EXETER COLLEGE ASSOCIATION

Register 2005

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Contributors

Mark Birch is the College Chaplain. He was formerly a practising vet.

Graham Chainey read English and is the author of *A Literary History of Cambridge* (Cambridge University Press, 1995).

Michael Dryland was a Choral Exhibitioner and read English and then Jurisprudence after leaving the Navy. He was formerly Master of the Company of Merchant Taylors of York and senior partner in a York law practice.

Hugh Eccles read Engineering. He was a member of the University Air Squadron and the RAFVR, was called up on 1 September 1939, and was granted a Permanent Commission in the RAF after the war.

Sarah Fuller (neé Ibbotson) read Modern History, then joined the West Mercia Constabulary, and now works as a Civil Servant in Cheltenham.

Jim Hiddleston was Fellow and Tutor in French from 1966 to 2003.

Eric Kemp was the College's Chaplain and Tutor in Medieval History and Theology from 1946 to 1969, Dean of Worcester from 1969 to 1974, and Bishop of Chichester from 1974 to 2001.

Leslie Le Quesne read Medicine and was Professor of Surgery at the Middlesex Hospital from 1963 to 1984, and Deputy Vice-Chancellor and Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, University of London, from 1980 to 1984.

Walter Luttrell read PPE. He served with the 15/19 King's Royal Hussars from 1940 to 1946, was a member of the University Grants Committee from 1973 to 1976, and was Lord Lieutenant of Somerset from 1978 to 1994.

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

Martin Sieff read Modern History. He was Soviet and East European Correspondent for *The Times* from 1986 to 1992 and Chief Foreign Correspondent for the *Washington Times* from 1994 to 1999. He is now Chief Political Correspondent for United Press International.

Andrew Wilson read Modern History. He trained for the ministry at Westcott House, Cambridge, and has been Team Vicar in the parish of Poplar, East London, since 1999.

From the Rector

At the end of my first year as Rector, I am just starting to get to grips with the extraordinary transition from the world of journalism, where I had spent all my working life, to the curious world of an Oxford college.

The transition has been made far easier by the warmth and friendship with which I have been welcomed, by Fellows, Old Members, staff and students. I have been particularly lucky to have the support of a group of first-rate College Officers. In particular the Senior Tutor, Jeri Johnson, who organises the academic life of the College, with boundless energy and a firm hand, has initiated me into such mysteries as stint reform (the distribution of teaching loads) and Rector's Collections. At the beginning of the academic year Peter Johnson took over as Finance and Estates Bursar from Brian Stewart, who had done the job nobly for many years. He has gone through the College's property portfolio, to ensure that we are managing it as capably as possible. Eric Bennett, the Home Bursar, has overseen a very extensive refurbishment of the college kitchens, a project that survived even the discovery of a medieval well beneath the rubble.

At the same time as trying to grasp the internal workings of the College, I have been struggling to understand those of the University. These seem considerably more tempestuous. The incoming Vice-Chancellor, Dr John Hood, who has come from the University of Auckland, rapidly put forward some radical proposals for reforming the governance of the University, for overhauling its academic strategy and for changing financial arrangements between the Colleges and the University. All this has caused a fair amount of controversy in an institution with a certain natural resistance to reform and a desire to explore several options before agreeing to change.

In the relative calm of the College, the year has been marked by a number of splendid achievements. Among the Fellows, Professor Sandy Fredman became a Fellow of the British Academy, Gillian Griffiths a Fellow of the Academy of Medical Sciences, and Shamita Das a Fellow of the American Geophysical Union. There have been other, less academic achievements. In the course of Trinity Term three Fellows – Jonathan Herring, Faramerz Dabhoiwala, and Kathryn Graddy – all produced baby girls, and one, Keith Brain, our pharmacologist, broke the feminine run with a son just after the end of term. And Robin Lane Fox, the College's Lecturer in Ancient History, appeared in a cameo role on horseback in the film, *Alexander the Great*, having asked to do so in exchange for advising the production team.

We said goodbye to half a dozen familiar faces at the end of the term. Siamon Gordon, Professor of Cellular Pathology, has been a Fellow since 1976. Quite apart from his distinguished academic work, he has set up a project to cut the toll of HIV-AIDS on children in South Africa.

He has arranged the publication and free distribution of a book aimed at 11-16-year-olds, telling them about the disease and how they can protect themselves against infection. Professor Gordon retires, but will stay on as a Fellow Emeritus. We have also lost Victor Lee, who has taught chemistry for three years; and Jacqueline Rattray, who has held the Queen Sofia Junior Research Fellowship for the past three years. Katherine Turner, our Williams Fellow for two years, crossed the Atlantic to Mary Baldwin College in Virginia; and Caroline Warman, who taught French for two years, crossed the Turl to a Fellowship at Jesus College. We wish them all well. Heidi Stalla, who has been Junior Dean for the past five years, and combined kindness and sympathy with a firm line on the unruly young, is off to New York University – taking with her the college cat.

Among the new arrivals we welcomed at the start of Michaelmas Term this year is Jane Hiddleston, who becomes Fellow in French. She thus takes over the fellowship that her father held with distinction for so many years. She was the top choice of the students who sat through mock tutorials by all candidates for the job, and of a clear majority of the University representatives on the panel that selected her.

We elected a new Honorary Fellow. Kenneth Hayne is a distinguished Australian lawyer and a member of Australia's High Court. He came up to Exeter as a Rhodes Scholar in 1969. We also welcomed Professor André Weideman, from Stellenbosch University, South Africa, as a Visiting Fellow in Computing.

We had an excellent year academically. Overall, the College won 25 Firsts out of 92 students sitting Final examinations. Of the five biochemists, four took Firsts this year, and three of them were in the top five for the University. Judith Tonning, our Hasker Scholar, took the top First in the University in Theology (having given birth to Tobias only a month before). Iason Gabriel took the top First in History and Politics and Nicholas Johnston the top First in Classics and English. Lucy Simmonds took the second best First in Physiological Sciences, Claire Walton the second best First in Biochemistry, and Jane Goodenough the fourth best First in Greats. The College came a very creditable seventh in the Norrington Table, now officially published by the University, compared with our last year's place at number thirteen. All three of our graduate lawyers won distinctions in their BCL exam, and Tarunabh Khaitan won two distinguished University prizes for his work.

There have been other triumphs. Angela Palmer, our Fine Arts student, had a sculpture accepted for exhibition in the Royal Academy's Summer Exhibition. The Women's First Eight won blades at Eights Week, and duly chalked up their triumph to the left of the door into Hall. Rebecca Ting won a rowing Blue. Laura Richards and Sarah Dunstone won blues for Women's Rugby, and John Bradshaw for Men's Rugby. Matthew Green and Duncan Brown made a surrealist film, entitled *Le Cauchemar de L'Homme Noir-et-Blanc*, which won the University Film

Cuppers and the Stella Artois / Hotdog Magazine prize for 'Best Short Film of the Month' in June. Our main student band, 'The Hammer vs the Snake', won the Oxford University Indie Music Society Battle of the Bands tournament.

A number of distinguished figures came into College in the course of the year to talk to students and to dine with us. Philip Pullman (English, 1965) packed the Saskatchewan room and read from his latest book. Dame Antonia Byatt talked about the process of composition, Lord Butler about his report and the background to the Iraq War, and Lord Patten, the University's Chancellor, talked about Europe and university education. On the evening of the American elections, we erected a big television screen in the Hall, which stayed open all night. About a third of the College's students stayed up to watch the result (most of them in gathering gloom). We repeated the experiment for the British election in May.

There have been a number of other college celebrations. Because we have a large number of American students in College, thanks to the Williams-Exeter programme, we held a Thanksgiving dinner in Hall. The kitchen staff went to great lengths to get the menu right, down to producing pecan, pumpkin and apple pie. In January we celebrated Burns Night with a bagpiper who led a procession round the front quad and toasts to the Immortal Memory and the lassies. For many students, it was their first encounter with haggis. In February, we wound up the Turl Street Arts Festival with a packed New Orleans jazz concert in the Hall. It was preceded by a workshop, at which a number of students played with the band, and a parade along Turl Street and round Lincoln.

The College resounded almost constantly throughout the year to the noise of scaffolders and builders. The biggest project, the kitchen refurbishment, involved the construction of a temporary kitchen in Brasenose Lane. Magically, the kitchen staff continued to produce delicious meals from a long wooden hut. They said they preferred even the hut to the old kitchen, as at least some of the equipment worked. Much of the front quad remained behind scaffolding for the first term of the year, as Staircases 4-6 were re-roofed and refurbished. The Lodgings had a facelift too: the first floor has become a light and airy flat, and the large room overlooking the back quad has been restored to its original elegant proportions.

More changes are under way. When spring arrived this year, it became clear that the large chestnut tree at the end of the Fellows' Garden had died. It is being taken down. The Fellows Garden has been transformed in a less visible way: the Computing Department introduced wireless Internet access in a number of parts of the College, including the garden, where they launched it with a little ceremony at which I symbolically cut a wire. In another initiative headed by Ian Reid, the Computing Fellow, the College's web site has been redesigned. It is our shop window on the world, and needs to be of inter-

est to everyone around the world, would-be students and Old Members included.

The College's Old Members and friends have continued to be enormously supportive. In my first term, Sir Ronald Cohen promised the College a tremendously generous donation – his second in less than a decade. He is easily the College's most generous donor of modern times. His donation will underpin the campaign we are launching this year to raise the money to endow a Fellowship in Modern History. David Hartnett (English, 1971) and his wife Margaret munificently paid for the cleaning of half the windows in the Hall: two are now done and beautifully illuminate High Table on summer evenings.

In the coming year, we face the urgent challenge of restoring the Chapel, which reaches the 150th anniversary of its consecration in 2009. Two of its windows are in alarmingly bad shape, and the stone work is crumbling. We have an estimate of £2.5m from the firm that originally built it, and already have one generous pledge that will help with the urgent need to raise this sizeable sum.

I would welcome visits from Old Members (young ones too!) in the year ahead. There is lots to show you and to tell you about – and by the time you read this, there will be even more. Oxford is a place where a great deal happens in a short time, which is why I look forward to a stimulating and exciting time in my years at the College.

Frances Cairncross

From the President of the MCR

The summer was full of promise as Exonians headed both to the corners of the earth and the corners of the library, in pursuit of summer research, internships, and new ventures. We looked forward to long summer days, release of the much anticipated *Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince*, the battle of the giants in cricket's oldest international contest, the Ashes series, summer concerts, festivals, and much more. With members from over twenty different nations and across all disciplines, this year the MCR has excelled in creating an enriching atmosphere for graduates. It was with a spirit of change that the year began: after a strongly contested election which drew record numbers to the polls, the new committee was enthusiastically selected and for the first time comprised a twelve-strong team.

At the start of the academic year we welcomed the new Rector, Frances Cairncross. In the first year of her tenure she has had an extraordinary and positive impact on the MCR. Inspired by both vision and a strong commitment to serve the College, she has been steadfast in her dedication and focused her efforts on improving the quality of graduate and professional student life in Exeter. Her enthusiastic contribution to

intellectual activity and stimulation in the College is especially worthy of note. Her lodgings were a constant source of discussion and debate on a wide range of intellectual, social and political issues. In Michaelmas term she launched the 'Rector's Speaker Series', hosting many prominent speakers, including, amongst others, John Micklethwait, American editor of the *Economist*; Geoff Mulgan, founder of Demos; Baroness Susan Greenfield, Director of the Royal Institution of Great Britain; Julia Marton LeFèvre, Executive Director of LEAD International; Philip Pullman, old member and renowned author; A S Byatt, distinguished author and former winner of the Booker Prize; Lord Butler, former Cabinet Secretary and current Master of University College; Professor Parveen Kumar CBE, chair of the Medicines Commission; Robert Guest, Africa Editor of the *Economist*; Baroness Helena Kennedy QC, leading barrister; and Lord Patten, Chancellor of Oxford University.

Across various disciplines, our graduates continue to excel academically. In the field of software engineering and grid-computing, Mustafizur Rahman initiated an interdisciplinary research project between the Computing Laboratory and the Law Faculty for consideration under ESRC's e-Society Programme. Working closely with the Oxford Intellectual Property Research Centre and the Law Faculty, he was awarded full funding for a groundbreaking project on intellectual property rights protection. Leading the way in this innovative field, he also organised the Oxford Grid Forum and the First International Workshop on Usability of UK e-Science, bringing together global experts to discuss challenges about next-generation collaborative computing and issues facing the interconnected society.

Sandeep Kishore, at the University's Dunn School of Pathology, discovered a novel mechanism underlying inflammation, the proliferation of cells involved in a spectrum of diseases ranging from cancer to cerebral malaria. Through his research on immunology and pathology, he and his colleagues explored the function of a newly discovered molecule, coined EMR2, and showed that it plays a role in one element of inflammation. They are currently researching the biochemical mechanism of such a process and later in the year will present their work in Oxford at an international conference on inflammation sponsored by the Society for Leukocyte Biology. Other notable academic achievers in the MCR this year include Matthew Ellis, recipient of a Fulbright scholarship from the US State Department for the 2005-06 academic year, who will be using his funding to study Arabic full-time in Cairo. Building on his two years of Arabic study at Oxford, a year in Cairo will prepare him for his continued research as a doctoral student in Middle Eastern history.

With regard to the MCR social year, I am pleased to report that, thanks to the efforts of our first ever four-strong team of social secretaries, the MCR has enjoyed a variety of well-attended events in a

friendly and social atmosphere. From the traditional Oxford-style fine dinners in our seventeenth-century hall for intercollegiate exchange dinners to pub crawls, wine-tasting events, museum trips, quiz nights, late night costumed parties, summer barbeques, and punting trips, the MCR this year has been a place of lively social and cultural interaction.

We were also delighted to host Exeter's sister college Emmanuel at our 'Elements' themed annual College Ball. Following a night of many attractions and entertainment the Emmanuel party enjoyed the hospitality of Exeter House residents and were subsequently hosted by the Rector at a special post-ball brunch. Other formal functions, including the grand graduate dinners and end-of-year champagne reception in the Rector's garden, contributed to the dynamic social scene making this the most memorable MCR year to date.

In my capacity as Exeter House President, I am also pleased to report that this year, the home of the majority of our fresher graduates boasted a lively social environment with a strong sense of community and well-being. Enhancing the residential experience, events organised in Exeter House included many potluck dinners, weekly movie nights, summer barbeques, and memorable 'surprise' birthday celebrations in the common room. Early in Michaelmas term, for the first time the Rector was invited to dine with residents at a special potluck dinner. Her personal interaction with graduates, so early in her tenure, would characterise her relationship with the MCR throughout the year, further strengthening MCR relations with the SCR.

This was a tremendously successful year for sport in the MCR. Boasting a strong sporting history, a substantial number of our graduates excelled in a wide range of sports for the college and university. Dirk-Jan Omtzigt, Jacob Sattelmair, Ben Stone and Justin Bronder contributed to the excellent performance of our boat crews in the three annual intercollegiate regattas. Our most celebrated rower in recent times, Jacob Sattelmair, rowed bow for *Isis*, Oxford's reserve boat in the Oxford and Cambridge University boat race. Despite a gutsy performance by Jacob, Oxford was beaten by Cambridge's *Goldie* by five lengths in a course record. Later in the year, Jacob crewed with the victorious Oxford squad at the European University Championships in Milan. Next year we will see him trialling with the Oxford University Boat Club in pursuit of yet another successful boat race.

In addition to his rowing accomplishments, Justin Bronder earned a 'full blue' with the Boxing Club and won the award for the 'Best Boxer of the Night' at the 97th Varsity Boxing match. He also competed with the University's cross country team, won the Molden Trophy as the fastest member of the Men's III's and was awarded his University colours from the Oxford University Cross Country Club. Justin also ran a personal best in the Connemara International Marathon in Ireland and used the event as a fundraising drive for Oxfam, generating £400, thanks to kind donations from members of the College.

As part of the Oxford University Powerlifting Squad, Steve Pellegrino outclassed his rivals and won the 'Champion of Champions' trophy at the first Oxford University Bench Press Competition. At the varsity match, he was placed third overall and achieved personal bests in both squat and deadlifts. At the Oxford University Deadlift Competition James Kirkham won first place in the 70-80kg weight class with a lift of 180kg and Kevin Armstrong won third place with a lift of 150kg. In the same competition, Steve Pellegrino won the 80-90kg weight class with a deadlift of 210kg and also received the 'Best Oxford Lifter' trophy. Completing this successful sporting year, Haris Aziz and Matus Busovsky played their part in Exeter's campaign in the Tennis Cuppers and the Tennis league tournaments. Exeter remained unbeaten in the league matches this term with notable wins against six other teams. Despite a spirited showing, Haris Aziz was beaten by a strong St Catz team in the quarter finals of the Cuppers tournament. As a leading member of the University's 'Penguins' tennis team, Haris played his part this year in wins against various teams, including one from the University of Dublin.

On the domestic front, there have been numerous improvements in the MCR this year, the most notable being the launch of wireless Internet connectivity in Trinity term. As a significant technological development for the MCR, it has eased the burden on the limited computing facilities and our graduates now have access to secure high-speed wireless Internet connections throughout the MCR.

Relations with the JCR have been notably good. Working closely with the committee under Emily Pull (President) and Rajiv Tanna (Secretary), the MCR and JCR joined forces on a number of issues, including the difficult rent and catering-charge negotiations and various student and alumni development projects. In the spirit of fostering a greater sense of community, forthcoming projects with the JCR will include a mentoring programme and a variety of joint social events.

Excellent academic and sporting achievements, together with a great social calendar, has made this a tremendously successful and memorable year, and we are grateful for the efforts and enthusiasm of many. On behalf of the graduates, I would like to extend our thanks and appreciation to the Home Bursar, Eric Bennett, for his commitment to the welfare of graduate students and for supporting various initiatives for the improvement of MCR facilities. The graduate community also benefited from the work of the Tutor for Graduates, Professor Frank Close, and the Director of Development, Dr Jonathan Snicker. We are grateful for their support in promoting the interests of graduate students and fostering a greater degree of collaboration at various levels of college governance.

I also wish to acknowledge the support of the College staff including Joan Himpson and her colleagues in the College office, Chris Probert and his team in the lodge, and Kate Goswell and her catering staff, who

ensured a well-nourished student body despite the pressures of year-long kitchen renovations. Our thanks also extend to members of the previous MCR committee for their invaluable service to the MCR. Under the leadership of Dirk-Jan Omtzigt (President), James Kirkham (Vice-President) and Matthew Ellis (Treasurer), the MCR prospered and enjoyed a lively social year. I also wish to pay tribute to the current MCR committee, including Meredith Riedel (Vice-President) and Patrick Chaaya (Treasurer), who have put a great deal of time into MCR affairs and demonstrated an unparalleled commitment to the welfare of graduates.

The conviviality of MCR relations extends beyond the College borders. Writing to you from the headquarters of the Electronic Privacy Information Center in Washington, DC, where I am completing a summer internship program, I have had the pleasure of meeting a number of old members, including Ryan McCarthy (2003), Rina Pal (2003), and Tim Vanderver (1965) and his wife, Susan. I am grateful for their considerable kindness in hosting me—thanks to them this summer has been far from ordinary and a truly memorable one. I am indeed proud and privileged to be part of the extended Exeter family.

As we bid farewell to our outgoing graduates, we look forward to welcoming a new set of graduates who will contribute to the close community spirit that has long been the hallmark of the William Petre Society. Mindful of the international community that we are most distinctly a part of, I look forward to my return and a future full of opportunity and promise for Exeter MCR.

Nerisha Singh
MCR President
D.Phil— Law

From the President of the JCR

On the face of things, I am but one in a long line of JCR Presidents charged with the rather unenviable task of distilling the last academic year in the life of the current Exeter undergraduates into a succinct portrait. But I have the added difficulty of trying to do justice to a year in which the central activities of the JCR student were approached particularly imaginatively and energetically by a dynamic crop of student organisers and by an enthusiastic new Rector, Frances Cairncross. This is all in addition to a year that continued to see Exeter students partake and triumph in a wide range of sport and the arts.

Importantly, this year has seen many of the long-held ambitions of the past few JCR Executives realised. The JCR now has a home on the world-wide web (jcr.exeter.ox.ac.uk) which acts as a way for the JCR Executive to communicate with the undergraduate body as a whole, as

well as a means for them to be held to account, via access to a fully updated constitution and the minutes of the various meetings attended by Executive officers. It is also the intention that, over time, the website will become a fully-fledged admissions resource. In that department, a glossy, informative and entertaining undergraduate 'Alternative Prospectus' has been a great success. It is currently distributed to prospective students at Open Days, through their schools or from the Lodge, although it can also be viewed online at the JCR website, along with an impressively vivid virtual tour of the College. Another achievement is the first undergraduate yearbook for over five years. This snapshot of the JCR as it was in 2004/05 has been warmly welcomed by current students and, especially, departing finalists. The plan is for this memento to be an annual or biannual feature of JCR life. Another overdue development has been the founding of a JCR Book Grant scheme, which has been financed by the sale of some of the JCR artwork in 2001. Currently modest in scope, it is hoped that with outside financial support the fund can become another important avenue of support for Exeter students.

Undoubtedly the most noticeable change wrought this year for visiting alumni has been the JCR room itself, which has finally begun refurbishment. The impossibly uncomfortable chairs of yore have been swapped for cosy sofas and the dark 'seventies panelled walls have received a bright lick of paint. This has all served to make the room a far more welcoming venue for the throngs of undergraduates who meet at weekday lunchtimes for *Neighbours*, on weekends for sport or the slightly more modest number who attend fortnightly JCR meetings.

Although Exeter has remained non-committal on the big political debates of the day, rightly allowing JCR members to pursue politics in the university setting, the Rector did spearhead the organisation of all-night coverage of the General and US Presidential Elections on a big screen in Hall, both of which were preceded by talks by editors of the *Economist*. Both of the events were accompanied by a bar serving drinks and snacks until well into the early hours of the morning. The events were well attended and the bar takings raised an impressive amount for charity. All for the appreciation of democracy, of course . . .

JCR Members have continued to excel at both college and university level, with some key blues members in sports as varied as rugby, squash, basketball and dancesport, to name but a few. Once again, Exeter had a strong season on the rugby pitch with the 1st XV performing well in the top division over Michaelmas and Hilary. In many ways, however, the real rugby feat was Exeter's remarkable domination of the women's game, where the College were run-away winners of both Cuppers competitions of the year. Notably, Exeter students have continued to show their fondness for the Undercroft, with the College yet again coming out on top in the bar sports arena with the darts team triumphing in the first division. Indeed, the presence of two Exeter JCR members may have

been noted by anybody following the BBC coverage of the Varsity Darts match. The women's basketball team, which was formed last year, has also continued to succeed, this year reaching the semi-finals of Cuppers. On the Isis, the First VIII stayed in the top division, although now sitting fourth in Torpids after being ravaged by food poisoning and having to row in the snow, and sit a commendable sixth in Eights. The triumph of the rowing calendar, though, was with the First VIII Women who bumped five to get Blades in Summer VIIIs in front of a packed Exeter boathouse. The chalk record of their victory now adorns the walls of the front quad.

Exeter's dramatic, artistic and musical life remains as active and impressive as its sport. Exeter triumphed at the University Film Cuppers Final, held at the Phoenix Picturehouse in Jericho, with a surrealistic tragic-comedy entitled *Le Cauchemar de l'Homme Noir et Blanc*. In addition, the same Exeter writers/producers have been awarded prestigious backing by the University Film Foundation for a feature project, which is currently in production. The John Ford Society has continued to foster new dramatic talent, with Exeter students involved in all levels of drama, from freshers acting in a short play in Drama Cuppers, to JCR members starring in Playhouse productions, to students taking original theatre to the Edinburgh festival. The Music Society has continued to organise Musical Evenings in the Rector's Lodgings and support recitals in Chapel. It was also responsible for what was arguably the highlight of another successful Turl Street Arts Festival, a Jazz Workshop, New Orleans Carnival-like Parade and performance in Hall by the Ken Colyer Trust. The society has also been bolstered by the long-awaited purchase of a new top-quality PA system that has further established band evenings as part of the Exeter calendar and a range of contemporary musical groups continue to flourish. The all-Exeter group *Hammer Vs. The Snake* won the University 'Battle of the Bands' competition, recently departed group *The Mules* have returned to Oxford on numerous occasions after securing a record deal, and exciting new groups are emerging from the creative first year, such as *Me and The Neck* and *Darrell*. Many such groups have been able to book studio time and are currently selling their recordings. Pleasingly, performances continue to be loyally supported by vocal Exeter contingents, which serves as a good indicator of the continued strength of the fabled college spirit. This year has also seen, albeit belatedly, an extensive cataloguing of the JCR Art Collection and the commercial success of limited edition prints of 'Exeter College Chapel' by John Piper, which are still on sale through the Development Office or from Blackwell's Art and Poster Shop.

This year's Exeter College Ball had 'The Elements' as its theme and was a great success in every way, selling out well before the date itself. Fire jugglers walked beside an ice rink on the front quad and 'chill out' areas included an Oxygen Bar and a range of Shisha Pipes. This year

also saw old members attending en masse for the first time with the Rector hosting those alumni who purchased 'Golden Tickets' in the lodgings.

One new addition to the life of the Exeter student since the arrival of Rector Cairncross is the considerable increase in talks, career presentations and seminars exclusive to Exeter students. These occasions, either in the Rector's Lodgings or the Saskatchewan Room, have been well attended, despite being both numerous and eclectic. In particular, the new focus on the world of employment is to be welcomed, as for many the intensity of university life does not lend itself to thoughts of life post-Oxford and the opportunities available whilst here can be missed. Of more general interest, have been talks from distinguished alumni such as Professor Joe Nye, Philip Pullman and Will Self, and lectures from the likes of Chris Patten, Dame Helena Kennedy QC and Dr Parveen Kumar. As well as these intimate affairs, a particularly popular seminar on Chechnya, organised by a JCR member, had to be carefully co-ordinated for security reasons, as it included Akhmed Zakayev, special envoy to Aslan Maskhadov, the moderate Chechen separatist leader, prior to Maskhadov's assassination in March this year, and Alexander Litvinenko, a KGB defector, who have both been the recipients of multiple death threats.

Exeter students have continued to be been heavily involved with charitable causes and, again, there was stiff competition for allocations from the JCR charity budget. As has become the norm, a clutch of Exeter students gained significant sponsorship sums and the admiration of their peers by running the London Marathon and this summer dozens of Exeter students will again be engaged in charity projects across the globe. In addition, as part of a university-wide drive, the JCR contributed towards the Tsunami Relief Fund and, independently from other colleges, to UNICEF's projects in Darfur, via a one-off optional battels levy that raised over £1700. Once again, the college charity ExVac (The Exeter College Vacation Project), which takes two groups of disadvantaged children from the local area on holiday for a week each, has continued to thrive. This year saw the tried-and-tested itinerary further supplemented by a safari trip and all involved had a greatly rewarding time. The cost of the annual project is considerable and ExVac fundraising events are a constant part of the life of an Exeter student. The charity has been running since 1982 but this year saw the first ExVac alumni dinner and contact was made with one of the co-founders. Further information about the charity can be found at www.exvac.co.uk and interested ExVac alumni should get in touch with the Development Office.

We hope that a new core feature of the JCR calendar will be the Finalists Dinner, which happened for the first time in ninth week of Trinity Term 2005. Resulting from one-of-those 'Isn't it strange how all us finalists are going to just disappear into the night?' conversations

around the time of Finals, the evening brought together all leavers for the last time and the evening was topped and tailed by drinks in the Rector's Lodgings with the Rector and some members of the SCR in attendance. Although a lovely evening, reminiscence hung heavy in the air and there was the shared understanding that all were leaving somewhere truly special.

Although it is true to say that all Oxford students are attached to their college, there is a real feeling that Exeter College JCR stands out in the university. As well as the wide range of activities mentioned above, the JCR continues to be a particularly supportive community that really allows all to get the most out of their all-too-fleeting time here. What this academic year has shown in addition, though, is that a 'can-do' attitude allows every Exonian, and the JCR as a whole, to gain and achieve even more.

David Heales
JCR President
(Jurisprudence, 2002)

Harry Radford

When in 1986 the University embarked upon another entitlement exercise whereby academic appointees to posts that were not associated with a college Fellowship should be allocated to a college, Exeter little thought what an excellent prospect was in the offing. Among the holders of posts that seemed of little interest or relevance to the College, Harry Radford's name immediately stood out as bringing considerable potential benefit to Exeter. A Modern Linguist with a BA from Liverpool, an M.Litt from Cambridge, and a wealth of teaching experience in secondary education, Harry had joined the Oxford Department of Education in 1973. To the Fellows in Modern Languages, at a time when the decline in the basic teaching of grammar, syntax and punctuation was being increasingly felt in universities, and when Oxford was planning a fundamental restructuring of language teaching for first-year undergraduates, Harry's desire to be integrated into the teaching of the College was to be a veritable god-send. Furthermore, for him Exeter was not just a convenient eating place; he wished to be involved in as wide a spectrum of its activities as possible. For most of the Fellows Harry proved himself to be a measured, quietly spoken member of the Governing Body, whose interventions were carefully chosen and informed with undogmatic and modest good sense; and for many years he gave sterling service as Clerk to the Governing Body, whose task (to help formulate and minute its orders and decisions) he fulfilled with the attention to detail of the practised philologist. He also served public-spiritedly on the Staff Committee. But it was in the classroom that Harry

was most at ease and most himself. The accounts of his teaching from enthusiastic undergraduates were a constant 'rave': he was inspiring, demanding, pellucidly clear and able to convey the nuances and niceties of French usage. Above all, teaching brought out his sense of humour. As one undergraduate reported: 'language classes with Mr Radford are such fun!'. His dedication to his subject was made abundantly evident in his exhaustive end of term reports for the Rector's Collections. Whether praised for their assiduity or reprimanded for insufficient effort, his pupils were enjoined to make good use of the vacation (or the year abroad) to acquaint themselves more closely with conjugations, tenses, moods, genders, agreements (particularly past participles), prepositions, word order (particularly inversions): in fact the whole corpus of French grammar and syntax, in which they had not been given adequate grounding at school. Harry gave great service to the College at a time when his expertise was crucial. Nothing was too much trouble and he was always ready to put himself out to accommodate colleagues and pupils. His wife Margery and he were loyal attenders at college dinners and parties. With our thanks go our very best wishes for a long and happy retirement.

Jim Hiddleston

Exeter College Chapel 2004-5

Anyone intimately familiar with the architectural features of the Chapel may notice that something is currently missing. Indeed, it was lying in one of the flower beds for a while. Seeing a large, eroded Cross lying among the hyacinths might have aroused suspicion of some terrible iconoclast at work in the College, but the reason was more mundane. Earlier this year, some people came to have a close look at the exterior stonework of the Chapel, and the prognosis for some areas was given as extremely grave. Immediate surgical intervention has now left the gable over the door without its crowning glory. According to the Home Bursar, it would have taken no more than a fat pigeon to land on the Cross to send it crashing onto the Chapel steps. It is sobering to think that the Chaplain would have been one of the more likely casualties. Plans are now afoot for major works to replace much of Gilbert Scott's highly ornamented but sadly rather substandard limestone – just as soon as funds can be raised.

Meanwhile, inside the Chapel, there has been anything but decay. The year began with the Fresher's Service at which the new Rector took up her stall for the first time. A specially commissioned anthem, based on a text from the Book of Job ('But where shall wisdom be found?' Job 28.12), was written by old member Richard Baker, and duly sung by the Chapel Choir. We sincerely hope that Frances Cairncross will not find

her time at Exeter 'full of troubles' in the manner of the man to whom the text is attributed!

We also welcomed a new Catechist, Dr Barry Orford, who is Priest Librarian and Archivist of Pusey House. He has brought gifts of quick humour and passionate preaching which have greatly enriched us. Indeed, we have been blessed with many fine preachers at the Sunday evensong over the course of the year. Chief among them were Marilyn McCord-Adams, the Regius Professor of Divinity, who preached with awesome precision, yet without a single written note. Michael Perham, the Bishop of Gloucester, preached on the wedding feast at Cana when the University Sermon came to the College Chapel at the end of Hilary Term, and Stephen Green, Chief Executive of HSBC, gave a hard-hitting sermon at the Commemoration of Benefactors, warning us against Faustian pacts. The most moving address, however, was given by Sister Frances Dominica, relating some of her experiences in the founding of Helen House, and now Douglas House, as respite and hospice centres for children and young adults. A substantial contribution was made to both institutions through the chapel collection, a 'sponsored trashing' of the Chaplain after his exams, and, most impressively, through a sub-four-hour marathon, run by Jonathan Marks, our Computing Systems Manager.

There have continued to be a good number of students who have brought a great deal of life and enthusiasm to the Chapel and its worship. The Choir continue to offer music of an exceptionally high standard, under the gentle-but-sure guidance of Steve Wood. There was a highly successful tour to Switzerland, and engagements at St Paul's cathedral and St George's Chapel, Windsor, confirming the Choir's growing reputation. It is a shame that the regular Tuesday and Friday evening choral services appear to remain such a well-kept secret. It is also sad to be saying goodbye to some people who have contributed enormously to the Chapel's music over the last few years. Special mention must go to Abi Bradfield, whose voice has brought such a richness to the blend of the choir, and whose solos were always a cause of delight. Rarely does one find such talent in someone so wonderfully unassuming. We are also sad to be losing Nick Mumby, who has been a part of the choir (if not its foundation stone) for longer than I think even he would care to remember! His contribution to music in the College, and indeed throughout Oxford, has been immense, with an energy and professionalism that must surely mean that we will be hearing his name again soon. We are looking forward, however, to the arrival of our new Organ Scholar, Carlene Mills, in October, especially after the sneak preview of her talents when she played at the Sunday Evensong towards the end of Trinity Term. The Chapel music seems set for a bright future.

Encouraging an intelligent and lively engagement with the faith, both with chapel-goers and with those who feel more on the margins, has continued to be a challenge, but with many encouraging developments.

The baptism and confirmation of George Anstey and Anna Kretchmer in the University Church was a particularly moving occasion. The Church may not be receiving floods of young people these days, but those who are committing themselves exhibit a maturity, both emotionally and intellectually, which is supremely encouraging. The College Retreat this year was held at Hilfield Friary in Dorset – home of the Anglican Franciscan Brothers. Seventeen of us packed into a minibus – driven with rather more care this year, after the procuring of a ticket thanks to a speed camera on the Botley Road last year – and made our way through rain and traffic jams to the beautiful countryside north of Dorchester. The Brothers were extremely hospitable, and the only disturbance came from some particularly conversational sheep in a shed next to the guest house. Apart from times of prayer and discussion, both as a group and with the Brothers, we spent a glorious afternoon walking between Lulworth Cove and Durdle Door, where a few determined souls insisted on 'taking the waters'. Needless to say, given that this was only mid-April, they didn't stay in for long.

There seem to be a particularly large number of Chapel folk who are leaving this year. The whole College, and not just the Chapel, is wondering whether it can remain standing now that Mike Hugman is leaving us, and similarly it seems hard to imagine the Chapel without the likes of Claire McConville and Nick Widdows (preparing to be married as I write), or Naomi Walker or Tom Pugh, or Paul Truman or Helen Gibson. It is an obvious truism that the Church is not built out of stones, but out of people (albeit as 'living stones'), and without the prayers and commitment of such people the Chapel would be no more than an extravagant anachronism at the heart of the College. We wish them every blessing in the new communities and churches to which they are going, and pray that they may find great joy in their various vocations.

It is reassuring to know that there is a great team of students who will be returning next year, taking up various responsibilities in the life of the Chapel, and we look forward to welcoming a new intake of students, both undergraduates and postgraduates, and the contribution they will make to our common life. Next year should see some work beginning on the fabric of the Chapel; replacing stonework, cleaning the interior, repairing windows. We pray that it will be more than matched by the joyful 'work' of the people who gather within its walls, offering week by week the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving for all that we receive in this place.

Mark Birch
Chaplain

Nearly a Hundred Years Ago

The following article, by an anonymous Exonian, appeared in the *Stapeldon Magazine* for 1907.

Seen in the Eastern Twilight

A tiny cemetery on the edge of the steep river bank. In front, the silent-flowing Ganges with the Eastern moon rising over it. A few miles to the west, a range of low hills standing out against the sky, still bright with the sunset after-glow. In the background, a tangle of palms and jungle, concealing the ruins of mosques and palaces. Close by, the ugly Railway Station and Magistrate's Court. At my feet, a few crumbling graves.

The hour, the place, the surroundings all give to think and dream. It is India in miniature, from the ancient days to the half-prosaic, half-romantic present that is spread before me. The prehistoric savage past, the clash of historic creeds and civilizations, the war and rapine of two centuries ago, the ordered peace of the present, all these are brought to mind in the scene around me.

On the tops of those hills to the west lives still the wild hill-race that has clung to them from time immemorial. Freebooters and raiders in the past, tamed to law and order by a young Englishman a little over a century ago, resisting the well-meant offers of the British Government to draw then into the fertile valleys, yet still protected by that Government in the possession of their beloved hills, they lead now, as they have always done, a precarious existence, these Paharias of the Rajmahal Hills, one of the aboriginal races of India.

The fertile valleys among the hills, not many years ago a dense forest, the haunt of wild elephants and tigers, are now cultivated by another aboriginal race, the Sántáls, an ignorant, drink-loving, irresponsible, yet happy people. In them is the love of 'intake', of the reclamation of the jungle, of the hunting of big game. There they live among and between the hills, the favoured tenants of Govemment in their self-sufficient village communities, protected from grasping outsiders by special laws and regulations. Half a century ago those valleys ran with blood, the blood of the Hindu money-lenders shed by their crushed and maddened debtors, and the blood of the Sántáls themselves falling in a hopeless struggle against the Government troops. But on the wild orgie of the rebellion was to dawn a happier era. Government had failed through ignorance, and through ignorance alone, and took the lesson to heart. Everything that special laws and sympathetic administration can do has been and is being done to secure to this improvident race the lands they have won from the jungle, and to hold together the happy communal life of their villages. And more than one retired Indian offi-

cial in England must look back with regret, and yet with pride, on the days he lived and the work he did for and among the Sántáls — with regret, for the East is ever calling him who has given her of his best; with pride, that he built on sure foundations, and that his work still lives to inspire those who have taken his place.

The eye turns from the hills to the broad flood that circles round their base. It is the holy river of India, Ganga-ji, on whose sacred banks every true Hindu would fain die, and with whose waters he would have his ashes mingle. There she flows, that great mysterious force of Nature, emblematic of the past and of the present of a mighty civilization, a living religion. Her worshippers once ruled the countries that she drains. They still form the vast mass of the population. Of old a crowded highway, along which passed all the wealth and all the greatness of Hindustan, the river in outward appearance must be very different now. Yet her work is still beneficent, her sanctity unblemished. Her harnessed waters in their upper course, year in, year out, make green a thirsty land. In her lower course she is the one means of communication for the river peoples on her many streams. And from where I see her to-day she waters the wealthiest and most fertile provinces in India. In that silent perennial flow I see typified the vast silent force of Hinduism, I see symbolized the abiding mystery of the faith of millions.

And the crumbling ruins in the jungle behind me, what have they to tell of India? They tell of a mighty empire that has passed away to give place to a mightier still. These ruins are the remains of one of the earlier Mohammedan capitals of Bengal. They bring to mind a proselytizing warlike creed, an imperial race which dominated for centuries the continent of India. They stand to-day to mark the decay and ruin of that Empire.

And from them my thoughts turn to the graves at my feet. There are only five in all, two of them nameless. They are the graves of Englishmen long since dead. The spot whereon I stand is the saddest of all places in India to an Englishman, an English cemetery. The inscription on one grave is to a Colonel of Bengal Infantry in the pre-Mutiny days; another is to the son of a high Government official, the third to a planter. By a strange coincidence these three graves recall the three elements that built up and maintain the British Empire in India—the army, the civil service, and the non-official business community, each one indispensable to the other two. And the two nameless graves serve to remind one of the nameless many, unhonoured and unsung, who have lived and toiled and died in India for England and England's glory.

And hard by are the actual prosaic signs of the modern civilization, and the foreign rule that is responsible for the well-being of nearly 300 millions of the human race. The Magistrate's Court and the Railway Station, ugly with all the ugliness of the useful, are outwardly but a blot on the beauty of the Eastern scene. And yet into all their hideousness the witching hour reads romance, the romance of an imperial race that has

given peace to a ravaged continent and warring peoples; that has converted arid deserts into smiling fields; that quietly amid detraction and misrepresentation has fought and still fights the powers of Nature and the ignorance of man. Truly those buildings are more than brick and stone; they are the outward and visible sign of one of the wonders of the world, of an alien despotic rule that has but one end in view, the good of millions who consciously or unconsciously look to it for everything. It is vilified daily in India by the very class which it has created by Western education, and which but for its protection would become the prey of more manly races. It is misrepresented at home by those who, knowing naught of the difficulties and admitting none of the success of British rule in India, would implant Western institutions in an uncongenial soil; and, recking nothing of the interests of voiceless millions, listen only to the clamour of a small disaffected minority. Thus vilified and thus misrepresented, the rulers pause not in their beneficent work, but leave history to judge alike the loftiness of their ideals, the disinterestedness of their motives, and the efficiency of their actions.

. . . . . .

And, as I stand here beside the graves of our English dead, I look once more on the ancient hills, the mighty river, on the ruins of a past and the buildings of a present civilization. I dream of all they tell me. The imagination ranges beyond the actual scene. I feel around me the ceaseless throb of the toiling myriads of India. For a moment I am an exile in a strange land. The heart goes out with yearning for the far homeland and the dear faces there. But 'tis only the passing melancholy of this Land of Regrets. And as I turn away, deep thankfulness rises within me that in this remote corner I am privileged to do my tiny share among those who work for England in the vast spaces of her Indian Empire.

A.

Exeter College in the Oxford Dictionary of National Biography

The new *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, published in sixty volumes in September 2004, is already proving to be both an invaluable aid to scholarship and an insidious source of frivolous pleasure. Its essential service is to provide more than 50,000 biographies of those who have in any way contributed to (or in some cases detracted from) national life. But it is all the more valuable because it is electronically searchable, so that whole categories of entrants, their dates and places of birth and death, their schools and colleges, and their later occupations and activities, can be identified, sorted and listed at the click of a mouse. This makes it possible, among much else, to write the collective history

of Exeter's luminaries, if not of its membership as a whole, with a new degree of detail and certitude. What follows represents a preliminary and provisional attempt to see how the College emerges from this mighty work.

First, some statistics. The *ODNB* contains 382 entries for men educated at Exeter (no women as yet – being dead is the one qualification for inclusion which all entrants have in common). They range in date from John Trevisa, born *c.* 1342, Fellow, 1362-69, and a famous translator of Latin works into English, to Russell Harty (matriculated 1954; died 1988), 'television broadcaster'. It is one of the many usefulnesses of the *ODNB* that it encapsulates each entrant's claim to a place in this way. By no means all of these 382 will have graduated from the College, since until the nineteenth century it was common to reside for only a few terms, sometimes without even matriculating, to move between colleges, and to leave without a degree; but all will have been taught here for some period.

How does this figure compare with those for other colleges? Taking as a sample only those seven other medieval colleges founded before 1450, and therefore probably possessing very roughly the same numbers of old members accumulated across the centuries, we find that Balliol has 711 *ODNB* entrants, New College 513, Queen's 350, Oriel 274, Merton and Univ 271 each, and Lincoln 172. Among all the colleges Exeter's total is additionally eclipsed only by Christ Church (1236) and Magdalen (523): so Exeter's overall position is fifth in this 'lifetime achievement' version of the Norrington table. (All colleges are predictably dwarfed by Eton's 1779 entrants.) That Balliol and New College have many more entrants than Exeter is perhaps less surprising than that Merton has many fewer. If this shows anything, it is that that the reputations of Oxford colleges, and their ability to nurture the outstanding men of the future, can change rapidly over time, sometimes swinging, as we shall see, from high distinction to low mediocrity within a generation or so.

There are, of course, problems in using these figures as a relative gauge of excellence. In part they may reflect the relative size of the colleges (the larger the college, the greater the likely number of *ODNB* entrants). In part too they may reflect the notoriety of their members as well as their distinction, for the one has been as much a criterion for inclusion as the other. Among the notorious in Exeter's case are, for example, Harold Davidson (m.1898), 'Church of England clergyman and circus performer', Rector of Stiffkey, known as 'the Prostitute's Padre', and possibly the only Exeter man to be mauled to death by a lion; and, from a more distant period, Matthew Tindal (BA, 1676), 'freethinker and religious controversialist', reputedly an atheist, and later a Fellow of All Souls, where he was publicly denounced as an 'egregious fornicator' ('In Vice and Error from his Cradle Nurs'd/ He studies hard and takes extreme delight/ In whores, or heresies to spend

the night'). But with these two caveats, it is fair to assume that Exeter's 382 entrants constitute a high score in the distinction stakes.

The figures for *ODNB* entrants at different periods have some more precise implications. In the College's earliest, fourteenth-century, phase, Exeter produces only six entrants, equivalent to Queen's, but entirely outshone by that medieval academic powerhouse, Merton, which has thirty. Exeter's period of 'take-off' in the fostering of distinction begins only in the second half of the sixteenth century, the time of Sir William Petre's refoundation of the College, when entrants educated at the College climb steeply from 11 between 1501 and 1550 to 60 from 1551 to 1600. For this half-century Exeter's entry exceeds that of every other medieval foundation except New College (73: Balliol, 39; Merton, 36; Queen's, 33; Univ, 15; Oriel, 21; Lincoln, 22). It is only in the first half of the seventeenth century, however, that Exeter rises to numerical supremacy, with 115 future *ODNB* entrants educated here during the period. Second comes Queen's, with 81, then Merton (60), New College and Lincoln (50), Balliol (48), Univ (29), and Oriel (28). Thereafter numbers subside rapidly. The total number of entrants for the next century and a half, 1651 to 1800, is a mere 97, hardly approaching that for 1601 to 1650. This places the College behind Queen's (170) and Univ (110), marginally above New College (96) and Balliol (85), and substantially above the rest. Throughout the nineteenth century, but particularly (and predictably) in its second half, Balliol takes a clear lead. Between 1851 and 1900, the Balliol of Jowett, Greats, Empire and the Ethic of Public Service educated 271 future *ODNB* entrants, well above its nearest rival, New College, with 145, and outstripping Exeter's 69 by nearly four to one. At this stage Exeter has sunk below Univ (73), but remains well above Merton (40), Lincoln and Queen's (35), and Oriel (30). This position is maintained into the twentieth century. Between 1901 and 1950, 236 entrants come from Balliol and 179 from New College, compared with Exeter's 53, Univ's 52, Merton's 51, Oriel's 44 and Lincoln's 27.

The key feature of this set of statistics is Exeter's pre-eminence in the early seventeenth century, the age of Rector Prideaux, the rebuilding of the hall, the chapel and Peryam's Mansions (the present Staircase 4), and the general transformation of the College. But the rise in the numbers of subsequently prominent Exonians had begun with those who were undergraduates in the previous half-century. The electronic search facilities for the *ODNB* make it possible to analyse those who account for that rise. Unsurprisingly, the largest group comprised Church of England clergymen: 14 out of 60. Almost equally numerous were those going on to be lawyers and judges. But more striking – though confirming what in known of the College's religious reputation in the mid to late sixteenth century – are the seven Roman Catholic priests and Jesuits, of whom the most famous was Ralph Sherwin, Fellow from 1568, executed in 1581 and canonised in 1970. At least one other of

these Exonian priests was executed, another died in prison, and a third succeeded in escaping from the Tower. Both the reform of the College under the new Petrean statutes of 1566, and Exeter's reputation as a Catholic college – at least until it was purged by the queen's visitors in 1578-9 – in a largely Protestant university, and therefore perhaps a natural home for those of the old religion, may account for the growing numbers of the subsequently distinguished.

Their continuing rise through the first half of the seventeenth century partly reflects the general increase in Oxford admissions at this time: the numbers coming up to the university in the 1620s and '30s were not to be exceeded until the second half of the nineteenth century. But Exeter, as we have seen, rose above the general trend, with its 115 future *ODNB* entrants greatly outnumbering those of comparable colleges. This almost certainly reflects both a rise in overall numbers of Exeter undergraduates proportionately greater than that for other colleges and in particular a rise in the number of the especially able and ambitious. Both are likely to have been due to the reputation of Rector Prideaux (1612-42), whose portrait in Hall is the earliest of any of the College's Rectors. Prideaux's high standing as a scholar, tutor, fund-raiser, urbane friend of the nobility, and vigorous and reforming college head, drew many to Exeter who might otherwise have gone elsewhere. As one might expect, the dominant group among the *ODNB* entrants in what one might call 'Prideaux's half-century' went on to become Church of England clergymen: 33 out of 115. But this was also a period when the College nurtured many more diverse talents: six future poets and playwrights, including John Ford (m. 1601) and John Quarles (m. 1643), a number larger than in any comparable fifty-year period; a clutch of three future antiquaries, including Richard Izacke (m. 1641) and probably Tristram Risdon, historians of their native Devon; some dissenting clergy, including John Simpson (m. 1631), 'Fifth Monarchist Preacher', who was to be a thorn in the side of Oliver Cromwell; and seven royalist army officers (compared with one parliamentarian) who fought for the king in the civil war. The number of royalist commanders is remarkable. It exceeds that for any of the comparable seven colleges, none of which produced more than two; and even the vastly larger establishment of Christ Church produced only six. (It is worth stressing again that only the most distinguished appear in the *ODNB*; the total numbers fighting for the king will have been much greater.) These numbers must reflect the origins of so many Exeter men among the deeply conservative and loyalist gentry and aristocracy of the south-west. At the other extreme the College also educated Thomas Chaloner (m.1611), 'politician and regicide', who was to sign Charles I's death warrant in 1649. Some Exeter men do not fit easily into any group. Among them was William Heale (m.1600), 'Church of England clergyman and writer on women'. Chaplain from 1608 to 1610, Heale wrote during this time *An Apologie for Women* (1609) in order to controvert the current view that husbands

could lawfully beat their wives. A wife, he wrote, was much more than a friend, not only sitting at table, but

> lying in thy bosom; she shares of thy grievances and lessens the burdens; she participates in thy pleasures and augments the joy; in matters of doubt she is thy counsellor; in case of distress thy comforter; she is a co-partner with thee in all the accidents of life.

The thoughts set down within the bustling male society of the early seventeenth-century College were sometimes more humane than we might have expected, and not always confined to matters of theology and scholarship.

Another central and well-known feature of the College's history will already have emerged from all this: the dominance, for much of the time, of west-country men. If we take the whole span of the College's existence, we find that some 99 (26 per cent) of the *ODNB*'s Exeter entrants came from Devon and some 53 (14 per cent) from Cornwall. The other western counties, 'Stapeldon country' broadly interpreted, sent negligible totals: Wiltshire, 13 (3 per cent); Somerset, 9 (2 per cent) and Dorset, 2. At the time of the College's early phase of growth and expansion, from 1550 to 1650, the proportion from Devon was a good deal higher: about 36 per cent. This is all the more remarkable since Prideaux's reputation drew in men from a wide geographical area, including continental Europe, so diluting the College's west-country stock. For a standard of comparison we may take London, which produced some 35 (9 per cent) of Exeter's *ODNB* entrants, the great majority matriculating in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The occasional Devonian of future distinction continued to surface in this later period, though such men were increasingly rare – only five between 1800 and 1950, of whom only Sir Reginald Blomfield (m. 1875), the architect, could be described (optimistically) as a household name. Now more prominent than Devonians were those originating in the Empire and colonies: 'Tubby' Clayton (m. 1905), founder of Toc H, from Australia; Jack Lovelock (m. 1931), the athlete, from New Zealand; and Max Gluckman (m. 1911), the anthropologist, Kingsley Fairbridge (m. 1908: see the *Register* for 2003), and J.R.R. Tolkien (m.1911), all from South Africa (though Tokien was educated wholly in England).

If we break down the *ODNB* entrants by occupation, or what could more accurately be called 'reasons for inclusion', using the *ODNB*'s own system of classification, we begin to see what lies at the root of Exeter's comparatively large total entry. The 'Law and crime' category (which fortunately contains more lawyers than criminals) produces about 9 per cent of our entry, differing hardly at all from the proportion of distinguished lawyers at our other sample colleges. In some fields Exeter's total is low: at 11 per cent for 'Literature, journalism and publishing' the lowest in the sample (compare New College and Balliol

with about 16 per cent each); and, at 17 per cent, hardly better for 'Politics, government and diplomacy' (compare Balliol's 26 per cent, Univ's 24 per cent and New College's 23 per cent). Only Lincoln, a smaller college, has produced a smaller number of prominent politicians and public servants. Under 'Scholarship and research' Exeter again has a comparatively low proportion of entrants: 22 per cent, compared with Lincoln's 35 per cent, Merton's 28 per cent, and New College and Univ's 26 per cent. In two categories, however, Exeter moves up. Under 'Science' the College has 22 entrants, or 6 per cent of the College's total entry: equivalent to the proportion of Balliol scientists, marginally below Lincoln and Merton (8 and 7 per cent respectively), but above Queen's (5 per cent), Univ and Oriel (4 per cent), and the highly unscientific New College (.01 per cent). The College's undergraduates have included nine future Fellows of the Royal Society. But it is in the field of 'Religion and belief' that Exeter has the highest score: 151 out of 382 entrants, or nearly 40 per cent, equalled by Lincoln, but outstripping by some way every other college in the group, and more than doubling godless Balliol's 18 per cent. The majority of these 'Religion and belief' men were clergy in the Church of England, Exeter's most eminent group over the centuries. They include seventeen *ODNB* bishops (as with royalist army officers, the actual number will be larger) and four archbishops: Canterbury's Secker (m. 1721) and Fisher (m. 1906), and Armagh's Marsh (Fellow, 1658) and Alexander (m. 1841): just over 5 per cent of the total Exeter entry.

Entries for the College's Rectors are equally revealing of its fortunes. No Rector appears before Thomas Holland (1592-1612). Thereafter every seventeenth- and early eighteenth-century Rector bar one receives an entry, concluding with John Conybeare (1730-33); the exception is Joseph Maynard (1662-66). Most were either noted scholars and writers – Holland, for example, was one of the translators of the King James Bible – or college reformers or both, and generally men of more than local importance. But from Conybeare to Farnell (1913-28), no Rector makes the *ODNB*. During this long interval much more notice is taken of the Fellows, of whom some 27 of those holding their Fellowships between c.1730 and 1900 appear as entrants; though in most cases they held their Fellowships for only a short time and made their mark on national life only after they had left the College. They were talented birds of passage, to whom the College gave a temporary home and a helping hand on their way to better things; while the Rectors were promoted from within the College and of little consequence outside its walls or at least beyond the university. Such, for example, were Stephen Rigaud, Fellow from 1794 to 1810, and later 'the foremost historian of astronomy and maths of his generation'; and Benjamin Newton, Fellow from 1826 to 1832, and later leader of the Plymouth Brethren. All the deceased twentieth-century Rectors, ending with Rector Norman and with the one unaccountable exception of Rector Barber, receive entries:

deservedly so, as men prominent in scholarship and sometimes in public life as well.

It is, however, not only for the lists and statistics that can be extracted from it that the *ODNB* offers most possibilities to the historian of the College. It brings to light many hitherto almost entirely unknown Exonians, men of varied and sometimes bizarre achievements, whose careers often deviated markedly from the scholarly-clerical norm. It is among these minor characters that *la comédie humaine* is most fully revealed: men such as William Stainton Moses (m.1858), 'spiritualist', founder member of the Ghost Club, and mouthpiece for the illustrious dead – among them Plato and Aristotle, the prophets Malachi, Ezekiel, Elijah and Daniel, and Napoleon III; or the American, William Augustus Coolidge (m.1869), 'mountaineer' (and clergyman), pioneering alpinist, often at the side of his formidable mountaineering aunt Meta, famous for climbing with his beagle Tschingel (some 66 canine first ascents are recorded), and a man remarkable for his vanity, one of whose Christmas cards 'consisted in its entirety of his *Who's Who* entry within a border of edelweiss'; or Francis Edward Robinson (m.1850), 'Church of England clergyman and bellringer', author of *Among the Bells*, specialist in ringing peals of Stedman Triples, and frequent preacher at the rededication of bells; or Henry Nicholas Ridley (m.1874), 'economic botanist', author of the *Flora of the Malay Peninsula* (5 vols., 1922-5), establisher of the rubber plantation industry in Malaya and, at the time of his death in 1956, the only surviving founder member of the Society for Psychical Research. Without the *ODNB*, too, few would have been aware that at least one Exonian, Richard Hussey Vivian (m. 1790), fought gallantly at Waterloo, where he commanded a cavalry brigade. And even about the relatively well-known there is much new to be learnt. Who will have realised that R. D. Blackmore (m.1843), author of *Lorna Doone*, and a prolific novelist, was also a noted fruit farmer who served for nine years on the fruit and vegetable committee of the Royal Horticultural Society?

It is, of course, no coincidence that almost all these examples come from the nineteenth century. The pattern of eccentric and miscellaneous achievement broadens with the approach of modern times, as the rise of the professions, the new possibilities of a scientific or industrial career, and the widening opportunities for individualistic behaviour, all enlarge the variety of those likely to be caught with the net of the *ODNB*. But the typical Exeter *ODNB* entrant would not be a mountaineering Coolidge or a bellringing Robinson. He would be a west-country clergyman, pious, learned, author of religious works, moderately famous perhaps in his generation but nowadays wholly unknown except to period specialists – someone like, say, Richard Carpenter, born in Cornwall, matriculated at Exeter in 1592, later rector of Sherwell in rural north Devon, Doctor of Divinity, author of *The Soul's Sentinel* and other sermons, preacher against popery and drunkenness, who died in 1627 and

is buried in the chancel of Loxhore church, near Barnstaple. Some Exonians from the same period, perhaps slightly better known, and given new prominence rather that retrieved from obscurity by the *ODNB*, deserve a wider fame. One such was Sidney Godolphin, 'poet and courtier' (an inadequate description), from Breage in Cornwall, who matriculated at Exeter with his brother Francis in 1624. A man possessing a rare combination of charm, intelligence and moral weight, as well as a fine poet (four of his poems are included in the *Oxford Book of Seventeenth-Century Verse)*, Godolphin was killed fighting for the king at the battle of Chagford in February 1643. He was a member of Lord Falkland's eirenic circle of lawyers, thinkers and men of affairs who met as friends at Great Tew in Oxfordshire in the 1630s, where his small size gained him the affectionate nickname of 'Little Sid'. 'There was never', wrote his friend Clarendon, 'so great a mind and spirit contained in so little room; so large an understanding and so unrestrained a fancy in so very small a body'. But it was another friend in Falkland's circle who provided him with the most eloquent tribute. Thomas Hobbes's *Leviathan*, the master work of the greatest philosopher of the age, was dedicated seven years after Sidney's death to his brother Francis, and in his letter of dedication Hobbes wrote movingly of the dead man who

> when he lived, was pleased to think my studies something, and otherwise to oblige me . . . with real testimonies of his good opinion, great in themselves and the greater for the worthiness of his person. For there is not any virtue that disposeth a man either to the service of God, or to the service of his country, to civil society, or private friendship, that did not manifestly appear in his conversation, not as acquired by necessity or affected upon occasion, but inherent, and shining in a generous constitution of his nature.

In his conclusion he reverted again to Sidney's qualities:

> I have known clearness of judgement and largeness of fancy; strength of reason, and graceful elocution; a courage for the war, and a fear for the laws, and all eminently in one man; and that was my most noble and honoured friend Mr Sidney Godolphin; who hating no man, nor hated of any, was unfortunately slain in the beginning of the late civil war, in the public quarrel, by an undiscerned and an undiscerning hand.

To have been so admired by such a man as Hobbes was distinction in itself. Now living almost wholly through the words of others, his evanescent qualities reflected only in their opinions, of all the Exeter men through the centuries Sidney Godolphin was perhaps the one who

made the deepest impression on his contemporaries. His life reminds us of the lives of the very many other Exonians who, thanks to the new *ODNB*, we now know more fully or for the first time.

John Maddicott

Undergraduate Life in the 1930s: Some Reminiscences

The Editor asked some of those who were up at Exeter before the Second World War to write about their undergraduate days. Here are the responses to his requests.

From Eric Kemp (Revd. Dr Eric Kemp)

My first contact with Exeter was the admissions interview in the Old Bursary. At that stage I intended to be a lawyer and talked of reading Law. Geoffrey Cheshire, however, said that he always advised intending lawyers to read another subject first and so it was agreed that I should read History. But between that interview and my going up I took the Lindsey County Scholarship exam at Lincoln and while staying there became convinced that I should be ordained, though this did not make any difference to my intention of reading History. I discovered that it would be necessary to take Pass Moderations and that if I did three languages I would be exempt from half the set books in the various subjects. I decided to do Latin, French and German and left school early to go for three months to Hanover to improve my German.

The only people I knew who had been to Oxford were my Headmaster, J T Daughton, who had been at St Catherine's, then non-collegiate, in about 1912, and the Rector of my parish, the Reverend G F Holme, who had been at Queen's in the 1880s. They gave me two contrasted pictures of Oxford. Mr Holme talked about the conventions of the time: a freshman would be called on by second- and third-year men but must not call on any of them until they had called on him. One unlucky freshman had been greatly embarrassed by someone who had collected the visiting cards of several second- and third-year men and left them in his rooms, so that he as he thought returned the calls, but improperly. In his time intending ordinands had to go to certain divinity lectures and there was said to have been an occasion when the lecturer paused and a voice at the back of the room was heard saying 'What's trumps?'. Mr Holme advised me to get in touch with Pusey House as soon as possible. Mr Daughton, who knew nothing about college life, talked much about a progress on Sunday evenings from a sermon in the University Church to the Balliol concert. He said 'Do not

commit yourself to any organisations. Keep away from places such as Pusey House.' So with this frightening and contradictory advice I arrived at Exeter on the afternoon of Thursday 5 October 1933.

Having found my rooms at the top of the staircase over the Broad Street gate, and seeing that there was over an hour before dinner, I wandered out into the Broad and then into St Giles. I suddenly found myself passing Pusey House and stopped to read a notice on the door. While I was doing so, the door opened and a clergyman came out to post a letter. It was the Reverend Frederic Hood and characteristically he spoke to me, asked me who I was, which was my college, what I was reading, and invited me to come and sing in their choir on Sunday. This was the first welcome I received in Oxford and the impression it made contrasted sharply with the meeting in hall after dinner addressed by the Sub-Rector, Dacre Balsdon.

Dacre had come to Exeter from Exeter School as a Stapeldon Scholar immediately after the war. His original Devonian speech had been replaced by a rather loud and artificial Oxford accent which frightened nervous young freshmen such as I was, and I never felt comfortable with him until many years later when I had become a Fellow of the College. We were given instructions about college traditions, life and behaviour, and told that we had to attend in Hall at 8.10 a.m., reporting to the Sub-Rector or be in Chapel at 7.10 p.m. every day. We also had to dine in Hall a certain number of days each week, and could not be away from Oxford without the Sub-Rector's permission.

Each of us had a Moral Tutor who was supposed to be a personal carer and adviser. Mine was E A Barber, the classicist, who much to people's surprise had married a lively Swiss French wife. He was an austere but kind man. His moral pupils were invited to tea at their house in a lane on the north of St Giles, and we were in turn invited to breakfast with him in college. He and Dacre left no one in any doubt that Classical Mods and Greats were superior to all other subjects. He was an authority on the text of Propertius. On one occasion Nevill Coghill asked his opinion of the literary merits of a new translation of Propertius and received the reply 'I have never concerned myself with the gush aspects of the subject'.

Barber supervised us for the Latin in Pass Mods and a lecturer, M le V Struth, who was not a Fellow, dealt with the modern languages. Some of us took the exam at the end of our first term instead of after two terms which was usual. I passed and so was able to embark on the History School at the beginning of my second term. The college History Tutor was C T Atkinson, a Magdalen man who had been elected a fellow of Exeter in 1898. His heart was still at Magdalen and it was said that he cheered the Magdalen boat during Eights Week. He was a military historian who had written several regimental histories, and also a history of Germany in the eighteenth century. He used to tell us how some reviewer had said that after reading it he felt like having passed through a charnel house,

and Atkinson always referred to it as 'the charnel house'. His wife had died just before I went up and he had no children. He was devoted to a younger brother, Leonard, who was in the Public Record Office, and also to a fierce dog, a Sealyham called Pincher. I was warned by the porter not to go into his room if there was no response to a knock on the door, as if the dog was there I should be attacked. It was said that once Atkinson had been called out during a class and that when he returned he found the undergraduates sitting on the table and Pincher running round snapping at them. Later I watched him bringing an envelope with him into Hall at dinner and cutting off some of the meat from his plate to take home for the dog.

The History syllabus began with what was described as Continuous English History to 1914. Atkinson was one of the few remaining tutors to deal with the whole of this himself, but he began at 1066 on the ground that anything earlier was too difficult to start with and he stopped at 1830 as there was no history after that. We were supposed to deal with the pre-Conquest period at the end but I do not remember that we did. He had a series of essay subjects worked out to cover the whole period, and no essay should take more than five pages. After reading it one would then be given 'the main points'. It was a thorough but not very exciting course. One learnt that one must not refer to any woman historian. Academic women were anathema to him and he would not admit any women to his lectures. He was not a misogynist. He had a host of nieces and great-nieces and he used to delight in telling how a niece and her daughter had been staying with him when he was examining in Schools and had attended some of the vivas, which were public. At lunch he asked what they thought of it and his great niece had said 'O Mummy, aren't women stupid'.

The next part of the syllabus was a period of European History, and having during my last five years at school done nothing but the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries I chose Period Three, which was 918 to 1273. For this I was sent to a young Research Fellow who, having been elected from Balliol two years before, had just arrived after a period in Munich and then in Paris at the École des Chartes under Ferdinand Lot. This was Richard Southern, a pupil of V H Galbraith. It was like moving into a new world. I have never known anyone like him capable of bringing something new and illuminating to any subject of conversation. I well remember those first two weeks on my foreign period. Atkinson had suggested that in preparation for them I might get and read a copy of Tout's *Empire and Papacy* and I learned later how horrified Southern had been when I turned up with this. It was pushed aside and for my first essay I was given a reading list entirely in French. It included Fournier and Le Bras, *Histoire des Collections Canoniques en Occident*, which was my first introduction to Canon Law on which I later became a lecturer. I also later came to be on close terms with Gabriel Le Bras. For the second essay the reading list was almost

entirely in German. Tout's book was never mentioned but I believe that later Southern did speak favourably of it.

After two terms on the foreign period we moved on to Constitutional History to 1307, with Stubbs' *Select Charters* as the set book. For this I was paired with another undergraduate, Kenneth Anstey, who became a close friend. Southern did not seem to be so much interested in Constitutional History but I enjoyed the lectures on Stubbs by J G Edwards. Those are the only lectures I really remember, though I did go to Ogg at Oriel on Hobbes and Rousseau and to courses by Markham and Armstrong at Hertford, and Wickham Legg at New College. For Political Science we were taken by the recently arrived Philosophy tutor W C Kneale, who was a very engaging person and I thoroughly enjoyed working with him. There was, however, no great encouragement to go to lectures, rather one read and wrote. At the end of the course was the Special Subject for which I had chosen St Augustine. Atkinson had never had anyone do this before. He decided to send me to a former Exeter pupil of his, the Reverend T M Parker who had just arrived at Pusey House as a Librarian. After leaving Atkinson he had gone on to read Theology in which he also had a First. As he was rather fat Atkinson used to say that he had a third First round the tummy.

I eventually took History Schools in 1936 and went on to St Stephen's House to read Theology, for which I managed to get Tom Parker also as tutor. I had determined not to be taught by the College Chaplain. In the summer before I arrived at Oxford the then Chaplain, Bezzant, had been made a Residentiary Canon of Liverpool. It would have been difficult for the Governing Body to go through the whole procedure of electing a new Chaplain in the time available and so they left the appointment to Barber. He consulted an old member of the College, then Prinicipal of Ripon Hall, who suggested one of his students, a Corpus man who had read Greats and then the Diploma in Theology and studied at Tübingen, H P Kingdon, who was ordained Deacon and started in Exeter at the beginning of Michaelmas term. The Censor of St Catherine's. V J Brooke, came every Sunday during my first year to celebrate Holy Communion for us. I was personally on good terms with Kingdon but had no liking for him either as a priest or as a theologian. He remained Chaplain until towards the end of the war, when the College presented him to the Wiltshire living of Great Somerford. Barber told me that what decided them that he must go was when he preached a sermon in Chapel attacked the Organ Scholar. There is a brief and accurate account of him in the collection of obituaries by Trevor Beeson called *Priests and Prelates*, but it does not reveal all the problems of his tactlessness in College which led to his eventual departure. As the obituary says, he was in charge of the Library during the war at a time when there was a shortage of texts and when old members were invited to send back any copies of set books that they could spare. Kingdon's successor as librarian told me that he had found

a letter from Kingdon to the brother of an old member who had been killed in the war, thanking him for returning his brother's books and concluding 'When your brother went down he had in his possession the books that you have returned. The fine for keeping books out of the Library beyond the statutory period is XX and for the period in question amounts to £XX. Please let me have this amount in due course. May I take the this opportunity of saying how much we sympathise with you in your brother's death.'

A number of us became involved with an unemployment centre which had been set up in a disused colliery office in Tredegar and went down in the vacations to help, as well as raising money. It was an appalling state of things in South Wales in 1934. The unemployment was enormous and the conditions of life terrible. I remember some of the houses which were built in to the sides of mountains and there was water flowing down the back walls. There was great poverty: children wearing shoes with large holes in the soles, whole families sleeping together in one room. Altogether the conditions were such as I have never seen since, and the government seemed to do nothing about it, which moved many men of my time in the direction of the Labour party. This concerned us more than anxiety about the Spanish Civil War, though as I had seen Nazi Germany in action I think that I was more alive to some of the issues in Spain than many of my contemporaries.

At the end of Schools it was the custom for each tutor to give a dinner for his pupils and Atkinson did so for us. After the end of term and I was back in Oxford at St Stephen's House, he invited me to dinner at High Table. During the meal there was some discussion about the recent portrait of the Rector, R R Marett, and at the end of the meal Atkinson suggested to two of us that we should go and look at it as it hung over the fireplace on the north side of the hall. As we stood there Atkinson said 'The face of the man in that picture is the face of one at a loss for a word,' then turning to me 'Have you ever known the Rector at a loss for a word?' We then went down to the Old Bursary for dessert and I was put next to the Rector, who said to me 'I have written a number of books and the reviewers have been kind enough to say that they think I have a fine style. I have argued that in all forms of primitive religion there is a force that I have called Mana. Do you know that when this staircase was being reconstructed last year and they took away the old wall covering they found inscribed on the walls the letters MANA?' Marett was a great character, a pioneer anthropologist. He had written a book on anthropology for the Home University Library, then issued at a shilling a volume. It was said that when someone pointed out an error in it he replied 'Can't expect the truth for a shilling!'

From Leslie Le Quesne (Professor L. P. Le Quesne, CBE)

On arrival at College in October 1937, I was greeted in the lodge by Stacey, the Head Porter, who told me how to find my rooms in the Back Quad. Consisting of a bedroom and a comfortably furnished sitting room, these rooms, together with the services of my admirable scout, Dennis Winter, came to form the background of my two years in College. Some people preferred the sunny rooms on the west side of the Front Quad, but my rooms, with their view across the Broad to Trinity, had one great advantage. The plumbing in all the staircases was primitive, and the only lavatories were in a chilly building on the east side of the Back Quad, close to my staircase. The baths and showers were in the same building, and figures in dressing gowns were a familiar sight, scurrying round the quads at any time.

Looking back on those years, the essential privilege of a life as an undergraduate in college seems almost unreal in its comfort. I had breakfast and lunch in my room, served by Dennis, at a time to suit my convenience, usually alone, but sometimes with a friend for lunch, and on occasion, particularly in Eights Week, lunch parties were given, with parents and girlfriends adding colour to the scene. In the evening, whilst attendance in Hall was not compulsory, you had to pay for dinner for five nights, so that many people, indeed most, dined in most evenings. Dinner was a formal occasion, gowns being worn, the Senior Common Room dining at High Table. If you wished for a drink, you had to sign a chit and a scout would bring you beer in a silver tankard. If you committed one of a number of misdemeanours, such as mentioning a girl's name during the meal, you could be 'sconced' which meant signing a chit for three pints of beer, brought to you in a silver tankard which you rose to drink, your neighbour on either side standing beside you. If you could empty the tankard straight off, which was rarely achieved, whoever had challenged you had to pay for the beer, otherwise you passed it on to your neighbour on your left, as with a loving cup, and you had to pay.

Generally speaking, medical students, together with those reading certain science subjects had a more demanding programme than those not requiring laboratory work. Influenced perhaps by excessive zeal, after a simple breakfast served by Dennis, reading *The Times* provided to students at 1d/day, I used to set out before 9 a.m. Usually I met few, if any, people in the quads at this hour, but one morning I called in at the JCR to use the telephone – the only one available to undergraduates – to find a large figure (that of Walter Luttrell) standing in the doorway of the kiosk, clad in riding boots, white riding breeches and a white shirt, exclaiming in to the telephone, in a loud voice, 'Dammit, man, how's the going?' – a splendid illustration to me of the necessity of appreciating that there is more to life than studying anatomy.

One of the pleasures of life in College was the opportunity to make new friends. Undergraduates from overseas were uncommon, and I

remember with pleasure the Rhodes Scholars, four or five from North America (mainly the USA), one from South Africa and one from Germany – a Nazi, later killed in the War, his name is on the War Memorial. Highly intelligent, outgoing, energetic, a few years older than most of us, they were stimulating colleagues and friends; if they feel they owe anything to college life, we who knew them in College owe much to them.

I spent most of my first year learning the essentials of chemistry, physics and biology. In the autumn of 1938, I became a proper medical student, with Dr Brian Maegrath as my tutor in Physiology. A former Australian Rhodes Scholar, he was a Demonstrator in the School of Pathology. Very friendly and stimulating as he was, I much enjoyed my tutorials with him (but sadly, they only lasted for one year, when the outbreak of war altered both our plans). It was entirely due to his encouragement that I read a short paper to the Lankester Society, the College Science Society, named after Sir Ray Lankester, a distinguished scientist and former college member; sadly it appears that this society did not survive the War.

But for neither myself, or indeed my contemporaries, was academic study the sold attraction of life in College. I have a clear recollection of a representative of each of the major team sports knocking on my door and asking if I would like to take part in the sport of which they were a representative. At that time, the College had an outstanding hockey team, but it was rowing that commanded the most attention, with the eight having special dinner in Hall, having to give up smoking etc. and all the glamour of Eights Week. For myself I much enjoyed playing rugger for the College. In those days the University XV was much stronger in relation to the leading clubs (such as the Harlequins), and it was not uncommon for an undergraduate to gain an International Cap. I clearly remember that in the spring of 1939, in Cuppers, we beat New College and were then drawn against Trinity, who to play us rested their International – and beat us. But, beyond this match, I have happy memories of returning after a game to College in the autumnal dusk, having a bath, tea with friends – and sometimes ordering from the Buttery, honeyed toast and an éclair – days long gone by!

During the period September 1937 to September 1939, momentous events were taking place in Europe. It goes without saying that we undergraduates were well aware of them, but I have not mentioned them because I do not believe – or at least am unaware of any evidence – that they significantly impaired our enjoyment of our life at Exeter in those years.

From Walter Luttrell (Colonel Sir Walter Luttrell, KCVO, MC)

I must admit to having spent the great majority of my year and a half at Oxford enjoying myself, with academic activities coming a very poor second. During the winter terms I kept my horse at Grendon

Underwood and hunted three days a fortnight with the Bicester. I drove home to Dunster every Saturday to hunt my own pack of beagles (returning to College on time!) and followed the Christ Church beagles on Wednesdays. The summer term was mostly spent trout-fishing on the Windrush, playing golf or sketching.

I have no idea how I came to be awarded an Hon. Degree in PPE after the war, as I did not return to Oxford for my third year after I left the army. I have to confess that my ability to bluff probably had something to do with it. The best example of this not very praiseworthy attribute occurred when I realised one evening that I had done nothing about producing a 'paper' for the following morning's tutorial on some particular theory of Descartes. I asked a great friend at The House who was a year ahead of me and also reading PPE whether by any chance he had ever had to produce a paper on the same subject. He had, and thanks be, he had kept it. So I collected it and read it, verbatim, to my tutor next morning. He listened, approved, but said 'It does not really tie in with the books I suggested you should consult before expressing your thoughts on this subject'. My instant and 100 per cent untruthful reply was 'Well, I had written a paper culled from your recommended reading, but at dinner last night with friends also reading PPE we discussed this particular aspect of Descartes' theories and I was so impressed that I tore up my earlier paper and re-wrote the essay I have just read'. He never challenged it (or asked to see the handwriting of my supposed 'second edition') but I often wonder whether he really fell for what I still consider was a bit of remarkably quick thinking on the part of one who is by nature ponderously slow.

From Hugh Eccles (Group Captain H. H. Eccles)

I expect that not many people have a first degree after being up at Oxford for only a year. As a young man my view of success was to be able to scrape through life and I considered that University was the time when the chrysalis develops. Being a typical middle-class male child of the thirties, I conformed and accepted the normal route of following in father's footsteps and, in my case, becoming a professional engineer.

This called for an Engineering degree plus a two-year apprenticeship. My general attitude was to devote a minimum effort to study, allowing the maximum for enjoying newfound freedom. The present idea of a gap year was a post-war concept, since the average pre-war undergraduate went to University straight from school. I was unusual in taking a year-long probationary college apprenticeship before going up.

I left school with a not very good Higher School Certificate in Natural Science and without the necessary Latin qualification to get me into Oxford. The apprenticeship scheme allowed one day per week at a tutorial college, during which time I passed the very basic Latin of Responsions and also got a pass in the first-year examination. Having failed to get into one college, I eventually obtained a very late admis-

sion to Exeter College to read Engineering and went up in September 1938. Too late to get rooms in college and with all the lodgings on the official list taken, I began life at Oxford in digs at the far end of Banbury Road. My tutor was at Wadham College and moral tutor at Exeter College.

By the end of the first term I had joined the Union, the OUDS and applied to join the University Air Squadron. Competition to get into the OUAS had always been very keen. Luckily for me the Air Ministry had just doubled the size of the University Air Squadrons and so there were vacancies galore. It was clear that war was imminent and when, during my interview, I was asked why I wanted to fly, I answered that a seat in the Circle was preferable to one in the Stalls.

Much of my first term was taken up as stage manager with the OUDS production of *The Duchess of Malfi*, directed by Maurice Colbourn and with Gillian Lind as the Duchess. I also went to Union debates and played college rugger. I had to attend laboratory sessions because attendance was recorded. The only lecture I ever went to was a regular one at Jesus College on Mathematical Series. Three female undergraduates always sat in the front row. This was a time when women were not official members of the University. The lecturer was an elderly professor whose routine was to start a session by writing on the blackboard a lengthy solution to a mathematical question, during which he would suddenly stop, turn round and ask who knew what came next. On one occasion a lady, right in front of him, put her hand up. After a noticeable pause, the lecturer regretted that apparently no one knew and returned to the board!

Undergraduate members of the University were not allowed into pubs during term time. This made drinking much more interesting. Dacre Balsdon was a Junior Proctor and, after being 'progged' by him at the Eastgate, I received an invitation which read "The SENIOR PROCTOR requests Mr H H Eccles of Exeter College to call upon him at 9.40 a.m. on Thursday the 19th of January 1939 at the Old Clarendon Building, Broad Street'. It cost me about £25 in today's money.

On 8 February I joined the Oxford University Air Squadron, going solo after five hours dual instruction on an Avro Tutor biplane. On 19 March I was stage manager when the OUDS put on a charity performance of *The Duchess of Malfi* at the Piccadilly Theatre in London. We were also rehearsing for the annual smoking concert at the end of the term.

My last term started badly. On about the second day I was conned into taking out a health insurance policy. Within the week I was in the Acland Nursing Home having an appendectomy at no cost. After convalescence, it was half way through term before I was back playing cricket, flying and stage managing the OUDS open-air performances of *The Tempest* in Worcester College Gardens. In addition to the OUAS I also joined the RAFVR as a Sergeant Pilot. Lectures and laboratories

forgotten and, having already passed the first-year exams, a perfunctory effort was made in sitting the second year for practice. During the later OUAS summer camp in August I got a post card from my moral tutor stating that I had passed 'God knows how!'

On 1 September 1939 a letter arrived 'URGENT. From the RAF Record Office, Ruislip, Middlesex. Notice to a Royal Air Force Volunteer Reservist to join for Service in the Royal Air Force: 754278 Sgt Eccles HH, White Lee, Bentinck Road, Altrincham. You are hereby required to join the Volunteer Reserve Town Centre at Oxford on 1 Sep 1939'. Thus ended my life as an undergraduate.

After the war, having passed both first and second year exams, I qualified for and graduated with a War Degree. So I am now an MA and have a string of letters after my name! No regrets.

Early Days

In the spring of 1944 my music master told my father that there were two Choral Exhibitions available at Exeter College, Oxford. As there were three boys at boarding school in my family any subsidy from any source whatever was no doubt most welcome. It was agreed that I should try to gain this bonanza – then worth £10 per term! Accordingly I duly appeared at the College and presented myself to a panel comprising the Organ Scholar (Alec Wyton), the Chaplain (Paul Kingdon), Nevill Coghill and Rector Barber. I found two other applicants, a baritone from Portsmouth (Ted Crook) and another tenor. Notionally I was also a tenor, although I realised I had had a better voice earlier when I was a nipper in the choir at King's, Cambridge. This other tenor frightened me to death after his singing by rattling off most of the first movement of the Rachmaninov Piano Concerto No 2. My music master had told me 'You cannot go wrong in Oxford by playing a Bach Prelude and Fugue'. I followed his advice, and the baritone and I were awarded Exhibitions.

There is something of a mystery at this point as the College records do not show that we had an organ scholar in 1944 and that no undergraduate was reading music. Both Ted Crook and I remember Alec Wyton so well, and I recall accompanying him on a foray to a school in North Oxford in the hope of recruiting some new choristers – not a very successful operation. Records show that Alec was in fact reading Modern History; I can only conclude that he took on the mantle of Organ Scholar 'acting unpaid' (like so many appointments during the War). What I can say after talking to my old friend Ted Crook is that in 1944 we certainly had a brilliant organist and choirmaster. It seems that Alec had some difficulty finding an organist's post after going down, as the selection committee at a number of churches said, rightly, that he would clearly not stay with them for long since he was obviously des-

tined for higher things; in fact he went to St Matthew's, Northampton. This church had the habit of commissioning new works, one each year, and when Alec was about to move there the work being prepared was 'Rejoice in the Lamb' by Benjamin Britten. Ted recalls that Alec persuaded Britten to allow the Exeter choir to sing this work just one day after its first performance at Northampton and the composer came to the College for one of the rehearsals; the choir also sang it at Radley College. Later in his career Alec had a distinguished music career in the United States.

Although the war was on, the College was reasonably full, as our neighbours, Lincoln, were living with us. Their college was a temporary home for the nurses who worked at the Examination Schools, which was a military hospital. In the middle of our front quad was a large static water tank (an awful eyesore) ready to service the Fire Brigade hoses in case incendiaries fell on the College.

I had decided to leave school a little earlier than normal to have two terms at Exeter before going into the Services at eighteen. I had already volunteered for the Navy and accordingly applied for a 'Short Course'. The Navy came up trumps by giving me an adequate grant and sent me to Exeter. These short courses of two terms' duration were run by each of the three services at Oxford and Cambridge for 'officer-like material'; I had to spend a day and a half at the Naval Division, its headquarters being in one of the college boathouses; the Navy had also commandeered a college barge which was used for lectures and as a signal platform. I remember our Commanding Officer was Lieutenant Commander Emden who in his civilian role was Principal of St Edmund Hall. It was decided (I am not sure by whom) that I should read English, I guess on the grounds that it could not possibly do me any harm and might conceivably be beneficial. I look back with amazement at Nevill Coghill's kindness in bothering to give me tutorials when, like most seventeen-year olds, all I wanted to do was to play rugby and send up flags on ships' halyards.

I guess that those of us who were up during the war saw Oxford at its best – hardly any traffic owing to the stringent petrol rationing. On the other hand at our age not many of us appreciated the refinement of the decoration of the Chapel by William Morris. It was perhaps surprising what robust health we all enjoyed notwithstanding food rationing; the Ministry of Food had clearly worked out the essential foodstuffs most efficiently. Each week we would, in turn, visit the Buttery where we would be given our ration of butter, sugar, jam, etc; if we were piggy the next day with crumpets and dripping butter, we had to do without for the remainder of the week.

When I returned to Exeter after leaving the Navy I decided to read Law. Again the Navy gave me a splendid grant but deducted therefrom the value of my Exhibition. I thus, in effect, had the duties of singing in the choir and taking part in the other musical activities of the College on

an honorary basis. At the end of the day my father did not have to subsidise me, which must have been a great relief to him.

Michael Dryland (1944)

A Freshman Forty Years Ago

'Faces of eminent scholars, long dead, stare without interest from the walls. The Rector gramophones through a speech of greeting; the Sub-Rector makes a few jokes, explains a few points, retires. Mist in the quad; excitement, not altogether suppressed, among those returning to staircases. Every year.'

That's the first entry, dated Thursday 7 October 1965, of an undergraduate journal I kept. Opening the school workbook in which it's scrawled evokes a mixture of emotions: embarrassment at the jejune content of much of it, the adolescent angst and pseudo-poetic ramblings, but also wistful envy of the person who was alive then and there. Youth! Next day I was 'woken by scout (Bill Stone) at 8, conversation at breakfast was 'nil', schoolfriends called, and I met my moral tutor, Eric Kemp, the chaplain. I was 'crushed' at the Freshman's Fair, and 'bought a gown from the porter'. Conversation at dinner: 'nearly nil'.

On Saturday the nine English freshmen crammed into Jonathan Wordsworth's room at the top of Staircase 1, while he 'gave the academic panorama black and predominantly Anglo-Saxon horizons'. One of the others, Caradoc King, afterwards invited me to the White Horse for a drink. Later I sat in my room (top of Staircase 6), enjoying the sound of the organ being played, then strolled round Magdalen, then socialised with schoolfriends.

By the 11th I'd negotiated my first Anglo-Saxon class with Mrs Longrigg and joined my first society, 'mainly because the rep had spent such a long time explaining it that it seemed mean to deny him the shilling'. By the 13th I'd joined the Bodleian and started work on the *Aeneid*, necessary for Prelims. The Freshman's Dance on the 16th I describe as 'absolutely packed and a waste of time'.

There's a long entry for the 17th, when I attended a harpsichord recital by George Malcolm in Balliol hall (those free Sunday classical concerts were highlights of the week). I'd been up half the previous night reading Sartre's *Nausea* and arrived full of the futility of things. I sat on the stage, near the performer. Hard now to make out exactly what it was I experienced so powerfully. During the Bach, 'the purity and precision of the music wiped my brain's slate quite clean' and set my mind 'working subtly and rapidly (I outlined a possible poem in three seconds)', yet I felt totally disconnected from everything. Then, when Malcolm played Handel, I began to have a revelation of some kind: here was 'the pivot, the basis, the clue, the key, the axle . . .'

After matriculating on the 19th, I went up the spire of St Mary's and down with 'an infernal cold in the head'. This didn't prevent me attending the Conservative Dance next day (when I also record 'sconcing in hall'). On the 24th I record 'sherry with the Rector (Sir Kenneth Wheare) before lunch on an empty stomach: haven't made breakfast now for a week'.

On the 26th I attended a lecture by Robert Graves, Professor of Poetry, on Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. The art student sitting next to me, Anne Goodchild, was enraptured by his noble features. I was less enthused on 10 November: 'This evening heard Robert Graves reading some of his so-called poems.' I was also unenthused, on 31 January 1966, by readings by Edmund Blunden and Robert Lowell. Blunden succeeded Graves as professor in February; hearing him lecture on 1 June, I deemed him 'crusty and senile'. The best poet I heard was seemingly C. Day Lewis: 'supremely competent'. John Betjeman I recall passing in the Fellows' Garden.

Among modern poets, I was reading Thom Gunn (the subject of my first essay), Ted Hughes, George Barker (whose *True Confession* I bought in February), Dom Moraes (whose *John Nobody* I bought in March), and Philip Larkin (I call *The Whitsun Weddings*, bought in April, 'tremendous . . . may possibly be better than Moraes'). I also read such undergraduate poetry mags as *Carcanet* (to which I submitted poems unsuccessfully), *Oxymoron*, and *Solstice*.

Among other lecturers, Christopher Ricks on Milton was the biggest draw each week (I call it the 'Ricks Show'). On 21 January I attended a 'quite stimulating' lecture by Tolkien.

Of our first-year tutor, Dave Pirie, I record in January that he 'lounges in his armchair, one blackbooted leg slung over the other, cigarette in hand, discusses Virgil, Anglo-Saxon, Milton; enquires if I have an essay to read. I read it. "Very pretty". On the whole, a sympathetic tutor.' On 2 February: 'Had a tute with Pirie, whom I like very much but who isn't exactly inspiring as a tutor.' A week later: 'Translated several hundred lines of Virgil late at night. Had a tute with Pirie, who goes up in my estimation each week.' The next day: 'A Latin collection: quite easy. Lunch with the Rector: depressing.' On 14 February I 'sat for two hours in the English library looking at a book before I realised I wasn't comprehending a word'. Mrs Longrigg having given birth, our Anglo-Saxon classes were temporarily held in North Oxford. On 26 May: 'Wrote a poor essay on Hardy for Pirie; then found it impossible to say anything about the structure of *The Wanderer*.'

I went regularly to both cinema and theatre. Films mentioned include *Wild Strawberries* ('greatly moved'), *Breathless* ('not at all bad'), *Knife in the Water* ('tremendous'), Polanski's *Repulsion* ('a horrific, forced, bloody thing: didactically valid, otherwise revolting'), *Pather Panchali*, *Morgan – A Suitable Case for Treatment* ('the film everyone has been raving about'), Cocteau's *Thomas L'Imposteur* ('only middling'),

Incident at Owl Creek ('very good'), and *Scarface*. Plays include Anouilh's *Antigone*, Shaw's *Captain Brassbound*, *Amphitryon 38* by Jean Giraudoux ('who seems to have written it around the final joke: third-rate'), *The Winter's Tale* ('considerably boring'), Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* ('enjoyable but implausible') and *Zoo Story* ('amusing and quite well done'), Beckett's *Endgame* ('rubbish'), *Tristram Shandy* ('I'm told it's just all the filthy bits of the novel strung together: I can believe that'), *The Revenger's Tragedy* (a student production at Christ Church: 'the funniest play I've ever seen; the audience rocked with laughter'), and *A Scent of Flowers* by James Saunders ('chimed in well with the mood of *Catcher in the Rye* which I've just read').

Concerts mentioned include, at Balliol, Michael Roll in January ('tremendous') and Janet Baker in February ('very good, as expected'). I also attended a string quartet recital at Somerville, an undergraduate concert at New College, described as a 'mixed bag ranging from a Beethoven violin sonata (OK if one turned a deaf ear to the violin) to the Schubert Fantasie (four hands on one keyboard, like a gobbling monster: in the glossy reflection, four elves dance elatedly)', and in June the Allegri Quartet at University. There were two concerts in the Exeter hall: on 30 April a piano recital by an (unnamed) old Exonian, and on 7 June Julian Bream ('the best concert I've been to for years'). I joined the university's record library 'and made the acquaintance of Mahler for the first time'. Though I bought records, more often I used the listening-booths at Taphouse's music shop to hear the latest LPs gratis. I also collected 78s (Caruso singing *O Sole Mio*; Kreisler playing Dvorák's *Humoreske*, Jack Hylton; Harry Roy; Joe Loss; the Savoy Orpheans with *Popular Successes of 1927*; a whisky-soaked version of Louis Armstrong's *Basin Street Blues* bought for a shilling from a house in Hythe Bridge Street). A wind-up gramophone cost £1 in the Oxfam shop in Broad Street.

The Sub-Rector refused me permission to have a piano in my room, and no one told me there was a practice room in the back quad, so I used to go to Lady Margaret Hall to play one there, before a schoolfriend, Keith Reading (Lincoln, history scholar), got me permission from Lady Oakeshott to use her Bechstein ('very good action though muffled tone'). This was kind, though I never felt comfortable letting myself into the Lincoln Rectory's elegant first-floor drawing-room. 'Radiators warm and a vague sensation of habitation', I record on 19 January, 'but I never see a soul. Sometimes in the depths of the house a telephone rings. Outside, the rattle of traffic. In a lighted room on the other side of the Turl, always a head bent over a desk; sometimes it is raised and stares uncomprehendingly down at me. The nearest radiator sporadically clicks.' Finally, I one day encountered the Rector himself, weeding his garden. He glared at me, demanding to know who I was. He knew nothing about the arrangement.

Another Lincoln friend was Keith Hanley (English scholar), who I went around with for a while, calling him 'the most brilliant and most pretentious person here', putting up with his affectations (idiosyncrasies of pronunciation; bow-ties; a hatred of dustjackets) for the sake of his wit.

I probably met John Hartley (Trinity, medicine) at the party in November where I got 'gloriously drunk' and, returning to college, attempted, 'with sundry other gentlemen, to lift a Mini in the Turl and deposit it elsewhere'. In the summer term John taught me brass-rubbing and I was able to pin over my bed 'a reasonably frightful skeleton' rubbed at Corpus.

Sarah Russell was at LMH. On 30 October I 'had a party – men outnumbered by women! Bertrand Russell's granddaughter was present and played guitar'. On 2 November: 'Sarah called after lunch and I read her poetry and talked until nearly five'. On 20 January: 'Sarah and her bosom-pal Barbara drifted in this afternoon, mumbled amongst themselves and drifted out again: in the light of a fresh term I can see what bogus creatures they are.'

David Raine was less a friend than a public nuisance. Not a member of the university (I believe he was half-brother of Craig Raine, reading English a couple of years above me), he used to appear sporadically on the scene, to warnings in the student press. He was pally with a schoolfriend of mine, Charles Townshend (Oriel, history scholar), who himself seemed to spend most of his time lying on the floor, whisky tumbler at elbow, fighting war games with toy soldiers or playing with the train set that ran through his rooms. On 1 December: 'Charles burst in on me with a poet friend called Dave Raine, who is more or less what one expects a pretentious, parasitic, aspiring modern poet to be like.' On 2 February: 'Had my room broken into and a bottle of sherry drunk by Charles and his poet friend; wrote Charles a curt note.' And on 26 February: 'Night of the Hilary Ball: Stephen Frankel (Corpus, medicine) and Charles's punk friend Raine were round (gate-crashing). Avoided them as much as possible, though I let them dump their things in my room. They suddenly become very pleasant and apologetic when they can make use of me.'

Among Exeter men, a regular drinking companion was Gerald Light (geography), whom I portray in January: 'Gerald tornadoes through the door and falls back into the nearest chair. The cigarette packet obediently appears in his hand. He peers out thoughtfully, a little abstractedly, from behind his glasses; turns his head towards you before he laughs. Spasmodically he punctuates the conversation with snatches of pop; and when standing accompanies this with rhythmical jerks and twists. He refers to me as his 'pet parasite'.'

Miscellaneous events I record include the evening in November when the Prime Minister, Harold Wilson, dined in hall (he was hissed); the night (14 February) of the rugby club dinner ('Drunken revellers every-

where, bagpipe procession round quad, singing in the Turl Tavern, brawls in the Turl with police hostility; later, revellers appeared outside my window on the roof'); May Morning ('Staggered out of bed at five for the festivities at Magdalen Bridge. The punts put up a very entertaining show – people falling in and out of the river for several hours. The Latin hymns were also fun. Morris dancers in the city centre, flowers and boaters everywhere'); and the last day of Eights Week ('Great glamour down at the river this afternoon (perfect weather); several college balls tonight, the city full of people in evening dress').

My journal mentions my run-in with the college ghost (see the 2003 *Register*.) And a party in November that I shared with John Vinson in the room opposite ('thoroughly decadent and successful, though not enough booze. Most of the people who turned up I had never seen before'). And here's a vignette (January) from the Turl Tavern: 'Black Jenny, the college whore, smokes a cigar and raises her eyes towards the man she's addressing; she lights his cigarette; her jet-black hair carpets her shoulders and shields her thickly-painted face from scrutiny.' And a first impression, start of summer term: 'As usual the High is splashed with thigh-circling skirts, revoltingly-patterned stockings. As usual Carfax is edged with town girls in bell-bottom trousers with painted-dolly faces, lighting the fags that droop from the stubble-chinned, studded-leather, crested-helmeted, jackbooted ripaway boys whose second love is the black beauty that roars away with them down St Aldate's.'

Among our English intake, the one who made most impact was Nick (as then styled: later Philip) Pullman; yet I find no mention of him in my first term. (His fellow scholar Chris Sheppard is mentioned; indeed I looked up Chris in Bristol during the first vacation.) And Nick's first mention (16 January) is scarcely flattering, involving a 'frantic, abusive' dispute with Richard Eeles (also English) over the best way to reheat a hamburger. 'As we leave them entangled in esoteric trivialities, Nick exploding at unexpected junctures in his rough uncalled-for fashion, we overhear Eeles announcing his intention of 'doing' three books of Milton before bed.' The next mentions are in early February: 'Had tea with Nick Pullman', 'Listened to various versions of Bach in Nick Pullman's room (staircase 7)'. So there is little to prepare for the invitation to visit him in Wales during the Easter vacation. ('I see I have been ungenerously slanging him earlier on.')

I thumbed down (my first visit to Wales) and stayed 'ten most enjoyable days', though 'the weather was still stuck at winter in Merionethshire; moreover, there was nearly as little to do in Llanbedr as there generally is in West Wittering'. I noted 'more student scarves within a mile of Snowdon than you usually see within a mile of the Bodleian', and thought Barmouth, Harlech, Bangor and Welshpool 'dumps'. 'I'm told we visited Bangor University, but I scrubbed my eyes and could only see a corrugated iron roof . . . Anyway, Nick was eminently hospitable, and his family (mainly composed of halfbrothers)

friendly and tolerant.' I noted a strained relationship with his step-father, who 'keeps battery chickens as a sideline'. Nick tried to teach me the guitar, we saw a bad film, *The Fall of the Roman Empire*, drank in local hostelries, walked the hills, had an encounter (on the road back from Bangor, I think) with a hippy commune: and Nick used to chant 'an atrocious book called *Dreams*, by Olive Schreiner', while I banged out an accompaniment at the piano. I recall Nick reading Gide's *The Immoralist* about eight times in succession; and being impressed that he'd read the whole of Spengler.

Nick's influence helped to open up my mind in ways my tutors weren't doing. Whereas for most students literature (as I remark somewhere) seemed merely 'the grist of conversation', for him it meant a vital engagement with ideas which I recognised as what I too was looking for.He put me on to such works as T. E. Hulme's *Speculations* and Colin Wilson's *The Outsider* ('Nick's Bible', I call it).

Our friendship picked up in the third term. I recall strolling back up the High with him on May Morning; after breakfast I 'lazed in the Parks with Nick'. On 13 May: 'Wandered around the city in a hazy dream, muttering pseudo-poetic truths and revolutionary philosophies to Nick Pullman.' On 19 May: 'Went out with Nick in his car, an ancient Ford which his uncle has just given him.' Two nights in succession I 'chatted with Nick until one'. On 28 May we drove to Woodstock ('a magnificent place'), and on the 30th went to hear Billy Graham preach at St Aldate's. A week later I dared to show him a story I'd written, and he didn't think it too bad. On 16 June I record him being 'very thrilled with the philosophy department' in the new underground extension at Blackwell's. At the end of term, four of us who had started to coalesce into a quadruple friendship

Nick, Caradoc, Richard and myself – motored out in Caradoc's Renault van to the Lamb and Flag at Kingston Bagpuize for dinner.

Four out of our nine had failed Prelims: Caradoc, Andrew Bryson (who lost his exhibition), Humphrey Weightman, Viv Martin. Of Viv I record in February that 'he appears to want to be sent down'. I recall once seeing him from my garret perched on the parapet of Staircase 8, blowing bubbles. He attended Prelims correctly accoutred in subfusc but with his face painted and drunk, to be refused admittance. The College allowed him another term before expelling him.

'Finished Prelims on Wednesday,' I record on 12 March. 'On Thursday or Friday they cut the college grass and the thrushes paraded over it with heads perked cheerily to one side. Friday rushed ahead with convivialities. In the Turl a Lincoln man ran amok with a soda syphon. Afterwards in Gordon's room (St Peter's) I seem to recollect kicking over a table laden with glasses and candles. In Stephen Marfleet's room half-a-dozen lawyers and others bashed biscuit tins together at one in the morning and smashed the gas fire; I remember wielding the leg of a chair. Eventually I staggered into my room to find the chairs overturned,

papers strewn everywhere, the bed dismantled, pictures askew. Today I lowered my self-respect by buying a college scarf to facilitate thumbing; threw all the term's physical manifestations into a trunk and parked it in the lodge; tipped scouts and gave Gerald a full tin of biscuits I hadn't eaten; said farewell to the college cat; took a bus south and thumbed from Abingdon'.

I hitchhiked everywhere (up to 3,000 miles during the year) and record several of the lifts. Three days later, for example, returning to Oxford from Chichester, I was in a tanker 'carrying highly inflammable chemicals' that caught fire. Next day I got a lift to London from a *Sunday Express* football columnist. Two days later, depressed, I set off for Worcester, leaving Oxford at one and getting back refreshed at seven, having seen 'the Cotswolds and King John's thumb-bone, swans on the Severn, and much else'. On 24 May, feeling stifled, I hit the road to Gloucester, getting a long fast lift from a St John's undergrad in his Alfa Romeo. ('Cathedral third-rate; good bookshop nearby; back in time for dinner.') During the long vacation I toured Dorset, the Midlands and East Anglia; on 17 July during a 'lightning trip to Oxford to collect some stuff and buy books', a pilot 'recommended signing on as a male steward with British Eagle when I come down' and advised me 'Siam's the place to live'; then in August I saw Edinburgh and Aberdeen (sleeping under the stars) and toured Ireland. I was shocked once when, jaunting with Gerald in his new car, he refused to stop for thumbers.

So the last entry for my third term (19 June) sees me once again at the roadside (one may imagine the shoulder-length hair, the scarf, the black corduroy jacket, the invariable umbrella and duffle-bag, the Camus or Colin Wilson stuck in a pocket, as I wait by the A34): 'Took some of my stuff down to next year's digs; left my wind-up gramophone with Keith Reading; then thumbed down to Wittering'.

Graham Chainey (1965)

The Tutor's Art

The Editor asked four tutors, in Philosophy, Chemistry, Politics and History, to write about their teaching. Here are their thoughts.

Ben Morison, Tutor in Philosophy

The most crucial component of my tutorials is tea. I can no longer imagine giving a tutorial without having a cup of tea to hand. (I'm going through a Lapsang phase at the moment; it has been going on a good four years now.) In all other respects, I try to give tutorials in just the way I received them. My undergraduate tutor was Jonathan Barnes, now Professor of Ancient Philosophy at the Sorbonne, and I believe that I

can remember every single tutorial I had with him, some in very great detail. They were the highlight of my undergraduate years, and not just in retrospect.

This is how one of my tutorials will go. There are typically two students (rarely, one). Both have written an essay; one reads out, the other hands in. I make copious notes during the reading of the essay – at least a side for the more contentful, controversial, or thoroughly wrong-headed ones. Normally, the kettle will come to the boil during the reading out, so I will have to interrupt to ask the students what kind of tea they will have. (I am always amazed at how annoyed some students get at being interrupted, even with such a friendly request.) After the reading comes the discussion, filling the remainder of the hour.

I am in no doubt at all that philosophy is a subject perfectly suited to the tutorial system – the subject owes its roots to dialogue and debate. But it is often assumed that the tutorial is meant to resemble a Socratic dialogue, with the tutor in the role of Socrates and the student in the role of the young interlocutor whose naïve ideas are questioned by the Master. In my view, the comparison is a hopeless, and even dangerous, one. (Robin Lane Fox explores the analogy from a different standpoint in his contribution to the collection *The Oxford Tutorial: 'Thanks, you taught me how to think',* edited by David Palfreyman, and published by OxCHEPS in 2001 – a book whose title I return to later.) Socrates – at least, the Socrates of the Socratic dialogues – always professes to know nothing about the subject under discussion (piety, virtue, courage, etc.), and instead conducts his refutation by showing, roughly speaking, that the interlocutor's views are inconsistent. The responses to Socrates' questions hardly go beyond 'Yes', 'No', 'Of course, O Socrates', 'How could it not be?', 'So it seems!', etc. – the burden of the philosophical argument is carried entirely by Socrates. His main aim is to show that the young upstart who has blithely professed to have knowledge of the relevant subject has in fact no such thing. The youth slinks off at the end, confused and in a state of 'aporia', meaning that he can't yet see his way through to the solution of the problem, although he does at least realise that he doesn't know the answer.

Perhaps some tutors do think that this is the right goal to have in a tutorial. Perhaps some tutors comfort themselves with the thought that at least in this way they have taught their students to think (as the rather smug subtitle of the Palfreyman collection would have it), even if those students don't actually end up with any understanding of the subject. But I can confidently say that I have never professed in a tutorial to know nothing about the subject I was teaching. Nor do I expect my pupils to limit their responses to signalling their agreement or disagreement with me, or telling me how they cannot fail to agree with me. I should be horrified if they walked away from a tutorial in total confusion, having gained nothing more from the tutorial than the realisation that they didn't in fact understand the subject. If that were the aim, then

not only would many of them have comfortably achieved it beforehand, but it would also make a nonsense of the fact that we expect them to have worked hard – very hard – before the tutorial, thinking and reading about the essay topic for a good fifteen or twenty hours.

No – I do not think that the Socratic dialogue is the right model for a tutorial. I expect properly worked out and defended views, and I expect the student to be far more advanced in their understanding of the subject than Socrates' youths. (The proper Platonic comparison is with the process of 'asking about the same things many times and in many ways' (*Meno* 85c) to help the learner see connections between isolated facts or families of facts, and ground their knowledge in this way.) And so if the tutorial is on a text such as Plato's *Republic* or Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*, I make sure that we discuss the crucial passages of the text (or at least that the student knows which those passages are). It's not as if I just tell them what to think, of course – I have lost track of how many times I have changed my mind about the proper interpretation of a text thanks to the suggestions of my pupils. Rather, it is a question of doing philosophy with them, i.e. working these difficult texts out, and testing the merits of different interpretations and positions, etc.

Thus, my main aim in a tutorial is not to get the student to think properly – despite the annoying subtitle of that book. I want my students to come out knowing something about Plato and Aristotle. (Only the student who has done absolutely no work during their degree could possibly find that all they could say to their tutor afterwards was 'Thanks, you taught me how to think'.) I try to prepare my students in such a way that if they wanted to continue their studies and eventually become philosophers, they could. Of course this involves or even presupposes training the students to think for themselves, but it also means training them to understand what the philosophers they have learned about said and why they said it, and to assess the strengths and weaknesses of those positions relative to others. That, after all, is why we make them sit exams in the subjects they have been taught, and not some general intelligence or 'thinking' test. I don't expect all my students to become philosophers, but I have achieved my aim if they come out having taken their first steps in that direction, and if some part of them – however small – secretly wishes to complete that journey.

John Brown, Tutor in Physical Chemistry

Oxford graduates are often distinguished in the real world by their ability to discuss facts and ideas articulately in an open forum and to present their arguments in a logical and lucid manner. While this skill is partly a measure of their intellectual ability, it is also something that is developed and nourished by the tutorial system.

Chemistry, like Gaul, is divided into three distinct parts, Inorganic, Organic and Physical. Each part is taught by a different tutor, such is the level of specialisation these days. Tutorials on the different areas are

given in a three-week cycle, rotating between the three disciplines; this allows the topics covered to be linked closely to the University lecture courses which being given in parallel. As a result each pupil receives nine tutorials per eight-week term, usually requiring a certain amount of juggling of the schedule in the later weeks of term. Tutorials groups usually consist of pairs. Written work is set beforehand, handed in and marked prior to the tutorial itself. This work is returned in the tutorial with, of course, critical comments. Nowadays, the written work is mostly of the problem-solving kind; only occasionally are pupils asked to write traditional essays. The strength of the tutorial system lies in its flexibility. The level and content can be tuned to the requirements of individual pupils. Even though the topic may be the same, each tutorial is a unique experience. At its worst (bored tutor and lazy pupils), a tutorial can be a dire experience, no more than a routine repetition of the lecture course material. At its best, it is an exciting confrontation of young and old minds. For example, the tutorial might start with a discussion of a dry and esoteric subject like the Second Law of Thermodynamics and finish up as an exploration of its far-reaching philosophical implications. Pupils are routinely asked to explain their thinking to their partners, often using a blackboard (or more commonly nowadays, a white board). The very best tutorials are driven by the pupils; they decide the topics, set the pace of discussion and make their own discoveries with no more than the occasional prompt from the tutor.

Tutorials can be equally enriching for tutors. Even after many years of experience, it is still possible to experience intellectual enlightenment from some apparently innocuous question or comment from a pupil. This is as exciting as it was all those years ago when we were pupils ourselves. Equally importantly, tutorials provide an opportunity to get to know the pupils as individuals, to learn about their motivations and aspirations and generally bridge the generation gap.

Michael Hart, Tutor in Politics

A pleasure in teaching Politics is the unpredictability of responses from students. In part this comes from the enormous range of sources, some lying far away from a reading list, in part the tutor constructing arguments and watching the students become increasingly adept as their three years progress at knocking down tutors' points, and in part teaching such a diverse group of people of different nationalities and cultures. I recall the incredulous reaction of one overseas student when I explained to him that in Britain the Leader of the Opposition was a post recognised by Parliament and paid accordingly. 'You pay someone to oppose the government? At home we put them in prison'; which was indeed where the opposition leader in his country had languished for several years.

Just as tutors hope to keep students interested, so the vast amount of literature produced keeps the tutors on their toes. I have never quite been reduced, when setting reading lists, to saying 'Go away, read it, and tell me if it's any good' — but it has come close. I have, however, occasionally been relatively ignorant, as when setting an essay on civil/military relations to three students all of whom had done military service in their own different countries. They ran the tutorial, I listened.

The makings of a good tutorial are based on reasonably wide reading and attendance at the relevant lecture series. All tutors' styles vary a little. Mine is to ask what a student has read (so that I know what gaps to expect) to listen and take notes, to correct mistakes, to discuss the essay, and then to move on more broadly into the hinterland of the subject. When teaching in pairs I ask for one essay to be read out loud and the other to be left behind, to be read, commented upon and returned the following week. A bad tutorial . . . there are not many, but accounted for usually either by under-reading or by students over-committing themselves outside work. Recognising the difference between a student who has made an effort but does not grasp the subject, and one whose time is consumed by the sports field, the river, student journalism and politics, does not take long. Reporting at the end of term on two of my students in the latter category, one tutor wrote 'very good when not concussed', and another 'there are a hundred and one distractions in an Oxford summer. Mr X has discovered all of them.' Nearly all students, however, want to work and have harmonious relations with tutors. In turn, tutors know that they are teaching some of the cleverest that the school system can offer. In both directions, it is an implicit bargain. The tutorial system is successful in large part because tutors and students want it to be so.

In Politics, the number of papers has expanded enormously in the last twenty-five years. In PPE Schools there are twenty-seven Politics papers and an optional thesis. Students are spoilt for choice (they can only take five) and I spend a good deal of time advising students and then, when they choose papers I cannot teach, arranging good tuition from tutors outside Exeter. Part of this exercise involves replenishing the College Library in areas of Politics as diverse as Government, Political Theory, International Relations and Sociology. Perhaps some reading this article rarely stepped into the Library (until January of their third year); perhaps others rarely left it; but it is a tutor's job to ensure that it is up to date.

If any of this sounds complacent, it is not intended to be so. Tutors work hard to encourage students and students in their turn rapidly discern the foibles of their tutors. It is an ongoing effort by all which can be exhilarating, frustrating, but never boring.

Through the long tradition of Oxford history teaching there runs a definite streak of eccentric lawlessness. One thinks, for example, of the tutorial style of Christopher Hill, which his Festschrift tactfully described as 'laconic, rather withdrawn'. (A typical episode, recounted to me by an impeccable source — eager undergraduate arrives, sits down, reads out his long, carefully crafted essay on Elizabethan society and politics. Dr Hill listens in silence. Undergraduate comes to end of essay. Stops. Waits keenly for comments. Silence. More silence. Minutes pass. Finally, Dr Hill speaks. 'Hmm. Yes.' Long pause. 'Funny woman, Queen Elizabeth. Well, what would you like to do next week?') Then there was my own distant predecessor at Exeter, C T Atkinson, who is said to have trained his dogs to attack all Brasenose men on sight. And just a few years ago a current member of the Faculty wrote to the *Spectator*, stoutly defending his habit of spending tutorials intently polishing a pair of shoes with a toothbrush.

I fear my own approach is rather more prosaic. I attempt to ask useful questions. I try to treat all undergraduates, even members of Jesus, with equal courtesy. And I maintain a rigid self-denying ordinance against shoe-polishing, tooth-brushing, hair-washing, and all other forms of personal grooming during teaching hours. So what does happen? Here's a rough sketch.

Before the term starts, usually at the end of the preceding one, I meet the undergraduates to discuss their chosen paper and to set some 'recommended' (i.e. required) preparatory reading. If the paper is based on a collection of primary sources, they will need to read through these beforehand; and invariably there are key books that must be consulted in advance. At the start of term I outline the scope of the subject, encourage them to choose topics within it that particularly interest them, and then send them on their way each week with a reading list and, most importantly, a good question —'a fiercely complicated question laid out in speciously simple language', as someone once defined this characteristic of the Oxford approach. So one might ask 'Why did the French Revolution break out in 1789?', or 'Why had relations between the monarch and parliaments become so strained by 1629?', or (for a paper on the connections between History and Art History) 'Do works of art reflect or construct gender roles?'.

When we meet, once a week, there are usually two students (sometimes one; rarely, three). One reads out her essay, the other hands his in. As I sink into my comfy tutorial armchair, I grab a piece of A4 paper and divide it with a pen into unequal sections. In these I shall scribble down various aides-memoire. Along the margins I jot the date, the undergraduate's name, the subject of the essay, the reading done for it, and general notes on the participants' intellectual quirks and qualities. At the end of term these will form the basis for my collection report, which is read out to the student in front of the Rector, the Sub-Rector,

and the Senior Tutor. The bulk of sheet is filled with comments on the essay I listen to — the spine (or spinelessness) of the argument, the evidence used (or omitted) to back it up, aspects of the question explored or ignored, questionable leaps or lapses of logic, rhetoric, structure or interpretation. If there occurs a particularly egregious error of fact or grammar, I interrupt and ask the student to explain. If the problem persists, I interrupt repeatedly, and gently draw attention to the apparent cause (if need be, we discuss it after the tutorial). Usually this results in better-written essays in future weeks, greater linguistic and intellectual precision in the longer term, and merciless mockery of my obsessions by our history undergraduates when they perform spoof tutorials at the end of their Schools dinner.

By the time the essay reaches its peroration, I will have arranged in my mind the main points that seem to need elucidation. In the remainder of the tutorial, I'll try to guide us to, and through, these. But I start the discussion not with my own thoughts but by asking the other tutorial partner(s) to summarise the argument they've just heard, and to identify what they see as its main weaknesses. That ensures they learn to listen carefully and respond critically; it requires them to engage with each other's views from the outset, not just with mine; and it brings home to them immediately and repeatedly how two people faced with essentially the same materials might interpret (or misinterpret) them in notably different ways.

For the most basic obstacle faced by many aspiring historians is that, deep down, they don't really like, or even truly believe, the fact that scholars might radically disagree about questions as apparently straightforward as 'Why did the French Revolution happen in 1789?'. They simply want to know the answer. So they approach the literature as if there *were* a single, agreed answer, and then reproduce different bits of their reading to make up an essay, knitting them together into one happy, woolly and implausible synthesis. A related handicap is the idea that it's impossible to do more than paraphrase what scores of professional historians have already spent their lifetimes writing about — how could a humble undergraduate, in a mere week, possibly figure out why the French Revolution happened?

That, of course, is not the point. The purpose of the tutorial, and of the essay that underpins it, is to report and refine one's own thinking about a particular topic, not to present the final word. And the first rule is to be appropriately critical of what one reads. My own tutor once told me, as a rule of thumb, not to believe anything contentious unless it was proved to me by the author, on the page; indeed, to presume that it was a lie, and that the writer was out to deceive me. That's the kind of eye I try to instil in my own pupils, in discussing how and why historians disagree about matters large and small. Thus in the tutorial we focus on divergent interpretations of the sources, the balance and bias of the evidence presented, the conflicting presumptions and approaches that all

historians (including one's own tutors!) bring to bear. Becoming aware of such differences of interpretation, and discovering how to judge between them, is the best way of learning how to argue one's own case effectively (and, indeed, of realizing that, as any tutor will testify, even an undergraduate essay can produce original and compelling insights). Somewhere along the way, it should also become clear not just that simple questions can, in fact, be fiendishly difficult, but also that, to be answered coherently, they need to be *attacked*: by defining the terms, thinking about the chronology (why *in 1789*?), exploring different levels of explanation and how these might connect. Underpinning everything is the basic discipline of amassing appropriate evidence and constructing an argument from it, which demands extensive thinking and reading beforehand. It's hard work, on both sides, to prepare in this way, week after week; and then to cover so much ground in just sixty minutes. Sometimes it doesn't go well: then the hour can pass very slowly indeed. But on the whole it's an immensely rewarding way to teach and, I hope, to be taught. None of its virtues could be instilled as effectively through any other educational method. Above all, it wouldn't be as much fun. If you like to think, and enjoy debating ideas, there's no more intense and exhilarating way of stretching and enriching the mind than a good tutorial.

College Notes and Queries

The College's oldest member, Philip Gordon Pym Cornish, died on 27 April 2005. Born in Plymouth in 1901 and educated at Plymouth Hoe Grammar School, he remembered as a boy seeing battle-scarred ships returning to port after the battle of Jutland in 1916. He came up to Exeter in 1921 but left after a year to read Divinity at King's College London. He spent his life as a clergyman in the Church of England, mainly in parishes in south-east England, and at one stage held the college living of Little Waltham, Essex.

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Patric Dickinson has drawn the Editor's attention to an enigmatic episode in the life of John Betjeman which bears on the College's history. In the third volume of Bevis Hillier's biography of Betjeman (*Betjeman: The Bonus of Laughter*, John Murray, 2004), Hillier cites a passage from the poet's verse autobiography *Summoned by Bells* which was subsequently omitted from the published version and which seems to refer to some rum goings-on of a black magic sort at the College during Betjeman's time as an undergraduate in the 1920s. The passage reads:

But ere you quite convert us let us go
Past the Bodleian with its rows of bikes
To Gothic Exeter so full of spikes
  And was black magic practised there? Did we
  After a High Church dinner party see
In those dim colleges that front the Turl
  Satan's forked tail uncurl
In deadly battle with the exorcists?

Can anyone explain this reference?

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From Toronto, Rex Williams has sent in a 'Poster Poem' issued by the Canada Council for the Arts and has asked about its Exeter author, Robert Hayman (c, 1575-1629). The poem reads:

To the worshipful Captaine John Mason who did wisely and worthily governe there divers yeeres.

The Aire in Newfoundland-land is wholesome, good
The Fire, as sweet as any made of wood;
The Waters, very rich, both salt and fresh;
The Earth more rich, you know it is no lesse.
Where all are good, Fire, Water, Earth, and Aire,
What man made of these four would not live there?

Sometimes known as the first 'Canadian' author, Hayman was baptised and probably born at Wolborough, near Newton Abbot, in Devon in 1575 (where, at Wolborough – an irrelevant aside – the great-grandfather of the Editor was born and farmed during the nineteenth century). Hayman's father Nicholas was a prosperous townsman, mayor at one time or another of both Totnes and Dartmouth, and MP for both places. As a 'little-little boy' Robert was given 'a fair red orange' and a kiss by Sir Francis Drake. He matriculated at Exeter in 1590, and later went on to Lincoln's Inn, after which he disappears from the records for some twenty years. He re-emerges in 1617, when he was made governor of a plantation in Newfoundland. He published his one book of verse, *Quodlibets, Lately come over from New Britaniola, Old Newfound-Land*, in 1628 and died in the following year while on a canoeing expedition up the Oiapoque River in a search for new trading sites. 'Colonist and poet', as the new *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* describes him, he is perhaps the only old member with that double claim to fame.

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Some copies still remain of Professor Andrew Watson's *Descriptive Catalogue of the Medieval Manuscripts of Exeter College, Oxford*, published by the Oxford University Press in 2000. This splendid volume, with colour illustrations, is now available from Dr J R Maddicott, the Fellow Librarian, at the bargain price of £20.

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The College is very grateful to Giles Barber for presenting a second large cache of the papers of his father, Rector Barber, to add to the classical papers received last year. This second collection includes all Barber's personal papers relating to his time at the College, correspondence dating from c.1911 to 1964, and a large miscellany of scrapbooks, postcards, newspaper cuttings relating to the College, etc. Barber's letters contains many sidelights on college life, particularly during the war years, when he wrote regularly to his wife Madeleine, living for much of the time out of Oxford. 20 February 1940 – 'The captain of H.M.S. Exeter and six officers are coming on Sat. to receive the gilt cup we are presenting them. Balsdon is in his element arranging a dinner in their honour . . .'; 2 May 1940 – '3 undergraduates painted a white swastika on Atkinson's [the History tutor's] door here. They were traced by the trail of paint and have been dealt with. Last night the proctors had some fun with the young pelting with oranges a May Day Pacifist procession. Such a waste of good fruit . . .'.

There is room for a thesis or two here. The whole collection has been beautifully sorted and catalogued by Lorise Topliffe, former Sub-Librarian, to whom we owe, as so often before, a debt of thanks.

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The SCR Betting Book covering the period from 1812 to 1837, and long believed to have been lost, surfaced again this year during Dominic Donnelly's evacuation of his room on Staircase 4. E A Barber's 'Notes on a Betting Book, *Stapeldon Magazine*, June, 1921, describes its contents. A large number of bets relate to the matrimonial prospects of the Fellows, most of whom clearly had time on their hands in the long evenings. *Yonge bets Forshall 2 Bottles of Wine that if the Subrector is not married within two years he will not be married at all. October 3 1821*. Other bets were amusingly frivolous. *Jones bets Sibthorpe that he (Sibthorpe) does not catch a goose on Portmeadow on foot. Dated, Houseboat, Off Portmeadow, June 22 1812. Sibthorpe won*. One or two, mainly on current affairs, were the opposite of prescient. *Johnson bets Hony 1 bottle of wine that the first general engagement, in which Buonaparte commands in person, will be won by the French. June 14 1815*. The battle of Waterloo was fought four days later. *Dalby bets Williams 1 bottle of wine that Napoleon Buonaparte, if sent to St Helena, will effect his escape before the expiration of a twelvemonth from the day of his landing. July 28 1815*. He did not.

Corresponding Internationally

The threat of imminent violent death, they say, concentrates the mind wonderfully and can lead us into piercing insights about our own lives and fate. A year ago, hanging on to a broken cable chair seventy feet above the rock slides of the Tien Shan Mountains in Kazakhstan, I found this to be literally true. My dilemma was an easily avoidable one and in no way heroic. I had gone to Kazakhstan to report on the investment prospects of its booming oil industry in the Caspian Sea for United Press International and, if I could, to get into the Russian-run Cosmodrome at Baikonur and report on the state of the Russian Federal Space Agency's operations there. No one had required me to take a cable chair as high as I could into the Tien-Shan range, let alone choose one that turned out to have a broken safety chain.

It can't have been more than ten minutes that I was hanging there looking like Jackie Chan with my arms wrapped round the support pole for dear life. It only seemed like ten hours. They say a man (or woman's) life flashes before them in such moments. I certainly thought of my wife and children and how I didn't want to leave them any time soon. I also thought how ridiculous it was to blunder into such (mis-)adventures, at my age. Why then, had I put myself so thoughtlessly at risk of such a ridiculous and avoidable early death? Why had I gone up there in the first place, knowing that I wasn't going to find anything special?

But when you have ten hours (even if your watch objectively insists they are only ten minutes) to yourself in a situation like that, you have plenty of time to think. The same damnable curiosity that brought me there was the same one that had led me to rock throwing mobs and the whiff of CS gas in my native Belfast and into the wilds of the Caucasus trying to work out who was who and what was what among clans whose names I couldn't even spell when I arrived. It was what made me an international correspondent.

I had no presentiment when I slipped in my dishevelled anorak into the crowd of workers illegally to join the afternoon shift at the Lenin Shipyard in Gdansk in the winter of 1989 that I would find anything special there, let alone get my first Pulitzer Prize nomination out of it. I had applied through the press offices of the shipyard, the Solidarity movement and the Polish government alike for permission to visit it and been fobbed off by all of them with the usual bland and regretful rejections. I wasn't even looking for a story when I made my illegal entry. I just wanted to be able to boast in a few bars that I'd seen the legendary shipyard where the Solidarity movement that crumbled communism throughout Central Europe had begun.

But before my native Belfast became (in)famous for other things, above all else, it made ships. As a little boy, as soon as I could walk, my Dad or my Uncle Bernard would take me down to Queens Island on

Sunday morning to see the great liners, oil tankers and aircraft carriers taking shape. Only a couple of months before, my wife and I had holidayed in Malta, and I had to add the great ship works at Valletta to our sightseeing itinerary. Where other people know cattle or horses or crops as to the manor born, I know my shipyards. And that was why I was able to see to my astonishment what no one before in the Western media had dreamed of or bothered to find out: that the legendary Lenin Shipyard was a scrapheap of useless, rusting junk that hadn't seen a day's investment or a new technique since before World War II. In its old, labour-intensive, low-tech, heavy-industrial obsolescence, it couldn't be saved and wouldn't be. And not all the rhetoric of Lech Walesa and the heroic leaders of Solidarity would ever be able to change that. It was one of the first indicators that the transformation and revival of communist industrial societies would be vastly more difficult than anyone had anticipated.

So that same damnable curiosity which was nearly the death of me in the Tien-Shan was also what has always made me a perfect fit for my career. There is always something new round the corner, and it is always something that not all my – or anyone else's – philosophy could ever have anticipated.

Also, when you have a few decades – and continents – under your belt, sometimes the experiences cross fertilize to give you surprising insights. Forty-eight hours before Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait and swallowed it whole in July 1991, I tried to write in the foreign pages of the Washington Times a story suggesting that he was about to do it. My foreign editor of the time flatly refused to let me do so because the idea was so ludicrous that it would make a laughing stock of him and the paper as well as me. Only a heavily watered down version of the article was ever allowed to run. Within two days, Saddam invaded on schedule.

Who was my mysterious 'Deep Throat' in the US intelligence community or the Iraqi government that had given me the scoop? None other than Saddam himself. I had simply read, at my comfortable desk in Washington, his speeches over the previous couple of weeks in which he had made clear he was going to waste no time in taking over Kuwait. The finest analysts and senior officials in the United States Government and foreign policy community had read all those same speeches and concluded that Saddam, as usual, did not mean to be taken literally but was just speaking in the eloquent, overblown style to which Arabs in general and Iraqis in particular were widely (and erroneously) supposed to be exceptionally prone.

But none of them had ever had the dubious pleasure of covering Ulster loyalist paramilitary extremists in Belfast in their impressionable youth. I especially remembered how the justly-feared Captain Leonard Murphy, of the West Belfast Brigade the Ulster Volunteer Force, more colloquially and accurately known as the Shankill Butchers, notorious-

ly used to drink himself into a killing rage before leading his gang out on one of their dreaded quests for victims. And in Saddam's rhetoric, I suddenly recognized exactly the same spiral of self-justifying self-purity and ferocity. Like Lennie Murphy, he had to wind himself up into a righteous fury before wreaking mayhem on everyone around him. According to Hans Morgenthau or any other intellectually respectable model of political science, heads of state are not supposed to behave like that. But it is useful to remember that once in a while, they do.

If you want to make few hundred million pounds or dollars in your life, or if you want a quiet, stress-free and secure existence, getting home at five or six in the evening every day, I would not recommend the kind of life I have lived. And true blue Platonists definitely need not apply. Coping with the ever-shifting complexities of reality is enough of a strain even for an old Aristotelian like me. But it certainly has had other compensations.

After all, it is not everyone who can boast, if that is the word, of being strip-searched by VoPo East German border security guards at Checkpoint Charlie in the last harsh spasms of the Cold War, or going crocodile hunting in Borneo or scoring a goal in a game of elephant polo in the desert of Rajasthan. (The secret to sporting success in elephant polo is to tip the barman extravagantly. He will then make sure you get one of the best mahouts to guide your elephant. It also helps not to drink too much lager before the game as you do not want to swing your mallet too wildly and then fall off. Broken bones are no joke in central India.)

Sometimes, the most surprising clichés and stereotypes turn out to be true. Stalin's old dacha still stands – or at least, it certainly did five years ago when I saw it – in the exclusive Russian government enclave at Kuntsovo in the suburbs of Moscow. But no Soviet or Russian leader has ever lived in it since. Even in the Soviet era, they believed it was haunted by evil spirits. And if you went for a drink in the bar at the Sheraton Hotel in Damascus during the era of the late, lamented President Hafez Assad, it was still the favourite watering hole for the interrogators in Mezze Prison, all resplendent in their waxed handlebar moustaches and thigh-length leather boots.

Most of these recollections assuredly did not go through my mind as I was hanging on to that cable chair pole, cursing the broken safety chain and my own curiosity as I dangled above the Tien-Shan Mountains. But I do recall having the sense that even if my career choice had led me there, I would do it again for all the other things, and much more besides. And even then, there was a corner of my mind whispering what a great story this would make provided I didn't fall off till the cable chair descended low enough to land on soft vegetation.

Obviously, I lived to tell the tale, but there were other compensations in store too. The Russians did let me into the Baikonur Cosmodrome after all, so a few days later I was able to witness with my own eyes a

modified RS-20 intercontinental ballistic missile, NATO designation SS-18 Satan, but now with a perfectly benign complement of US and Saudi communications satellites on board, blast off in a blaze of light and a wave of rolling thunder from the steppes of Kazakhstan. Perhaps there is something to be said for curiosity after all.

Martin Sieff (1969)

West Mercia Blues: Policing Highs and Lows

From February 1994 until September 2000, I was a police constable with the West Mercia Constabulary. West Mercia covers the counties of Shropshire, Telford and Wrekin, Worcestershire and Herefordshire, with its Headquarters near Worcester. It is the fourth largest police area in England and Wales. I joined the Force as a result of taking part in their undergraduate work experience scheme, which I found out about through the Oxford careers advisory service. Based at Worcester during the summer vacation of 1992, I shadowed a uniform shift for several weeks, accompanying the officers to all manner of incidents, including robberies, assaults and road traffic accidents. The range of incidents I attended, and the variety of jobs within the police, convinced me that policing was the career for me, and as soon as I was able I applied to join the Force.

I started my two years' probation in February 1994. All entrants have to complete two years in uniform, regardless of previous experience. Probation is a great leveller, and at least means that you have had some exposure to the 'coal face' should you prove to be a high-flyer, or dedicated to a career in a specialist unit. At that time, West Mercia sent their probationers to the regional training school at Cwmbran, and after the relaxed atmosphere of Exeter College it was all a bit of a shock to the system. The discipline was strict, and individuality, as it seemed to me at the time, was frowned upon. I also sensed that being a university graduate was something to be despised rather than prized. I came to dread the Sunday evening drive from my parents down into Wales for that period of basic training, fifteen weeks of it in total. Luckily, my training back on division – Telford as it turned out – was far more enjoyable. I was assigned a tutor constable who was an experienced PC and very relaxed. The fact that I was an Oxford graduate seemed to have curiosity value (not that it was something I advertised). I felt welcomed by the uniformed squad I ended up joining and we operated very much as a team. I never felt any sense of sexism or discrimination when I was in uniform. At the time, the divide was more between shift and day workers; day workers were seen to have a cushy number, whereas those on days saw the squads as slightly maverick outfits. I think people on shift were too busy, and only too glad to see help arriving, to worry what gender the officer was. Gender was also rarely an issue when dealing

with the public; often the arrival of a female officer had a calming effect on a public order incident.

My two years' probation passed swiftly and I had to decide what to do next. I decided to go for a quieter, small-town posting, in order to be able to develop my policing skills in more thoroughness and prepare for the Sergeant's exam. The trouble with an urban posting was that although it was busy, and often fun, I found myself having to rush through jobs and not able to learn as much as I could have done. In my next posting I worked alongside a more experienced officer and had lots of fun, as he had a great sense of humour and spent many hours winding up the station sergeant. The busiest times were on Friday and Saturday nights, when we couldn't have survived without the Special Constables as fights regularly broke out between the locals and 'foreigners' from the neighbouring larger towns in the area.

After a while I needed a challenge, and so turned my attention to the CID (Criminal Investigation Department). I successfully applied for a post at Telford CID after undertaking an attachment for three months. It was in that environment that I noticed a different attitude towards women officers. There was definitely the view that women should deal with sexual offences, rather than complex robberies or fraud. Most of the time it was reasonable to assume that a female victim would prefer to talk to a female officer but I felt that victims should be given the choice. For a time, I was the only woman in the office, and so nearly every sexual offences case came my way, which eventually led me to consider developing my skills in that field further. I also found that I didn't really fit in with the general office, as I wasn't interested in going to the pub every night but wanted my own life away from the Police. I was given the opportunity to work in the Family Protection Unit at Telford, which I accepted, since I thought the work would be interesting and I'd have more in common with my colleagues.

I was one of three female Child Protection officers, in addition to two women Detective Constables in the Domestic Violence Unit. We did have a male sergeant, but would have benefited from more of a gender mix, which I understand there is now. In order to deal with child victims and witnesses I had to be trained to interview on video, which was a new experience for me. It was quite a challenging skill to develop, as it is important not to 'lead' children, but difficult to avoid when a child is unable to express itself clearly. It was often necessary to find creative ways of getting the child's explanation in a coherent way. We worked in partnership with Social Services, often with male social workers, which was a useful experience. Ironically, those members of the public we dealt with often preferred to be spoken to by the police, as they had a distrust of social services. Police Officers were seen to be more straightforward and reliable! Working with social workers highlighted the difficulties which all agencies face when dealing with problem families. It was not unheard of for a police officer to remove a child from its home

in order to 'protect' it, and for Social Services to return that child to its home because they just didn't have available accommodation. I also attended multi-agency case conferences, which were interesting experiences, and on the whole I believe that the FPU delivered a very professional service. Unfortunately, for me, there was the sense of the unit playing second fiddle to the CID office, and its work being downplayed because of the female dominance in that office, despite the fact we were dealing with very serious sexual and physical offences day in, day out.

My final investigation involved the murder of a toddler and I had the responsibility of gathering the medical evidence. It was a difficult time, since the nature of the statements meant that I had to hear descriptions of the child's injuries several times over. I also had to deal with quite a lot of frustration on the part of the witnesses I interviewed due to the fact that the family had been known to Social Services. It was clear that there was no failing on any particular agency's part with this family and that all procedures had been correctly followed. I take some sense of satisfaction in knowing that those responsible were convicted and handed lengthy prison sentences.

Ultimately however, for me the light had gone from the job. I no longer had the buzz at an emergency call, and felt frustration with dealing with the same families over and over again. Although I had passed the Sergeant's exam and could have pursued promotion, I had the sense that life was passing me by. For example, at the time I left the Constabulary in 2000, officers still did not have access to e-mail. I felt that there was a wide world out there that I needed to see a bit more of. I don't ever regret joining the Police: it opened my eyes to a great many things, and I made some very good friends over the years. I also don't regret leaving, as I have a better quality of life now (I wasn't suited to shift work!) and I think that I am now making more of my academic background in pursuing a career in the Civil Service.

Sarah Fuller (1991)

On the trail of Gilbert Scott: from Exeter to the East End

I did not know that I would be spending the first ten years of my working-life in East London when I left Exeter in 1991, but I did know that I was heading off for ordination training in the Church of England.

As it turned out, there was barely a chance to come up for air between the two. I remember wondering how on earth I was going to manage the transition from celebrating the end of finals to attending a Church of England 'Selection Conference' three days later. The Bishop of Oxford suggested going on retreat. I headed off up the Iffley Road to Fairacres

Convent. Some spiritual writers refer to making the transition from the world of the head to the world of the heart, or at the very least to keeping the two in balance. Arriving at the Convent I was most certainly in the world of my head, the balance firmly tilted in one direction. Emerging from months of revision, the only way I could think of preparing for some new enterprise was to read more books. I arrived with a small pile of them. Sister Mary Augustine, the nun who had been charged with greeting me, laughed. She confiscated my books and gave me one small children's book. On my own and in silence I was hit by a huge wave of tiredness. I spent the three days that I had there attending the offices, going to meals and sleeping. I went back into central Oxford to collect some clothes before setting off to the conference. I remember meeting a number of friends who, not knowing where I had been and themselves recovering from the wearing mixture of revision, exams and post-exam celebrations, commented on how well I looked. I have no wish to overwhelm the nuns of Fairacres with a flood of post-exam students, but as a way of attempting to knit body, mind, heart and soul back together, it certainly worked for me.

Three years – and yet more books – later, I was setting off for my first parish in Forest Gate, East London, just on the border of what used to be East Ham and West Ham, now all part of the London Borough of Newham. There was much that was different from life at Exeter, but there was also some comforting continuity. For one thing the church (Emmanuel, Forest Gate) was designed by George Gilbert Scott – a letter in which he confirmed that the builder had completed his contract for the new church to his satisfaction was still in the safe – the same architect who built the present-day chapel at Exeter. Emmanuel was completed in 1852; Exeter Chapel in 1859. Besides the building, there were some less tangible but nevertheless striking examples of continuity. Both Oxford colleges and parish churches take the idea of creating community seriously. Exeter may do more studying, Emmanuel Forest Gate more praying; but studying, praying, eating, and living alongside a diverse group of people are features of both with roots in what is essentially a monastic model. Of course both communities are also strikingly *unlike* a monastery, but the connection is not unimportant. And both in Oxford and in Forest Gate I had tutors. In Oxford I had had the wonderful privilege of sitting one or two to one with some extraordinary people. On the last day of theological college in Cambridge, the man who was to become my training incumbent brought a group of about fifteen people from Forest Gate to visit their new Assistant Curate. Sitting with me in the Common Room with his parishioners around him in a circle, my new Vicar said: 'Andrew, you've had your tutors at University, I'd like you to meet your new tutors'; and with those words made a great sweeping gesture with one arm taking in yet another extraordinary group of people who would indeed teach me, in many varied situations and encounters, what the priesthood involved.

Forest Gate is an amazing place. In a parish of nineteen thousand people there are twenty-three buildings used for religious worship (including a variety of churches, one synagogue, three mosques, two Sikh gurdwaras and a Buddhist Centre). Two yards from the main entrance to the church there is a single post with about seven signs attached to it, each pointing in a different direction, all of them directing people to a place of worship. It is one of those parts of London where people seem to have arrived from every corner of the globe. Once a semi-rural neighbourhood, Forest Gate grew rapidly in the nineteenth century with the arrival of the railway. The population in the 1840s was 350. By 1881 it was 129,000. The Church had been built in 1852 to serve the needs of this rapidly expanding community. As well as being fascinating and wonderfully complex, it is not an easy place to live. Crime levels are high; terrible things happen with alarming frequency; many people live under considerable pressure. Church life was warm, exhausting, inspiring, fun, moving and endlessly varied. There was an excellent community Youth Project based in the church which took local young people to build dams in Kenya and playgrounds in Romania, alongside their mainstay of outings, football tournaments, fashion shows and music projects. As with all of the last ten years, I had wonderful colleagues and learnt a great deal from working alongside them, as well as, of course, from my new tutors in the congregation.

Five years in Forest Gate led to five years in Poplar. It only takes fifteen minutes to travel by car from one to the other, but the two neighbourhoods are very different. The Church of England itself reinforces their distinctive character. The car journey I mentioned involves crossing the small River Lea that runs north-south into the Thames, soon to have an Olympic village built on its banks. It used to be the border of Metropolitan London and, as far as the Church of England is concerned, marks the border between the Diocese of London and the Diocese of Chelmsford. A summons to the Cathedral now takes me to St Paul's, rather than to Chelmsford Cathedral.

There are two churches in the Parish of Poplar: All Saints and St Nicholas. Neither was built by George Gilbert Scott (All Saints was completed in 1823 by Charles Hollis; St Nicholas in 1955 by Seely and Paget). But there is a connection between Poplar and the great Gilbert Scott dynasty. It was George Gilbert Scott I's (1811-1878) grandson, Adrian Gilbert Scott (1882-1963), who built the local Roman Catholic church, St Mary's and St Joseph's, Upper North Street, as part of the widespread Festival of Britain rebuilding of post-war Poplar.

I work as what is called a 'Team Vicar' and am based at St Nicholas which was re-opened in 1998 after thirty years as a warehouse. And whereas Forest Gate provided an insight into multi-cultural East London, Poplar has provided an insight into what was white East-End culture and the more modern phenomenon of a fairly polarised split between the remnant of that white community and a large Bangladeshi

community. Race relations in Forest Gate were fairly good. In Poplar they are fairly poor. But there is also great warmth, humour and courage.

One of the great things about parish life is that your theology, as well as your politics and your general take on what is going on in the world, has to be tested in the neighbourhood and with the particular group of people that make up the community in which you live. I love that. Just yesterday a young Muslim advice-worker came to my front door to get some cheques signed because I am a trustee of the local Community Advice Shop. We often talk about Islam. She hands me three books as a gift, two on the Qur'an, the last one entitled 'Islam: the Natural Way'. An attempt to evangelize the local Vicar? Possibly, but I don't think so. More an ongoing conversation. With bombs going off in London, as well as many other places in the world, I cannot think of many more interesting places to be for getting behind the sound-bite headlines to some of the deeper questions of community cohesion, identity, race and faith.

I have a feeling that the far less profound question of how clergy spend their days is something of a mystery to people. The Rector of Poplar tells a great story about being a curate and walking along the street during the famous three-day week. Someone he did not know hailed him from across the road. 'Morning, Vicar', he said, 'sorry to hear you've got to work two extra days.' If only. Days in my experience tend to be very full. Sundays are often the least demanding. Your tasks on a Sunday are clear and focused. They also tend to be the things you trained for. Mid-week, they range at the serious end from funeral-taking and visiting, through hospital and home visits, wedding, baptism and confirmation preparation and other parish activities, school assemblies and governing bodies, Management Committees of small community projects, through to gutter repair, drain maintenance, and – my latest obsession – asbestos removal. The fixed points are morning and evening prayer and scheduled services. The variety of the rest of the day is both a blessing and a curse. I am not sure that I would now have it any other way, but the number of tiny pieces of information and list of small but important tasks, coupled with non-existent administrative support, can often feel daunting and occasionally overwhelming. Having said that, it is difficult to start getting all depressed about a life that in a day can take you from prayers with your colleagues, to assembly at the primary school, a wind-swept graveside, lunch with a retiring head-teacher, a ward at the London Hospital, a short service at the residential care home, an evening Eucharist, followed by a shared meal with a group of people who you feel happy to live alongside. Often I long to do things in greater depth, to prepare better, to slow down, but the sheer variety of human experience and contact with people of all ages and in every possible situation that clergy have the privilege to encounter, can be breathtaking.

Andrew Wilson (1988)

Exeter College Governing Body

Miss Frances Cairncross, Rector
Dr W B Stewart, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Pure Mathematics
Dr J R L Maddicott, Librarian and Keeper of the Archives & Lecturer in Medieval History
Professor R A Dwek, 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
Professor H Watanabe-O'Kelly, Official Fellow & Lecturer in German
Ms J Johnson, Senior Tutor, Official Fellow (Ashby) & Lecturer in English
Dr H L Spencer, Official Fellow & Lecturer in English
Dr M E Taylor, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Biochemistry
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, Tutor for Admissions, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Law
Dr P Johnson, Finance and Estates Bursar, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Management Studies
Professor A M Steane, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Physics
Dr S J Clarke, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Inorganic Chemistry
Dr K Graddy, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Economics
Dr I D Reid, Sub-Rector, Computing Fellow, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Engineering Science
Professor J Klein, Professorial Fellow
Professor F E Close, Tutor for Graduates, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Physics
Dr A J Blocker, Senior Research Fellow (Guy G. F. Newton Research Fellow)
Dr S Das, Official Fellow (Eyres) & Lecturer in Earth Sciences
Dr B Morison, Dean of Degrees, Official Fellow (Michael Cohen) & Lecturer in Philosophy
Professor G Griffiths, Fellow by Special Election & Lecturer in Pathology
Dr K L Brain, Junior Research Fellow (Staines)
Mr E M Bennett, Home Bursar, Official Fellow
Revd Mr M R Birch, Official Fellow (Chaplain)
Dr A V Akoulitchev, Senior Research Fellow (Monsanto)
Dr N Petrinic, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Engineering
Professor E Williamson, Professorial Fellow
Dr A R Eagle, Official Fellow (Michael Cohen) & Lecturer in Philosophy

Dr Z Qian, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Mathematics
Dr J Snicker, Director of Development, Fellow by Special Election
Mr G Wood, Junior Research Fellow (Queen Sofía)
Dr J Hiddleston, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Modern Languages
Dr H Gazzard, Official Fellow (Williams) & Lecturer in English
Dr J Kennedy, Fellow by Special Election & Lecturer in Physiology

Honours and Appointments

A BLAKE (former Fellow), elected as Fellow of the Royal Society, 2005.

K L BRAIN (Fellow), awarded a Wellcome Trust Career Development Fellowship, 2005-09.

F CAIRNCROSS (Rector), elected as President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, 2005-06.

J CRESSWELL (1968), appointed British High Commissioner to Jamaica.

R A DWEK (Fellow), appointed Biomedical Research Council Distinguished Visitor, Singapore, 2005

S FREDMAN (Fellow), elected as Fellow of the British Academy, 2005; awarded Leverhulme Major Research Fellowship; appointed Scientific Director, European Network of Legal Experts in the Non-Discrimination Field; Member of Panel of Expert Advisers, Northern Ireland Single Equality Legislation.

D GOODBY (2002), awarded a British Commission for Maritime History Prize for Undergraduate Achievement in Maritime History.

J KLEIN (Fellow), elected Fellow, Institute of Physics, 2004; delivered 'Paris Sciences' Lectures and received Paris Sciences Medal of City of Paris, 2004.

J NYE (1958), given the American Policitical Science Award, the Woodrow Wilson Award (Princeton University) and the Jean Mayer Award

W O'REILLY (1994), former Usher Cunningham Scholar in Modern History), appointed to a University Lectureship in Early Modern European History, University of Cambridge,and elected to a Fellowship at Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

R TAYLOR (1964), appointed Professor of Continuing Education and Lifelong Learning, University of Cambridge, and Director of the Institute of Continuing Education, University of Cambridge, 2005.

M WALSH (1966), appointed to the Kenneth Allott Chair of English Literature, University of Liverpool, 2004.

D F WILLIAMSON (1956), now Lord Williamson of Horton, appointed Convenor (leader) of the independent crossbench peers in the House of Lords from July 2004.

Publications

G M BEST, *John Wesley: A Study of his Life to Commemorate the Tercentenary of Birth*; and *Shared Aims: A Celebration of Methodism's Involvement in Education to Mark the Centenary of the Methodist Board of Management and the Tercentenary of John Wesley's Birth*.

G DAWES, *Commise 1204: Studies in the History and Law of Continental and Insular Normandy*, ed. Gordon Dawes. The Guernsey Bar, 2005.

R A DWEK (Fellow), with H R Mellor et al., 'Cellular effects of deoxynojiromycin analogues inhibition of N-linked oligosaccharide processing and generation of free glucosylated oligosaccharides', *Biochemical Journal,* 381 (2004); with P M Rudd et al.,'Sugar-mediated ligand-receptor interactions in the immune systems', *Trends in Biotechnology*, 22 (2004); with M A Simpson et al,., 'Infantile-onset symptomatic-epilepsy Syndrome caused by a homozygous loss-of-function mutation of GM3 synthase, *Nature Genetics*, 36 (2004); with D Elstein et al., 'Sustained therapeutic effects of oral miglustat in type I Gaucher disease', *Journal of Inherited Metabolic Diseases*, 27 (2004).

A EAGLE (Fellow), 'A causal theory of chance?', *Studies in the History and Philosophy of Science*, 35 (2004).

S FREDMAN (Fellow), 'The ideology of new labour law', in *The Future of Labour Law*, ed. C Barnard, S Deakin and G Morris, Hart, 2004; 'Women at work: the broken promise of flexicurity', *Industrial Law Journal*, 33 (2004); 'Marginalising equal pay laws', *Industrial Law Journal*, 33 (2004); 'Discrimination', in *Oxford Handbook of Legal Studies*, ed. P Cane and M Tushnet, OUP, 2004; 'Social change and cultural rights', in *English Public Law*, ed. D Feldman, OUP, 2004; 'Disability equality: a challenge to the existing anti-discrimination paradigm', in *Disability Rights in Europe: From Theory to Practice*, ed. A Lawson and C Gooding, Hart, 2005.

J J HERRING (Fellow), *Criminal Law*, 4th edn., Palgrave, 2004; 'Mistaken sex', *Criminal Law Review*, 511 (2005); ' Why financial orders on divorce should be unfair', *International Journal of Law, Policy and the Family*, 1 (2005); 'Farewell welfare?', *Journal of Social Welfare and Family Law*, 2 (2005).

J HOLT, *A Manager's Guide to IT Law*, ed. Jeremy Holt and Jeremy Newton, The British Computer Society, 2004.

G O HUTCHINSON (Fellow), 'Euripides other *Hippolytus*', *Zeitschrift für Papyrologie und Epigraphik*, 149 (2004).

E M JEFFREYS (Fellow), 'Notes towards a discussion of the depictions of the Umayyads in Byzantine literature', in *Elites Old and New in the Byzantine and Early Islamic Middle East,* Princeton, 2004.

V LEE (Fellow), with S P Romeril et al., 'On the synthesis of pyrinodemin A. Part I: The location of the olefin', *Tetrahedron*, 61 (2005); with S P H Mee et al., 'Significant enhancement of the Stille reaction with a new combination of reagents-copper(I) iodide with cesium fluoride', *Chemistry – A European Journal*, 11 (2005); with J E D Kirkham et al., 'Asymmetric synthesis of cytotoxic sponge metabolites R-strongylodiols A and B and an analogue', *Tetrahedron*, 61 (2005).

J NYE, *Soft Power, The Means to Succeed in World Politics*, Public Affairs, 2004.

A PEACOCKE, *Evolution: The Disguised Friend of Faith?*, Templeton Foundation Press, 2004

N PETRINIC (Fellow), with F Dunne, *Introduction to Computational Plasticity*, OUP, 2005

J SKIDMORE (as James Steel), *The Saga of Grettir Asmundarsen*, The Nicholls Press, 2004.

J RATTRAY (Fellow), 'Àngel Planells: esbós d'un poeta'; 'Àngel Planells: esbozo de d'un poeta'; 'Àngel Planells: esbozo de un poeta; 'Àngel Planells: Sketch of a poet', article in Catalan, Spanish and English in *Planellsurrealista*, Fundació Àngel Planells, 2004; 'La teoria del *collage* surrealista illustrada por Àngel Planells y JoséMaria Hinojosa', *Insula*, 694 (2004); '"Granadas de fuego": Un ejemplo literario del método paranoico-crítico', in *José Maria Hinojosa (1904-1936): Entre dos luces*, exhibition catalogue, Malaga, Centro Cultural de la Generación del 27, 2004; 'El ojo mutilado en el surrealismo: "cuando llueve en el desierto" de José Maria Hinojosa y *Un Chien andalou* de Buñuel y Dalí', in ibidem.

P RYAN, *The Green Fields of Africa*, Vanguard Press, 2004.

M TAYLOR (Fellow), with Y Guo et al., 'Structural basis for distinct ligand-binding and targeting properties of the receptors DC-SIGN and DC-SIGNR', *Nature Structural and Molecular Biology*, 11 (2004); with C E Napper, 'The mannose receptor fails to enhance processing and presentation of a glycoprotein antigen in transfected fibroblasts', *Glycobiology*, 14 (2004); with P J Coombs et al., 'Selective

binding of the scavenger receptor C-type lectin to Lewis-X trisaccharide and related glycan ligands', *Journal of Biological Chemistry*. 280 (2005).

R TAYLOR, with J Barr and T Steele, *For a Radical Higher Education: after Postmodernism*, Open University Press and SRHE, 2002; with David Watson, *Lifelong Learning and the University: a Post-Dearing Agenda*, Falmer Press, 1998; with T Steele, 'Citizenship and global chaos: education, culture and revolution', in *Education, Globalization and Citizenship in an Age of Terrorism*, ed. M Peters, Paradigm Publishers, 2004; 'Creating Northern College', in *Northern College: the first 25 years*, ed. B Hampton and M Ball, NIACE, 2004; 'Concepts of self-directed learning in higher education: re-establishing the democratic tradition', in *Stretching the Academy*, ed. J. Thompson, NIACE, 2000; 'Lifelong learning policy and the Labour governments, 1997-2004, *Oxford Reviewof Education*, 2005; with J Bocock, 'The Labour party and higher education: the nature of the relationship', *Higher Education Quarterly*, 57 (2003).

C WARMAN (Lecturer), *Sade: From Materialism to Pornography*, Voltaire Foundation, 2005

H WATANABE (Fellow), *Europe Triumphans. Court Civic Festivals in Early Modern Europe*, ed. J R Mulryne, H Watanabe O'Kelly and Margaret Shewring, 2 vols., Ashgate, 2004

Class Lists in Honour Schools 2005

ANCIENT & MODERN HISTORY: *Class II(i)*, James Champness

BIOCHEMISTRY: *Class I*, Madeleine Gentle, James Graham, Sarah Graham, Clare Walton; *Class II(i)*, Sumon Sadhu

CHEMISTRY: *Class I*, David N Genn, Lisa P Fishlock; *Class II(i)*, Chloe R Jenner, Thomas R Pugh; *Class II(ii)*, Jade Yee

CLASSICS & ENGLISH: *Class I*, Nicholas Johnston

CLASSICS & MODERN LANGUAGES: *Class I*, William Collier

EARTH SCIENCES: *Class I*, Christopher Brough; *Class II(i)*, Daniel Atkin, Katharine Cox

ECONOMICS & MANAGEMENT: *Class II(i)*, Stephanie Chung, Yipei Liu, Jenny Svanberg

ENGINEERING: *Class I*, Thomas Reynolds, Nicholas Widdows; *Class II(i)*, Hannah Forbes, *Class II(ii)*, Charlotte Halliwell

ENGLISH: *Class I,* Matthew Gray, Harriet Mancey-Barratt; Class *II (i),* Duncan Brown, Jemima Dalgleish, Keiran Goddard, Claire McConville, Helen Stubbs, Rebecca Ting

ENGLISH & MODERN LANGUAGES: *Class I*, Helen Gibson

FINE ART: *Class II (i),* Angela S Palmer

GEOLOGY: Class III, Michael G Cooper

JURISPRUDENCE: *Class II(i)*, Andrew Clark, Stephen Cooke, Nikolaus Grubeck, David Heales, Tamsin Maddock, Marilena Raouna, Charlotte Sumner

LITERAE HUMANIORES: *Class I*, Jane E Goodenough; *Class II(i)*, Katherine A E Batchelor, Jessica S Huth, Fergal K McLoughlin

MATHEMATICS (Old Regulations): *Class II(i)*, David Boot, Joanna Condon, Paul Truman

MATHEMATICS (New Regulations): *Class II(i)*, Benjamin Wood; *Class II(ii)*, Laura Richards

MATHEMATICS & COMPUTER SCIENCE: *Class I*, Kimiya Minoukadeh; *Class II(ii)*, Jasmine Chan

MATHEMATICS & PHILOSOPHY: *Class II(i)*, Anthony P Brown, Luke Elson

MEDICAL SCIENCES: *Class I*, Oliver Lomas, *Class II(i)*, Thomas Bajorek, Rebecca Garland, Sophie Hanina, Christopher Pettengell

MODERN HISTORY: *Class II(i)*, Donald Campbell, Michelle Doran, Daniel Goodby, Lucy Stallworthy, Caroline Van Os, Oliver Williams

MODERN HISTORY & ENGLISH: *Class II(i)*, Laura J Morton

MODERN HISTORY & MODERN LANGUAGES: *Class II(i)*: David Stranger-Jones

MODERN HISTORY & POLITICS: *Class I*, Iason Gabriel

MODERN LANGUAGES: *Class* I, Barry R Dean, Ewa J Szypula, Class *II(i)*, Abigail J Bradfield, Lucy J Carr, Siobhan C O'Keeffe, Jeremy C W Gould, Naomi R Walker

MUSIC: *Class I*, Ralph Wilkinson; *Class II(i)*, Jennifer King

PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS & ECONOMICS: *Class II(i)*, John Bradshaw, Stefan Chojnicki, Michael Cornford, Samuel Graham, Diana Ng, Rachel O'Neill, Neerav Patel

PHYSICS (3 YEAR): *Class I*, Peter Longbottom

PHYSICS (4 YEAR): *Class I,* Mark Yonge; *Class II(i)*, Matthew Rigby

PHYSICS (4 YEAR) (Old Regulations): *Class II(ii)*, Pritchard Benjamin

PHYSICS & PHILOSOPHY: *Class II(i)*, Henry Thorold; *Class II(ii)*, Clare Martin

PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCES: *Class I,* Lucy Simmonds

THEOLOGY: *Class I*, Judith Tonning

25 Firsts 60 Upper Seconds 6 Lower Seconds 1 Third

HONOUR MODERATIONS

CLASSICAL ARCHAEOLOGY & ANCIENT HISTORY: *Class II(i)*, Susannah Callow

LITERAE HUMANIORES: *Class II(i)*, Roland Brandman, Jonathan Knott, Corrissa Tung; *Class II(ii)*, Katherine Barker, Jessica Cullimore, Hannah Matthews

MATHEMATICS: *Class I*, Adam Harper, Christopher Hansell; *Class II*, Georgios Anastassiades, Philip Berman, James Holwell; *Class III*, Matthew Cox; *Pass*, Megan Hancock, Christopher McCallum

MATHEMATICS & PHILOSOPHY: *Class II*, Claire Coutinho

MUSIC: *Class II*, Rebecca Howard, Kathryn Riley

2 Firsts 6 Seconds 4 Upper Seconds 3 Lower Seconds 1 Third 2 Passes

MODERATIONS

ENGLISH: *Distinction:* Darrell Jones, Joanne Williams

JURISPRUDENCE: *Distinction:* Hannah Mycock, David Thomas

PHYSICS & PHILOSOPHY: *Distinction*, Michelle Hutchinson

PRELIMS

CHEMISTRY: *Distinction*, Thomas Jarrold, Alexander Scott-Simons

ECONOMICS & MANAGEMENT: *Distinction*, Thomas Adcock

EARTH SCIENCES: *Distinction*, Richard Walters

ENGLISH & MODERN LANGUAGES: *Distinction*, Catherine E Page

ENGINEERING SCIENCE: *Distinction,* Toby Normanton, Octave Oppetit

MODERN HISTORY: *Distinction*, Jonathan Heath, Alexander Laffan

JURISPRUDENCE: *Distinction*, Hannah Mycock, David Thomas

PHYSICS: *Distinction,* Tom Melia

PHILOSOPHY & MODERN LANGUAGES: *Distinction*, Nicholas Richardson

PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS & ECONOMICS: *Distinction*, Andrei Brougham, Gemma Carr, Christine Kelly, John Lin

1st Bm Part I
Distinction, Mary Keniger, Jennifer Lane, Heather White

Graduate Degrees 2005

D Phil

Robin Carter	Materials Science (leave to supplicate 19 October 2005)
Davor Pavlovic	Biochemistry (leave to supplicate 16 February 2005)
Maria Zoe Petropoulou	Ancient History (leave to supplicate 11 November 2004)
Binaz Yalcin	Clinical Medicine (leave to supplicate 10 February 2005)

Bcl

Rebecca Bland	Distinction
Tarunabh Khaitan	Distinction
Nuggehalli Nigam	Distinction

Foreign Service Programme
Matús Bušovský

M Phil

James Aldige	Economic and Social History – Distinction
Matthew H Ellis	Modern Middle Eastern Studies – Distinction
Kristina Glicksman	Classical Archaeology
Melissa Gronlund	European Literature – Distinction
Michael Hugman	Economics – Distinction
Maria Sciara	Politics
Elizabeth Williams	Greek and/or Latin Languages and Literature

M Sc by Coursework

Mahmud Hussain	Mathematical Finance
Urvashi Kumar	Economics for Development
Neha Kumra	Economics for Development

M St

Steven J Benjamin	Greek and/or Latin Languages and Literature
Katherine Chapman	Modern History
Matthew Green	Historical Research – Distinction
Rebecca McGann	Byzantine Studies – Distinction
Kelly J Murphy	Jewish Studies
Katharine Nokes	Modern History
Natalie Pangburn	European Literature – Distinction
Robert Wagstaff	Law

Magister Juris

Armin Cuyvers	Distinction

College Prizes

QUARRELL READ PRIZE: John Bradshaw, Andrew Clark, Jo Condon, Michael Cornford, David Heales, Fergal McLoughlin, Neerav Patel, Tom Pugh, Lucy Simmonds, Nicholas Widdows

PETER STREET PRIZE: Jane Goodenough

ELSIE BECK MEMORIAL PRIZE: Jane Goodenough

SIR ARTHUR BENSON MEMORIAL PRIZE: Michelle Hutchinson

BURNETT PRIZE: Anthony Flynn

COGHILL/STARKIE POETRY PRIZE: Helen Gibson

CAROLINE DEAN PRIZE: Paul Truman

EMERY PRIZE: Lucy Simmonds and Oliver Lomas

FLUCHERE ESSAY PRIZE: Barry Dean

LAURA QUELCH PRIZE: Michelle Doran, Daniel Goodby and Oliver Williams

PERGAMON PRESS PRIZE: Madeleine Gentle and Sumon Sadhu

SCIENCE PRIZE: James Graham and Sarah Graham

SKEAT-WHITFIELD PRIZE: Harriet Mancey-Barratt

SIMON POINTER PRIZE: Colin Warriner and Sam Williams

University Prizes

CHARLES OLDHAM CLASSICAL TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIP: Corrissa Tung

GIBBS PRIZE: *Proxime Accessit*: Clare Walton

GIBBS BOOK PRIZES: James Graham, Sarah Graham

GIBBS PRIZES IN FIRST-YEAR EXAMINATIONS: Darrell Jones, Catherine Page

MINERALOGICAL SOCIETY PRIZE: Christopher Brough

PHYSIOLOGICAL SOCIETY PRIZE: Lucy Simmonds

RALPH CHILES CBE AWARD IN HUMAN RIGHTS: Tarunabh Khaitan

SCHLUMBERGER PRIZE: Christopher Brough

SIMMS PRIZE IN CRIME, JUSTICE AND THE PENAL SYSTEM: Tarunabh Khaitan

Graduate Freshers

Sara	Adams	M Sc by coursework	Mathematics and Foundations of Computer Science
Matthew	Baker	PRS	Life Sciences Interface
Pritam	Baruah	BCL	Law
Afsaneh	Behvand	M Sc by coursework	Criminology & Criminal Justice
Karina	Berger	M St	European Literature
Ted	Bosquez IV	BCL	Law
Lydia	Carr	PRS	Archaeology
Mauro	Caselli	M Sc by coursework	Economics for Development
Ta Wei	Chong	MBA	Business Administration
Martin	Cooney	M Sc by coursework	Criminology
Evren	Cubukgil	M Phil	Economics
Yaman	Dalanay	M St	Byzantine Studies
Julian	de Hoog	PRS	Earth Sciences
Anna	Doyle	M St	Women's Studies
Maciej	Drozdz	MBA	Business Administration
Abigail	Dunn	PRS	Modern Languages
Rong	Fan	Magister Juris	Law
Friedrich	Forstner	MBA	Business Administration
Emilio	Foxell	M Litt	Modern Languages
Etienne	Gadbois	M St	Legal Research
George	Gaffin	M Sc by coursework	Mathematical Finance
Milena	Grabacic	M St	Byzantine Studies
Matthew	Gray	PGCE	English
Reuben	Grove	M Sc by coursework	Social Anthropology
Sebastian	Herkelrat	PRS	Inorganic Chemistry
Laurent	Hoffmann	M Sc by coursework	Mathematical Finance
Randal	Hsieh	PRS	Engineering Science
Jane	Hurley	PRS	Physics
John	Karamalikis	M Sc by coursework	Computer Science
Keiko	Kawamura	M St	English
Shahid	Khan	M Sc by coursework	Comparative Social Policy
Cameron	Kluth	MBA	Business Administration
Christian	Kronseder	M Sc by coursework	Mathematical Finance
Avi	Lang	M St	Jewish Studies
Chia-Wen	Lee	M Sc by coursework	Evidence based health care
David	Legg	PRS	Modern History
Christian	Leisinger	Magister Juris	Law
Hong	Liang	PRS	Engineering Science
Elsa	Lignos	M Phil	Economics
Ming Ming	Liu	M Sc by coursework	Educational Studies
Matthew	Locke	D Phil	Pharmacology
Babak	Mahdavi Damghani	M Sc by coursework	Computer Science
Adam	Male	M Sc by coursework	Mathematical Finance
Justin	Marquardt	M St	Modern History
John-Paul	McCarthy	PRS	Modern History
Daragh	McDowell	M Phil	Russian & East European Studies
Stefanie	Michor	PRS	Pathology
Nic	Niedermowwe	PRS	Mathematics
Nahoko	Ogura	M St	Applied Linguistics and second
James	Porter	MBA	Business Administration
Matthew	Rigby	PRS	Physics
Jacob	Rosen		Ancient Philosophy
John	Rozario	M Sc by coursework	Evidence based health care

Ashley	Rust	M Sc by coursework	Computer Science
Kiran	Sande	M St	English
Alex	Scanlon	M Sc by coursework	Financial Economics
Whitney	Schwab	B Phil	Philosophy
Andrew	Sellers	M Sc by coursework	Computer Science
Iain	Sheridan	EMBA	Business Administration
Seok-Hong	Shin	Foreign Service Programme	Diplomatic Studies
Karan	Singh	M Sc by coursework	Sociology
Tom	Smyth	MBA	Business Administration
Mario	Soto Carrasco	PRS	Mathematics
Monica	Stensland	PRS	Modern History
Saskia	Stevens	PRS	Archaeology
Jorn	Thesen	M St	Modern Languages
Gareth	Tilley	BCL	Law
Andy	Tsun	PRS	Pathology
Matthew	Urhammer	MBA	Business Administration
Angelos	Vasilakopoulos	M Sc by coursework	Mathematics & Foundations of Computer Science
Nicholas	West	M Phil	Classical Archaeology
Szymon	Wojczyszyn	M St	Applied & Computational Mathematics
Thomas	Woodley	PRS	Engineering Science
Robert	Woore	PRS	Educational Studies
Nan	Wu	M Sc by coursework	Computer Science

Undergraduate Freshers

Hannah	Adams	Modern History	Channing School
Rowena	Ahsan	Williams	Williams College
Adam	Akio	Williams	Williams College
Upton	Au	Williams	Williams College, USA
Alexandria	Augustine	Williams	Williams College
Emily	Ball	Engineering Science	Welbeck College
Emma	Ballantine Dykes	English	Godolphin School
Luke	Barrs	Economics & Management	King Edward's School, Bath
Chris	Beaumont	Philosophy & Modern Languages	Pocklington School
Chloe	Beeby	Classics & Modern Languages	Latymer School
James	Bellinger	Mathematical Sciences	Upton-By-Chester High School
Katja	Bett	Physiological Sciences	Rossmoyne Senior High School, Western Australia
Cagatay	Bircan	Williams	Williams College
Shane	Bobrycki	Williams	Williams College
India	Bourke	Modern History & English	King Edward VI College, Totnes
Lucy	Brown	Modern History	Hyndland Secondary School, Glasgow
Ian	Buchanan	Williams	Williams College
Nicholas	Budd	Modern History	Westminster School
Daniel	Burridge	Physics	Cheltenham Bournside School
Rose	Byfleet	Modern History	Sexey's School, Bruton
Chris	Campbell	Chemistry	Cardiff High School

Emma	Carroll	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Blundells School
Matthew	Carter	English	King Edward VI Grammar School
Melissa	Chaaya	Jurisprudence	Lymm High School, Cheshire
Serene	Chew	Jurisprudence	Hwa Chong Junior College, Singapore
David	Ching	Engineering Science	St Paul's School
Anna	Chojnicki	Philosophy & Modern Languages	Bradfield College
Tolomey	Collins	Mathematics & Philosophy	Winchester College
Kerry	Conning	Modern Languages	St Edward's College
Michael	Coombes	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	St Paul's School
Gabriel	Cooper-Winnick	Jurisprudence	Immanuel College, Watford
Benjamin	Cox	Engineering Science	Barton Peveril College, Eastleigh
Samantha	Crago	Modern Languages & Linguistics	St Clement Danes School, Chorleywood
Mark	Curtis	Mathematical Sciences	Dr Challoners Grammar School
Rupert	Da Silva-Hill	Mathematical Sciences	Whitgift School
Charles	Dallas	Literae Humaniores	Bradford Grammar School
Jack	Dean	Biochemistry	St Clement Danes School, Chorleywood
Chris	Devine	Physiological Sciences	Reading School
Michelle	Diran	Classics & Modern Languages	Unknown
Jenny	Donnellan	Literae Humaniores	Oundle School
Eugenie	Du	Williams	Williams College
Natalie	Duric	Physiological Sciences	Peter Symonds College, Winchester
Anna	Edmonds	Williams	Williams College
Jessica	Elliott	Classics & Modern Languages	King's School, Rochester
Alastair	Evans	Physiological Sciences	Howard of Effingham School
Tracy	Foote	Williams	Williams College
Rowena	Fowler	Modern Languages	Cambridge University
Joseph	Fraser	English	King's College School Wimbledon
Allegra	Funsten	Williams	Williams College
Russell	Gammon	Economics & Management	Kent College, Canterbury
Ben	Geldeard	Earth Sciences	Woodhouse Grove School, Bradford
Victoria	Gilday	Modern Languages & Linguistics	Lord Wandsworth College, Basingstoke
Oliver	Gordon	Mathematical Sciences	Winchester College
Hannah	Gray	Williams	Williams College
Jennifer	Green	Jurisprudence	Coleraine High School
Catherine	Greenslade	Modern Languages	Queen Mary's College, Basingstoke
Andrew Charles	Grey	Modern Languages	Tonbridge School
Theo	Grzegorczyk	English	City of London School
Joseph	Haley	Mathematics	Manchester Grammar School
Caitlin	Hanley	Williams	Williams College
April	Harper	English	Bacup & Rawtenstall GR School
Laila	Hassan	Jurisprudence	Beaconsfield High School
Catherine	Hay	Jurisprudence	Brown University, USA
Simon	Heawood	Literae Humaniores	Merchant Taylors School

Clare	Hennessy	Jurisprudence	St Mary's College
Micha	Hesse	Chemistry	Goethe Gymnasium
Bethany	Hunt	Modern History	Hills Road Sixth Form College, Cambridge
Kathryn	Jansz	English	Bishop Luffa School, Chichester
Rakesh	Jha	Modern History & Politics	St Stephen's College, Delhi
Kehong	Jin	Physics	Millfield School
Eachan	Johnson	Chemistry	Tiffin School for Boys
Elisabeth	Johnson	Jurisprudence	Talbot Heath School, Bournemouth
Nazli	Kasal	Williams	Williams College
Matthew	Keegan	Williams	Williams College
Catherine	Kelly	Williams	Williams College
Rosie	Kent	Modern History	Fortismere School
Rachel	Kilner	Physiological Sciences	Heckmondwike Grammar School
Eileen	Kim	Williams	Williams College
Judy	King	Mathematical Sciences	Helston Community College
Sarah	King	Mathematics	King Edward VI School
Mawuli	Ladzekpo	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	St George's School
Jessica	Lafferty	Physiological Sciences	Bay House GM School, Gosport
Felix	Leach	Engineering Science	St Paul's School
Victoria	Lee	Physics & Philosophy	Cheltenham Ladies College
Christopher	Lee	Williams	Williams College
Siu Po	Lee	Biochemistry	Hwa Chong Junior College
Sarah	Lewney	Chemistry	Hills Road Sixth Form College, Cambridge
Christopher	Lord	Physiological Sciences	Eton College
Dali	Ma	Physics	Anshan No 1 High School, China
Helen	Marten	Fine Art	Byam Shaw School of Art
Holly	Mears	Jurisprudence	Nottingham High School for Girls
Sean	Meritt	Engineering Science	St Olave's Grammar School, Orpington
Carlene	Mills	Music	Old Palace School, Croydon
Charles	Morris	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	Harrow School
Fiona	Mulvenna	English & Modern Languages	Methodist College, Belfast
Chris	Murray	Modern Languages	Shawlands Academy, Glasgow
Harriet	Myles	Jurisprudence	Old Palace School, Croydon
David	Nash	Economics & Management	Peter Symonds College, Winchester
Ivan	Nikolov	Economics & Management	Sofia Mathematical High School, Bulgaria
Cameron	Noble	Mathematical Sciences	Halliford School, Shepperton
Bryan	Norton	Williams	Williams College
Mehmet	Noyan	Physics & Philosophy	North American Individual
Danielle	o'hara	Music	Woodford County High School
Asa	Oldring	Biochemistry	Park House School, Newbury
Ariana	Orozco	Williams	Williams College
Neil	Pais	Mathematical Sciences	Loughborough Grammar School
Andrew	Platt	Williams	Williams College
Laura	Porter	Chemistry	Drummond High School, Edinburgh
James	Reed	Engineering Science	Wimbledon College
Elspeth	Robertson	Earth Sciences	Godolphin School
Paul	Rogers	Williams	Williams College
Aamir	Saifuddin	Physiological Sciences	Eltham College
Steffen	Schaper	Physics	Unknown

Jenifer	Selvakumaran	Biochemistry	Lady Eleanor Holles School
Matthew	Smith	Chemistry	Winstanley College, Wigan
Noah	Smith-Drelich	Williams	Williams College
Ben	Sutton	Earth Sciences	Penglais School, Aberystwyth
Jakub	Szamalek	Classical Archaeology & Ancient History	Warsaw
Henry	Taysom	Biochemistry	King's College School Wimbledon
Saren	Tosirisuk	Williams	Williams College
Esben	Urbak	Physics	Hasseris Gymnasium, Denmark
Ciaran	Varley	English	Calderstones School, Liverpool
Stephanie	Wai	Williams	Williams College
Carly	Walsh	Chemistry	St Wilfrids C of E High School, Blackburn
Jin	Wang	Philosophy, Politics & Economics	US Military Academy
Daniel	Ward	Modern History	Kingswood School
Madeleine	Warnick	Mathematics	Wycombe Abbey School
Hannah	White	Jurisprudence	Joseph Rowntree School, York
Andrew	Whitworth	Classics & Modern Languages	Winchester College
Catherine	Williams	Engineering Science	Christ's Hospital
Isabel	Williams	Literae Humaniores	North London Collegiate School
Andrew	Williamson	Modern History & Politics	Solihull School
Matthew	Willmot	Physics	Royal Grammar School
Devin	Yagel	Williams	Williams College
Matthew	Yeowart	Modern History	Radley College

Deaths

John Hilary Gavey Crompton, Stapeldon Scholar (1949), formerly of Sherborne School. Died 11 October 2004, aged 77.

Harold Stanley Arthur Potter, Commoner (1928), formerly of the Royal Grammar School, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Died 5 October 2004, aged 95.

Thomas Edward Smith, Commoner (1956), formerly of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Barnet. Died 17 October 2004, aged 68.

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.

William Hay Joss, Commoner (1948), formerly of Worksop College. Died 29 October 2004, aged 77.

Robert Christopher Chivers (1966), formerly of the King's College School,Wimbledon. Died 25 November 2004, aged 56.

John Arthur Perkins, Graduate (1979), formerly of the University of Chicago. Died 7 October 2004, aged 55.

Heinz Hans Hellin, Commoner (1948), formerly of Reigate Grammar School. Died September 2004, aged 74.

Richard Leslie Lane, Commoner (1977), formerly of St Austell Sixth Form College. Died July 2004, aged 43.

John Maurice Parrington, Commoner (1946), formerly of Marlborough College. Died 8 July 2004, aged 84.

Cyril Henry Barker, Commoner (1942), formerly of Clifton College. Died 25 November 2004, aged 80.

David John Crisp, Exhibitioner (1947), formerly of Clifton College. Died 18 June 2004, aged 80.

Ian Alexander Beddows, Commoner (1939), formerly of Rugby School. Died 11 January 2004, aged 84.

Norman Rex Evill, Commoner (1945), formerly of Launceston College. Died 15 January 2005, aged 76.

Christopher James Banks, Commoner (1965), formerly of Alleyn's School, Dulwich. Died 18 December 2004, aged 58.

Charles Lyman Emrich Jr., Rhodes Scholar (1934), formerly of the University of Illinois. Died 11 February 2005, aged 93.

Liam Hudson, Scholar (1957), formerly of Collingwood School. Died 19 February 2005, aged 71.

Robert Humphrey Bouchier Devereux, Stapeldon Exhibitioner (1949), formerly of Marlborough College. Died 17 December 2004, aged 74.

George Victor Couper, Commoner (1933), formerly of Woolwich County School. Died 2005, aged 90.

Derek Alan Cockerill, Open Exhibitioner (1950), formerly of Stockport Grammar School. Died 18 March 2005, aged 74.

Frederick Theodore Smith (1978). Died 4 April 2005.

John Richard Bracken, Stapeldon Scholar (1935), formerly of The County School, Weston-super-Mare. Died 4 April 2005, aged 88.

Thomas Douglas Taylor, Scholar (1934), formerly of Harrow School. Died 12 June 2005, aged 89.

William David Hayley, Commoner (1945), formerly of Sedbergh School. Died 10 June 2005, aged 77.

Leon John Agourides, Commoner (1950), formerly of University of Pennsylvania. Date of death unknown.

Charles Grant Thomas Lipscomb, Commoner (1934), formerly of Reading School. Died 18 May 2005, aged 89.

Thomas Norman Blake, Commoner (1947), formerly of Devizes Grammar School. Died 2005, aged 80.

Christopher John Grant, Commoner (1957) formerly of Haberdashers' Aske's Hatcham Boys' School. Died 2005, aged 69.

Arthur Conrad Leighton Houlton (1930,1962)**.**

Terence John Williams, Commoner (1954), formerly of Plymouth College. Died 23 July 2005, aged 71.

Peter Leslie Crill, Commoner (1945), formerly of Victoria College, Jersey. Died 3 October 2005, aged 80.

Colin Harswell Sutton, Exhibitioner (1957), formerly of Devonport High School. Died 22 February 2004, aged 66.

Gregor John Jones, Commoner (1965), formerly of Bishop Verey's Grammar School, Sutton Coldfield.

Clinton Murray Millard, Exhibition (1947), formerly of Elizabeth College, Guernsey. Died 20 October 2005, aged 76.

Marriages

Adrian Powell (1986) to Jo Payne (1990) at Langdale Chase Hotel, Windermere, on 29 January 2005.

Sophie Dodgeon (1994) to Jorgen Lovbakke at Wantage, Oxfordshire, on 12 February 2004.

Chris Eley (1978) to Jo Garton at Swindon on 17 February 2004.

Julian Waterfield (1998) to Emma Rhatigan at Magdalen College Chapel on 2 April 2005.

Marianne Tilling (1990) to Gavin Manning at Combermere Abbey, Shropshire, on 22 May 2004.

Andrew Michael David Kirkman (1990) to Anna Charlotte Rebecca Key at Southwark Cathedral, London, on 17 July 2004.

Joanna McLaughlin (1997) to Pascal Francois Coulon at the Mairie and at St Nicholas Church, Beaune, France, on 26 August 2006.

Nick Manville (1997) to Lisa Parry (1998) at Exeter College Chapel on 3 September 2005.

Sarah Ibbotson (1991) to Matthew Robert Fuller at Aston-by-Stone, Staffordshire, on 19 June 2004.

Births

To Melinda Tetley and Garry Tetley (1992) on 8 August 2004, a daughter, Elizabeth Grace

To Elena Best-Shaw and Samuel Best-Shaw (1989) on 6 December 2002, a daughter, Rebecca Katharine, a sister for Adam

To Karen Fogden (1990) and Rupert Fogden on 22 December 2004, a daughter, Jessica

To Hazel Wooding and Jonathan Wooding (1979) on 13 March 2005, a son, Orlando Phillip Arthur, a brother for Oscar

To Karen Darnton (1992) and Andrew Darnton (1992) on 4 April 2005, a daughter, Astrid Christabel Sarah, a sister for Thomas

To Marguerite Hutchinson (1993) and Giles Hutchinson (1991), on 8 July 2005, a son, Isaac David

To Jenifer Verdery and Stewart Verdery Jr (1989), on 17 September 2005, a son, Jack

To Jo McCormick and Ken McCormick (1990) on 8 March 2005, a son, Alistair Douglas, a brother for Duncan

Advance Notice of Gaudies and Association Dinners

Winter 2006	1985-87
Summer 2006	1978-81
Autumn 2006	1982-84
Winter 2007	1994-96
Summer 2007	1997-99
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 2006

A Gaudy will be held on Saturday 7 January for those who matriculated between 1985 and 1987 (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 24 June for those who matriculated between 1978 and 1981 (inclusive). Invitations will be sent out in March.

A Gaudy will be held on Saturday 30 September for those who matriculated between 1982 and 1984 (inclusive).

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 2006 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.

Old Members and Friends of Exeter are welcome to attend Association Dinners. Old Members whose 25th, 26th, 50th and 51st anniversary since matriculation falls in the year of an Association Dinner are particularly encouraged to celebrate this milestone at Exeter.

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.

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