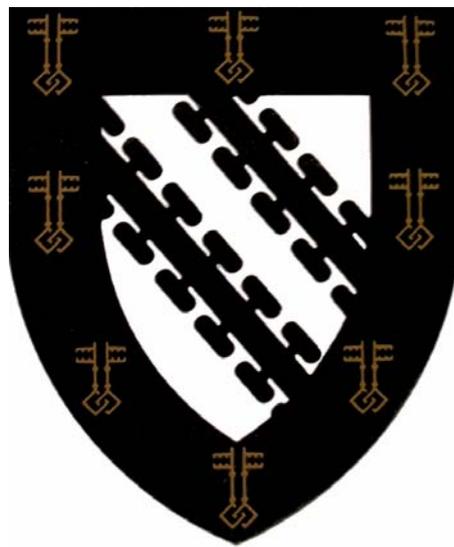


EXETER COLLEGE ASSOCIATION



Register 2004

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Contributors

Chris Albiston read Modern History before pursuing a career in the Metropolitan Police and then the Royal Ulster Constabulary. From January 2001 to January 2002 he was seconded to the United Nations as Police Commissioner in Kosovo.

Giles Barber is the son of Rector Barber. He has published extensively on French literature and bibliography, and was formerly Librarian of the Taylor Institute.

Mark Birch became College Chaplain in 2003. He was formerly a practising vet.

Liam Condon read English and is now working for a D.Phil. on late Restoration literary culture.

Peter Crill read Law. He was Bailiff of Jersey and President of the Court of Appeal of Jersey, 1986-95.

Andrew Harvey read Zoology. He took a Ph.D. at the University of East Anglia and has worked on various aid projects in Africa, the Middle East and Central Asia concerned with crop protection. Since 2002 he has managed the UN locust control programme in Afghanistan.

Jeri Johnson is Fellow and Tutor in English, and Senior Tutor

Matthew Lebus read English and is now the proprietor of *Cibo!*, an Italian restaurant in Summertown

Godfray Le Quesne read Greats and Modern History. He was Judge of the Courts of Appeal of Jersey and Guernsey, 1964-97, and Chairman of the Monopolies and Mergers Commission, 1975-87.

John Maddicott is Fellow and Tutor in Medieval History, Librarian and Archivist.

Dermot Roaf was Fellow and Tutor in Mathematics from 1961 until his retirement in 2004.

Brian Stewart is Fellow and Tutor in Mathematics, and was Finance and Estates Bursar until 2004.

Lorise Topcliffe was Sub-Librarian from 1976 to 2000.

Katherine Turner is Williams Fellow in English and has a particular interest in eighteenth-century travel literature.

Malcolm Todd is Professor Emeritus of Archaeology and former Principal of Trevelyan College, University of Durham.

Helen Watanabe is Fellow and Tutor in German and has just completed a second stint as Sub-Rector.

Michael Wrench read Modern Languages and after a period of teaching spent the remainder of his career working for the National Trust.

College Notes

After eleven rewarding years, I am leaving the handsome Lodgings, with its matchless views of heroic architecture and its splendid rooms for social gatherings and student musical evenings, for our family home on the Woodstock Road, built in the style of Edwardian ‘sweetness and light’, and blessed at the back with spectacular sunsets over Wytham Woods.

The year has been an eventful one for the University and the College, since we are now looking at the closing stages of the Government's funding arrangements for universities and, equally important, students. Meanwhile the structural reform of the University launched three years ago by the North Commission, and since presided over by our outgoing Vice-Chancellor, Colin Lucas, aims at a method of teaching that preserves the individuality of the tutorial, and is still delivered by College tutors. Most subjects now have an economic and potentially constructive innovation: middle-size classes organised in the departments and labs, in addition to tutorials. The Colleges are thus far reasonably content with the new arrangements, provided that they do not end up draining student fees from the Colleges to the departments. It is still the College that admits the students, and, at the end of each term, analyses their progress.

Exeter has been one of the front runners in raising money for bursaries that enable good undergraduates from families experiencing hardship to remain to complete their course. Many colleagues would like to see a University Office responsible overall for giving advice to students, to ensure that each student gets the best deal possible. One of the best impressions I am left with as I retire is that the University, and very notably Exeter, nowadays feel exceptionally responsible for our students, and for their well-being. The same can be said for the many Old Members who enable them to take their degrees and achieve a good start in life.

The Presidents of the MCR and JCR have given a wide-ranging view of today's students, including their sporting and theatrical achievements. Among other items of news I should mention the unusual feat of our historians in Schools this summer: five firsts out of eight candidates – Hannah Green, Matthew Green, David Legg, John Lucas and Hannah Parham. Congratulations should also go to those awarded Colleges Prizes, and to two exceptional leaders, the President of the JCR, Paul Coles, and the Organ Scholar, Timothy Burke.

In Angela Palmer (Fine Art), we have a most gifted artist, who has contributed to the Turl Street Arts Festival in the last two Hilary Terms, and also had her sculpture exhibited in London and Oxford.

Finally, I leave with a last item of good news. Thanks in no small part to the efforts over two years of Chris Waters, the outgoing Director of the Williams-Exeter programme at Oxford, our links with Williams College, a leading US institution, have been strengthened. Members of the Williams Junior Year programme at Oxford are now full members of the College and registered as Visiting Students by the University. In mid-September Jeri Johnson and Brian Stewart visited Williamstown for a few days, to discuss the Programme, and to meet Williams faculty and students on their home ground. We are convinced that students on both sides of the Atlantic have much to gain by mixing on sports fields and social occasions, and by establishing friendships that will in many cases be lasting. Oceanic friendships have a quality all their own.

May I end by thanking all of you who have written to say goodbye.

Marilyn Butler

From the President of the MCR

With all the undergraduates having gone home, and just a few graduate students remaining, frantically making up for lost time, I am contemplating the achievements of the Exeter College MCR. In the summer one sees more tourists than students around college and so it was only a matter of time before I was approached by an American lady in the front quad who asked me whether Exeter College was part of Exeter Boys School in the United States. I felt a distinct feeling of pride in explaining to her that this was probably not the case, primarily since Exeter College had seen the light of day well before Christopher Columbus set sail for the Americas! It reminded me of our long and rich history and I felt proud to be a

member of the college, and of the MCR in particular, which is full of talented and inspiring people from all corners of the earth.

The MCR continues to boasts a vibrant social life. Our social calendar saw the usual range of parties and exchange dinners; we enjoyed, for example, the hospitality of our Turl Street neighbour, Lincoln College, as well as our sister college in Cambridge, Emmanuel. A number of fancy dress parties provided a welcome opportunity to rummage deep into one's wardrobe, dig out that fetching 70s outfit and dance the night away in the MCR. More upmarket events included the strawberries and champagne garden party and, of course, the Medieval Ball; the special lighting lit up the College in a most fantastic way. The termly graduate High Table dinners provided a welcome opportunity to invite supervisors over to Exeter's impressive dining hall: a now well-established and cherished tradition. Apart from the 'official' MCR parties, a number of impromptu parties at Exeter House complemented the social calendar and helped to foster a great sense of community. The MCR continued to be the place where graduates retreated to discuss the finer points in life, with a glass of wine in one hand and a kebab in the other! The MCR has joined the worldwide web with its own website (www.exetermcr.com) containing the latest news, photos, etc.

We were once again reminded of the great achievements of former Exonians with a dinner in honour of Sir Roger Bannister to mark the 50th anniversary of his sub four-minute mile. During the after-dinner speech our attention was drawn to the extraordinary talents of Sir Roger, both on the athletics track and in the field of medical research. Although on a different level, the MCR can also boast its share of sporting achievements this year. Justin Bronder literally fought for Oxford in the Varsity boxing match and was both awarded a blue and named man of the match. Meanwhile, our Canadian social secretary Michael Werner obtained a blue in ice hockey. The achievements of the Boat Club should also not go unnoticed, with the majority of the men's First VIII consisting of MCR members. The men's First VIII put in a good performance in Torpids (where it only narrowly failed to de-throne

Oriel) and put out a competitive crew during Summer Eights, slipping one place as they were bumped by Magdalen, who managed to achieve three bumps and go head of the river.

We give our thanks to the outgoing MCR committee. Under the inspired leadership of Robyn Evans (President), Ciara Boylan (Treasurer) and Kris Anderson (Vice-President) many a party was organised and the smooth running of the MCR ensured. Relations with the JCR and the SCR remained very good and we are particularly indebted to the new tutor for graduates, Dr Keith Brain, who has been very willing to act as a champion for MCR affairs. The amicable and constructive efforts of the Home Bursar, Eric Bennett, have really been a great help to the growing graduate community, which has its own specific issues: in relation to graduate accommodation, for example. Rent negotiations have proved to be a relatively smooth affair, characterised by mutual recognition of the precarious state of higher educational funding and the already high financial contributions made by graduate students. We owe a great deal to our outgoing Rector, Professor Marilyn Butler, who has done a wonderful job as the Rector of the College for over a decade. We welcome Frances Cairncross as our new Rector and very much look forward to continuing the productive relations that exist between the MCR and SCR.

With the summer having truly arrived we look back on another successful year for both Exeter College and the MCR. I feel a sense of melancholy as many of our members have completed their courses and have returned to their respective corners of the globe. But I feel reassured that, like many who have come and gone before them, they have thoroughly enjoyed their time at Exeter and will go on to achieve great things.

Dirk-Jan Omtzigt

From the President of the JCR

From the student perspective this year had been yet another great one for the College. It is a mark of the continuing strengths of the Exeter JCR that no one achievement in a particular

sphere of student life has dominated; instead, we can look back proudly on twelve months of wonderful contributions in many areas by Exeter undergraduates.

One of the defining themes of this past year has been that of exciting change. In the *Register* last year the JCR President spoke with anticipation of the various developments and advances that the future held. Many of these have been realised in the year just ended and have contributed to a genuine improvement in the enjoyment of life here in College. Several new members of the SCR have all added to this atmosphere of fresh ideas; among them, the new Home Bursar and the College Chaplain, who have both made immensely positive contributions to undergraduate life. The Chaplain has brought his own style to Chapel; and the various out-of-chapel discussion events and bible studies which he has organised have been excellently attended. That the Chapel still plays a central role in College life is testament to the importance of the constant evolution in thinking that has been so evident this year.

This has in no way been limited to the spiritual aspects of life in Exeter. The arrival of several new members of staff has allowed the JCR to work alongside the College on numerous small issues, and the results have been a definite success. In place of the former inflexible arrangements for hall, we have adapted the system so that people can turn up at a range of times for the first hall. The bar now serves paninis and coffee (an unexpected but welcome continental twist to the undercroft!) and has been cleaned up to make it a much nicer place to enjoy a drink. But the most important issue this year for the JCR has been the renovation of Stapeldon House, the main offsite college accommodation. Just as last year, with the close involvement of the student body in the election of Rector and Chaplain, the JCR was able to play a key role in the discussions about the extent of the work to be undertaken and the improvements to be made. Exeter benefits enormously from the close working relationship that has been established between the SCR, MCR and JCR; and a common desire to see Exeter constantly improve has allowed us to avoid many of the schisms other colleges have suffered over issues such as rent. The work being carried out in Stapes has been at the top of the JCR wish-list for a while and it is great to see it happen.

As in recent years, the JCR has remained cautious in its political involvement, shunning the overly serious approach taken in some other colleges. However, when issues of real importance have arisen, members of College have made their presence felt; in particular, during the heated debate that took place on re-affiliation to the NUS, a motion that was ultimately passed. And while Exeter will not be taking itself too seriously on the political front any time soon, the new JCR executive is already engaged on a complete rewriting of the JCR Constitution, our own contribution to the evolving life of the College.

While many aspects of College life are changing and improving, one element of life at Exeter has remained constant: the exceptional efforts of Exonians in all areas of College and university life. Another strong showing in the Norrington table demonstrates that many undergraduates still know their way to the Library, and flourish with the excellent teaching and support that the College offers. This doesn't mean, however, that we have forgotten the way to the sports ground, music practice room or theatre (or indeed the pub...).

In sport this year we have had some great successes, with a high proportion of students getting involved in sport and more teams starting up. Involvement in College ranges from several key members of Blues teams, through to those who play and compete purely for pleasure. Some of the most notable achievements came from the rugby, cricket and rowing teams. The men's rugby team were double league champions, bringing a return next year to the top flights of college rugby. They managed an eleven-game unbeaten run, which was unfortunately brought to a close with defeat in the quarter finals of coppers to eventual finalists St Peter's. The cricket team were also league champions and secured promotion for next year. Remarkably, both rugby and cricket teams shared the same Captain, who was rewarded for his efforts at the end of Trinity by being voted Mr Exeter in the annual College awards. The women's rugby team enjoyed equal success, including a semi-final spot in Sevens Cuppers, having knocked out the previously unbeatable Teddy Hall.

For the first time in many years all three of the annual regattas took place on the Isis, the usual flooding having been avoided (with some boaties suggesting that global warming may

have some benefits after all). Numerous boats took part in the Christ Church novice regatta in Michaelmas term; the men's A crew emerged victorious and the women's A reached the final. After this great success Exeter entered more boats into Torpids than any other college: a sure sign of the continued popularity of rowing and of the interest shown by the first years. The men's and women's Second VIII's then proceeded to achieve blades, with the men getting four bumps and the women five. This contributed to yet more success, with Exeter topping the bumps charts and moving up more places cumulatively across all crews than any other college.

A women's basket ball team was formed for the first time and reached the final of cuppers, unfortunately to be narrowly beaten by Pembroke. Yet again there was wide participation in football, with four men's teams and a now fully established women's team. Unhappily the teams this year did not fulfil the potential they showed at the beginning of the year, but a revival was started with several victories by the women's team. As if that wasn't enough, the bar sports teams have had another excellent season, with Darts Cuppers, the men's pool team amazingly winning both league and cup, and the women's pool team now established as one of the sides to beat in the university.

In true Exeter spirit, many members of the JCR take the view that the only way to balance out exertions in these various sports is to participate in as many cultural and artistic events as possible. The Music Society has enjoyed another good year, with many different events now regularly established in the JCR calendar. Band nights have been great fun and the number of College bands seems to be growing as a result, probably to the joy of the staff in the Radcliffe Camera, who get treated to Exeter's finest during the annual 'Party in the Park' concert. The purchase of a new PA system for the bar over the summer will be a great addition to College Entz next year, if only because cheesy music during Bops sounds better the louder you play it. The same could be said for the brilliant new CD that has been released by the College Choir (the former Organ Scholar reminds you that copies are still on sale!), which they have followed up with several successful tours.

In drama, as in all other areas of extra-curricular life, contributions have ranged from the College revue (definitely just for the laughs) through to several Exonians treading the boards in some of Oxford's biggest productions. One of the most unusual, and best, contributions of the year was a Passion Play in the Fellows' Garden, which formed part of yet another tremendously successful Turl Street Arts Festival. For the sake of good music and drama, we again managed to bury the traditional Exeter-Jesus rivalry in order to enjoy a brilliant week of concerts and plays (although defeat in Tennis Cuppers quickly restored the old competition!).

One final area of College life that is often overlooked is the contribution that the JCR makes to various areas of charitable work. ExVac, the College's own vacation project, has gone from strength to strength, thanks to the hard work and dedication of numerous JCR members. This year one ExVac fundraising highlight was an auction of promises which raised hundreds of pounds. The prizes included breakfast in bed served by French waitresses, dinner dates with some of the most glamorous members of the JCR, and a sponsored silence for some of the more vocal in College. This is really only the tip of the iceberg for Exonians, with involvement across a whole range of charities: from helping children in Oxford who have English as a foreign language to working in hospices. Motions in the JCR for charity money came from Exonians involved in good works across half a dozen different countries in the developing world. With the pressures of term time always present, it is a huge credit to the JCR that so many students are able to contribute their time and effort in this way.

Next year is going to be an exciting one for the College, with the arrival of the new Rector and with the new staff having found their feet. The JCR is looking forward to establishing a positive working relationship with Frances Cairncross. It will, however, be very sad to see some great people leave. We would really like to thank Professor Marilyn Butler for the brilliant job that she has done as Rector; the JCR will certainly miss her. The JCR is now in good heart and we are looking forward to reading about future developments

and successes in next year's *Register*. Let's hope that next year will be even better than this one.

Paul Coles (Chemistry, 2001)
JCR President

Michael Hugman (PPE, 2001)

Marilyn Butler

The following speech was made by the Sub-Rector at a farewell party for the Rector on 2 July 2004.

Rector, Exonians,

How wonderful it is to see this gathering here tonight representing, as it does, a cross-section of the College community which, as well as the Fellows and lecturers, contains members of the College staff from all departments and some very distinguished and loyal old members. We are honoured that several Heads of House could come tonight and we are particularly happy to welcome two of Marilyn's three sons.

Why are we gathered here? Well, it is most definitely not to say goodbye. We have absolutely no intention of saying goodbye to you, Marilyn. You are not escaping us that easily. To ensure that you come in to lunch and dinner very often, we have elected you to an Honorary Fellowship. And, I envisage you – come October when the rest of us are all running around like mad things – sitting just up there, in Duke Humfrey's Library, at those windows we can see through the marquee, gazing benevolently down on Exeter College garden and wishing us all well.

Thinking about today, I have been mulling over the question as to how it is possible to make a mark on a College – an institution that has existed for so long, that will exist, we hope, for as many centuries again, and which we its members feel makes its mark upon us. Of course, Marilyn will go down in history as the first female Head of House of a former

men's college in either Oxford or Cambridge. But apart from that historical claim to fame, how does an individual make a mark on a College?

Marilyn has made her mark here first and foremost by doing what the College exists to do, and doing it superbly well.

Research: For instance, to name but a very few of her recent publications, the great twelve-volume edition of Maria Edgeworth's works, her edition of the 1818 text of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, her work on William Blake for the Tate Museum, or her entry on Jane Austen for the new *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*. This work has continued her life-long interest in how literature fits into the history of ideas and how science, art and philosophy are linked with it. So too have her many articles, papers, reviews, lectures and keynote speeches delivered and published all over the world.

Marilyn's work as an academic has been recognised by the award of no less than eight honorary degrees. In Germany if you have more than one honorary degree, you are allowed to call yourself Dr.Dr. h.c.mult. Eight honorary degrees surely qualifies you to call yourself something like Dr.Dr, h.c. max. She has been elected a Fellow of the British Academy, and is one of the few female honorary members of the US Academy of Arts and Sciences. At the same time, Marilyn has always been a tutor. She has always given tutorials to undergraduates of the College reading English. And this was visible at Rector's collections when she would say things like: 'You *are* going to look over those essays in the vac and identify and fill the gaps, aren't you?' Or, 'Have you the facilities to work at home during the break?' It was clear that this was a tutor talking. She has always given lectures too, for instance, for the Women's Studies M.St. And I personally remember with deep gratitude the support and encouragement she gave us when we were setting up that degree.

She has therefore made her mark by being and doing what the College exists to be and do.

There is also her service on many University committees and also on national bodies of all kinds – the Arts Council, the AHRB, HEFCE. And she has played a huge role in

appointments at all levels in the College, in the University, and in the wider academic community throughout Britain. Here at home, the harmony for which the Exeter SCR is famous is in large measure due to her.

But there are other ways of making your mark. I thought this down at the river at the end of Fifth Week, as I watched ‘Marilyn Butler’ skimming over the surface of the Isis, bearing eight well-set-up and well-muscled young female undergraduates, the same ones who took Blades at Torpids. For one of the College boats has been christened ‘Marilyn Butler’.

Another way she has made her mark is visible on the Turl Street front of the College. Go out into Turl Street (get off your bike if you don’t want to get killed), lean your back up against Jesus and look up at the Front to the right of the Lodge.

Here you will see a series of gargoyles representing:

Marigold archer roundels eye lion yew neptune

Then 1993. Then: Bells unicorn twins lamb ear Roman (nose)

As Oxford tour guides will tell you, this acrostic spells out the name ‘MAUREEN BUTLER’. You are really famous once you have turned into an Oxford non-fact.

But when we think of Marilyn, we also think of David. Where would Marilyn be without David? He is the living contradiction of the old joke that, behind every successful woman, there is a man trying to hold her back. The support he gives Marilyn, the pride with which he regards her achievements, are delightful to watch. I do not speak here of his own distinction as a scholar and his own international eminence. He has put up manfully with the many calls we have made on Marilyn’s time and we thank him most gratefully for his patience and support.

So we are gathered here tonight to celebrate Marilyn and David.

I ask you to raise your glass and drink to them both and wish them many happy and fruitful years among us. [Toast]

Now, one of the things Marilyn has taken a particular interest in is the arts at Exeter – the musical evenings in the Lodgings – of which one of the stalwarts, as he is of the Choir, is

Nicholas Mumby, the man in charge of the music tonight. Marilyn has also been a great supporter of the Turl Street Arts Festival and she has been particularly interested in the very considerable literary achievement of Exonians.

Recently she has taken a particular interest in the career of a certain Second-Year Fine Artist, a rising star in the art world: Angela Palmer. Angela has been working for some time on a project called ‘Topologies of the Mind’. These pieces are based on MRI scans of heads carried out by the neurophysiologist Dr Mark Lythgoe of UCL and Great Ormond Street. This particular piece is based on a scan of Angela’s own head. Angela has therefore etched a series of MRI slices through her own brain onto glass. One of the inspirations for this is an exhibit made out of perspex in 1942 by Dorothy Hodgkin.

So Angela’s work, like Marilyn’s, links art and science. What has Marilyn been engaged on all her life but investigating ‘topologies of the mind’? And the fact that this is all linked with such a leading British woman intellectual as Hodgkin ties in neatly with today’s *Guardian* in which Marilyn (and our Rector-Elect) are both listed as women intellectuals of today.

Marilyn, it gives me great pleasure to present you with this work of art from all your friends at Exeter.

Helen Watanabe

* * * * *

From the Senior Tutor and Fellow in English

Helen’s speech captures Marilyn’s personality, sensibility and dedication to learning so well that it is hard to know what could be added to a portrait. Perhaps a bit of history, and an extra detail or two. My own friendship with the former Rector dates to long before her arrival at Exeter, to my own first arrival in Oxford as a West-coast American feeling much-displaced in the extraordinarily distinctive environments of Oxford University and St Hugh’s College.

She was my ‘Moral Tutor’, itself an office which summed up in its name what this arriving American came quickly to think of as the charming, seemingly antiquated aspect of Oxford. But I was soon to discover that though she was charming, there was nothing antiquated about Marilyn. To talk with her was to engage with an active, nay, restlessly and relentlessly inquisitive, intellect in motion. I vividly recall bumping into her in the St Hugh’s garden in one of my first weeks here, as she walked her beloved dog Sian (a sleek black beast who bore in her name Marilyn’s loyalty to her own Welsh roots) back to her rooms in the Woodstock Road. We said ‘Hello’, and Marilyn was off at great speed, speaking animatedly, and of course digressively, explaining in detail the precise and very particular problem she was currently mulling over in the composition of her book on Thomas Love Peacock. While I knew little more than nothing about Peacock (*I* was working on James Joyce, after all), I was immediately caught up with the problem, with the intellectual excitement she generated, itself the result of immersion in the production of scholarly works of the highest order.

It was an experience I have had repeatedly over the more than twenty-five years that I have known Marilyn. With each new book, edition, essay, review, she would engage me – and anyone else who showed the slightest bit of interest in the project of the moment – in conversations of substance and detail, of intricacy and humour, about science and literature in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century: on Coleridge and laughing gas and the writing of *Kubla Khan*, or Irish history and the encoding of subversive nationalist messages in the songs of the Ribbonmen, or William Blake and the materialist project of his printing procedures, or . . . the list seems endless. Her arrival at Exeter meant that this Fellow in English’s interest in – and knowledge of – ‘Marilyn’s period’ (never to be confused with what others would call ‘Romanticism’) increased exponentially. Thus my gratitude when she willingly, eagerly, agreed to teach tutorials in the period 1740-1832: I could imagine nothing better than that the undergraduates should experience firsthand this mind, this scholar.

When seven years later I became Senior Tutor, I came to discover another cause for gratitude. One of the jobs of Senior Tutor is to supervise the appointment of academics to the

College, whether permanent Fellows or fixed-term lecturers, Senior or Junior Research Fellows, or named senior scholars. This was something the Rector took very, very seriously, and which she relished: the former because she was dedicated to the project which is Exeter College and Oxford University, to the preservation of an academic and scholarly community of real distinction and vitality; the latter because it brought her into contact and conversation with other scholarly intellects from across the spectrum of academic disciplines. (She often remarked that an Oxford Senior Common Room at lunchtime was one of the great treats of her academic life, and one of the finest models available today of what an intellectual community should be: Engineers talking with Modern Linguists, Physicists with Lawyers, Mathematicians with English scholars. Such a remark itself characterizes Marilyn's intellectual predisposition.) Because she took appointments so seriously, she devoured the applications, the submitted written work, the references; she judiciously weighed this evidence with that of the interview and teaching presentation; her views were always sharp, acutely judged, incisive and invaluable. Perhaps her most lasting contribution to the life of Exeter will have been this, a contribution to the future which – through the Fellows and scholars she was instrumental in appointing during her tenure here – continues to generate the intellectual life and community that is, and will be for some time to come, Exeter College.

Jeri Johnson

Dermot Roaf

When Dermot retires from his Fellowship in September he will have completed forty-three years service to the College – no fellow elected in the last 150 years has served longer. It is not, however, a hoary-headed elder who is retiring. As Rector Crowther-Hunt put it, 'Let us hear what the younger fellows are thinking – Dermot ...?' That feeling, that Dermot is really one of the younger fellows, has not faded. Over the years he has brought to College meetings

and committees fresh new insights; and he continued to act as a valued Adviser of Undergraduates (Moral Tutor) until recently.

Dermot has served on the Investment and other committees regularly and as a College Officer from time to time. More importantly, it is to Dermot that the College has repeatedly turned in emergencies or difficulties. Has the Bursar been unhorsed (literally or metaphorically)? Dermot must stand in. Who can be trusted to chair an appeal committee fairly and carefully? We must have Dermot. Is there a difficult personnel matter? Perhaps Dermot can discover what the problems are.

Although the College already had a regular flow of mathematics students, Dermot was the first tutorial fellow in the subject. He was appointed before the University split up the Physical Sciences Faculty, and his teaching has always covered mathematics, especially applied mathematics, as well as theoretical physics. He has taught in college over 300 mathematicians, and perhaps 200 physicists. They have learned from him mathematics, and a way of looking at mathematics – ‘The aim of the first-year course is to learn not to divide by zero. You will get a lot of practice in this.’ But they have also learned more transferable skills. ‘The second aim is, not to write on both sides of the paper (at the same time)’; and social responsibility, ‘Don't bin any piece of paper until you have written on all its sides.’

Dermot has devoted enormous care in choosing in a fair way those with the most potential for the Oxford mathematics course. Once admitted those students have been supported and encouraged: but also expected to be independent and be treated as responsible adults. Pupils and tutors alike have enjoyed the welcoming hospitality which Dermot and Caroline have offered at St Margaret's Road.

Dermot's political activities will continue unabated in his retirement; he has just begun a stint as Deputy Leader of the County Council for Oxfordshire, of which he has been a member since 1981. He was Liberal Democrat Group Leader 1995-2000, and has been Leader of the Liberal Democrat Group on the Association of County Councils. His detailed

understanding of local government funding and finance is unrivalled. Dermot's public service was recognised by the award of a CBE in 1997.

We offer Dermot our thanks for all he has done for his pupils, his colleagues and the College. Personally, I could not have had a more supportive colleague and friend over the years, and am deeply grateful. We wish him and Caroline every good wish as he now (unbelievably) is enrolled with the emeriti. We look forward to seeing them regularly in College for many years – and to whispering to our juniors that ‘it was his great-great-great-great-grandfather who gave a rose window for the chapel’.

Brian Stewart

Dominic Donnelly

When I returned to Oxford in 1961 as the first Official Fellow in Mathematics for many years, the Rector (Kenneth Wheare) told me that I had a problem pupil. I was told that this young man (actually a few days older than I was) had come to Oxford as a graduate student in 1958, but had not been successful and had gone away in 1960. He was now returning in the hope of getting some piece of paper from the University, and the College thought that his best chance of this was to take Maths Finals in 1962. Because of his earlier time in College he would be overstanding for Honours, so the College would not be embarrassed if he did badly. The Rector added that he was an Australian son of an old member.

When I first met Dominic he showed little sign of his Australian origins (he had actually gone out to Australia as a schoolboy and then taken his first degree at the University of Western Australia in Perth). What he did show was great mathematical ability. We agreed that he would take options (Quantum Mechanics and Relativity) which he had not studied before, so that he would not be bored by repeating previous work. I reported this to the Rector, but he rightly regarded me as inexperienced and refused to apply for permission for Dominic to obtain Honours. At the end of the year he achieved the top mark in Finals. Although I have had many able pupils in the subsequent forty-two years of Finals, none of

them has obtained the top mark, so 1962 was in that sense my most successful year (due to Dominic's efforts rather than mine).

Dominic then left Oxford to work in industry, but soon came back to the Computing Department as Lecturer in Numerical Analysis . He returned to research and obtained his D.Phil. a few years later. He was elected to a Fellowship at Exeter in 1970, so for the last thirty-four years the College has had the same three mathematics Fellows. I was the soft tutor, Brian Stewart was (and is) rather harsher, but it was Dominic who most challenged our undergraduates and expected higher standards of understanding than we did. I do not think that we intended to remain as this team for thirty-four years, but none of us was so disaffected as actually to leave. We worked together examining the entrance candidates and helping the successful ones to obtain degrees or, in a small number of cases, to go elsewhere.

Dominic has lived in College (he is in fact the most longstanding College resident), in rooms overlooking the College garden. His views on undergraduate croquet in the garden have been forcefully expressed. He has served the College in a diversity of ways. He was Sub-Rector for some years in the 1970s and has been for many years Senior Member of the Music Society and Treasurer of the Senior Common Room. Although a Roman Catholic, he was also for a long time a member of the Chapel Committee. For his colleagues he has been a rich source of information on all manner of matters relating to the College's history and past members. If one wants to know the name of that biochemist who climbed mountains (was it in the 1980s?) or some examples of the foibles of Dacre Balsdon or the date of Rector Marett's death or whether it was Henderson or someone else who was Sub-Rector in 1922, Dominic is most likely to have the answer. He has done much to pass down the traditions of the College which help to make up its identity.

He is hoping to retire to the West Country, but we expect that he will frequently revisit us. We look forward to seeing him.

Dermot Roaf

Rex Whitworth (1916-2004)

Major-General Rex Whitworth, who died on 22 May 2004, was Bursar of the College from 1970 to 1981. He was one of the last of those military bursars who helped to shape the fortunes of most Oxford colleges for most of the twentieth century, and the penultimate in the line of Exeter bursars who managed both the College's estates and finances and its domestic affairs. As in most colleges, these responsibilities are now divided between two bursars. But Rex was much more than a representative figure. As one of his referees wrote in 1970, 'there cannot be many Generals who are former Scholars of Balliol, with a First in History and a distinguished historical biography to their credit'. Nor Oxford bursars either, one might add in retrospect. Rex had gone up to Balliol from Eton (it was another mark of his lifelong versatility that he had there been President of Pop) in 1935 and, after gaining his First, had tried unsuccessfully for the Foreign Office before joining the army in 1939. Commissioned in the Grenadier Guards in the following year, he fought in north Africa and Italy, later rising to command the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards in 1956-57 and to head the British Infantry Brigade Group in Berlin from 1961 to 1963. In effect he was British commander in Berlin, and this at the height of the cold war and at the time of the building of the Berlin wall. He was present when Kennedy made his famous 'Ich bin ein Berliner' speech and present too on a very different occasion as usher at Churchill's funeral in 1965. From 1968 to 1970 he was Chief of Staff, Southern Command, in the UK: the final phase in a military career almost as distinguished as anyone could hope for.

It was one mark of the range of Rex's interests and connections that his referees for the Exeter bursarship included a distinguished historian Fellow of All Souls, the Warden of New College and the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief Southern Command. But despite his high standing in several different worlds, Rex as bursar was never in the least pretentious or stand-offish. Although he could at times be gruff, (and when he was in a hurry he sometimes had a provoking habit of walking away while he was talking to you), he was a naturally modest, kind and unassuming man, who turned the same face to all comers. His staccato way

of speaking, with his sentences finished but sometimes unstarted, as well as his intellectual interests, might remind some of General Conyers in Anthony Powell's *Dance to the Music of Time*. The College staff always spoke of him as 'the General', a title which combined respect and affection with a mild and tacit element of badinage. In view of his invariable good nature it was a little unjust that he should have been the target of a famous and well-devised prank. In November 1972 a letter appeared above his name in *The Times*. 'Sir', it said, 'As I sit here at my desk overlooking the beautiful old quad of the college, wondering what the new day will bring, it strikes me that the longest word that I can make with one row of keys on my typewriter is the word "typewriter". Do you think that this is more than a coincidence?' For this apparently insouciant reflection – the work of a clever undergraduate reading English who had got his hands on some bursarial writing paper – Rex was pilloried in the *Daily Mirror* by Keith Waterhouse, who recognised a chance of getting at the idle upper classes when he saw one. 'This is how philosophers are born', ran the sub-heading. The joke was all the more unfortunate since, on the day when the letter was published, the College staff had fortuitously, and for the first and last time, gone on strike; and whatever else the Bursar was doing he was not sitting at his desk admiring the beautiful old quad. But this piece of undergraduate enterprise added something to the gaiety of nations (and especially to the gaiety of the Fellows) and was taken in good part even by its victim.

By comparison with more recent years, Rex's period as bursar was one of relative calm and stability in College. The financial situation was easier than it has since become and there were no large-scale building works on hand. The major change in his time came when the College 'went co-ed' in 1979; but on the bursarial front this brought nothing much more onerous than the introduction of full-length mirrors in the appropriate rooms. Not that the Bursar's job was an easy one, however. Before the office was divided, its holder needed a peculiar combination of skills – in management, in dealing with solicitors, surveyors and architects, in making the right staff appointments, in coping with heavy and often quite technical financial responsibilities, and in handling tactfully the day-to-day minutiae of

undergraduate grumbles about (as it might be) burnt toast at breakfast. Rex handled all this business shrewdly, calmly and effectively; not for nothing had he commanded the British army in Berlin at the time of the Cuban missile crisis. But of all the different parts of the job, the management of the College estates probably lay closest to his heart. The dinner in hall which he arranged for the College's tenants farmers and for the often isolated clergy holding College livings was a notable (and unfortunately never repeated) feature of his bursarship. As well as enlarging the College community, it combined two causes to which he was, by background and temperament, particularly sympathetic: the countryside and the Church of England. Born into the Worcestershire gentry, at Overbury on the slopes of Bredon Hill, he was a great country-lover and an enthusiastic sportsman, hunting, shooting and fishing throughout his time at Exeter and sometimes entertaining the lunch table with accounts of his exploits on the Spey or the Naver. He continued to hunt into his seventies, long after his retirement from the College. He was also a loyal churchman, a church warden and stalwart of the Historic Churches Preservation Trust. It is worth adding too that he was a deeply cultivated man, whose interest in, and knowledge of, the College pictures and silver (for example) was both an asset to the College and an outgrowth of a much wider cultural range.

But perhaps the most notable feature of his long career – much longer in the army than in the College – was the degree to which he was able to maintain and expand his historical interests and expertise. As might have been expected, his forte was military history: a genre often looked down on by academic historians, but in his hands a thoroughly scholarly and far from amateur pursuit. While he was in the Guards he had written a well-received life of Field Marshal Earl Ligonier, the commander-in-chief of the British forces during the Seven Years War. This was published by the Oxford University Press in 1958. It was followed by a history of the Grenadier Guards in 1974 and a biography of Cumberland, the reviled victor of Culloden, in 1992. His work on Cumberland was continued during a period of sabbatical leave from the bursarship in 1976. In these works the Scholar of Balliol came through, and his ability to research and write during two busy professional careers was remarkable. As

another of his referees wrote in 1970, 'Whitworth combines in unusual degree practical ability with academic distinction'.

The College continued to see something of him in retirement. He would occasionally come in to lunch, usually on his way to or from the Bodleian. Researching into his eighties (latterly it seems to have been recusancy and family history that preoccupied him), he remained his old genial self and gave the impression, as he had always done, of being a man who was both happy and fulfilled. No doubt his close family life and the breadth of his interests, never confined either to the army or to the affairs of Exeter College, contributed to his equanimity. 'He was a good man and did good things'. The College was represented at his funeral, which was held in his parish church at Stanford-in-the-Vale, by Dr Brian Stewart, until recently Finance and Estates Bursar.

John Maddicott

Martin Le Quesne (1917-2004)

Sir Martin Le Quesne died, after a long period of increasing disability, on 3 April 2004, at the age of 86.

Martin's father, C. T. Le Quesne, came up to Exeter exactly a hundred years ago. He came from Jersey as a King Charles I scholar. He had four sons, of whom Martin was the eldest, and all four followed him to Exeter. Martin was born and brought up in London, but the family spent much time in Jersey, and in Jersey Martin eventually made his home.

So Martin belonged to a strongly Exonian family. He was also part of the territorial connection which for more than three hundred years contributed so much both to the Channel Islands and to the College. Neither family connection nor territorial connection has much significance in Oxford today. In this sense Martin was a link with the College's past; also in a different sense, for he was one of the dwindling company of those who knew life in Exeter as it was before 1939.

He came up from Shrewsbury with a classical exhibition in 1936. He was a pupil of E A Barber for Honour Mods, and Dacre Balsdon and W C Kneale for Greats. He was an enthusiastic member of the College Boat Club. His dining-room in Jersey was adorned by his oar won in Torpids in 1937. Rector Marett was a friend, and had been tutor, of C T Le Quesne, and during vacations in Jersey Martin sometimes helped the Rector in the excavation of the famous Palaeolithic site at La Cotte de St Brèlade.

Martin was in the middle of Greats when the war began. Being told that he might be called up at any time, he did not return to Oxford for the Michaelmas term of 1939. He was called up into the Army in the spring of 1940, and in due course was commissioned in the 40th Field Regiment of the Royal Artillery. He served with his regiment in North Africa, in Italy and in Greece, where he was at the end of the war. He was then entitled, because he had been called up in the middle of his course at Oxford, to very early demobilisation. In October 1945, after 5½ years in the Army, he was back at Exeter *in statu pupillari*, though distinguished by the MA degree which under the regulations of the day, was conferred on him immediately on his return. He was one of those who took the lead in reviving College activities which had ceased altogether during the war or had been much diminished. He rowed in the College VIII in the first post-war Eights Week in 1946. He was the protagonist in bringing the Adelphi back to life.

On his return he had moved from Greats to Jurisprudence, but during the ensuing year he applied successfully for entrance to the Foreign Service. By 1947 he was in his first post, as a second secretary in Baghdad. There followed appointments in Bahrain and Rome, interspersed with spells in the Foreign Office. In 1960 he became Chargé d'Affaires, and then the first British Ambassador, in the new Republic of Mali, in West Africa. The rest of his career was devoted to the problems of Africa. He became one of the Foreign Office's leading experts on these problems and an increasingly important adviser of successive Secretaries of State.

One territory after another in Africa was emerging from colonial status to independence. This process led to rivalries within, and between, the new countries, and to tensions between them and the former colonial powers. There was consequently much scope for diplomacy, and opportunities for an individual diplomat to exert his own influence. Martin revelled in these opportunities and was well qualified to take advantage of them. He was a man of strong personality, never in the least devious or small minded. He was deeply interested in Africa and made many African friends. He was also a consummate host. Under him and his wife, Deirdre, his missions were renowned for the parties which they gave.

After his time in Mali, Martin was an Under Secretary in the Foreign Office from 1964 to 1968, and then for three years Ambassador to Algeria. He returned to London in 1971 to become Deputy Under Secretary of State for Africa and the Middle East. This was at the height of the difficulties over Southern Rhodesia arising from Mr Smith's UDI. Martin's position made him the principal official adviser to ministers on this intractable and festering problem. He made a large contribution to successive attempts – at that time unhappily not successful – to achieve a settlement.

In 1974 Martin became High Commission in Nigeria. The country was then under a military government headed by General Gowon. Early in 1976 he was ousted by a rival military group. Martin had succeeded in developing close relations with the General, and this made him an object of suspicion to the new government. When an unsuccessful attempt was made to overthrow them, they believed, with no justification, that Martin had some connection with the attempt. They demanded his recall. The British government had to comply, though expressing completely approval of his conduct. It was an unhappy and undeserved end of his official career.

Martin retired to his home in Jersey. He maintained his interest in Africa. He was chosen by the British government to be one of the independent observers of the elections in Zimbabwe in 1980, and he became a vice-president of the Royal African Society. He was very active in Jersey affairs and from 1978 to 1990 was a prominent member of the States.

Throughout his peripatetic career Martin maintained contact with the College. For many years he served on the committee of the College Association. His retirement left him free to strengthen these links again. He was interested in all that went on in the College and visited it on every opportunity. In 1990 he was elected an honorary fellow. No other honour could have delighted him more than this. He was a link with the College's past, but he did not live in the past. The College of which he became an honorary fellow was vastly different from the College in which he had been a freshman, but his devotion was unchanged. He was proud to be a member of our ancient institution and proud of its development to flourish in a new age.

He was appointed CMG in 1963, and KCMG in 1974.

Godfray le Quesne

* * * * *

Martin Le Quesne came to Exeter in 1936. He took a Second in Classical Moderations, but the war interrupted his Finals, in which he might well have got a First. He joined up very soon after the outbreak of war and served in the Royal Artillery. There is no need to repeat what was said in the broad sheets about him, but I would like to add one or two things.

Martin was more a contemporary of my elder brother, who was eight years older than I, and it was not until the latter part of his life that the age gap closed and we became good friends and indeed colleagues in Jersey's Government. That was not the position in 1945 when, on his return to College, the Boat Club elected him Captain of Boats. He had stroked the First VIII in 1939. It soon became clear, as *The Times* hinted, that he regarded the post as requiring a good measure of gubernatorial style. Friction arose in the Boat Club at the end of Hilary Term 1946 and my fellow members made it quite clear to me that as a fellow Jerseyman I had the unpleasant duty of telling Martin that his attitude had to change or there would be no Boat Club. Trinity Term was delightful as Martin put himself out to be pleasant to all the members.

Many years later, when I was Bailiff of Jersey and he had just left the States of the Island, he was of the utmost support to me in the face of unbridled emotion and criticism when I had to ask the Home Office to sack my Deputy for unacceptable delays in the delivery of his Judgments. He was also involved in the creation and setting up of a Jersey Arts Council and Centre for performing and visual arts. One of his most endearing attributes was his ability to change his mind if he thought the arguments of those on the other side should prevail. During his time as part of the Government of Jersey there was a great fuss over a proposal to flood a rather nondescript valley to build a reservoir. Dr Bellamy came over and marched and all the *bien-pensants* were out in force. I was presiding over the States on the day the proposal was debated and Martin made a trenchant and unanswerable case against it. To everyone's astonishment when the vote was taken after the luncheon adjournment he voted in favour, justifying his volte-face by saying that he had listened to the counter arguments and had found them persuasive. He always retained a great love for Jersey and immersed himself fully in its life, politically and culturally. He was a great gardener and as might be suspected knew the botanical names of his plants which he used to plant in obscure corners and then forget them. The family called these areas the 'elephant's graveyard'. He was also a keen low-water fisherman and kept to himself the whereabouts of those pools where one could expect to find large numbers of prawns. Like my father, when he took friends prawning he would send them off in different directions to fend for themselves whilst he made for his favourite places. Perhaps that is a common failing of all fisherman.

All in all, he was remarkable man.

Peter Crill

Ian Murdoch MacLean (1922-2004)

Ian Murdoch MacLean, who died at Harrogate on 22 January 2004, was the eldest son of Colonel and Mrs Charles Allan MacLean, Tobermory, Isle of Mull. He was born at Ranchi,

Bihar, India, on 12 October 1922 and spent his early years at Kanki, an experimental farm run by his father, then a Deputy Director in the Indian Agricultural Service. Mornings were spent riding his pony, Cinnamon, followed by lessons with his mother. His formal education began in 1930 at Tobermory School, where he quickly developed his sporting and scholastic talents.

In 1934 Ian and his brothers, Ronald and Allan, entered George Watson's College, Edinburgh, where he had a distinguished career, culminating in becoming Captain of School, Captain of Rugby, Victor Ludorum and Sergeant Major of the OTC. Holidays were spent on Mull, golfing, swimming, fishing, cycling, tennis-playing and hiking with brothers, cousins and friends. The war put an end to this idyllic life, and he joined the Royal Marines on leaving school in 1941. After initial training at Thurlestone, Devon, he was posted to the 2nd Battalion in 1942 at Dunblane, Perthshire, with the rank of Lieutenant, rising to Captain in the following year. In 1943 he was appointed to the command of a flotilla of landing craft and took part in the Normandy and Walcheren landings in 1944 before becoming Commanding Officer of the 33rd Battalion, with the rank of Major, at the age of 22. After the war he served as Chief Instructor at the Royal Marine depot on Canvey Island until his demobilisation in 1946, which allowed him to play rugby for the Wasps in his spare time.

In 1946 he came up to Exeter to read PPE and to pursue his passion for rugby. He captained the College side which won the Collegiate League Championship in 1948, played for the Greyhounds and was elected to Vincent's, the university sportsmen's club. After graduation in 1949, he joined Evans Medical Ltd in Liverpool and, following a period of industrial training, took charge of their operations in north-east England before transferring to Rank Hovis and McDougall in 1956 to manage one of their subsidiaries in Bradford. Subsequently he became Managing Director of Clayton Brothers Ltd, which he restored to profitability only to see the firm sold to Canada Dry, leaving him jobless and thoroughly disillusioned with the business world. A chance encounter introduced him to the financial planning industry and he set up his own highly successful company, MacLean Associates

Ltd, in Knaresborough, Yorkshire, in 1967. He retired twenty years later to enjoy the amenities of the Harrogate Golf Club, alternating with visits with his wife, Ingrid to their apartment in St Petersburg, Florida, to indulge in some excellent fishing. Above all, however, he was content with a simple way of life enjoying the company of family and friends. He was a strong supporter of the 43rd Royal Marine Commando Reunion and served as its treasurer for many years. He was also a past President of the Yorkshire Watsonian Society.

In 1944 Ian married Stella Chivers, of Eskbank, Midlothian, and they had three children, Christine, Charles and Neall. Then in 1969 he married Shirley Nutley, mother of Timothy, Julia and Fiona. Subsequently, in 1992, he married Ingrid Kaye and became step-father to Deborah. Ingrid cared for him devotedly, especially during his last years, when he suffered from the debilitating effects of pulmonary fibrosis. His passing leaves a void in the hearts of many, and the memory of a loving, gallant and true gentleman.

His ashes were laid to rest in his parents' grave in Tobermory, Isle of Mull, in line with his wishes. If an epitaph were needed, Ian would certainly have approved of Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Requiem', a favourite quotation of his, especially the last three lines:

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Ronald MacLean

Exeter College Chapel 2003-2004

This year has been an exercise in trying to fill the distinguished shoes of my predecessor (a fine pair of brogues from Walter's, no doubt). I inherited a lively and theologically diverse

Chapel community, augmented over the three terms by some very impressive first-year students, among whom it has been a constant privilege to minister. The pattern of services has remained fundamentally the same, although at Morning Prayer we now use 'Daily Prayer', rather than the Book of Common Prayer; but Evening Prayer and Evensong remain largely as Thomas Cranmer would have intended. Particularly notable this year were the termly Corporate Communion – at All Saints Tide, Candlemas, and Pentecost – when 80-100 people joined in worship and a good dinner, and were then lured to the Chaplain's rooms for port and chocolates. Sharing in the joy of the Gospel is made so much easier when you have a generous entertainment budget!

The worship continues to be immeasurably enhanced by the Chapel Choir, both at Evensong on a Tuesday, Friday and Sunday, and at the particularly beautiful and tranquil evening Eucharists on Feast Days. Trinity term saw the premiere of a dramatic new setting of the evening canticles written by Jonathan Bridcut, one of the academical clerks. I suspect they may well become a regular fixture on the music list, and it is hoped that this is just a taste of more good things to come.

A particularly vicious bout of laryngitis kept me from accompanying the choir on tour to Vienna and Salzburg just before Christmas 2003. Not sparing my feelings, they still had a wonderful time. At the time of writing, plans are being made for a trip to Exeter Cathedral, where the choir will be singing the services through the first week of September. There are also plans to visit one of the parishes of which the College is patron – Menheniot, in Cornwall – where we are promised a warm welcome and liberal quantities of freshly-made clotted cream. Having spent Holy Week preaching in that parish, I can vouch for the quality of both.

The choir has been particularly blessed over the last year with two organ scholars who have complemented one another superbly. It is sad to be saying goodbye to Timothy Burke, who has brought colossal energy, suave urbanity and regular hilarity to the life of the Chapel. However, it is a cause for great encouragement to know that we still have Stephen Wood,

whose supreme air of informality and nonchalance belies a soaring talent as conductor and organist. There are others who are going to be greatly missed for their contributions to Chapel life. Robin Hopkins has served with great diligence both as Bible Clerk and as theological bloodhound, sniffing out any hint of complacent conservatism, particularly in the Chaplain. Lisa O'Shea has not only been an exemplary Chapel Clerk, keeping the rotas in good order, but has also been invaluable to the 'new Chaplain', reminding him of duties he might otherwise have forgotten (such as organising the Chapel dinner). We are also saying a very fond farewell to Emily Shaw, who as Sacristan, and latterly as Choral Bursar, has put great love and devotion into everything she has done. I hope the churches to which these, and the other leavers move will know how much they are gaining in these young people. We at Exeter are certainly going to feel a great loss.

Lastly, Hugh Wybrew is retiring as Catechist this year, at the same time as he retires as Vicar of the Church of Mary Magdalen. His associations with the College have lasted over many years and have been of great benefit to fellows and students alike. It is good that he now has membership of the SCR in his own right so that the relationship with Exeter will not come to an abrupt end. His intelligent preaching, matchless hospitality and sheer presence have been a great blessing.

There have been many highlights to the year, but particularly unforgettable will be the short retreat taken by eleven of us just after Easter. The long journey to Pembrokeshire proved to be well worthwhile, and the time went by all too quickly. The quality of contributions to the Bible studies was only surpassed by the quality of the food prepared for us by members of the group. Particularly to be commended are Nick Widdows, Tom Pugh and Dave Harvey, in whom spiritual maturity and culinary talent seem to go hand in hand. Dave was also central to an unexpected re-enactment of the Ascension, whilst kite-flying on a blustery afternoon on Newport sands. He would indeed have been 'lifted up... out of their sight' if someone hadn't kept a firm hold of his feet!

It is always a joy to see hearts and minds being enlivened by the faith, and it was particularly moving to see Rebecca Kroesen baptised, and both she and Lotte Kestner confirmed on Trinity Sunday. David Jenkins, the former Bishop of Durham, gave so generously of his time that day, including a sermon at Evensong which was certainly the most controversial of the year, eliciting the widest range of responses imaginable.

It remains a great challenge, both to seek reconciliation between such a variety of modes of Christian discipleship, and trying to witness to the wider College community in a manner that will inspire and excite them with the possibilities of the Gospel. Providing more opportunities for intelligent and faithful questioning, in both formal and informal settings, will be a priority for the year to come. It is encouraging to be approaching the new academic year knowing that a significant number of students will be returning who show that intelligence and faithfulness, far from being antithetical, actually augment one another. In our sceptical age, these are indeed bright lights in this generation, and it is both humbling and a privilege to be their Chaplain.

Mark Birch
Chaplain

Nearly a Hundred Years Ago

The following article appeared in the Stapeldon Magazine for 1908. ‘BWH’ was B W Henderson (1871-1929), Fellow in Ancient History from 1901 and Sub-Rector at the time when this article appeared.

Letters from Abroad

[In answer to the invitation expressed in the last number of the *Magazine*, I have received permission from several old members of the College who have in recent years gone Eastwards to publish selections from their letters. Of this permission I now gladly avail myself. May I again repeat to old members of the College the Editorial desire to receive contributions from them? The tale of their present life and experiences is not only of interest in itself, but must prove of

profit also to those in the College who may hereafter be following in their steps. The first of this series, entitled 'From the Punjab', was published in vol. ii, No. 8, December 1907.

B. W. H.]

II. FROM CEYLON.

Jan. 9, 1906.

(a) I am at Kegalla, the head of a district in the province of Sabanagamuwa, ¹ and Assistant to the A.G.A. (Assistant Government Agent) for the district of Kegalla: he and I are the only two Englishmen here.

My work is taken up between the office on Kachcheri ² and the Police Court. I sign cash-books ³ so as to get used to the system of accounts, and am also allowed by the A.G.A. to read petitions and suchlike, whereof there are many and chiefly against the A.G.A. himself. At Christmas time there was a small riot while the A.G.A. was on leave, and the police took occasion to be tactless. Most of them are suspended during an inquiry. The A.G.A. goes on circuit to-morrow for four days, so I shall be in sole charge: probably there will be another riot.

b) From the *Stapeldon Magazine* for June, 1907: -

Personal. - Mr. F. H. Chambers, of the Ceylon Civil Service, seconded for service as Assistant Superintendent of Police in that Colony.

Feb. 25, 1908.

(c) You will think that I've succumbed to a cobra or to the knife of a Sinhalese bully. But I've been in the thick of exams at Colombo, and since then I've been busied with murders, Administrative Reports, and lies. For I am in charge of a Police $\sigma\alpha\tau\rho\alpha\pi\alpha$ of about thirty miles broad and sixty long; but the bulk of my energies is devoted to a portion of about one-third the length, where the people are crowded, prosperous, and bad. The low-country folk of this district are wild, and have learnt nothing except how to stab and to concoct cases against co-owners of their lands.

¹ Accuracy in the decipherment of names is not guaranteed

² I cannot offer an explanation, and must offer an apology to my correspondent if some hideous blunder lurks in the transcription

They are a blend of the Athenians in BC 450 and the mediaeval Italians of whom Macaulay writes. Minus a little of the culture of these ancients, they have all the $\rho\theta\rho\text{-}\phi\omicron\iota\text{-}\sigma\upsilon\kappa\omicron\phi\text{-}\nu\tau\omicron\text{-}\tau\alpha\lambda\alpha\iota\pi\omega\rho\text{-}\delta\omicron$ of the former, and all the revengefulness of the latter. [Please forgive Greek accents: the Sinhalese tongue has knocked Greek out of my head.]

The Policeman and the Student would appear to be far apart, but they do not really differ so much: though to chase criminals and pursue facts in Herodotus are hardly the same, one does get the chance to study people. The Sinhalese seem to be little known in England. They are a branch of the Aryan race, and are, as a rule, quick-witted: it is hard for them to relate a thing as it happened; they will approach a subject sideways, and try to conceal their object, not always successfully, as they are more tricky than deep.

Well – I must to work now.

F. H. C.

III. FROM THE SUDAN.

Any reply to this letter should be addressed to:- Civil Secretary, Sudan Government, Khartoum, and the following number quoted :

CIVIL SECRETARY'S DEPARTMENT, SUDAN GOVERNMENT.

Civil Secretary's Office, Khartoum, Feb. 25, 1908

I feel sure that there is so much of archaeological and historical interest in my letters that it would be a pity to withhold them from an enraptured public: on the other hand it must be clearly understood that they have been perpetrated by J. R. P. S.

When I was in Cairo I paid a visit to one Tyi, of whom you may have heard: she bears her 3300 odd years extraordinarily lightly, and if some of the worthy dames out here were half as well preserved, there would be many fewer aching bachelor hearts; in the museum there was one rather interesting casket given her by Amenhotstuff – I am not quite sure about the name – presumably when the matrimonial skies were clouded, or the cook had forgotten to put the chutney in the pancakes. Otherwise there was nothing doing.

³ This word gave some trouble: var. lect. 'cowbooks', 'cardboard'. But it might be Cingalese.

At great personal inconvenience and danger I have managed to discover the rate of exchange among the Lugware tribe, and if you think this momentous piece of news will not altogether unman R. R. M[arett], there is no objection to your imparting it to him:—

Forty arrows or three spears make one goat;

Two and a half goats make one woman;

Three women make one gun. [gospel].

Yet another item of information is that some bodies were unearthed the other day, wrapped in some feathery sort of stuff that baffled the ingenuity of all the archaeologists that brought their mossy impecunious brains to bear upon it. At last some bright spirit suggested that the test of fire should be applied to it, when the substance refused to burn, and was discovered to be asbestos. Breakfast-table problem:— Was this preparation an intelligent anticipation of the future?

I am still in Khartoum. The office in which I am is a many-sided one. Every one who has a grievance, and that is, every man, woman, and child in the Sudan, applies here. All who want higher rates of pay, balanced by shorter hours, apply here. If you lose your aunt, and don't want to find her again, you come here. Do you want leave, forage for your mule, a renovated camel, a new kind of cigarette, or a cup of coffee in the middle of the morning, we are at your service. Fortunately, there is a numerous staff of clerks, who do all the work while I sit in a Nirvanic contemplation. The Chief himself is a good fellow, normally as quiet as the quad after a twenty-firster or a Sunday evening. . . . For this reason I am all the more inclined to think that he will regret in a cooler moment his comments on the office cat, which was discovered, a proud mother, in the Strictly Confidential cupboard. However, anything is welcomed that breaks the monotony of stamp-licking against time.

For one blest week we left Khartoum, for a survey of the battlefield of Kereri. So far as anything can be tolerable in this country, this week starts at evens with 15-2, 15-4, and a pair's six. In some cases, no doubt, the result was satisfactory, though, speaking

personally, my sketch would have done equally well for a match in the Parks, or a meeting of the L.C.C.

However, we had at least a practical illustration of how to deal with scorpion stings, which is sure to come in handy later on. The scorpion is a playful little creature which lurks in your boot, and disputes the right of entry with your foot by curling its tail over. Then you die a rapid and painful death, if you are in bad health. 'Meanwhile' (as the Platonic lecturer remarks, who is at a loss for a fitting conjunction to connect two wholly irrelevant and incompatible sentences), you slice the foot with a razor, rub in raw ammonia, and drink two bottles of neat whiskey. The prescribed treatment was faithfully carried out in the case that we saw, except that the patient was given raw gin instead, as being cheaper, albeit not so efficacious.

My Arabic makes but sorry progress, and it takes me all my spare time trying to make the lop-eared-knock-kneed-ninety-round-the-seat-of-the-appetite merchants understand that, when I ask for Coronation biscuits, I don't want three pounds of bacon, or a pair of skates.

J. R. P. S. is preparing a nice little nest-egg for his latter days, and at the expense of an innocent industrious peace-at-any-price novice yclept H. C. J., and on this wise:—

Some two months ago he offered to let me ride his mule on condition I put up a notice in the Club to the effect that a likely mule was for sale. As he demanded a fabulous sum, which I knew he could never get, I closed at once and had visions of a fiery untamed to be my own possession for many days, until he got tired of waiting for Rothschild to come along, when I would have willingly offered him my old tennis racquet for it. Far, far better would it have been if I had timeo 'd the Danaos when *dona ferentes*. The mule developed a sore back the day J. R. P. S. left for the distant south, and the only time I have ventured to ride it at all it went lame. For two weary months has that mule eaten his head off at my expense, and grown so fat that it weighs about as much as three elephants and a giraffe.

Some Early Photographs of Exeter College

Mr Iain Zaczek, former Wadham historian and friend of the late Simon Pointer, Exeter historian, has recently brought to light some of the earliest known photographs of the College, mounted in an album which he has very kindly made available for the *Register*. The album's original owner may be identified from the initials 'W.W.G.' stamped on its battered cover as William Ward Goddard, who was born in 1843 and matriculated at Exeter in January 1862. Patric Dickinson, another Exeter historian and now Richmond Herald, has provided some details of William's family background and later career. The Goddards came from Speen, near Newbury, and had an earlier connection with the College through Daniel Ward Goddard, William's uncle, who came up to Exeter in 1829 and died in 1884. William's father was a draper, and William's own career was not academically distinguished. Graduating in 1864 with a Fourth in the new school of Law and Modern History, he went on to train for the ministry at Wells Theological College. The album contains an evocative memento of his time there in a snapshot showing the Wells theologians playing cricket against Cheddar on a sunny day in June 1865, against the background of Cheddar church tower and the ridge of the Mendips. After ordination in 1866 William held a series of curacies and livings in southern England, beginning as curate of Wittersham in Kent and finishing as vicar of St Peter's Bournemouth, where he died unmarried in 1916, aged 72. In 1890 he had been left a fortune by a maiden aunt, giving him independent means for the rest of his life. His executor was Ernest Goddard, a distant cousin, who has a vicarious claim to fame as the younger brother of Rayner Goddard, the celebrated (or notorious) Lord Chief Justice.

William's photograph album covers his years at Exeter and Wells in the early and mid 1860s. Much of what it contains has no Oxford connection: commercial portraits of notable people, such as the Queen Victoria and the bishop of Oxford, souvenirs of holiday at home and abroad in Dovedale and northern France, and the record of an unlocatable and leisurely

croquet match, the gentlemen in top hats and frock coats, the ladies in crinolines. But it is the photographs of the College that matter most to us. Preceded by a few others dating from the late 1850s, at the time of the building of the new library and chapel, and published in the *Register* for 1992, they are not quite the College's oldest. But they do include the earliest known photographs of the interior of the College hall, of undergraduates and – a particular rarity – of College servants. All these are reproduced here.

The snapshots of the hall interior have a particular 'then and now' resonance (figures 1 and 2). In the 1860s Matthew Peters's gigantic 'portrait' of Bishop Stapeldon (né Bossuet) presided, as it still does, over the high table end of the hall; and several other pictures are recognisable in slightly different positions – Rector Prideaux, then top left above the high table, has now gone to bottom right, and Anthony Ashley-Cooper, earl of Shaftesbury, sporting his coronet, has gone from bottom left to top right. The hall can be seen to have been lit by gas brackets, first introduced in 1820 (electricity was not to follow until the 1890s). The panelling behind the high table is solid and has not yet been cut through and provided with a door to give direct access to the S.C.R. That was to happen only in the 1920s. The furniture appears to be identical to today's. Close inspection on the ground suggests that the tables and benches of the 1860s remain in situ in 2004 (when were they made?), and the 'Gothick' backed chairs around the high table – dating from the 1820s? – are certainly those still in everyday use. Of the exterior views in the album perhaps the most striking (figure 3) is that displaying the College from Trinity tower, across Broad Street, and showing the neat Georgian corner buildings demolished in the late nineteenth century to make way for the red-brick block of what was to become Parker's Bookshop. The great Jesus chestnut already spreads across the Turl.

Of more human interest are the group photographs of undergraduates and College servants. Figure 4 is headed 'Group of Exeter Men 1864'. They are shown standing and sitting against one of the ground-floor windows in the main quad; at a guess, perhaps the west window of the Morris Room. What immediately strikes the observer – and this is a feature of

almost all undergraduate photographs before 1918 – is how old they all seem to be. Though none can be more than twenty or so, they have the look of the well-to-do early middle-aged. This is not just a matter of the distancing effect of such period features as beards, moustaches, hats and heavy formal clothes. The whole cast of the face is somehow different from that of any modern undergraduate – larger, smoother, more sombre, more regular. Why this should be so remains a puzzle. The same impression is conveyed by figure 5, ‘Exeter College Eight, 1864’: another group of slightly more dandified but equally elderly young men. Alongside this particular group should probably be placed ‘Harvey’ (figure 6). Holding a lifebelt slung over his clasped hands, this substantial and dignified figure must be the College boatman. Interestingly, the working-class man is named (Christian or surname?), while the undergraduates are not. Equally substantial are the twenty-two ‘men of pith and thew’ shown posed on the Hall steps in figure 7, ‘Exeter College Servants, 1864’. Some must be in their twenties, others probably in their seventies. The oldest may well have been born before the battle of Trafalgar. Unlike ‘Harvey’, they lack names, and unlike the undergraduates, they almost certainly go unrecorded in any College document. Perished as though they had never been, they remain part of the anonymous multitude who made the nineteenth-century college world go round.

A final picture, figure 8, has no connection with the College but is included for its general interest. It shows the Divinity School, next door to the College garden, set out with tables and chairs for university examinations: a reminder that the Examination Schools in the High Street, built by T.G. Jackson in the 1880s, did not yet exist and that there was once a different way of doing things.

John Maddicott

The Eric A. Barber Archive

The College archives have relatively few ‘personal’ holdings: small collections relating to the affairs of the eighteenth-century rector, Thomas Bray; C.W. Boase’s notes for the 1896

College Register along with his research and lecture notes; a miscellany of items from the desk of William Morris (most memorably his spectacles) and his correspondence relating to the chapel tapestry; the manuscript scores of much of the music of Thomas Wood, and a collection of letters between a late-nineteenth-century undergraduate and his family.

The Library was therefore especially pleased to receive from Giles Barber a substantial collection of writings and memorabilia relating to his father, Eric Arthur Barber, Rector from 1943 to 1956. EAB helpfully compiled a *vita* of his early years at 'Eversleigh' in Wellington, Shropshire and his adulthood up to the time of his appointment as Rector. His early life was dominated by his school years at lower schools in Wellington and, beginning in 1901, at Shrewsbury School. In Barber's day public school education centred on the classics, although EAB laments, 'a certain number of hours had to be spent – very unprofitably by most boys – on mathematics and Sunday afternoons were given to 'Divinity' which meant the Greek Testament...and curiously enough Tennyson's In Memoriam.... No instruction was given in modern languages, modern history or English literature.' EAB was clever and competitive and even moderately skilled at sports ('but never rowed'). In 1906 he won a classical scholarship to New College, moving successfully through a First in Mods and various scholarship competitions and ending with a First in Greats, largely due to his strength in the special subject of Alexandrian poetry. By 1911 he had gained a fellowship at Merton and in 1912 was lecturing at Exeter as well. He was elected to a Fellowship in 1913. He first moved into staircase 4 (then as now the fellows' staircase) but soon was assigned the set over the Broad Street gate from which he was required to maintain discipline over the back quad, at that time the rabbit-warren consisting of Swiss cottage, lavatories and ancient staircases later removed in the 1960s clearances and rebuilding.

In 1914 EAB joined the OUOTC and by 1915 was commissioned 2nd lieutenant in the King's Shropshire Light Infantry. The usual delays ensued during which time he was able to take courses in modern Greek at King's College, London. This, together with the German he had acquired on several visits to the Continent, resulted in his appointment as postal censor in

Liverpool. The Intelligence Branch then heard of EAB's language skills and sent him to Salonika in 1918. In 1919 he was sent to Constantinople where he remained until demobilised in May 1919, after which he spent the remaining weeks of Trinity term back at Exeter.

The *vita* finishes in a headlong rush, outlining his sub-rectorship, marriage, service as senior tutor and dean, and ending in 1943 with his appointment as Rector.

The archive itself is a thumb-nail sketch of the man and his love of Latin poetry. But interleaving the serious academic work are nuggets of ephemera showing a busy social life. Considering the short time he was in Salonika and Constantinople there is a remarkably large collection of theatre programmes. Cast lists printed on garish red, green or mauve tissue and in various combinations of Greek, Arabic and French, show that, for example, the Constantinople Theatre Variétés was presenting the Nouvelle Troupe Smyrniote in la célèbre tragedie 'La danse de Zalongo' while the Nouveau Théâtre (ex-skating) was showing ' "Le désir secret", drame patriotique'. After EAB's move to Exeter College, much of the memorabilia is connected with his official life: programmes from big affairs such as commemoration balls (the earlier ones with partners noted; the later ones blank) and smaller occasions such as smoking concerts, meetings of the Adelphi and John Ford societies, etc. Notebooks were kept on rectoral entertaining and students' progress. There is a collection of 'official' Christmas cards from the Lodgings.

The core of EAB's academic life centred on his work with Augustan poetry and in particular his editions of the works of Propertius for the Oxford University Press's Oxford Classical Text series as *The elegies*, edited by HE Butler and EAB in 1933 and as the *Carmina* in 1953 and 1960. He was working on an edition of the Liddell and Scott Greek-English Lexikon at the time of his death. The archive is rich in correspondence with various scholars relating to each of these publications as well as EAB's reviews, articles, notes and papers.

A substantial part of the collection consists of versions and translations of Latin (and occasionally Greek) poetry. Some of the versions are from modern poetry; others provide set poems for scholarship examinations. Sometimes original compositions are included, for example: ‘E.A.B. B.B. SAL.’ for Basil Blackwell on his knighthood in 1956:

‘Reginae natalis adest: vos plaudite, docti;
Ecce Niger Puteus rite creatus eques!
Profuit hic multos studiosis omnibus annos;
Haud umquam melior bibliopola fuit...’.

In 1934 EAB offered himself as a candidate for the Corpus Christi Professorship of Latin Language and Literature and, although his referees praised his knowledge of the subject (HE Butler) and his administrative skills (RR Marett), the post went to a German refugee, Eduard Fraenkel. Fraenkel had fled Freiburg University for a place at Trinity College, Cambridge, which prompted Gilbert Murray, one of the electors, to write to EAB: ‘It is a curious accident of history that the Hitlerite revolution, with which you had nothing to do, should have spoiled your chances.’ Other sympathetic letters ranged from the blatantly anti-Semitic to the cosily comforting: ‘you can console yourself with escaping from the Common Room at Corpus...’.

Another post which would have seemed especially suitable for EAB was that of Public Orator. Although he was approached, there is no response to the offer in the collection, and he did not undertake the office.

The archive draws a portrait of a devoted scholar pursuing close readings and detailed examination of words and meanings, his collaboration with like-minded linguists in chasing down the apt word or phrase and the poetic deftness of the text from its various editions. It also shows on the one hand a man surrounded at high table by other scholars and luminaries and on the other, as one used to being precise about detail, a person who kept very close accounts of his personal finances for his returns to the Inland Revenue.

There is little of EAB’s family life except for the occasional remark in letters from others. An indication of the affection in which the College held the Barber family is best

illustrated by ‘The Rectoratorio’, a musical welcome home after the family’s forced exodus during the rebuilding of the Lodgings in the late 1940s:

‘Aria & chorus

Long, long ago the Rector’s lodge
Was built in good Victorian stodge.
(Gilbert Scott, may he rot!)

Recit.

Work started, and for five long years went on,
Under a workman, and his boy, and a Don....’

[and after plaudits to Bursar, architect et al.:]

Recit. & chorus

‘So now the Rector and his family are installed before us.
What is fitting? What else but a rousing Chorus!’

There is only one photograph of the man (but of course the College is fortunate to have the splendid Annigoni portrait). A collection of Propertius-related reprints and articles by other scholars and a few obituaries, chiefly from *The Times*, round out the collection. As a glimpse of the man, his background and his work at Exeter College, the collection is a small treasure house.

Lorise Topliffe

The Rectorial Hens

Hens in the Rector's garden! Clucking and crowing, disturbing not only the Rector's tranquility but, of a summer afternoon and through the open windows of the Bodleian at Selden End, that of all those scholars deeply engaged in their researches? No, to my knowledge, hens have never been kept actually *in* College but the austerity of the years of the Second World War certainly led my father, Rector Barber (Rector 1943-1956), and mother, Madeleine Barber, to keep hens in the garden of our North Oxford house. The saga of these Rectorial hens is revealed through an item in the recent deposit in the college archives of the

personal as well as the professional papers of my father, papers which can be used to illustrate many aspects of both College and private North Oxford life in those years.

Wartime had brought what were in fact relatively minor difficulties and privations, but while Oxford was fortunately spared the traumas and disasters of the London Blitz, life was reduced from its pre-war level: the foreign maids had all gone home, the Rector's wife had had to turn to being Cook, the gardener came but one day a week (by bicycle from Kidlington) and social life was much restricted. My father served as an Air Raid Warden, patrolling the streets when the sirens had sounded while my mother and I retreated to the metal construction under the main stairs of the house, the 'Morrison' shelter. In the face of food shortages, the Government promoted a 'Dig for Victory' campaign under which vegetable plots replaced lawns and produced the ingredients for 'Woolton pie', an economic vegetarian dish named after the then Minister of Food.

As part of this campaign my parents had had constructed at the bottom of their garden an elaborate hen run, complete with luxurious henhouse, probably built by the College carpenter, Mr Bunce, who otherwise made ships and tuck-boxes for the children of Fellows, a nice man. As those who knew them will not be surprised to learn, it was in fact my mother, of a resolutely practical turn of mind, who actually looked after the hens. Although the daughter of a leading Swiss lawyer and politician, she had insisted, against the habits of the day, on taking up a profession and had become a nurse, tending, inter alia, the British wounded in Switzerland during the First World War. Her training had instilled into her the practice of detailed note-taking and the recording of the performance of her patients, skills she used in looking after her wartime hens. Among the family papers therefore one finds her 'Poultry Book', covering the years 1941-48. Highly detailed, it records not only, day by day, how many eggs were laid by the hens, but also their number and breed, as well as other major events in the poultry yard and the names of the happy recipients of eggs given away.

Apart from the daily statistics of eggs laid (or found broken and eaten by other cannibalistic hens), the book records that in the seven years hens were kept they laid exactly

6,623 eggs. This suggests a daily average of just under three eggs a day, with, of course, seasonal variations, all duly recorded for the periods when the hens were off lay or broody. The hens were acquired through the groundsman of the College sports ground (one Bateman if I'm right). Initially they were Rhode Island Reds, a breed soon changed to White Leghorns. Their usual number varied between five and as many as eight. Some entries have a distinctly A A Milne flavour, recording 'Now we are five!' or 'Now we are six!'; At other times the ringing of the hens is reported. The hens naturally found much of their food from the run, but spare 'greens' were boiled up into an unpleasant smelling mash (I can sniff it still!) and then placed in the 'hay box', where the partly heated food was economically left (this was wartime) to cook further. The hens' moulting period seems to have been synonymous with Michaelmas Term (one feels they must have been 'academic' hens), or at least November to December, but their greatest activity was in Trinity Term, March to June: in one such month some 142 eggs were laid. The Poultry Book records, however, not only production but, in an almost double-entry book keeping manner, how many were 'laid down' in the bucket (at times two were in use) of isinglass in the larder (no fridges then!) where the whitish semi-transparent liquid preserved the eggs in the manner of those days for later use. During my parents' short wartime absences the hens seem to have been put in the charge of Mrs Daunt in the College house at 9 Norham Gardens, which of course had a garden stretching back towards the University Parks.

One may wonder what a small family of three persons did, even over the years, with nearly seven thousand eggs but in those days when, even in the wartime absence of a 'Cook', the traditional English cooked breakfast was still observed, boiled eggs, scrambled eggs and the like could well have taken up a good number, even if one egg probably sufficed for my father, an abstemious man,. It was only in later, post-war days, that a publicity campaign urged the English: 'There is only one thing better than going to work on an egg – going to work on TWO eggs!'

The answer may lie in the fact – carefully recorded in the book – that such, one is almost tempted to say *rara aves* or perhaps one should say, *rara ova*, were, parsimoniously in view of

their rarity, given away to others. These included a close friend of mine, a single child, who, however, since he had to carry the egg some eight hundred yards to his home was never given more than one at a time. But he received more than another good friend who lived closer, perhaps because the latter had a larger family. More fortunate was the elderly neighbour, Mrs Underhill, sometime one of Lewis Carroll's 'little girls', the eccentric widow of a Fellow of Magdalen, who not only co-opted me, perhaps because I was then small, to help her store her apples in the exiguous dry ventilation space under her ground floor (laid out, of course, on copies of *The Times*) but also, on her eightieth birthday, went swimming off Port Meadow and then, to celebrate as she put it, 'turned a few cartwheels'. The lodgers on the top floor received occasional eggs, as did the cleaning lady, but clearly the Fellows and staff of the College were the most favoured recipients: head of the list came my parents' old friend, Nevill Coghill, a single resident Fellow, who received three or four at a time; Mrs Marett, widow of Rector Marett, received an egg from time to time as did 'Wolf' (J H Wolfenden, chemistry Fellow until his departure to America); others were given to friends attached to the College such as Professor J N Mavrogordato or Le V Struth (whose election to a Fellowship in French my mother strongly but unsuccessfully urged on my father for many years), but also not forgetting important College officials, such as the ever helpful and polite Clerk of the Works; Mr Taylor, who on one occasion received as many as six eggs.

The person responsible for the hens was clearly my mother but their legal ownership is not clear, since on one occasion at least the entry reads '4 new hens came on Eric's birthday [18 October] or rather 21 October, *for* his birthday'. My father was, however, little concerned and there is but one entry in his hand, adjusting a statistical entry, but proving thereby that he appears to have regularly supervised the whole operation. He had been brought up in the country in Shropshire, but his view of agriculture was more associated with an afternoon spent in a deckchair in the garden studying the linguistic or literary aspects of Virgil's *Georgics!* However, one famous afternoon, following the covering of the run with chicken wire (installed because the hens did not have their wings clipped), and when my mother was at the Scala

cinema in Walton Street, profiting from the Wednesday afternoon cheap prices (9 d.), a hen succeeded in getting its neck stuck through the top wire. Its raucous squawking disturbed the Rector's studies and so he telephoned the cinema, who flashed onto the screen the need for Mrs Barber's instant return home. My mother, at first anxious for the safety of husband and son, was indignant when she got home and found the easily remedied cause of the trouble. As she often recalled, – ‘... and I made him pay the full price of my ticket the next day (1/6 d.) to see the rest of the film!’. The hen in question survived and is recorded in the Poultry Book as having laid an egg a day or two later. But in general the hens were trouble free, although one is recorded as having had to be given away to the gardener, being ‘a public danger and ill tempered’. Most were eventually eaten by my father and myself, my mother, whose kind heart was known to many, feeling herself unable to actually eat animals she had nurtured, even if, all priorities considered, she did actually cook them for the family. In these years she also kept bees and, perhaps with her Swiss ancestry in mind, longed to keep goats on the vacant plot then opposite the house. The Rector's view was however that goats *smelt* – and so the family never contributed to the War Effort in this manner. Rectorial hens, yes, Rectorial goats, distinctly NO.

Giles Barber

A Rare Trio Of Elizabethan Alumni

Re-visiting the College some years ago and letting my eye roam over the walls and windows, I was arrested by the modest inscription of a name and date high above me. The name of Stourton, pronounced ‘Sturton’, probably unfamiliar to most Exonians, for me spelled the heroic champions of Wessex, one of our oldest and most illustrious families, ranking alongside the Howards, Pembrokes, Herefords and Percys who have shaped our rough island story. It was quite by chance that I knew the name through my work having at one time involved me in that part of the West Country where they settled in Saxon times, the village of Stourton at the source of the river Stour. The College was unaware of any connection with

the family but eagerly turned to its archives. Sure enough, a trawl of the Elizabethan Registers revealed that three brothers, John, Edward and Charles Stourton, aged 22, 20 and 18 respectively, had matriculated on the same day, 5 December 1575. This in itself was unusual enough but more intriguing was the note against each name describing them as ‘restored in blood’.

The three brothers had, in fact, arrived at Exeter – a College whose strongly Catholic tendencies no doubt appealed to this Catholic family – in the tragic aftermath of the public disgrace of their notorious father. This was Charles, the eighth Lord Stourton, who was attainted for murder by the House of Lords and subsequently hanged in Salisbury market place on 9 March 1557. To the loss of the family’s honour was added the forfeiture of his estates to the Crown. To understand the full enormity of this event and its consequences for his widow and her three sons, a brief outline of this ancient family and its proud record is necessary.

The Stourtons occupied what was until lately a remote part of the West Country where the Dorset Stour rises close to the meeting point of Somerset, Dorset and Wiltshire at the historic landmark of Alfred’s Tower. This area will be familiar nowadays to the countless visitors to that most beautiful of National Trust properties, Stourhead, whose lands answer closely to the original estates of the Stourtons, and it is hard to imagine that this serene and manicured landscape was once the battleground for marauding armies of Saxon and Dane. The age-old east-to-west track across southern England, the Harroway, cut straight through the Stourton estates channelling the Danish invaders head-on into the leading Saxon defences deployed round Stourton Castle. Family tradition portrays Stourtons in the forefront of these engagements, almost certainly alongside King Alfred at Edington in 878 AD and in the long struggle up to the more crucial battle of Stourton and Penselwood in 1016 when Edmund Ironside secured the kingdom of Wessex against the Danes. The Stourtons’ strength in war commended them to the medieval kings, whom they served with distinction in the Hundred

Years War with France that further enriched and established them as one of the great aristocratic families of Wessex and England.

Unfortunately for the Stourtons the idyll was to end suddenly in the 1550s, when they were caught up in a most improbable domestic vendetta on their own estates that was to bring them, and, indirectly, our three Stourton brothers at Exeter, to the brink of catastrophe. The year 1548 saw the eighth lord, Charles Stourton, succeeding to his inheritance. He showed no hankering after the military life of his predecessors, preferring to devote his time to his estates, which he presided over with uncommon jealousy and belligerence. With these unlovable traits he combined a violent temper that would flare out in vindictive acts of revenge upon any man who crossed him: tenants could find their barns burned down or their flocks confiscated for imagined slights. Armed ambush was part of his repertoire and one chronicler further adds that 'his other routs, riots, robberies and murders it were too long to write'. His most bitter spleen, however, was reserved for his estate stewards, father and son, William and John Hartgill, constantly spurred on by the conviction that they had taken advantage of his father's long absences campaigning in France in order to acquire certain Stourton land and manorial rights by legal trickery. The Hartgills on their side came of good yeoman stock, able to claim sheriffs of Wiltshire and Somerset in their ancestry, but they were hard, uncouth, acquisitive men. William had the reputation of a 'surly, dogged and cross fellow' in the words of John Aubrey. The methods of the Hartgills towards their underlings were overbearing and could run to a violence rivalling Charles's own.

One does not have to depend on the word of John Aubrey alone for the authenticity of the bitter feud that erupted over the next five years as the two families stalked each other in the countryside round Alfred's Tower. Few episodes in our shire history have been more completely recorded, for the account has come down from John Strype, who copied it from Foxe's Book of Martyrs, a work that was written shortly after the feud. This had begun with a surprise attack on the Hartgills in 1549 and there is a graphic account of their rushing their aged mother into the shelter of Kilmington church through a hail of arrows from the bows of

Charles Stourton and his posse. This outrage earned Charles a summons to the court of the young Edward VI and a term of imprisonment in the Fleet gaol, and he was lucky to be released on payment of a huge sum in fines and recognisances. These events did not go unnoticed by powerful local families: Edward Seymour, son of the Protector, Duke of Somerset, the Thynnes at Longleat and the Earl of Pembroke at Wilton, all representatives of the new Protestant leaders, viewed their staunch Catholic neighbour with mounting alarm. There was no hiding the macabre climax when in February 1557 Charles managed to seize the Hartgills. Strype's words describe the terrible scene of their being taken down into the dungeon of Stourton Castle and of their murder by clubbing before their throats were cut, with Charles Stourton looking on.

A wave of revulsion spread quickly through the shires and reached the court, where Queen Mary was now on the throne. Her Catholic sympathies were of no avail to Charles who was immediately called before the House of Lords to answer for his crime. He maintained his defiance to the end, refusing to answer charges at his arraignment in Westminster Hall and making the insolent rejoinder to the Lord Chancellor: 'I am sorry to see that rhetoric doth rule where law should take place.' He was only brought to order by the threat of the terrible ancient punishment for contempt of the House, being 'pressed to death', a grisly ritual whereby heavier and heavier weights were heaped upon the victim's chest.

Charles's subsequent execution in the market place at Salisbury marked the end of an epoch for the family of Stourton, bringing sudden poverty and humiliation where there had been a proud record of power, wealth and influence. His three infant sons who launched this article were only retrieved from a precarious future by the courage of their widowed mother, Ann Stourton, née Stanley. Her appeals on their behalf were finally rewarded in 1575 when Queen Elizabeth, who was now on the throne, relented and ordered a Bill conferring full reinstatement of the family and its estates. Thus vindicated by their Queen and some months before the Bill had a chance to be presented to Parliament, the College opened its doors to the three brothers with their name expunged of any inherited guilt, i.e. 'restored in blood'. The

eldest, John, was fully recognised as the ninth Lord Stourton and was summoned to attend Parliament in the following year.

One likes to think that they left Oxford wiser and better men for the gentle airs and influences of the College. Certainly they retained the trust of the queen and court for all their Catholic loyalties. John, and later, Edward agreed to supply 'lances and light horse' for use against the Spanish; John, too, was commissioned to sit among the twenty-four peers at the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, at Fotheringay Castle in 1586. On his brother's death in 1588 Edward became the tenth baron and straightaway made an ill-fated marriage with Frances, the sister of the conspirator Francis Tresham, a connection that was to raise the suspicion of his complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. Edward escaped lightly with a short term of imprisonment in the Tower in 1605-6, almost certainly owing his life to Guy Fawkes himself who with Catesby, his fellow conspirator, had arranged for him to be detained from attending Parliament on the day. He died in Clerkenwell in 1633 and was buried with his brother in the church in Stourton village, where the tombs of many Stourtons are on view. Of the third brother, Charles, nothing is known beyond his taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1576 and his predeceasing his brothers.

Back on their Wiltshire estates John and Edward could do little more than stem the declining fortunes of the family. These were particularly acute for the next lord, William Stourton, who complained bitterly that his father had left him but a weak estate 'for it is all sequestered and my wife, children and grandchildren have not beds to lie on'. Their politics heaped further misery upon them in the Civil War when the same William declared for the royalists, a step that got his castle rendered uninhabitable by parliamentary forces and his coffers the lighter for heavy consequent fines. Stigma for their Catholic faith continued to dog them, particularly from the anti-Catholic provisions of the 1678 Act which excluded them from Parliament until Catholic Emancipation in 1829. Financial disaster struck not long afterwards in 1688: the attritional selling-off of scattered estates and a relentless

succession of mortgages compelled the sale of castle, manor, advowson and lands of Stourton.

Thus the Stourton story, from its heroic Saxon origins to the tragic internecine feud in Elizabeth's reign, contains drama of truly Shakespearean intensity. Ever resilient, present-day Stourtons play an active part in the life of the nation. Edward Stourton is highly regarded for his shrewd commentaries on current affairs while Charles Stourton, the 23rd Baron of his line, sits in the House of Lords as Lord Mowbray and Stourton, to give him his full title. I am much indebted to him for his generous help with details of his family history.

Michael Wrench (1947)

Philip Thicknesse and the Nastier Side of the Eighteenth Century

I must admit to a research interest in an obscure and unfortunately-named eighteenth-century figure: Philip Thicknesse (1719-1792), inept soldier, scurrilous travel writer, shameless controversialist and one of the most unpleasant characters on the eighteenth-century literary scene. Like Samuel Johnson, his life occupies almost the whole of the eighteenth century: but in his cultivation of petty squabbling and in his utterly mercenary approach to the world of letters, Thicknesse supplies a dark alternative to Johnson's clubbability and high-mindedness.

Expelled from Westminster school for truancy and general bad behaviour, the young Philip Thicknesse was briefly apprenticed to Marmaduke Tisdale, a London apothecary, but became too fond of Dr Tisdale's 'cordials'. So – aged only sixteen – he joined up with General James Oglethorpe's Georgia Trust, and emigrated to the new colony in 1735, along with a penitent gang of Newgate debtors, various Scots and German emigrants, and the Wesley brothers. This motley crew reached Savannah in February 1736, and Thicknesse set about building himself a wooden cabin on an island in a creek, befriending various native Americans (whom John Wesley excoriated as a bunch of worthless savages), and living 'a true Robinson Crusoe line of life'. However, Thicknesse abandoned Georgia after seeing a

vision of his mother whilst playing the flute on the banks of said creek, and returned to England in 1737. He then wangled a commission as Captain in an independent company at Jamaica, where he remained for two years. There, he was involved in British attempts to quell the guerrilla activities of runaway slaves in the mountains, and encountered many hair-raising ambushes and near-fatal skirmishes.

The next few years were spent unremarkably in a regiment of marines, and Thicknesse fetched up in Bath in the late 1740s, with a prosperous wife whom he had abducted from her parents in Southampton. After her death in 1749, he rapidly married another wealthy heiress, Lady Elizabeth Touchet, and used some of her dowry to purchase the lieutenant-governorship of Landguard Fort, at the mouth of Harwich harbour in Essex. Here, he soon became involved in wrangles about authority and precedence with various local notables and military personnel. Following the infamous Affair of the Wooden Gun (the details of which are too tedious to rehearse here), Thicknesse was tried for libel in March 1753. Found guilty, he was fined and sentenced to three months in the King's Bench prison, where he made many friends. Amazingly, he was allowed to resume command of Landguard Fort on his release.

Meanwhile (perhaps not surprisingly), his second wife had died, at which point Thicknesse promptly took a third, Anne Ford, a mildly scandalous singer and viola da gamba player. During the later 1760s, Thicknesse travelled with his family (a child from each marriage) in France, depositing his ugliest daughter in a convent at Ardres, where she spent the rest of her life. He then published an account of the French journey, entitled *Observations on the Customs and Manners of the French Nation* (1766), much of which disagrees violently (there are many exclamation marks) with Smollett's account of France and the French in *Travels through France and Italy* (1766).

Returning to Bath, Thicknesse bought a house in the fashionable Crescent and became a figure of general local contempt, before moving out to Bathampton, where he landscaped his garden in eccentric style, constructing a hermit's grotto in the garden and making ornamental use of ancient skeletons dug up on the plot. Thicknesse's house and garden became a popular

tourist attraction for people visiting Bath. A monument to Chatterton (the first in Britain) became the garden's centrepiece in 1774, and gained a further gruesome interest after Thicknesse buried his eldest daughter Anna underneath it, 'as she was virtuous, dutiful, and not void of some genius'.

In 1778 Thicknesse published *The New Prose Bath Guide* and in 1780 *The Valetudinarian's Bath Guide; or, the Means of obtaining Long Life and Health*, in which he recommends not only the Bath waters and 'Wine, and Drinking to excess', but also frequent inhalation of 'the breath of young women' as conducive to long life and good health. He was also a lifelong opium addict and enthusiastic proponent of its virtues.

Thicknesse has a fair claim to have 'discovered' Gainsborough in 1754, recognising his talents as a local painter in Suffolk, and encouraging him to move to Bath, where he first became a successful portrait painter. In 1788 he published *A Sketch of the Life and Paintings of Thomas Gainsborough*, much of which describes their trivial quarrel (over an unfinished portrait and a viola da gamba).

In 1782 Thicknesse published a bitter pamphlet denouncing his son, entitled *Queries to Lord Audley*, and in the meandering and digressive *Memoirs and Anecdotes of Philip Thicknesse, late Governor of Landguard Fort, and unfortunately Father to George Touchet, Baron Audley* (1788-91), he more extensively berates both his 'wretched and undutiful sons'. In Volume 3 of the *Memoirs* he published an additional clause to his own will: 'I leave my right hand, to be cut off after death, to my son, Lord Audley, and desire it may be sent him in hopes that such a sight may remind him of his duty to God, after having so long abandoned the duty he owed his Father who once affectionately loved him'.

The *Memoirs* attracted a great deal of attention. The *Gentleman's Magazine* commended their author's sensible approval of slavery: but James Gillray was moved to execute one of his more personally offensive cartoons, 'Lieutenant-Governor Gallstone inspired by Alecto; or the Birth of Minerva' (which occupied a prominent place in the 2001 Tate Britain Gillray retrospective). The Goya-esque scene features Thicknesse surrounded by skeletons, demons,

books and manuscripts, symbolising his obsessions, quarrels, addictions and literary outrages. The *Memoirs* themselves are disarmingly frank about Thicknesse's opportunistic and often rather calculated show-downs: 'if ... it be true, that I quarrel with three out of four of my friends, I find that turns up more profitable than living well with them'.

Embarking on a final Continental trip, Thicknesse died of a seizure near Boulogne in November 1792 and was buried in the Protestant cemetery there. His wife erected a monument which celebrated his 'eminent virtues' and paid tribute to the 'memory of a man with whom she lived thirty years in perfect felicity'.

As a notorious public figure and as a private citizen, Thicknesse is an enigma. Capable of immuring his daughters in convents and quarrelling irreconcilably with his sons, he was also apparently adored by his three wives. Easily the most irascible individual within the arena of late eighteenth-century print culture – his twentieth-century biographer observes that 'to anyone who has made a close study of Philip Thicknesse, there come occasions when he can but marvel that nobody ever shot him or bludgeoned him to death' – he was nevertheless celebrated by, among others, the *Gentleman's Magazine* as 'a man of probity and honour, whose heart and purse were always open to the unfortunate', and 'a man of great sensibility'. His publications were varied and peculiar, testifying to his opportunistic exploitation of the literary marketplace. He produced weighty travelogues and memoirs, but also scatological personal attacks on rival 'physicians', and casual treatises on man-midwifery, on gout, and on fraudulent automatons exhibited by foreigners in London. Many of his books were reviewed by the *Monthly* and the *Critical Reviews* (with which latter journal he conducted a long-standing feud), in whose pages he became something of a comic celebrity.

Briefly celebrated in the early twentieth century by Edith Sitwell as an English eccentric, and humorously biographized by Philip Gosse (*Dr Viper: the Querulous Life of Philip Thicknesse*, 1952), Thicknesse more than merits our attention in the early twenty-first century for the light that he sheds (or indeed the seedy shadows that he casts) on many aspects of eighteenth-century culture, a culture whose more scurrilous and anti-social elements are now

beginning to be recognised. Thicknesse's career crackles the veneer of politeness which has so influentially coloured our perceptions of the 'Enlightenment' to date.

Katherine Turner

Henry Maundrell's Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem in 1697

In late February 1696 a group of fourteen English gentlemen set out from Aleppo to make a visit to the Holy Land, their eventual destination being Jerusalem at the feast of Easter. The journey and the sites visited en route were described by Henry Maundrell, a former Fellow of Exeter College and later Chaplain of the Factory at Aleppo. Maundrell was intent on making this pilgrimage before he was obliged to return to England. This relatively modest journey gave rise to an account which is much more than a travel diary. Within the limits set by time and opportunity, Maundrell's journal opened up a world that was new to most of its readers. Deservedly, his book passed through several editions and was translated into French, German and Dutch. First published in 1703 as *A Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem at Easter AD 1697*, it remains in the College Library in the third edition of 1714.

Little is known in detail of the life of Henry Maundrell. Born in 1665 at Compton Bassett, near Calne in Wiltshire, he matriculated at Exeter in 1682, taking his MA in 1688 and his BD in 1697. In the latter year he became a Fellow of the College. He had meanwhile held a curacy at Bromley in Kent from 1689 to 1695, when he had been appointed Chaplain to the merchants at Aleppo; on the face of it not a prestigious or comfortable position. But Maundrell was to turn it to advantage. His book was one of the first to inform western European readers of the complex ancient sites of the Levant and the adjacent territories. To an extent, Maundrell was fortunate in the timing of his journey. Turkish control over Syria was weakening and travel in the region was becoming easier, though far from straightforward. His book makes light of the difficulties of travel and the sheer hardships of life in that inhospitable region. The journey which he and his companions completed was remarkable enough in the late seventeenth

century, and the account which emerged was a landmark in the observation of sites and buildings in a world of which few Englishmen had any reliable knowledge.

Few western European travellers had ventured into the region between the eastern Mediterranean and the river valleys of Tigris and Euphrates by the late seventeenth century. Fewer still (virtually none) had described their experiences and what they had seen. One of the most engaging features of Henry Maundrell's account is the frequent reference to the discomforts and uncertainties which his party endured, though seemingly without complaint. The fourteen gentlemen seem to have anticipated the worst that lay in front of them. Before setting out, Maundrell tells his readers, as he may have told his companions, that 'in travelling this country, a man does not meet with a market-town, and inns, every night, as in England. The best reception you can find here, is either under your own tent, if the season permit; or else in certain publick lodgements founded in charity for the use of travellers.' From Aleppo the party travelled west, from village to village, across the wide and well-cultivated plain of Kefteen. Maundrell reported the ruins of a church, probably of Byzantine date, and was told by villagers of other churches in the surrounding mountains. Moving westward, the group with their horses and mules crossed the rest of the plain, paying en route dues which Christians had first exacted for the upkeep of roads and which the Turks had kept in place as a useful source of revenue. By early March, the travellers were across the plain and, despite being assailed by heavy rain-storms, were able to inspect the ruins of ancient cities close to the sea; by now they were near the ancient domain of Tyre and Sidon, names which will have had resonance for assiduous readers of the Old Testament. Having now entered a region in which several Greek and Roman cities had existed, Maundrell was able to deploy his knowledge of ancient literary sources to good effect, though with

some imaginative embroidery. The group was probably glad to reach Tripoli, an ancient Phoenician site, where they were entertained by the British consul and a British merchant for a full week. In the neighbourhood there were communities of Greek monks and Turkish leaders, evidently living in harmony. Maundrell reports on his visits to Turkish divans (Duans), with general approval, though with some characteristically British reserve. His account is one of the earliest records of Turkish hospitality to western Christians to survive in written form. Its tone is objective, dispassionate and perhaps less censorious than might have been expected from a Church of England clergyman.

The next stage took the group to Byblos, another famed ancient city, where they saw many ruins, including great pillars from a temple. After a disturbed night in which their tents almost blew away, they moved on to the river Adonis and a region in which there were communities of Maronite Christians. Entering the mountains above the Adonis valley, they found more ruins to inspect. There were also figures cut directly into rock faces, perhaps tomb-monuments, and a fine Latin inscription recording the opening up of a road through the mountains by the emperor Caracalla early in the third century AD. The road could still be followed and Maundrell's party passed along it, in heavy rainstorms, to Beirut.

The two days spent in Beirut were probably the most agreeable the travellers had experienced since leaving Aleppo. There were palaces and gardens to enjoy, though Maundrell regretted the absence of an English gardening hand to control the riot of 'Turkish' trees and shrubs. And there were more ruins, mosaics and other 'poor relicks of this city's ancient magnificence'. But the travellers did not dally and were soon off towards Sidon, where they fell in with French merchants of the factory based there. The meeting was cordial and the English were made welcome. But they were intent on reaching Jerusalem for Easter and left after their rest, to progress across another fertile plain. Their curiosity was still keen

and at one unrecorded site the gentlemen unearthed (with their own hands ?) a long Latin inscription recording the renovation of roads under the aegis of the emperor Septimius Severus by his legate of Syria. The next staging post was the ancient Phoenician city of Tyre, where there not only ruins but also an active Christian community. From here a direct route might have been taken to Jerusalem, but the travellers moved on to Tyre and Mount Carmel, where the famous monastery was visited and illustrated in Maundrell's book. Time was now pressing and the progress towards Jerusalem speeded up under an escort of Turkish soldiers as they crossed the plain of Acra. The courtesy shown to the group by Turkish officials and local commanders is a striking feature of the narrative. No major impediments are noted by Maundrell.

Samaria-Sebaste was the next city, its fine gardens coming in for special praise. From here, the route to Jerusalem was clear, the plain of Jericho and the mountains of Gilead to the left. Permission to enter the city was obtained and the group was escorted into Jerusalem by the French consul, who made his house available to Maundrell's party for the rest of their stay in the city. The following day, 26 March, was Good Friday and the travellers headed for the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. They found it guarded by Turkish troops who collected an entrance fee of fourteen dollars per head from lay visitors, seven dollars from priests. The following days were spent in visits to churches and other shrines in Jerusalem, the original goal of the expedition. But the journey was not over. The group turned east to the river Jordan, noting many places mentioned in the Old Testament, and on to Damascus, where Muslim shrines and ceremonies were recorded. The last of the great ancient sites visited was Baalbeck, the ruins of the immense Roman temple called forth all of Henry Maundrell's descriptive powers, supplemented by very good plans and reconstructions. The local community of Greek Christians still used the Roman building as a church.

In early May, the travellers returned to their homes or bases, as Maundrell put it, ‘by God’s infinite mercy and protection.’ His narrative probably understates the arduous conditions which the party had endured over three months. His book ends with a modest, characteristically self-deprecating note:

There was no one of us that came to any ill accident throughout our whole travels; and only one that fell sick by the consequences of the journey, after our return. Which I esteem the less diminution to so singular a mercy, in regard that amongst so many of my dear friends and fellow travellers, it fell to my own share to be the sufferer.

Maundrell died at Aleppo in 1701, two years before his book was published.

Malcolm Todd

Kosovo 2001

Lecturing in Belfast to a conference on Human Rights in October 2001 I was able to use a device which I have subsequently exploited more than once. Having been introduced to my audience as Police Commissioner in Kosovo, I asked them to imagine a small country of the size of, say, North Yorkshire, with a population approaching two million – a country where ancient differences had led to open conflict in the late twentieth century; where rival groups set out territorial claims and demonstrated national aspiration by the display of flags; where the police were armed and supported by the military; where criminals hid behind political slogans in order to terrorise local communities; where children in some cases needed a security force escort in order to get to school; and where grown men paraded about with banners celebrating battles that had taken place centuries ago. The purpose of the exercise was neither to amuse nor embarrass those among whom I had been privileged to live and work for twelve years, but rather to suggest why, when the Prime Minister sought the assistance of the Chief Constable of the Royal Ulster Constabulary in meeting our obligations to the United Nations in Kosovo, he hit on such a rich seam of experience.

Those who have served as members of the Civilian Police in the United Nations Interim Administration Mission in Kosovo (UNMIK) will have varying memories of their experience depending on where and when they served. The state of development of the Mission, the season of the year or the ethnicity of the community amongst whom they resided would all influence their reflections. Some factors are likely to be constants – the damaged buildings indicating recent conflict; the rubbish littering the streets; the power cuts; the unreliable water supply; the suspicion and resentment of the locals directed against ‘the other side’; and the large numbers of armed police and troops in a variety of uniforms to be found patrolling the cities, towns and villages. Winter brought not just snow and ice, but also a terrible smell, at its worst in and around the capital Pristina, of fog, mud and power station fumes. For all the stink, and dust which turned the snow an unpleasant brown, precious little power was ever produced. There was nothing romantic about a candle-lit supper in Kosovo. Summer brought heat and drought. The reservoirs were insufficient, and local gangsters had intercepted the mains supply to Pristina with their own outlets from which they industriously supplied a number of private customers. But of course there are many good memories to cherish. Kosovars of all ethnicities had reason to welcome the international presence and could be very hospitable people. The climate tended to be neither wet nor humid, so that the cold and heat were rarely particularly unpleasant. There was generally a good supply of cheap bread, cheese, olives and drink. And, as you might expect in such circumstances, the camaraderie within the international community was outstanding. We all missed home, but many spent their latter days planning their next mission.

For the Police Commissioner there were many problems that would have been unfamiliar to a British chief constable, even the Chief Constable of the RUC. As the world is learning, and we know from our own domestic experience, post-conflict society is a fertile breeding ground for organised crime. Milosovic had deliberately undermined the concept of the rule of law, destroying the judicial system, the police and record-keeping. Clan loyalties were strong. Weapons were freely available. There was a cash economy and a tradition of smuggling

goods and people. The history was of heavy-handed rule applied from Constantinople, Vienna or Belgrade.

Command of the police of fifty-two different nations was a real challenge. These men and women were strangers to the local population, to the law and to each other. Our mission (under the provisions of UN Security Council resolution 1244/99) was twofold – to provide operational policing to the people of Kosovo and to recruit, train and develop from scratch a local force which would be effective, credible and impartial. There was no precedent for such an undertaking; this was to be no monitoring and training exercise. Furthermore all policing and training was to be done in accordance with the exacting demands of the European Convention on Human Rights. While a supporter in principle of the provisions of the ECHR, this did cause me some difficulties. It is fair to say that a number of the police officers under my command came from countries which would be found wanting were ECHR standards to be applied to them, and the time available for the training of our international officers was limited. I myself took a number of operational decisions, for example concerning the extra-judicial detention of certain persons, for which I was criticised by those responsible for monitoring human rights within the Mission – but I know that these decisions saved lives.

Perhaps surprisingly, it seemed to take the UN some time to realise that ‘executive’ operational policing involved a good deal of unpleasantness. I must have been the world’s only operational police commander with no police surveillance capacity (the British army’s KFOR contingent were extremely helpful, many recognizing among their police counterparts old comrades from tours in Northern Ireland). The absolutely crucial role of informants was not appreciated by those who associated that aspect of police work with the regime which had so recently been replaced. The case for long arms for certain officers had to be made repeatedly before it was accepted. The need to address deficiencies in the applicable law was more readily recognised, but law-making could be slow at times. We received assistance to develop our intelligence and witness protection capabilities from individual member states rather than the UN, whose servant I was. National reconstruction and state-building is a

difficult, complicated and expensive business, of which policing is only a small if important part, but it carries with it responsibilities for dealing with the harsher aspects of conflict resolution, fighting crime and consensus building.

Quite apart from the operational problems of policing in such difficult circumstances, command of 4,500 international police officers, another 4,500 locals and responsibility for civilian support staff (such as language assistants) brings with it all the attendant human resource management issues of any large organisation. As a newcomer with no ambitions for a long UN career I rushed in where angels might have feared to tread by introducing the revolutionary concept of appointment to senior and specialist positions on merit, rejecting 'national balance'. I wonder how long my policy survived my departure.

The academic literature on international policing interventions contains interesting essays on legal issues, community policing, training, accountability, human rights and the failings of a number of individual officers and the systems in which they worked. Much is fair comment, although writers seem generally to give insufficient credit to the efforts of police commanders to deal with errant officers. Academics also seem to agree on the paramount need for the international intervention agency to identify those with influence in the community, the 'key elites', and give them prominence, whilst marginalizing the 'spoilers', i.e. those who have a vested interest in prolonging discord. In reviewing a recent collection of such essays I enquired, with Kosovo in mind, 'But what if they turn out to be the same people?' May this also apply closer to home?

While the country itself was beautiful and different, it is the people and events that I will remember best – for example, the human consequences of the various terrorist attacks, most notably the Nis bus bombing. Working with able and enthusiastic men and women from so many different backgrounds was a great thrill; it would have hard to believe even twelve years previously that in 2001 I would be commanding Russians, Poles, Czechs, Romanians, Hungarians, Ukrainians, Slovenians and Bulgarians in Yugoslavia. Debates at the political level augmented the interest provided by operational police command. And I do believe that

we really made a difference. On 17 November 2001 elections were held. There were a few arguments about flags, but overall there was less violence than might have been expected in Northern Ireland, where even the most peaceful election day culminates in the traditional petrol-bombing of the hapless police officers detailed to escort the ballot boxes in Londonderry. We reduced the level of terrorist violence, tackled ordinary crime and started to develop the mechanisms for combating organised crime. We supervised the successful changeover of a cash economy from Deutschemarks to Euros. And we arrested a referee for running onto the pitch wearing a sidearm.

Of course the social side was excellent. We police were able to defeat an army soccer team by fielding a number of our Argentinian contingent. In the return rugby match we confidently fielded a number of mature Fijian officers. But the British army does not take defeat lightly. In an army side consisting almost entirely of Black Watch we were dismayed to encounter a strong quota of Fijian soldiers who looked like our own Fijians' sons. We were duly crushed, but the Fijians of both generations sang for us afterwards.

The purpose of international intervention of this sort is a mixture of peace-making, peace-keeping, consensus-building, institution-building, economic reconstruction and so on. Part of this is sometimes described as restoring normality. On 29 August 2001 three very grave and important gentlemen stood on the platform of Lipljan railway station just outside Pristina. They were the Special Representative of the Secretary General (SRSG – the top man in the civilian component of the Mission – a Dane), the Commander of KFOR (a three star general – a Norwegian) and the Police Commissioner. We were there to welcome the arrival of a train running a route that had previously been considered too dangerous. This would be an important symbol of the developing normality in Kosovo. Of course it all went horribly wrong – there was even talk of sabotage. The atypical summer rain poured down on the three of us while we waited hopelessly, surrounded by our large entourages (to show how important we actually were) and the gloating press. Fortunately I was able to console my

colleagues with the observation that, as a Brit, standing in the rain waiting for a train that was late and would probably never come represented true normality.

Chris Albiston (1972)

Reflections From Afghanistan

As those of us who are of riper years remember where we were when we heard that John F Kennedy had been assassinated, so we all, I think, will recall what we were doing on 11 September 2001, when we heard of the terrorist attacks in New York. I had spent the day in the Radcliffe Science Library and had returned to Pear Tree Park and Ride. As I drove out of the car park at about half-past three, I switched on the radio and heard then incomprehensible reports of terrorist attacks in America. I little realised that these events would determine my life for the next two years at the least.

By the time I graduated in Zoology in 1971 I had discovered in myself a desire to travel, especially in hot, dry parts of the world and so an opportunity to join a team engaged in locust control in Saudi Arabia was irresistible. On my return, I took a Ph.D. at the University of East Anglia, and then spent five years as a post-doctoral research fellow supported by the then Ministry of Overseas Development, studying the locusts of Central and South America. After that, I worked on projects relating to the control of various migratory pests in Africa and latterly in the former Soviet republics of central Asia.

In 1990, following the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan, I spent four months in the country, mainly in the north, providing assistance in controlling locusts and *Sunn* pest to communities in mujahideen controlled areas. At the time it seemed that the Soviet-supported Najibullah government would come to some sort of accommodation with the resistance groups, but there were interests determined that this should not be and the country sank into anarchy, from which the Taliban regime seemed at first to offer some sort of salvation.

In 1990, Mazar-i-Sharif, the central city of northern Afghanistan, was still held by the government: a city under siege, though a fairly unaggressive one. We had been able to cross the lines and visit villages controlled by mujahideen commanders. The senior UN representative in the town at that time was an elderly Frenchman with the appearance of a superannuated hippie: long grey pigtail, stone-washed jeans and lurid braces. On the one visit that I made with him to a nearby village, the meeting with the village elders was accompanied by the obligato of his uncontrollable flatulence.

In March 2002, following the defeat of the Taliban and the revival of international assistance to the people of this unfortunate country, I found myself again in Mazar-i-Sharif, named after the shrine of Ali, the Prophet's son-in-law. In a mirror image of Santiago de Compostela, which houses the relics of St James, miraculously transported to western Spain from Palestine, it is said to contain the body of Ali, carried by a white camel from southern Iraq to central Asia. The shrine is one of the great buildings of the Islamic world, a glittering jewel of blue tilework in the grey-brown dust of the desert.

The city I returned to in 2002 was almost unrecognizable, except for the shrine, untouched by the destruction around it. Since the rise of the Taliban, it had been fought over and sacked several times. It had been the scene of massacres, most notoriously those of the Hazaras by the Taliban and then, more recently, of the Taliban prisoners in the Qalaat-i-Jangi fort on the edge of the city. Now the Taliban were gone, but control of the city was divided between the rival warlords, Atta Mohammed and Abdul Rashid Dostum. There had been two years of drought which threatened famine and the day before I arrived, a major earthquake had destroyed the town of Nahrin, killing hundreds and rendering thousands homeless.

I had been hired by the Food and Agriculture Organisation (FAO) of the United Nations to implement a locust control programme. The guilty insect was the Moroccan locust, whose habitat extends from North Africa, through southern Europe and the Middle East to Central Asia. Since the 1930s, the soviets had carried out locust control in northern Afghanistan, as

much to protect their cotton fields in the neighbouring Uzbek republic as to benefit the Afghans. This had been largely curtailed during the war, but after the soviet withdrawal, FAO had taken it on until 2000, when conditions under the Taliban and lack of donor funding had made it impossible. The subsequent two years had coincided with conditions highly favourable for locust breeding and this combination of circumstances had conspired to inflict on northern Afghanistan the worst locust plague in living memory.

I was lucky enough to be able to assemble a team of first-class Afghan plant protection specialists. In cooperation with other international organisations, especially the Irish NGO, GOAL, staffed by an impressive team of young professionals, most of whom had given up well-paid jobs in business to work for it, we organised local control teams, using highly effective battery-driven sprayers, the ‘Kalashnikovs of locust control’. We were able to airlift in supplies of pesticide and equipment in a Hercules transport aircraft operated by the World Food Programme.

As I travelled around the infested areas, I found an almost palpable fear of the consequences of the locust plague. Following two years of drought and the disruption of a war, which had dragged on for over twenty years, families were investing their last disposable assets in a desperate gamble to maintain their livelihood as farmers. My first battles were political. The previous year there had been a well-intentioned but ill-conceived effort to have a Food for Work programme of locust control. People had been paid in wheat for digging up locust eggs and also for driving the wingless ‘hoppers’ into trenches and burying them. Traditionally, these activities had been a community duty, but the Food for Work programme, which covered a limited area, resulted in a general downing of tools as those who had not benefited from the scheme argued that if some people were being paid to kill locusts, then so should they. Now a number of organisations were eager to repeat the error and I had long and bitter arguments to enforce a No Food for Work for Locust Control policy. I had the unattractive role of the man who wanted to stop hungry people being given food.

My second struggle was against pressure to give away pesticide to farmers. I was determined that all control should be carried out by our trained teams. Apart from safety and environmental considerations (extremely difficult to argue with people who lived among the lethal debris of war), there was the question of sheer efficiency. Unfortunately for me, almost every other project was giving things away: tents, tools, seeds, food and so on. Why was I not doing the same? I arrived back at the FAO compound one day to find it had been overrun by about 300 angry farmers demanding 'medicine' for the locusts. A long and difficult negotiation finally persuaded them to go home with a promise that we would come to their area and organise control, which we did. As our strategy yielded results, so these political problems were resolved and local leaders and communities cooperated.

Finally the wheat ripened, the harvest was gathered in and we were all able to heave a sigh of relief. There had been damage but on nothing like the scale that had been feared. As importantly, we had given farmers confidence that the locust threat could be tackled.

Agriculture in Afghanistan is still almost biblical. Most of the land is cultivated with a simple ox-plough and the seed is broadcast by hand. The wheat is harvested with sickles and gathered onto circular threshing floors, where oxen trample it out. When a farmer borrows a neighbour's ox for this, there is an agreement that it shall not be muzzled, a reminder of the injunction in Deuteronomy, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn'. Then it is winnowed in the wind by tossing it up in the air. Like Ruth amid the alien corn, women and children glean the ears which the harvesters have dropped. Picturesque though all this is, the work is hard and the yields low.

A favourite sport in northern Afghanistan is partridge fighting. The combatants are a larger species of the French or Red-legged partridge that we see in the English countryside. They are kept in elegant, domed wicker cages and a partridge fancier will carry his bird around with him all day, or sit with it in a tea-shop. I asked why they are not left at home. 'Left at home! With the women! They'd die; women have no idea how to look after

partridges.’ The Afghan's partridge is racing pigeon, whippet and ferret rolled into one, a male mystery.

I returned in February 2003 for a second season's campaigning against the locusts. We benefited from an early start and a reasonable period of planning, in addition to the experience which our teams had built up in the previous year. Much larger areas were planted than in 2002 and favourable weather produced a harvest unequalled since the 1970s. We were proud of the contribution that our campaign had made to this.

It was always a pleasure to escape from administrative chores to visit and check the progress of the campaign. The determination and resourcefulness of the Afghans never ceased to amaze and impress me. Coming from a culture in which the precautionary principle is regarded as the highest good, I found their insouciance towards danger both refreshing and sometimes unnerving. I visited an Uzbek area called Panj Qarya (Five Villages). The local organiser, Torah Khan, who looked like Charles Bronson in a turban, was the scion of a long line of Uzbek robber barons, whose castle sat on a pinnacle of rock, overlooking a strategic river crossing. As we drove up the road, I was alarmed to see red-painted rocks, the conventional warning of the presence of landmines.

‘Don't worry,’ said Torah Khan, ‘there are no landmines here.’

‘How do you know?’ I retorted.

‘I know where the landmines are because I laid them,’ was the reassuring answer.

We found the locust control proceeding under the direction of the local chieftain, a Falstaffian figure, ‘a tun of man’, mounted on horseback and brandishing a formidable whip. When I brought out a camera, the unfamiliar attempt to smile convulsed his face into a grimace worthy of a Kabuki mask. We nicknamed him ‘Amir Timur's grandson’: Amir Timur being the proper name by which Tamerlane is known in his homeland.

The real present-day Amir Timur, and de facto ruler of much of northern Afghanistan, is General Abdul Rashid Dostum. Dostum is a nickname translatable as ‘mate’, which was his habitual mode of address in his early career. His survival, in a career in which he has

successively allied himself with and double-crossed just about every player in the great game of recent Afghan history, is one of the marvels of the age. He started out working as a labourer on the gas fields near Shiberghan and joined the local militia, which the Soviets organised after their invasion. He rose to command it and, after the Soviet withdrawal, 'General Dostum's Uzbek militia' became the most reliable force at the disposal of the Najibullah government which they had left behind. With massive material support from the Soviets, it prevented the capture of Jalalabad by the mujahideen forces of Gulbeddin Hekmatyar, but left behind in southern Afghanistan an evil reputation for brutality.

Ahmed Rashid, the finest writer on the current affairs of central Asia, describes how he visited Dostum's headquarters and asked whether they had just slaughtered an animal, as the ground was covered in blood. No, he was told, a soldier had been found guilty of theft and had been tied to the tracks of a tank and run round the yard. Whether or not Rashid was told the truth, the story is credible and resonant of one told of Amir Timur. When his army was on the march, a poor widow approached him to complain that a soldier had stolen her milk. 'If you are lying I shall kill you,' said the Amir. The widow insisted and the soldier was brought before him. The soldier denied it, so the Amir ordered his stomach to be cut open and, when the milk poured out, he compensated and released the widow.

In areas under Dostum's control, such as the town of Shiberghan, the roads are repaired, the schools and hospitals function, there is little crime and women are free to work and to appear in public unveiled. Nonetheless, attempts by certain American journalists to promote him as a secular liberal are far wide of the mark.

Life for UN staff in Mazar-i-Sharif is dominated by the constraints of security. We are obliged to live in secure guesthouses. Road missions require 48 hours notice and two vehicles with HF radio communication. 'Security incidents' combine the tragic with the comic, as when the garbage collectors and the traffic police, allied to different parties, engaged in a gunfight, precipitated by an argument about a handcart allegedly causing an obstruction in the road. One policeman was killed.

An historian interested in eleventh-century Europe could profitably spend his time doing fieldwork in Afghanistan, where the dynamics of the rise of feudalism can be observed at the present day. Military strength depends on manpower and taxes. Manpower and taxes depend on controlling territory. Controlling territory depends on military strength. The magnates manage their petty barons ('commanders') by a combination of family and tribal loyalties, material incentives and plain intimidation. At every level, the commanders seek to retain as large a surplus of the loot and as much independence as they can from the level above. The court cards in this game are control of the border crossings and opium production.

Opium production is booming. Traditionally, it has been confined to a small number of communities and the profits to the farmer were little more than those of growing wheat. Then the Taliban, who had taxed the producers in kind and accumulated a large stock, banned production. The producer price immediately soared and the Taliban were able to dispose of their stock at an enormous gain. After their fall, the price came down, but the producers had now seen what the market would bear and refused to allow it to return to its former level. Consequently, opium is now much more profitable to farmers than any other crop and is spreading to areas where it has previously been almost unknown. It is fuelling banditry and terrorism in Afghanistan, while heroin addiction is spreading rapidly in the neighbouring countries of the former USSR, where the traffickers pay their bribes in kind. This is the price that is being paid for the futile attempt to control our drug problem by prohibition.

These are some of the problems confronting the government of President Hamid Karzai. Until it has revenue, it lacks the military means to control its territory and until it controls its territory, especially the profitable border crossings, it will have no revenue. Moreover, his cabinet consists largely of those who have most to lose from the reforms that are needed. A further complication is that some of the most egregious warlords were and remain allies of the coalition forces in their continuing battles against Al Qaeda and the Taliban.

The warlord with whom my work has brought me into contact is Ahmad Khan. A mujahid from the very beginning of the soviet invasion, he is now officially a divisional

general in the national army, but there is little to show for this transformation in his entourage. Now, as an Uzbek, he is the ally of his old enemy, Abdul Rashid Dostum. He has an engaging manner, swift neat movements and a piercingly direct gaze. When I arrived in the spring of 2002, the main method of locust control then being practised was to dig trenches, drive the locusts into them by flapping cloaks and bury them. He was organising this with his characteristic ruthless energy. The bazaar in Aybak (the main town) was shut down and pretty well the entire population conscripted and trucked into the desert in commandeered vehicles. Since then, he has supported the UN coordinated locust control operation with all the manpower and logistical resources that I have asked for and more. The contrast between his unstinted support and the obstructive and extortionate attitude of some government officials in a neighbouring province could not be more marked and shows that it is not always a matter of ‘government good, warlords bad’. But it would be idle to pretend that that he owes his power to anything except the ruthless application of force.

But in spite of everything, the refugees have poured back in their tens of thousands, there has been a record harvest following the breaking of the drought, villages are being rebuilt, property prices in Kabul and Mazar are soaring to previously unthinkable levels. All this indicates that people have confidence that things are getting and will remain better. One of the more heartening sights that one sees all round the north where I was working was the processions of children, a large proportion girls in their smart uniforms of black salwar-chemise and white scarf, trotting off to school clutching their UNICEF packs of pencils and exercise books. Even in the most remote villages, UNICEF has reinstated schools in tents and paid the teachers’ wages.

What of the future? UN and donors willing, I shall return to Afghanistan next spring for the third and I hope final round against this particular locust plague. The north is largely free of the terrorism and violence that afflict the south and east, but the rivalries between commanders allow criminality to flourish and obstruct the development that Afghans have been led to believe would be the fruit of the overthrow of the Taliban.

The ‘famous Mr. Norris, of Bemerton’: John Norris (1657-1712)

The name John Norris – divine, philosopher, and poet of Bemerton – is unlikely to be a familiar one, perhaps even to those who have studied English culture and thought during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. When, in 1747, the novelist Samuel Richardson mentioned the ‘famous Mr. Norris, of Bemerton’ in a letter to the ‘Bluestocking’ writer Elizabeth Carter, he was referring to a fame and stature which has barely translated into today’s cultural and intellectual discourses. Over these next few pages, I would like to redress Norris’s loss of standing by saying a little about his life, his years at Exeter College and All Souls during the 1670s and 1680s, and the philosophical and theological heritage he afforded the eighteenth century. Indeed, with the recent emphasis upon textual editing, annotation, and bibliography within literary studies, Norris’s impressive bearing upon the culture and thinking of the ‘Enlightenment’ has become increasingly legible, particularly in some of the great literary masterpieces of that period. For a century after his death, Norris was popularly conceived to be amongst the most formidable intellectuals of his era.

John Norris, son to a clergyman of the same name, was born at Collingbourne Kingston, in Wiltshire, on 2 January 1657. In 1660, the year the expatriated and dispossessed Charles Stuart disembarked upon Dover’s beaches, returning from France to rule an England riven by political and religious dissension, the Norris family moved to Ashbourne, Wiltshire, where the elder John Norris held the living until his death in 1681. In 1671, the young John Norris entered Winchester College where, following a letter of recommendation from George Morely, Bishop of Winchester and chaplain to the exiled Charles Stuart during the Interregnum, he became a scholar. In 1676, aged nineteen, Norris came up to Exeter, where his older brother, Samuel Norris, had been a fellow since 1663. Norris matriculated on 15 December 1676.

In the years after the restoration of Charles Stuart, as Oxford became a custodian of religious orthodoxy and political conservatism and an upholder of the hereditary Stuart bloodline, Exeter's reputation was, like that of many colleges, declining. While as Rector under Oliver Cromwell's chancellorship of Oxford in the 1650s, John Conant had given Exeter a marked reputation for godliness, sobriety, and puritan intellectualism, his Restoration successors Joseph Maynard and Arthur Bury had neglected this legacy of disciplined and pious learning. When Samuel Wesley, father of the famous Methodist leader John Wesley, came up to Exeter in 1683, he saw before him 'a perfect Sodom and Gomorrha'. Anthony Wood, antiquarian and practised observer of Restoration Oxford, testified to the degenerate conduct of Exeter's undergraduates, who did 'not live as students ought to, viz. – temperate, abstemious, and plain and grave in their apparel; but [...] live[d] like gentry, to keep dogs and horses, to turn their studies into places to keep bottles, to swagger in gay apparel and long periwigs'. If in the later decades of the seventeenth-century the university was seen to underwrite the Stuart dynasty and the Anglican ascendancy, the high-spirited (and sometimes outright bibulous and incorrigible) behaviour of some students made Oxford's reputation into an adverse one: conservatism and orthodoxy matched by sporadic depravity and libertinism.

For all this, Norris capitalised on his time at Exeter. 'I have now spent thirteen years in the most celebrated university of the world', he wrote in 1690, 'and according to the ordinary measures perhaps not amiss, having accomplished my self in a competent degree both with such learning as the academical standard requires, and with whatever else my own private genius inclined me to.' At Exeter, Norris pursued a curriculum of classical grammar, rhetoric, and logic, afterwards proceeding to moral and metaphysical philosophy. Yet it was the inclination of his 'private genius,' his unrelenting pursuit of erudition, which was to shape his thinking most. In his spare time he turned away from the traditional curriculum, centred upon Aristotle, instead looking, alongside Oxford contemporaries like Joseph Addison and Christopher Codrington, to the writings of Christian neo-Platonist thinkers such as Nicholas

Malebranche and Henry More for philosophical archetypes. It was Norris's admiration for Malebranche and his subsequent friendship and correspondence with More that was to define his intellectual reputation in years to come.

Norris left Exeter in 1680, receiving his B.A. on 15 June, and, in what was to be a controversial election, became a fellow of All Souls. For over a century, elections there had become increasingly prone to perversion and abuse, and by the late seventeenth century, retiring fellows habitually took bribes before nominating their successors. In the early 1680s, however, Thomas Jeames, Warden of All Souls between 1664 and 1687, clamped down on those corrupt resignations. With the help of William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, Jeames blocked all candidates backed by retiring fellows in 1680 and 1681, leaving Sancroft, under the statutes of the college, to determine any new appointments. Gathering specimens of work from new candidates, Sancroft personally selected Norris for a fellowship. In the Bodleian there still exists today a Latin exercise which Sancroft read on the theme '*Ferrum tuetur principem melius fides*,' signed 'Jo. Norris e Coll Exon'. 'A very excellent Scholar,' reads Sancroft's marginalia, 'and one who spoke verses in the Theater with great applause, a very good Grecian and philosopher, and a young Batchelour of Arts.'

While in later years Norris would write of 'the honour [of being] one of the Fellows of All Souls, which may God ever bless and prosper,' we know little about his time there, though his affiliation to that college is commemorated through the fine bust of Norris which sits in the Codrington Library. On 22 April 1684, Norris took his M.A., and, in the same year, he was ordained as a Church of England minister. In 1689, Norris left Oxford, married (he would have four children by his wife, Elizabeth), and took up the living of Newton St Loe, in the diocese of Bath and Wells. After Stuart rule in England ended in 1688, when, under the banners of the Glorious Revolution, William of Orange seized the English crown from James Stuart, Charles II's Catholic brother, the new king and parliament would legislate for increased toleration towards subjects unwilling to conform to the liturgy of the Church of England. For the rest of his life, however, Norris would remain a staunch and conservative

churchman, sermonising from the pulpit at Newton St Loe against Quakers and nonconformists. Yet despite high ideals about the church and his pastoral ministry, Norris quickly grew despondent about the reception of his sermons among his rural congregation there. When, from the early 1690s, he reached out for a wider audience by putting his writings into print, it marked the start of a prolific literary career.

The meagre attention that cultural and intellectual historians have allowed Norris's writings until recent years has almost solely been directed at selected philosophical works and his reputation as the 'English Malebranche.' In particular, Norris is remembered for publishing a forty-four page pamphlet just a few months after John Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding* (1689), entitled *Cursory Reflections Upon a Book Called, An Essay Concerning Understanding* (1690). In this short piece Norris, paying homage to Malebranche's theocentric idealism, attacked the implicitly sceptical models of subjective 'truth' and indeterminate 'being' which underlay Locke's most basic assertions about man, insisting upon 'Objective Truth' and a qualified knowledge derived through God rather than 'sense' or 'reflection'. Though Locke persisted that his subject was epistemology not ontology, in 'knowing' not 'being', for the subsequent fifty years the problems Norris opened up regarding Locke's model of the '*personal self*' would set the agenda for critics of the *Essay* like Edward Stillingfleet, George Berkeley, Samuel Clarke and David Hume.

That, in his own day, Norris's criticism represented a legitimate alternative to Locke's empiricism is testified by the comments of the notorious London bookseller and journalist, John Dunton. 'PHILOSOPHY it self had never been improv'd,' wrote Dunton in 1705, 'had it not been for *New Opinions*, which afterwards were rectified by abler Men (such as *Norris* and *Lock*).' Locke penned two replies to Norris's *Cursory Reflections*, though neither saw publication in his lifetime (the manuscripts are now in the Bodleian). In fact, even after *Cursory Reflections* was published, Norris and Locke were good friends, owing to their mutual acquaintance with Lady Damaris Masham, daughter of the 'Cambridge Platonist' Ralph Cudworth. It was actually following Locke's recommendation that, in 1692, Thomas

Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (to whom Locke's *Essay* is dedicated), presented Norris with the benefice of Bemerton, in Salisbury, a living formerly held by the poet George Herbert between 1630 and 1633. When relations between Locke and Norris subsequently broke down in the autumn of 1692, it was for personal, not philosophical, reasons.

Norris stayed at Bemerton for the rest of his life. It was an idyllic place to read, think and write. As the lawns and gardens from the rectory sloped down, they met the Nadder, a small chalk river joining the Avon at Salisbury, famous for its trout. Yet Bemerton was also close to the busy road between Exeter and London. From his arrival at Bemerton in 1692 until his death in 1712, Norris sent hundreds of thousands of words in manuscript along this road to Samuel Manship, his publisher in London. The *English Short Title Catalogue* attributes over fifty published titles to Norris during these years, including collected poems, sermons, pamphlets, divine and philosophical works, as they appeared in translations and new editions. Norris's seminal piece during these years was *An Essay Towards the Theory of the Ideal or Intelligible World* (1701-1704), a work which, whilst attracting enough attention to be parodied in 1705 by the London wit Thomas D'Urfey, was perhaps the most detailed manifesto of Norris's fundamental philosophical and theological position: all enquiries into human sense and reason end, though not without an intellectually coherent process, with God. Yet most remarkable is the popularity of some of Norris's titles well into the eighteenth century. *Christian Blessedness* (1690) saw its tenth edition in 1724; Norris's *Miscellanies* (1687) had gone into nine editions by 1740, by which time his *Practical Discourses* (1691-1699) had reached fifteen editions; *A Treatise Concerning Christian Prudence* (1710) ran into its seventh edition by 1722, later to be extracted and republished by John Wesley in 1742; *An Account of Reason and Faith* (1697) was still in print in 1790. With some figures like these, we begin to understand a little more about eighteenth-century readers and their tastes.

Indeed, amongst the numbers of Norris readers during the eighteenth century rank two luminaries within the history of the English novel, Samuel Richardson and Laurence Sterne.

When composing *Clarissa* (1747-48), that celebrated triumph of the European sentimentalism, Richardson was evidently reading Norris closely. When Anna secretes fifty guineas for the distressed Clarissa, we might remember that she does so in an edition of ‘*Norris’s Miscellanies*’: ‘I charge you, as you love me, return them not,’ writes Anna. Norris’s words are used as Anna articulates her friendship with Clarissa. ‘The difference in our tempers,’ she writes to Clarissa, ‘is probably the reason that we love one another *so* well, that in the words of Norris no *third love* can come in between.’ As Belton lies on his deathbed, Belford comforts him by citing a rhymed couplet (‘Death could not a more sad retinue find,/ Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind’), attributing it to ‘a poetical divine who was an excellent Christian,’ which Richardson footnotes as ‘the Rev. Mr Norris of Bemerton.’ There are echoes of Norris throughout Clarissa’s last letters as she faces her own tragic death. Even outside his novel, Richardson would similarly use Norris in a letter of sympathy to his bereaved friend Andrew Millar in 1751. Indeed, an understanding of Richardson’s attitude to Norris must underwrite any proper grasp of the Christian perspective that underpins *Clarissa*. Surely it is telling that the only character in the novel who we are told has *not* read Norris is the executor of Clarissa’s rape, Lovelace. Surreptitiously intercepting one of Anna’s letters to Clarissa, Lovelace is struck confounded: ‘Now, what the devil can this mean! – Her Norris is forthcoming on demand! – The devil take me, if I am *out-Norrised!* If such innocents can allow themselves to plot, to *Norris*, well may I.’

Certainly not one to be ‘*out-Norrised*’ was Richardson’s contemporary, Laurence Sterne. An Anglican minister himself, we know Sterne turned to Norris’s *Practical Discourses* for his own sermon writing. *Tristram Shandy* (1761-67), his madcap yet heart-warming masterpiece, is filled throughout with borrowings from many of his favourite writers, especially Rabelais, Montaigne and Cervantes. It is with typical irony that when, at the start of the fifth volume, Sterne apologises for his dependence upon borrowed material – ‘Shall we forever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring out of one vessel into another? Are we for ever to be twisting, and untwisting the same rope?’ – his apology is

itself borrowed from Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621). Yet while Norris's name appears only once in the entire Sterne corpus – tellingly, it appears deleted in the unpublished manuscript of Sterne's 'Rabelaisian Fragment' – a closer look reveals that some of the most popular passages in *Tristram Shandy* are taken straight from Norris. For instance, one of the most famous sentences in the entire novel reads: 'But mark, madam, we live amongst riddles and mysteries—the most obvious things, which come our way, have dark sides, which the quickest sight cannot penetrate into; and even the clearest and most exalted understandings amongst us find ourselves puzzled and at a loss in almost every cranny of nature's works.' For those who enjoy reading *Tristram Shandy* for its sense of modernity or even post-modernity, where meaning is always kept equivocal, inconclusive, and 'puzzled,' it is worth noting that the above passage is borrowed largely from Norris's *Practical Discourses*, where, as Sterne knew all too well, Norris's scripturalized scepticism was based firmly within the Bible (1 Corinthians 13:12).

Norris's bearing upon 'Enlightenment' thought and his influence upon eighteenth-century letters is as intricate as it is pervasive: there has been little space here to do him justice. Though American scholars in Florida are making excellent headway in evaluating Norris's impact on Richardson and Sterne, the work has just begun. Even the *Dictionary of National Biography* features errors in its entry on Norris. He did not, for instance, contribute to John Dunton's *Athenian Mercury* (1691-1697), an ambitious 'Grub Street' periodical mimicking the proceedings of the Royal Society. He died in 1712, not 1711: the commemorative tablet at Bemerton uses an outdated calendar. When the new edition of the *DNB* appears later this year, it is to be hoped that these and other errors will appear corrected; and that Norris's entry will be a little longer than it currently stands.

Liam Condon (1998)

Italian Karma

I'd never aspired to be a restaurateur (and certainly not in Summertown, an area of Oxford offering no pubs of sufficient note to have warranted visiting it during my time at Exeter).

And until I recently became one, there was nothing in my professional life which suggested I was headed in that direction. I enjoyed eating in restaurants as much as the next man but had never harboured hidden ambitions either to cook or to front an establishment. I basically fell in to it by default.

It all began when I had one of those 'turning 40' midlife moments. Not content with moving out of London and trying country life, I also decided that I'd stop what I'd been doing for the last ten years and start a business of my own. After fashionable dalliance with some suitably lunatic new internet-based ideas, I decided to set up something more old economy, but new age — a yoga and complementary medical centre. I was a big yoga enthusiast at the time and had recently helped fund a new 'branded' yoga operation in London. When it became apparent that this branded operation wasn't going to roll out for some years, as intended, I decided to pursue my own original idea and set up a yoga-based business in Oxford.

Despite doing as much research as I could, and constructing detailed business plans and forecasts on the back of this information, my yoga centre turned out to be a commercial non-starter. Not only that, but it was a non-starter that had taken a lot of time and money to put together. We'd had to find a suitable site, get the relevant planning permissions, completely refurbish and appoint the building for its new uses and finally promote and launch the business. It was the first time that I'd set up a business of my own and it was both soul-destroying and terrifying financially to realise, very early on, that the key assumptions on which the business were based were in fact wrong. We weren't going to get the throughput we needed, and without it, we weren't going to survive.

While researching the idea, I'd found myself a business partner and co-investor. It had been his suggestion to expand the concept and tack on an organic juice bar/café/restaurant at the front of the building, to act as our 'banker' in case the centre wasn't as profitable as we'd

hoped. What initially seemed such a sensible idea began to fill me with foreboding after I inopportunistly read Antony Bourdain's *Kitchen Confidential* just before we opened. It's a cracking read but it explains in nerve-inducing detail, why restaurants aren't the province of the uninitiated. And we'd compounded our own catering ignorance by hiring three equally inexperienced chefs, selected as much for their ideological persuasion as for their cooking skills.

Our original expectation was that the people who used our centre would be our principal customers and our output was geared towards them. To this end we produced salads, quiches and nut roasts and stocked all manner of milk and milk alternatives, to ensure that even the most allergic and food intolerant of our yogis could eat there. The menu changed daily, as did the chef on duty, which meant a daily scramble for new ingredients and fridges reminiscent of student days – chaotic collections of produce, with labels saying what could or couldn't be shared by the different chefs. But it soon became apparent that all this was lost on our yogis, who only ever had a tea or a coffee at most. Our mainstream customers, in contrast, proved to be much more interested in what we did with the ingredients than in their proudly paraded organic provenance. And in the other more conventional details that we'd tended to neglect, such as the time it would take to get the dishes to them, the temperature of those dishes when they arrived, and an ambience geared more towards pleasure than the self-denying ethos implicit in so many of our exercise activities. In fact the only quality that persuaded these customers to overlook our manifold flaws, and some actually to return, was our pricing. We knew so little about the business, we weren't even charging enough to cover our costs and our food was fantastically cheap.

Gordon Ramsay recently did a TV series on failing restaurants, called 'Kitchen Nightmares'. In it, he said that all restaurants, no matter how bad, were always full on three days of the year – Valentine's Day, Mother's Day and New Year's Eve. Well, we were the exception that proved the rule. Valentine's Day 2002 was our rock bottom, when the penny finally and firmly dropped that we had to abandon our existing format and radically reinvent

ourselves to address the mainstream market. Accompanied by our long-suffering wives, my partner and I spent a lonely vigil in our restaurant that night which was interrupted only once, and then by a couple of courting transvestites.

Because my business partner was Italian, we'd always had a steady stream of travelling Italians passing through, asking us for work. Most were simply waiters but the day after Valentine's, in walked Gianfranco, who'd had his own restaurant just outside Rome. It was as if our prayers had been answered – here was a professional chef, someone who knew the business, could cook to order, knew how to organise a kitchen and could design a deliverable menu. The fact that he was also carrying a lot of personal baggage (a doomed relationship with his female floor manager, who'd ended it just as he unveiled the surprise villa he'd built for them both) and consequently spent much of his spare time getting high, we chose to overlook – to us he could cook, was looking for a job and represented possible salvation.

Working with a professional was bliss compared to what we'd been used to. Gianfranco designed us a menu, with homemade pasta at its base, and then got us to organise our suppliers and our storage to maintain a stock of the core ingredients. He also taught us how to price so that we actually started making some money. We learnt that all restaurants need to price dishes at an exorbitant-sounding four times the cost of their raw ingredients in order to make sufficient margin to pay the other overheads and taxes. But now that we could offer people dishes which we knew were good and well liked, and which were cooked the same way, day after day, price no longer seemed the barrier it had been. People immediately became aware of the differences and our mainstream restaurant customers started to rise accordingly. All of which emboldened us to change our name (from Yoga Garden Café to Cibo!, to better communicate 'pleasurable Italian restaurant experience'!) and invest yet more money to enlarge the kitchen (needed to produce Gianfranco's extended menu).

This was the beginning of our transformation, which we've still not completed. The following year, we changed again. We annexed most of the yoga centre and converted it into a restaurant (putting seats in what used to be our sauna and plunge pool, and a new washing-

up area in what were previously our massage rooms), so that we now operate almost exclusively as a restaurant. We've still got 100 square metres at the back of our premises that we use as an exercise studio but we'll absorb this into the restaurant too when we've secured the relevant planning permissions.

Gianfranco's impact on our business revealed the importance to a restaurant of a capable chef. Sadly, chefs generally never seem to feel this is sufficiently recognised and so the fabled prima donna antics kick in. Four chefs and two years down the line, the sudden loss of our most important member of staff no longer worries us. However, when Gianfranco suddenly downed tools, it was the first time it had happened to us and, at the time, he was the only one who could cook our extended menu. This particular parting of ways was caused by a misunderstanding about his wages. In the same way that overseas football players apparently used to agree personal terms and then claim that what they'd agreed to was 'netto', not 'grosso', so too with Gianfranco. Paying 'net', with undeclared takings, isn't uncommon in the restaurant trade but, even in our darkest days, we'd decided that it was more trouble than it was worth. Gianfranco's gnawing sense of injustice at having to pay British taxes, no doubt compounded by his dope smoking and generally agitated emotional state, erupted one night. Our umpteenth discussion on the subject, and his employment with us, came to an abrupt end when he grabbed two knives from the kitchen and insisted that we cut our hands and each swear to the sincerity of our differing versions of our agreement with our own blood.

I wish I could say that such incidents were unusual but Luigi, Gianfranco's Calabrian successor, fell foul of the same knife-waving tendency. This time it was brandished at the kitchen porter rather than at me, and accompanied by such a realistic threat to slice up his face that we lost the kitchen porter that night too, terrified for his own safety. And after Luigi came Eleonora, a Neapolitan. She was terrific, the best cook of the lot but came (unexpectedly) with her partner, an older, Italian version of Manuel from Fawlty Towers, for whom she insisted we find work too. We did, because she was so good, but we were eventually undone when she developed the deranged suspicion that one of our attractive

young waitresses had been trying to ensnare him, and refused to work with us until we fired her.

Through all this, we've learnt that a restaurant is more than its head chef. But we've also learnt that it's not worth compromising on the food and deskilling the menu, so that it can be produced by anyone, tempting though it undoubtedly is. We've learnt much else besides, both about the running of a restaurant and the industry as a whole. And through this learning process, we've evolved a business that no longer gives us sleepless nights (other than the ones we spend working there). When it works well, a good restaurant is like a piece of theatre, with all the staff strutting their stuff and working in harmony with each other, and everyone sharing the satisfaction at the end from having produced a great performance. Not that we still don't get our bad nights, when everyone fluffs their lines, but they're less and less frequent.

Having now secured our immediate future, we're looking to see if we can turn what we'd never intended doing into what we would have liked our initial idea to have become: an expandable business. We're very aware how fragile a business restaurants can be (a higher rate of failures than in any other industry, according to our bank manager) and, having put one neighbouring establishment out of business only to see a new operator come in, and pour half a million pounds into trying to resurrect it at our expense, how shortlived any advantage often is. But we're game for trying because we both now enjoy the buzz and satisfaction that orchestrating these performances involves. And while I can't say it's the most intellectually challenging work I've done since graduation, getting our business off the ground has been the most exhilarating and satisfying.

Matthew Lebus (1978)

Exeter College Governing Body

Ms Frances Cairncross, Rector

Dr W B Stewart, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Pure Mathematics

Dr J R L Maddicott, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Medieval History, Librarian and Keeper of the Archives

Professor R A Dwek, Professorial Fellow

Professor S Gordon, Professorial Fellow

Dr M W Hart, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Politics

Professor J M Brown, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Physical Chemistry

Professor R D Vaughan-Jones, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Human Physiology

Professor G O Hutchinson, Official Fellow (Rossiter) & Lecturer in Classical Languages and Literature

Professor S D Fredman, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Law, Harassment Officer

Professor H Watanabe-O'Kelly, Official Fellow & Lecturer in German

Ms J Johnson, Official Fellow (Ashby) & Lecturer in English, Senior Tutor, Women's Adviser

Dr H L Spencer, Official Fellow & Lecturer in English

Dr M E Taylor, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Biochemistry, Sub-Rector

Professor E M Jeffreys, Professorial Fellow

Professor H C Watkins, Professorial Fellow

Dr F N Dabhoiwala, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Modern History

Mr J J W Herring, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Law, Tutor for Admissions

Dr P Johnson, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Management Studies, Finance and Estates Bursar

Professor A M Steane, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Physics

Dr S J Clarke, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Inorganic Chemistry, Senior Treasurer of Amalgamated Clubs

Dr K Graddy, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Economics

Dr I D Reid, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Engineering Science, Computing Fellow

Dr V Lee, Fellow by Special Election & Lecturer in Organic Chemistry

Professor J Klein, Professorial Fellow (Dr Lee's Professor of Chemistry)

Professor F E Close, Official Fellow, Tutor for Graduates

Dr A J Blocker, Senior Research Fellow (Guy G.F. Newton Research Fellow)

Dr S Das, Official Fellow (Eyres)

Dr B Morison, Official Fellow (Michael Cohen) & Lecturer in Philosophy, Dean of Degrees

Professor G Griffiths, Fellow by Special Election & Lecturer in Pathology

Dr K L Brain, Junior Research Fellow (Staines)

Dr A J Rattray, Junior Research Fellow (Queen Sofia)

Mr E M Bennett, Official Fellow, Home Bursar, Data Controller, Safety Officer

Revd Mr M R Birch, Official Fellow

Dr A V Akoulitchev, Senior Research Fellow (Monsanto)

Dr N Petrinic, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Engineering

Dr K Turner, Official Fellow & Lecturer in English

Professor E Williamson, Professorial Fellow

Dr A R Eagle, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Philosophy

Dr Z Qian, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Mathematics

Honours and Appointments

K L BRAIN (Fellow), elected to the Bill Bowman Travelling Lectureship, British Pharmacological Society.

D DUMAS (1977) has been appointed Queen's Counsel for Gibraltar.

R A DWEK (Fellow), elected to an Honorary Fellowship, Lincoln College, Oxford; Honorary Degree of Doctor of Science, The Scripps Research Institute, La Jolla, USA; reappointed as Special Advisor on Biotechnology to the President, Ben-Gurion University of the Negev, Israel.

S FREDMAN (Fellow), awarded Leverhulme Major Research Fellowship.

S GORDON (Fellow), Honorary Degree of Doctor of Science, University of Cape Town, 2002; Fellow of the Academy of Medical Science, 2003; Honorary Member, Association of American Immunology, 2003.

G GREATREX (1986), received tenure and promotion to Associate Professor, University of Ottawa, 2003.

J KLEIN (Fellow), held Paris Sciences Chair at the Ecole Supérieure de Physique et Chimie Industrielle, March-April 2004; Japanese Chemical Society Award Lecture, September 2004.

J R MADDICOTT (Fellow), gave the Ford Lectures in British History, University of Oxford, 2004, on 'The Origins of the English Parliament, c.900-1327'.

P D TRUSCOTT (1978) was created a life peer: Baron Truscott of St James's in The City of Westminster, June 2004.

D J ROAF (Fellow) appointed Deputy Leader of the Oxfordshire County Council from April 2004

H WATANABE (Fellow) has been elected to a Fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin (Institute of Higher Study, Berlin) for 2004-2005.

Publications

G BARTRAM, *The Cambridge Companion to the Modern German Novel*, ed. Graham Bartram, Cambridge University Press, 2004.

K L BRAIN (Fellow), et al, 'The sources and sequestration of Ca²⁺ contributing to neuroeffector Ca²⁺ transients in the mouse vas deferens', *Journal of Physiology*, 553 (2003).

R A DWEK (Fellow), with D A Calarese et al., 'Antibody domain exchange is an immunological solution to carbohydrate cluster recognition', *Science*, 300 (2003); with L F Steel et al., 'A strategy for the comparative analysis of serum proteomes for the discovery of biomarkers for hepatocellular carcinoma', *Proteomics*, 3 (2003); with P Lukacik et al., 'Complement regulation at the molecular level: the structure of decay-accelerating factor,

- PNAS, 101 (2004); with A Garcia et al., 'Differential proteome analysis of TRAP-activated platelets: involvement of DOK-2 and phosphorylation of RGS proteins', *Blood*, 103 (2004).
- W A ELTIS (Emeritus Fellow), 'How Quesnay's *Tableau Economique* offered a deeper analysis of the predicament of France', *Journal of the History of Economic Thought*, 2002.
- N FOXELL, *La Sardegna senza Lawrence*, 2003
- S FREDMAN (Fellow), 'Social, economic and cultural rights', in *English Public Law*, ed. D Feldman, Oxford University Press, 2004; 'Equality', in *Oxford Handbook on Legal Studies*, ed. P Cane and D Tushnet, Oxford University Press, 2004; *Age as an Equality Issue*, ed. S Fredman and S Spencer, Hart, 2003.
- T GARTON ASH, *Free World: Why a Crisis of the West Reveals the Opportunity of Our Time*, Allen Lane/Penguin, 2004.
- O GUTMAN, *Pseudo-Avicenna: Liber Celi et Mundi*, ed. Oliver Gutman, Brill, 2003
- J HENSTRIDGE, *Transforming the Ordinary: Biblical Meditations for the Everyday*, The Bible Reading Fellowship, 2004.
- G O HUTCHINSON (Fellow), 'The *Aetia*: Callimachus' poem of knowledge', *Zeitschrift für Papyrologie und Epigraphik*, 145 (2003).
- J J HERRING (Fellow), *Criminal Law: Text, Cases and Materials*, Oxford University Press, 2004; *Family Law*, 2nd edn., Pearson, 2004; 'Men, women and people', in *Sexuality Repositioned*, ed. Bainham et al., Hart, 2004; 'Family Law', in *All England Annual Review*, 2004, Butterworth, 2004; 'Children's rights for grown ups', in *Age as an Equality Issue*, ed. S Fredman and S Spencer, Hart, 2003.
- V LEE (Fellow), with S P H Mee and J E Baldwin, 'An efficient synthesis of 3,4-bis(tri-n-butylstannyl) furan', *Synthetic Communications*, 33 (2003); with S P Romeril et al., 'Investigation into the absolute stereochemistry of the marine sponge alkaloid pyrinodemin A', *Tetrahedron Letters*, 44 (2003); with S P H Mee and J E Baldwin, 'Stille coupling made easier – The synergic effect of copper(I) salts and the fluoride ion', *Angewandte Chemie International Edition*, 43 (2004); with S P H Mee et al., 'Total synthesis of 5, 5',6,6'-tetrahydroxy-3,3'-biindolyl, the proposed structure of a potent antioxidant found in beetroot (*Beta vulgaris*)', *Tetrahedron*, 60 (2004); with S P Romeril and J E Baldwin, 'Synthesis of marine sponge alkaloid hachijodine B and a comment on the structure of ikimine B and on the absolute configuration of niphatesine D', *Tetrahedron Letters*, 2004; with J E D Kirkham et al., 'Asymmetric analysis of cytotoxic sponge metabolites R-strongylodiols A and B', *Tetrahedron Letters*, 45 (2004).
- J R MADDICOTT (Fellow), 'Edward the Confessor's return to England in 1041', *English Historical Review*, 119 (2004).
- J MOAT, *Hermes & Magdalen*, 2004
- J RATTRAY (Fellow), 'Surrealist poetry in motion: José María Hinojosa and Luis Buñuel', in *Buñuel. Siglo XXI*, ed. I Santaolalla et al., Prensas Universitarias de Zaragoza e Institución Fernando el Católico, 2004; 'The theory of surrealist collage through image and text: Angel Planells and José María Hinojosa', in *Crossing Fields in Modern Spanish Culture*, ed. F

- Bonaddio and X de Ros, EHRC, 2003; ‘A delicious imaginary journey with Joan Miró and José María Hinojosa’, in *A Companion to Surrealism in Spain*, ed. R Havard, Tamesis, 2004.
- D J ROAF (Fellow), with A White. ‘Ringing the changes: Bells and Mathematics’, in *Music and Mathematics*, ed. Fauvel, Flood and Wilson, Oxford University Press, 2003.
- J S ROWLINSON (Emeritus Fellow), ‘The wartime work of Hinshelwood and his Colleagues’, *Notes and Records Royal Society*, 58 (2004).
- P TRUSCOTT, *Putin’s Progress: A Biography of Russia’s Enigmatic President, Vladimir Putin*, Simon & Schuster, 2004
- K TURNER (Fellow), *The Victorians and the Eighteenth Century: Reassessing the Tradition*, ed. K Turner and Francis O’ Gorman, Ashgate, 2004.
- H WATANABE (Fellow), ‘Höfisches Schrifttum im 15. und 16 Jahrhundert’, in *Hansers Sozialgeschichte der deutschen Literatur des 15./16. Jahrhundert*, ed. M Münkler and W Röcke, Carl Hanser Verlag, 2004; ‘Religion and the Consort: Two Electresses of Saxony and Queens of Poland (1697-1757)’, in *Queenship in Europe, 1600-1815: The Role of the Consort*, ed. C Campbell Orr, Cambridge University Press, 2004; ‘Kunstkammer, Library and Chamber of Anatomy: The management of knowledge at the Dresden court in the early modern period’, in *Ways of Knowing*, ed. M Lindemann, Brill, 2004.
- H H WERLIN, ‘Poor Nations, Rich Nations: A Theory of Governance’, in H H Werlin, *The Mysteries of Development: Studies Using Political Elasticity Theory*.

Class Lists in Honour Schools 2004

BIOCHEMISTRY: *Class II(i)*, Matthew Locke, Monika Protasiewicz, Graham Stevenson, Mark Toynbee, Evangelia Ttofi, Peter Warne

CHEMISTRY: *Class I*, Paul Coles, *Class II(i)* Sam Aldridge, Daniel Hull, Louis Leung, Sam Thompson

CLASSICS & MODERN LANGUAGES: *Class II(i)*, Amy Spare

EARTH SCIENCES: *Class II(i)*, Esi Eshun, Elizabeth Guilford

ECONOMICS & MANAGEMENT: *Class II(i)*, Thomas Cochrane, Marcus Holmlund

ENGINEERING & COMPUTING SCIENCE:

ENGINEERING: *Class I*, Mark L Potter; *Class II(i)* David R J Gregory

ENGLISH: *Class II(i)* Elsa Davies, Pamela S Findlay, Rebecca L Frankenberg, Raza Halim, Claire Pelly, Emma J Shepherd, James A Waterfield

JURISPRUDENCE: *Class I*, Anna Wightman; *Class II(i)*, Charlotte Copleston, Helen Fleck, Niv Kazimirov, Alison Schwartz, Jonathan Turner, Gillian Waugh, Joanna Whybra

LITERAE HUMANIORES: *Class I*, Dominic Corsini-Meek, *Class II(i)*, Benjamin Cole, Emily Shaw, *Class II(ii)*, John Lynch

MATHEMATICS: *Class I*, Douglas Speed; *Class II(i)*, Lisa Willis, *Class II(ii)* Sarah Sharratt

MATHEMATICAL SCIENCES: *Class II(i)*, Tse Wen Tai

MODERN HISTORY: *Class I*, Hannah Green, Matthew Green, David Legg, John Lucas, Hannah Parham; *Class II(i)*, Gemma Davey, Louis Eggar, Clare Manassei

MODERN HISTORY & POLITICS: *Class II(i)*, Jessica Frost

MODERN LANGUAGES: *Class II(i)*, Caroline Jones, Lisa O'Shea, Catherine Pitt, Adam Papat, Julia Wood

MUSIC: *Class I*, Timothy Burke, Michael Davis

PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS & ECONOMICS: *Class I*, Edward Seed, Ronan Wyer, Ricardo Zimbron; *Class II(i)*, Robert Javin-Fisher, Stella Jiang, James Marks, Robert Morris

PHILOSOPHY & MODERN LANGUAGES: *Class I*, Jonathan Zvesper

PHYSICS (3 YEAR): *Class II(ii)*, Simon Hicks

PHYSICS (4 YEAR): *Class II(i)*, Charles Alpass, Dominik Kasprzyk, Sarayna Little

PHYSICS & PHILOSOPHY: *Class II(i)*, Paul Denham, Katherine White

PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCES: *Class I*, Andrew King; *Class II(i)* Kate Bugler, Helen Fothergill, Afsaneh Gray, James McCaffrey, Anthony Williams

17 Firsts 58 Upper Seconds 3 Lower Seconds 0 Third

HONOUR MODERATIONS

LITERAE HUMANIORES: *Class II(i)*, Charlotte Ralph, Emily Watson; *Class II(ii)*, Rachel Knibbs

MATHEMATICS: *Class I*, Matthew Byrd, Vinesh Solanki; *Class II*, Christopher Collins, Gregory Jenkins, Rajiv Tanna; *Class III*, Colin Cheung, Rhys Jenkins; *Pass*, Elizabeth Lennox

MATHEMATICS & COMPUTER SCIENCE: *Class II*, Phillip Nash

MATHEMATICS & PHILOSOPHY: *Class I*, Charlotte Kestner

MUSIC: *Class II*, Stephen Wood

3 Firsts 8 Seconds 2 Thirds

Moderations

ENGLISH: *Distinction*: Michael Amherst, Hannah Daley, Michael Lesslie

ORIENTAL STUDIES: *Distinction*, James Willis

Prelims

BIOCHEMISTRY: *Distinction*, Claire Atkinson

CHEMISTRY: *Distinction*, Elizabeth Crabtree

ECONOMICS & MANAGEMENT: *Distinction*, George Anstey, Muhammed Khan

ENGINEERING SCIENCE: *Distinction*, Savelie Cornegruta, Adam Davidson

FINE ART: *Distinction*, Angela Palmer

MODERN HISTORY: *Distinction*, Jonathan Bridcut, Edward Smith

JURISPRUDENCE: *Distinction*, Emma Jayne Naylor, Janet Ho

MODERN LANGUAGES: *Distinction in French*, Benedict Hunting, Riona Nicholls, Lauren Sklar, *Distinction in German*, Eleanor Cockbain, Lauren Sklar, *Distinction in Russian*, Eleanor Cockbain

PHYSICS: *Distinction*, Nicholas Scott

PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCES: *Distinction*, Gregory Lim

PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS & ECONOMICS: *Distinction*, Charles Brendon

1st BM PART I

Distinction, Gareth Thomas, Louise Wing

1st BM PART II

Distinction, Sophie Hanina, Oliver Lomas

Graduate Degrees 2004

D Phil

Marina Bazzani	Medieval & Modern Languages
Jason Chan	Medical Sciences
Christa Ehman	Educational Studies
Richard Gilpin	Mathematical & Physical Sciences
Dmitri Korobeinikov	Byzantine Studies
Duncan McCombie	Classics
Wachira Prommaporn	Mathematical & Physical Sciences
Kelley Wilder	History of Art

Bcl

Michael T Shepherd
Damian M Taylor

M Phil

John Bolin	English Studies (viii), <i>Distinction</i>
Robyn Evans	Economics
Trevor Gibson	Law
Robin Hopkins	Philosophical Theology
Sebastien Linnemayr	Economics
Amy Sackville	English Studies (viii), <i>Distinction</i>
Keiko Takahashi	Economics

Andrew Zeitlin Economics, *Distinction*

M Sc by Coursework

Savio Correia-Afonso Software Engineering
Katherine Desormeau Forced Migration
Bogdan Ghica Software Engineering
Rina Pal Criminology & Criminal Justice
Philip Pon Forced Migration
Michael Werner Economics for Development

M St

Rebecca Kroesen European Literature
R Fred Latimer Modern History
Alex Newberry Byzantine Studies
Marnie Podos English, *Distinction*
Meredith Riedel Byzantine Studies, *Distinction*
Priyanka Sacheti Women's Studies
Alison Skodol Women's Studies, *Distinction*

MAGISTER JURIS

Heinrich Kuehnert, *Distinction*
Zirou Liu
Vsevolod Volkov

College Prizes

QUARRELL-READ PRIZE: Kate Bugler, Thomas Cochrane, Paul Coles, Louis Eggar, Sarayna Little, Hannah Parham, Claire Pelly, Edward Seed, Mark Toynbee, Peter Warne, James Waterfield, Ricardo Zimbron

PETER STREET PRIZE: Timothy Burke

ELSIE BECK MEMORIAL PRIZE: Dominic Corsini-Meek

SIR ARTHUR BENSON MEMORIAL PRIZE: Charlotte Kestner

BURNETT PRIZE: Anthony M Flynn

COGHILL/STARKIE POETRY PRIZE: Rebecca Frankenberg

CAROLINE DEAN PRIZE: Lisa A Willis

EMERY PRIZE: Sophie Hanina, Oliver Lomas

LAURA QUELCH PRIZE: Hannah Parham

RICHARDS PRIZE: Judith Tanning

SCIENCE PRIZE: Clare Walton, Madeleine Gentle

SKEAT-WHITFIELD PRIZE: Rebecca Frankenberg

University Prizes

CHARLES OLDHAM CLASSICAL TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIP: Corrissa Tung

FHS MOLECULAR & CELLULAR BIOCHEMISTRY PART II RESEARCH PROJECT PRIZE: Matthew Locke

MINERALOGICAL SOCIETY PRIZE: Christopher Brough

Graduate Freshers

Tope	Agboola	Economics for Development	M Sc by coursework
James	Ambrose	Modern Languages	PRS
Kevin	Armstrong	Mathematics and the Foundations of Computer Science	M Sc by coursework
Thida	Aye	Applied Statistics	M Sc by coursework
Haris	Aziz	Computer Science	M Sc by coursework
Paul	Beard	Engineering Science	PRS
Thierry	Beja	Business Administration	MBA
Steven	Benjamin	Greek and/or Latin Literature	M St
Michael	Benzennou	Management Research	M Sc by coursework
Yelena	Biberman	Russian and Eastern European Studies	M Phil
Rebecca	Bland	Law	BCL
Shawn	Bugden	Evidence Based Health Care	M Sc by coursework
Matus	Busovsky	Diplomatic Studies	Foreign Service Programme
Ana-Zeraloa	Canals Hamann	Clinical Medicine	PRS
Chiara	Cappellaro	General Linguistics and Comparative Philology	M St
Patrick	Chaaya	Economics	M Phil
Katherine	Chapman	Modern History	M St
Armin	Cuyvers	Law	Magister Juris
Dominique	Decard	Business Administration	MBA
William	DeJanes	Evidence based social work	M Sc by coursework
Katie	Dildy	Evidence based social work	M Sc by coursework
Eric	Engler	Economics	M Phil
Pamela	Findlay	English	M St
Etienne	Gadbois	Law	M Phil
Glen	Goodman	European Literature	M Phil
Matthew	Green	Modern History	PRS
Irena	Grubica	English	Visiting
Nachiketa	Gupta	Computing Lab	PRS
Matthew	Habgood	Mathematical Modelling and Scientific Computing	M Sc by coursework
Constantinos	Hadjistassou	Engineering Science	PRS
Daniel	Halford	Mathematical Modelling and Scientific Computing	M Sc by coursework
Ibraheem	Haneef	Engineering Science	PRS
Serenhedd	James	Theology	PRS
Jenny	Jonsson	Comparative Philology and General Linguistics	M Phil
Laure	Kerboul	Applied and Computational Mathematics	M Sc by coursework
Elif	Keser Kayaalp	Archaeology	PRS
Tarunabh	Khaitan	Law	BCL
Kate	Kingsbury	Social Anthropology	M Sc by coursework
Sandeep	Kishore	Pathology	PRS
Urvashi	Kumar	Economics for Development	M Sc by coursework
Neha	Kumra	Economics for Development	M Sc by coursework

Stephen	Leonard	General Linguistics and Comparative Philology	M St
David	Maren	Business Administration	MBA
Anish	Mathur	Business Administration	MBA
Rebecca	McGann	Byzantine Studies	M St
Kelly	Murphy	Jewish Studies	M St
Claudine	Neyen	Pathology	PRS
Nuggehalli	Nigam	Law	BCL
Wenjun	Niu	Applied Statistics	M Sc by coursework
Katharine	Nokes	Modern History	M St
William	O'Gorman	Pathology	PRS
Alex	O'Hara	Modern History	PRS
Halit	Ongen	Clinical Medicine	PRS
Satish	Pandey	Archaeological Science	M Sc by coursework
Natalie	Pangburn	European Literature French	M St
Pradeep	Ramachandran	Biochemistry	PRS
Lucy	Rhymer	Modern History	M St
Paul	Robinson	Clinical Medicine	D Phil
Sam	Sanjabi	Computing Lab	PRS
Shinichi	Sato	Business Administration	MBA
Jacob	Sattelmair	Science and Medicine of Athletic Performance	M Sc by coursework
Mohamed	Shamshuzaman	Mathematical Finance	M Sc by coursework
Ben	Stone	Science and Medicine of Athletic Performance	M Sc by coursework
Francisco	Villafuerte	Physiology	PRS
Huang	Wan	Mathematics & the Foundations of Computer Science	M Sc by coursework
Cheng	Wang	Engineering Science	PRS
Kristopher	Williams	Byzantine Studies	M Phil
Xiaojin	Xu	Biochemistry	PRS
Liu	Yang	Engineering Science	PRS
Jing	Yang	Engineering	PRS
Hui	Zeng	Business Administration	MBA

Undergraduate Freshers

Lynsey	Adams	Jurisprudence	Altrincham Girls Grammar School
Thomas	Adcock	Economics & Management	Peter Symonds College, Winchester
David	Allen	Williams	Williams College
Georgios	Anastasiades	Mathematics	Institute of Maths & Science, Limassol
Katy	Barrett	Modern History	Haberdashers' Aske's Girls School
John	Bennett	Williams	Williams College
Philip	Berman	Mathematics and Statistics	Manchester Grammar School
Benjamin	Berringer	Williams	Williams College
Evan	Bick	Williams	Williams College
Elizabeth	Blackmore	English	Pate's Grammar School, Cheltenham
Michael	Blatherwick	Biochemistry	Chase Terrace High School, Walsall
Laura	Bradley	Jurisprudence	Down High School, Downpatrick
Andrei	Brougham	PPE	Licensed Victuallers School, Ascot
Alison	Burgner	Williams	Williams College
Daniel	Burns	Williams	Williams College
Kelly	Carmichael	Jurisprudence	Fort Pitt Grammar School, Chatham
Gemma	Carr	PPE	Lady Eleanor Holles School
Lap Ting	Cheung	Earth Sciences	Dulwich College
William	Cochrane	Modern Languages	Tonbridge School
Gemunu	Cooray	Physiological Sciences	Haberdashers' Aske's (Boys) School
Phillip	Counsell	Modern Languages	Cleeve School, Cheltenham
Emma	Cousin	Fine Art	Wakefield Girls High School
Claire	Coutinho	Mathematics & Philosophy	James Allen's Girls School
Elizabeth	Cowen	Williams	Williams College
Matthew	Cox	Mathematics	Bishopshalt School, Hillingdon
Sian	Davies	Biochemistry	Gowerton School, Swansea
Katie	Egan	Earth Sciences	St Peter's School, Bournemouth
Nika	Engberg	Williams	Williams College

Thomas	Evans	PPE	Millfield School
Alastair	Evans	Physiological Sciences	Howard of Effingham School
Katie	Evans	Modern Languages	Dollar Academy
Jiayang	Fan	Williams	Williams College
Daniel	Fischler	Williams	Williams College
Megan	Forrester	Physiological Sciences	George Heriot's School, Edinburgh
Benjamin	Franklin	Earth Sciences	Kenilworth School
Andrew	Freedman	Literae Humaniores	Westminster School
Nikhar	Gaikwad	Williams	Williams College
Claire	Gilmour	Modern Languages	London Oratory School
Emma	Golden	Williams	Williams College
Megan	Hancock	Mathematics	Wellsway School, Bristol
Christopher	Hansell	Mathematics	Dr Challoners Grammar School, Amersham
Adam	Harper	Mathematics and Statistics	Kirkley High School, Lowestoft
Matthew	Hayes	Modern History	Harrow School
Jonathan	Healy	PPE	Langley Grammar School
Jonathan	Heath	Modern History	Radley College
Roman	Herman	Williams	Williams College
Micha	Hesse	Chemistry	Unknown
David	Hoare	Modern History	King Edward's School, Bath
Bethan	Hobart-Tichborne	Philosophy & Modern Languages	Judd School, Tunbridge
James	Holwell	Mathematics	Beacon School, Crowborough
Karen	Hoppe	Jurisprudence	Sir Christopher Hatton School, Wellingborough
Rebecca	Howard	Music	Gravesend Girls Grammar School
Michelle	Hutchinson	Physics & Philosophy	Churchers College, Petersfield
Thomas	Jarrold	Chemistry	Anglo-European School
Rosemary	Jones	Chemistry	Ysgol Gyfun Maes-Yr-Yrfa, Llanelli
Darrell	Jones	English	Ballyclare High School
Robert	Keevil	PPE	King Edward VII Upper School
Neil	Kelleher	Jurisprudence	Royal Grammar School, High Wycombe
Christine	Kelly	PPE	American Community School, Cobham
Mary	Keniger	Physiological Sciences	Peter Symonds College, Winchester
Prajakta	Kharkar	Economics & Management	Temasek Junior College
Christina	Khoudian	Biochemistry	Bishops Hatfield Girls School, Hatfield
Joanna	Kretchmer	Williams	Williams College
Alexander	Laffan	Modern History	Haberdashers' Aske's (Boys) School
Zoe	Lambourne	Literae Humaniores	Torquay Grammar School for Girls
Nikolaos	Lamprou	Physics	Campion School
Jennifer	Lane	Physiological Sciences	Wolverhampton Girls High School
Gayle	Lazda	English	Holt School
Alexandre	Leuba	Classics & Modern Languages	Winchester College
John	Lin	PPE	Hwa Chong Junior College, Singapore
Wenjing	Ling	Engineering Science	Singapore
Nicholas	Lister	Literae Humaniores	Kings College School Wimbledon
Nikolai	L'vov-Basirov	Physics	Eton College
Alexandra	MacLennan	Williams	Williams College
Eric	Markowsky	Williams	Williams College
Anna	Maude	Modern History	Oundle School
Christopher	McCallum	Mathematics	Gleniffer High School, Paisley
Tom	Melia	Physics	Benton Park School, Leeds
Michael	Montalbano	Williams	Williams College
Hannah	Mycock	Jurisprudence	Bruton School for Girls
Flora	Nelson	Literae Humaniores	Bedales School
Eng Siang	Ng	Jurisprudence	Raffles Junior College, Singapore
Toby	Normanton	Engineering Science	Eton College
Octave	Oppetit	Engineering Science	Lycee Francais Charles De Gaulle
Catherine	Page	English & Modern Languages	Pate's Grammar School, Cheltenham
Ruxy	Paul	Williams	Williams College
Luka	Pavlovic	Philosophy & Modern Languages	Portland Place School
Jonathan	Payne	Physics	Queensmead School
Lisha	Perez	Williams	Williams College
Matthew	Peters	Jurisprudence	St Paul's School
Ariel	Peters	Williams	Williams College

Arathi	Rao	Williams	Williams College
Jonathan	Rayers	Engineering Science	Reading School
James	Reed	Engineering Science	Wimbledon College
Susan	Reid	Williams	Williams College
Nicholas	Richardson	Philosophy & Modern Languages	Eton College
Rachel	Ricucci	Williams	Williams College
Kathryn	Riley	Music	King Edward VII School
Alexander	Scott-Simons	Chemistry	Colchester Royal Grammar School
Lorna	Shaddick	Modern History & English	King's School, Worcester
Stephen	Shea	Chemistry	Judd School, Tonbridge
Matthew	Siddons	Modern History	King Edwards School, Birmingham
Joanna	Smith	Modern Languages	St Mary's School, Calne
Catriona	Smith	Modern Languages	Pate's Grammar School, Cheltenham
Rosemary	Smith	Williams	Williams College
Rhona	Sproat	Physiological Sciences	Castle Douglas High School
Florian	Stellner	Economics & Management	Gymnasium Penzberg
Oliver	Stevens	English	City of London School
David	Thomas	Jurisprudence	Merchant Taylors School
Philippa	Underwood	Biochemistry	Bromley High School
Richard	Walters	Earth Sciences	Weymouth College
Gillian	Weeks	Williams	Williams College
Heather	White	Physiological Sciences	Perse School for Girls
Nicholas	Whitfield	English	South Tyneside College
Amanda	Whiting	Williams	Williams College
Steven	Williams	Physics	Yarm School, Stockholm
Joanne	Williams	English	Collingwood College
Ashley	Wood	Economics & Management	Lancing College
Benjamin	Wylie	Modern Languages	Eton College

Deaths

Ray Livingstone Armstrong, Commoner (1930), formerly of Williams College. Died November 1999, aged 89.

Edward Martin Batchelor, Commoner (1942), formerly of Judd School, Tonbridge. Died 1 October 2003, aged 79.

Michael Berry, Commoner (1946), formerly of Felsted School, Essex. Died 2004.

Timothy John Binyon, Open Exhibitioner (1956), formerly of Ermysted's Grammar School, Skipton. Died 8 October 2004.

Eric David Mackie Bishop, Commoner (1936), formerly of Whitgift School. Died 2004

Reginald Michael Douglas Cardew, Commoner (1956), formerly of Brighton College. Died 22 August 2003, aged 67.

Henry Frederick Knowles Cheall, Commoner (1953), formerly of Merchant Taylors' School and Rossall School. Died 30 March 2004, aged 69.

Roger Keith Cooke, Commoner (1956), formerly of Yeovil and Niether Edge Grammar Schools. Died 27 February 2003, aged 67.

Martin Erroll Cornish-Bowden, Commoner (1958), formerly of Michaelhouse, South Africa. Died April 2004, aged 64.

Domingo Maria de Epalza Arandazi, Commoner (1930), of the University of Salamanca. Died 2002.

Patrick Vincent Fedden, Commoner (1936), formerly of Kelly College, Tavistock.

Peter Amy Filleul, Commoner (1948), formerly of Bedford School. Died 2 January 2004, aged 74.

John Michael Hammersley, (Incorporated 1949). Died 2 May, 2004, aged 84.

Andrew Christopher Holden, Commoner (1954), formerly of King's College School, Wimbledon. Died 10 December 2003, aged 69.

Ian Howarth, Commoner (1953), formerly of Peter Symond's School, Winchester. Died 21 September 2003, aged 69.

Andrew Bernard King, Commoner (1959), of Stockport Grammar School. Died May 2002, aged 61.

Charles Martin Le Quesne, Exhibitioner (1936), formerly of Shrewsbury School. Died 3 April 2004, aged 86.

Ian Murdoch Maclean, Commoner (1946), formerly of George Watson's College, Edinburgh. Died 11 January 2004, aged 81.

Richard Allen Scarth Moss, Commoner (1933), formerly of Manchester University.

Thomas Johnson Nossiter, Waugh Scholar (1958), formerly of Stockton Grammar School. Died 12 January 2004, aged 66.

Louis Hooker Palmer Jr, Commoner (1936), formerly of Williams College. Died October 2003.

John Corfe Linton Palmer, Exhibitioner (1933), formerly of Canford School. Died 8 April 2004, aged 89.

Jost Elkhart Rexhausen, Visiting Student (1987), formerly of Bonn University. Died 6 October 2003.

William Antony Richards, Commoner (1949), formerly of Wolverhampton Grammar School. Died 10 March 2004, aged 75.

John Basil Roscoe, Commoner (1939), formerly of Leighton Park School, Reading. Died 23 December 2003, aged 83.

Patrick John Rumfitt, Commoner (1946), formerly of Victoria College, Jersey. Died 11 February 2004, aged 81.

Robert Bryan Smith, Commoner (1954), of Ashby-de-la-Zouche Grammar School. Died January 2004, aged 69.

Robin Horton John Thorne, Scholar (1936), formerly of Rugby School. Died 11 May

2004, aged 86.

Antony Edward Paton Walsh, Open Exhibitioner (1955), formerly of Beaumont College. Died 30 December 2003, aged 67.

Reginal Henry Whitworth, Bursar, 1971-81, formerly of Balliol College. Died 22 May 2004, aged 87.

Charles Robert Wilkinson, Commoner (1948), formerly of Clifton College. Died 21 August 2004, aged 78.

Marriages

David Howard-Jones (1999) to Annaleise Grummitt at Merton College Chapel, Oxford, on 18 September 2004

Tom Weiss (1991) to Jane Adams at Chalfont St Giles on 10 September 2004.

Lucy Tobin (1991) to Edmund Layet at the Church of St Simon Stock, Putney, on 6 November 2004.

The Editor regrets that in last year's list of Marriages the name of Elizabeth Beaumont Bissell's husband was incorrectly given as Justin rather than Julian.

Births

To Karen A. Webb and David Webb (1983) on 24 July 2003, a son, Leo David William Webb.

To Nuria Capdevila-Argüelles and Matthew Preston (1990) on 20 December 2003, a daughter, Olalla Capdevila-Preston.

To Sarah Brimacombe (née Nunney, 1990) and Peter Brimacombe on 9 April 2003, a son, Thomas William.

To Sophie Glen and Ian Glen (1991) on 10 May 2003, a daughter, Charlotte Poppy.

To Julia Hall and Jonathan Hall (1992) on 29 November 2001, a daughter, Charlotte Grace, and on 27 January 2004, a son, Isaac Daniel.

To Philippa Tanner and Richard Tanner (1989) on 8 May 2000, a son, James

To Erika Jorgensen (1981) and Endre Esztergomi on 2 July 2004, a son, Maxwell Kalman, a brother to Leo.

Winter 2005	1974-77
Summer 2005	1990-92
Autumn 2005	Association Dinner
Winter 2006	1978-81
Summer 2006	1999-2001
Autumn 2006	1955-59
Winter 2007	1993-95
Summer 2007	1982-84
Autumn 2007	Association Dinner

Summer Gaudies are usually held on the Saturday two weeks after the end of Trinity term (late June/ early July), Autumn Gaudies and Association Dinners will normally be held on the Saturday one week preceding the start of Michaelmas term (late September/early October), Winter gaudies will take place on the Saturday one or two weeks before the beginning of Hilary term (mid-late January).

Gaudies in 2005

A Gaudy will be held on Saturday 8 January for those who matriculated between 1974 and 1977 (inclusive). Invitations will be sent out shortly. If you know of anyone who has not received an invitation, please encourage them to email us at development@exeter.ox.ac.uk.

A Gaudy will be held on Saturday 25 June for those who matriculated between 1990 and 1992 (inclusive). Invitations will be sent out in March.

An Association Dinner will be held on Friday 23 September.

Old Members who have not attended a Gaudy for at least five years and whose own Gaudy will not occur next year are welcome to apply for a place at the 2005 Summer Gaudy. They should write to the Home Bursar by 1 March. Old Members of any year who live overseas and expect to be in the United Kingdom when a Gaudy takes place will also be welcome and should apply for an invitation by the deadline given.

Visitors to College

It has sadly been necessary for many colleges to increase levels of security to a much higher level than was the case when many old members were up. Exeter is no exception and we now have closed circuit TV cameras in operation and all College members and staff are warned to be constantly vigilant for intruders.

The first sign you may have of this increased security should be the Porter or student 'sentry' asking you politely to identify yourself before allowing you into College. Please give your name so that it can be checked with the list which is kept in the Lodge. You and any guests you may have with you will then be most welcome to move freely wherever you wish in College.

The Hall is usually kept locked but the Porter will be happy to open it for you if he is not too heavily engaged in other duties. If you are planning a visit and can let the Home Bursar know in advance when you are likely to arrive, then the Porter can be briefed to expect you. You will see the changes made to the Lodge area and whilst here you may also care to see the changes which we have made in the Hall and on Staircases, 2, 3, 7, 8 and 9 if you have not already done so.

The Editor of the *Register* is keen to receive short articles from Exonians in any part of the world, giving their personal views on events and trends in areas likely to be of interest to other Old Members. Articles should be received by 30 June for the next *Register*. Space may not permit the publication of all articles, if a large number is received.

Please inform the Editor of any change of address.