much academic business is conducted by crab-like indirection. Jonathan didn't do indirect: his straightforward manner and at times devastating honesty cut through a great deal of flannel. He was a highly

effective chairman of the History Faculty Board, with a strong sense of pastoral responsibility and a determination that everyone would pull their weight. So he was unfailingly kind and encouraging to junior colleagues, while unflinchingly holding the noses of recalcitrant senior colleagues to the grindstone, making sure that even the strategically inept would be made to shoulder their fair share of the chores. But he could be diplomatic too. The medieval subject group when he arrived was composed of strong and not invariably mellow or collaborative personalities. The then professor of medieval history, Barry Dobson, found chairing the group a purgatorial exercise in the herding of cats. Jonathan took on the task with aplomb: a colleague once asked him how he managed it: 'I get them all tipsy, old boy'. He wasn't doing himself justice: his intellectual distinction and his manifest decency and honesty inspired respect and trust, even among the most cantankerous of colleagues.

And he was of course a convivial man: his and Louise's hospitality at Croxton was lavish and gloriously old-fashioned. In how many late twentieth-century academic households did the ladies still retire, leaving the gentlemen to their port? Jonathan loved conversation, food and drink in good company, he was a founder member of several dining societies, and he was a vocational smoker. When the medics made him give up his pipe, he took to snuff, shovelling it into his capacious nose less by pinches than by the handful. When I suggested to him that this was probably at least as bad for his health as smoking, he just grinned and snorted 'Can't be helped, old boy, addictive personality'.

He was a man of strong personal and institutional loyalties. The Dixie chair is tied to a fellowship at Emmanuel, but Jonathan's predecessor, Christopher Brooke, had insisted on returning to his and his father's old college, Caius. Jonathan would have preferred to return to Queens', but he knew Christopher's break with tradition had caused bad feeling. In the event, he came to relish his new college, not least because the antics of Norman St John Stevas as Master appealed strongly to Jonathan's sense of the absurd. He regularly regaled friends and colleagues with hilarious accounts of

'Sinjuns' latest magisterial extravagance – 'Do you know, old boy, we had the police in last night!' – all punctuated by Jonathan's own joyous shouts of laughter.

As we've heard from Norman Housley, Jonathan towered above his subject and radically reshaped it. It remains both a puzzle and a scandal that his distinction at the forefront of his field was never recognised by election to the British Academy. But his subject was for him never merely academic. He believed passionately in academic rigour, but his insight into the motivation of the first crusaders was also enriched by his own deep Christian faith. He had been received into the Catholic Church while still an undergraduate at Trinity by Mgr Alfred Gilbey, of Gilbey's gin, in those days a famous figure in Cambridge, immaculately dressed in shovel hat and frock coat with a theology to match, a pillar of the Trinity foot beagles who eventually retired to live in the Travellers Club, where he converted a boot cupboard into a private chapel. He was Jonathan's kind of priest, to whom he retained a life-long devotion. Till his final illness he organised the annual Tridentine-rite Requiem Mass for the repose of Gilbey's soul and the appropriately bibulous dinner which followed it. Jonathan was also responsible for securing the appointment of a Catholic chaplain to his old school, Eton, an initiative that earned him the implacable loathing of the headmasters of the major Catholic public schools, who took the view that he had stolen the bread from their mouths. His own brand of Catholicism was unblushingly old-fashioned and robustly unapologetic: so he was scornful of John Paul II's Jubilee year apologies for the crusades and the inquisition, and he himself delighted in explaining and defending the medieval Christian rationale for Holy War. I vividly remember his glee at being flown out, business class, to Washington, to explain it all to the CIA, Pentagon and White House staff, in the wake of George W Bush's notorious gaffe in describing the struggle against Islamist terrorism as a crusade. And of course Jonathan was himself, quite literally, a Crusader, a Knight of Malta and Bailiff Grand Cross of the Order of the Hospital of St John. His deep involvement in the Order meant a great deal to him, and he was proud of having played a key role

in ending the stand-off between the ancient order and its Victorian protestant imitation, the Order of St John.

Jonathan had a deep knowledge of medieval theology, but the faith that sustained him in death as in life was essentially simple. He was for many years chairman of the Cambridge University Catholic Association, in which capacity he presided over a highly successful appeal to establish an endowment for the work of the Catholic chaplaincy. No-one who heard his annual harangues to the congregation for money will forget his stern warnings that those who did not contribute would one day wake in another world, earnestly wishing they had been a good deal more generous. We all laughed, but rather uneasily, because we knew he wasn't entirely joking.

That faith stood him in good stead in his final illness. In his last months he wrote an essay on dying which was published in *The Tablet* the week after his death: it's printed in full in the service booklet. In its sanity and practical wisdom, its calm, unflinching realism, and its massive courage, it typified the man: I will close with a few lines from it.

... You must try to be at peace. Avoid anger or regrets. Do not despair. Enjoy the life left to you and be grateful for it. This will prove to be easier than you expected. You will have found already that, in the moments after you heard the doctors' report, any idea of a future was driven from your mind. No other option was left to you than to live day by day. I was astonished to find how quickly I came to terms with this. I should have lived every moment as though it was my last throughout my life, but I had pursued my career on the assumption that I would survive almost for ever. Now, with the evaporation of the future, the present moment became so precious that I wondered why I had let it fly by. My senses were intensified. My curiosity was sharpened. The beauty of natural objects and the vividness of my surroundings were enhanced. You will discover yourself embracing this vision, which is the one we had as children, lost with age and have now recovered. It is exhilarating and rewarding.

Treat your death as a celebration. Take an interest in it. Plan your funeral as carefully as you would the wedding of one of your children. Take care to leave your closest relations with good

memories of your ending. Your fortitude will ensure that they will remember you with pride and affection, and that they will pray for you. Remember that death is no barrier to prayer.

God grant us all to live, as Jonathan lived, with integrity, generosity and zest: and God grant us to die, as he died, with dignity and courage.

**IRA DYER** (1980, Visiting Fellow) died on 9 October 2016. The following obituary was written by Arthur Baggeroer for the *MIT Bulletin*:

Dr Ira Dyer (91) of Marblehead, Massachusetts – an educator, scholar, leader, sailor, opera buff and beloved husband, father, grandfather, brother and uncle – died peacefully at his home on 9 October 2016. A physicist, Ira's distinguished career in acoustics spanned over six decades. His seminal research had profound impact in the fields of aeroacoustics, structural acoustics and underwater acoustics. He was a valued educator and mentor for many students who are now prominent scientists. Ira served as department head of Ocean Engineering at MIT for ten years, president of the Acoustical Society of America and on numerous committees, blue ribbon panels and advisory boards for many government agencies and research companies.

Ira was the son of Frieda and Charles Dyer, who were forced to flee the Pale of Settlement in Russia and arrived in the United States with a young daughter and almost nothing else. Ira was born in Brooklyn, New York in 1925 and as a child lived in every borough of New York City but Staten Island. He thrived as a student at Brooklyn Tech, where his scientific interests were nurtured. Ira served in the Army Air Corps during the Second World War.

Following the war he studied at Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) under the GI Bill and received his PhD in physics in 1954. In 1949 Ira married his sweetheart, Betty Schanberg of Clinton, Massachusetts. They were happily married for 68 years. They have two married children, Samuel Dyer (Barbara) and Debora Dyer Mayer (John), and three grandchildren: Ethan Dyer, and Charley and Owen Mayer.

Sailing was among his great pleasures and, always the educator, he would mentor one and all as they took the helm of his several yachts, all named Coriolis. He inspired many, including his grandsons Ethan and Owen, to pursue careers in science.

After his graduate studies, Ira joined Bolt Beranek & Newman Inc. (BBN). He was the seventh employee hired at BBN by Leo Beranek (recently deceased, see *Boston Globe* October 13), who would later say that Ira was one of the three most important people responsible for the success of the company. In one of his first projects (1951), Ira designed, built and tested an ultrasonic brain scanner. This system was intended to use active sonar to find brain tumours and Ira himself was the first person to undergo an ultrasonic brain scan. The system ended up only measuring bone thickness, but it paved the way for the ultrasonic scanners currently used in medicine (in cardiology and during pregnancy). He later led others in an applied research division that investigated all aspects of sound and vibration in complex structures such as ships, submarines, aircraft and spacecraft, which resulted in many publications in the *Journal of the Acoustical Society of America* (JASA). During the mid-1950s, Ira helped design the US navy X-1 submarine, a small four-man diesel-electric submarine with a very quiet radiated noise emission and advocated by Admiral Rickover. He designed an innovative engine-mounting system (triple-stage isolation mounts) that significantly quietened the vehicle, allowing the submarine to pass the sound requirements. The isolation concepts led the way for the US navy to develop ultra-quiet submarines in the future, providing significant advantages for US submarine operations during the Cold War. Presently, the X-1 submarine is on display at the Submarine Force Museum in Groton, CT.

In 1960, the Acoustical Society honoured Ira's early work with the Biennial Award, a recognition to scientists under 35 for their outstanding contributions to acoustics.

In 1971 Ira accepted the positions of head of the Department of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering and the director of the Sea Grant Program at MIT. He soon led the department into new areas in ocean engineering, which emphasised learning about the ocean environment. Later he was named the Weber-Shaughness

Professor of Ocean Engineering. His expertise and graduate course in ocean acoustics were legendary. He was a consummate professor, both as a lecturer and one-on-one, with a clarity that inspired his students. Under Ira's leadership, the Sea Grant Program, created to stimulate research and wise use of the oceans, became a model programme, and was widely emulated. Ira also nurtured other new subjects in ocean acoustics, especially in conjunction with the MIT-Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution Joint Program. For many years Ira played a major role in advising, researching and designing anti-submarine warfare systems for the navy, keeping our nation safe during the Cold War.

Ira made many seminal contributions to acoustics that were published in *JASA*. His article on the scintillation of ocean ambient noise is still one of the most cited today, as are his significant contributions to structural acoustics, reverberation and propagation of sound in the sea. The programmes he established in these technical areas were international in scope, leading and focusing global expertise. Beginning in 1978 Ira led and participated in six Arctic field programmes. The first, Canadian Basin Arctic Reverberation Experiment, imaged the entire Arctic basin with acoustics, providing evidence of a seamount range, now tentatively named the G Leonard Johnson Seamount after a legendary ONR sponsor. He and his students developed a taxonomy of ice noise events that has been fundamental for understanding Arctic noise. In the 1990s Ira resumed his research on structural acoustics, which influenced contemporary submarine designs. Ira also contributed to one high level navy technical advisory committee, which has led to the contemporary submarine sonar signal processing suite.

After the collapse of the Soviet Union Betty and Ira, working with Action of Soviet Jewry, helped to place Soviet refugees in appropriate jobs and sponsored a newly arrived family. They became a classic American-immigrant success story. This philanthropy extended to include medical research, the arts, community causes, MIT and Clark University in Worcester, MA.

As an independent research consultant during the past 20 years, Ira served on the boards of directors and provided expertise to local ocean acoustic consulting firms founded by some of his

former students. He was instrumental in helping solve a pump vibration problem at the Deer Island Sewer Treatment facility by identifying an organ-pipe-like resonance in one of the inlet pipes that coupled into and accentuated the pump vibration levels. This problem affected the construction completion schedule, and the solution allowed the project, a major construction project to eliminate pollution in Boston Harbor, to move forward and the pump to operate safely.

Ira was a Fellow of the Acoustical Society of America and the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers, a member of the National Academy of Engineering and a Visiting Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge University, UK. He was the recipient of many awards and honours in his long and distinguished career. In 1996 he was awarded the Per Bruel Gold Medal by the Acoustical Society of America, its highest honour. Ira's joy was in challenging conventional thinking and being challenged by colleagues and students. If one of his students would say 'The data doesn't agree with the theory' Ira would wag his finger and say, 'No, no ... the theory does not agree with the data!' Meetings with Ira are still recalled with gusto. He challenged all to learn and acquire knowledge continuously. He took great pleasure in family and friends. He will be deeply missed.

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**ALAN DOBSON** (1990, Visiting Fellow) died on 21 February 2017. We have received the following obituary from his family:

Alan Dobson, 88 passed away peacefully on 21 February 2017 in Ithaca, NY.

He was born in 1928 in Bethnal Green, London, England to Albert Percy Dobson and Dorothy Blanche Dobson (née Hougham). He was educated at Westcliff High School for Boys in Essex and was evacuated with the rest of the school to Belper in Derbyshire during the war.

After serving as wireless fitter and instructor in the Royal Air Force, he took up a scholarship to study natural sciences at Corpus Christi College at Cambridge University in 1947, often cycling the 70 miles between Cambridge and his parent's home in Southend.

Completion of his PhD in biochemistry at Aberdeen, Scotland, led to employment at the nearby Rowett Research Institute as a senior scientific officer specialising in ruminant nutrition. There he met the love of his life, Marjorie, a Scottish microbiologist. They were happily married for 59 years until Marjorie's death in 2014.

In 1961, they went to Cornell University in New York State for a year, subsequently returning in 1964 for Alan to take up an appointment, initially as an associate professor at the College of Veterinary Medicine and making their home nearby in Etna. Alan worked as a physiologist studying how sheep and cows absorb nutrients and how horse blood circulation is affected by anaesthesia until his retirement in 1995 as professor emeritus. His academic career was distinguished by his clear thought, careful experimental designs, innovations in measurement technology, and a pervasive integrity. During that time his work with Cor Drost inventing an ultrasonic blood flow meter resulted in the creation of the international company Transonic Systems Inc. based in Ithaca, where he thrived in his role as a founding director.

Two sabbatical years in 1970 and 1977 were spent working on research interests back at Cambridge University. In 1978, Alan was awarded the distinction of an ScD by Cambridge University and in 1990 he was made a Quatercentenary Research Fellow at Emmanuel College Cambridge.

Alan enjoyed music-making with a group of friends, playing all the different sizes of recorders; such events usually ended with copious tea or beer, home-made bread, cheese and chutney. Alan was also a craftsman, designing and building various early musical instruments over the years, including a rackets, cornettos, a clavichord and finally a bass viol and appropriate bows. He enjoyed looking at art and it was fun to watch how he observed it. At one point both he and Marjorie took up pottery, but he gave it up when he realised that thinking about pot shapes was distracting him from his paid research. He had a wonderful sense of humour.

The grounds around their home in Etna provided plenty of outdoor work and he particularly enjoyed a bonfire in the meadow behind the house. He read widely, enjoying Jane Austen, Trollope, Boswell, detective novels and science.



In 2008 both he and Marjorie went to a care home in Ithaca, enabling him faithfully to care for her as her dementia progressed. He is survived by his four children: Ian, Janet, Graham and Barry, and by nine grandchildren: Julia, Joshua, Beth, Mary, Benjamin, Rowan, Erin, David and Madeline.

**DAVID CHRISTOPHER GERVAIS** (1996, Visiting Fellow) died on 13 August 2015. The following was written by a former colleague and published on the University of Reading staff portal:

David Gervais was a lecturer in the English department from 1971 to 1990, when he took early retirement. He remained highly active as a literary scholar and editor until his death from pneumonia in 2015.

In later life David was best known for his book *Literary Englands* (1993), an influential study of the conflicting ideas of Englishness to be found in twentieth-century poets and novelists including Edward Thomas, D H Lawrence, John Betjeman, Philip Larkin and Geoffrey Hill. *Literary Englands* exemplifies the sensitivity and forthrightness of David's literary criticism although it is in one sense unrepresentative of his critical output, which was markedly interdisciplinary. He was the author of two comparative studies of English and French culture, *Flaubert and Henry James* (1978) and *John Cowper Powys, T S Eliot and French Literature* (2004), and he also wrote widely on painting from Turner and Delacroix to the present. At Reading, he pioneered the study of modern literature and the visual arts on what became a joint MA course taught by the departments of English and history of art.

David read English at Clare College, Cambridge, where he was briefly a pupil of F R Leavis. He spent the years 1965–67 in Canada, first as a teaching fellow at the University of Toronto and then working in educational publishing. He returned to study in Paris and at the University of Edinburgh, where he held a temporary lectureship (1970–71) and obtained his PhD. While at Edinburgh he met his future wife Marie-Marthe, then a lecturer in the French department. They were married immediately before he took up his post at Reading in 1971, and soon had two sons. Theirs was a close-knit family and in 1978, when Marie-Marthe obtained her first

permanent academic post at the then Portsmouth Polytechnic, they moved to Hampshire to be near her place of work.

From its inception in 1973, David was responsible for the day-to-day running of the MA course on the literary response to the visual arts, set up under the influence of an earlier generation of Reading scholars including Professors Ian Fletcher and D J Gordon. It was a result of David's quiet insistence that the course began with an in-depth study of the art criticism of John Ruskin, whose centrality to Victorian intellectual and cultural life was then being rediscovered. As a teacher David was meticulous, deeply conscientious and the reverse of flamboyant, and his enthusiasm and depth of knowledge had a lasting influence on his colleagues and former students. He was responsible for liaison with the French department, and built up close working relationships with several of its members. David took early retirement in 1990.

Once he had given up teaching David's intellectual life continued unabated, and he was appointed to a Visiting Fellowship and then an Honorary Fellowship in the Department of English. Together with other ex-pupils of F R Leavis he edited the *Cambridge Quarterly* from 1981 to his death, and his many contributions to this journal, it has been said, reveal 'a vertiginous mix of topics, all written with a profound sense of passion, love and great knowledge'. He reviewed many art exhibitions, and one of his last essays was a reappraisal of Picasso. David also wrote regularly on poetry for the journal *PN Review*. His criticism, full of plain language and striking yet down-to-earth observations, has a timeless quality since he always remained independent of intellectual fashions. He had a deep knowledge of French literature, but for all his Francophilia he remained deeply English rather than becoming (to use his own phrase) an 'imitation Frenchman'. He continued to give occasional papers at literary conferences, and became an active, and much-admired, member of the Powys Society and the Edward Thomas Society. Few who met him in these capacities can have known of his battle against both physical and mental ailments. He remained determinedly optimistic, but it was the devoted support of Marie-Marthe and his family that kept him

going through a long succession of crises, relapses and periods of hospitalisation. Nevertheless, his death came quite suddenly, towards the end of a family holiday in Italy where he had realised his long-held ambition of visiting the Tempio Malatestiano in Rimini. His personal and intellectual presence will be very much missed.

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**GRANVILLE ANTHONY ARNOLD (TONY) DENNISON** (Maintenance Department 1943–1994, Head of Department 1968–1994), died on 5 August 2017. According to College records and those who worked with him, his working life at Emmanuel began at the age of 14 years when he was appointed as assistant to the furniture man in October 1943 at the wage of £1 per week including a war bonus. Tony served two years military service from 1947, after which he returned to work at Emmanuel and was promoted to carpenter in September 1952. Tony continued to work in the college Maintenance Department until he retired on health grounds in July 1994 as head of the department. A couple of years ago Marie, Tony's wife (whom he married in 1952), moved from Cambridge to Soham to live with one of their daughters but sadly Tony's failing health meant he needed more professional care than the family could provide so he moved to Waterbeach Lodge, where he was very happy until he died at the age of 88.



**FRANÇOIS REVERCHON** (Catering Manager 1993–2010), died on 30 December 2016. The Master, Dame Fiona Reynolds gave the following tribute at a service to celebrate his life (following an earlier, private family funeral) in the college chapel on 18 January 2017:

A few weeks after François was diagnosed with what turned out to be his final illness, we sat down together to talk. I wanted to know more about this charismatic, clever man who had transformed Emmanuel's reputation for food, and with whom I'd enjoyed working for the last

four years. He was more than happy to tell his story.

He told me about coming to England from Switzerland as a young chef in 1976. He worked first at the Dorchester Hotel in London before moving on, as chefs do, from one kitchen to another to gain experience, in François's case, in such exotic locations as the Bahamas, Ivory Coast, the Maldives and Sri Lanka before accepting a job at the famous Gleneagles Hotel. But after three years he was beginning to realise that the prospects for promotion in Scotland were limited and was advised in no uncertain terms that if he really wanted to get on he must move. 'Go south, young man!' he was told. So he did, moving with Susie and their family, first to help set up a new country and conference hotel in Newbury, and then on to Donington Park.

It was soon after that, in 1993, that he saw an advert for executive chef at Emmanuel College in Cambridge. He had little idea either of what Emmanuel College was, or what working in an Oxbridge college might be like. But he applied and his interviewer was Lord St John of Fawsley, who had serious ambitions for the college. The rest, as they say, is history.

But François did not initially have an easy time. He found problems: a financial deficit and menus that were nothing like those he was used to. His passion was for excellent food and wine, beautifully presented and prepared.

So he set to, to put things right. He knew he couldn't do it all at once so he started with the food. Good food, well sourced, cooked and served. He recruited a new team, among them chef Matt Carter, who has also been with us ever since. Within a year people were starting to talk about Emmanuel. François' food was delicious. He then started to get to grips with the deficit and after five years of hard work the kitchens were turning in a profit. That too has continued, with the addition of weddings (of which there have been so many) and outside functions.

But why, I asked François, did you stay? What happened to the mobile chef, moving on often, always seeking something better? 'Ah well', he said – and don't we all know that 'ah well'? – 'I fell in love'.

Of course he did. He was already, of course, in love with Susie, and they had a young family to look after. And he reminded me

that while most top chefs spend Christmas cooking, a college closes at Christmas, Easter and for a time in the summer, offering a more family-friendly life than a commercial hotel or restaurant. He treasured that, though no one worked harder than François when term was in full swing.

But most of all he stayed because he fell in love with Emmanuel. He told me that there was never a dull moment: things were always changing and there was always more to do. The food got better and better, earning Emmanuel the reputation in Cambridge for the best High Table dining. Supported by his second Master, Shôn Ffowcs Williams, François encouraged his team of young chefs to enter competitions. He described, hilariously, what it was like in the early days of 1996 and 1997, driving an old banger up to Huddersfield with practically a whole portable kitchen in the back: 'a nightmare!' he said. And they were soon winning, as they continue to do to this day.

He loved his team and became a father figure to them, cajoling (and sometimes more) as they juggled with the pressures of feeding and serving hundreds of students, Fellows and guests; occasionally (in Lord St John's day) with the added frisson of visiting royalty. He loved the fact that there was always something new to do or to plan for, whether designing the new kitchens or taking on new outside work. He loved the students, some of whom could consume vast quantities of food without apparently noticing what they were eating, while some – it has to be said – were extremely demanding. His Food Forum, to discuss food with the students, was a great success, though he showed me how the complexity of different dietary needs has changed in recent years, from everyone eating the same menu to more than a dozen different demands today.

He also loved the Fellows, demanding though we too might sometimes be. He told me of one – sadly no longer with us – who insisted on a freshly made apple pie every single day, often served with cream. He got it, of course, and I know I speak on behalf of all the Fellows, staff and many others here today who have appreciated François's care for us over the years, loving him in return.

But most of all, he told me, he loved Emmanuel. Our buildings, our sense of place and long history, and our people, past and present. When things 'got crazy' in the kitchen (which, amazingly enough, they sometimes did), he told me, he would walk out into Front Court and look up at the chapel, where we are now. The sight of Wren's clock turret, often against a starry sky, sometimes adorned with a full moon, brought peace. His problems would just melt away.

François was an inspirational leader; a brilliant chef; a passionate and devoted husband, father and grandfather; and a dear colleague and friend. He brought joy, exquisite food and a passion for excellence to Emmanuel, building a reputation of which we are all incredibly proud. We remember him with enormous affection, admiration and awe: we will never forget him.

**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 noted only in the Deaths in the List section of this *Magazine*. The names below are arranged in order of matriculation date and alphabetically in the Contents section.**

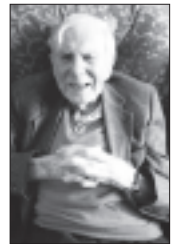
**ARCHIBALD PERCY NORMAN** (1931) died on 20 December 2016. The following obituary was written by one of his sons, Archie (1972) and published in *The Guardian* on 15 January 2017:

My father, Archie Norman, who has died aged 104, was an eminent paediatrician who pioneered research into cystic fibrosis and asthma at Great Ormond Street Hospital, in London, and neonatal care at Queen Charlotte's.

The son of George Norman, a radiologist, and his wife, Mary (née MacCallum), a nurse, he was born in Oban, Argyll and Bute, and watched his father march off to the First World War. He grew up in the soot-covered mill town of Shaw in Lancashire (now part of Greater Manchester), and remembered the 'waker' coming down the street and the sirens summoning workers to the morning shift.

After attending Charterhouse school, in Godalming, Surrey, he studied medicine at Cambridge University, taking psychology as a postgraduate and then went to the Middlesex Hospital. He served as a house registrar at Great Ormond Street before the Second World War, when there were few antibiotics and no NHS. At his weekly whooping cough clinic distressed mothers with children queued around the block to be given coloured pills depending on their ability to pay.

During the war he was assigned as medical officer to the fourth battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers, a reconnaissance unit sent to North Africa in early 1942. At the battle of Knightsbridge he was left behind in the retreat, tending the wounded and sending away his last vehicle to safety. He served in PoW camps in Italy and Silesia before being liberated by the Russians. He led 150 troops to freedom, marching on foot



for weeks through Russian lines and then by train to the Black Sea. On their commutation he was appointed MBE in 1945. 'They had an exaggerated idea of what I did', he said.

Returning to Great Ormond Street, he arrived in an extraordinary new era for paediatrics. He founded the hospital's respiratory clinic to pioneer research and treatment of cystic fibrosis and asthma. He undertook the first UK life tables for cystic fibrosis, which showed that in the early 1950s few children reached teenage years. Asthma was a significant cause of child mortality in smog-filled London, and he raised money to pay for new lung function tests and pioneered the use of steroids to treat children.

As the numbers of patients grew, he organised the founding of the Cystic Fibrosis Research Trust, cajoling parents and benefactors into getting it off the ground. Later he was a driving force behind the founding of the Children's Trust at Tadworth, Surrey, as a centre for helping children with brain injury.

In 1953 he became consultant paediatrician at Queen Charlotte's, where he worked on ground-breaking care of premature babies. He looked after the first quintuplets born in the UK, in 1969. At night he would dash up to London from the family home in Kingswood, Surrey, to do an emergency transfusion, driving home afterwards 'feeling that I had done something worthwhile'.

He worked long hours and lived for his patients until he retired to spend more time with his wife, Betty, a GP. He never sought recognition and disdained bombast. He always wore a clean white coat on the ward and walked up the stairs even if the lift was available. He drank little and settled for a cheese sandwich for lunch.

He is survived by Betty and their five sons, Duncan, Thomas, Sandy, Donald and me, and by seven grandchildren.

© *The Guardian* 15 January 2017



**GEORGE WILLIAM HASELER** (1937) died on 15 August 2016. We have received the following obituary from his daughter Sue:

George William Haseler was born on 28 December 1917 in Ockbrook, Derbyshire, the son of Donald and Mabel Haseler. George's father was a vicar and used to joke that George, born still some months before the end of the First World War, was named after King and Kaiser. George was the youngest of three children having two sisters, Joan and Mary.

George's secondary education was at Trent College, Derby and he then gained a place at Emmanuel College, Cambridge to study mathematics. Sadly his degree course was interrupted by the onset of the Second World War. Actually George volunteered to join the army some months before war was declared, completing training in the eighth army. In September 1941 he embarked from Scotland on a troop vessel that eventually took him to Suez, via Freetown and Durban. George spent four years abroad, spending three months in Port Said. In October and November 1942 he was involved in the second battle of El Alamein, followed in December by the battle of El Agheila and then in the following January the rapid advance towards Tripoli. In March 1943 he was under shell fire on the Mareth Line. That May he reached Tunis and then moved to Algiers. In May 1944 he set sail from Algiers to Naples and moved up through Italy; VE Day saw him in Austria. Then came a six-day trip from Austria to Calais via Innsbruck, Mainz and Luxemburg, and on 2 September 1945 he embarked from Calais and landed at Dover. George's diary notes, 'it was four years to the day, including at least 15 countries, and I was paid for going! In fact I gained over £500'. This seems a very positive spin on what at times must have been a difficult and dangerous experience. He was demobbed in the summer of 1946 and came to join family members in the Spilsby area where his older sister, Joan, had taken a teaching post.

George rapidly made his home in the area, securing employment as an agricultural representative. He met Betty on a blind date. She was staying with her married sister whose brother-in-law asked George to escort Betty to a dance. Later he said he hadn't intended the arrangement to be a permanent one! But by then it was too late as George was obviously smitten by his date and the young couple were married in 1949, setting up home on Raithby Road, Hundlby. At the end of January 1953, George and Betty found themselves caught up in the floods that devastated the east coast. They were visiting the cinema in Sutton-on-Sea and had to be rescued by the RAF. John was born later that year and in 1955 Sue completed the family.

After seven years in Hundlby the family moved to a house in Queen Street and in 1982 they built the bungalow next door. Family holidays were enjoyed in the United Kingdom; Sue said that she didn't realise that most youngsters they knew didn't have such holidays.

George was very involved in the local community. He was a member of the Young Farmers Club and was a member of the local lifeboat committee and Probus.

George and Betty celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary in 2009, just months before Betty's death, which was a great sadness for George as for all the family.

George Haseler was a dignified man, a gentleman to the end. He was very well read with an ability to retain information. He read the *Daily Telegraph* and was a mine of information: a veritable human Google. He was an excellent map reader and had been a very keen cyclist, cycling in the challenging terrain of Wales. George leaves John and Margaret, Sue and Glen, and five grandchildren of whom he was very proud.

People like George do not so much die as wear out. But of what they have done and achieved, nothing will be lost. Everything is stored away and will go to make up that 'crown of righteousness', St Paul talks about, a crown reserved for them by the Lord, the righteous judge of all.

**ARTHUR NEWCOMBE WILLIS** (1940) has died. The following tribute has been sent in by his daughter Caroline:

My father's was truly a life well lived. His childhood home, Ascham Prep School in Eastbourne, had been founded by his grandfather and there he had space to flourish, to access the gym and, later, the chapel organ.

He continued his education as a scholar at Malvern College, where he excelled all round, scooping the Latin verse, reading, music and Potter prizes and being awarded athletics colours and the Anderson gymnastics medal. As a result of the outbreak of war, his schooling ended somewhat grandly, with over 400 boys and most of the staff moving to Blenheim Palace when the Royal Navy and Free French Forces took over the college buildings.

Having won a scholarship to Emmanuel, my father had his call-up deferred, going up to Cambridge in 1940 to complete Part 1 of the classics degree. The war-time interruption of his studies stayed clear in his memory for the rest of his life. As a lieutenant in the Royal Armoured Corps, he served in North Africa before taking part in the invasion of Sicily and subsequent action in Italy and Greece. Even in war there was opportunity for sport and education; my father won his events at a British army athletics meeting held in the Olympic Stadium in Athens, going on to represent the army at an event in Udine, near Venice, where he won again. He had also seized every opportunity to visit renowned sites of the classical world in Italy, Greece, Egypt, Palestine, the Lebanon and Tunisia, all at His Majesty's expense.

After being demobbed, he resumed his studies at Cambridge, being congratulated after the first lecture for not taking notes. In truth, he had had no time to buy a notebook and pen. He graduated with an BA in classics (MA 1955), having been awarded a Blue for both football and athletics, and he maintained a link with Emmanuel thereafter.

His first full-time teaching post saw him back at Malvern, where he met a young lady who taught at Croftdown but whose affections lay elsewhere. However, a holiday in the Pyrenees put matters right: Barbara travelled out on the arm of one young man but returned home on my father's. They married in 1951 and were to spend a day or two short of 65 years together. Theirs was a loving marriage, characterised by mutual honour and respect. The family grew with the arrival of Duncan, on whom they learnt the basics of parenting through trial and error, followed by Caroline, who proved that what worked for one child didn't necessarily succeed with another. After a move to Essex, Ruth completed the trio.

My father settled into Brentwood School, where he enjoyed a fulfilling career in the classics department. His air of quiet authority meant he was held in high regard and he became a popular house master. Of course his sporting skills were much in demand and there was never such a thing as an afternoon off. He coached football, cricket and athletics, and was the key figure behind the construction of the school's first athletics track. Each summer he opened his home to the sixth-form classics set for their summer party until the year when someone overstepped the mark by pouring potassium permanganate into the toilet cistern, leaving the household with an exquisite purple flush.

Retirement for my parents brought with it a new set of projects and adventures. My father walked the Cornish coastal path, commenting after hobbling home that he wished he had cut his toenails first. He set up a carpentry workshop in a bedroom, where he made several beautiful items of furniture. The move to Newquay opened up more new pathways, and not only the route trodden daily from his front door to the end of Pentire Headland. He and my mother became active members of St Michael's church, my father chairing the committee for the restoration appeal following the devastating fire of 1993. They sang with the choral society and performed duets for two pianos. My father pursued a longstanding interest in things biblical, completing the University of Exeter's Certificate in Theology in 1995. However, he still found time to solve 10,585 *Guardian* cryptic crosswords.

My father was an extraordinary gentleman: a man of books, of deep faith and compassion, a loving husband, father and grandfather, and a kind, generous spirit with a twinkle in his eye, who wore his intellect lightly and kept good council. We will always love and admire him and strive to follow his example.

We wish him Godspeed.

**DONALD KNOWLES BRIGGS** (1941) died on 18 November 2016.

Donald Briggs came to Emmanuel from Oakham School to read medicine. He completed his clinical training at King's College London. He served as a medical officer in the British army of the Rhine, reaching the rank of captain. He joined the staff of the American Hospital in Paris and then emigrated to the United States in 1953. Settling in New York, he practised and taught medicine at New York University for more than 50 years. He died at the age of 92 from complications of Parkinson's disease.

He is survived by his wife June Briggs, son Lincoln Briggs, daughter Claudia Wavrek, and five granddaughters: Jessica, Nicole and Samantha Briggs, and Hannah and Paige Wavrek.

An obituary was published in the *New York Times* on 20 November 2016.

**THOMAS BABINGTON BOULTON** (1943) died on 1 July 2016, as reported in last year's *Magazine*. We have received the following obituary from his granddaughter, Kate:

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 1945

with a double bachelor in medicine and surgery, 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 lifelong 'companion, support, comfort and constructive critic'.<sup>1</sup> 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.

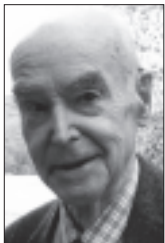
Tom's service in Malaya – for which he was 'mentioned in dispatches' – laid the foundations for what was to become his pet specialty: anaesthesia in difficult conditions. 'Difficult Conditions Boulton', as he was to be dubbed by amused colleagues later on in his career, became a champion of simple, 'draw-over' anaesthetic techniques which were widely adopted for use by both the army and also by various developing countries around the world. Tom himself remained an army reservist until the compulsory retirement age of 60. In 1969, he spent five months in Vietnam, working at the Barsity 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 specialty. 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' which 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 Anesthesiology at Schaumburg, Illinois and was made a national laureate of Anesthesiology 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 which he received a couple of years later: testimony both to his modesty and to 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 who, 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.



<sup>1</sup> quotations taken from *Careers in Anaesthesiology, Volume X*, Wood Library-Museum of Anesthesiology (2007)

**RUDOLF GEOFFREY WALDEMAR BRUNSTROM** (1943) died on 8 July 2016. The following obituary was provided by his son Alan (1974):

Geoff Brunstrom was part of the war-time intake of undergraduates whose studies were interrupted by the need to make way for those returning from active service. This contributed to his experience of Cambridge as a kind of idyll in the midst of global trauma, which indeed could be said of his life as a whole both during and immediately after the war. It certainly coloured his view of the college and of the friends he made there, for whom he retained an ardent fondness that time never diminished.

Geoff had what they used to call 'a good war'. At its start he was evacuated from Newcastle (where his family ran a coal shipping business) to the Lake District, where at the age of 13 he fell in love for the first time, with the scenery. For four years Geoff cycled blissfully around the Lakes, until war service loomed. His father had served as an artillery officer on the Western Front and evidently intended not to expose his son to the carnage that had consumed others in the family. Geoff opted to become a geologist, going up to Emmanuel in 1943 for his first two years and then joining Anglo-Iranian (the forerunner of British Petroleum) until he could return to complete his studies once the war was over.

It was during his first stint at Emmanuel, in 1945, that Geoff became one of the founding members of the Sigma Phi Alpha Club, whose papers and photographs are now part of the college archive. Whatever the club's original purpose, its long-term value was as the mechanism by which its 16 members remained in touch over the decades that followed. From 1950 onward they frequently returned to Emma for reunions, always recreating their poses from the original club photograph. The club's motto translates as 'It is sweet to be foolish at times' and they symbolised this by each displaying something that they did not do. In Geoff's case this was an ale tankard.

There is a story that Geoff became a teetotaler whilst working on an oil well in Persia. Always a keen cricketer, he participated in a drinking session with the rest of the rig team the night before a match, which left them unable to take the field next day. Geoff had to go out and meet the visitors, who had driven a 100 miles across the desert for the game, to tell them that the match was off. They were Persians and of course Muslims. He swore never to drink alcohol again: and he never did.

Whether or not the story is true (and the chronology is suspect), it epitomises the man. Certainly one of his prize possessions was the tankard presented to him in 1953, as one of the last BP staffers to be evacuated from Persia when the Shah kicked out the western oil companies. Despite this he loved Persia, always called it by that name and gave his own name to some of the geological formations that he mapped and successfully prospected.

Geoff was also invited by the Reverend Hugh Burnaby, Dean of Emmanuel, to join the Emmanuel Singers. Burnaby was a well-known character of the college and the archive has a photograph of the group taken in Front Court in 1950, striking comic poses in caricature of the figures on the Albert Memorial.

After his fieldwork in Iran, Geoff was next posted to Switzerland, where a family friend set up an introduction to Sheila Baillie, a Scottish nurse at a young ladies' finishing school on the other side of the mountains. They arranged to meet on the platform at Lausanne railway station and there began a love affair with Switzerland and with each other that lasted for 65 years.

Those who knew them later found it hard to credit the arduous life that Geoff and Sheila enjoyed together in the early years of their marriage. Their first son, Richard, was born in 1954 while Geoff was working on the oil field at Eakring in Nottinghamshire; but two years later their second son, Alan, was born in Papua New Guinea. Geoff spent much of his posting exploring for oil and gas amid some of the

world's remotest and wildest terrain, often being away for weeks at a time. Sheila brought up two infants on drilling sites hacked out of the rain forest, without refrigeration, air conditioning or any of the other comforts that people nowadays take for granted. They returned to the UK in 1958 and Geoff never went camping again for the rest of his life.

After a further spell in Nottingham, in 1963 the family moved to Reigate in Surrey, from where Geoff spent most of the next 17 years commuting to BP's headquarters in London. The commuter lifestyle was interrupted by periods in New Zealand, Texas and The Hague, where he ran BP operations in the Dutch section of the North Sea.

The years of foreign postings enabled Geoff to retire at the early age of 55. There were two drivers to this. Almost alone among the oil industry's senior geologists, he openly refuted the idea that the world was about to run out of oil. In the late '70s this was akin to heresy; and the fact that he was demonstrably correct must have made his continued presence intolerable. On a happier note, on the last day of a holiday in their beloved Lake District, he had looked out across the water and said, 'Anyone who can live here and chooses not to must be mad'. He resigned next day and they spent the next 17 years living in Ambleside, surrounded by wonderful views.

Geoff and Sheila were the active kind of retirees. A keen nature lover, she ran a shop for the local wildlife trust and acted as a wildlife warden, focused on her great affection for birds. He took roles on the committee of the Geological Society, indulged his passion for railways and walked pretty much every inch of the Lake District. When they eventually moved it was to the flatter terrain of Stokesley in North Yorkshire, still within sight of the hills. When their annual pilgrimages to Switzerland became too much for them they took to cruising and saw a great deal of the world. Their final move was to the retirement community of Middleton Hall outside Darlington, not far from where Geoff had grown up.

Geoff remained a committed supporter of his old college, making frequent visits that were often combined with rail excursions. Yet as is the way of such things, the reunion photographs of the Sigma Phi Alpha Club document the inexorable decline in the surviving membership. By 1995 the 16 had reduced to eight and with Geoff's passing the last member is believed to be Ben Fallows.

Geoff kept remarkably fit well into his 80s, due equally to his abstemiousness and his passion for walking in the mountains. His mental acuity was also barely diminished, sustained by a host of interests. An undiagnosed illness appeared, faded for a couple of years and then returned to carry him off relatively quickly: but not before he had gathered all his family together to celebrate his ninetieth birthday while he was still well enough to enjoy it fully.

Geoff Brunstrom had four great and abiding loves in his life: the mountains and lakes of Switzerland and the Lake District; Cambridge and especially Emmanuel; his wife Sheila who survives him; and the rest of his family, particularly his sons Richard and Alan and his four grandchildren. It was a lucky life, made so in part by good fortune but largely by hard work and the harmless but determined pursuit of the things he loved.

**JOHN HERBERT COUPLAND** (1943) died on 7 December 2015, as reported in last year's *Magazine*. We have received the following obituary, written by his sons Christopher and Robert (1988):

John Coupland, who has died aged 89, enjoyed a distinguished career as a physicist. As a pioneer of high-voltage electron microscopy in the late 1940s and early 1950s, he went on to become involved in the development of nuclear power in the late 1950s and then high-energy particle physics in the 1960s, '70s and '80s, through his



subsequent work on superconducting magnets, on which he was a world authority.

John was born in York on 20 March 1926 into a Methodist family of modest means. Initially taught at home by his mother, he then went to Archbishop Holgate's junior school and then on to Bootham, arriving as the youngest pupil in the school. John was an active boy and developed interests in astronomy, debating, photography and swimming, but also in just practically making things, particularly radio sets. He enjoyed the school's evacuation to Ampleforth College in 1939, where he remembered the rugby pitches stretching 'as far as the eye could see' and 'character-building' cross-country runs in the snow up onto the North York Moors.

In 1943, aged 17, he went up to Emmanuel on a state bursary to read natural sciences. Like legions of students before and since, John enjoyed rowing on the Cam, both in an eight and also sculling down to Clayhithe. He formed many life-long friendships and had many stories, particularly about the college characters of the time.

After completing his Part I in 1945, his studies were interrupted by the war effort and he spent the next two years working at Metropolitan Vickers in Manchester. Awarded his BA in 1946 (with the credit of three military terms), he nonetheless returned to Cambridge in 1947 to complete his Part II in physics in one year. His education endowed him with a strong sense of moral purpose and integrity, together with a real interest in learning, attributes which he kept throughout his life.

After Cambridge, John secured a research fellowship and then lectureship in physics under Sir John Turton Randall at King's College in London. Funding was not plentiful in those post-war years, but by begging, borrowing and utilising scrap materials no-one else wanted John successfully developed a high-energy electron microscope, using it to investigate thicker biological specimens. He was awarded his PhD in 1954.

John had many interesting and happy memories of his time at King's. In the lab next door were the London team who were investigating the structure of DNA, including Maurice Wilkins, Raymond Gosling and Rosalind Franklin, about whom much has recently been written. He enjoyed both his teaching responsibilities and his pastoral duties as sub-warden at Halliday Hall.

In 1956, following a crash course on nuclear reactors, John joined the atomic power division of the English Electric Company, to head the physics and futures team working on reactor design under Paul Wolff. The team were successful in winning the tender for the first Magnox stations of Hinckley Point A, and, later, Sizewell A and Wylfa.

During this time in Leicester John enjoyed an active social life and became the first chairman of the 'Coffee Pot', a club designed for 'boffins' to meet non-scientists through social events. It was here that he met Jean, a local girl from Leicester, which led to a long and very happy partnership and marriage.

In 1960 John moved to the Rutherford Laboratory in Oxfordshire, where he joined a team building the variable energy cyclotron. This used conventional, resistive magnets, but the developing field of superconducting materials gained support in the mid-1960s and John became heavily involved in the design and development of superconducting magnets.

Initial work was for 'static' magnets, but in the 1970s work started on the development of 'pulsed' versions that could be used in the accelerating ring of synchrotrons, allowing a great increase in beam energy. John became part of an active global magnet technology community. It is testament to the inspiration and ingenuity of all those involved that the principles behind the 'AC5' magnet developed by the Rutherford team – presented at the fifth international conference in Rome in 1975 – still underpin the design of pulsed superconducting magnets in use today in machines such as the Large Hadron Collider at CERN in Geneva. Later projects included the

design of a mass spectrometer for the nuclear physics department in Oxford, and the very successful neutron beam injection heating system for the Joint European Torus experimental fusion reactor at Culham.

In 1988, John's achievements were recognised by the award of an honorary DSc in engineering from the University of London. His family were immensely proud to celebrate this moment with him in the Royal Albert Hall, and this recognition of his professional work and combined theoretical and practical abilities over many years. He felt privileged to have led such an immensely interesting life, helped not least by his curious nature, an ability to apply himself and a capacity for hard work.

John retired in 1987 and devoted himself to his family and the upkeep of homes in Abingdon and York. He remained a keen gardener and avid reader of *The Guardian* until well into his old age.

Serious-minded, but at the same time warm and encouraging with a twinkle in his eye, he was a resourceful colleague, a devoted husband and father and, latterly, grandfather to four engaging grandchildren. He is survived by his wife of 51 years, Jean, and their two sons, Christopher (Selwyn 1986) and Robert (1988).

**PETER TREVOR DAVIES** (1943) died on 7 January 2017. We have received the following obituary, written by his daughter Veronica:

My father, Peter Davies, was born in Wrexham on 22 December 1925. The family moved a few times with his father's job as a tax inspector, and by 1935 they were living in Stoke-on-Trent. Peter attended Newcastle-under-Lyme Grammar School and then went up to Emmanuel College in 1943, on an open major scholarship to read natural sciences, staying on after his first degree to study for a PhD.

In writing this obituary, I have found it helpful to read again my father's letters from Cambridge to his parents. I am also grateful to Ben Fallows, a friend of Peter's at Emmanuel, who has contributed some of his memories. In his first year, Peter shared a room on F staircase with Joe Kay, who had come up from Bury Grammar School. As that school was also Ben's alma mater, Peter and Ben soon became acquainted.

Over the years, I've grown accustomed to a photograph taken in 1945, which hung in my parents' house. It showed my father and other Emmanuel undergraduates, members of the Sigma Phi Alpha Club. I feel ashamed to admit that I'd never really wondered what the club was, and had never talked to my father about it. But since my father's death, Ben has enlightened me and explained that it was in my father's room, F5, that Sigma Phi Alpha was formed in 1945, and that it was a group of 16 friends, many of whom lived on the same staircase.

In case others, like me, have no idea why the club was thus named, I quote from the 2012 Emmanuel *Magazine*, 'The friends met with the aim of doing "nothing at all", – which can be put another way and abbreviated to SFA'. Ben sent me the minutes of the 'First Inaugural General Meeting, May 1945' along with other papers relating to the club and I love the humour in these.

An important feature of the club was 'The Bureau Book', in which members made semi-regular biographical entries after they had left Cambridge. As Ben says, 'Our little club was a means of keeping up friendships for 50 and 60 years and has undoubtedly been one of the happiest legacies which I received from Cambridge'. I loved reading of the club 'Beano' for 1945, held on 2 June in the room Peter shared with Joe Kay, F5. Among the comic turns on offer during the evening was 'Mr P T Davies' who showed 'the art of putting one's head through a chair into a wastepaper basket beyond'! I am grateful to Ben for telling me so much about Sigma Phi Alpha; my only regret is that I never took the opportunity to talk to my father about it.

I had not realised that my father had done so much rowing during his time at Emmanuel, even for some of his time rowing in the first eight and going out on the



water three afternoons a week. Another interest was the college debating society. Ben recalls that he, Peter and others in their group were responsible for keeping the debating society going, and Peter was on the committee during the academic year 1945–46. Debates were held on Saturday evenings after Hall, and Ben remembers Peter proposing the motion 'That Father Time is a bad parent' and opposing the motion 'That teaching politeness is teaching hypocrisy'.

There were a number of other Newcastle-under-Lyme Grammar School alumni at Cambridge at the same time as Peter, and Peter took an active part in ON meetings. One meeting, in December 1944, was held in his room, and Peter commented in a letter that he fed his nine visitors very well, with luncheon meat, lettuce, watercress, jam, four pounds of bread, crumpets and scones!

It is fascinating to think that my father was an undergraduate during the war. Ben echoed what I think were my father's feelings when he wrote to me, 'I think we all felt in our hearts that we were fortunate in having been allowed to complete our studies when so many of our contemporaries were in the forces'. My father's letters to his parents tell of weekly training in the STC including in November 1943 practising 'crawls' such as the Cossack crawl and the leopard crawl! STC also involved parades, fire-watching and summer camps. Peter's letters don't generally touch very much on how the war affected his life in Cambridge, though he did comment that the 1943 Commemoration of Benefactors was somewhat curtailed because of a shortage of port! As a scholar of the college, Peter was invited to drink port in the Gallery with the Fellows, toasting the benefactors. On that occasion the evening drew to a close at 10pm when the port ran out, whereas in peace-time festivities would have continued until midnight.

I was surprised to read in a letter my father wrote in April 1945 that his chances of staying on for a third year of his degree were very small. Apparently 50 per cent of students would be leaving to enter the forces, with most of the rest required for industrial or government work. Of course in the event, the war ended the following month, so Peter's third year was assured.

It must have been amazing to be in Cambridge for the VE celebrations. In a letter of 12 May 1945 Peter describes a number of the special events that week: the bonfire and fireworks on Midsummer Common, the dancing on Parker's Piece, and a ceremony in college involving 'decorating the chapel face with a skeleton, in academic dress, sitting on a jerry!'

After Peter had completed his PhD, he was taken on by Shell to work as a research scientist at Thornton research centre, near Ellesmere Port. Peter remained with Shell for his whole working life; he loved his work and his fascination with its technical complexities never faded. Over the years he worked in several different sections within Thornton. I remember when at school we had to write down our father's occupation: one year my father's was 'physicist' and the next 'statistician', both somewhat challenging for an 11- or 12-year-old to spell! Work often took Peter to Shell Centre in London as well as to the Shell labs in Holland, and he enjoyed these trips. Colleagues have spoken of Peter's 'superb mathematical brain', and of his generosity in guiding younger colleagues through thorny mathematical problems and then encouraging *them* to take the credit. After Peter retired, he was for several years treasurer of his local church, and he also did tutoring in maths and physics.

Peter had first met Mary when they both lived in Hollybank Crescent, Stoke-on-Trent, as teenagers. He married her in 1951 and they enjoyed over 60 years of marriage. Christopher was born in 1956 and Veronica in 1960. Peter was a loving and loyal husband and father.

Peter enjoyed going to reunions at Emmanuel and meeting up with Ben Fallows, Joe Kay and others from his 'circle'. My parents celebrated their ruby wedding

anniversary with a stay in Cambridge, which included an evening picnic on board a punt and lunch at Emmanuel.

In a letter to his parents of 3 November 1943, Peter describes the college scarf which he has just purchased: 'Don't get the idea that [the] Emma scarf is bright; it is 90% blue-black and 5% sickly pink. Which doesn't add up to 100% but why should it?' In spite of not apparently being exactly enamoured with the college scarf at first, Peter wore it with pride during the years that followed. Every ten years or so, his Christmas or birthday present would be a new Emmanuel scarf. When I visualise my father now, I see him with that familiar blue-and-pink scarf around his neck. I know that my father loved his time at Cambridge and was proud to be a member of Emmanuel College.

**PETER GEORGE REGINALD DENCH** (1943) died on 12 January 2017. We have received the following obituary, written by his colleague Dr Robert Porter:

Peter Dench was, in my eyes, a saint. He could do no wrong and was the most wonderful man, dedicating his life to his patients who loved him in return.

Born in Manchester on 3 March 1925, he was the eldest child of Dr Reginald and Olive Dench, his father being a GP. The family, including his younger brother Geoffrey, moved to York in 1932, and Peter told me that his mother thought she had arrived in heaven after the grime and desolation of post-war Manchester. Sister Judi's arrival a few years later completed the family.

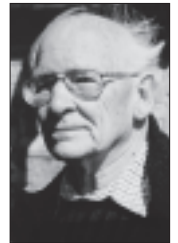
He attended St Peter's School and automatically thought that he would follow in his father's footsteps and become a GP. That thought was almost stifled at a careers meeting in school, when a teacher asked him what he was going to do with his life. 'What do you mean?' Peter asked. 'I'm going to go into medicine, of course!' He received the reply: 'Hmmm; bit awkward, that, because you've been studying history and languages for the past few years'. So he changed from arts to science and played catch-up. After gaining a scholarship to Emmanuel College, Cambridge to study medicine, he completed his clinical years at St Bartholomew's Hospital, London, graduating in February 1949.

By August of that year, a certain French-born young lady named Daphne Johnson, who was living in York, had worked her Gallic charms on him and they married in Heworth parish church. Their honeymoon however was short-lived due to the Malayan emergency and Peter was called up, joining the Suffolk regiment as their medical officer. Remarkably, Daphne's brother, Sonny, was also sent to Malaya on National Service, where both men met up. Peter was one of the first medics in the British army to be given the use of a helicopter to transport wounded soldiers back from the jungle to base hospital.

It was to be another two years before Peter and Daphne were reunited as the conflict rumbled on. Finally, on his return home in 1952 he found that the position that he had hoped had been kept open for him at his father's old surgery had been filled, so he accepted a one-year obstetric locum at York's maternity hospital. As was the custom in those days, wives including Daphne were not allowed to visit their husband's hospital quarters after 9pm. What would the present junior doctors have made of that?

At the end of the maternity locum, Peter joined his father's old practice, now renamed Dr McKenna & Partners, working from the Heworth surgery. The young married couple eventually bought a house in Clifton in 1960. They had an extension built to provide Peter with a small surgery and waiting room and Daphne acted as receptionist. They were literally living above the shop. Subsequently the shy, retiring Simon and beautiful Louise entered their lives.

In 1970 the Water Lane health centre was opened and Peter moved his surgery into it. He remained there for ten years before accepting my invitation to join me in Green Hammerton, a rural dispensing practice. Life for both of us was very happy. We





knew each other from the 1970s when I joined Dr McKenna & Partners and Peter was already well established. After ten years at Green Hammerton, Peter finally hung up his stethoscope aged 65, as soon as he realised that the newly purchased computers really were here to stay.

During his long career in general practice, Peter never lost his interest in the army. After returning from National Service in Malaya, he joined the 250 Field Ambulance in Hull as a doctor and took the salute at drill every Wednesday evening for over 27 years. On one occasion, a patient almost prevented him getting to Hull by demanding to be seen after surgery had finished and refusing to believe Daphne's claim that Peter had already left. The man waited and waited on the pavement outside the house, but far enough away to enable Daphne to reverse the car out of the drive with Peter prostrate along the back seat covered by a rug. Daphne got out of the car a few minutes later down the road and walked back home, leaving Peter to continue his journey to Hull.

As well as his weekly visits to Wenlock Barracks in Hull, Peter joined the brigade on manoeuvres for a fortnight every year. They honoured him by making him honorary colonel and he was invited to Buckingham Palace to receive the Territorial Decoration in 1997.

Good with his hands, he made regiments of miniature soldiers and also assembled boats from kit form and built a train set. However that's where his expertise stopped, at least on the domestic front. If Daphne asked him to change a light bulb in the house, he was nowhere to be found!

He enjoyed the camaraderie from being a member of the Company of Merchant Adventurers in York, and also of the Albert Victor Lodge and Probus. On retirement, Peter returned to painting in watercolours, a pastime encouraged first by his father and later by his sister, Judi. The pictures were so good that York Against Cancer put them on the front of their greetings cards. He also became a guide at York Minster, not realising that to qualify involved hours and hours of exhausting homework followed by the dreaded exam. He only stopped showing people around the Minster seven years ago after suffering a stroke.

Throughout his life he enjoyed classical music and had at one time considered becoming a conductor. Many was the time that patients reported to the receptionists that Dr Dench had forgotten to switch off his car radio, which was blaring away on Radio 3 all around the surgery car park. His humming of tunes and whistling whilst walking down corridors brought a smile to any face. His happiness was infectious.

An immensely cultured man, he read widely, loved the theatre and had a great social conscience. After watching the very moving film about the First World War *Testament of Youth* at The City Screen, a film that laments the horrors and utter futility of war, Peter rose from his seat and turning to the silent audience exclaimed 'And what have we learnt in the last 100 years?'

He was never angry or, more precisely, was only observed to lose his temper on one occasion. This occurred whilst he was looking after a terrier puppy named Morgan on behalf of his son, Simon. Whilst walking him around Clifton Green, Morgan managed to slip his lead and thought that Peter's chasing after him was a game, being oblivious to the danger of traffic thundering by. He kept returning to Peter when called and just as the lead was about to be placed over his head he shot off again. Eventually the family despatched Louise to find out why Peter had not returned. On seeing his daughter approach Peter, in great annoyance and disgust, flung down the lead and, using some colourful language, suggested that Louise deal with the puppy and marched home on his own in a big huff.

Peter always had a twinkle in his eye and joked that he had lived his life in the shadows of others. For the first 25 years of his life, he was known as 'his father's son',

then for the next 25, he was known as 'his sister Judi's brother' and in later years as 'Simon Dench's father'!

His memory in his last years was amazing. We went for lunches together and he would recollect the enjoyable times in his youth when he cycled from York to Castle Howard, and the hard rugby matches between St Peter's and Ampleforth during the war years. On another occasion our trip to Malton opened the flood gates with his reminiscences of his brother-in-law, Sonny, who was involved in the horse-racing world.

I am sure that Peter, who never wanted any fuss, did not realise how much he was adored by his family, friends and colleagues. He never mentioned his own discomforts and instead turned any enquiry about his health round and asked visitors how they and their family were.

Latterly he was looked after devotedly in his own home by his grandson Edward and Edward's girlfriend, Kayleigh. Peter wanted to remain in the house that he and Daphne had shared for over 55 very happy years and be surrounded by memories of her and their family. Simon and Louise honoured his request to stay put and with the invaluable help of Yvonne he remained there. He was kept up-to-date on local politics by his gardener Mark, a York city councillor.

Peter was immensely proud of Simon and Louise and their spouses Jean and Paul, and grandchildren Michael, Edward, Sarah, Matt and Tom. Sadly Peter's younger brother Geoffrey, a Royal Shakespearean actor, died three years ago. Peter's sister, whom he referred to as Jude, held a very special place in his heart and he quietly rejoiced in her success although could never quite see the point of ESIO TROT!

In conclusion, the one word that stands out to describe Peter by those who knew him was that he was a 'gentleman'. The definition of 'gentleman' is a perfect description of Peter: a man of good breeding, kindly feelings and high principles. A man of honour. He was someone whose existence enhanced the lives of others and I know that the memory of his existence will go on doing so!

**ALEXANDER LEWENDON MARTIN** (1944) died on 1 July 2016. We have received the following obituary from his wife Sue:

Alex was born in Woking and was brought up by his Mum, with the aid of an extended family, including many aunts and great-aunts.

After school (Woking Grammar), Alex read natural sciences at Cambridge as a member of Emmanuel College. He never underestimated the privilege of such an education, particularly since his background was quite humble. Emmanuel College remained close to his heart for the whole of his life, and he continued to support it and visit whenever he could.

He began his working life as a chemistry teacher, first at Seaford College in Sussex, then at Trent College, Derbyshire and finally at St John's School, Leatherhead before returning to Cambridge to train for ministry at Ridley Hall, in response to God's calling to ordination in the Anglican church.

Alex always had a great rapport with young people, having helped to lead Scripture Union camps, so this naturally led to a vocation as a school chaplain. After several years 'learning the ropes' as assistant chaplain at Tonbridge School, Kent, he went on to become chaplain of Felsted School in Essex in 1964. There he worked hard to develop a living Christian faith in his charges, with an emphasis on lively worship and visiting speakers. He had a wonderful gift for keeping in touch with very many ex-pupils over the years, and it was a joy that one of them agreed to travel some distance in order to attend Alex's memorial service and to speak about the way that he had influenced that particular pupil's life.

Whilst at Felsted, Alex also found time to get married, to Maureen, an ex-missionary with OMF (Overseas Missionary Fellowship) and together to adopt a son,



Tony. As a family they moved to Sedbergh in 1974, where Alex served as chaplain for a further ten years, in addition to doing some chemistry teaching.

After a few years of parish ministry in Dorset, Alex and Maureen retired to Crediton in Devon in 1989. There Alex was still very active in church ministry and also travelled widely; as a chemistry examination adviser, he spent time in Zambia and Malaysia, and he also served as a relief chaplain in Exeter's link diocese of Cyprus and the Gulf (in Cyprus and Bahrain).

Alex died at home in Crediton following a long illness. Friends who knew him in recent years will remember him for his lovely patient smile. Those who encountered him in earlier times will always be grateful for his wise and loving influence on their lives.

**GEOFFREY REGINALD PENDRILL** (1944) died on 19 December 2015. A local website wrote:

Geoffrey passed away peacefully in London, Ontario on 19 December 2015 surrounded by the love of his family. He will be sadly missed by his beloved wife Margaret and his sons Richard (Linda), Robert (Susan) and his four grandchildren Elaine, Ian, Katherine and Matthew, of whom he was always very proud. Geoffrey and Margaret celebrated their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary in September 2015.

Geoffrey was born in London, England in 1923, volunteered for the RAF in 1941 and then attended Emmanuel College, Cambridge and University College, London, where he developed his life-long passion for languages. He later joined the staff of the Wellcome Historical Medical Library in London and was later appointed as librarian of the Royal College of Physicians in Edinburgh.

After a decade in Edinburgh, Geoffrey moved to the University of Sheffield, where he lectured for several years in medical history and library science. Geoffrey, Margaret and their two young sons emigrated to Canada in 1968, where he finished his career as professor emeritus at the School of Library and Information Science at Western in 1987. He could make any conversation interesting, yet always in a kind and caring way. Before all our family dinners he would recite the Cambridge grace in Latin, a tradition we will always cherish.

A private cremation has taken place and an English oak tree will be planted in his memory. Geoffrey lived a long and fulfilling life, thanks in part to the wonderful care received over the years at London Health Sciences, Byron Family Medical Centre and, most recently, People Care nursing home.

**RICHARD HENRY McPHAIL THIRD** (1948) died on 5 May 2016. Dr Julian Derry has sent the following obituary:

It was in the early hours of 5 May (Ascension Day) that Bishop Richard died peacefully. He had been resident in Tor Christian Nursing Home in Edinburgh, near one of his daughters and her family.

Richard Henry McPhail Third was born on 29 September 1927. 'Dick', as he was known by many, was educated at Reigate Grammar School and Emmanuel College, Cambridge before studying for ordination at Lincoln Theological College. Ordained in Southwark as deacon in 1952 and priest in 1953, Dick served his title at St Andrew's, Mottingham, followed by a curacy at All Saints', Sanderstead in 1955. In 1959, he was appointed as vicar of Sheerness in Canterbury diocese, during which time he was to meet his future wife, Helen Illingworth.

Dick then moved to Orpington, appointed by Bishop David Say to the parish of All Saints', also serving as rural dean of Orpington (1973–76). Several assistant curates passed through his hands, all of whom can attest to a wise and thoughtful priest, a man of integrity and great care. Dick and Helen were the proud parents of two daughters, Christine and Hilary, and revelled in seeing their grandchildren – Ben, Jonny, Kaya and Nadia – grow up. Helen died in 2011.

Dick's gifts of administration and pastoral care were put to excellent use when he was called by Archbishop Donald Coggan to be Bishop of Maidstone in 1976. Soon after, in 1980, Archbishop Robert Runcie recognised in Dick the ideal colleague to assist him in his diocese and so, translating him to the suffragan see of Dover, Dick was created Bishop of Canterbury. Many will recall his 'Dover Passage' in the diocesan leaflet, signed Richard Dover. Dick received an honorary DCL from the University of Kent in 1990, and retired in 1992, moving with Helen to Martock, where he became an assistant bishop in Bath and Wells.

During his time as Bishop of Dover, Dick became chaplain to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother in her role as Warden of the Cinque Ports. Dick was a true pastor: his care of everyone in his parishes, or whoever needed counsel, was to lend the same sympathetic ear and sage advice, whatever their background or personal beliefs, gender affiliation or sexuality.

Not necessarily a contrarian, but a logician with past passions for mathematics and chess, a fearless intriguer with computers and the internet, and an admirable commitment to the Windows game of solitaire, one always felt his opinions and judgements on even the most sensitive ecclesiastical subjects were informed by intelligence and compassion, rather than by piety and onus. For these, amongst his many humane qualities, he was widely held in warm affection. He was also an accomplished pianist – accompanying both of his daughters in the final of Ashford Young Musician of the Year in 1978 – and a keen walker.

When an appropriate moment offered itself in conversation, he endeared himself with a gentle wit and modesty, proud to have sculpted a word pun or, recalling a memory where his physical stature had him looking at odds, and inevitably up, at the other clergy towering about him in procession. When communication was failing him, he invested all he had on letting his carers know he was grateful and loving. He was appreciated by all and loved by many.

After Dick's move to Edinburgh 15 months ago, he was once again able, despite being quite physically frustrated, to take part in many activities that he loved. These included worshipping at the local churches and cathedrals, attending classical concerts in the Usher Hall, visiting gardens and spending time with his beloved family.

**JOHN OECKEN** (1949) died on 10 October 2016. His children have sent the following memories of him:

*Eastbourne College Old Boy's Society Obituary*

John Oecken (School 1941–46) died on 10 October 2016 at the age of 89. John was second prefect, head of house, a Stag 1945–46 and in the cricket XI in 1946. He won prizes for French, German and reading, was a chapel warden, hon secretary of the games committee and a cadet petty officer in the JTC. Two years at St Aubyns prep at Rottingdean was a prelude to two years (1946–48) National Service in Palestine and Egypt with the Intelligence and Educational Corps. In 1949 he entered Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he studied modern and medieval languages and was awarded his MA. He then embarked on a career as a schoolmaster, beginning as an English assistant at the Lycée Ribot at St Omer. Then from 1953 to 1960 he taught French and Latin at Whitgift, where he was a junior housemaster and an officer in the Corps. Next in 1960 he joined Ottershaw County Boarding school to teach German. He started the CCF, of which he was in command for 12 years. He was Second Master for the last few years before the school closed in 1982. John's next appointment until his retirement in 1992 was at Broadwater Manor prep in charge of languages and curriculum.

In retirement John was a member (and past president) of the Rotary Club of Worthing for 30 years and sung in their choir to help charities, raising over £20,000 with 16 concerts. John married Margaret in 1953 and they had five children and no fewer than 11 grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. In 2007 he told us that he



was considering raising a mixed hockey eleven in ten years' time. He also recalled a memory of a rugby match against the navy in 1945: 'Bishop Carey (then our chaplain) in full purple, sped along the touchline shouting such Christian thoughts as 'Kill him, Oecken, kill him'.

*One of my early childhood memories*

On holiday in Devon our old VW camper broke down on the Dart River Car Ferry. I remember Dad buying a round in the pub and persuading a collection of locals to push the thing into the high street, whereupon we sat waiting for the AA. I just remember cringing with embarrassment as Mum proceeded to make tea on the campers' stove and put lunch out on the table as everyone walked past staring in whilst doing their shopping!

*Maurice Flemings, Ottershaw School old boy*

I was a pupil at Ottershaw School from 1965 to 1970, where your father tried to teach me French. I was not very successful but this was completely my failing and not his. More importantly for me he recruited me in to the school Combined Cadet Force, where I first got the bug for flying. I have spent my career as a pilot, first in the RAF for 20 years and more recently as an airline pilot. I am still working and enjoy operating all over the world, although I will have to retire next year.

Your father was an enormous influence in my life and for his time so freely given I am indebted. Fortunately I was able to write to him in 2012 and express my thanks. In the same year I wrote an article for the old boys' magazine, where I was able to publicly mention the great respect I had for him.

Your father was a true gentleman and I would be grateful if you and your family would accept my heartfelt condolences.

*Richard Burchell Ottershaw School old boy*

I was pupil at Ottershaw from 1959 to 1965 and did not do very well at anything much. However, your father was always good to me and encouraged me to be better at whatever I tried to do.

As a result I joined the air cadets which your father ran in a rather interesting fashion. He encouraged me to apply for a flying scholarship with the RAF as I knew quite a lot about aircraft. Amazingly I was awarded one and found I had a natural talent for flying. I would never have known but for your father's encouragement. However, I was too tall to fly RAF fighters which I wanted to do and was persuaded to go the civil route.

Much to the amusement of most of the masters (especially the careers master), I applied to become an airline pilot, which was very unusual in those days. I was successful and joined BOAC (now British Airways) as a second officer. I learned to fly the big jets which for a young man who had never been outside the UK was great fun. I did well there, flying most of the BA aircraft including concorde. I retired as a training captain at the compulsory age of 55. However, I was still as keen to fly as ever and joined Cathay Pacific, first as a pilot and on retirement (second time) I was asked to stay on as a simulator instructor, which I still do at 69 based in Hong Kong.

Everything I have gained and achieved I owe your father. My children and grandchildren have benefitted enormously as a consequence. I am truly sad to hear of your father's passing but I like to think his wonderful kindness and perceptiveness lives on in people like me, my children and grandchildren. I won't be physically with you on the 21st but I will be thinking of him.

*John Cashman Ottershaw School old boy*

He was a huge inspiration to me. He gave me a love of learning languages. A superb teacher. I remember thinking that when I'm old (49 is old when you're 12) I want to be like Mr Oecken. Full of energy, vim and fun. A splendid chap. I'm in Fuerteventura fraternising with the locals in elementary Spanish because of the love of language I learned from him.

**CHARLES KEITH STEVENS** (1949) died on 15 September 2016. The following obituary has been sent in by his family:

Keith Stevens died on 15 September 2016. He was a scholar of the college and took a First in English in 1953. He was born in Wallasey and lived all his life on the Wirral, apart from 18 months' National Service and three years at the Royal Belfast Academical Institution on his first teaching post.

Keith was a dedicated and natural teacher and a major figure in the development of Birkenhead School during the second half of the twentieth century. He joined the staff in 1956, and later became head of English, and then deputy headmaster, a position he held until his retirement in 1993.

Keith was much respected for the quality of his teaching. He managed to communicate his love of literature and drama to his charges. Old Birkonians include the great and the good: peers and knights of the realm; OBEs and MBEs aplenty; and academics, admirals, architects, bankers, bishops, composers, judges, mountaineers, MPs and philosophers. No-one who attended the school during Keith's time will ever forget him and all will remember him fondly.

Both within and outside school his great passion was for drama. He began as a pupil at Wallasey Grammar School and acted at Emmanuel. While in Belfast he was a keen member of the Lyric Players, where he won a national award for his performances. He continued acting in and producing plays throughout his career at Birkenhead School. He was also an accomplished public speaker and much in demand at social occasions on Merseyside and across the Wirral.

Sadly Keith developed diabetes in his early 40s, but thanks to his devoted and ever-vigilant wife, Alison, they managed to prevent that miserable condition from limiting their lives too much. He was still able to enjoy his enormous music collection and regular trips to his beloved Liverpool Philharmonic. He and Alison took up cruising in their 50s, visiting Helsinki, St Petersburg, Tallinn, Stockholm, Copenhagen and Oslo, before a heart-related incident on a cruise to the Adriatic in 2009 put an end to such adventures.

His last few months with a steadily deteriorating heart condition were not comfortable, but he bore his final illness bravely. Friends and former colleagues gathered at his funeral at Landican on 3 October, paying tribute to a man whom countless Old Birkonians will remember with enormous affection and respect.

**PETER CECIL BEWES** (1950) died on 2 December 2016. His wife Hilary has sent the following obituary:

Peter Bewes was born in 1932 in Nairobi, Kenya, where his parents were missionaries. Both these facts were to have vital influences on his life: he was from his teenage years a committed Christian and he had a life-long relationship with East Africa.

Peter's early education was at home followed by a preparatory school in Kenya, after which he came home to attend Marlborough College. He then entered Emmanuel in 1950 to study natural sciences, with a view to becoming a medical doctor. During his time at Emma he was college representative for the Christian Union and made many friends, some of whom – such as John Church and Eldryd Parry – were also to become associated with medical work in Africa. Peter's brothers Richard and Michael followed him to Emmanuel.

After Cambridge Peter undertook his clinical studies at St Thomas' Hospital, followed by house jobs at the Waterloo Hospital and the Eastbourne hospitals. He was in one of the last groups of doctors to do National Service, which he did with the Sherwood Foresters in Malaya: his first experience of tropical medicine, which he thoroughly enjoyed, even wondering whether to stay in the army. However, the regimentation was too much for him and he returned to hospital medicine.

During Peter's junior hospital jobs he had been intending to train as a physician, but one of the registrars he worked with, seeing his technical and inventive gifts,



suggested he might take up a career as a surgeon. He followed this idea and started on surgical training, doing jobs in obstetrics, casualty and especially general surgery at St James' Hospital Balham, where he particularly valued the excellent practical surgical teaching. At this time he was also doing various courses while studying for the FRCS. At one of these at St Thomas' Hospital he spoke at the Christian Union and met a young medical student, Hilary Bryant, who had been at Girton with his sister Elizabeth and whom he married in 1966. He obtained the FRCS in 1963 and the Cambridge MChir in 1966.

Both Peter and Hilary had been considering missionary service abroad and applied to the Church Mission Society, who accepted their offer. Following a further short orthopaedic surgical job they spent eight months in missionary training, after which Peter applied to Mulago Hospital, Kampala, Uganda. He was appointed as senior surgical registrar and, in March 1968, with Hilary and baby Carol aged 12 weeks, they set out for Uganda.

Working at Mulago was quite a contrast to the NHS. For a start, there were not enough beds and patients often slept on the floor between. There were not enough surgeons either and every third night Peter was up all night operating, having to work the day before and the day after as well. So, it was 'in at the deep end', but he quickly learnt about the different and more advanced surgical conditions that occur in the tropics. He also discovered that he had a gift for teaching, and thoroughly enjoyed teaching both young doctors and the medical students from Makerere University. Peter's interest in photography was useful in producing teaching slides illustrating surgical conditions. He was also involved in the setting up of the Christian Medical Fellowship in Uganda. During this time a second daughter, Anna, was born.

After two years that job finished and Peter came home on leave, after which he returned as a senior lecturer in surgery at Makerere. The work was very similar, though he was now classed as a consultant and was more officially involved in teaching. The family now lived out at Katalemwa, a few miles from Kampala, on the university housing estate. It was in 1971 that a third daughter, Helen, was born. In the same year, the unpopular President Obote very unwisely went out of the country. Rumours of a coup followed and none of the other surgeons could get into Mulago because of road blocks. So Peter, very bravely, put his white coat on and, waving his stethoscope, went in to the hospital unhindered. At that stage everyone was rejoicing at the thought that Obote was gone and cheering could be heard from Katalemwa. How little was known about the shape of things to come. Things settled down, however, and at fairly frequent intervals Peter would meet Idi Amin on the top, private, floor of Mulago Hospital, where he had been visiting his latest new-born son (daughters did not count!). One night Amin's soldiers were heard marching through the estate, and Peter and Hilary cowered in their beds, but the knock on the door was not for them; they never found out who the soldiers were after. It soon became clear that amongst others Amin was targeting the Asian population, and all the anaesthetists except one were Asians. It became rather difficult, therefore doing surgery. So at this point, as his contract was in any case coming to an end, Peter decided to move.

Peter's next job was in Tanzania, as a consultant surgeon at the recently established Kilimanjaro Christian Medical Centre (KCMC) in Moshi. Here he was teaching medical assistants who were hoping to be upgraded to assistant medical officers. These AMOs were in effect going to work as doctors in up-country hospitals. Peter found this both interesting and very exciting, as these were students who were eager to learn and who already had some knowledge of the problems that they would be facing. He was given a free hand in devising the curriculum and put together a course which was entirely practical. The students had no lectures, but spent their time on the wards as trainees with the consultants. They ended up as enthusiastic and competent surgeons, to the envy of some of the other disciplines. Peter was also convinced that this cadre

of medical worker had a lot to offer in a situation where many conventional doctors only wanted to work in large towns or, worse still for Tanzania, emigrate to the western world.

One of the other problems in the developing world was lack of funds for equipment and maintenance of existing equipment. Staff at KCMC were threatened with a salary cut of around 30 per cent if they did not reduce their spending. Peter therefore set his mind to solving this problem. He discovered that cheap knives bought in the market could be sharpened with strop and stone to make very good skin-grafting knives; that fishing nylon cut into lengths and sterilised would make perfectly adequate suture material; and that in an African context traction, or just plaster-of-Paris, was a better treatment for many fractures than operation and internal fixation. Another aspect of the work at Moshi was that staff were expected to be a part of the flying doctor service to up-country hospitals, so Peter became very aware of the problems those hospitals faced.

All this experience came in useful, not only in running the yearly seminars provided for up-country doctors at KCMC, but also when Dr Maurice King was asked to put together a surgical textbook for doctors in poorer countries and asked Peter (and others) to help. The result was *Primary Surgery* volumes one and two, and *Primary Anaesthetics*; books still much used overseas. Peter also wrote a book, *Surgery, for Medical Assistants*.

In 1979 Peter returned to the UK and started work as a consultant surgeon at the Birmingham Accident Hospital. There he tried to introduce some of the insights he had learned in Africa. Indeed he had one patient, severely injured by a car, where he felt that, despite pressure from other staff, masterly inactivity was the right course of action. In the end she recovered. Peter asked his junior what the result would have been if he had operated. 'She would have died', he said, 'but it would have been the right thing to do'. He had many grateful patients. In fact, a recent condolence letter from a patient he treated 33 years ago and who had remained in contact ever since, reports that she can now run again. Peter's wide surgical experience made him an ideal trauma surgeon.

In 1994, following a triple by-pass, Peter retired from the NHS. However, he felt the call to return to Uganda again, where he was employed to start a programme of continuing medical education. He was supported partly by the Ugandan government and partly by the Tropical Health and Education Trust founded by Professor Sir Eldryd Parry [1948]. Peter travelled round all the hospitals, both mission and government, lecturing and providing newsletters and (with the help of the British Council) medical libraries. He also gave encouragement and inspiration to many very doctors in isolated communities.

In 1998 Peter retired again, this time permanently, and moved to Norfolk. However, for some time he was still lecturing to doctors serving overseas, in Sweden and at the Christian Medical Fellowship annual refresher course.

Throughout his life, Peter was motivated to serve Christ in all that he did. He is buried at All Saints' Church in Necton, where he had served as churchwarden and preached for many years.

At his funeral on 15 December Professor Sir Eldryd Parry (1948) said:

We were sitting outside the Makerere Guest House in Kampala in 1994. The shadows were lengthening, the evening was coming and even the busy world of downtown Kampala was beginning to hush: the time of day for reflection and for renewing resolve. As Peter looked over the city he said something which has stayed with me: 'it is wonderful to be back', or 'I do feel so at home here'. His four years at Mulago Hospital/Makerere and his seven years in Tanzania's KCMC had equipped him with the many skills that surgery in Africa demands, and had already enabled him

to pass on those skills both through practical surgery and his pen. He was a pioneer, one of the editors in 1990 of a landmark book, *Primary Surgery*, which taught what he practised: appropriate techniques that could be learned by those who were not surgeons but who worked as front-line doctors in district hospitals. It was counter-cultural: the urban clamour was for new high-tech methods, but the yet unspoken rural cry, which Peter answered, was almost Macedonian: come and help us to do essential life-saving surgery.

As we sat there in 1994, Peter had just begun his final five years in East Africa, when he would use his wide panorama of skills, allied with his rich intellect and governed by his commitment to his Master. He was asked by the director of medical services, Professor Francis Omaswa, whom he had taught as a student and now knew as a fellow surgeon and friend, to develop a programme of continuing medical education for enlarging the skills of those at district hospitals that THET (the Tropical Health and Education Trust) supported through a grant from the Nuffield Foundation.

I received an email from Francis yesterday. He wrote: 'I first met Peter Bewes when I was a senior medical student at Makerere Medical School in Kampala in the late 1960s, and had the privilege to work under him and later with him as his supervisor. Peter was an electrifying teacher, a practical and innovative surgeon who demonstrated that a lot can be achieved with well-developed clinical skills and minimal technology, and he spread this message round the world with pride.'

With Hilary, Peter visited every hospital, set up a programme of education for the staff and encouraged forgotten rural teams. He took me with him whenever I visited Kampala; I remember a medical officer at a district hospital who showed us a patient whose life he had saved through an operation which he had learned from Peter. He was so proud of his triumph; his teacher was quietly thankful. So successful was this work, and so relevant, that the Ministry of Health presented an Act that directed every rural hospital to establish and sustain its own programme of education for all the staff.

On another visit we were going round the ward when he noticed a man, a vagrant just admitted after an accident, unattended and curled up in a corner bed. Peter examined him and acted at once. We all changed for the theatre. An hour later the ruptured liver and perforated bladder were repaired; this poor forgotten man was another triumph of essential surgery, practised by its foremost advocate, a lesson to us all. When we got home to the flat on Namirembe Hill, he was soon at his computer preparing the monthly newsletter for the district hospitals. This was the authentic Peter Bewes, at home in Africa, engaged in essential surgery for those who had no voice.

**JOHN KESTEVEN DEWHURST** (1950) died on 28 February 2017. The following obituary has been sent in by his son Edward:

John Kesteven Dewhurst was born on 21 January 1932 in Havant, Hampshire. John's father, Michael, was a well-respected GP in Havant, having himself studied preclinical medicine at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. His mother, Mary, as well as being a keen and active gardener, had studied at the Slade School of Art, and her watercolours adorned John's rooms in college.

John grew up surrounded by the war and, given the proximity of the family home to Portsmouth, for safety he and his elder sister Norah were packed off to stay with their grandparents near Sevenoaks in Kent. He attended the New Beacon Preparatory School, initially as a day boy and then as a boarder. John and his sister would return home for the holidays, where they would sleep in a 'safety room', which was actually their father's study which had been reinforced with timbers and a 'blast wall' of corrugated iron.

John then went on to Marlborough College (where his father had also been to school) before going up to Emmanuel College, Cambridge to read medicine. Here John

met his life-long friend, John Copeland (now Professor John Copeland), who was also studying medicine.

After Cambridge, John went to University College Hospital as a houseman. In 1958 he went out to Cyprus to complete his National Service with the RAMC. During his time there he was recruited as medical officer to a regiment of sappers under the command of the celebrated explorer Colonel John Blashford-Snell. Whilst in Cyprus John met his future wife, Doreen Mary Rich, then serving as an army sister. They married in 1960 after their return to the UK to near Mary's home in Cheshire.

They then settled in Cambridge. John had doubts about a career in medicine and decided to study for a diploma in agriculture, also at Emmanuel, in 1961. He spent some time undertaking agricultural research, including research into the renal function of sheep at Babraham Institute.

John eventually decided to return to medicine and after a period of retraining became a partner in a busy general practice based in Lensfield Road, Cambridge. John was a dedicated and respected GP who cared deeply for his patients.

He eventually progressed from general practice to a position as medical adviser to NAPP Laboratories on the Cambridge Science Park. In 1981 he moved to Boehringer Ingelheim, a German-based pharmaceutical company, where he was first medical adviser and then medical director. Soon after he joined Boehringer Ingelheim the company moved to Bracknell, so in 1982 the family moved to Finchampstead in Berkshire. John later took up a position with a medical consultancy company called TIL Occam Limited based in Guildford, which provided services to pharmaceutical companies including managing clinical trials and drug registration. Following a management buy-out he became managing director of TIL Occam Limited until 1996 when the company was sold, at which point John retired. John remained active in the local community in Berkshire for a number of years, including as a church warden and fund-raiser for the local church, chairman of a local welfare charity and chairman of the local committee of the National Trust amongst other things.

John was always a very practical person. He was a very capable and knowledgeable gardener and botanist, an accomplished woodworker and usually had some building or improvement project on the go. He also had a deep love of books and reading, and built up an impressive library of his own.

John is survived by his three sons, James, Charles and Edward and by his wife Mary.

At his funeral the following address was given by Professor John Copeland (1950):

John Dewhurst was born into a family comfortably off. He remembered as a child in his grandfather's house (he was a city lawyer) crawling out of bed onto the landing on all fours, peering down into the hall and watching the butler carrying the port to the gentlemen in the dining room. John's father was a well-respected general practitioner in Havant in Hampshire and his mother a slightly eccentric but charming lady who had studied at the Slade School of Art and whose watercolours adorned the walls of the family home as well as John's rooms in Cambridge. Both father and son attended Marlborough College, both proceeded to Emmanuel College, Cambridge and both became medical doctors.

It was on our first day at Emmanuel College that we happened by chance to sit side-by-side at Hall and started talking. I do not remember the conversation; it was after all 67 years ago. John was just 18 and I was still 17 with the humiliation of being in possession of a child's green ration book which had to be handed into the college for meals. Both of us were out in digs for the first year but in adjacent roads close to the college. My landlady, Mrs Smith insisted on cooking breakfast for me on Sunday mornings, which I took in my rooms. John, who had no such luck, would stay in bed

and later wander round to me when Mrs Smith would make us coffee; or I might visit him. John had a wonderful new apparatus, a gramophone with long-playing records.

My school had organised weekly visits to concerts by the Hallé orchestra or the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic, but I had had little contact with art. John had not experienced the classical music repertoire, but from his mother had a wider appreciation of art. We taught each other in long conversations and hours of listening and visiting the 'FitzBilly' Museum. We branched out, from the Mendelssohn violin concerto and the Max Bruch, from the Dvorak cello concerto and the Brahms second violin concerto, to early English church music and favoured evensong at King's. I took to his mother's watercolours and English watercolours have been a favourite of mine ever since I could afford them. We delved into philosophy and argued. We punted, we had picnics with friends, we played darts in the pub opposite Emma and drank in the Eagle pub, but not sadly on the evening that Crick and Watson burst open the doors and shouted that they had solved the secret of life. We had other friends, mostly in the medical faculty. We even exchanged girlfriends, but not with great success (out of 200 or so male medics in our year there were only five girls). We did manage to do sufficient work to pass our examinations.

We took part in rag days. I dressed as a Victorian medic, with a bowler hat and John in his country garb with straw in his hair and a spade over his shoulder as my personal gravedigger. We collected money. One year we persuaded the chemistry laboratory to give us a cylinder of hydrogen with which we filled balloons, sold at 6d each. I am glad that none of the numerous children suffered, but today's health and safety officials would have hit the roof. Balloons could be seen sailing over the rooftops of Cambridge for several days.

We participated in midnight races on bicycles around the North Court in the dark, usually after a less-than-sober party. John and I and our friend Iain decided, just before midnight, to attend the funeral of George VI. We ruffled our beds so the gyps would not be suspicious, climbed out of the locked college onto the roof of the washrooms, over the roof and along the narrow wall where previous generations had removed bricks to make the return easier. We ran across Parker's Piece and arrived at the station just in time for the last train to London. We walked from Liverpool Street station to Westminster, attended the lying-in-state and then chose some comfortable steps in Piccadilly where we wrapped up because the night was chilly, slept till 11 o'clock and then watched the funeral parade. This may have been the last time, I am happy to say, that either of us slept rough on the streets of London. We returned that day to somewhat quizzical looks from the head porter. 'Good afternoon Sir.'

After passing our examinations at Cambridge, which we were agreed was a wonderful experience – that is to say Cambridge, not the examinations – we moved to London, John to University College Hospital and I went to Westminster Hospital. We overcame the inconvenience of this by joining the 'Authors Club' in Whitehall Court overlooking the Thames. The fees were reduced if one was under 30. We spent many evenings there and had a great time enjoying the benefits of London. I visited John's slightly eccentric but charming parents and his sister Nora in Havant. It was my first experience of the South Downs and their beauty.

Eventually we qualified in medicine and John then had to undertake his National Service which, like my own case, had been delayed because the army wanted qualified doctors. Luckily, the army refused to take me because I had a perforated eardrum but John was drafted to Cyprus, where he was to meet a charming and beautiful army nurse called Mary Rich. John was the only National Service man I ever heard of who was promoted to the rank of acting major and then to that substantive rank. He became the medical officer to the regiment of sappers; what an achievement for a National Serviceman! John did not write letters frequently so the first I heard of

this was when I received, I think by letter, the news that he and Mary were to marry and would I be the best man? John came to stay for a short while at my flat at the Seamen's Hospital in Greenwich and was captivated by the sound of my new-fangled stereophonic gramophone.

John and Mary married in Cheshire and I did my thing. It was a lovely day. I had by this time met my own Mary and asked John to be my best man but sadly it was the day that John had his final agricultural examination. John had in the meantime decided to give up medicine and take to agriculture. He had always hankered after being a farmer. He returned to Cambridge, took his postgraduate diploma in agriculture and started research. Mary and I visited them first in their bungalow 'Mole End' in Madingley and then at their charming eighteenth-century house which they restored in Fulbourn. John explained the research on sheep's kidneys he was undertaking and we accompanied him to the laboratories.

Later John suffered some doubts about a career in agricultural research and after much pondering decided to return to medicine and to general practice in Cambridge, after a retraining period in his father's old practice in Havant. The family first moved to a smaller house and then to a larger one closer to Cambridge on the Huntingdon Road.

Our paths diverted somewhat. Later, John was to relinquish his general practice having been headhunted to a pharmaceutical company and later set up his own successful company Til Occam Ltd, which organised drug trials. He kindly asked me to participate but by that time I was up to my eyes in my own research and was unable to oblige.

John eventually retired but suffered ill-health, which culminated in secondary diabetes with disabling neurological complications. Mary valiantly had to summon up all her nursing skills and fortitude as John became progressively disabled.

**JOHN STANFORD GRIFFIN** (1950) died on 28 November 2016. We have received the following tribute from his son David:

It is with much sadness that we grieve the passing of our Dad, John Griffin, who passed away peacefully in his sleep in the twilight hours of Monday morning 28 November, at the house here in Royal Oak, Michigan. He will be very much missed by his three children, who all live in different countries: David in the USA, Kirsten in South Africa and Ed in New Zealand. Despite the distance, the conveniences such as Skype have made a great difference in keeping us all well connected at this important time.

He will also be very much missed by those who were touched by his gentle and friendly manner. In the past 18 months of living here in Michigan he had built up quite a fan club, often referred to as being 'such a sweet fellow'. He loved being around people and much valued the simplest of human contact.

He had a full life, with much adventure in his last 25 years; many years with his companion friend Cicely in Colorado (before her passing), many sailboat trips with Ed including an Atlantic crossing, seven years living in New Zealand and then finally deciding to live out his remaining years in the US. His last major excursion was a trip around the Hawaiian Islands with David in February this year. His spirit for adventure was always strong, with the willingness to 'try anything at least once'.

Rest in peace Dad, though we know that your spirit will be flying high, with much anticipation of the next adventure. We hold you dearly within our hearts and thank you for being partner to bringing us to this life. The circle of life continues, until we reunite and meet once again at a later time.

Sending mountains of love and affection.  
Aloha & Hamba Kahle.



**ANTHONY PHILIP LEES** (1950) died on 16 March 2017. His wife Ann has sent the following obituary:

Anthony Philip Lees, aged 86, of Wilmington, passed away on Thursday 16 March 2017. He leaves to cherish his memory his loving wife, Ann, three children, Joanna (Miguel), Victoria (Howard) and David (Laine) and seven beloved grandchildren, of whom he was inordinately proud. They are Victor, Alexandra, Vivian and Evan Bell, Esteban Castro, and Zachary and Jarrod Lees. Anthony was a loving husband, a wonderful father and a sweet and good man. He was born on Easter Sunday in 1930 in England, and grew up in Bramhall, Cheshire. He received his secondary education at London's Mill High School, which was evacuated to the Lake District during the Second World War. He did his National Service in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and rose to the rank of captain. He was also at this time enjoying rowing for Cambridge and for Chester Rowing Club.

After graduating from Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in mechanical sciences, he was involved in design and development of auto transmissions and brake linings, and had a whale of a time testing out sports cars in the Pennine Hills! Subsequently, he found his true niche as a management consultant with PA Consulting Services.

In 1963 Anthony was following a passion of his, beagling in the Macclesfield hills, when he espied a fellow beagler, who turned out to be the love of his life, his wife, Ann. They were married in 1964 and enjoyed a beautiful marriage of 52 years. This included three years in Madrid, 15 years with PA in Manchester, and then a grand opportunity with PA in the United States, first in Rochester, New York and then in Princeton, New Jersey. Upon Anthony's retirement, he and Ann moved to Wilmington, North Carolina, where they opened a garden shop, The English Garden. They very much enjoyed this joint venture, whilst also taking up painting together. And Anthony self-published a family memoir entitled *Keeping Ahead of the Curve*.

Anthony has been involved in a number of volunteer activities in Wilmington, including two years as the secretary of WHQR's [the national public radio member station for Wilmington] community advisory board, six years on the board of the Wilmington Concert Association, two of those years as president, three on the vestry of SAOTS [St Andrew's on the Sound] Church and two years as president of his local homeowners' association.

**ELLIS GEORGE FREDERICK TINSLEY** (1950) died on 4 November 2015. We have received the following obituary from his son Jonathan:

Ellis was born on 17 February 1932 in Derby and attended St Peter's Church of England school in Littleover, and then won a scholarship to study at Derby School. Derby School was evacuated during the Second World War to Amber Valley Camp, South Wingfield, Derbyshire.

Ellis was awarded an exhibition to Emmanuel College, Cambridge and studied for a BA in natural sciences. I recall asking him about his Cambridge interview and recall the response, which went along the lines of: 'The academic side of things appeared to go well, but I was asked about my sporting achievements which was somewhat problematic', to which he replied: 'To be honest I don't know one end of the rugby ball from the other!' I think it was this sort of honesty which set him apart throughout his medical career and was appreciated by his many colleagues and friends.

At the age of 12 Ellis had set his sights on becoming a doctor, studying earnestly to accomplish it. He was interested in anything animate from pond life to wild flowers and in dead animals, from which he collected skulls, being fascinated by their physiology and anatomy.

He thoroughly enjoyed his time at Emmanuel, getting involved in the social life, meeting new friends and joining various societies. He spent both the second and third

year within the college and I recall his mentioning a room he had in North Court, which overlooked the grassed lawn court and the impressive *Paulownia tomentosa* (foxglove tree). He would often spend time in the chapel and became friends with the organ scholar Ken Beard. Ellis was a devout Christian and a keen musician, and became involved in the country-dancing scene and also Morris teams of Cambridge, Colne and Leeds.

His younger brother (Derek) has sent me an amusing anecdote during a visit to see him in Cambridge during a late summer evening: 'I visited him at Cambridge in the long vacation term and he took me, on a lovely summer evening in late July, on a punt on the river, so well placed that the BBC asked if they could record the concert of the Cambridge madrigals from it. It was a truly delightful evening. After the concert the punt had to be returned to its owners upstream. There remained some seven or eight of us on the punt as we made our way. There were many other punts also being returned and ours, with so many people on board, was constantly being over-ridden in the congestion, so much so that the river began to overflow into our boat until we began to sink. I abandoned ship by diving over the side. I turned around from the river edge to see my brother waist deep and fully clothed collecting all the items, now flotsam, from the boat, determined to return the punt and its contents to redeem his deposit, which he did.'

Ellis graduated in 1953 and went to St Mary's, London, obtaining his medical qualification MB BChir and qualifying as a doctor in 1957. His first hospital appointment was at Bishop's Stortford, then he moved to Canterbury and then to St James', Leeds, where he specialised in pathology and became a consultant at the age of 34. He married Heather Addison on 27 July 1957 at Great Missenden, Buckinghamshire.

He left St James' in 1969 and moved to Skipton, where he took up a consultant pathologist position as head of department at the newly constructed Airedale General Hospital, Steeton, near Keighley. This was a joint appointment with the Keighley Victoria General Hospital, prior to its closure with the opening of Airedale in 1970. He stayed there until his retirement in 1992; he was immensely liked and respected by colleagues and staff because of his openness and dry sense of humour. He would often refer to himself as a dead doctor! It was this ability, to be able to laugh at himself, which endeared himself to many people throughout his career.

After retirement, he continued with his many interests and was involved with a variety of committee roles with Christ Church parochial church council, churchwarden, school governor, non-executive director of the Airedale NHS Trust and committee member for the local YMCA. He was also very keen on traditional high-church services and was a regular worshipper at Christ Church, Skipton. He was interested in Gregorian chant and would often sing and attend events by the Schola Gregoriana of Cambridge.

Ellis was involved in the giving of a world-class collection of lace to the Bowes Museum. He became involved in research and study of the collection and its official handover in 2007, and his scientific mind enjoyed the intricacies of the typological categories of the lace. It was during the official opening of the lace exhibition at the Museum that he was introduced to the fashion icon Vivienne Westwood. She later wrote an article in the *Observer* about the amazing lace exhibition and her encounter with my father, who she referred to as being 'Cool!' We all found this very amusing to see that the 'Queen of Punk' had referred to our dad in this way!

Ellis is sadly missed and died after a courageous battle with Parkinson's on 4 November 2015 aged 83. He is survived by his wife Heather (of 58 years) and good friend Jean, together with his children Colin, Maya and Jonathan and much-loved nine grandchildren: Joe, Tristan, Anton, Alice, Katie, Lizzie, Anna, Emily and Eve.



**ANGUS JOHN DUKE** (1951) died on 22 September 2016. We have received the following obituary, written by his friend Tony Parsons:

Angus was educated at Whitgift School, South Croydon and subsequently at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he graduated first with a BA and then with a PhD. He studied under Dr Reginald Webb, of Trinity Hall and Sir Alexander Todd who was, at that time – the mid-1950s – the doyen of British organic chemists. From Cambridge he spent some time in Canada, where he came to the conclusion that academia was not the right career path for him and that his future would lie in industry. At that time Dr Webb had come to much the same conclusion and had been appointed by CIBA (ARL) Limited to recruit and lead a team of 14 graduates, seven PhDs and seven BScs, working in pairs, in basic research projects associated with polymer technology. CIBA, who were located in Duxford a few miles south of Cambridge, produced a wide range of synthetic resins for both the aviation and domestic markets. Araldite was a CIBA product with which most people will be familiar.

The new research team started work in October 1958 and it was then that I first met Angus: he was ‘my’ PhD and I ‘his’ BSc. That was the beginning of a life-long friendship. It would be true to say that most of his colleagues at Duxford were in awe of Angus. He was possessed of far and away the most impressive chemical brain that any of us had encountered outside university. In due course he spent some time at CIBA’s headquarters in Basel, Switzerland by which time I had moved on, having come to the conclusion that research was not where my future lay. Subsequently Angus, too, left CIBA and after a spell working and living in Buckinghamshire he and his family moved north to Manchester, where he worked for another multinational chemical company, Geigy.

Eventually he settled with British Telecom, initially in London and finally in Birmingham. My family and I had also moved around the country but we always stayed in touch and visited one another on many occasions. Latterly, of course, advancing age and distance apart – Angus in Stratford and myself in Cornwall – meant that the telephone became our main means of staying in touch.

Angus was possessed of one of the sharpest brains – and on occasions, tongues – that I ever encountered. He was never afraid to ‘think outside the box’. I recall him telling me that, while still a student, while most of us took summer vac jobs as deckchair attendants or bus conductors, he became a mortuary attendant at Croydon General Hospital!

**ALASTAIR KENNETH CAMPBELL MACMILLAN** (1951) died on 10 June 2016. We have received the following obituary, written by a contemporary of his, Andrew Lang (1951):

Alistair was born in 1931 in Malaya where his father was the commissioner of police. From the age of five to eight he attended an international school in Sumatra and was then sent to the Scottish prep school, Clifton Hall, in 1939. Unlike some children of the Raj, he recalled being very happy there. This was fortunate in that during his time there his father, who had had the melancholy task of surrendering the police force to the Japs, was imprisoned in the notorious Changi Prison from 1942 to 1945. From Clifton Hall Alistair went to Sedbergh, where he spent five happy and productive years; a member of its usually undoubted first rugby team, he was no Philistine, being the art librarian in 1949, winner of the history prize in 1947, and editor of the *Sedberghian Magazine* in Lent term 1949. He was an under-officer in the OTC, Lent 1949, and school prefect. Proceeding to National Service, he was commissioned as a gunner, made a member of excellent friendships, some of which continued into his Cambridge years and beyond, and generally looked back on those two years with some pleasure.

He came up to Emma in 1951 to read history for Part I. It was informative of Alistair’s personality, and of the entertaining eccentricity of Edward Welbourne, then

our Senior Tutor, that Alistair delighted in recalling that upon his arrival at Emma he was greeted by the Senior Tutor with the words, ‘Ah yes, Macmillan, you’re the man University College, Oxford didn’t want’. He was a good historian, winning the College’s Dick Longden Prize for his papers in Part I. He delighted in the excellent lectures on US history by Arthur Craven of Chicago University in 1952–53 and would not miss the Saturday morning lectures by Nikolaus Pevsner on European art and architecture. He switched, for Part II of the tripos, to law.

But, perhaps in the manner of that time, rather than the present, he never allowed pre-occupation with tripos results to interfere with a thorough-going enjoyment of Cambridge life. As a Sedberghian he not surprisingly was a staunch member of the Emma rugby club, hooking for the rugby Cuppers side in 1952–53, and in his last two years he was an enthusiastic member of the XII Club. He shared rooms on G staircase, Old Court, in 1952–53 with Arthur Wurr (1951); Richard Hancock and I and the Harvard Scholar, Louis McCagg, were on the floor below. In those undergraduate years it was sometimes difficult to see what Arthur, the ever-equable if serious-minded man from Finchley Catholic Grammar School, reading English, and hoping for an eventual position in the British Museum, found in common with the north-country Scot, from Sedbergh, who was prone at times to moods of bewildering taciturnity, other than their pride in commissions in the gunners and playing in the front row of the scrum. But like all of us at Emma they delighted in their shared membership of the college and splendid sense of humour. They remained close friends to Arthur’s death in 2009 and I treasure the happiest memories of both in those uncomfortable but golden Emma years.

After Cambridge Alistair went to work for the Commonwealth Development Corporation (CDC). His service with CDC took him largely to West Africa – Nigeria, Cameroon and the Gambia, about all of which he could talk interestingly – but it included two happy years in the then Southern Rhodesia, where our paths crossed. Disappointed by what he perceived as a lack of vision and competence in the direction of CDC, Alistair left and moved to industry in the form of the international firm of Guest, Keen & Nettlefold, with which he remained until retirement in 1988. He, and his wife Mairi, whom he met when she was my wife’s bridesmaid in 1956, especially enjoyed a posting to Brussels for four years, but they lived immediately prior to it, and thereafter, in Malvern.

In retirement Alistair served as a conservator of the Malvern Hills, and later as a Malvern city councillor. Irritation at the pettiness and inefficiency of local government was happily assuaged, at least in part, by very wide reading and gardening, where he was too modest about his achievements. He and Mairi had two sons, both English solicitors, and a daughter whose residence and work in eastern France brought both interest and enjoyment to their lives. Alistair was a dear and loyal friend even if – sometimes – bemused by the odd traits of this South African friend.

**JONATHAN ROBIN FRANCIS ARTHUR** (1952) died on 25 June 2016. The following obituary has been sent in by his family:

Robin went up to Emmanuel College in 1952 to study in the Engineering Department under Kenneth Roscoe. After completing his degree and a short spell working in London, he returned to Cambridge with an ICI scholarship to do a PhD in soil mechanics.

A love for boats meant that he became a keen rower for Emmanuel. At his Suffolk home this was remembered through various mementoes, including the oar lamp that served as a very effective sitting room light for many years (and still does).

It was during his time as a postgraduate student that he met Margaret, whom he later married, through the Barwin School of Dancing (now the King Slocombe School of Dance) in Emmanuel Road. At the time there was great enthusiasm amongst



Cambridge students for ballroom dancing (sedate rather than strictly) in preparation for the May balls.

In 1962 Robin took up a post lecturing in soil mechanics at University College, London at the invitation of Henry Chilver. This marked the beginning of a rich and productive period of innovative research that lasted up until his retirement in 1989. He was a regular contributor of papers to *Geotechnique* and was invited to lecture and participate on projects across Europe, Japan and America. In 1979 he spent a year at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, working on various projects including designing soil experiments for NASA and the space programme.

But it was at UCL that he decided to stay, becoming professor in the early 1980s. It was here that he felt he had what he needed to develop and fund his research, and most importantly a team of supportive and like-minded colleagues. Robin's teaching role continued to gain in significance too, supervising PhD students for a number of years, many of whom became friends and took up posts at universities and research institutions around the world.

Moving to Suffolk after retirement, he and Margaret immersed themselves in new projects including the renovation of a First World War army hut into a comfortable home. The Suffolk coast was the perfect location for Robin in later life; somewhere he could renew his love of the sea, coastline and its varied bird life.

**DAVID JOHN BENNEY** (1952) died on 9 October 2015. The following obituary appeared in *MIT News*:

David J Benney, professor emeritus of applied mathematics at MIT and former head of the Department of Mathematics, died on 9 October after a period of declining health. He was 85.

Benney joined the MIT mathematics faculty in 1960 as assistant professor. He received a PhD in applied mathematics from MIT in 1959, studying under Chai-Chiao Lin, and continued at MIT as an instructor in 1959–60. He was promoted to full professor in 1966, and retired from MIT in 2010.

Benney chaired the Applied Mathematics Committee from 1983 to '85. He served as department head for two terms between 1989 and 1999, a period of major transition for the department and MIT. Benney set the pace for future departmental administrations through major fund-raising, building innovation and furthering the department's cross-disciplinary culture. He expanded the visiting professorship programme and hosted several first-rate visitors. He oversaw the appointment of many leading scholars to the faculty, thereby establishing the current strength of the department.

David Benney's research was highly original; as such, he made pioneering contributions to applied mathematics. He was at the leading edge of a paradigm shift in thinking about nonlinear wave systems in fluid dynamics. He not only rationalised important physical phenomena, but also derived equations to describe them that became relevant in a wide variety of contexts, including aerodynamics, meteorology, oceanography, atmospheric sciences and optics.

Benney's principal research contributions lie in the mathematical analysis of nonlinear waves, hydrodynamic stability and transitions to turbulence. Beginning with his PhD under the direction of C C Lin in the 1950s, Benney and early collaborators showed that nonlinear wave interactions were fundamental to the study of hydrodynamic stability and could lead to the emergence of turbulent bursts, as were later observed in experiments done at the National Bureau of Standards.

Benney did pioneering work clarifying how nonlinearity could affect the stability of flows, including shear flows over plates. This was a major advance in the field and led to many important developments in the theory of turbulence. He continued

his studies of hydrodynamical stability and transition through his mentoring of numerous doctoral students and postdoctoral associates.

His research on the dynamics of nonlinear waves had enormous impact in multiple fields. In his early work in 1962 describing nonlinear wave interactions in water waves, Benney developed key mathematical tools that were subsequently used extensively by the applied mathematics community. In 1964, he and his graduate student, J Luke, derived an equation governing three-dimensional weakly nonlinear shallow water waves. This equation, known as the 'Benney-Luke Equation', led to considerable research and applies in a variety of physical settings, including long-wave interactions on flat beaches and long-distance tsunami propagation. His further work on long waves was seminal: he showed how to find the governing equations in general circumstances. His related research on wave propagation in thin films has been used widely in many technological applications, such as film-based photography and coating of materials. His research in the 1970s on large-amplitude long waves led him to formulate a novel system of equations, the so-called 'Benney system', that has since been the subject of many mathematical investigations.

Benney's research was often ahead of his time. In 1967, with his first PhD student, A Newell, Benney showed that a particular equation (known as the nonlinear Schrödinger equation) arises universally in diverse applications in nonlinear dispersive waves. Subsequent researchers found that this equation arises in the mathematical description of water waves, plasma physics and intense light waves. He soon followed with important work on three-dimensional modulated waves in water. With his student G Roskes, he derived a system of equations, known as the 'Benney-Roskes' equations, which has been widely used. Shortly thereafter, with his student M Ablowitz, he formulated a novel class of quasi-periodic modulated wave trains. Years later, this too was found to arise in various physical systems, including fluid dynamics, optics and Bose-Einstein condensates.

Benney was a dedicated teacher and mentor who left an extraordinary legacy. He had a remarkable ability to work effectively with PhD students and he mentored 18 of them, producing 158 academic descendants.

Benney was beloved of colleagues who knew him well and worked with him closely. One of his colleagues (and a former student) says, 'Dave was a modest man who had little to be modest about. With his gentle, self-effacing manner and humour, he tended to deflect any superlatives and accolades aimed in his direction. But in truth, he was a first rate leader: generous to all, regardless of rank, he had a strong moral compass, a principled view of life and a backbone of steel when it came to doing the right thing.'

A conference was held in 2000 in honour of his seventieth birthday. An account of his many contributions can be found in 'Research contributions of David J Benney,' by M Ablowitz, T Akylas and C C Lin, in *Studies in Applied Mathematics*, **108**, 1–6 (2002). That issue also contains a number of articles written by his former students and colleagues in his honour.

Benney served for 46 years (1968–2013) as managing editor of *Studies in Applied Mathematics*. Under his long tenure, he steered the journal to prominence, making it a leading journal in physical applied mathematics. With Harvey Greenspan, he co-authored the widely-used text, '*Calculus: An Introduction to Applied Mathematics*,' published in 1973 by McGraw Hill (later republished by Breukelin Press in 1997).

David John Benney, was born in Wellington, New Zealand, on 8 April 1930. He received his BS in mathematics (with first-class honours) from Victoria University in Wellington in 1950, followed by an MS in 1951. He studied at Cambridge University from 1952 to 1954, receiving a BA in mathematics, again with first-class honours. He

returned to New Zealand as a lecturer at Canterbury University College (1955–57), before entering the doctoral programme at MIT in applied mathematics.

David Benney is survived by his wife of 56 years, Elizabeth Matthews Benney; by his three children, Richard Benney of Stow, Vermont, Paul Benney of Bloomfield, Connecticut, and Antonia Benney of Longmeadow, Massachusetts; and by two grandsons, Luke and Jon.

© MIT News, 16 October 2015



**MARTIN COLEBROOK** (1952) died on 2 March 2017. We have received the following obituary from his son Rob:

Martin Colebrook became a partner at the Goldington Road practice in Bedford in 1964. He stayed there until retirement in 1994 and would carry on as a locum there for a further eight years. He was the senior partner for the vast majority of that time. Various colleagues, patients and friends have described him as kind, thoughtful, knowledgeable and the rock that the practice was planted on whilst the maelstroms of general practice reforms swirled around it.

In 1958, whilst staying in the Cambridge University Mission in Bermondsey retaking obstetrics and gynaecology, he met his wife, Ruth, who was teaching there. Having married the following year, Martin did his National Service in Barnard Castle, Catterick and Carlisle before arriving in Bedford.

Whilst at Bedford, the practice grew substantially and he oversaw several extensions to cater for the practice's needs.

Tragedy struck in August 1982 when his second son, Nic, was killed in a motor-bike accident. Martin wrote about the aftermath of losing him in 'Personal view', published in *British Medical Journal (Clinical Research Ed)*, 287, 1971 (1983).

In 1991, he spent a six-week sabbatical as a medical officer with the HALO Trust in Afghanistan and also undertook clinics for the local population. The time there would remain in the forefront of his memory for the rest of his life.

After retirement, he enjoyed landscaping the garden and maintaining its flora and fauna with Ruth. He loved doing DIY projects that were often for the benefit of his family.

Predeceased by his son, he is survived by his wife Ruth, three children and five grandchildren.

**OWAIN MORGAN RHYS HOWELL** (1952) died on 17 January 2017. We reproduce here two addresses given at his funeral on 1 February. His cousin Rhian Chilcott said:

On 1 May 1931, President Herbert Hoover pressed a button, and lights blazed out from all 102 stories of the Empire State Building. The President was inaugurating the world's tallest building. Meanwhile, in Manchester, Owain Howell was born.

The Empire State Building was literally a beacon of light in dark times. The world was a troubled and troubling place in 1931. America was still in the grip of the Great Depression. Japan was about to invade Manchuria. And in Germany, the Nazi party was surging in the polls.

Britain, too, was a frightened, insecure country. Unemployment had passed the two million mark, and 'austerity' was the order of the day. In September 1931, we were forced off the Gold Standard, marking the end of a century of economic orthodoxy.

And yet, by all accounts – particularly his own – Owain's earliest years were completely untroubled. His father had a secure university job. They lived in a large, comfortable house in Rusholme. Holidays were spent in Narberth with his grandparents. Thus began the charmed life of Owain Howell.

His happy childhood was built across some interesting fault lines. Owain was always both English and Welsh, born in England and speaking only English, but fiercely proud of Wales and loving this corner of it in particular. In Pembrokeshire

terms, his family straddled the 'Landsker line'. His father's family, from Templeton, was firmly English speaking. But his maternal grandfather, Thomas Morgan of Llandisilio spoke only Welsh until the age of 14, when he was sent up to London to serve a four-year apprenticeship in a draper's shop. He prospered, returned to Narberth, married and had three children: Elsie (my grandmother), Mary (Owain's mother) and Olive (who sadly died aged seven, but has a very splendid obelisk in the graveyard outside).

Mary was a talented painter and highly educated, her family having allowed her to train at the Slade in London. The boy she married, Rhys, was equally impressive: he'd gone to university in Aberystwyth and ended up as a professor of inorganic chemistry at the University of Manchester. They had two children, Margaret and then Owain.

Margie and Owain spent their holidays in Narberth, playing with – and in Margie's case, tormenting – my mother, Ruth. But then, in 1939, they moved to Wales full-time, as the war intensified. Internally displaced, to use the jargon of today. Or, if you consider the Welsh-English border an international frontier, they were refugees.

My mother remembers being exceedingly cross that Owain was allowed to run around barefoot, whilst her nanny forced her to wear shoes and socks. Even worse, Owain contrived to get every single member of the household to do his homework for him, including my grandfather, who as a retired headmaster should have known better. But Owain, even at eight, was unfeasibly charming and impossible to resist. And thus he established a pattern that ran throughout his life: being surrounded by strong women, loving it and turning it to his advantage. You might say he was following in the long tradition of Welsh boys who are completely spoiled by their mams. In Owain's case, it wasn't just his mother: it was everyone from the most junior housemaid to his teachers. And they did so even more when, in 1941, Mary died suddenly of a stroke.

It was war-time and Northfield was full of evacuees from London as well as the little Howells. Margie shared a bed with Ruth, and Owain with his mother. It's hard to imagine how a little boy felt waking up next to his mother, and not being able to wake her. Rhys decided that his children should be sent away to school. For Margie, this meant the hated Cheltenham Ladies' College. Owain went to Llandovery and loved it. But he didn't lose touch with Narberth. His grandmother sent him up a cake every week.

Like a homing pigeon – a hungry homing pigeon – Owain always found his way back to Marland or Northfield. Whilst doing his National Service – he joined the Royal Artillery in barracks just outside Pembroke Dock – he was amazingly often to be found 'on manoeuvres' near Narberth, particularly on Thursdays, when the Northfield cook baked for the week ahead. And, as always, he was too charming to get into trouble. My mother remembers the call from him about the lost army-issue trousers – mislaid somehow during a party and now believed to be in the vicinity of Barmouth ... – could she possibly find them and drop them back to him? She could, and she did.

As several of our family members drifted eastwards to London, the pattern of behaviour stayed the same. Blood ties – and the siren call of cake – kept Owain visiting my mother in Chelsea. He pursued a life filled with sport, friends and good wine ... and some work, though I never knew how much. Owain was a well-educated man and a smart one, but he never let ambition interfere with his commitment to enjoying life.

He once told me that his proudest academic achievement had been managing to pass O-level French. (In later years, the only thing he retained of this was a good grasp of domain labelling.) He was also inordinately proud of his certificate showing his membership of the Boilermakers' Union. Thank God, it didn't inspire him to try any actual plumbing.

But he was good with figures, and he liked their tidy patterns. The pattern that dominated his life, it seems, was the 'rule of three'. In childhood, the centre of attention from Margie, Ruth and Norma. Then three wives: Sue, Rosemary and Norma. And his three darling daughters: Charlotte, Belinda and Annabel, his 'three Graces'.

We think we would have appreciated the numeric elegance of dying on one/seven – one – one/seven. And as they endure the surprising bureaucracy of death, I know that his girls are appreciating the tidiness of his timing: Owain died two days before his bank manager retired, just about giving him time to get things wrapped up. His house insurance policy will expire in the next few days. And since the deadline for annual tax returns was yesterday, many of his friends from the world of accountancy are able to be with us today.

I was Owain's only goddaughter, though he had many godsons. He may have been surrounded by women, but he was always very much a man's man. So he didn't give me much in the way of actual advice. He tried – a bit – to persuade me to apply to Emmanuel, but since his appeal was based mostly on the excellence of the college sporting scene and the bars of Cambridge in general, I went to Oxford.

I reviewed the religious guidance he'd given me: nothing. (In later years, as his faith became more important to him and particular after he took on a churchwardenship at Minwear, we did have some conversations about Christianity, and in particular about faith and politics. His views on the Christian standing of most British politicians are probably best buried with him.)

Mostly, I learned from Owain by watching how he lived. I was terribly impressed by my early visits to Halfway House, which was elegant and gracious. I saw Owain charm his way through life, and although that may sound negative, I mean it as a compliment. He was gregarious and outgoing, unfailingly polite to people, a gentleman, always entertaining in any situation. He was a consummate networker, before that skill had even been identified.

And in his last years, I realised how that persona of a little boy who needed to be looked after stood him in good stead to deal with declining health. Once he got to know someone, he was comfortable being helped by them. He could be dependent, without losing his dignity, because he paid you back in charm.

That's how I will think of Owain: by the measure of his charm. When you think of the bare facts of his life, it wasn't always an easy one. And he was not the easiest of men. But he seemed to slip through life very easily, loved and supported – and granted allowances – and enjoying himself.

A charmed life, yes, because he was a charming man.

His friend Peter Davies said,

I have dreaded this day for some time. Because we lived so far apart, I haven't seen Owain all that often since his illness. But we spoke on the phone regularly. It's been clear for a long time that this day was approaching and, as it did, so the sadness increased. If a close friend dies suddenly, you feel stunned. But even if you have time to prepare, you find you haven't prepared at all. The friendship Owain and I had has been one of the big privileges of my life. And it's just as big a privilege to try to say something about it today.

It began 72 years ago, when we found ourselves in next-door beds in a dormitory in Llandovery College, on our first night away from home. He soon found that he was 26 days older than me, since when he's never been slow to remind me of the value of age and experience. The year was 1944, so we were there for VE Day, and the years of austerity that continued long after the war. But God is good. As time goes by, he gives us rather subjective memories. There must have been bad days and sad ones. But the memory slate has been wiped clean of most of those, leaving only the people and the events we want to remember.

Owain and I were in the same school rugby and cricket teams. There were five of us particularly close. Some of the Old Llandoveryans here today will know these other names: Tom ap Rees, David Rees, Howel Williams, who died only weeks ago, Owain and myself. That I am now the lone survivor gives me a heavy heart.

And yet, that was one of Llandovery's richest blessings. Those friendships made there, and with masters like T P Williams and Chris Bell as well as among ourselves, have had a lasting quality, beyond anything in other parts of my life. I'm not sure I can explain it, but the place, its size and its ethos, led to loyalties of an enduring and very special kind. I suppose we were sent to Llandovery in order to learn. But long after we've forgotten all we ever learnt, the people and the place live on.

I have some other snippets of memory concerning Owain from those days from school walks, those permitted and those not. The rolling gentleness of north Carmarthenshire became imprinted on our minds. Also I remember the scavenging red kite, when the kite was extinct elsewhere in this country.

It was always raining, especially in the cricket term. Owain and I would look out of the pavilion window, at mist or worse coming up the Towy from the west. The cold winter of 1947 is still vivid, with the river frozen for weeks on end, and blizzards piling up the snow in front of the school to the height of the Tower balcony.

Speaking of balconies, the two of us shinned up the wooden columns in the school hall. This was before breakfast on winter mornings in 1946. There was an ancient working wireless up there, and you could just make out the crackling commentary on test matches from Australia. At close of play one morning, Bradman and Barnes were batting. When we switched on the following day, they were still batting. They each scored 234. If only we could have remembered our Latin verbs as easily as that.

Owain retained a great love for the college. He became a hard-working trustee and took a big part in old boys' activities.

After Llandovery came National Service. Owain became an army officer and I joined the RAF. Two years later, we found ourselves in Cambridge together and the old friendship was cemented. For some reason, girls began to play a bigger role. Owain dreamed up a novel experiment. He'd have a tea-party in his room on a Sunday and a mountain of tea cakes, to which the most recent girlfriend would be invited. I was under orders to accidentally pass by, so to speak, and my job would be to offer a thumbs-up or thumbs-down on his latest visitor. Owain had worked this out carefully. I was to bring Len Hutton into the conversation if I approved and Denis Compton if I disapproved. The snag was I could never remember which of the two names meant thumbs-up. The safest thing was to say nothing. Owain, unaware of the problem, would very impatiently ask if I'd read Hutton's latest book. Needless to say, that sort of conversation was enough to make any self-respecting girl run a mile, and they did. So his love life in Cambridge never really got off the ground.

I have a clear recollection of one summer holiday, in 1951 I think. It began with both of us playing cricket for Pembrokeshire here in Narberth: county cricket in its way. Then, leaving that night to drive to Manchester in Owain's old MG with its registration number RH 101: RH for Rhys Howell. I learnt to drive on that trip. We looked in on Owain's father in Manchester, took in a day of the Test match at Old Trafford, another couple of days of the Open golf at Birkdale, and finished up a week or two later on the Isle of Skye. We came back equally slowly, with a similar meandering itinerary.

Then came the task of job-hunting and settling down. We were, I now realise, predestined never to be rid of each other, try as we might. I eventually joined one of our big companies as a lawyer. Not long later, along comes Owain, now an accountant, as an investment manager to that company's pension fund. His job changed, but he stayed in the same group: and so, on we went, still in each other's shadow.

At a time when we could ill-afford it, we bought four adjoining debenture seats at the old Arms Park. There we would take wives and pals, in those years when, to follow the fortunes of the Welsh fifteen was a mighty privilege.

Naturally, we were at each other's weddings, and inevitably we became godparents to each other's children: Owain to my son Kit, and I to his daughter Belinda. Our family lives meant much to both of us, and he would often tell me how deeply and genuinely grateful he was for the years he had with Sue and Rosemary and latterly Norma. No father thought more lovingly of his daughters than he did of Charlotte, Belinda and Annabel. When he and I were together, your names, and the comings and goings of your families, were always in the conversation.

One activity that kept the bond between us strong in the second half of our lives was golf. We shared a mutual mediocrity for the game, but what we lacked in prowess we made for up in keenness.

We became founder members of the Woodpeckers. They are a band of Oxbridge people who became too stiff and unfit for rugby, and still try to keep in some sort of shape on the golf course. He also had great delight in his membership of the Royal Porthcawl Golf Club, where the flag has been flying at half-mast in his memory. There and elsewhere, if you knew Owain at all well, you will know how much he contributed to the camaraderie of whatever company he was in.

Owain's father came to understand what golf meant to us. He donated a mug, the Llandovery crest on one side, the Cambridge crest on the other, with the inscription 'Winner of the Howell/Davies Cup'. We played for it annually. They were tempestuous battles and to win was a highlight of the year. Professor Howell, his father, then realising what the cup had come to mean, presented a replica, inscribed 'Loser of the Howell/Davies Cup', little suspecting, however, that the winner's cup always had pride of place on the mantelpiece, while the loser's cup was hidden in the back of some drawer. Before Owain's frailty brought this yearly contest to an untimely end, he remains the final and therefore the ultimate holder of the winner's cup, as I'm sure he'll remind me when we next meet.

Let me take that last thought a little further before I finish. Spiritual things did arise when we were together. I wouldn't say he was an avid, passionate Christian, but that can be said of many whose faith stays quiet and unassuming. Occasionally, he would wonder whether his beliefs were too fragile. I would encourage him that no less than the Saviour of the world himself once said that faith as small as a mustard seed was enough to begin with. The mustard seed is the smallest of all the seeds of Israel, almost invisible to the naked eye.

What's more, right through his life, Owain showed something that many so-called Christians fail to do. He was always warm-hearted and often outrageously generous. They talk about people with a heart of gold. That was Owain. *Calon lan yn llawn daioni*. He would go out of his way to look for, and to find, the best in someone else, with the possible exception of Irish referees. He must have been a lovely man to work for. And that is what the Bible calls true Christianity: the faith that shows itself not just in words, but lives it out in deeds as well. A weak faith can still be true faith.

So yes, I am sure we'll meet again. Most of the things that seem to be important in this life will be of no consequence then. But I do expect one thing to be still there: the bond, the rapport, the affection we had for almost all our time in this world. The ending of that leaves me deeply sad today, but also so grateful to God for the blessing of such a friendship.

**CHRISTOPHER ROGERS** OBE (1952) died on 1 March 2017. We reproduce here the eulogy that has been sent in by his daughter Susan:

Chris Rogers was born at The Hill, the family home in Ellesmere in 1933. He and his older sister Ann were brought up as part of a loving family by his parents Peggy and Dermot, a country GP.

At just four years old, he went to his first school in Oswestry, where he stayed with the headmaster during the week and only went home at weekends. After attending Malvern Wells Prep School and Cheltenham College, he went on to graduate from Emmanuel College in Cambridge with a first-class degree. Chris then completed his National Service, becoming a junior officer in the Signals regiment.

His first job was bullock-weighing before he became the development officer at the Royal Show Ground in Stoneleigh. He was very lucky that his keen interest in farming enabled him to meet the love of his life, Elizabeth, at a Young Farmers' event, and they were married on Elizabeth's birthday in September 1960.

Having initially joined the Ministry of Agriculture, in Gloucester, he was then moved to London. His work within the Ministry was focused on the development of the policies that has formed our modern-day meat marketing boards.

For his three children, Susan, Mary and Robert, as teenagers, memories of their trips to Smithfield meat market will stay with them for ever; the smell of sawdust, and how incredibly busy the place was in the early hours of the morning. In particular, how everyone, every single trader, knew their dad by name. Shouts of 'alright Chris' and 'Morning boss', rang around the place as they walked through the crowded market. And maybe more so being taken into a pub for breakfast; the obligatory bottle of coke with a straw and a packet of crisps, and maybe something a little stronger for dad and his 'work' colleagues.

His long service and dedication to his work at the Ministry were duly recognised when he was appointed OBE. Going to Buckingham Palace to receive his award with Elizabeth, Susan, Mary and Robert was one of his, and his family's, proudest moments. Chris was always a source of wise counsel over the years, not only for his many farming and meat industry contacts, but also for his immediate and extended family members.

Chris was a passionate man. He was passionate about the countryside and spent many long hours peering at birds through his binoculars, and he willingly devoted his free time to participate in various RSPB activities, such as bird-ringing. Like his father, one of his other passions was gardening. Even when his house was too small to have a decent-sized garden, he simply rented an allotment and grew loads of fresh vegetables. Memories of shelling peas and planting potatoes will remain with Susan, Mary and Robert. He was passionate about the environment and was an active participant in the local Fownhope Carbon Reduction Action Group.

However, Chris was most passionate about family and has been described to me as a strong family man. Chris was, of course, very involved with his own ever-expanding family as Susan, Mary and Robert now have families of their own. He took great pride and delight in his children's and grandchildren's achievements, closely monitored their progress, and celebrated their successes. He leaves behind three children, nine grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

As the grandchildren grew up, Chris used to book family holidays at Sandbanks; a beautiful place with long sandy beaches. He used to rent a large house for everyone to stay together. Whilst the grandchildren obviously enjoyed many sunny days playing on the beach, Chris would sneak off over to Brownsea Island and the local nature reserves to enjoy some bird-watching.

He was, however, also deeply interested in the wider family and had become a walking encyclopaedia of knowledge about the family past and present. As a result of this we know he kept in regular contact with relatives all over the world. By keeping all those documents and photographs he has created a family archive to treasure,

albeit the exact details of the complex filing system may require some further research.

Chris was fortunate in that he was not only interested in the family but he also had a real gift for bonding with children of all ages, as demonstrated by the number of young people here today.

Chris passed away on 1 March, after spending a short time in Hereford County Hospital. He will be sadly missed but never forgotten.



**EDWARD WALTER LESLIE FLETCHER** (1953) died on 17 September 2016. We reproduce here the eulogy that was written by their youngest daughter Victoria:

It's sometime in the late 1970s and we are all standing on the clifftop of a remote, windswept Cornish peninsula. I'm four years old. Dad is wearing one of those heavy blue Guernsey jumpers popular at the time, a pair of pale, narrow trousers and some deck shoes with slippery soles. His red hair is slightly wild in the wind and he is scrambling down a path, trying to find a way to explore some exciting boulders at sea level, 200 feet below. This official path soon peters out, but Dad is not deterred and invents a route through the crags below. Eventually, the rocky clifftops give way to a terrifying, sheer bank covered in grass. It's a 70-foot drop onto the boulders below.

Most people, especially most people with a young family in tow, would have given up at this point and returned to the safety of the path above. But Dad just wiped the hair from his face and kept on going, telling us to 'lean in' to the bank and grab a large clump of grass if we lost our footing. Slowly, the five of us traversed down the treacherous bank, clinging for dear life, and throughout it all I just remember Dad relaxed and grinning from ear to ear, watching us carefully until we got to the bottom. He knew that we could make it down safely and we did.

And that was Dad: one of those people who calmly yet determinedly pushed the boundaries, an adventurer, both as a father and as a doctor.

You will all know that Dad worked as a consultant radiologist at the John Radcliffe Hospital for 26 years, but this was actually the safest of all his medical postings. During his late 20s, Dad responded to a more unusual advert for work and became a ship's doctor on a Fyffes banana boat going to Jamaica. He had thought this trip would hone his skills diagnosing rare tropical diseases, but in fact he spent most of it sewing up stab wounds as the crew repeatedly tried to kill each other.

But Dad simply loved to travel. In the early 1960s he was a ship's surgeon again, but this time on the SS *Southern Voyage* travelling to New Zealand. On this trip, he managed to combine his love of medicine with his passion for sailing AND also a beautiful young woman he knew was on board, a nurse he had met while training at St Thomas', called Shirley.

Although he was a good doctor, Dad was most definitely not a good linguist. Working as a doctor in Hong Kong in 1962, he was asked to vaccinate a group of local women who only spoke Cantonese. Keen to reassure his nervous patients that they would feel little pain, he learnt a phrase for 'this won't hurt', which he thought was something like Tong La! After administering a few doses, he noticed the women in the queue had stopped looking scared but looked rather bemused instead. It turned out that Tong La didn't mean 'this won't hurt' at all. As he was plunging the needle into their arms what he was actually saying was 'kill the duck'.

Dad was always calm, always fiercely interested in the world around him. He was also stoic. He never complained to us about his illness, not one single time, and right to the end of his life he just determinedly kept on going, up to the shops, across to the hospital and even in the garden.

As well as travel, Dad had another great love: the outdoors. As my sister has said, he loved hiking up mountains and he loved sailing with friends, many of whom it is lovely to see here today. He adored cricket, both playing it and watching. And although you may know that in the 1970s he was a founding Fellow of Green College

in Oxford, you may not be aware that his legacy lies in the Green College bar, where Dad set up a darts board and snooker table so he could hold regular competitions for his postgrads, fuelled by beer.

But it was probably at running that he excelled himself. His slight figure made him fast, and at Cambridge he was in the Emmanuel College athletics team and their relay team. It wasn't only his physique that made him so good. In his 50s he turned his hand to running half-marathons. The story goes that during a race in Oxford, one of his fellow runners, a young doctor from the John Radcliffe, saw Dad as they hit the half-way mark and shouted 'hi' as his young legs carried him past. Dad waved but said little. About 200m from the finish line, the young doctor heard a loud 'hi' as Wattie Fletcher whipped past him at full pelt and beat him to the line. I love this story about Dad, because it was his quietly competitive nature that ultimately got him so far.

Dad also adored what he did for a living. After working as an associate professor at UCLA in California for a year and picking up as many tips as he could, he moved to Oxford where over the next three decades he became one of this country's leading radiologists. He eventually was key to setting up the British Society of Interventional Radiology, to allow experts in this exciting new field to exchange ideas and break new ground, and it made him so proud that the wonderfully named Wattie Fletcher Lecture lives on to this day. It feels funny reading all this because he never really told Nick and Bobs and I what he had achieved. It is only in the last few weeks that all three of us read the obituaries in stunned and humbled silence.

But his love of all things about Oxford had its downsides. For years, Dad's loyalty to local industry meant he would only buy cars from the Morris car factory in Cowley. As a young family we were subjected to a series of extremely unreliable and poorly constructed – but local! – cars including the 'Mini Metro' – top speed of 60 in a fair wind – and the 'Maestro', which was so badly engineered that it ended its life marooned on an unexpected hump-backed bridge.

Finally, of course, there is the love that Dad had for us, his family. He was always very proud of the wise choice he made when he married Mum. Beautiful and bright, she was the sort of woman who was ready for the adventures Dad loved, from travelling the world to hiking up the fells. And he knew that while he forged ahead with his career, she would work just as hard at home looking after us all, making Dad his lunch every day but ready for black-tie Green College dinners at night. And after 52 years of marriage, his choice proved right again as she nursed Dad at home as he battled with Parkinson's which meant, just as he wished, his final days were spent in the home he so loved.

And we're already feeling the void he has left: the way his pale blue eyes sparkled when he made a sharp-witted joke; his passion for maps and geology and his encyclopaedic knowledge of history that meant we never had to look up anything historical. He already knew the answer. But it's the spirit of adventure that will perhaps remain his most iconic legacy with all three children, who now live across the globe: Bobs here in Bristol, Nick in Australia and me in America.

Dad honestly believed we should all see the world, learn from it and most importantly enjoy it. Last year, when Dad was in the most brutal grips of Parkinson's disease and I told him that my husband Sam had been offered a job in California, he didn't hesitate for a moment to tell me to seize the opportunity, that life, in the end, was just a big adventure.

And if I could have one more conversation with Dad, if I could tell him – looking back at the whole of his life – what I made of those 82 years – I would borrow a phrase from those new American friends of mine and say to him 'Good job, Dad'.

**DONALD MACAULAY** (1953) died on 28 February 2017. The following obituary was published on the University of Glasgow website on 27 June 2017:

Professor Emeritus Donald MacAulay died at the age of 86 on 28 February 2017. Born in 1930, he was raised on the island of Bernera, off Lewis. Following his education at Bernera school, the Nicholson Institute in Stornoway and at Aberdeen University, where he graduated with first-class honours in Celtic and English in 1953, he studied Celtic, Old English and Old Norse at Emmanuel College Cambridge, graduating in 1955. He did his National Service in the Royal Navy's Russian language section during 1955–57. He taught English language and general linguistics at the University of Edinburgh (1958–60) before moving to Dublin, where he lectured in Irish at Trinity College Dublin (1960–63). In the period 1963 to 1967 he lectured in applied linguistics at the University of Edinburgh. In 1967 he joined the University of Aberdeen as head of the department of Celtic and senior lecturer (later reader) in Celtic, where he remained for 24 years.

In 1991 he came to Glasgow to take up the chair of Celtic, following in the footsteps of Angus Matheson and Derick Thomson before him. In his short tenure he introduced important changes, such as the development of courses and programmes in Celtic civilisation, which he had previously developed in Aberdeen. These crucial innovations underpinned the later evolution and success of the department. He retired in 1996.

His innovative poetry was published in *Seòbhrach as a' Chlaich* (*Primrose from a Stone*) (1967) and in the highly influential *Nua-Bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig: Modern Scottish Gaelic Poems* (1976), which he edited. This volume more-or-less defined modern Gaelic poetry for a generation. More recently his beautifully produced *Deilbh is Faileasan* (*Images and Reflections*) appeared in 2008, which included a selection of previous work alongside new and unseen poems. He was editor of *Scottish Gaelic Studies* from 1978 to 1996, and editor of the hugely successful *The Celtic Languages* (CUP, 1992). Although he was deeply learned in and published on aspects of the Gaelic literary tradition, his main expertise was in the area of Gaelic linguistics, on which he wrote with unique and incisive clarity. What he said in his poem *A' Cheiste* (*The Question*) in reference to his calling as a poet could apply equally to his linguistic work:

Ghineadh dhomhsa failean,  
à spàrn dhiamhair;  
dh'fhàs e tromham craobhach;  
chuir mi romham gum fàsadh e dìreach.

A tree was for me engendered  
by some mysterious striving;  
its branches spread through me;  
I decided it should grow undeformed.

The sincerity and integrity evidenced here very much captures the very essence of the person, the *sàr-Ghàidheal*, the *bàrd* and scholar we all admired and respected so much. Donald was a humble man, a modest man whose encapturing wit and humour we all miss greatly. He was a great encourager of students, of poets and of younger scholars.

Donald is survived by his wife Ella, whom he married in 1957, their daughter, Cathlin, five grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Their son, Iain, died in April 2016.

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**DEREK FLETCHER** (1954) died on 16 July 2016. We reproduce here the address that was read at his funeral.

I just want to say a few words about my father. He was a man who enjoyed a good yarn and a laugh, so I hope he won't be too offended by anything I have to say.

My father was born in Yorkshire but was raised in Barrow, so I think you could call him a Lancashire lad, which is just as well as he often said that 'A Yorkshire man is a Scottish man, with all the joy wrung out of him!'

He had an eye for detail and often pointed out the anomalies of Barrow when travelling with him; just last month my Dad had me and Jan drive him back to take a look at 7 Bolton Street, Barrow, his childhood home. He pointed out that it was one of the few white-bricked houses in the town, white since the bricks were made with slag from the 'slaggye', something I had never noticed, even after going there to visit his mother with him every Sunday for the first ten years of my life.

My father was a man of many achievements. He went to the grammar school in Barrow and was put in an accelerated class. Despite his scholastic promise, he was taken out of school when his father died, to go down 'The Yard'. He was just 14 years old, and he had to help provide for the household. After a day's work, for something to do with his pals he would go out on his pushbike and cycle to the head of Coniston and back. This was fairly routine for him. A keen cyclist he had many adventures in the Lakes with Geoff Cain and others, sliding down the Wasdale screes on motorbike gauntlets and other stories! He watched the Tour de France up until the end, and I have to thank Jan for holding off a bit until 'Le Tour' was over. Although this was probably just a co-incidence!

At Vickers he was put forward for a university programme. There was one spot available and it was between the Barrow and Newcastle shipyards; my father got that spot. There were only two universities in the country that accepted people who didn't have their Higher National Certificates through regular school: Oxford and Cambridge. My father applied to and was accepted by Emmanuel College Cambridge, where he obtained his engineering degree and got his Blue playing badminton: amazing for a lad who only went to regular school until he was 14. More amazingly he rode his push-bike down to Cambridge. He told me, 'when you feel the ground shaking, it's time to get up and start pedalling again – the combine is in the field'; he was sleeping in the fields on the way down to be able to give more money to his mother.

This was my father: nothing was unachievable, a valuable lesson that I learnt from him. He always encouraged you to push on to the end of things, try everything once and do things, not just talk about them. (There are talkers and doers.)

It was in Cambridge that my dad met my mother Kay, with whom he had 20 years of marriage, resulting in three children, me being one of them: thanks Dad! My brothers Iain and Peter, and I, have fond memories of a man who spent a lot of time fixing his cars, going to motorbike scrambles, playing soccer and cricket for the Atomic Submarine club, and going on the At Sub club treasure hunt/car rallies, which he liked to win if at all possible. With all his local knowledge he often did.

I also remember one time when a director of Vickers stopped by our family home, and after he had left, my younger brother Peter asked my father, 'Who was that, Dad? The rag-and-bone man?' This made my dad laugh quite a bit.

My Dad had a long career with Vickers. He rose to become the youngest shipyard manager they had seen there. He was really proud of the fact that the men at Vickers who worked for him said that he was 'a fair man'. This was his legacy when he had dealings with them; I remember that someone had stencilled 'Sir' on his hardhat. A clear sign of respect ... (I hope!).

He started out in Vickers as an apprentice electrician in 1949 and went on to become electrical manager in 1965, then chief electrical engineer in 1977 and finally technical administration manager in 1986. He went on sea trials many times on both submarines and surface ships. And I don't think we heard all the stories of those sea trials from him ... which might be a good thing!

My Dad was always ready to have a laugh and a good looooooong yarn (as anyone who has ever been told a story by my father can attest to ...). My father officiated at many retirements from Vickers and had a great stockpile of jokes that he had written down, which he recently passed on to me, so if any of you are in need of an MC at a retirement do or a birthday party, see me afterwards!

My Dad and his retirees were often banned from the pubs where they held works retirement dos: he said he himself could put away a bottle if he HAD to. Once they even managed to send a settee up in blazes, which brought about the stellar Barrow comment from one of the pub attendees of 'Eeeee, I haven't laughed so much since me grandad fell on the fire'.

My father loved the Lake District and often went out for walks there. Once, he was pulled over by the police on his way back into town from the Lakes. 'What have you been doing?' the police enquired, as it was so early in the morning and no Barrovians were up and about yet: the Vickers hooter hadn't gone off. 'Well', he explained, 'I have just been up Coniston Old Man and now I am going to work'. He had just climbed a mountain before going to work, as you do.

In 1985 my father married Jan, who was to be his wife for 31 years. This meant they now had seven kids and their grandchild Helen to think about. The immediate effect of Jan on my dad was readily noticeable: he wore shorts for the first time and Jan was able to convince him that he didn't have to wait until his clothes were worn out before he bought new ones!

Jan was also able to persuade my Dad to take early retirement from Vickers, since he had been working there so long: 41 years. Luckily I was out of the country for that works retirement do; Lord knows what they set fire to that time. Jan and my Dad lived in Greenodd together with Simon and Adam. Jan and Derek travelled everywhere together, including to their timeshare in Tenerife and on a trip to Canada and America in 1992, heading home with their American bargains, such as their new chainsaw: who doesn't go over to America for a new chainsaw? I think customs control was a little slacker in those days! They bought themselves a Honda Goldwing and took that over to the Isle of Man a few times for the TT races and also went to France on it wearing leathers in 30 degree weather, which must have been like a sauna. He loved his Goldwing and they were a member of the Goldwing Club: he said that you could tell if a Harley Davidson was ahead of you by the trail of bits falling off that it left down the road. Dad and Jan exchanged the Goldwing for one with a sidecar which was supposed to be easier for him to ride, but he was cut off by a car and crashed it the first day as he drove it home, ending up in Furness General Hospital (FGH), though fortunately Jan was able to walk away.

The happy couple decided to downsize and move to a smaller house so they could travel. Sadly this coincided with the start of my father's Parkinson's and travel was limited to England and Tenerife for a while before finally in the last few years he was confined to just the Furness peninsula. Last year my Dad was taken for testing to see how his brain was faring: he was asked to name an animal starting with the letter 'P' and answered 'ptarmigan', so they decided that perhaps his mind was just fine, thank you. His motor skills were not so lucky. Jan tended to my father through a heart valve transplant in Blackpool, a pacemaker implant in FGH and various other trips to the hospital over the past few years. She also had to re-learn how to drive in her 70s, which is no mean feat. Iain, Peter and I are so grateful to Jan and our Ulverston family for all the care they took of our father in the last few years of his life, with an extra special mention going out to super-Simon.

In summation, what was his legacy? Live life because you only pass this way once. Be true to yourself but weigh up carefully the consequences on others. He passed on to his children the tools with which to shape their own lives, taught them the value of money and financial responsibility, and was always there for guidance.

Beyond family, in Vickers, he guided the firm and thus the well-being of hundreds of workers, and through them their families.

Thank you all for being here today to join us as we say farewell to my father: a strong, fair and funny man. Although he may be gone, this man who came from down Salthouse to become the manager of the Yard certainly will not be forgotten and he left the world a better place for having been in it.

**ARTHUR GEORGE JONES** (1954) died on 29 March 2017. We reproduce here the eulogy written for his funeral by his daughter Helen Bartlett:

Arthur was born in Liverpool in 1936. He was an Edwardian, born in the very brief reign of King Edward VIII, before his abdication to marry Mrs Simpson. When most children were evacuated from Liverpool during the war, Arthur stayed. His father was away serving in Mauritius and as a much-loved only child Arthur stayed in the city with his Mum. He told stories of witnessing bombings and of the devastation of seeing the family's grocers shops bombed to the ground. He often joked that if it wasn't for the war we'd all be shopping at Jones' not Sainsbury's! His school days were spent at Liverpool Collegiate School, where he excelled academically and at sport. A quirk of growing up in a war-time city under the influence of US soldiers stationed there is that he played baseball as a child. He also played football and became a life-long Everton supporter.

Arthur was awarded a scholarship to Cambridge. In 1953, at the age of 17, he began his studies. He liked to tell the tale of arriving in Cambridge and the long walk from the station to his room in Emmanuel College, with the heaviest suitcase imaginable. His Mum was worried he might be hungry and had been slipping in tins of food for him. His parents visited him occasionally, travelling to and from Liverpool in their motorbike and sidecar. Most of the many, many books Arthur owned have 'Arthur G Jones, Emma' written inside the front cover in his distinctive handwriting. As teenagers Rachel and Helen were convinced for a while that Emma was an ex-girl-friend!

Immediately after Cambridge Arthur was called up for National Service, the last year of conscription. As an officer in the Royal Navy, his service was rather unconventional, but made use of his language abilities. He trained as a coder, learning Russian, including six months living with a Russian family in Paris. He spent the remainder of his service 'listening in'. Arthur continued to read in Russian throughout his life.

After National Service, Arthur joined the staff of King Edward VII School in Sheffield, as a classics teacher. Arthur spent 29 years at King Ted's, teaching Latin, Greek and ancient history. He quickly rose to become head of classics, but he was not ambitious. He did not want to move into school administration. He loved to be in the classroom, teaching and interacting with students. Arthur saw great change at King Edward's as it moved from a grammar school to a comprehensive school, and Latin transformed from a central core subject, essential for matriculation to Oxbridge, to a fringe optional subject selected by few. Towards the end of his time there he was the classics department. He also turned his hand to teaching computer science and mathematics, demonstrating the polymath he was. He no longer taught, Harry-Potter style in his gown, and staff started to refer to each other by name, rather than just by initials.

Arthur and Marian met in 1968, when a group of friends from Sheffield travelled to Innsbruck in Austria for a holiday. They married in 1969, and Rachel and Helen were born in 1971. It was on that day that Arthur's hair started to change to grey and soon became the distinctive pure white that he seemed to have all his life.

Arthur took early retirement from teaching in 1989. He enjoyed a couple of years at home, with more time in his beloved garden and translating *The Iliad* into contemporary English, 'just for fun'. And of course this gave him time (not that he ever needed much time) to complete the *Daily Telegraph* crossword. He would first do the



concise crossword in his head, leaving the puzzle unmarked for the lesser members of the family, before moving onto the cryptic. If anyone in the family asked for help, with the crossword, with homework, or any general inquiry, his answer with a twinkle in his eye would usually be 'now you would know the answer to that if you had had a classical education!'

In 1992 Arthur returned to teaching at Birkdale, a private school where classics was still held in high esteem. He spent a very happy ten years teaching and mentoring excellent students who shared his love of the subject.

In his spare time, Arthur loved to garden; for a few years he had an allotment, and he enjoyed walking in the Yorkshire countryside. He was creative and loved woodworking, and he found time for volunteering outside school, leading gardening clubs and running a junior badminton club at the local community centre for many years.

In the 1980s the Jones' family home was often a congregating spot for Rachel and Helen's friends. Mostly I think this was because Marian kept a well-stocked biscuit tin, but also because of Arthur's friendly and welcoming manner. Marian, Rachel and Helen have enjoyed all the messages of condolence, but notable are the messages from school friends who express such sentiments as:

'He was, quite simply, a top bloke, made us all feel very welcome and even laughed at my jokes!'

'I have many fond memories of him back in happier healthier times.'

'He was such a lovely Dad. I always liked him and found him such a gentle soul.'  
'Such a lovely, kind, funny, warm and gentle man.'

In 2002 Arthur's first grandchildren, Olivia and Georgia, were born. He became known as Papa to his grandchildren, and quickly to the rest of the family. He will always be Papa to all of us. Papa was a very involved grandfather. On one trip with the Allen family to California, to visit the Bartletts, Papa spent literally hours walking up and down the deck first with Olivia, then with Georgia, supporting them by the arm as they learned to skate on 'Heeleys'. He never complained, he never got bored. He loved extended time with his grandchildren.

In 2004 Arthur and Marian moved from Sheffield and the house they had lived in for 34 years, to be close to Rachel and her family in Sunningdale. Being close to Heathrow also put them closer to Helen and her family, wherever in the world the US air force might send them. Arthur's third granddaughter Blythe was born in 2007 and his grandson Nathan was born in 2009.

In 2007 Papa suffered a stroke, and his health deteriorated slowly as he developed dementia and suffered several further mini-strokes. Marian has demonstrated her great love for Arthur in ten years as his carer. But even as his health deteriorated Arthur never lost his sense of humour or his incredible intellect. Just last summer Helen watched *University Challenge* with him. He answered almost every question correctly. He couldn't tell you what day it was, or what he had had for lunch, but he could remember obscure historical, geographical and scientific facts. And only three weeks ago, in a Skype conversation Helen asked if a new medicine was proving effective. He gently replied that, if she was inquiring about medicine, she should ask if it was efficacious, not effective!

Papa loved a clever joke. He would want us all to remember that there are three types of people in this world: those who can count, and those who can't.

**ARVIND CHARANJIVA** (1955) died on 26 January 2017. We have received the following obituary from his wife Abha:

Arvind started off at The Doon School in India as a promising tennis player at the age of 13. He went on to represent Delhi University (he was a student at St

Stephen's College) and earned his laurels there. At Cambridge he made the Blues team and even beat the American Gene Scott in a Prentice Cup match.

The years at Emma from 1955 to 1958 were just about the 'best years of my life' he always told me and his three children. Our trips to England were always incomplete without a visit to his alma mater and to Fenners, where our children would take photographs of the list of Blues, where both Arvind and his father, J Charanjiva, held their places.

His father J Charanjiva had many years earlier also made the Blues team and went on to play in, and subsequently captain, the Indian Davis Cup team in 1932. Both father and son were a rare duo who studied at Cambridge, made the Blues team and were Hawks. Besides which, both also worked in Burmah Shell, in India! My husband's only lament was that the Hawks Club had lost its lustre after moving to its new location. However the food carried the same aromas and taste that he remembered!

Arvind's career with Burmah Shell started immediately after leaving Cambridge University, in 1958. It was rich in experience and travel. He worked, on joining, in areas in the hinterland, where he often had to spend days and nights living in railway station rooms, after the comfort and safety of his room at Emma. The only luxury he had was a Sunday 'English breakfast'. This required the extra effort of travelling a couple of stations down the line where they had the very British Spencer restaurant!

From cutting his teeth in the hinterland, his job in the company took him all over the country. India is a hugely diverse country in every way, be in the spoken language, religious faith, food, clothing, customs, mores and scenery. He travelled from the snows of the Himalayas to the forests of the Deccan Plateau, to seaside towns along the coastline. Everywhere, he relished his time spent in acquainting himself with the company dealers and locals and their lives.

Burmah Shell left India in the 1970s and the bulk of his working life was spent in Mumbai with its Indian successor, one of India's leading public sector oil and natural gas companies, Bharat Petroleum Corporation Ltd.

Right through his professional career, Arvind thrived on curiosity and new learning. He had great wit and wisdom, and his easy manner and sense of humour won him many friends. Towards the end of his career, as director of personnel, he interacted with and recruited the brightest minds from Indian institutes of technology and institutes of management, and felt a sense of reward to see them join a Fortune 500 company under his watch. He retired from the corporation in 2003.

After creaking limbs created limitations in his reach and speed at tennis, he took to golf with a passion and excelled at the game. His life of sport and travel came to an abrupt end after retirement, in 2004, when a loss of vision and other illnesses struck. He spent the last 13 years of his life incapacitated, but with the same interest and passion for all sport and life, and for trivia in general. He never missed the news, discussions, or a game on TV, which he 'listened' to and discussed with the same passion and interest, like the young college adult that he used to be. Wimbledon fortnight was reserved annually in our home and no distraction allowed.

The other great pleasure over many years while he was in good health were visits to Sussex, where we met Bob Hull and his charming wife Janet. He also enjoyed our regular attendance at Wimbledon, where we met Micheal Hann, Jeff Robinson and Brian Hatton over many a meal with their equally charming spouses. Annual exchanges of Christmas cards with Cavan Taylor and the rest were awaited eagerly. Even though technology helped connect with his old buddies through the internet, his regret was that he would never visit Emma and Cambridge, never step on the grounds at Fenners and that he would never visit Wimbledon and never meet his dear friends again.

Arvind passed away on 26 January 2017 leaving us the poorer for the loss of his guidance, wisdom, wit and valour. He was stoic and engaged with his environment



through his most difficult years, and left a lesson that there is 'grace under fire'.

His friend, Robert Hull (1955) adds,

Arvind Charanjiva, who died early this year after years of incapacitating illnesses, was my closest friend at Emmanuel, between 1955 and 1958. We were both tennis-players, and it was at Fenners I suppose that we became acquainted, he at the other end of the court when we played for places in the Cambridge team.

He was an elegant player. Not just the long white flannels said that, but also the ease of movement and stroke-play, along with the impeccable demeanour on court, which allied itself to a touch of assumed and faintly self-parodic insouciance – this was only a game and not all that important – which as an earnest opponent I found, as others must have, disquieting.

He and I played against Oxford at Eastbourne for each of our three years, and for the Oxford-Cambridge team against Harvard and Yale in 1958 Prentice Cup. I remember the female *Times* writer responding appreciatively to Arvind's graceful game and his evidently appealing presence on court.

His father, whom I met once at Fenners, played in the Davis Cup for India. Arvind showed me the small club in – I think – Regent's Park where India (and his father) played Japan at some point in the 1930s. All that travel for a Davis Cup tie!

Arvind stayed in England for the whole of his time at Cambridge, travelling to provincial tennis tournaments now long gone – Cromer, Hunstanton – in the summer. After Cambridge he went back to India to become a high-up personage in the oil world. I once asked him – on one of his later visits with his wife Abha to share a few days' holiday with us in Dartmouth – how far he had risen in oil: 'to the semi-final, Hull'.

His wit was easy, an expression of piercing intelligence, and wholly un-malicious. He pleased universally and without effort. He could be irritated: 'Oh he's an utterly filthy man!' I heard him say of a Fenners character. Mostly he was just amusing and amused. I recall observing seemingly hilarious conversations performed in Hindi with the waiter at a small Indian restaurant just up the road from Emma. As I recall all too poignantly the same capacity for amusement – and the unchanging eloquent voice – in my last phone conversation with him late last year. The unwavering stoicism of his outlook and talk in the midst of bodily failure was moving and heroic; he almost made one forget how ill he had become.

I remember the letters from Bangalore, in a hand curious and in recollection still familiar to me, of leisurely curving horizontals, adjoining casually modest verticals. Sadly, I doubt if I can find any of them now.

Some friendships decline over time. Some are part of the structure of life. This was one such for me, with this modest, graceful, impressive man.

**DAVID MICHAEL LOADES** (1955) died on 21 April 2016, as reported in last year's *Magazine*. We reproduce here the following tribute, which was given by his wife, Judith, at his funeral:

I am going to start with the Queen. When David died I needed to locate some papers and started by looking in a small attaché case he kept on a shelf in his study. It was a treasure trove of family papers including his School Certificate, A-level papers and school photos. The latter were rolled up but when I unrolled one it turned out to be something quite different. It was a document from the Queen. And here it is. Documents are the life-blood of the professional historian and this particular one tells us something of how he pursued his life. It is not long so I am going to read it. You will see why.

Setting aside the obvious anachronisms it could have been written by Elizabeth I. But it is about expectations of David when he was 20 and, given the tributes which I have received, he fulfilled those expectations in a variety of roles. But much more

recently the Queen made an observation in another context. I think she was visiting the scene of a disaster and asked one of the emergency services about his rôle. He explained and her response was that she supposed it was all in the training. The press latched on to this for two reasons, first because there was much public discussion about training and partly because the Queen knew a thing or two about it.

So, what of David's training and how he used it? He was born and brought up in Cambridge. I know nothing of his early years beyond his poor sight, but he was lucky enough to attend the Perse School. I have photos of him in school plays and his certificates. He stayed on for third-year sixth and was accepted for history at Emmanuel College; between times he did National Service.

All seemed well until his second year as an undergraduate, when disaster struck. David lived at home with his parents and grandmother, and one Sunday after lunch his father went into the sitting room to read the paper and David took him a cup of tea shortly afterwards. His father was dead.

Apart from the distress there was no money, certainly not enough to support David. Emmanuel moved him into college and supported him to his graduation. An undergraduate degree is basic training and David was keen to pursue postgraduate work under Geoffrey Elton. Geoffrey had recently expounded his views on Thomas Cromwell and been given the soubriquet of 'the man they love to hate'. (He also taught my brother, who like others found Geoffrey a riveting teacher.) Geoffrey Elton had very firm views on the approach to research. He had no time for those who had an idea and then looked for documents to support it. He was adamant that an historian started with the documents and looked at what emerged. David endorsed this approach for the rest of his life and Geoffrey remained his friend and mentor until his own early death in 1991. David's PhD was based on the Wyatt rebellion and for that he was awarded the Prince Albert Prize and Seeley Medal. He also ran for Cambridge against Oxford and thus became a member of the Achilles Club, of which the most famous member is Sir Roger Bannister, the first to break the four minute mile AND at the Iffley Road track!

David's first post was at St Andrew's, where he taught political theory and history. Then he moved to Durham for what turned out to be the dream job. He was there for some 18 years. It was at Durham that he published *Two Tudor Conspiracies* and *The Oxford Martyrs*; his first book on Mary Tudor and numerous seminal papers were collected in a volume. Some of these are currently being developed by Dr Paul Cavill, Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge. David first met Paul when he graduated from Corpus Christi College, Oxford and became a graduate pupil of Dr Steven Gunn. I remember that on David's seventieth birthday Steve and I organised a sherry party to mark the occasion at the opening of the Merton seminar to be given by Tracey Sowerby, now a Fellow of Keble College. Paul handed round the glasses and Steve delayed Tracey's paper whilst we partied. It is a pleasure to have Steve and Tracey here today.

So what was so special about Durham? I have mentioned his first three books. He clearly had colleagues and pupils who valued him. Recent tributes have come via Chris Kitching as well as from Chris himself and Eamon Duffy. Margaret Harvey (a medievalist), who came to Oxford most summers, said David welcomed her to the department and helped her 'to steal furniture from here and there' to fit into her room. Donald Matthew (another medievalist) said he didn't know David well, but his first encounter with him was that when he arrived at Durham the van dumped his books in the hallway and David helped him to carry them upstairs to his room. I was certainly there when Donald and David were at the medieval seminar last June in All Souls in Oxford to hear a paper given by Malcolm Vale. Apart from Malcolm's scholarship I remember it particularly because David's mind was already flimsy, but he managed to escape from Steve's eagle eye and disappeared on to Oxford High from

where he was retrieved by Robert Swanson, who might be here but is currently checking footnotes at Princeton! John Rogister – a Louis XIV scholar – says that David was a welcoming colleague when he joined the department in 1967 and proved himself good and loyal. He added that his wife Margaret remembers with gratitude that David drove to Newcastle to bring her back from hospital after an eye operation. John added that although he saw less of David when he moved to Bangor, there were pleasant encounters at the summer receptions of the Society of Antiquaries at Burlington House. I am sure I was there at the final meeting.

Robin Frame wrote of his strong memories of David's kindness and help when he moved to Durham in his first months. He said he had a few sticks of furniture bequeathed by Jeremy Catto (what was the department doing with furniture?). David also told him there was a basket in the office where he could put his outgoing post rather than pay the charge from his meagre stipend. Robin added that David took the lead in setting up an induction day for new lecturers. Perhaps it was to this that Eamon Duffy was referring when he said how much David had eased his arrival at Durham in 1971 as a young post-doctoral scholar and like others wrote of David's kindness. I should add that Eamon said he was then an eighteenth-century scholar: what a loss to them and what a gain for the early modernists!

But what else did Eamon say? He knew of David's distinction in the pioneering work on Mary Tudor and says he still has his 'well-thumbed' copy of *The Oxford Martyrs* bought a year after its appearance. He continued, 'And, of course, once I had begun my own work on Tudor England it became clear to me just how much everyone who worked in the mid-Tudor period was indebted to him, whether or not they agreed with his take on the period'. Eamon said he was constantly astonished at David's tireless energy and enthusiasm, his intellectual curiosity and his relish for everything to do with Tudor history, and the astonishingly productive retirement he had. And apart from his own original research, his initiative in launching the Foxe Project and pushing it forward provided a marvellous resource for other historians. Not many scholars invest that kind of time and energy, to provide a research tool for other people to use. He was an historian's historian in that, too.

David's first postgraduate to be appointed to a full chair was Mía Rodríguez Salgado, who became Professor of International Relations at the London School of Economics. Mía also came to Bangor for our wedding and would have been here today, but she has been helping her husband Andy to care for his mother. Mía was keen to come and spent a lot of time looking at train timetables from the North-West to Oxford. She thought she had cracked it until I told her that that was the EASY bit: now try Oxford to Burford, but sadly Andy's mother died last week and is buried today. We share comfort. Another PhD pupil who wanted to be here but is conducting a funeral of one of her own parishioners is Dr Jane Freeman, canon of Rochester. She is a superb Tudor historian, who spent some years on the *Victoria County History* and then turned to the church, which is lucky to have her. Then there is Chris Kitching, Chris ... where do I start? I have a memory of visiting you at the Historic Manuscripts Commission in Chancery Lane, but know that later you moved to lead the National Archives at Kew. When I asked you for an accurate timeline of your career you came back with such wit and observations of bureaucracy ... but I deduce that although you left the Tudors you took up the Elton/Loades mantle of organising documents and archives, and have written on both.

I should add that Chris was also a committee member of the Foxe Project. When David died I informed the super-efficient president of the British Academy, Adam Roberts (Balliol), who spread the news. I had a kind response from Adam and generous response from Ken Emond, who as secretary masterminded the meetings. He sent me a photograph of David with Chris at the Carlton House reception to mark the completion of the work. Chris, I am grateful to you.

But there were other aspects to David's life in Durham. Durham has a magnificent cathedral, which he attended. He was also a supporter of the Anglican chaplaincy and its work with students. In that context he met Peter Brett, who was Anglican chaplain and later became canon of Canterbury, and indeed came to our wedding in Bangor. He is here today with his son, Peter, one of David's godchildren. I am so glad they were both happy to make the journey. Also here is Denise Dunlop and her daughter, Lucy, another of David's godchildren. Denise was a history undergraduate at Durham and stayed in touch. She left Surrey after her husband's death and moved to Banbury. To his pleasure she met David regularly over the last year or so and was kind enough to visit him in hospital taking books, and then took him out in a wheelchair after discharge when walking became too much.

About one-third of my publications are for sixth-form teachers. There was a time when they would order David's titles and add the cautious enquiry along the lines ... were we related: 'Reader I married him' was my frequent response! And it always turned out that they were Durham undergraduates. Now teachers tell me that their parents were taught by him!

There is no doubt that the Durham connection is a mighty octopus. It also seemed fitting that Burford's curate, Rob Wainwright, was appointed as David's health was giving cause for concern. Rob read history at Durham and came to Christ Church to study for his DPhil. Rob spent a lot of time with David, including visiting him in hospital and brought him home to Burford. But I digress. David's career needed a move. He went to the University of Wales, Bangor as professor and head of department (history, Welsh history and archaeology), where he not only took his Durham work but also started fresh threads. He continued his work on the Tudor court. David published *The Tudor Court* and started the Tudor workshops, which ran for about three days over Easter. The idea was that 12 or so postgraduates would give short papers setting out their problem areas and others – especially senior members – would come up with suggestions. Professor Claire Cross would bring a group of her own postgraduates from York and Chris Haigh would come from Christ Church, Oxford with another group. It worked! Bangor had something Durham lacked. The sea!

The university had an outstanding reputation for oceanography and marine archaeology, so David started a special subject, the Tudor navy. When we married in 1987, I encouraged him to publish his work and to that end looked for a Visiting Fellowship at All Souls College: he applied and was successful.

That research brought him into touch with the Navy Records Society, which he served for many years including ten as chairman of the publications committee. He also published a number of distinguished volumes of documents, working with the meticulous scholar Charles Knighton. The last such volume may well be in press but David's mental health prevented him from sharing the proofing and unknown to him I had to arrange with Ashgate that Charles be asked to complete the final stages on his own.

David's active work with the Tudor navy led to an invitation to become part of the group investigating a Tudor wreck found off the coast of Alderney in the Channel Islands. The divers organised themselves according to the tides but the museum and management of the investigation meant regular visits to Alderney and then conference calls. Again health became a limitation and eventually led to resignation.

But David's work at Bangor was not limited to teaching. His father had always been involved in the Scout movement and David had followed his example. In Wales he was very much involved, especially because North Wales in particular supported venture-scouting with water-based activities. It also needed him to work on training for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award. He became county commissioner for Gwynedd and then chief commissioner for Wales. Throughout that time he had the super-efficient support and friendship of the secretary, Shirley Myall, who is here today with her

husband, John. They are both Welsh speakers, who will appreciate the singing today from the Oxford Welsh Male Voice Choir. Shirley and David were working pre-internet so the post and telephone lines ran hot along with regular visits to Llandrindod Wells in mid-Wales, convenient for all who needed to attend all-Wales meetings. David went on working with Welsh scouting as long as he was able to travel and that stopped in 2011. So the years in North Wales were happy and productive.

However, David had for some time talked of his interest in working on a definitive edition of John Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, known as *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*. He discussed it with Geoffrey Elton, who gave the plan his enthusiastic endorsement. David applied for funding as a personal project but the British Academy saw it as a major project and the money was secured on that basis.

With reluctance David saw he must leave North Wales and move to Oxford, where there was support, the Bodleian Library, and access to London and Cambridge. He took early retirement and started to plan the move. In my case it was a move back to Oxford since I had been there since 1965–66. With the Bangor house unsold we rented in Witney and in 1997 bought 'The Cottage' in Burford. It was small enough to be manageable, since neither of us were getting any younger. There was a good bus service to Oxford (things do change!) and all the services. We arrived here in February 1997 with two immediate priorities. David's was to find a church. With 14 rabbits, six cats, four guinea pigs in time joined by two chinchillas and a disabled tortoise, mine was the practical need to find a vet!

The original Foxe Committee included great historians such as Colin Matthew, who had managed the *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (ODNB) and so knew how a major project worked. Another member was Patrick Collinson, who had his own copy of the 1583 edition of *Foxe* and was prepared to allow it to be taken apart so it could be scanned by the British Library where the only powerful scanning could be found: remember this was pre-internet. Now small children have mobiles good enough to scan the complex sixteenth-century text. Another committee member was Margaret Aston and her contacts understood the woodcuts issue. Chris had an unrivalled knowledge of archives. The first research assistant was David Newcombe, who had completed his PhD with Geoffrey Elton and who, amongst other things, tackled the spade work of getting in touch with libraries around the world to see where there were copies of *Foxe*.

What also became clear was that, although the committee could meet at the British Academy, the project required massive computer space. That was available at the University of Sheffield's Humanities Research Institute, initially under the directorship of Norman Blake and later Mark Greengrass and, after his early retirement, Professor Alex Walsham, then at Exeter but now at Cambridge.

So David's move to Oxford saw the work on the Foxe Project (which took 18 years) launched and fruitful. He missed teaching so the opportunity to join graduate seminars provided the chance to meet students and that was something he cherished.

David continued to write but another new thread developed. He was approached by Mark Hawkins Dady to edit some massive volumes (mini ODNB), Catherine Bradley (both National Archives people) and then by Jonathan Reeve of Amberley Publishing (both here), to write a series of books aimed at the general interested public.

It was the penultimate of these that brought David full circle, when Jonathan asked him to write about Thomas Cromwell. The timing was near perfect since Hilary Mantel had completed the first part of *Wolf Hall* and been in regular touch. We sent her copies of *Thomas Cromwell* and she asked for more as the cast that was rehearsing at Stratford were keen to know more about the central character. I remember Hilary asking me what Geoffrey Elton would have made of all this.

I was positive then and am even more positive now. Geoffrey could bring *Thomas Cromwell* to the academic world, but she brought him into the shops, Stratford, New York and TV. Cromwell has won the Booker Prize and he has even won BAFTAs, with more to come! Is Thomas Cromwell ever off our screens? The other night I switched on for a break and there was Diarmaid (here today) talking about him and we all look forward to what will be his magisterial volume to sit alongside Cranmer.

I have taken you through highlights of David's career and noted a few of his colleagues and friends. How will he be remembered? Will he be remembered?

In 1965 I joined the library staff of the Codrington Library in All Souls College. In fact it was then that I met Edward Mortimer, a Prize Fellow newly graduated from Balliol. I believe the Codrington is the longest college library in Oxford and is the epitome of the Age of Elegance. The ground-floor bookcases are high and above them is a gallery and more high bookcases. Along top of them are busts of former Fellows with discreet lighting behind. On my first day one particular bust was pointed out to me, that of the Savilian Professor of Astronomy, surely better known to all of you as the architect of St Paul's Cathedral, Sir Christopher Wren. Icon is a vastly over-used word but it works in this instance. Wren was also an engineer and mathematician.

Where is Wren buried? There is a very simple tomb in the crypt of St Paul's, hardly noticeable but next to it is a plaque with a short and simple Latin inscription. The final sentence translates roughly as 'If you seek his memorial, look around you'. He didn't need a formal memorial, he had built one. David will have no grave and no plaque. But many of his books will remain on library shelves and cited in the works of others. He taught and influenced many including some of you here today – which is why you are here – and you and they in turn have taught and are influencing others.

That will be his legacy. That is his St Paul's.

**JULIAN WILLIAM THOMAS WIMPENNY** (1955) died on 7 January 2016. The following obituary was written for the Cardiff University website by David Lloyd and Lee Wimpenny, with acknowledgement to Dr J Barbara Evans for her help:

Julian Wimpenny was a leading microbiologist of his generation, using his many talents to embrace promptly new ideas and ingeniously provide new solutions to old problems by virtue of his broad laboratory skills.

As adept at glass-blowing as in devising, fabricating and setting-up complex control systems interfaced to fermentation equipment, he was the consummate hands-on research laboratory scientist. A first-rate lecturer and supervisor for young students, he was able to enthuse and communicate these facilities to the successive generations privileged to work with him.

Pure monocultures of microbes growing in liquid suspensions never entirely satisfied him and his application of his own novel techniques revolutionised and re-invigorated the subject. This innovative approach propelled him from the traditional era of shake flask and continuous culture microbiology to his newly invented gradient plates and 'gradostat' devices, providing simultaneously multiple graded environments for selection and optimised growth of microorganisms. Microelectrode measurements on bacterial colonies on solid media led to analogies with growth of tissues. Using the constant depth thin-film fermenter led him to consider the problems of surface growth of mixed populations in biofilms in the real world of dental plaque and serious problems of microbial metal corrosion.

His interests increasingly extended into microbial ecology, not only in laboratory models, but also in spoilage in the food industry. Experiments on microbial interactions and their survival in the natural environment developed into exciting ideas about possibilities for the growth of 'extremophiles' in space. Julian's last written works were a comprehensive review on biofilms and a survey of the limits to microbial life.

The instigator of the computer users' group of the Society of General Microbiology (now the Microbiology Society), Julian was also a founder member of the Biofilm Club with its frequent meetings since 1993 at Gregynog House, the University of Wales's conference centre near Newtown; Julian's infectious enthusiasm always ensured the success of new enterprises. He led the editing of the series of volumes that resulted from these meetings.

Julian's birthplace was at Lowestoft, Suffolk, where his father was the director of the Fisheries Laboratory. Educated as a boarder at the Leighton Park Quaker School, Julian then spent a year at the Sorbonne reading French literature. Having gained a place at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, he read life sciences before studying for a PhD on the biochemistry of isoniazid inhibition of *Mycobacterium tuberculosis* at Guys' Hospital Medical School in London. A post-doctoral position at Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire, followed, on the regulation by oxygen of the metabolic pathways of *Escherichia coli*. Several seminal papers came from this work, and these have served as a basis for much of the research of several generations of young scientists. Julian then joined the newly established microbiology department at the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire as an honorary lecturer in 1965.

The first two sessions of Julian's position were spent supervising student research projects at the Oxford University biochemistry department as a member of the Medical Research Council's group for microbial structure and function under the directorship of Professor David E Hughes. This group was housed on the ground floor of the Cardiff Mining Department in Newport Road, Cardiff (now part of the School of Physics and Astronomy, Cardiff University) and was immediately well served by state-of-the-art instrumentation from Oxford, a result of the generosity of Professor Sir Hans Krebs. When after five years the group was fully incorporated into the college, Julian became a lecturer along with four colleagues, David Lloyd, Terry Coakley, Al Venables, and Alan Griffiths. With the previous members of the botany department, Ted Hill, Ann Williams (Eddington) and Geoff Calley and this team led the Cardiff microbiology department to train a host of industrially, environmentally and medically based scientists, including 45 future full professors. Apart from his sabbaticals in Germany and Indiana, Julian's entire academic career was spent at Cardiff.

His move to Cardiff enabled Julian to continue enjoy sailing, a pastime he had enjoyed at Dartmouth, where he had made extensive explorations with his life-long friend Rod Bennett, also his skiing companion. He was able to extend his interest in gardening to the cultivation of rhododendrons and fruit trees after he moved to Trellech in Monmouthshire; he also kept bees. His most prized achievement there was the publication for the parish council of a handsomely produced millennium volume *Trellech 2000*.

Described by his mother as being 'cursed with facility', it is true that he could turn his hand to anything. His hobbies including pottery, stained glass, and art with pen and paintbrush, all of which brought him great pleasure. He belonged to the Wye Valley Arts Society and exhibited his paintings in galleries from Tintern and Monmouth to Penarth and Cardiff. He loved music and his tastes were eclectic, from the *Goldberg Variations* and the works of Delius to performances by George Melly. Julian once said that Radio 3 alone was worth the TV/radio licence. His own performances at the department's Christmas parties included the reading of humorous and, even for the liberated 1970s, scurrilous, limericks composed by him about the sometimes absent departmental members.

A dedicated family man, Julian greatly enjoyed spending time with his first wife Jan, now living in New Hampshire, and their children, Nicola and Kirsten, now both in Arizona. Nicola has two daughters, Jaycey and Caitlin, his American grandchildren.

At the microbiology department in Cardiff, Lee met Julian, and they married in 1981. At that time, Lee was presciently researching the possibilities for recycled chicken

manure (anaerobic digestion was a major departmental enterprise). With their three children Ross, Joshua and Anna growing up at Orchard Cottage in Trelech, Julian and Lee were in their element spending lots of time tending the 1.5-acre garden, on various building projects, cycling and hiking in the Black Mountains, and instilling in their children a love of learning, science and the outdoors from a very early age. With the arrival of Bethan, his 'Welsh granddaughter', Julian was able to recapture the delights of watching and interacting with a child growing up.

Always smiling, Julian was a kind and gentle man; many have spoken of his wide-ranging interests and enthusiasms and consider him as an (nowadays rare) example of a truly renaissance figure. He retired as professor from the Cardiff School of Biosciences in 2006. We miss his friendship, jovial company and words of wisdom, but he leaves us with many fond memories.

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**FREDERICK HORATIO COCHRANE EDGEcombe** (1956) died on 17 November 2016. The Edgecombe family have sent in the following obituary:

After an 18-month battle with cancer, Fred Edgecombe passed away on 17 November 2016, at Hospice Wellington in Guelph, Ontario, Canada.

Born in Newfoundland on 11 March 1934, he excelled at school with a passion for science and chemistry. During 1953–55 he spent his summers with the University Naval Training Division (UNTD) and was promoted to acting lieutenant (navy) in 1957. During the summer of 1953 as a UNTD cadet he served on HMCS *Swansea*, a river-class Canadian frigate, at the Coronation naval review at Spithead by HM Queen Elizabeth II on 15 June.

He graduated from Western University Ontario in the spring of 1956 with an honours BSc in physics and chemistry. Under a full scholarship from Rotary International he attended Cambridge University (Emmanuel and then Pembroke College) in England and obtained a PhD in physical sciences in 1959.

Throughout his time at Cambridge he travelled extensively throughout Europe, speaking on behalf of Rotary International as an honorary member of the London (England) Rotary House. Through a mutual friend he met Julie and they married in Liverpool, England, in 1960, and subsequently moved to Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

He worked for DuPont Corporation as a chemist and excelled in the lab, focusing on the development of advanced textiles and attaining various patents.

During this time he moved his family to Port Credit, Ontario, and finally to Guelph, Ontario. While in Guelph he took temporary leave from DuPont to join the University of Guelph, Ontario, consumer studies department as a textiles professor and researcher.

Returning to DuPont, he retired after a number of years and joined the Society of Plastics Industry and the Environmental Plastics Institute of Canada as their vice-president of technical services. During this time he travelled to dozens of countries, focusing on the environmental aspects of plastic products, particularly on degradability.

His passions in life were photography, exploring, refinishing antiques, reading, and of course his family. Fred will be missed, but his amazing life and legacy will be celebrated and remembered for years to come.

**IAN WILLIAM GUTHRIE** (1956) died on 26 December 2016. The following obituary was published in *The Sunday Herald* on 18 January 2017:

Ian Guthrie, who has died aged 81, was an accountant and amateur sportsman whose appetite for travel and languages took him initially to 1960s West Germany, where the first two of his five children were born, then east Africa, where he found love for an Ethiopian woman as well as the warmth of her country and its culture.

Ian William Guthrie was born in Falkirk to Bill, a civil engineer, and Alice, a schoolteacher. Owing to their father's reserved occupation Ian and his younger



brother Derek led a nomadic childhood, spending time in Northern Ireland – where he witnessed first-hand the Belfast blitz of 1941 – and Edinburgh before settling in Glasgow.

Mr Guthrie was educated mainly at Glasgow Academy, where he discovered a passion for rugby which was to stay with him for the best part of 70 years besides robbing him of his two front teeth.

After leaving school he undertook National Service as a submariner with the Royal Navy, serving principally on HMS *Andrew*, an experience he enjoyed to such an extent that he stayed on beyond the mandatory 18 months.

Mr Guthrie then enrolled as an undergraduate at Cambridge University's Emmanuel College, studying languages. Although by his own admission his focus was somewhat lacking on the educational side his social and sporting skills flourished, and he took to rowing as effortlessly as he had to rugby.

After Cambridge, Mr Guthrie returned to Glasgow, where he began training to become a chartered accountant with Peat Marwick. It was at this time that he met a young nurse from Ayrshire, Ann Kirkland, who was emigrating to Canada. Following a series of transatlantic love letters Mr Guthrie's persistence paid off and the couple were reunited six months later, marrying in 1963.

Through Mr Guthrie's training the newlyweds moved from Glasgow to Bad Soden near Frankfurt in West Germany, where they enjoyed a full social life and took advantage of their proximity to excellent skiing runs. In 1966 they had their first child, Mark and, less than two years later, a daughter, Alison.

When Mr Guthrie's overseas posting came to an end in 1969, the family moved back to Scotland and chose as their base the town of Largs on the Ayrshire coast. A second daughter, Karen, was born in 1970 and a second son, Sean, arrived in 1971.

For the ensuing decade or so Mr Guthrie focused on what he deemed the main priority of a father, namely providing for his family, while keeping fit through playing rugby for his beloved Glasgow Accies, running – he completed the Glasgow marathon in 1982 at the age of 47 – and golf. He also served as treasurer of the fledgling Largs Viking Festival.

Mr Guthrie became disenchanted with accountancy and worked for a spell in life insurance, but the offer of a position as the financial director of a shipping firm in the east African country of Djibouti was too good to pass up, especially with the looming prospect of funding further education for four children.

In 1983 he left for Africa and for the next decade returned twice a year, finding his sons and daughters developing as children do. Mark and Sean attended Glasgow University, Alison went to St Andrew's University and Karen studied at Edinburgh College of Art. In the era before student loans his salary played a crucial part in seeing his children through their studies.

It was upon Mr Guthrie's return to Largs from Djibouti that he revealed to his wife and family that he had fallen in love with an Ethiopian woman, Tadalech, and they had a four-year-old son, Campbell, who lived with his mother in Addis Ababa. Mr Guthrie insisted that he wished to remain Ann's husband while planning for a future for his youngest boy in Scotland and ensuring that Tadalech and her family were financially secure.

During the years that followed, in which Mr Guthrie and his wife separated and eventually divorced but remained interdependent, and in which he strived to establish a sound upbringing for Campbell, Mr Guthrie never shirked from the complexities to which his choices had led. His decisions were not always popular but he stood by them and did what he thought was best.

Around this time Mr and Mrs Guthrie became grandparents to Alison's daughter Zoe, and then to Alison and her partner Joe's children Emma, Mia, Adam and Lila.

Known to them as Papa, Mr Guthrie was a benevolent figure whose generosity revealed itself in the form of unpredictable birthday gifts and donations of loose change for the buying of sweets.

He never expressed a hankering for retirement and continued to work in London well into his 70s, spending weekends in Largs where Campbell was by now living. When Mrs Guthrie became disabled following a stroke in 2008, Mr Guthrie in time assumed a central role in the elaborate system of care she required and he was a pivotal presence towards the end of her life, elevating her mood while ensuring she was comfortable in between visits from her carers. Having visited Ethiopia regularly since coming back to live in Scotland, Mr Guthrie returned in 2012 and fulfilled a long-held promise to marry Tadalech.

Following the death of his ex-wife Mr Guthrie moved from Largs into sheltered accommodation in Govan, a stone's-throw from the home Alison and Joe share with their children. Mr Guthrie became a *de facto* member of the household and drew fathomless pleasure from geeing everybody up with witticisms and fantastical stories, such as his having been a Harley Street doctor until he was struck off, or having taught Rudolph Nureyev everything he knew.

His health began to falter last June, when he was diagnosed with jaundice. He recovered but then suffered a couple of strokes, which stole from him his excellent verbal dexterity, and his frustration was impossible to overlook. Without conversation, without humour, his quality of life was much diminished.

Mr Guthrie is survived by his wife Tadalech, his children Mark, Alison, Karen, Sean and Campbell, and grandchildren Zoe, Emma, Mia, Adam and Lila.

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**ROBERT GORDON MOORE** (1957) died on 17 November 2016. We have received the following obituary written by a close friend of his, Richard Archer (1961):

Robert Moore was born in West Bridgford near Nottingham on 11 July 1938, the second son of Tom and Norah Moore. He came up to Emmanuel in the same year as his friend Nicholas Beattie on an open scholarship from Nottingham High School, where he had been an able classicist and a talented cricketer and rugby player, who had represented the school at both sports. He preceded by two years the future chancellor of the exchequer Ken Clarke, who also came up to Cambridge from Nottingham High School.

After going down from Cambridge Robert Moore worked for a period of nine years for the National Coal Board in Nottinghamshire. In 1969 he entered articles with Michael McKean in Sutton-in-Ashfield, a partner with Shacklocks, a well-known Nottinghamshire practice. Shortly after qualification he moved to Southwell, where he was a conveyancer much renowned for his attention to detail. He retired in about 1990 to look after his then elderly mother and aunt.

He had a great love for gardening and developed a very beautiful garden at his home in Radcliffe-on-Trent near Nottingham. His maternal grandfather had been a gardener at a large country house, and he inherited his flair for gardening and feeling for plants. Until his stroke ten years ago he was a keen runner and walker, regularly getting up early to go out running before breakfast. Latterly he developed a love for cooking and was well known for his generous hospitality, providing excellent meals and perhaps too ample portions. He was very committed to supporting charitable causes, particularly the Leprosy Mission.

Sadly, in January 2006 he suffered a serious stroke that rendered him paralysed down one side and unable to speak for a considerable period of time. With great fortitude he recovered some of his speech and mobility, which enabled him to return home and recover his independence. He looked after himself with minimal assistance for the

last ten years of his life, operating from a wheelchair. Two years ago he contracted prostate cancer and his last year was very difficult because of his increased infirmity and diminished ability to look after himself at home.

Robert Moore was never married and is survived by his elder brother John, his nephew Matthew and niece Victoria, and a great-nephew and three great-nieces.

**MICHAEL CHARLES SHARP** (1957) died on 11 October 2016. We have received the following obituary from Victor McDonald (1957):

I have recently attended my old friend Mike Sharp's funeral in Lymm, Cheshire and have been speaking to his widow Margaret, known always to us as 'Dany', after her maiden name Daniels, who has asked me to help with his obituary. For me, whilst still reeling from his sudden demise, it is a pleasure to send this story of his life. Fortunately his suffering was short, a matter only of weeks. He died of acute myeloid leukaemia, but fortunately we had the chance to have coffee with him at his daughter's house shortly before he died.

I spent many happy hours with Mike between 1957 and 1960, our time at Emma, as part of a group that included John Powell-Rees, John Cumming and Norman Proctor. Mike was the only one with whom I have always kept in regular touch. He joined Emma from Shrewsbury School to read engineering, his father being an important executive in the engineering business.

Mike and Margaret married at St Mary's Church, Rougham, near Bury St Edmunds on 28 April 1962, when Mike was working at Electro Hydraulics in Warrington, where his father Charles was managing director. He had been an indentured apprentice at the firm before university and he remained with the company until the factory closed in 1982. The married couple lived initially in Thelwall, but his work eventually took him to Stourport-on-Severn for six years, where he always said they had their happiest years together. In July 1971 the family moved back to Warrington, where they settled into Mill Lane in Lymm. The family of four children, Andrew, Fiona, Julie and Diana, grew up there and they enjoyed happy times. Holidays were spent often in Wales at the cottage and camping, and Mike never missed his chance to go salmon fishing on the Spey at Aberlour. In later years their holidays were often spent caravanning. Margaret and Mike now have 11 grandchildren.

He had a very active life, boxing at Shrewsbury, playing rugby at Emmanuel and Lymm, enjoying golf at Warrington golf course, skiing around Europe, and for many years playing bridge with Margaret. He had a great interest in railways and their history. Apart from those activities Mike was active in many other areas, such as his visits to the Badminton Horse Trials, supporting his children's school projects in Lymm, and charity work, including the NSPCC. Over recent years Mike and I played golf together at my local club during their visits to daughter Julie.

Mike was a lovely man and very easy to get along with, and we always hit it off. There is one amusing story I will tell of when our Emmanuel fourth (rugby) boat got into difficulties in the May races of 1960. Mike had long legs but as captain I had frequently to remind him that, despite that, his 'front stops' were too far back, with the result that he would usually, in the strain of races, knock against them. We had bumped successfully twice in the first two races, but then in the third race, halfway down 'The Gut', when closing in on our third bump, his seat finally gave up, his front stops no longer stopped and he slid on to the boat bottom. The Queen Mother was placed quite close to where our disaster occurred, enjoying the races, and I was concerned that she may have been introduced to some rather novel outcries of despair!

My wife and I will miss Mike, but Margaret has promised to visit us frequently, we hope for many years to come.

**ALAN EDWARD MARSH BRITTEN** CBE (1958) died on 25 August 2016. The following obituary was written by his daughter Tamara:

Alan Britten CBE, who has died aged 78, was the nephew of the composer Benjamin Britten and worked tirelessly to promote his uncle's music and the Aldeburgh Festival of Music and the Arts, which his uncle founded in 1948. He was also the first chairman of the English Tourism Council, and was appointed CBE for services to tourism.

Alan had a long and distinguished career with Mobil Oil that encompassed managing a number of Mobil's offices in Europe, Africa and America, and culminated as vice-president of Mobil Europe. On retirement from Mobil, Alan was approached by a large number of prestigious organisations and took on several chairmanships and directorships, all of which benefited from his business acumen, his wise counsel and his clear thinking. He served as chairman of the Royal Warrant Holders Association, chairman of the Queen Elizabeth Scholarship Trust, trustee of Leeds Castle Foundation, director of international development at the University of East Anglia, trustee of the Transglobe Expedition Trust, governor of Trinity College London, director of Trinity Laban Conservatoire of Music and Dance, and trustee of Integrated Neurological Services.

Alan Edward Marsh Britten was born in Rhuddlan, North Wales, on 26 February 1938, to Robert Harry Marsh Britten and Helen Marjorie Britten, née Goldson. His parents were running Clive House prep school in Prestatyn, which they had founded in 1931, when his father, an accomplished musician and school teacher, persuaded his mother, an artist and school bursar, to take on Lynfield School in Hunstanton, Norfolk, in 1938. This proved to be terrible timing: when the Second World War broke out the following year, coastal schools were no longer viable. In 1940, Robert became headmaster of Wellingborough Junior School, where Alan and his older brother John [1952] spent their prep school years. 'Bright, quick, intelligent, interested', was how his uncle Benjamin Britten described Alan in a letter to Peter Pears. Alan was later educated at Radley College, where he shone at music, tennis and hockey. He did his National Service with the Royal Suffolk Regiment and fought in Malaya. On his return to the UK, he read English at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he captained the tennis and hockey teams, and edited *Light Blue*, the university sports magazine.

On graduating from Cambridge, Alan started working for Mobil Oil, for whom he worked until his retirement in 1997. His first job saw him based in Sheffield, driving around the county inspecting service stations. In 1967, he married Judith Clare Akerman and the young couple only had time for a quick honeymoon in the Lake District before Mobil posted Alan to Italy, where he worked first in Sori and then in Milan. Alan returned to the UK as planning manager, then moved to New York, where he was faced with the world's first oil crisis. His first general manager position came in 1975, for Mobil East Africa, based in Nairobi, where he was thrown in at the deep end, supplying oil to President Kenyatta, the first president of the newly independent Kenya, and – rather more dauntingly – the notorious Idi Amin of Uganda, to whom he was forced to announce that Mobil would cut off Uganda's oil supply unless the country paid all its debts. That was the first of many country management positions, comprising Denmark, Portugal, Benelux/Scandinavia and the UK. He went on to be head of international planning at Mobil's head office in Virginia, USA, and finally returned to London as vice-president of Mobil Europe.

Alan brought his love of the arts, especially music, to Mobil. He initiated Mobil's sponsorship of a series of concerts at Greenwich Chapel and sponsorship of Mobil Touring Theatre, which took a number of successful plays around the UK. He also initiated Mobil's sponsorship of the Transglobe Expedition, Ran Fiennes' audacious 100,000-mile circum-polar voyage around the world. In the words of Ran Fiennes, 'Alan was a quiet voice of reason. His judgement was sound and his loyalty to the

expedition's creed was unwavering. It's not overstating the fact to say that, due to his support and encouragement, the expedition succeeded in all its aims.' So inspired was Alan by his involvement in the expedition that when the Transglobe Expedition Trust – a charity that aims to perpetuate the daring and ambition of Ran's original expedition by offering grants to young explorers embarking on similarly 'mad but marvellous' projects – was founded, he became a trustee.

When Mobil was awarded a royal warrant for supplying HM The Queen's household, Alan was nominated holder of Mobil's royal warrant, and went on to become the chairman of the Royal Warrant Holders Association (RWHA). His pragmatic approach to any challenge and his vast vision made him a pillar of the association. He later became chairman of the Queen Elizabeth Scholarship Trust, the charitable arm of the RWHA that funds the education of talented craftspeople through college courses, apprenticeships and training with masters, and chairman of the RWHA charity fund. According to Richard Peck of the RWHA, 'No-one could have made a greater contribution'.

Despite the huge success of Alan's life in Mobil, it was when he retired that his achievements really escalated. He became director of the British Tourist Authority, and was shortly appointed the first chairman of the newly established English Tourism Council. Thinking this would be a two-day-a-week retirement job, Alan was shocked when the foot-and-mouth crisis and America's 11 September 2001 terrorist attack caused tourism to plummet. Fiercely proud of England's great beauty and variety, Alan implemented policies that ensured people focused on recovery and were inspired to bounce back and rebuild. He also implemented the structural changes necessary to improve the efficiency of the tourism business, and argued eloquently that tourism belonged in the business department and should not be lumped with other disparate organisations in the Department of Culture, Media and Sports. Mary Lynch, CEO of the English Tourism Council, called Alan 'a modest renaissance man: successful in business, a lover of music and the arts, an accomplished writer and speaker and an eternal optimist'.

His deep love of music, especially the compositions of his famous uncle, had always been a vital part of his life but Alan had never considered becoming involved with his uncle's Aldeburgh Festival at a professional level. Jonathan Reekie, formerly CEO of Aldeburgh Music, said, 'When I asked him to be president of the Friends of Aldeburgh Music, he seemed genuinely surprised. However, there was simply no better person to do the job. I personally am hugely grateful for the fantastic contribution he made to Aldeburgh.' Later, of Alan's involvement in the festival, he said, 'Alan was immensely proud of his connection to the festival's founder, but was also modest about it. He didn't feel it gave him rank in any way.' Indeed, many people commented that while Alan was proud of his uncle, his uncle, had he lived longer, would have been equally proud of Alan. He always supported the next generation of musicians, and believed passionately in the Britten-Pears Young Artists Programme; he and his wife Judi sponsored the two Britten-Pears alumni concerts every Aldeburgh Festival.

Alan was appointed to the board of Trinity College of Music in 2001. When, in 2005, Trinity merged with Laban to become Trinity Laban Conservatoire of Music and Dance, Alan was one of a small number of governors who facilitated the union and transferred to the board of the new organisation. He later became the chair of Trinity Laban's audit committee, and a member of the governing council of Trinity College London, whose music and language assessment business grew rapidly under his astute guidance. Anthony Bowne, of Trinity Laban, said, 'Alan brought business skills of the highest order and combined them with his passion for music and support of music makers'. Alan's devotion to the cause of helping and inspiring students, particularly musicians, made a decisive impact on Trinity's ability to prepare students for

careers in the performing arts. On his retirement from the board, he was awarded an HonFTL.

Alan was an independent member of the University of East Anglia (UEA)'s council for nine years, and was on the board of UEA's overseas development group for ten. Dame Elizabeth Esteve-Coll, former vice-chancellor of UEA, said, 'His international experience in financial, commercial and political arenas enabled him to provide support to his academic colleagues venturing into these areas'. Alan's passion for promoting young people let him to assist with the development of the careers department, where he provided a vital link between the university and the 'real world'; he was chair of both the careers advisory board and Learning through Earning. UEA awarded Alan an honorary degree, Doctor of Civil Law, in 2010.

Alan was a trustee of Integrated Neurological Services (INS), a charity close to his home at Kew, that provides long-term support to people with multiple sclerosis, Parkinson's and strokes, and their families and carers. He also served as vice-chair, and chair, of INS's finance committee. During his trusteeship, he facilitated the visit of Princess Alexandra to INS, and gently persuaded the mayor of Richmond to nominate INS as his charity during his mayoral year. Alan and his wife Judi also opened their lovely garden every year as a fundraiser for INS. Ann Bond, of INS, said, 'It was a privilege to have worked with such a brilliant leader, mentor and gentleman'.

Alan also served as trustee and as chairman of Leeds Castle Enterprises. It was under his chairmanship that Leeds Castle built up its hospitality business, including the refurbishment of the courtyard bedrooms and the establishment of 'glamping'. He presided over the development of a host of innovations, which were essential in maintaining the castle and its estate. Niall Dickson, of Leeds Castle, called Alan a true gentleman, saying, 'He was always interested in others and was one of the kindest, most loyal and decent people you could meet'.

Despite his enormous success in the business world, Alan was deeply devoted to his family and liked nothing more than to spend a weekend at home with them, pottering around his much-loved garden, weeding with his screwdriver and titivating his compost heap. Close friends often said that when he was relaxed and away from the limelight, Alan's conversation invariably turned to his daughters. He regularly took the whole family, which expanded to include granddaughters, on family holidays to his beloved Lake District, and to such far-flung destinations as Ethiopia, Botswana, Madeira and Mexico. Alan is survived by his wife Judi, his daughters Tamara and Sophie, and his granddaughters Molly and Tegan.

**JOHN ELWOOD MERWIN** (1958) died on 31 December 2014. We have received the following from his wife Melinda, which formed part of the service to celebrate his life:

John Elwood Merwin, 84, passed away peacefully at home on 31 December 2014. Born to Myrtle E Hitchcock and Elwood Augustus Merwin on 8 December 1930 in Bridgeport, Connecticut, he grew up in Minneapolis, Minnesota and moved to Houston in 1945.

A man of impeccable integrity, John was respected by his peers, highly regarded by his friends and students, and dearly loved by his family. His intelligence was matched only by his humility, kindness and gratefulness. Although he was a consummate engineer, solving problems to the very end, he also had a wide variety of interests, including music, woodworking and cars. He was genuinely interested in the lives of other people and was always eager to learn from them. John approached his last days without fear and with anticipation of the life to come.

A beloved husband, father, brother and grandfather, John is survived by his wife of 39 years, Melinda Chaffinch Merwin; his son Peter and wife Janet; son Stephen and wife InShik; and son John and wife Rebecca; his sister Sally Ann Merwin; and his grandchildren Miles, Emile, Marcel and Isaac.



**FRANCIS MICHAEL GEORGE FANE** (1959) died on 13 February 2017. We have received the following obituary from his widow, Irene:

Michael was born in Salisbury, Wiltshire but was educated in Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) at Ruzawi and Peterhouse schools following his parents' emigrating there in 1947. He returned to the UK in 1959 to take his place at Emmanuel College, Cambridge to study engineering. On graduation in 1962 he joined Sir Alexander Gibb and Partners working as a civil engineer until 1966, when he took a post with Costain Civil Engineering. UK-based, he worked on various projects including Drax power station and a number of different motorways until leaving for a brief period to work as resident engineer for major roadworks in Jamaica. In 1977 he re-joined Costain and with them spent the next ten years working first in Dubai and then in Egypt.

Back in the UK in 1988, he joined George Wimpey, spending four years at Faslane submarine base working with the Ministry of Defence overseeing the shiplift contract, followed by work on oil refineries in Sharjah, UAE and Singapore. Michael worked as a consultant on other overseas projects including Saudi Arabia, Uzbekistan and Qatar, finally retiring to live in Devon with wife Irene in 1999.

Michael loved most sport and in his youth excelled at golf, but playing and watching cricket gave him the most pleasure; he became a member of the MCC in 1965 and the family all loved to join him at Lords.

Michael leaves behind his wife, Irene, children Tom and Suzy and step-children Andrew and Catherine. He was a very proud Grandpa of 11 grandchildren. We will all miss him.



**MACAILLAN JOHN HUTTON** (1960) died on 5 September 2015. We have received the following obituary from his daughter Lucia:

Macaillan ('Cailey') John Hutton was born with his twin Warwick ('Wocky') in Hampstead in 1939, to the artists John and Nell Hutton (née Blair). His parents had just emigrated from the perceived strictures of New Zealand society to become painters in Europe.

During their childhood at Gull Cottages, Landermere, near Frinton-on-Sea, the twins together with their younger brother Peter developed a passion for sailing, coached especially by the psychoanalyst Karin Stephen, part of Nell and John's circle of artistic friends. Another family friend and mentor, the architect Basil Spence, encouraged the twins' interest in making and constructing things, and together they built a small sailing boat in which Cailey took Basil sailing. During these trips Basil talked to Cailey about architecture, and by his early teens Cailey had decided on his future profession. Cailey's father John went on to collaborate with Basil on Coventry Cathedral (completed 1962), designing and executing the glass engravings of all the saints in the west window, carving the highly individual and distinctively elongated larger-than-life figures into the glass using a pioneering technique involving a dentist's drill.

Cailey and Wocky both went to Colchester Grammar School and in 1960, having completed a year in National Service (of which he always said 'they couldn't make me fire a gun, so let me peel potatoes instead') Cailey took a place at Emmanuel to study architecture. By this time he had met and married Marlene Frühoff, a student of the textile designer Peter Collingwood. Their eldest son, Oliver, was born at the same time as his start at Emmanuel in 1960.

Hugh Richmond, his contemporary at Emmanuel, remembers his first sight of Cailey waiting nervously outside Don Cupitt's rooms for their first encounter with their moral tutor: 'Little did I know then that Cailey would quickly become such a great friend and inspiration to me during those early days in architecture'. One of their first assignments as first-year architecture students was to measure and draw the façade at Emmanuel. Cailey recalled his time at Emmanuel vividly, describing an

encounter under the tutelage of Colin 'Sandy' Wilson where Sandy, in his rooms at the college — where for an unexplained reason all of the furniture was placed at least a foot from any of the walls — lingered with great gravitas over a large tub of water and asked his students to observe very closely the widening ripples as he dropped in a single pebble. This, it was agreed, after long pause, was a metaphor for the onwards impact that one's work as an architect had on people's lives by creating places in the world. It was a lesson that stayed with Cailey all his professional life.

With another son, Alexander, born four years into his studies, Cailey worked in the holidays for his tutor David Roberts, and after Emmanuel he joined the practice of another of his Cambridge tutors, Ivor Smith. Ivor tells of the great enjoyment and compatability he found in working with Cailey; their innumerable conversations not only about buildings and places but on many other aspects of life; and 'the constant and mutual constructive criticism, knowing that the end result will be better for it. We shared a love of geometry, simple proposals that responded well to climate, and were well made. Cailey was meticulous about every detail. He cared for our clients' needs, and enjoyed working with contractors. He helped the office to work happily together to produce an architecture that was appropriate ... never flashy.'

As a colleague Cailey was known as friendly and caring. He was straightforward, thoughtful, cooperative and a good listener. He had a clear set of values and his commitment gave him authority. These qualities all became reflected in his architecture. His personal and professional maxim was always 'If you aren't going to do something to the best of your ability, there's no point in doing it at all'.

Many of Cailey's built projects reflect his interest in communal housing, and the principles of the Bauhaus and Le Corbusier. His style can be defined as a sensitive modernism, with a deep respect for the domestic vernacular as expressed through C F Voysey and the Arts & Crafts movement. At King Street in Cambridge he drew on the precedent of the fourteenth-century former convent Beginhof in Amsterdam, designing a new edge of housing to the city block with the corner celebrated by an extra storey and wrapped around a garden courtyard for all residents to pass through, with seats in both shade and sun. The three-storey blocks step down towards the centre to let in maximum light, and the brick chosen is a close match to the surrounding buildings. King Street typifies Cailey's approach of responding to the requirements and movement of people, to urban fabric, to climate and the careful use of materials, all with the aim of providing a special peaceful place to live.

Cailey became a senior partner at Ivor Smith & Cailey Hutton in 1971, and then in the 1980s he set up his own practice at home in Dyrham, near Bath, in partnership with Andy Nichols and Kevin Goodenough. His keen interest in social housing drove him on to design many such schemes, as well as sheltered housing, private housing, community hospitals and community centres. He won three Civic Trust awards, eight RIBA awards and a CPRE award for his work in the social and private housing sectors across the country, from dense inner city contexts in London and Leicester, from Berkshire to Exeter, and to several housing developments across Cambridge. He won numerous RIBA competitions to carry out this work, and taught at the universities of Dublin, Bath and Hong Kong, the two latter alongside his Cambridge contemporary Richard Frewer.

Great pleasure was always derived from his family, travelling abroad especially to Spain, Tuscany, Morocco and then France, and sharing with those around him his love of design in all aspects of life, and of cities, buildings and landscapes. From 2000 he and Marlene lived in a presbytery in south-west France, where Cailey continued his great enjoyment of creating simple and beautifully thought-out places to live by designing smaller projects for friends and family. Right up until his death in September 2015 from Parkinson's, Cailey was thinking of others and describing a house he wanted to design for a fellow patient who had helped him.



He is survived by his wife Marlene, their four children Oliver, Alexander, Jessica and Lucia, and eight grandchildren.



**JOHN EDWARD FRANCIS KIRWAN** (1962) died on 14 April 2017. John's Emmanuel friend Richard Ames-Lewis (1963) has sent the following, with the help of John's widow Ruth:

John Kirwan was born in Shenfield Essex, the second of four children. His father was a civil engineer and was half southern Irish, which possibly accounted for John's legendary charm. His mother worked privately as a physiotherapist.

John came up to Emmanuel from Cheltenham College, where he had greatly enjoyed painting, pottery, sculpture and art history. His father had hoped he would take the engineering tripos, but John decided on architecture. Alongside the discipline of architectural design theory as taught in 1962, the course offered opportunities for practical creativity in drawing. Not only did John enjoy the craft of making architectural drawings, but he also encouraged students to try out life drawing, and he engaged live models for them to draw. His life in Emmanuel was centred on the Christian Union, where he joined with enthusiasm in college prayer meetings.

Shortly after graduation in 1966 he married his teenage sweetheart Ruth Collard, a teacher, and together they had 50 happy years of marriage. They had three children, Amber, Patrick and Thomas, and seven grandchildren.

His career as an architect began with a memorable visit to America in 1969, where he fell in love with the architecture of Frank Lloyd Wright. Back in the UK he worked for two county councils, Essex and Worcestershire, after which his career took a few turns of interest and further qualifications, teaching at the University of Central England School of Architecture being the longest and most demanding. He taught, he examined and he ran courses for the whole of the building trade. Having been hunted to start up what was called the Midland Study Centre, he was on advisory committees, he got schoolchildren thinking, and he patiently saw students through family crises, grant crises and visa crises, as they handed in work, late. His interest in conservation grew, and his final post was as conservation officer for Worcester City Council, where the planning officer benefited from his ability to smooth troubled waters of developers and builders alike.

For over 40 years John and Ruth lived at 27 St Wulstan's Crescent, Worcester, a Victorian terraced house of great character. Here they brought up their family. John had many architectural plans for extending, improving and modernising this home, some more ambitious than others, but there were always more important demands on his time.

His Christian life was committed and prayerful, widened and deepened by contact with different churches in America. He was at heart a New Testament disciple, seeing the church first and foremost as the gathered body of believers. He and Ruth practised this belief for four years in a house church, until the members felt called to disband and seek to join local churches. Though John and Ruth never felt entirely comfortable in the established Church of England, they joined the parish of St Martin, London Road Worcester, a traditional, slightly high, Anglican parish, where John made a huge contribution. In later life he trained as a counsellor and joined with Ruth in 'The Bridge', a Christian counselling organisation in Worcester. His service of thanksgiving took place at St Martin's on 10 May, and the church was packed.

At John and Ruth's request I contributed the following story to John's thanksgiving service:

#### *The Story of the Rescued Bell*

John was my oldest friend. We first met in 1963. We were both undergraduates at Emmanuel and we were both architecture students. John was also a Christian and a

fervent one. He persuaded me to join college prayer meetings and when, in March 1965, a week-long University Mission took place, John was at the heart of a prayerful fervour in college into which I found myself drawn. It seemed clear by the end of the week that something had happened in my life and I could start calling myself a Christian. John took me by the hand, so to speak, and accompanied me through all of this.

John had a lovely girlfriend called Ruth, later to be his wife. I said John was fervent. On a memorable day in the autumn of 1965 he invited me to attend their baptisms by total immersion at Roseford Chapel, an independent Christian church in Cambridge, which puts public adult baptism at the heart of membership. The service was deeply impressive. It was unforgettable seeing John, and then Ruth, surrounded by the enthusiastic singing of the congregation, emerge from under the water, clothed in white.

After our time as undergraduates, our lives followed a similar path. He and Ruth were married in October 1966, and after a year out they returned to Cambridge for John's fourth and fifth years of training. After that, John began practising as an architect. They had three children, and now have seven grandchildren. Katharine and I married a year later and we too returned to Cambridge for my fourth and fifth years, after which I began work as an architect. We also had three children, and also now have seven grandchildren. My life changed later on and I became a priest, but that's another story.

During their two years back in Cambridge John and Ruth rented a flat at no 4 Benet Place, Lensfield Road, in the basement of a terrace of four elegant early Victorian houses. In 1966 this was very run-down, and the conditions would be frowned on today. Nevertheless, John and Ruth were happy there. However, the university, who owned the property, had announced redevelopment plans. John and Ruth expected to be the last occupants. In fact, as things turned out, it never was demolished.

A year ago we visited John and Ruth. John was already living on borrowed time, but he was in good spirits. Just a few weeks before, they had moved from their old home into the bungalow in Primrose Crescent. They had got rid of a lot of their possessions, and seemed to have found this a liberating experience alongside the sorrow of what lay ahead.

John remembered that somewhere there was a cardboard box. It contained a brass bell, of the kind which is nowadays described as a 'butler's bell', with which Victorian houses were equipped in order for servants to be summoned. 'It was the bell of our flat in Benet Place', John explained. 'When I learned that the house was going to be demolished, I took down the bell and all its engineering as a memento. I always meant to fix it up in our home. Do you think, as you live in Cambridge, you could take it back to 4 Benet Place for me? And if they don't want it, could you offer it to the university, or perhaps sell it and give the money to charity?'

I felt there was something of the dying man's confession about this request. I have to admit when he asked me the question, my heart sank. How on earth was I going to get into 4 Benet Place? How was I going to offer the bell to the university, or sell it for charity? But out of my love for John and our old friendship I said, 'Of course, John. It'll be a pleasure.' He looked relieved and said, 'When I have found it, I will wrap it up and send it to you in the post'. We took our leave, with the knowledge that in all likelihood we wouldn't see each other again.

In due course the package arrived. It had cost John a lot to get this organised, walk to the post office and get it to me. I opened it with excitement mixed with apprehension. Inside the box all the parts were intact. The polished brass bell, complete with clapper, hung on a steel spring mounted on a circular plate which had once been fixed to the wall. A crank connected the bell by iron wire, through a series of further cranks,

back to the pull handle. This was painted dark green, which had been the colour of the basement door. The whole assembly was both a beautiful example of nineteenth-century domestic engineering and also, at 196 years old, a veritable antique.

I cycled round to 4 Benet Place, without the package, to check it out. It was now refurbished as a sixth-form college. I introduced myself to the receptionist with my strange tale. 'My oldest friend John and his wife lived in the basement flat back in the 1960s. When they left, the house was going to be demolished, so he took the old Victorian bell as a memento. Now he is dying, and he has asked me to find out if the bell may be returned to you.' She looked non-plussed. This was not a usual enquiry. 'I really don't know! I'll ask Sarah our bursar to ring you.' I left, wondering if that was that. Several days passed, and then the phone rang. It was Sarah, the bursar. She had got the message. It sounded interesting. Would I like to come round to meet her and bring the package with me?

So I made a second visit, this time carrying the precious relic with me. Sarah the bursar was enthusiastic. 'We are excited to have something from the original building', she said, 'When we took it over it was an empty shell. Everything had gone.' I unpacked the bell and laid it with all its parts on the table. She said, 'I know exactly where we will put this. I shall have it in my office. Let me show you.' She led the way down to the basement of No 4. There was John and Ruth's sitting room, now a classroom. Next to this I saw their little hall and what had once been their dark green front door, and then to the back of the house, to the room which was clearly now her office. 'I shall put in here', she said, 'and I will ask the principal to write to John to thank him'.

A week later I heard from John. He had received a hand-written thank-you letter from the principal, thanking John for 'rescuing' the bell, which would otherwise have been vandalised during the building's empty years. 'We will take good care of it and are proud to display it on the wall of the bursar's office. It will I think go back pretty well where it started.' Indeed, the bursar's office is where John and Ruth's kitchen was. On the very same wall where the bell used to hang is where the bell is now displayed.

I feel proud and pleased to have fulfilled John's wishes, but also humbled at the reception by the staff of the college. The assignment which I had thought would be difficult turned out to be a delight; and the bell, which I feared had been 'taken', turned out to have been 'rescued'.

When I had written this piece I sent it to John. He wrote back 'I read this through a film of tears ... I deeply appreciate the things you disclosed about the arrival of faith in your life, and my part in this ... In a sense this has been cathartic for us both.'

And the thank-you letter at the climax of this story makes me realise that this piece is itself a thank-you letter. It is my thank-you to John for being my oldest friend and for being there at a formative time of my life to introduce me to the promise of new life in Christ.



**ROBERT DAVID MCGLUE** (1965) died on 6 December 2015. We have received the following obituary from his wife, Hazel and his children Hannah and Adam:

David was born on 22 February 1947 in Sale, Cheshire and attended William Hulme Grammar School, where he excelled. As one of his school friends noted 'I can think of no-one I know who combined such sharp intellect, powers of logic and analysis with such modesty and unassuming charm'.

His gift for languages and literary analysis earned him an exhibition and rapidly thereafter a scholarship to Emmanuel, where he studied French and German. During his years spent at Emmanuel he also found time for rowing for the college, punting and music. (The oar he won subsequently travelled around his various homes, which all fortunately had walls long enough to display it.)

He went on to study economics at the University of Sussex, writing his doctoral thesis there on 'Regional economic policy and regional economic development: the case of Yugoslavia'. Whilst at Sussex he met Hazel and they were married in 1972. He joined the Diplomatic Service in 1971. From there he moved on to work in the Cabinet Office, followed by the Department of Energy.

He was then seconded to the European Commission's Directorate General for Energy in 1980 as head of the energy systems analysis group. There began his long and distinguished career within the European institutions in Brussels and Luxembourg. From the Directorate General for Energy, David moved to the Directorate General for Coordination of Structural Funds and subsequently to the Directorate General for Economic and Financial Affairs, heading the division of financing instruments and policy work related to the European Investment Bank (EIB).

He was one of the masterminds behind the establishment of the European Investment Fund (EIF) in 1994, a joint venture between the European Commission, the European Investment Bank and a group of public and private institutions specialising in finance for infrastructure and small business. From 1995 to 2000 he was one of the three members of the financial committee in charge of directing the fund.

Following his return to the commission, he became a senior adviser, overseeing a governance reform of the EIF and working on the first reflection paper on a better use of budgetary resources through financial instruments. In 2002, he was promoted to director responsible for the commission's own financial market operations, the management of investment financing programmes for small businesses, and relations with the European Investment Bank Group, becoming the commission representative on the board of directors of the EIF.

Following his retirement in 2008, his expertise continued to be in demand. He remained for some time on the board of the EIF and was a member of the group of experts charged with reviewing the role of the EIB in supporting the EU's foreign and development policies (under the chairmanship of Michel Camdessus). In 2013, he was persuaded to chair a conference in Brussels on investing in Europe's regions and cities (maximising the impact of regional and local public expenditure and the EU budget 2014–2020), to the delight of everyone involved such as the then prime minister of Luxembourg, Jean-Claude Juncker and European commissioner, Michel Barnier as well as EIB president, Werner Hoyer. With his knowledge of the functioning of the EU institutions combined with a professional background of over 40 years in energy, finance and new financial instruments, David managed to bring enormous added value to the conference and turned it into a huge success.

He was described by his colleagues as a human and open boss, inspirational, with exceptional analytical skills, full of enthusiasm and clarity of ideas, and always willing to listen to other people's points of view and motivate.

David always had a great love of music and was a keen musician. Already an accomplished pianist, he learned to play the cello in his 40s. He then became a member of several orchestras, notably the Bruocsella Symphony Orchestra in Belgium. On his retirement he joined the Burgess Hill Symphony Orchestra.

David was full of plans and, as a close friend put it 'with his joy of life had a unique ability to take on any task and make something new out of it'. In retirement he became president of the Horsham French club. He worked hard to support the Steyning University of the Third Age as a committee member and running several groups. Always a strong advocate of European values he belonged to, and represented, the European movement.

He also became an avid gardener and environmentalist, recently creating a wildlife pond. He lives on in his garden.

David died unexpectedly shortly before Christmas 2015. His wisdom, kindness, humour, compassion, courage and infectious enthusiasm were qualities that his friends and family remember fondly.

**DAVID FRANK GIBBS OBE** (1968) died on 20 January 2016. We have received the following obituary, written by Mark Pyper:

David Gibbs, who died in Oxford on 20 January 2016, was born in Seaford on 30 May 1947, the son of Frank and Peggy Gibbs.

In Seaford David attended Normansal School, the proprietor of which was William Seagrove. This slightly eccentric schoolmaster, the winner of a silver medal in the 1920 Olympics, held a passionate belief in holistic education and wholehearted striving after advancement. However, the aims of youthful endeavour were not to be the plaudits of victory but self-improvement, with the emphasis firmly on competing with oneself, one's own abilities and aspirations. Thus David, most unusually, learnt the merits of character development through pole-vaulting at the age of eight.

As resilience and moral toughness were developing in the young man, these qualities were complemented and tempered with a spirit of gentleness and generosity acquired at his secondary school, Ardingly College. Founded on the Anglican principles of the Christian philanthropist, Nathaniel Woodard, with an emphasis on self-discipline as an essential precursor to loving one's neighbour and serving the community, the ethos of the school fashioned David's outlook and contributed to his success and fulfilment in a lifetime devoted to education. So, by the age of 18, with a steely resolve tempered by the varied experiences of school life and enriched by a firm Christian faith, he embarked on his adult life always ready to get on with the job and do whatever was needed, and always considering others before himself.

University at Durham and a PGCE at Emmanuel College, Cambridge were followed by teaching and working in six schools, a larger number than that achieved by most of his contemporaries, but no surprise in the case of one who liked to do his bit and move on. David was a gifted and highly successful teacher of history, politics and economics at, successively: Monkton Combe, St John's Johannesburg, Sherborne, Charterhouse and Haileybury, where he was a deeply respected housemaster, before his appointment as headmaster of Chigwell School in Essex in 1996. What characterised David's teaching and, more broadly, his schoolmastering, was his appreciation of the balance of the independence and progress of the individual student on the one hand and the overall health of the community on the other. Supporting all his beliefs and philosophies was an unquestioning resolve that doing the right thing was the only acceptable way of behaving.

Of course, in common with all heads, David was a builder and Chigwell developed markedly during his time at the helm, with the opening of a superb Performing Arts Centre standing as a lasting tribute to him. Much more significantly, however, he was a builder and developer of young people; always interested in their achievements and their challenges; always attentive to their needs; always encouraging. He knew that strategy, planning, policies and action plans were important, and he dealt effectively with all of these: but he knew equally well that sometimes just being there in support of members of staff or individual young people was what really made a difference. And if, on meeting David, one thought that he was far too nice and gentle to be doing that sort of job, one was probably not aware of the high level of principle, conviction and determination, rooted in his unswerving Christian faith, which lay behind that genuinely warm exterior.

David was highly respected for his professional skills, but he was also a true polymath. He was a county hockey player and a very fine club cricketer, scoring runs at a high level well into his 40s. He had an insatiable appetite for all there is to know; he read voraciously and his own writings were invariably absorbing. He frequently

produced perceptive book reviews and his history of the Sussex Martlets cricket club, *Summers by the Sea*, was admired for its engaging authority. David was a serious student of the Bible and how fitting it was that his last public appearance should have been a whole day reading from the Authorised Version with two other former heads, to raise funds for the new organ at St Peter's church in Wolvercote. His quietly expressive reading revealed a clarity of real understanding.

When most people would be contemplating retirement at the end of a demanding career in schools, David was just getting into his stride, now appointed education officer of the Skinners' Company. The Skinners have substantial interests in education and David, true to his principle of the entitlement of all young people to the highest standard of education, believed that independent schools should share resources with, and provide encouragement to, the maintained sector for the mutual benefit of all. He steered the Skinners, not without difficulty, through a process of establishing new Academy schools, thus fostering the spread of educational excellence. His wisdom was felt and appreciated through his work as a governor at Ardingly and Haileybury, but no less at the Blackbird Academy Trust in Oxford. His final achievement was the establishment of Haileybury's Turnford Academy, of which he was the chairman of governors.

David did not just make time and room for his family: throughout his demanding and all-embracing lifetime in education, they were the centre of his world. In the somewhat unorthodox atmosphere of boarding schools, David and Philippa were hugely successful professional partners as well as eternal soul mates and devoted parents at the same time and all the time. They created a wonderfully happy union and provided a marvellously formative parental background for their sons, Matthew and Tom, with whom David had an enviably strong and involved relationship and in whom he took great pride.

Others of us were privileged to know David as the best of friends. He enjoyed talking about his youthful experience in Seaford, a town which disguised its meteorological challenges with a postmark banner of 'Sunshine, Serenity and Sport'. This description could more fairly have been applied to David himself. The sun always seemed to shine through him, even in darker times. He was calm, selfless and serene when others would certainly have been wading through the slough of despond. And David's sporting approach never deserted him: a balance of gracious and philosophical good humour provided strength and confidence for those around him. David was a truly Christian citizen and a very special person, one missed by all who knew him.

**STEVEN EDWARD HENGEN** (1971) died on 20 December 2016. The following obituary was published in *The Concord Monitor* on 23 December:

Steven Edward Hengen, 67, died Tuesday night, 20 December 2016, at The Birches; the cause was frontotemporal dementia (FTD), with which he was diagnosed in 2011. Steve was born on 7 August, 1949, in Richmond Hill (Queens), New York City. His parents, Erwin O, and Meta (Steenken) Hengen, immigrated to the United States as adventurous young adults in the early 1920s; neither ever saw their parents again. Erwin left a prominent family from Speyer and traded higher education for work as a bookbinder in New York City, followed by the Ford assembly line in Detroit, where he simultaneously learned English and the skills of a tool- and die-maker. He met his future wife on a return visit to New York; she had arrived as a 17-year-old to work as a governess for a distant relative. Erwin spent the remainder of his working life as a route salesman for Drake Bakeries. Both parents ensured their three sons received strong educations.

On full scholarships, Steve graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy (1967) and Harvard College (1971). He spent the following year at Emmanuel College in Cambridge, England, as the recipient of the Lionel de Jersey Harvard Scholarship.

Upon his return to the United States, he entered the joint degree programme for law and business at Harvard, receiving both a JD and MBA in 1976.

He spent seven years practising law at Foley, Hoag & Elliot in Boston before moving to Concord with his wife, Liz, in 1983, where he joined Ransmeier & Spellman and specialised in medical defence litigation and employment and labour law for more than 20 years.

Steve served terms as president of the boards of the Merrimack County Bar Association, Concord Public Library and Concord Public Library Foundation, as well as vice-president of the Concord Food Co-op. For a number of years he coordinated programmes for local presentations of the New Hampshire Humanities Council.

A highly intelligent and intellectually curious man, he read widely and was deeply knowledgeable and articulate in diverse fields, including music, history, art, film, poetry, world affairs and wine. Two items invariably caught the eye of visitors to Steve and Liz's house on Ridge Road: the framed eight-and-a-half-foot, fourteenth-century brass rubbing that Steve spent six hours on his knees creating during his year in England, and the sheer number of books he owned, each one of which he had read and was thoroughly conversant with.

Steve loved to travel. His first solo trip was in his teens, when he worked his way to Europe aboard a freighter ship. During his year in England, he travelled around Spain, Morocco and Greece. Steve and Liz's 'honeymoon' was a summer in Zurich, where he landed a job through his business school connections and fluency in German and French. Once their children could read, the family regularly embarked upon lengthy trips to Europe, focusing on a single country over the course of a month. Once the children were launched, Steve and Liz continued to take extended trips exploring Sicily, northern Italy, eastern Turkey, Spain, Eastern Europe and Peru. And throughout his professional career, which often put him on the road, he never overlooked an opportunity to linger for another day or two to investigate new places. He visited all the national parks and, closer to home, introduced his children to hiking and camping in the White Mountains.

Steve is survived by his wife of 42 years, Elizabeth Durfee Hengen; two children and their spouses, Keith B Hengen and Catherine A Pautsch of Somerville, Mass and Taylor Hengen Newman and Aaron Newman of Seattle; three grandchildren, Kaspar Quincy Newman, Otto Apollo Newman and Charles 'Chase' Pautsch Hengen; a brother, Gerald Hengen of Lloyd Harbor, Long Island; and many nieces and nephews. He was predeceased by his parents and a brother, Ronald Hengen, in 2006.

The family extends especial gratitude to the exceptional staff at The Birches, where he had been living for the past two years, and to his incomparable doctor, B J Entwisle. Steve's brain was donated to MGH for analysis by his FTD neurologist, Brad Dickerson.

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**EMMANUEL AKWEI ADDO** (1977) died on 7 March 2017. We have received the following obituary from his daughter Naa:

Emmanuel was an eminent jurist well-versed in various subjects of international law. He had been in the legal service of Ghana for over 40 years and had a wealth of experience as an international lawyer of great distinction. He was a proud member of Emmanuel College, Cambridge University.

He was called to the Ghana Bar to practise as a solicitor and advocate of the Superior Court of Judicature, Ghana in 1969. He began his legal career that same year with a short stint as a private legal practitioner and junior partner with Messrs Opoku Acheampong & Co, a prestigious firm of solicitors and advocates in Accra, Ghana. While in private practice, he worked his ablest best and, following the cab-rank rule,

he accepted all manner of clients because he thought that he could advocate for them based upon an honest application of the law.

In June 1970, he moved on to join the Attorney General's Office in Ghana, starting out as an assistant state attorney, working in various sections of the department. With the rank of senior state attorney, Emmanuel served in the Volta region of Ghana for seven years (October 1970 – August 1977). Before long, his legal prowess and capabilities were brought to light and he was put in charge of the attorney-general's office there. During this time, he was appointed a member of the Border Demarcation Commission (as part of Ghana's delegation) set up by the governments of the Republic of Ghana and the Republic of Togo to settle the border disputes at the south-eastern frontier of Ghana, in 1974.

Subsequently, in 1977 he was admitted into the prestigious University of Cambridge, Emmanuel College and was granted leave of absence to pursue an advanced degree in public international law. He graduated in 1978 with an LLM, a master's degree in law. While at Emmanuel College, he was affectionately known as 'Ee Aye Addio' (signifying his initials) and was considered a charming man. He was a loyal member of Emmanuel College's International Law Club.

On his return to Ghana in 1979, he served as the regional representative of the attorney-general's department in Tamale in the northern region of Ghana for ten years (1979 to 1989). With the rank of principal state attorney, in 1986 he led a team of five attorneys to the Court of Appeal to argue the test case of the poaching of elephants in the Mole National Park and succeeded by the force of legal arguments in letting the Appeal Court abandon an earlier contrary decision.

Indeed, with his trademark of unstoppable energy, he managed to combine his work in Tamale as a practitioner with parallel work in academia as a part-time lecturer at the Faculty of Law at the University of Ghana, where he taught the LLM class of 1979 on the subjects of the law of international institutions and the law of the sea.

Whilst still at the attorney-general's office, Justice Addo was seconded to the Foreign Ministry of Ghana as the legal adviser (director of the Legal and Consular Bureau) for nine years. International laws pertaining to Ghana were in his immediate care and he humbly helped in his own small way to shape Ghana's foreign policy. From this position he served on the sixth (legal) committee of the General Assembly of the United Nations (UN) and participated in the colloquium on progressive development and codification of international law. For six years, 1990–96, he was a member of the National Group of Ghana, the coveted group of jurists and diplomats tasked with nominating candidates for appointment to the International Court of Justice (ICJ).

With his expertise in international law as well as wide negotiating experience, he led delegations from Ghana to key sessions by a group of experts of the Preparatory Commission for the International Seabed Authority and the International Tribunal for the Law of the Sea. These sessions were particularly instrumental in establishing a body that organises, regulates and controls all mineral-related activities in the international seabed area beyond the limits of national jurisdiction, an area underlying most of the world's oceans.

Invited by the Netherlands government in 1994 as one of ten experts worldwide, he participated in the review and drafting of certain provisions of the 1994 Hague Convention for the Protection of Cultural Property in the event of armed conflict, in the light of the experience in former Yugoslavia and the Iraq/Kuwait conflict. In 1995, as an international law expert from Ghana, he had likewise participated in the drafting of the revised Economic Community of West African States (ECOWAS) treaty and the rules regarding the establishment of the African charter of an African Court of Human and People's Rights, held in Cape Town, South Africa.



He contributed a great deal towards global justice, particularly through his participation in the drafting committee for the drafting of the Rome Statute, the International Criminal Court statute: the treaty that established the International Criminal Court in 1998. Consequently, on returning to Ghana, he appeared before the parliamentary committee to justify the ratification of the Rome Statute of which Ghana is party to today. He made substantial legal inputs into Ghana's Constitutional Amendment on Dual Nationality, the Passports and Travel Documents Bill.

By dint of hard work, Emmanuel Akwei Addo climbed the ladder at the attorney-general's chambers to become the solicitor-general of Ghana in 1998. His position as solicitor-general, which is the topmost career law officer in the legal service of Ghana, afforded him the opportunity to run the attorney-general's department in the absence of the attorney-general and the deputy attorney-general. He appeared as counsel not only before national courts, but also before numerous international courts. He led an all-Ghanaian team of lawyers to Amsterdam, Netherlands to win an international arbitration involving Ghana and a Danish company. This was the first of its kind by a Ghanaian team and a remarkable feat for the times.

Emmanuel had his own style of advocacy. Whether as a defendant in private practice or as a prosecutor at the attorney-general's office, he had a knack of quickly getting to the heart of a case and homing in on the key issues. He was elected twice to become a member of the highly esteemed International Law Commission of the United Nations, thus serving for ten years from (1996 to 2006), the first Ghanaian to hold such a position. The International Law Commission (ILC) is the principal organ of the UN tasked with progressive development of international law and its codification. He, together with a group of other jurists, were instrumental in the drafting of several key treaties. One such treaty was the treaty on state responsibility.

As a member of the ILC he distinguished himself in the work of the commission as an active member. He was elected as second vice-chairman of the commission at the fifty-first session in 1999.

In June 2004 he was appointed by the United Nations as an independent expert for human rights for Sudan, a position that took him to Sudan to assess the human rights situation in Darfur and the entire country. In presentation of his report on the situation in Sudan, he did not mince words in telling the General Assembly's social, humanitarian and cultural committee (the third committee) that there had been numerous crimes committed in the region and that crimes against humanity had been committed. This report helped to persuade the United Nations to make an intervention in Sudan in order to prevent an escalation of the already dire situation in the country.

With such an impeccable record of achievements and experience, it was no surprise that Emmanuel caught the eye of the lord chief justice, who invited him to serve on the bench of the Court of Appeal in Ghana. He was sworn in as such on 18 June 2002. He served with integrity as a judge for five years. Emmanuel elected to take an early retirement from 30 March 2007.

He worked assiduously to bear Ghana's name aloft on the international plane. He served his country with distinction, dedication and integrity, having risen from the ranks to the topmost legal career officer of the land, the solicitor-general of Ghana and head of the legal service before being appointed to the Bench.

After his retirement, in March, 2007, Justice Addo was nominated by the late ex-president of the Republic of Ghana, John Evans Atta-Mills, to serve as chairman of the inter-ministerial review committee on the Vodafone transaction, to re-examine the sale and purchase agreement concluded between Ghana and Vodafone International Holdings BV. He was proud of having been recognised in Crestwall Limited's 2007 publication of *Who is Who in International Law* as a person who had achieved standing in the international law field.

In light of his upbringing, one can understand the dichotomy sometimes discerned in the personality he presented to the world: on the one hand, he was legendary in his reputation as a director or supervisor who demanded adherence to rigorous standards and hard work from his disciples; on the other hand, he was known to be a caring man sensitive to the needs of others, ever ready to mentor and encourage others to progress in their endeavours. Lawyers who worked with or against him respected his integrity and independence, recognising that his forceful and distinct personality was accompanied by warmth and a sharp sense of humour. Emmanuel always said, 'There is nothing more fulfilling than to serve your country and fellow citizens and do it well'. In serving his country Ghana, his highest principle was one of patriotism and foremost commitment to excellence.

He used the experience he had gathered over the years and the expertise at his disposal as a national resource and he served the nation of Ghana with distinction and integrity. He regarded government service as a noble calling and a public trust. For him there was no greater honour than to serve free men and women; no greater privilege than to labour in government beneath the coat of arms of Ghana (whose motto is 'freedom and justice') and the flag of Ghana.

Emmanuel was an intellectual giant. He was renowned as a man of integrity and excellence. He lived a full and contributing life and made his mark wherever he went. He was a devout Christian and always acknowledged that God was the One who enabled him to accomplish all of his successes and feats.

Emmanuel is survived by his wife Pamela Addo, three children, David Addo, Stephanie Addo and Naa Addo and a daughter-in-law, Vida Addo.

Emmanuel's death is a true loss for his family, for Ghana and for international law. Nevertheless, he will remain in our memory as a guiding star in our endeavours for the promotion of the rule of law in Ghana and in the international community. He will be greatly missed.

My father had become an illustrious son of Ghana, whose achievements emanated from the good education and training he received from your esteemed university. We would therefore want you to be an integral part of the celebration of Justice Addo's life.

**NICHOLAS DAVID WALKER** (1989) died on 30 August 2016. The following obituary was written for *The Guardian* by his friend Charles Darwent:

Not long before he died, at the age of 46, my friend Nick Walker was interviewed by the film-maker Tim Wainwright, for a project called *Soul*. Talking to camera, Nick says: 'As a secular Scot, it's important to me to know that we live in a Newtonian world, of fragile bodies and short corners. As to whether we have souls, it's a question that tends to be answered 'yes' or 'no'. He frowns for a second, then goes on: 'I think it's more interesting and useful to approach the issue from the other direction. Perhaps we are soul, and we have a body for the time that we're alive. We are soul, but we have a body.'

It was typical Nick. The legally trained son of an Edinburgh lawyer, David, and an academic, Gesa, he was constitutionally averse to easy answers. Precision was a moral imperative, words things to be used carefully. In Wainwright's film, Nick is measured, magisterial. Souls are clearly not in his repertoire, but he takes the idea of them seriously. Nick is also astonishingly handsome, with the hawkish Scots beauty of a Raeburn portrait. What is less clear from the film is that he is in a wheelchair, paralysed by multiple sclerosis.

That would please him. Crossing the road in Paris in the early '90s, Nick stopped in mid-traffic, saying simply: 'My legs aren't working'. It was the start of a process that took a quarter of a century to end. People who die slowly are commonly described as saintly. Nick was not one of these, or not always. If his normal mood was of anarchic good humour, he sometimes raged against his disability, was downcast by it.



He had been sexy, a dancer, a clubber. More, he had been a journalist, going from Cambridge University to the *Independent* newspaper's graduate trainee scheme. When he fell ill, Nick was on probation at *Time Out* magazine. He didn't get the job. His real exasperation, though, was at the illogicality of it all. He was ill, not an illness. When an MS charity, well-meaning, offered to hire him, he winced. 'I want to be a journalist who happens to have MS', he said, 'not a man with MS who happens to be a journalist'.

And so he wrote on, for as long as he could: on elderly clubbers for the *Evening Standard*; on being sacked by McDonald's for the *Independent*; memorably, on men's rears for the *Erotic Review*. ('Homo sapiens is the only animal that has a bottom as such.') He travelled, made radio programmes, drew scabrous cartoons, did an Open University degree; loved and was loved.

Nick is survived by his mother, and his brother, John and sister, Kirsty.

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**JANETTE PATRICIA GRAY** (1994) died on 24 December 2016.

Sr Jan Gray, a Sister of Mercy, came to Emmanuel from Australia in 1994 to study for a PhD under Professor Nicholas Lash. On returning home she continued her teaching career at, among other places, the University of Notre Dame, Western Australia, and the University of Divinity, Melbourne. She was the first female principal of the Jesuit Theological College in Melbourne. She was a member of the National Council of Churches in Australia's Faith and Unity Commission, who paid tribute to her work and influence. 'Sr Jan was highly valued in the academic arena, making an unmatched contribution to theological education in the ecumenical context. She is remembered as a theologian, inspiring teacher and much-loved colleague, serving a generation of student and church communities over the years.'

**NICHOLAS JAMES RUSSELL** (2006) died on 31 August 2016. The following press release was issued by the University of Bristol on 7 March 2017:

Researchers from the University of Bristol and Université Libre de Bruxelles have theoretically shown how to write programs for random circuitry in quantum computers.

The breakthrough, published in the *New Journal Physics*, is based on the work of first author, Dr Nick Russell, who tragically lost his life in a climbing accident last year.

'One of the many applications for random quantum circuits is the realisation of a rudimentary version of a quantum computer, known as a "boson sampler". A boson sampler could be among an early class of quantum technologies that prove their intrinsic superiority over classical machines. Such a demonstration would be a landmark in the history of science', said Dr Anthony Laing from the University of Bristol's School of Physics, who supervised Dr Russell's thesis.

The work of Dr Russell and researchers in Bristol and Brussels, has theoretically solved the problem of programming random circuitry in quantum computers. 'Most of us understand randomness in terms of the roll of a dice. Programming randomness into any machine might therefore seem like a straightforward task: simply turn any available control knobs to a random setting.

However, because of the way quantum particles travel through their circuitry, they are affected by many control settings in a certain order. The control knobs must be carefully set according to a specific design, and finding the recipe for randomness in quantum circuitry can be especially tricky.

'With his research, Nick and the teams at Bristol and Brussels have effectively unloaded the quantum dice. By discovering how to program this randomness into circuitry, we are a step closer to creating a boson sampler, and ultimately a quantum computer. I'm delighted to see Nick's results published. He was a brilliant scientist. This and his other work will continue to have a significant impact on the field of quantum computing for many years to come', said Dr Laing.

© University of Bristol 7 March 2017

**RAFAEL BAPTISTA OCHOA** (2011) died on 6 April 2017. Richard Bolton (2011) and Apurva Chitnis (2011) write:

Rafa came up to Emmanuel in 2011 to read engineering, having grown up in Bilbao, northern Spain. After taking some time to acclimatise to England and Cambridge, Rafa quickly showed himself to be an intelligent and innovative student, though not always the most hard-working. His incomplete answers to supervision questions were always well masked by his quick thinking. Nonetheless, he was awarded a First at the end of the IA tripos, a feat he repeated for the following two years. Rafa went on to specialise in aeronautic engineering, and completed his masters researching tidal turbine arrays with Dr Anna Young at the Whittle Laboratory.

Following graduation Rafa went on to further study, completing an additional MSc in computer science at Somerville College, Oxford. As part of the course he worked on agent-based modelling techniques and their applications in modelling the housing market. Rafa enjoyed this tremendously, and decided to work on this further, successfully applying to take a DPhil at Keble College with Professor Doyne Farmer of the Institute for New Economic Thinking and Dr Ani Calinescu of the Department of Computer Science. He took much delight and satisfaction in this, and presented his research at the Bank of England, the European Central Bank in Frankfurt, and other institutions around the world.

While in Oxford, Rafa threw himself into the communities of numerous colleges. He sang in the chapel choir of Corpus Christi College, and was a valued tenor of the Hertford College chapel choir. He rowed for Somerville College, stroking their first men's boat in the summer Eights as well as coxing the first women's boat. He encouraged the sport of croquet in Somerville, leading to several teams entering the inter-college tournament. Rafa also found time to play golf, and captained the Divots, Oxford's reserve team, in his second year. This culminated in a narrow loss in their Varsity match.

Rafa made his unique mark on college life while at Emma far quicker than he was hoping, not least for introducing himself by checking we knew his name with 'yes, I'm Rafa ... you know, like the tennis player!', but also by being rather unsuccessful when attempting the infamous North Court Challenge and consequently having to visit Addenbrooke's only a few weeks into term.

Rafa had been keen to try rowing as soon as he had seen the Emmanuel boat house. He first learnt to cox because of his broken arm, and later took up rowing after his arm had healed. His coxing will be remembered for his innovative approach, shouting 'hold it up!' just a few feet from the bump (he insists he shouted 'overlap'), and for his ability to find the bank, even when on an empty river. His rowing was more successful, making the first boat in the Lents of his final year, and stroking the second Mays boat.

Rafa played a prominent part in the running of the club in his later years as lower boats' captain in his third year and as secretary in his last. Rafa was a firm believer that the Boat Club should cater for all, and that anyone who wanted to row should be able to do so. To this end he would regularly be found at the boathouse, running erg sessions or extra tubing; he coxed a lower boat to ensure they could get out and compete; he loved entering boats into races to ensure all could contest for the college, and he would argue for the club to subsidise dinners to make sure they were accessible to all. Rafa also loved society kit, and took great delight in ordering a new set of obscenely bright pink bow ties for the Boat Club. Rafa also oversaw the creation of a Boat Club blazer for the new club mascot, Monkey.

Rafa was truly a man of exceptional character. He could never fail to make a positive connection with strangers and, with his easy-going, engaging style, coupled with a keen sense of humour, they would not remain strangers for long. To his friends he would be selfless with his time, give encouragement and exhibit a fierce loyalty,



frequently being open to discussing any problems in a thoughtful manner, and providing the useful service of condensing down difficult, complex details to the important points with precision and clarity. He was able to take very many jokes with good humour, and was able to give them out with equally enthusiastic zeal.

Rafa's intellect, his phenomenal memory and his inquisitive nature were never hidden from others. He would never fail to find what was interesting in those he met, and would take great joy in discovering more. His wide and deep knowledge was always on show, never missing an opportunity to discuss music, travel, golf, rowing, and his specialist subjects of real ale, Bilbao and the Basque region as a whole. His ability to share this knowledge, to tell an engaging narrative with wit – both intentional and otherwise – was a great pleasure to behold. Nowhere was this more evident than when he invited and gave his friends 'The Tour': a specially curated visit to wherever Rafa was currently living.

Rafa most enjoyed himself when he was part of something bigger: institutions with history and shared values, especially when these values echoed his own. It is little wonder then, that when surrounded by a strong group of friends, he felt so at home during his time at Emmanuel.

Rafa leaves behind his parents, Rafael and Maite, his sister, Inés, and his many friends who will miss him immensely.



**NEGAR MIRALAEI** (2013) died 26 October 2016. Nearing the end of her PhD she was returning to her home in Tehran when she died in a car accident. A memorial event was held in the College chapel on 5 June 2017 at which a number of her family, friends and colleagues spoke.

Dr Timothy Jones, her PhD supervisor said,

The first time I talked to Negar was just over five years ago, in May 2012. I can remember it vividly, sitting in Alan Mycroft's office phoning Iran to interview a candidate for a job on hardware reliability. She came across as a quiet person who was unflustered by the questions that we threw at her. And behind that a determination too, a determination to secure the job, to come to Cambridge and achieve her ambition of studying for a PhD.

That quiet determination became more apparent once she came to the UK and stood her in good stead as she carried out her research. Despite the ups and downs of a PhD, she remained focused on completing her dissertation and aiming to publish the results in the best conferences and journals in our area. As time went on, she never lost her quiet nature, but she grew in confidence in her own knowledge and abilities. At first, she would take everything I said without question, but later, where others would perhaps argue with me over different viewpoints, she would instead simply let me talk, then gently tell me all the things I had said that were wrong. She was never annoyed or frustrated with my lack of understanding, just calm, gentle and confident. Believe me, in the latter stages of her PhD, this happened often!

Negar was very proud of Iran and loved describing the country, its culture and people. I remember multiple train and car rides with her and Jyothish as we went visiting other universities, where she told us about how her life had been back in Tehran, or the snow on the mountains outside the city, or the food from different parts of the country. She knew I had a sweet tooth and on one trip home brought me back some *sohan*, a traditional kind of biscuit from the south which tasted like nothing I'd had before, a mixture of nuts, sugar and spices that was difficult to stop eating! Negar also sent me a Wikipedia link to *sohan* to describe the ingredients because she worried my Farsi was a little rusty! I think she loved sharing her culture and history with people at the same time as she was exploring a different country and continent and learning about us.

One thing that sticks in my mind is how many friends Negar had and made during the time she was here. Perhaps it was that quiet, gentle nature of hers that drew people to her. I've had a number of people get in touch with me since October to express their sadness, some of whom I have never met and some of whom only met Negar once or twice. But my abiding memory of her is of the times when she wanted to talk to me about her work. There would be a quiet knock at the door, she'd stick her head round and ask if she could just have one minute of my time, not wanting to bother me if I was busy, or interrupt the work I was doing. I miss those quiet knocks, just as I miss learning about her culture or being gently corrected on things I don't quite understand enough. She seemed to touch so many people's lives in such a positive way and I'm thankful that I had the opportunity to get to know and support her in working so hard towards her dreams.



# Lists



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## THE FELLOWSHIP

### THE HONORARY FELLOWS

1979

**Professor Derek Curtis Bok**, BA (Stanford), LLD (Harvard). Formerly President, Harvard University

1985

**Michael Frayn**, BA, Hon LittD

1990

**Sir Leslie Fielding**, KCMG, MA, Hon LLD, 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 LLD

2000

**Professor Sir John Michael Taylor**, OBE, MA, PhD, FRS, FEng. 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, FEng, 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 LLD (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

2017

**Indrajit Coomaraswamy** MA, DPhil (Sussex). Governor, Central Bank of Sri Lanka

**Professor Yuk Ming Dennis Lo**, MA, MB, BChir (Oxon), DPhil (Oxon). Li Ka Shing Professor of Medicine and Professor of Chemical Pathology, Chinese University of Hong Kong; Director of the Li Ka Shing Institute of Health Sciences

### THE MASTER AND FELLOWS, 2017–18

We publish below for reference a list of the Master and Fellows as at 1 October 2017, 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. Life Fellow; Vice-Master; Keeper of Special Collections in the College Library; Emeritus Professor of English

1973

**John Eirwyn Ffowcs Williams**, MA, ScD, BSc (Soton), PhD (Soton), Hon DSc (Soton), FEng. 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. Life Fellow; Emeritus 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. Life Fellow; Emeritus Professor of Information Engineering

**1988**

**Christopher John Burgoyne**, MA, PhD (Lond), MICE, FIStructE. Life Fellow; Emeritus 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

**Nigel Peake**, MA, MMath, PhD. Professorial Fellow; College Lecturer in Applied Mathematics; 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

**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**

**Elisabeth Maria Cornelia van Houts**, MA, LittD, PhD (Groningen), FRHistS. Official Fellow; College Lecturer in History and Director of Studies; Director of Studies in History & Politics; 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), FREng. 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

**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; Professor of Experimental Particle Physics

**2002**

**Nicholas James White**, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; College Lecturer in French; Director of Studies in French; 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; Reader in Literature and the Geohumanities

**Catherine Rae**, BA (Oxon), DPhil (Oxon). Official Fellow; Acting Assistant Graduate Tutor; 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

**Lucia Ruprecht**, PhD, BA (Aix-en-Provence), MA (Tübingen & Aix-en-Provence). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in German; Director of Studies in History & Modern Languages; Director of Studies in Modern and Medieval Languages

#### 2005

**Richard William Broadhurst**, MA (Oxon), DPhil (Oxon). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Biochemistry; Director of Studies in Natural Sciences (Biological); Assistant Director of Research in NMR Spectroscopy at the Department of Biochemistry

**John MacLennan**, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; Assistant Graduate Tutor; College Lecturer in Earth Sciences; Director of Studies Natural Sciences (Physical); Reader in Earth Sciences

#### 2000, 2009

**Francis Michael Jiggins**, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; College Lecturer in

Genetics; Professor of 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; Director Studies in Human, Social & Political Sciences; University Senior Lecturer in Politics

**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; College Lecturer in History; University Lecturer in History

#### 2010

**Anurag Agarwal**, BTech (Bombay). PhD (Penn State). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Engineering and Director of Studies; University Lecturer in Engineering

#### 2011

**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; 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 Senior Lecturer in East Asian Studies

**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

**Ayşe Zarakol**, MA (Wisconsin), PhD (Wisconsin). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Politics; Reader in International Relations

#### 2013

**Alexander Mitov**, MSc (Sofia), MA (Rochester), PhD (Rochester). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Physics; Reader in Theoretical 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 (Brist), PhD (Brist). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Chemistry; Director of Studies in Natural Sciences (Physical); University Lecturer in Chemistry

**Giovanna Biscontin**, PhD (Berkeley). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Engineering; University Lecturer in Engineering

**Stergios Antonakoudis**, BA. Meggitt Research Fellow; Director of Studies in Pure Mathematics

#### 2015

**Katherine Emma Spence**, MA, PhD. Official Fellow; Tutor; College Lecturer in Archaeology and Director of Studies; University Senior Lecturer in Archaeology

**Dominique Olié Lauga**, BS (Ecole Polytechnique), MS (Ecole Nationale des Ponts et Chaussées), MA (Paris), PhD (MIT). Official Fellow; College Lecturer in Economics; University Senior Lecturer in Marketing

**Paweł 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



**Robert Colby Milton**, BA (Harvard)  
**Tom Martin**, MA

**DEREK BREWER VISITING  
 RESEARCH FELLOWS,  
 2017–18**

**Michaelmas**  
**Lerna Yanik**, MA (Georgetown), PhD  
 (Georgetown)

**Easter**  
**Patrick French**, MA (Edin), PhD (Edin)

**COLLEGE RESEARCH  
 ASSOCIATES, 2017–18**

**2013**  
**Alison Knight**, PhD, BA (UBC), MA  
 (Victoria)

**Annela Anger-Kraavi**, PhD, BSc  
 Tallinn, MSc Tartu

**2014**  
**Jordan Claridge**, BA (Alberta), MA  
 (Alberta), PhD (UEA)

**2015**  
**Diego Núñez Villanueva**, BSc  
 (Malaga), MSc (Complutense), PhD  
 (Complutense)

**Giulia Iadevaia**, BA (Rome), MSt (Rome),  
 PhD (Sheff)

**Geneva Ruth Peterson**, PhD, BA (Texas)

**Maria Cristina Misuraca**, PhD (Sheff)

**Mark James Williamson**, BA (Imperial),  
 PhD (Imperial)

**Christopher John Joseph Moses**, MA,  
 MPhil (Oxon)

**2016**  
**Nicolas Ruffini-Ronzani**, MA  
 (Louvain), PhD (Namur)

**Maria Martin de Almagro**, MA  
 (College of Europe), MPP (Michigan),  
 PhD (Brussels), PhD (LUISS Guido  
 Carli, Rome)

**2017**  
**Véronique Samson**, BA (McGill), MA  
 (McGill), PhD (McGill)

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## THE COLLEGE STAFF

### ARRIVALS

#### *Development Office*

**Anna Battison** (accommodation &  
 committee manager)

#### *Catering*

**Daniel Borocz** (chef)

**Przemyslaw Dominiak** (kitchen porter)

**Estefania Correa Gil** (buttery shop  
 assistant)

**Alexander Howell** (cellar assistant)

**David Obidzinski** (front-of-house  
 manager)

**Ziping Wang** (kitchen porter)

#### *Household*

**Silvia Adolphson** (bedmaker)

**Linda Durgut** (bedmaker)

**Agnieszka Falkiewicz** (bedmaker)

**Christine Girolimetto** (bedmaker)

**Alexandra Guiet** (bedmaker)

**Cheryl McManus** (bedmaker)

**Rachel Marmot** (bedmaker)

**Encarna Ruiz Paco** (bedmaker)

**Kim Wade** (bedmaker)

#### *Maintenance*

**James Larkin** (plumber)

#### *Master's Lodge*

**Jane MacMillan** (Master's personal  
 assistant)

#### *Porters' Lodge*

**Daniel Morley** (assistant porter)

#### *Tutorial Office*

**Kirsty Ralph** (schools liaison officer)

**Elle McCluskey** (schools liaison officer)

**Helen Waterson** (tutorial assistant)

### DEPARTURES

#### *Bursary*

**Ellen Ellis** (accommodation & commit-  
 tee manager)

#### *Catering*

**Marcin Antosiak** (kitchen porter)

**Cristian Bianchi** (kitchen porter)

**Roger Burbidge** (halls & functions  
 manager)

**Geneviève Kretz** (service supervisor)

**Rossella Monticoli** (shop assistant)

**François Reverchon** (catering manager)

**Michael Slade** (chef de partie)

#### *Gardens*

**James Johnston** (trainee gardener)

**Jack Sharp** (assistant head gardener)

#### *Household*

**Sandra Abbott** (bedmaker & laundry  
 assistant)

**Lauren Johnston** (bedmaker)

**Karen Newman** (bedmaker)

**Eva Szabo** (bedmaker)

**Lana Verpeja** (bedmaker)

#### *Maintenance*

**David Anderson** (plumber & heating  
 engineer)

#### *Porters' Lodge*

**Alan Baldock** (porter)

**Becky (Justin) Pawsey** (porter)

#### *Tutorial Office*

**Jane Brown** (tutorial assistant)

**Anita Magee** (schools liaison offer)



<b>Hawkins, Kate</b> Simon Langton School for Boys, Canterbury Economics	<b>Kirkham, Dominic</b> The King Edward VI Grammar School, Louth Engineering	<b>MacLeod, Catriona Isobel</b> Stanwell School, Penarth Mathematics	<b>Nelson, Katie Elizabeth</b> Cardinal Newman Catholic School, Luton Law
<b>He, Xingtong</b> Ruthin School Mathematics	<b>Klopotowska, Marta Maria</b> European School, Brussels, Belgium Law	<b>Malmose O'Connor, Olivia</b> Chelmsford County High School Human, Social & Political Sciences	<b>O'Brien, Kirsten</b> Howell's School, LLandaff Chemical Engineering
<b>Heidrich, Lars Magnus</b> St Paul's School, London Natural Sciences	<b>Knill-Jones, Harry David</b> Beaumont School, St Albans Engineering	<b>Manzur, Haider</b> Queen Elizabeth's School, Barnet Medicine	<b>Odiase, Mojowo</b> St Bernard's Catholic Grammar School, Slough Natural Sciences
<b>Heritage, Sophie Rebecca</b> Nonsuch High School for Girls, Sutton Medicine	<b>Konda, Parvesh Nagaraj</b> King Edward VI Camp Hill School for Boys, Birmingham Medicine	<b>Marzec, Adrianna Karolina</b> St Thomas More School, Blaydon-on- Tyne Psychological & Behavioural Sciences	<b>Patel, Ewan Samir</b> Merchant Taylors' School, Northwood English
<b>Ho, Shing Lok</b> Ying Wa College, Hong Kong Law	<b>Lau, Aristotle Cheng</b> National University of Singapore High School of Mathematics and Science Natural Sciences	<b>Millar, Cameron George</b> Brighton Hove & Sussex Sixth-Form College Engineering	<b>Patel, Kelsey Puja</b> St Helen's School, Northwood Economics
<b>Holdstock, Harry</b> Nottingham High School Natural Sciences	<b>Lawford, Susannah</b> St George's School, Harpenden Modern & Medieval Languages	<b>Miranthi, Alexander</b> Sevenoaks School Mathematics	<b>Phillips, Edward Alexander</b> Hampton School Engineering
<b>Honey, Jonathan Roy</b> Peter Symonds College, Winchester Medicine	<b>Lawrence, Aimee Ann</b> The Sixth-Form College, Farnborough Modern & Medieval Languages	<b>Mitra, Kalyan</b> City of London School Medicine	<b>Phillips Lea, Lydia</b> The Cherwell School, Oxford English
<b>Hughes, Georgia Ellen</b> The Thomas Deacon Academy, Peterborough Human, Social & Political Sciences	<b>Leeman, Victoria Rosalyn</b> St Clement Danes School, Rickmansworth Veterinary Medicine	<b>Mlodozieniec, Bruno Kacper</b> Kristiansand Katedralskole Gimle, Norway Engineering	<b>Pozzi, Matteo Guglielmo</b> Westminster School Computer Science
<b>Hughes, Harvey</b> Hills Road Sixth-Form College, Cambridge Engineering	<b>Li, Jinghan</b> The Tiffin Girls' School, Kingston- upon-Thames History	<b>Mohamed Kasem, Iham</b> St Olave's and St Saviour's Grammar School, Orpington Medicine	<b>Prabhu, Sridhar V R</b> Inventure Academy, Bangalore, India Natural Sciences
<b>Irvine, William Jack</b> Royal Belfast Academical Institution Engineering	<b>Li, Xin</b> Hwa Chong Institution, Singapore Natural Sciences	<b>Moss, Antonia Elizabeth</b> Wellington College, Crowthorne Human, Social & Political Sciences	<b>Pratt, Emily Keswick School</b> Natural Sciences
<b>Johal, Chetan</b> Westminster School Natural Sciences	<b>Liu, Danyi</b> Guiyang No 1 High School, China Engineering	<b>Moussier, Marion</b> Collège Ies Salins, Villeneuve-lès- Maguelone, France English	<b>Proud, Rhys</b> Barnsley College Psychological & Behavioural Sciences
<b>Kadirkamanathan, Hamish Seran</b> Brentwood School Asian & Middle Eastern Studies	<b>Mabon, Edward Alex</b> West Buckland School Engineering	<b>Murray, Mary Jane</b> Fitzharrys School, Abingdon Natural Sciences	<b>Pulver, Henry George</b> Sir John Lawes School, Harpenden Engineering
<b>Khalfaoui, Lou</b> European School, Brussels, Belgium Human, Social & Political Sciences	<b>McGuirk, Simon</b> Hessle High School Classics	<b>Nair, Vedanth</b> The Perse School, Cambridge Economics	<b>Radford, Amy Victoria</b> Royal Latin School, Buckingham Veterinary Medicine
			<b>Rajagopalan, Ashwin</b> Queen Elizabeth's School, Barnet Human, Social & Political Sciences

- Rammanohar, Jashmitha**  
Henrietta Barnett School, Hampstead  
Garden Suburb  
Medicine
- Ravenscroft, Eleanor Carol Rose**  
King Edward VI College, Stourbridge  
Geography
- Remo, Daniel**  
Highgate School  
Mathematics
- Rizzoli, Tessa**  
Liceo Linguistico, Trento, Italy  
Asian & Middle Eastern Studies
- Rowe, Olivia**  
Norwich School  
Psychological & Behavioural Sciences
- Rowland, Holly Megan**  
Headington School, Oxford  
Engineering
- Ruston, Samantha Jane**  
The King's School, Canterbury  
History of Art
- Saniewski, Michal Tomasz**  
Batory High School, Warsaw, Poland  
Architecture
- Sartor, Aileen Lydia**  
Woodbridge High School, Woodford  
Green  
Natural Sciences
- Scoones, Michael Gordon**  
Stokesley School  
Mathematics
- Sheat, Andrew Oliver**  
Northgate High School  
Natural Sciences
- Shuttleworth, Sebastian Guy**  
Greenhead College, Huddersfield  
English
- Sinclair, Imogen**  
Haberdashers' Aske's School for Girls,  
Elstree  
History
- Smith, Daniel**  
Hampton School  
Natural Sciences
- Spencer, Thomas Christopher**  
Greenhead College, Huddersfield  
Natural Sciences
- Spivey, Matilda Elizabeth**  
South Hampstead High School  
History
- Stone, Lily Rachael Smith**  
All Saints Roman Catholic School, York  
Modern & Medieval Languages
- Stoyanov, Rumen**  
The Latymer School, London  
Mathematics
- Sutton, James**  
Haybridge High School & Sixth Form  
Medicine
- Swanston, Callum Matthew**  
King Edward VI Grammar School,  
Chelmsford  
Geography
- Tallinn, Hanna**  
Gresham's School, Holt  
Natural Sciences
- Taylor, Madeleine Jane**  
Bournemouth School for Girls  
Medicine
- Thistlethwayte, Rosemary Imogen**
- Maitland**  
Downe House School, Thatcham  
Natural Sciences
- Varju, Daniel**  
ELTE Apáczai Csere János Gyakorló  
Gimnázium, Budapest, Hungary  
Human, Social & Political Sciences
- Walker, Rebecca**  
Altrincham Grammar School for Girls  
Natural Sciences
- Waller, Marcus James**  
King's College London Mathematics  
School  
Engineering
- Walsh, Alexander Thomas**  
Tapton School, Sheffield  
History
- Walsh, Henry**  
Dartford Grammar School for Boys  
History
- Wang, Jinny Ru Yi Zheng**  
Westminster School  
Music
- Weiss, Sofia**  
Bishop's Stortford College  
Medicine
- Wharton, Joshua Frank**  
Queen Elizabeth Grammar School,  
Wakefield  
Mathematics
- Xu, Diane**  
North London Collegiate School  
Medicine
- Yan, Yingtong**  
Guangzhou No 2 High School, China  
Mathematics
- Yang, Dilan**  
Beijing No 4 High School, China  
Economics
- Yap, Xin Wen**  
Cheltenham Ladies' College  
Natural Sciences
- Zhang, Jingwei**  
Concord College, Shrewsbury  
Natural Sciences
- Graduates**
- Adams, Rebecca**  
University of York  
PGCE
- Amiri, Amir Hossein**  
Islamic Azad University, Ghazvin, Iran  
EMBA
- Anumanrajadhon, Aphanaree**  
Chulalongkorn University, Bangkok,  
Thailand  
MBA
- Bach, Alona Rivka**  
Harvard University, Cambridge, USA  
MPhil in History, Philosophy &  
Sociology of Science, Technology &  
Medicine
- Bindell, Shmuel Menachem Mendel**  
Williams College, Williamstown, USA  
PhD in History
- Blayne, Jay**  
Anglia Polytechnic University,  
Cambridge  
MEd
- Broadfoot, Piers Alexander Darby**  
Durham University  
MPhil in Theology & Religious Studies
- Brunelle, Casey Nicholas Jacques**  
University of Ottawa, Canada  
MPhil in International Relations &  
Politics
- Chi, Xiao**  
Imperial College London  
MFin
- Chisowa, Tendai**  
Williams College, Williamstown, USA  
PhD in Clinical Biochemistry
- Dine, Ranana Leigh**  
Williams College, Williamstown, USA  
MPhil in Health, Medicine & Society
- Donald, Flora**  
University of Aberdeen  
PhD in Plant Sciences
- Dou, Qingyun**  
Xian Jiaotong University, China  
MPhil in Machine Learning, Speech &  
Language Technology
- Egorov, Georgy**  
Plekhanov Russian University of  
Economics, Moscow, Russia  
MSt in Social Innovation
- Elcock, Darwin Walter**  
University of the West Indies, Cave  
Hill, Barbados  
MBA
- Eppel, Amelia Miriam**  
University of Bristol  
PGCE
- Farndale, Rebecca Jane**  
University of Birmingham  
MPhil in Primary Care Research



**Ferguson, Charles Robert**

University of Warwick  
MRes in Future Infrastructure & Built Environment

**Fernandez De Lara Harada, Jessica Amira**

University College London  
PhD in Latin American Studies

**Fischer, Svenja**

Technische Universität Berlin, Germany  
MPhil in Industrial Systems, Manufacture & Management

**Fyson, Isobel Jane**

University of Exeter  
MPhil in Theoretical & Applied Linguistics

**Heavens, Kerry-Ann Minerva**

University of the West Indies, Cave Hill, Barbados  
MCL

**Hume, Richard Joseph**

University of Essex  
MEd

**Jain, Ananya**

Lady Shri Ram College for Women, Delhi University, India  
MFin

**Jasrasaria, Dipti**

Harvard University, Cambridge, USA  
MPhil in Scientific Computing

**Jefferson-Loveday, James Oliver**

University of Southampton  
PGCE

**Jennings, Hannah Magdalena**

Rheinische Friedrich-Wilhelms-Universität, Bonn, Germany  
MPhil in Education

**Kasim, Hussain**

Colorado School of Mines, Golden, USA  
EMBA

**Kruger, Peter**

Philips Universität Marburg, Germany  
Erasmus Student, Chemistry

**Kvetova, Lenka**

Charles University, Prague, Czech Republic  
MPhil in Development Studies

**Lan, Yingjie**

Waseda University, Tokyo, Japan  
MPhil in Theoretical & Applied Linguistics

**Lavagnini, Ennio**

Università degli studi di Padova, Italy  
PhD in Chemistry

**Lemos, Rennan De Souza**

Federal University of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil  
PhD in Archaeology

**Lewis, Samuel William**

Williams College, Williamstown, USA  
MPhil in Epidemiology

**Li, Hao**

Peking University, China  
PhD in Radiology

**Lile, Stephen**

Warner Pacific College, Portland, USA  
EMBA

**Lucas, Hannah Aoife**

Corpus Christi College, Oxford  
MPhil in Medieval & Renaissance Literature

**Luk, Pan Lung**

Hong Kong University of Science & Technology  
MFin

**Mann, Joel**

New College, Oxford  
MPhil in Economics

**Marino, Maria Giovanna**

Birkbeck College, London  
MPhil in Education

**Menendez Pereda, Alba**

Durham University  
MPhil in Archaeology

**Middel, Christoph**

Philips Universität Marburg, Germany  
Erasmus Student, Chemistry

**Mijanovic, Petra**

Williams College, Williamstown, USA  
MPhil in Medieval History

**Milner, Nick**

University of Wales  
MSt in Social Innovation

**Monni, Francesco**

University of Padova, Italy  
PhD in High Performance Structural Metallics

**Newton, Robert Michael Cochrane**

University of St Andrews  
MPhil in English Studies

**Nousch, Franziska**

Philips Universität Marburg, Germany  
Erasmus Student, Chemistry

**O'Brien, Susanna Catherine Hollman**

St Edmund Hall, Oxford  
MPhil in Education

**Palmer, David Robert**

Harvard University, Cambridge, USA  
MASt in Pure Mathematics

**Polat, Zekeriya**

Gazi University, Ankara, Turkey  
EMBA

**Qiao, Luxi**

Williams College, Williamstown, USA  
MPhil in Medical Science (Clinical Neurosciences)

**Safari Mooki, Ali**

University of Southampton  
MPhil in Nuclear Energy

**Sankaran, Steven Daniel**

University of Washington, Seattle, USA  
MBA

**Savian, Cristina**

Università degli studi di Torino, Italy  
EMBA

**Scarlett, Abigail Louise**

Pembroke College, Oxford  
MPhil in Development Studies

**Slee, Gillian Louise**

Harvard University, Cambridge, USA  
MPhil in Criminology

**Smart, Elizabeth Jeanette Sinclair**

York University, Toronto, Canada  
MSt in Real Estate

**Solarte Rosa, Nathalie Christine**

University College London  
MBA

**Standen, Amy**

University of Brighton  
PGCE

**Stenton, Sarah Louise**

University of Birmingham  
MPhil in Clinical Science (Rare Diseases)

**Tan Weng Choon, Vincent**

University of Warwick  
MPhil in Economics

**Wang, Joy**

Harvard University, Cambridge, USA  
MPhil in Political Thought & International History

**Wohns, Anthony Wilder Lauritano**

Harvard University, Cambridge, USA  
MPhil in Biological Anthropological Science

**Yuan, Haiming**

University of Southampton  
MSt in Social Innovation

***Affiliated Students  
(matriculated as graduates,  
following undergraduate  
programmes):***

**Cihon, Peter Thomas Wylie**

Williams College, Williamstown, USA  
Computer Science

**Mazaheri, Bijan**

Williams College, Williamstown, USA  
Mathematics

**Pothen, Bethany Deborah Keziah**

Queen Mary University of London  
Theology for Ministry

***French Lecteur*****Gouzerh, Louis**

École Normale Supérieure de Lyon,  
France

**SCHOLARSHIPS, EXHIBITIONS AND PRIZES 2017****Bachelor Scholarships**

Re-elections:

J J M Degenhardt, E Paparounas,  
S T Phillips, M R Radia, L Scott Lintott**Windsor Bachelor Scholarships**

Elections:

L C Jurascheck, R A Walshe

Re-elections:

J R Breedon, M Elango, M Elbahnasawi,  
A Paris**Honorary Bachelor Scholarships**

Elections:

R F Chicco

Re-elections:

S J Deans, S R Hill, A Khakoo,  
N C Kurian, M Lindsay-Perez,  
J W Reynolds, F J Richards, M Z Wilson**Peter Morris Bachelor Scholarship**

Re-election:

J Morris

**Adrian Martinez Scholarship**

Re-election:

A J Mathias:

**Senior Scholarships**

Elections:

S S Achawal (Frank Marriott), M  
Armishaw (Smith), K Barker (Frank  
Marriott), B S Barton-Singer (Davies),  
T J Bevan (Smith), E G V Brendon  
(Welford-Thompson), H A Butcher  
(Frank Marriott), M H Choi (Davies),  
H Z Chun (Davies), G Cobleby (Smith),  
A L Cooke (Smith), W Croft (Bryant),  
D J Cugini (Williams), R J Dyer (Ash),  
N Egan (Hooper), K J Francis (Davies),  
B E M Fraser (Smith), E Gibbon  
(Davies), R Goldring (Ash), M E P L  
Graydon (Prettejohn), R Gupta  
(Saxelby), M R Gurtler (Sands), J Haddad  
(Williams), P Hamilton-Jones  
(Williams), W M Haslam (Smith),  
S R Heritage (Prettejohn),G W P Herring (Dixie), H Hughes  
(Frank Marriott), E Jenkinson (Ash),  
C Johal (Davies), D Kazhdan (Hooper),  
F Laing (Hyett), A C Lau (Davies),  
A A Lawrence (Saxelby), D Liu (Frank  
Marriott), E A Mabon (Frank Marriott),  
C G Millar (Frank Marriott), A Mistlin  
(Ash), B K Mlodozienec (Frank  
Marriott), D N Monteiro (Smith),  
C Morgan (Langley), D P Moss  
(Braithwaite Batty), M J Murray  
(Davies), V Nair (Smith), K P Patel  
(Smith), E A Phillips (Frank Marriott),  
S V R Prabhu (Davies), R Proud (Ash),  
H G Pulver (Frank Marriott),  
M Raveendran (Braithwaite Batty),  
D Remo (Braithwaite Batty), O Rowe  
(Ash), H M Rowland (Frank Marriott),  
N Ryle (Williams), A O Sheat (Davies),  
T A H Sherwood (Bryant), J Sutton  
(Prettejohn), C M Swanston (Smith),  
Z K Tan (Hyett), B Wang (Braithwaite  
Batty), N Wilson (Frank Marriott),  
C E J Wyman (Frank Marriott), D Yang  
(Smith), X W Yap (Davies)

Re-elections:

P Achakulwisut (Frank Marriott),  
A S Benford (Braithwaite Batty),  
A I Blanchard (Smith), M Bradley  
(Davies), A Chadha (Prettejohn),  
C M B Chevallier (Langley), A N Deo  
(Braithwaite Batty), E A C Derby  
(Davies), C Diaconu (Frank Marriott),  
W Dorrell (Davies), J W Fraser  
(Prettejohn), J C Ganis (Smith),  
A George (Hyett), T M George (Davies),  
P-E Grimm (Frank Marriott),  
B J R Harris (Davies), F C Illingworth  
(Braithwaite Batty), T Isazawa (Davies),  
A Joshi (Prettejohn), L I Keijer-Palau  
(Owen), J A Kershaw (Davies),  
F L Kreyssig (Frank Marriott),  
S J Leonard (Prettejohn), A McGiff  
(Smith), E B Mann (Langley),  
O J Morley (Davies), E T Okada  
(Braithwaite Batty), A Patel (Davies),  
R G Peacock (Frank Marriott),  
O H E Philcox (Davies), E I Roberts  
(Davies), J Shepherd (Frank Marriott),R J G Simon (Davies), S Y Tan (Frank  
Marriott), T L Tan Ming Hui (Langley),  
P Welch (Frank Marriott), K J Y Wu  
(Davies), D Y Yao (Smith)**Senior Exhibitions**

Elections:

J Adams, A Adebajo, E Al-Jibury,  
R Appleby, A Baker, R T Cochrane,  
E B Cole, A D Constantinou,  
H Davidson, J W Deeley, A S E Emsley,  
C J Enright, W Eustace, A Freschi,  
S Gao, D Gayne, A R B Gravina,  
A Griebel-Phillips, O Grimmette,  
A S Gupta, S E A Hammond,  
A R P Harrison, S E P Harrison,  
L M Heidrich, S L Ho, H Holdstock,  
J R Honey, G E Hughes, T Johnson,  
H S Kadiramanathan, L Khalifaoui,  
G H Kim, D Kirkham, H C Klyne,  
H D Knill-Jones, P N Konda, B Lammin,  
S Lawford, A P Lawrence, O Lease,  
I McLennan, O Malmose O'Connor,  
H Manzur, A K Marzec, A Miranthis,  
A W Mirsky, K Mitra, E O'Hanlon,  
C O'Malley, S E Oakley, J Oliver,  
G Pimlott, M G Pozzi, E Pratt,  
A V Radford, A Raj, T Rizzoli, E Robb,  
A L Sartor, J H Scott, D Smith,  
T C Spencer, L R S Stone, R Stoyanov,  
H M Stylianou, M J Taylor,  
R I M Thistlethwayte, H B Thorne,  
C H Tucker, E Valla, D Varju, C Wallace,  
J R Y Z Wang, P D Warren, F R Waters,  
A Wineman, J Wood, D Xu, Y Yan  
Re-elections:  
A W Abbot, L C Allen, J Banasik,  
T J D Bennett, M M Biddell, S Burke,  
Y Cai, E Caroe, J Y Cho, F F Clarke,  
H J Conder, A Crabb, A Cragg,  
H Crook, J Davies, J P Davies, C Del  
Rio, M Duff, P Elmer, B Fowler, Z Gu,  
R Hanrahan, V W Q Ho, D R Jacobson,  
T Lane, F H L S Lawson, R L Lewis,  
S W Li, C H B Lo, C G G MacDonald,  
E J McDowell, K H Murison,  
P G Nagappan, S J Naylor, E L Nicholls,  
B O'Neill, E Palmer, A N Patwardhan,  
E Phelps, W Raby-Smith, C Restarick,  
S L Rock, A Sharp, W Shaw, D V Stafford,  
M S Storer, N H Sturrock, F C Tamblyn,  
R Tinn, M A Toth, L M A Ward,  
M K Y Wong, S I Yu, F Zaki**College Prizes**P Achakulwisut, S S Achawal, E G  
Angel, M Armishaw, O A Baines,  
K Barker, C Barton, B S Barton-Singer,  
A S Benford, T J Bevan, A I Blanchard,  
D Bradbury, M Bradley, H A Butcher,  
A Chadha, C M B Chevallier, M H Choi,  
H Z Chun, G Cobleby, P Cohen,  
A L Cooke, W Croft, S J Deans,  
E A C Derby, W Dorrell, R J Dyer,  
N Egan, M Elbahnasawi, A Eyres,  
K J Francis, B E M Fraser, J W Fraser,  
J C Ganis, A George, T M George,  
E Gibbon, H Gledhill, R Goldring,  
M E P L Graydon, S Grigg, P-E Grimm,  
W Grover, R Gupta, C Hague,  
P Hamilton-Jones, H L Hall,  
M B Hannay-Young, B J R Harris,  
W M Haslam, B Haworth, T D Heesom,  
G W P Herring, H Hughes, J Higgins,  
E L Holliday, J Horn, T Isazawa,  
E Jenkinson, M Jesani, C Johal,  
D Kazhdan, J A Kershaw, S H Kung,  
F Laing, A I Latcham-Ford, A C Lau,  
S J Leonard, D Liu, E A Mabon,  
A McGiff, E B Mann, J S Marks,  
V K Mehta, A Mistlin,  
B K Mlodozienec, D N Monteiro,  
C Morgan, O J Morley, D P Moss,  
I N Mueller, M J Murray, V Nair,  
E Nelson, J Nicholson, D R Palmer,  
A Paris, K P Patel, R G Peacock,  
O H E Philcox, E A Phillips,  
S T Phillips, S V R Prabhu, W C Price,  
R Proud, H G Pulver, M Raveendran,  
F J Richards, E I Roberts, J Robinson,  
O Rowe, N Ryle, A O Sheat,  
T A H Sherwood, R J G Simon,  
E Sullivan, J Sutton, C M Swanston,  
Z K Tan, T L Tan Ming Hui,  
A M Walker, R A Walshe, B Wang,  
P Welch, M Z Wilson, N Wilson,  
K J Y Wu, C E J Wyman, D Y Yao,  
D Yang, X W Yap, S Zekioglu**Named College Prizes and Awards***Zainab Aziz:* A R Y L Tan*Bokhari:* D J Cugini*Braithwaite Batty:* A N Deo, O Faraggi,  
E T Okada, D Remo, L S Wallis*Elisabeth & Derek Brewer:* J Haddad

*John Clarke Prize (Part IA):* S R Heritage  
*John Clarke Prize (Part II):*  
 L C Jurascheck  
*William Coupe:* M R Gurtler  
*Robert Dobson:* A A Lawrence  
*M T Dodds:* J R Breedon, M R Radia,  
 E O Sivan  
*Hackett:* S R Hill  
*Henderson:* A Patel  
*Albert Hopkinson:* J R Honey  
*Dick Longden:* E A Mullens-Burgess  
*Colin MacKenzie:* A Joshi  
*Master & Tutors' Prize:* A Khakoo  
*Odgers Prize:* Not awarded in 2017  
*Pattison:* E G V Brendon  
*Peake:* A Ghose  
*Herman Peries:* F C Illingworth  
*Quadling Prize:* A George,  
 S G Hadjineophytou  
*Bill Ray Prize:* S Y Tan  
*Peter Slee History Prize:* L I Keijer-Palau  
*Edward Spearing:* L Scott Lintott

*Sudbury-Hardyman:* F E Chatt,  
 N C Kurian, M Lindsay-Perez,  
 E Paparounas, J W Reynolds  
*H J & C K Swain:* C Diaconu  
*Dr Arthur Tindal Hart:*  
 K H Schwarzmann  
*Vaughan Bevan:* R F Chicco  
*Wallace:* M Elango, F L Kreysig,  
 C G Millar, H M Rowland, J Shepherd  
*T J Williams:* J J M Degenhardt

#### UNIVERSITY AWARDS

*Sidney Allen Prize:* T L Tan Ming Hui  
*BP Prize for an outstanding performance in  
 Part II Chemistry:* R J G Simon  
*Archibald Denny Prize:* T D Heesom  
*Andrew Hall Prize:* W M Haslam  
*Marsh Prize:* C Hague  
*Richard Perham First Prize:* D Ghose  
*Rylands Prize:* J Haddad  
*Tessella Prize:* M Z Wilson  
*Theological Studies Prize:* G W P Herring  
*William Vaughan Lewis Prize:* H Hall,  
 E O Sivan

#### DEGREES

The following are the principal degrees taken by Emmanuel men and women during the academical year 2016–17:

##### Litt D

Meek D E

##### PHD

Allen R  
 Alves J A M  
 Bailes E J  
 Balfour B J V  
 Blackhurst A V  
 Bosbach W A  
 Brickley E  
 Cheng Q  
 Chernyakova E  
 Farrow D S  
 Gonzalez Rueda A  
 Knerova J

Luke S H  
 McGonigle J E  
 Mackley R M  
 Meek C L  
 Neaum D A  
 Petrasova M  
 Potts N D  
 Price T A  
 Roborgh S E  
 Rooks E E  
 Sarkar A  
 Singh D M  
 Singh T  
 Sirendi M  
 Stafford J M  
 Sutherland D W  
 Tobias-Webb J J

Tunyasuvinakool S  
 Vogelsang D A  
 Yudovina E

##### MRes

Burgess S L

##### MPhil

Adams A M  
 Ashkenazi A  
 Carslaw E  
 Duffert C M  
 Firth F  
 He X  
 Hodgkin R K  
 Jacobides E A

Kohl M  
 Kristof G  
 Kvetova L  
 McCleery A J  
 McGregor  
 Meyer J E  
 Mirza F  
 Mokhtari T  
 Nairn R K  
 Neel D  
 Norton V H  
 Price J P G  
 Raskin W B  
 Slee G L  
 Stafford J M  
 Stewart H A  
 Stewart Z L  
 Sturm J  
 Taylor C  
 Weihs C G  
 Zhang S

##### MMath & BA

Faraggi O  
 Judge H F P  
 Nicholson J  
 Radia M R  
 Wallis L S

##### MAst

DeMeo B  
 Kiesenhofer A  
 Kohl M  
 Palmer D R

##### MEng & BA

Barton C  
 Beber-Fraser F  
 Chen Y  
 Cohen P  
 Dillon M  
 Eyres A  
 Gledhill H  
 Grover W  
 Heesom T D  
 Horn J  
 Hsuan D

Ma Q G  
 Mehta V K  
 Mueller I N  
 Phillips S T  
 Price W C  
 Taesopapong N  
 Upcott E A P

##### MBA

Castaneda C  
 Cho H Y  
 Cui N  
 Gupta A R  
 Nigudkar A G  
 Rachawong S  
 Tan G R X

##### Exec MBA

Alimi-Omidiora I  
 Cooney S  
 Gray P  
 Stewart A

##### MFin

Balasuriya S K  
 Hill T P  
 Saleem S

##### MEd

Seagull J B

##### MSci & BA

Dobson B  
 Haworth B  
 Jesani M  
 Jones M  
 Jurascheck L C  
 Lloyd H  
 Richards F J  
 Sullivan E  
 Wilson M Z  
 Zekioglu S

##### MSt

Blankenship M A

##### MB

Adlam J  
 Cardus C S W-X  
 D'Arcy V  
 Douglas F E  
 Glanville J C  
 Nottingham A R  
 Ong J W Y  
 Srinivasan A

##### VetMB

de Souza T  
 Fallows E K  
 Gowen S E  
 Melleney D R J  
 Westlake K

##### BA

Alishaw M  
 Angel E G  
 Attlee A  
 Baines O A  
 Bauernfreund S  
 Bird A C C  
 Boxman I  
 Bradbury D  
 Breedon J R  
 Bryan S G J  
 Butler-Gallie F  
 Charlton E  
 Chatt F E  
 Chicco R F  
 Clifford M  
 Cox E M  
 Craven K L  
 Curtis H  
 Davis J  
 Deans S J  
 Degenhardt J J M  
 Dobney A  
 Duff A R  
 Earle W  
 Elango M  
 Elbahnasawi M  
 Fan M  
 Francis S A S T  
 Frayn E D W

French H  
 Ghose A  
 Grigg S  
 Hadjineophytou S G  
 Hague C  
 Hall H L  
 Hannay-Young M B  
 Hardstaff H  
 Higgins J  
 Hill S R  
 Hill T  
 Holliday E L  
 Hopgood E L B  
 Huang L  
 Jackson N  
 Johnston I  
 Jones M  
 Kemp R A  
 Khakoo A  
 Koerling A-L  
 Kung S H  
 Kurian N C  
 Lamb A J  
 Lansing L A  
 Larman J  
 Latcham-Ford A I

Lee J B  
 Lieng S  
 Lindsay-Perez M  
 Lister J  
 Lodge K E  
 Manetta-Jones D  
 Marks J S  
 Mohamed O  
 Mullens-Burgess E A  
 Nelson E  
 Nettleton I  
 Nunez-Mulder L  
 Paparounas E  
 Paris A  
 Phillips E L  
 Phillips M W  
 Poppo A E  
 Powell J E D  
 Rebis R  
 Reynolds J W  
 Robinson J  
 Roche S E  
 Rowan J J  
 Sandford H  
 Schubert L  
 Schwarzmann K H

Scott Lintott L  
 Shah K B  
 Shamekh M  
 Shaw W P  
 Sivan E O  
 Smith F E  
 Smith L A M  
 Spackman A E  
 Tan A R Y L  
 Thomas L  
 Thuey E  
 Timmins I  
 Treigyte J  
 Wade-Smith A J R  
 Walker A M  
 Walshe R A  
 Walters K  
 Wesby F  
 Wetherall K-S N  
 Whitehead C J D  
 Wong K Y J  
 Zamvar N

**BTh**  
 Pegg D

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## MEMBERS' GATHERINGS

On 24-25 September 2016 the following members were present at a Gathering:

### Master and Fellows

The Master, Dame Fiona Reynolds  
 Dr Richard Barnes  
 Dr Sarah Bendall  
 The Reverend Don Cupitt

### Former Fellows

Dr Yoav Git  
 Professor Colin MacCabe

### Honorary Fellow

Mr David Lowen

### 1994

Miss Emily Asquith  
 Mrs Viv Barraclough  
 Mr Will Barraclough  
 Mr Thomas Berry  
 Dr Alex Boddy  
 Mrs Olivia Brindley  
 Mr Pete Dewar  
 Mr Doron Dickman  
 Mrs Miki Ellis  
 Dr Io Epstein  
 Mr Angus Forsyth  
 Miss Karthi Gnanasegaram  
 Dr Lisa Harrod-Rothwell  
 Dr Kate Hawtin  
 Mr Guy Haynes  
 Dr Neil Hepworth  
 Mr Darren Hopkinson  
 Mr James Irvine  
 Miss Julie Kleeman  
 Mrs Caroline Klein  
 Miss Katie Lamb  
 Mr Adam Macqueen  
 Miss Susie May  
 Miss Anna Nicholl  
 Mr James Nield  
 Dr Karen Ottewell  
 Dr Stefan Ramsden  
 Mrs Caroline Randall  
 Mr Jonathan Ratnasabapathy  
 Miss Jenny Ross  
 Mr Michael Russell  
 Dr Robert Stanforth

Mrs Vicky Stubbs  
 Dr Chloe Tindall  
 Mrs Emily Travis  
 Mr Stuart Williams  
 Mrs Ellodie Winter  
 Dr Jonathan Wood  
 Mr Elliot Zissman

### 1995

Mr Simon Ball  
 Mr Oliver Bradley  
 Dr Gerard Breen  
 Mr Oliver Brew  
 Mr David Browne  
 Dr Ellie Cannon  
 Miss Hannah Chambers  
 Mr Dan Crossley  
 Mr Hugh Dullage  
 Dr Kathryn Faulkner  
 Mr Jason Freeman  
 Miss Caroline Gill  
 Dr Hari Harichandran  
 Dr Mo Hassan  
 Mr Peter Hopkins  
 Miss Polly Hubner  
 Dr Andrew Jacques  
 Professor Sam Jones  
 Miss Amy Lowen  
 Dr Tim McErlane  
 Mr Alan Martin  
 Ms Sophie Milton  
 Mr Thomas Montgomery  
 Ms Clare O'Neill  
 Dr Tommy O'Neill  
 Mr Daniel Quartey  
 Mr Jacob Robbins  
 Mrs Madeleine Rogers  
 Dr James Ross  
 Ms Lucy Ross  
 Mr Tim Sanger  
 Mrs Suzy Smart  
 Dr Emma Stoney  
 Dr Kok Tan  
 Mr Adam Whitefield  
 Ms Rachel Whitefield

Mr Jon Witts  
Miss Madeleine Worrall  
Dr Victoria Yardley

**1996**

Mrs Jessica Ashby  
Mr Hallvard Barman  
Mrs Liz Beasley  
Mrs Alexa Beazer  
Mr Gianni Brusati  
Mrs Vicky Carling  
Mrs Charlotte Clayson  
Miss Nichole Drury  
Mr Simon Dulku  
Mr Ben Frankel  
Miss Serena Gates  
Mrs Jo Goldsmith  
Mr Dave Hargreaves  
Mr Andrew Harris  
Dr Jenni Hastings  
Miss Hilary Jones  
Mrs Gemma Juma  
Mrs Emma Kean  
Dr Cathy Keniry  
Miss Jemma McFarlane

Mr Jon Mayes  
Dr James Murray  
Dr Chetan Narshi  
Mr Dan Ninan  
Dr Jennie Parker  
Mr David Parkin  
Mrs Emma Parkin  
Mr Graeme Reynolds  
Mrs Helen Reynolds  
Mr Andrew Rigby  
Ms Katy Roberts  
Dr Paul Roberts  
Mrs Ruth Roberts  
Dr John Rogers  
Mr Mark Saunders  
Dr Jo Sutcliffe  
Miss Judith Tacon  
Mr Stuart Tan  
Dr Sarah Tang  
Mr Tim Waghorn  
Mr Mark Warner  
Miss Mal Watson  
Mr Charlie Wright  
Mr Ben Yeoh

Mr Gavin Patterson  
Mrs Elizabeth Petley  
Mr Richard Petley  
Mrs Ruth Pink  
Mr Jug Parmar  
Mrs Nicky Robert  
Dr Alastair Santhouse  
Mr Kevin Semple  
Mr Phillip Slingsby  
Mr Bob Smith  
Mr Mark Smith  
Ms Nicky Smith  
Mr Peter Smith  
Mr Patrick Tan  
Mr Mat Toor  
Ms Gillian Vance  
Mr Danny Vassiliades  
Ms Emma Webster  
Mr Damian Whitham  
Mr John Wilson  
Dr Peter Yeh  
Mr David Yip

**1987**

Mr Johnny Angell  
Mr Luke Annesley  
Dr Helen Atkinson  
Mr Manoj Badale  
Mr Adam Baxter  
Ms Jane Bennett  
Mrs Rachel Brett  
Dr Joanne Brown  
Mr Andrew Butterworth  
Dr Lisa Carter  
Dr Andrew Crowhurst  
Dr Graham Cocksworth  
Ms Elaine Coomber  
Ms Tessa Cuming  
Ms Nicole Curtis  
Ms Helen Davies  
Mr David Dawes  
Mr Rob Devey  
Mr Sebastian Di Paola  
Ms Herdeep Dosanjh  
Mr Dan Duke  
Mr Geoff Dyer  
Mrs Mel Eggleton  
Mr Ajay Gambhir  
Dr Lilla Grindlay  
Mr Richard Harrison  
Mr Gordon Hodgen  
Mr Simon Huxtable  
Mr Darren Jordan

Dr Simon Juden  
Ms Suzanne Keys  
Mr John Kimbell  
Dr Sarah Langlands  
Dr Michael Lunn  
Ms Alice Merino  
Dr Sandy Miles  
Mr Derek Moore  
Mr Phil Murray  
Mrs Judy Nagle  
Mr John Occleshaw  
Mrs Becka Oram  
Mr Andy Orchard  
Ms Kathryn Packer  
Dr Shireen Petty  
Dr Andy Piper  
Dr David Pyle  
Mr Mark Roman  
Mrs Carolyn Savjani  
Dr Benjamin Seyd  
Dr Nick Smith  
Dr Anna Spathis  
Ms Ruth Stanier  
Ms Alex Taylor  
Mr Julian Timm  
Dr Nicole Toulis Sardo  
Mr Gavin Walker  
Mrs Sarah Wedl-Wilson  
Mr Andy West  
The Reverend Antony Wilson  
Mrs Julia Wilson  
Mrs Amanda Yip

**1988**

Mrs Penny Angell  
Mr Julian Atkinson  
Ms Noor Aziz  
Mr Steve Browne  
Dr John Chinegwundoh  
Mrs Harriet Devey  
Mr Jim Everson  
Mr Warren Fabes  
Dr Dorothy Forbes  
Ms Ruth Galloway  
Mr Bruce Grindlay  
Mr Andrew Hall  
Ms Jenny Hodgson  
Dr Toni King  
Ms Susannah Lawson  
Miss Chi-Ling Looi  
Dr Ben McQuillin  
Ms Alison Marshall  
Miss Rosie Miller

On 25–26 March 2017 the following members were present at a Gathering:

**Master and Fellows**

The Master, Dame Fiona Reynolds  
Dr Sarah Bendall  
The Reverend Jeremy Caddick  
Dr David Livesey  
Dr Nigel Spivey  
Dr Penny Watson  
Professor Stephen Watson

**1985**

Ms Jane Fitzgerald

**1986**

Dr Clare Adams  
Mrs Marian Aird  
Ms Nomi Bar-Yaacov  
Dr Fraser Birrell  
Ms Rachel Bridge  
Mr Rick Brown  
Ms Amanda Caine  
Mr Jack Clemons  
Ms Amanda Cobb  
Mr Andrew Cook  
Mrs Loveday Craig-Wood  
Mr Nick Craig-Wood  
Mr Jonathon Crooks

Mr Roger Davis  
Mr Simon Davies  
Mr Andrew Farmer  
Mrs Nicole Francis  
Dr Andrew Graham  
Miss Hazel Grant  
Dr Sara Hanna  
Mr Andrew Harding  
Mrs Rachel Harris  
Mr Richard Hepper  
Ms Sarah Herring  
Mr Lucas Hollweg  
Mrs Jo Huxtable  
Miss Jane Irving  
Mrs Susan Judt  
Mr Chris Lewis  
Professor Andrew Linn  
Mr Gary Mann  
Dr Natasha Mauthner  
Mr Niall Melley  
Miss Sian Mirchandani  
Dr Harriet Nicholls  
Mr Peter Nicholls  
Mr Chris O'Connor  
Mr Phil Parker

Dr Vik Mohan  
 Mr David Mulligan  
 Mr Ewan Parry  
 Dr Gillian Proctor  
 Mrs Katharine Radford  
 Dr Nicola Rehling  
 Mrs Sarah Rice  
 Dr Heidi Robertson  
 Mr James Rossiter  
 Professor Rustam Salman  
 Ms Mel Shufflebotham  
 Mr Christy Stewart-Smith

Mrs Rebecca Tooley  
 Mr Demos Tserkezos  
 Mrs Fiona Turner  
 Dr Carol Walker  
 Mrs Anna Wilson  
 Mr David Wilson  
 Mr Ian Wood  
 Dr Caroline Wright

1989

Dr Jonathan King  
 Professor Denis McManus

### FUTURE GATHERINGS OF MEMBERS

Dates given against each Gathering refer to the year of matriculation and not of graduation

24–25 March 2018:	1970, 1971, 1972
21–23 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
March 2021:	1973, 1974, 1975
September 2021:	1960 and all previous years

Invitations will be sent a few months in advance of each Gathering to all members 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.

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## DEATHS

A Requiem is held each year in the college chapel on or near All Souls' Day, (2 November), 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.

We are saddened to announce the deaths of a former and of a serving member of staff:

**GRANVILLE ANTHONY ARNOLD (TONY) DENNISON†** (maintenance department) – 5 August 2017.

**FRANÇOIS REVERCHON†** (executive chef then catering manager) – 30 December 2016.

We are saddened to announce the deaths of many members and are very grateful to relatives and friends who let us know. 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. 247). 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.

**JOSEPH HENRY BENTLEY** (1925) – 1981

**ARCHIBALD PERCY NORMAN†** (1931) – 20 December 2016

**KENNETH VAUGHAN JONES** (1925) – 1978

**GAVIN MAXWELL WRIGHT** (1931) – about 1983

**ALFRED CHARLES WARNER** (1927) – 15 May 1964

**NEVILLE BARWICK** (1935) – October 2011

**RONALD ALAN CAMPBELL BARCLAY** (1929) – 15 May 1994

**MARTIN MACKERTICH JOHN** (1935) – 22 March 1958

**CARL ROBERT CHRONANDER** (1929) – 10 January 2002

**OWEN DAVID JOHNSON** (1935) – 1990

**JOHN BHASKAR APPASAMY** (1931) – August 1981

**ARTHUR DENNIS WINTERBURN** (1935) – 3 April 2005

<b>DOUGLAS WINDSOR PETT</b> (1936)	<b>PETER TREVOR DAVIES+</b> (1943) – 7 January 2017	<b>ALAN CALLER</b> (1945) – 11 January 2017	<b>WILLIAM STANLEY TOWNSON</b> (1949) – 20 May 2017
<b>RONALD LEWIS EVANS</b> (1937) – 20 April 2012	<b>PETER GEORGE REGINALD DENCH+</b> (1943) – 12 January 2017	<b>EDWARD TUNNADINE</b> (1946) – 23 March 2016	<b>PETER CECIL BEWES+</b> (1950) – 2 December 2016
<b>GEORGE WILLIAM HASELER+</b> (1937) – 15 August 2016	<b>JOHN DAVID EMERSON</b> (1943) – 20 December 2015	<b>GEORGE ALISTER DOWLAND</b> (1947) – 2006	<b>JAMES IAN CUNNINGHAM</b> (1950) – 29 December 2015
<b>WICLIF MCCREADY HOLMES</b> (1937) – 31 December 2015	<b>NOEL WILLIAM HAINES</b> (1943) – 6 December 2007	<b>HUGH HENRY JOHN LAMBERT</b> (1947)	<b>JOHN KESTEVEN DEWHURST+</b> (1950) – 28 February 2017
<b>MARTIN ESTWICK FORD</b> (1938) – 2 November 2016	<b>WALTER FRANK HOUSLAY</b> (1943) – 7 December 2014	<b>MAURICE ROY SIMMONDS</b> (1947) – 12 June 2005	<b>JOHN STANFORD GRIFFIN+</b> (1950) – 28 November 2016
<b>JOHN OSWALD LAWS</b> (1938) – 7 February 2017	<b>RICHARD LAURENCE EDGAR JONES</b> (1943) – 5 March 2007	<b>ALAN RICHARD TAMMADGE</b> (1947) – 25 February 2016	<b>ANTHONY PHILIP LEES+</b> (1950) – 16 March 2017
<b>JOHN KELSEY</b> (1939) – 10 June 2016	<b>WILLIAM GRETTON JONES</b> (1943) – 18 September 2002	<b>BERNARD ANTHONY WEIR</b> (1947) – 24 October 2007	<b>MARCEL TRAVERS SMITH</b> (1950) – 24 April 2016
<b>TREVOR DOUGLAS SALTER NICHOLS</b> (1939)	<b>JOHN COLIN CAMERON LEACH</b> (1943) – 13 February 2017	<b>FREDERICK HUBERT ALLEN</b> (1948) – 22 December 2014	<b>ELLIS GEORGE FREDERICK TINSLEY+</b> (1950) – 4 November 2015
<b>DAVID EDMOND STRACHAN PERY-KNOX-GORE</b> (1939)	<b>GRAEME STUART FERGUSON MACKENZIE</b> (1943) – 9 August 2016	<b>ALAN DAVID JEFFERY</b> (1948) – 29 August 2016	<b>ANGUS JOHN DUKE+</b> (1951) – 22 September 2016
<b>ARTHUR NEWCOMBE WILLIS+</b> (1940) – August/September 2016	<b>JOHN EPPES MAYNARD</b> (1943) – 25 December 2014	<b>CLIVE WILLIAM LESTER</b> (1948) – 14 February 2015	<b>BRIAN RUSSELL FEINSON</b> (1951) – 14 April 2017
<b>DONALD KNOWLES BRIGGS+</b> (1941) – 18 November 2016	<b>BRIAN VICTOR SEALY</b> (1943) – 31 October 2006	<b>STANLEY LOVELL</b> (1948) – 14 January 2017	<b>ROY WILLIAM ARTHUR HUMPHRIES</b> (1951) – 5 April 2017
<b>IAN REGINALD DAVIDSON PROCTOR</b> (1941) – 28 February 2017	<b>CHARLES WILLIAM SOUTHERN</b> (1943) – 20 June 2016	<b>RICHARD HENRY MCPHAIL THIRD+</b> (1948) – 5 May 2016	<b>ARTHUR GORDON LYNE</b> (1951) – 1991
<b>GEOFFREY THOMAS SMAILES</b> (1941) – 7 January 2002	<b>CHARLES WALTER WHIPP</b> (1943) – 10 December 2016	<b>ROBERT EDWARD FREDERICK WALTER</b> (1948) – 24 February 2011	<b>ALASTAIR KENNETH CAMPBELL MACMILLAN+</b> (1951) – 10 June 2016
<b>PATRICK ARTHUR GEORGE WITHERS</b> (1941) – 13 July 2011	<b>WILLIAM FRANCIS STUART BURT</b> (1944) – 3 October 2012	<b>GEORGE WILSON</b> (1948) – December 2016/January 2017	<b>EDWARD WILLIAM RALPH OAKDEN</b> (1951) – 5 October 2016
<b>BERNARD MACDONALD HENNELL</b> (1942) – 5 June 2017	<b>ROGER PHILIP EKINS</b> (1944) – 26 July 2016	<b>DOUGLAS SAXON COOMBS</b> (1949) – 23 December 2016	<b>JONATHAN ROBIN FRANCIS ARTHUR+</b> (1952) – 25 June 2016
<b>JOHN HEWLETT BRABAZON URMSTON</b> (1942) – 1 December 2016	<b>MICHAEL ROGER JOHN HOLMES</b> (1944) – 12 January 2017	<b>STUART HAROLD GROVES</b> (1949) – 1970	<b>DAVID JOHN BENNEY+</b> (1952) – 9 October 2015
<b>JOHN PAUL WOODHOUSE WARD</b> (1942) – 18 April 2013	<b>ALEXANDER LEWENDON MARTIN+</b> (1944) – 1 July 2016	<b>HENRY EDGAR HALL</b> (1949) – 4 December 2015	<b>PETER THOMAS PEARSON BURNES</b> (1952)
<b>THOMAS BABINGTON BOULTON+</b> (1943) – 1 July 2016	<b>GEOFFREY REGINALD PENDRILL+</b> (1944) – 19 December 2015	<b>JOHN OECKEN+</b> (1949) – 10 October 2016	<b>MARTIN COLEBROOK+</b> (1952) – 2 March 2017
<b>RUDOLF GEOFFREY WALDEMAR BRUNSTROM+</b> (1943) – 8 July 2016	<b>DEREK JOSEPH HARBOR BLISS</b> (1945) – 6 January 2017	<b>GAVIN DOUGLAS MAXWELL RENNIE</b> (1949) – about 2010	<b>OWAIN MORGAN RHYS HOWELL+</b> (1952) – 17 January 2017
<b>MICHAEL JOHN CULLEN</b> (1943) – 20 November 2010		<b>CHARLES KEITH STEVENS+</b> (1949) – 15 September 2016	<b>CHRISTOPHER ROGERS+ OBE</b> (1952) – 1 March 2017

**MUSTAFA MEDANI ABBASHAR**  
(1953) – about June 2016

**BRYAN KENNETH ADDISON** (1953)  
– 11 May 2017

**EDWARD WALTER LESLIE  
FLETCHER**† (1953) – 17 September  
2016

**ALAN ROGER HOLDER** (1953) –  
9 April 2017

**DONALD MACAULAY**† (1953) –  
28 February 2017

**KENNETH WILLIAM EDWARD  
CRAVEN** (1954) – 4 August 2016

**DEREK FLETCHER**† (1954) – 16 July  
2016

**ALFRED JEFFREY HINKSMAN** (1954)  
– 11 October 2003

**ARNOLD QUINNEY HITCHCOCK**  
CBE (1954) – 27 February 2017

**ARTHUR GEORGE JONES**† (1954) –  
29 March 2017

**JOHN BEDDOWS** (1955) –  
29 December 2016

**ARVIND CHARANJIVA**† (1955) –  
26 January 2017

**JULIAN WILLIAM THOMAS  
WIMPENNY**† (1955) – 7 January 2016

**CHARLES WILLIAM OLIVANT  
BROOKS** (1956) – 2 December 2016

**FREDERICK HORATIO COCHRANE  
EDGECOMBE**† (1956) – 17 November  
2016

**IAN WILLIAM GUTHRIE**† (1956) –  
26 December 2016

**HUGH ALBERT PUGH INGRAM**  
(1956) – 18 March 2017

**ROLAND HENDRICK JORDAN**  
(1956) – 13 November 2008

**JOHN DAVID HOLDAWAY** (1957) –  
24 September 2016

**ROBERT GORDON MOORE**† (1957) –  
17 November 2016

**REGINALD LEONARD SCHMIDT-  
SUTTON** (1957) – 15 July 2015

**MICHAEL CHARLES SHARP**† (1957)  
– 11 October 2016

**CHRISTOPHER JOHN BARLOW**  
(1958) – 26 April 2017

**ALAN EDWARD MARSH BRITTEN**†  
(1958) – 25 August 2016

**MICHAEL HENRY DAVIES** (1958) –  
28 June 2016

**JOHN BAIRD MACMILLAN** (1958) –  
11 April 2017

**JOHN ELWOOD MERWIN**† (1958) –  
31 December 2014

**PETER BRIAN AARVOLD** (1959) –  
about 2014

**FRANCIS WILLIAM ARIEL  
CRITTALL** (1959) – 21 August 2016

**PATRICK JOHN DRONFIELD** (1959) –  
22 May 2015

**FRANCIS MICHAEL GEORGE  
FANE**† (1959) – 13 February 2017

**RONALD GEORGE JAMES** (1959) –  
16 July 2016

**JOHN LINWOOD FIELD** (1960) –  
31 August 2016

**MACAILLAN JOHN HUTTON**†  
(1960) – 5 September 2015

**HERBERT ALLEN BLOUGH** (1961) –  
14 September 2016

**DONALD WALTER JOHNSTON**  
(1961) – 20 November 2016

**ADAM MARTIN JOHNS** (1962)

**JOHN EDWARD FRANCIS  
KIRWAN**† (1962) – 14 April 2017

**DAVID EWEN BURNS SELKIRK**  
(1962)

**GEOFFREY HINTON** (1965) – May  
2017

**ROBERT DAVID MCGLUE**† (1965) –  
6 December 2015

**GARY KILMER PRICE** (1965) – 2015

**HOWARD BRYAN SLATER** (1965) –  
23 April 2016

**GEOFFREY PAYNE** (1966) – October  
2016

**WILLIAM ALAN THOMAS** (1967) –  
31 May 2015

**MICHAEL JULIAN FLAY** (1968) –  
9 May 2016

**DAVID FRANK GIBBS**† (1968) –  
20 January 2016

**ALAN DOBSON**† (1971, Visiting  
Fellow) – 21 February 2017

**STEVEN EDWARD HENGENT**† (1971)  
– 20 December 2016

**EMMANUEL AKWEI ADDO**† (1977) –  
7 March 2017

**IRA DYER**† (1980, Visiting Fellow) –  
9 October 2016

**ELISE TOWNSEND PARTRIDGE**  
(1981) – 31 January 2016

**NICHOLAS DAVID WALKER**† (1989)  
– 30 August 2016

**JANETTE PATRICIA GRAY**† (1994) –  
24 December 2016

**JONATHAN SIMON CHRISTOPHER  
RILEY-SMITH**† (1994, Fellow 1994–  
2005) – 13 September 2016

**DAVID CHRISTOPHER GERVAIS**†  
(1996, Visiting Fellow) – 13 August 2015

**NICHOLAS JAMES RUSSELL**† (2006)  
– 31 August 2016

**RAFAEL BAPTISTA OCHOA**† (2011) –  
6 April 2017

**NEGAR MIRALAEI**† (2013) –  
26 October 2016



