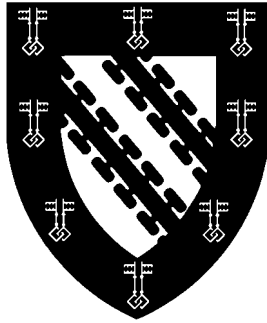


EXETER COLLEGE  
ASSOCIATION



*Register 2003*

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## *Contributors*

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*Denys Dyer* was Fellow and Tutor in German, 1964-88.

*Patric Dickinson* read Modern History and is now Richmond Herald at the College of Arms.

*Paul Doherty* graduated from the University of Liverpool and was a graduate student at Exeter in the 1970s, working for a D. Phil. in medieval history. He is now the Headmaster of Trinity Catholic High School, Essex, and a prolific historical novelist.

*Rhodes Fairbridge* read for an M. Sc. in geology at Exeter and later became professor of geology at Columbia University.

*Joan Fraser* was assistant to the Bursars' Secretary and is now Assistant Bursar at New College.

*Kathryn Graddy* is Fellow and Tutor in Economics.

*Richard Grier* read English and is now Championships Director at Wimbledon.

*Barrie Hall* took a Dip. Ed. at Exeter, specialising in music in education, and later became manager of the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. He worked for the BBC for twenty-five years.

*Stephen Hampton* has recently left his post as College Chaplain.

*David Legg* is an undergraduate reading Modern History.

*David McMaster* read Geography and subsequently taught, researched and wrote on Africa at the Universities of Makerere, Uganda (1951-62) and Edinburgh (1962-86).

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

*Patrick Mercer* read Modern History and is now Conservative MP for Newark and Retford. He was formerly a Colonel in the Regular Army.

*Christopher Mitchell-Heggs* read Law, was chosen for the University Modern Pentathlon team in 1962, and is now an international lawyer practising in Paris.

*Andrew Reekes* read Modern History and teaches History at Radley College, where he is now Sub-Warden.

*Ian Reid* is Fellow and Tutor in Engineering.

*Brian Stewart* is Fellow and Tutor in Mathematics and Finance and Estates Bursar.

*Paul Tyler* read Modern History and is now Liberal Democrat MP for North Cornwall and Shadow Leader of the House of Commons.

*Helen Watanabe* is Fellow and Tutor in German and Sub-Rector.

*Hugh Wybrew* is the College Catechist and Vicar of St Mary Magdalen, Oxford.

## College Notes

In May of this year *The Times* displayed a new league table that it claimed showed what 'value for money' the different Oxford Colleges offered their students. 'Exeter College', it announced, 'emerges triumphant from a comparison of colleges' academic record with the cost of attending them.' This was not of course the Norrington Table of each College's results in Finals, which in May were not available. Instead, an ingenious graduate researcher had averaged College results over the last three years in order to relate academic success to economy.

Happily, however, we achieved the highest climb of any college in the old competition, this year's final examinations. With 27 Firsts, which is exceptionally good, we came ninth in the list, after Balliol, St John's, New College and Christ Church. Several students managed the feat of coming top in the University either for part of the exam or overall. Christina Agnew won the Manches Prize in Family Law; David Gregory, Engineering Science, participated in the Team Prize for the best Design Project in Part 1 of the Final Honour School; Adrian Hunt won a Gibbs Book Prize for Biochemistry; James Kirkham gained a Thesis Prize for an outstanding performance in Chemistry Part II; Joanna Lim won a prize for the best dissertation in Physiology; Alexander Usher-Smith had the prize for an outstanding performance in Philosophy and Modern Languages. In the first Public Examination, 17 got Firsts or distinctions. Among them Nick Johnston won the Passmore Edwards Prize for the best performance in Classics and English Mods.

It has also been a good year for sport, particularly on the river, as the President of the JCR has reported. Torpids was particularly gratifying, with the women's First VIII awarded blades, and the men's Second VIII up three places. (One of these stalwart oarsmen thinks it worth remarking that the first VIII also got three D.Phils awarded and three Firsts in Finals. If we aren't careful someone will want to make a new League Table out of that.)

Music is as active as ever, and once again one of our undergraduates, Polly Findlay, directed the OUDS major production in the Playhouse (*As you Like It*, in a Japanese setting), before heading what has been for several years a highly successful theatrical tour by Oxford students in different venues in Japan. We have, of course, our own ambitious Arts week in the middle of Hilary Term, the Turl Street Arts Festival. Last year's, 2003, was a success greatly to the credit of the organiser, our Ralph Wilkinson, a first-year student. It was also enhanced by the initiative of Angela Palmer, also in her first year, who in the intervals of studying and creating her own art works at the Ruskin School of Art mounted a competition, complete with a panel of judges, for the best work of art exhibited at this year's Festival.

In June, at the end of Trinity term, we and other Oxford Colleges had the pleasure of giving a dinner to Exonian Rhodes Scholars, who were

invited back to a Reunion to mark the centenary of the foundation of the Rhodes Trust. The University entertained the scholars grandly, in a meeting in Westminster Hall addressed by Nelson Mandela, ex-President Clinton and the Prime Minister, followed by a reception in the National Portrait Gallery. We gave our scholars a dinner at which the College toast, Floreat Exon, was proposed by Joseph Nye, Dean of the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard.

The University world is more and more a global world. For quite some time about half of our graduates have come from overseas. In the future Oxford may well return to recruiting more bright undergraduates from all over the world; there has long been a small but valued presence of overseas undergraduates at Exeter and indeed throughout the University, but since the 1980s the high overseas fee has been a deterrent. In the second half of the twentieth century we, like other Colleges, tripled our intake of graduates. This year we are launching a notable innovation, the welcoming of Williams College students into the College as Visiting Students, a status which allows them to matriculate, use more of the University's facilities, and mix more naturally and conveniently with Exeter's undergraduate body. Over the past years the Williams students, housed in their own campus on the Banbury Road, have already played a part in College sports and other sociable activities, as well as dining in Hall. We also welcome their director, Chris Waters, already a Visiting Fellow, in his new capacity as the Director of Williams at Exeter.

We are saying goodbye to several leading members of the College community. Professor Hiddleston is departing after 37 years as our Fellow and Tutor in French; a dinner was held for him on 18 October. Ian Michael has retired, and is moving to Madrid, after 21 years as the King Alfonso XIII Professor in Spanish. Dr Caroline Warman has joined us as Lecturer in French, and Professor Edwin Williamson, formerly of Edinburgh, will arrive later this term to take up the King Alfonso XIII Chair. Susan Marshall has taken early retirement to pursue her many interests, of which music is particularly important, from a base not far from Glyndebourne. Her successor as Home Bursar, Eric Bennett, formerly at St Anne's, has been with us since July. Our Chaplain for the past five years, Stephen Hampton, has reached the end of a vigorous and popular term of service with us. He was accessible and helpful with the students, he succeeded in filling the Chapel and was, moreover, one of those who both rowed in the First VIII and achieved his doctorate. He is succeeded by the Reverend Mark Birch. We have a new Fellow in Engineering, Dr Nik Petrinic, and a new Monsanto Research Fellow, Dr Sacha Akoulitchev. Dr Katherine Turner also joins us as a Fellow in English.

## *The Rectorship*

The Fellows of the College have chosen Frances Cairncross, the distinguished financial journalist, as the next Rector of Exeter. She will succeed Rector Butler on 1 October 2004. Frances Cairncross read Modern History at Oxford, graduating in 1965, and is an Honorary Fellow of St Anne's College. She is Chair of the Economic and Social Research Council and will be Chair of the British Association from 2004.

## *From the President of the MCR*

Upon matriculating in Michaelmas 2002, I was amused to find, according to an Oxford student handbook, that Exeter was 'an unpretentious, yet somewhat unremarkable college'. I was to discover in subsequent weeks that while it is indeed an endearingly unpretentious place, it is far from unremarkable – tucked away on the Turl is a community of exceptional people. Furthermore, the Exeter MCR is one of the liveliest in Oxford, not only intellectually and socially, but also, as it would turn out, politically.

Members of the William Petre society are reputedly uninterested in matters political. However, a vote taken in Trinity Term to disaffiliate from the Oxford University Student Union (OUSU) for the coming academic year demonstrated an awakening from this apathetic slumber. Over the past couple of years, members have grown increasingly dissatisfied with the incompetence of OUSU's graduate representation, a dissatisfaction which has finally manifested itself.

It has been a year of both internal and external political angst, with spirited debate about growing war fever and many members marching in London against the prospect of invading Iraq. International students are increasingly entertained by the antics of the British parliament and press, and some have even questioned our subscription to *The Sun* and its notorious page three titillation. Whilst graduate students typically tend to prefer the quiet refuge of their labs or libraries, current events outside the isolated academe of Oxford have drawn all sorts into political discourse, resulting in an unprecedented number of members attending 'tea and cakes' on Thursday afternoons. Of course, the superb spread of cakes and delicacies, organised by Welfare Officer, Heather Giannandrea, may also have had something to do with this influx. It may also be that Giles Robertson, erstwhile Treasurer and newfound cocktail guru, and his array of exotic alcoholic concoctions have been responsible for the impressive turnout at MCR parties this year. From Halloween trick-or-treating at Exeter House to the annual Champagne and Strawberries party in the Rector's garden to barbecues in the Exeter House garden, our social secretaries have organised a truly diverse social calendar. We have also continued to focus on building inter-col-

legiate relations through a record number of highly successful exchange dinners and were delighted to host a sizeable contingent from Emmanuel College, Cambridge, at the Exeter Ball in May.

Whilst MCR and pub rank closely after library and lab as places most frequented by Exonian graduates, the sports field and concert hall also feature prominently. Members have proved their mettle in an impressive array of sporting activities ranging from Cuppers rugby, cricket, football, squash and golf, to university-level tennis, softball and even dance sport. We proudly boast a number of rowers in both the men's and women's College first and second Eights, all of which continue to hold their own on the river. Not a group that rests very easily on its laurels, many of our graduates display a notably adventurous streak, whether it is hiking, scuba diving or exploring the Arctic! In addition to brawn, artistic flair abounds in the MCR. Musicians, choristers, photographers and prize-winning cinematographers add soul and beauty to our frantic lives. I am also very heartened to report that, faced with this enticing array of extra-curricular pursuits, some students still make time available to do community service for various charities in Oxford. Somewhere in between the revelry and physical exertion and artistic endeavour, studying has been done, theses have been written, prestigious scholarships have been won and jobs have been found. Whilst those doing taught courses have been swotting feverishly for exams, our researchers have given papers at conferences from Stockholm to Sicily, on subjects ranging from Neuroscience to Theology.

It is clear that if the editors of a certain student handbook had done a little research before decrying the blandness of Exeter, their conclusion about our College would have been quite different.

No year goes past without a consideration of rent and food price increases, and this year was no different. In truth, it has been something of a turning point, with all Colleges facing crucial decisions about the subsidisation of accommodation and food and how to adjust battels most appropriately. The MCR participated in a number of rounds of discussion on these issues with the College Bursars and JCR representatives and were satisfied with the outcome. Above all, it was encouraging to see attention paid to our concerns. In effect, the MCR has enjoyed consultation on a number of College-related matters this past year, including the selection process for the new Chaplain and the new Rector, and regular communication with the Development Office. The MCR Committee is grateful to the Bursars, the Sub-Rector, and the Development Director for orchestrating this greater degree of integration of graduate representation in College affairs. Furthermore, we wish to thank the Tutor for Graduates, Dr Faramerz Dabhoiwala, in his unswerving position as champion for graduate interests.

At this point, I would like to pay special tribute to the outgoing Home Bursar, Susan Marshall, a great supporter of the MCR, for the outstanding role she has played in the life of Exeter over the past fifteen years. We wish her well in the future.



The nature of graduate study makes for a transient community of people from all over the world. The one-year taught Masters degrees introduce a fresh crop of students each year, who tend to make a significant impact on the MCR in their short period at Oxford. This year we have benefited tremendously from the enthusiasm of our three-term brigade and I would like to thank a couple of them, in particular, for their efforts on the Committee: Rachel Kincaid (Treasurer), Heather Giannandrea (Welfare Officer) and Claire Jones (Social Secretary). On the other end of the scale, D. Phil. students provide continuity and stability to the MCR machinery and gratitude is also owed to other Committee members, Kristin Anderson (Vice President), Paul Syred (Exeter House President), Allen Yeh and Giles Robertson (Social Secretaries) – all of whom have displayed notable energy and devotion to each of their respective portfolios. Julia Zamorska is also owed thanks for her work towards creating an MCR website, which will, we hope, go online before the start of Hilary 2004, and which no doubt will facilitate the future administration of the MCR agenda.

After the Exonian Rhodes Scholars' Reunion dinner in June, three of the current 'Rhodeys' and I spent a very pleasant couple of hours, sipping Exeter's finest port (procured by the JCR president) and chatting to MCR alumni. I was both moved by their nostalgia and inspired by their career successes. I was also reassured by the knowledge that the Exeter Middle Common Room was central to their memories of Oxford and equally to the foundations of their working lives. Proof assuredly that there is hope for the 'unremarkable' yet.

Robyn Evans  
M.Phil Economics, 2002

## *From the President of the JCR*

An excellent year in the life of any society is one in which that society evolves for the better, yet retains the defining characteristics that its members value. It is this achievement that made 2002-2003 an outstanding year in the life of the Stapeldon Society, rather than simply the College's impressive climb up the Norrington Table or a Men's First VIII still in the top three on the river, outstanding achievements though these be.

Exeter continues, for example, to fare impressively across the spectrum of university sports, without being dominated by any in particular. In rowing, the Women's First VIII were awarded blades for their performances in a rain-interrupted Torpids, and an Exeter women's crew triumphed at the Oriel Regatta. Whilst the consistency of the Men's First VIII saw them reach second on the river in Torpids and defend third place in Summer Eights, a rather more unfortunate consistency, the three-bump bogey, continues to haunt the Men's Second VIII. Rugby

results were unremarkable, but in cricket the First XI produced some fine victories, including a last-ball thriller over Jesus, and the Men's First XI were promoted to the first division in football. Cuppers success came in the form of first place in pool, second places in tennis, badminton and orienteering, and the semi-finals for football and netball, the latter being a remarkable achievement for a third division team.

Exeter's dramatic, artistic and musical life remains as active and impressive as its sport. Exonians were involved in the producing, directing, organising and performing in a remarkable number of plays over the past year, ranging from highly acclaimed productions of a professional standard at Oxford theatres, to less serious plays put on in the Chapel, other colleges, the Botanic Gardens and at the Turl Street Arts Festival. The Festival was enormously successful this past February, the attendance at the plays, recitals, exhibitions and performances doing justice to the quality of the events. The Festival also featured a new event this year: canvas and paints were supplied in each of the Turl Street JCRs throughout the week, open for any student contributions, producing a college collage by the end of the week. The response at Exeter was by far the most enthusiastic. Though this creation has made an interesting addition to the JCR art collection, there are as yet no plans for it to follow in the footsteps of the latest JCR art project, a series of reproductions of a John Piper painting of the Chapel, which are available for purchase from College or in Blackwells.

The Chapel choir remains one of Oxford's finest, releasing its debut CD in Trinity term, followed by a tour of Florence. Opera was shown on DVD in the JCR for the first time, as an alternative to regular DVD film nights. Music Society events are frequent, enormously popular with JCR members, and impressive in both organisation and quality of performances by Exeter students. Students display their talents at musical evenings hosted by the Rector, rock evenings in the College bar, and Party in the Park, a Saturday afternoon of performances by College rock bands that was once again highly successful despite the rain-enforced relocation from the Fellows' Garden to the JCR. Exeter-based bands, such as *The Mules* and *Advert from TV*, have been very prominent and popular on the Oxford music scene this year. Exeter performances, musical and dramatic, are invariably supported by a large, loyal College contingent and many have received glowing reviews in the student press. Exeter journalism has flourished and this year saw the editorial, books and photography sections of the Oxford Student newspaper all dominated by Exonians.

The JCR remains largely apolitical. Exeter was, for example, among those JCRs that decided not to take an official stance on the war against Iraq, considering the issue to be one for personal rather than collegiate opinion. It was, however, pragmatism rather than politics that motivated the decision not to re-affiliate with the NUS, the National Union of Students, for the year ahead. The JCR felt that OUSU, Oxford University Student Union, is better than the NUS at advancing the inter-

ests of Oxford students at university and national levels, and that even NUS discounts at CD shops did not justify its fee. Popular opinion suggested that the money should be spent on refurbishing the College bar instead. Even with such quasi-political debates, Sunday evening JCR meetings tended to be brief and focused, apart from an incident in Michaelmas term involving a first-year student whose penalty for losing a bet with a friend was to perform a striptease at a JCR meeting. Attendance has seldom been higher.

This incident attests to another endearing and enduring characteristic of Exeter JCR: its refusal to take itself too seriously. This quality, all too apparent in some daring costumes at this year's Rocky Horror-themed bop, is confirmed by the persistent popularity of the Excac Awards, a modern tradition of joke awards presented to students at the end of Trinity Term, as voted on by their peers. The setting for the leading sketch in this year's highly successful Exeter Revue was a college-based Big Brother house, with prominent senior members of College, played by students, as housemates.

This JCR is not, however, guilty of failing to take anything seriously. This year has, for example, seen the formalisation of plans set in motion last year to launch a book grant scheme at Exeter, funded largely by the JCR. A number of students have run major marathons, including those in London and New York, to raise money for charity, generously sponsored by their peers. Our official charity, Exvac, which sees students organise and run holidays for local underprivileged children, has developed into an exceptionally efficient and effective operation, whose fundraising efforts include the recently instituted tradition of auctioning certain JCR males as temporary slaves. Other modern traditions, formal and informal, continue to flourish. The College ski trip, to La Plagne during the Easter vacation, was once again enormously popular. The Ball, with an Atlantis theme, was well organised and enjoyed by all, though ticket sales were somewhat disappointing, the poor weather and a deluge of low-cost Oxford balls not helping matters. Fellows' Garden croquet is still the most popular summer sport in College, and attendance at post-examination trashings in the lodge attests to the solidarity of the Exeter community.

Exeter has, in recent years, been characterised by very close and positive relations between senior and junior members. This has seen the JCR accept severe rent increases for the year ahead, and present its concerns formally to the Governing Body, without this thorny issue souring relations between the SCR and JCR, as was the case in many colleges this year. What made this a watershed year in the history of the Stapeldon Society was the institution of structured, formalised channels for junior members to present their views on certain important decisions by the College. For example, the College's invitation for student input into the refurbishment of Stapeldon House was almost as pleasing as the planned refurbishment itself. What was truly striking about this year,

however, was that junior members were involved in the appointment of both the new Chaplain and the new Rector. At the JCR's request, a panel of junior members was invited to conduct comprehensive interviews with candidates for the post of Chaplain, and present formal feedback for consideration in the Governing Body's decision. In Trinity Term, at the College's invitation, a panel of junior members met informally with candidates for the post of Rector, and once again presented formal feedback to Governing Body. The JCR was pleased not only with the outcome in both cases, but also with the fact that our views were seen to be given serious consideration. Such a degree of student involvement is, to my knowledge, unique among Oxford colleges, and I hope that this year has set the precedent for the consideration of the views of our students, where appropriate, in important college matters.

Exeter College JCR continues to stand out in Oxford as an exceptionally close-knit, friendly community in which everyone knows everyone else and which is both ambitious and easygoing in optimal measures. I am very pleased to report that this year has seen the Stapeldon Society preserve its character, whilst evolving to play a role in spheres of College life that have until now been beyond the domain of junior members.

Robin Hopkins  
PPE, 2001

## *Jim Hiddleston*

With the retirement of Professor James Hiddleston – Jim Hiddleston as he is known to his many friends and colleagues – as French Fellow and Tutor at the end of September Exeter College has said farewell to a formidable scholar, outstanding tutor and a colleague of rare personal charm. Jim – he would look startled and defensive if anyone called him James – studied French with German at Edinburgh, lectured at Leeds from 1960 to 1966, and came to the College in 1966, succeeding Alan Raitt as Fellow and Tutor in Modern French Language and Literature, a post he has filled with considerable distinction for no less than thirty-seven years.

Thirty-seven years teaching French language and literature, first on Staircase 6 not too far above the hue and cry of the JCR, then in the rooms at the top of Staircase 1, before finally moving to more luxurious accommodation on Staircase 9 – this is a long enough stint for the most dedicated soul to have to endure. Exeter College, however, is a friendly and welcoming place, free of the cliques, empire-building and back-biting said to flourish elsewhere in Oxford, and Jim soon became an integral part of College life, whether looking every inch the typical Frenchman with beret slanted on his head and jacket flung seemingly

carelessly over his shoulders – how did it never slip off? – or then appearing as a kindly, discerning Scot, albeit with a touch of John Knox leavened happily with a keen sense of Scottish humour, erupting into jubilation on the rarer occasions when the Scots beat the English at rugby.

During his time as College tutor Modern Languages flourished as never before, and pupils from all types of schools performed often beyond their perceived capabilities. Jim got to know them personally as well as professionally, and whilst not tolerating sloppiness or mere repetition of received ideas – a few well-chosen words would bring any offender to a state of repentance – he was always scrupulously fair and had the ability to fire others with his enthusiasm for his subject. Chastened as they may have been by the German tutor's exposure of their shortcomings in tutorials two storeys down, they will have climbed the two flights of stairs on the same staircase confident that a kinder welcome was to greet them from the French tutor awaiting them at the top. Certainly the mix brought out the best in the undergraduates, as did any other combination of subjects involving French. Not only the pupils fared well, but so did any Modern Languages tutor working with Jim. Disagreements were unknown, harmony reigned and this collegial co-operation and understanding has been one of the prime factors in the achievements of Modern Languages here at Exeter.

The keen sense of responsibility that has marked every activity that Jim Hiddleston has been engaged in has meant that he has, when asked, agreed to take on a wide range of College offices, from SCR wine steward to the challenging office of Sub-Rector, and he has filled them all with distinction, always mindful that he was dealing with human beings whose problems required sympathetic understanding and even-handed treatment. The College can be grateful for this service, often undertaken at highly inconvenient moments as far as his scholarly work was concerned. Who else would have been prepared, as Jim was, to act as editor of the College Register for no less than twenty years, quite transforming this annual publication in the process and making it something that former members looked forward to with eager anticipation?

The same sense of duty and loyalty has been the driving force behind Jim's service on the Modern Languages Faculty Board and on the General Board of the University, where he was chairman of the Undergraduate Studies Committee, certainly no sinecure. Add to all these and other administrative duties, which he carried out with unfailing commonsense and sound judgement, the equally time-consuming commitments as supervisor of post-graduate degrees and examining in the Final Honour School of Medieval and Modern Languages, and the only wonder is how he managed to find time to do anything else!

He did find time, not only to deliver courses of university lectures across the whole range of French nineteenth- and twentieth-century literature, but also to do notable research in particular on French poetry

from c. 1840 to 1950, evidenced through a whole series of studies, articles and reviews, all showing considerable scholarship and rare sensitivity. In particular he has become an international authority on the poetry and also the works of literary and artistic criticism of Charles Baudelaire, and has also published acclaimed research on the works of Laforgue and Supervielle. In this he has been aided by his sensitive appreciation of art and artists. It was in recognition of the calibre of his research that the University appointed him as a Professor of French in 1996, an honour he richly deserved and which gave him great satisfaction.

At weekends Jim took, and hopefully will continue to take, time off to play golf. He plays skilfully and could well if he chose become a very good golfer. He is certainly a very good finder of his playing partners' or partner's golf balls, dispatched into parts of the course beyond an average golfer's ken. He has also never found it difficult to count up to ten and has therefore never failed to correct the same playing partner's inaccurate computation of the score, such corrections being accompanied by an appropriate Shakespearean quotation or wry Scottish witticism. These golfing weekends have at times been postponed due to trips to Paris or to the USA or then to visits back to his native Edinburgh and to the Scottish highlands. These absences will doubtless increase in the future, now that he has bought and comfortably refurbished a flat in Edinburgh.

Jim Hiddleston has been and will remain a good friend and colleague, who will be missed by many more people than he could possibly imagine. A host of friends and colleagues, retired colleagues, former pupils and present pupils, and lots more besides, will wish him many, many years of fulfilling, rewarding and not too energetic retirement.

Denys Dyer

### *Jim Hiddleston – 1989-2003*

I count it as one of the most fortunate happenings of my career that the post of Faculty Lecturer in German with responsibility for the period from 1450 to 1750 should have been attached to Exeter. This is not just because of the collegial atmosphere of the College in general but because it meant that Jim Hiddleston was my principal colleague for fourteen years. It was, of course, no light matter to succeed Denys Dyer, especially in view of Denys's twenty-two year partnership with Jim both in College and on the golf course. It speaks volumes for Jim's tolerance and co-operativeness that our partnership has been so harmonious.

The academic year will not be the same for me without Jim. I shall miss, first and foremost, his sense of humour. I always knew he would

see the joke, whether we were talking about some happening in the wider University or whether something struck us as funny in a College meeting. Jim was just as ready to laugh at a joke against himself. Each year he and I looked forward with some trepidation to the sketches that our pupils would put on at the Modern Linguists' Dinner, in which our tutorial style was mocked and various young persons would attempt to make Jim's elegant Edinburgh tones sound like those of a Glaswegian docker. Jim genuinely enjoyed these occasions and, of course, perceived the affection with which he was portrayed.

Another event in our year was Admissions. Far from fulfilling its stressful potential, this was great fun when carried out with Jim and showed what a gifted tutor he was. He would give the applicants what amounted to a mini-tutorial, gently but incisively prompting them, encouraging them but pushing them just that bit further to see what they could do. His open-mindedness was striking. He had no pre-conceived ideas about what kind of young person he would admit – he simply looked at applicants on their merits. But he always favoured the feisty individualist, the applicant who would argue with him and who showed enthusiasm and promise rather than demonstrating blandly how well taught he or she had been at school.

Jim's devotion to his pupils was striking. He had the highest standards and he wanted his pupils to reach them, both in the matter and in the style of their essays. In our daily conversations over lunch we would often discuss what stick or carrot was called for in order to get the best out of a pupil. By the end of their course all Jim's pupils had realised how far he had brought them and how much of himself he had invested in their welfare. It was at the Schools Dinner at the end of the year that one saw the real love his pupils had for Jim, whether they were showing him with bottles of malt whisky or presenting him with lurid tam o'shanters that played Auld Lang Syne if one pressed the brim.

Denys has already mentioned Jim's distinction as a French scholar, a distinction so very lightly worn. Of course, he was predestined to work on French poetry by the fact that he has the same birthday as Rimbaud. I like to think that Rimbaud would have been proud of this too. And finally, I cannot think of Jim without his wife Janet, whose warmth, gifts as a teacher and distinguished work in French studies complemented his own. She often taught modern linguists from Exeter, always to their great benefit.

Come Michaelmas Term 2003, I shall be looking around for Jim, anxious to discuss the potential of the new First Years and whether we think the Finalists have come on during their Year Abroad and keen to find out if he has heard the latest Faculty gossip. Only the thought that, as an Emeritus Fellow, he will often be coming in to lunch enables me to bear the idea that he and I won't be doing that any more.

Helen Watanabe

## *Susan Marshall*

### *Home Bursar 1988-2003*

In April 1988 change was in the air. The Crowther-Hunt project, involving the reconstruction and extension of Staircase 9, had made clear the magnitude of the task of refurbishing and renovating the College. The project had run into serious problems both in cost and time; the first tasks faced by the new Home Bursar included publicly arranging the Opening Celebration, whilst privately making contingency plans to house fifty-odd students off-site if all went awry. The celebration was a notable success (except, perhaps, for the outside caterer detected by the Home Bursar making off with some College wine); the contingency plans — happily not put to the test — equally imaginative and thorough.

These themes have marked the last fifteen years. The changing needs of undergraduates and graduates in accommodation and facilities have been detected, and the College persuaded to face up to them. The renovation of the buildings has gone on apace, each summer's project carefully planned and overseen by a Home Bursar with an appreciation that the historic buildings must be sympathetically adapted to the current needs of the College and its members. College hospitality has changed, too; every event in the widening annual cycle of gaudies, degree days, club and association dinners, garden parties, and weddings has benefited from the Home Bursar's ability to balance style and feasibility.

All these activities are underpinned by the efforts of the whole College Staff, whose interests have been a central concern to the Home Bursar. The Staff Pension Scheme had to be adapted as the law and the structure of the staff changed; the Home Bursar steered the College through these increasingly dangerous waters, finally persuading the College to let its own scheme be absorbed into a larger university-wide one. And at an individual level there are not a few staff members who owe a personal debt of gratitude to the Home Bursar for help in resolving some financial or other crisis.

The wider collegiate University (in a permanent state of change, it has seemed) has also succeeded in exploiting the talents of Exeter's Home Bursar. The Domestic Bursars' Committee has had an able Secretary and then Chair, who has ensured that the DBC plays an effective part in the new Conference of Colleges structures. But the contribution has been splendidly diverse: as a Pro-proctor, member of the Telecommunications Committee, and of the Conference's Legal Panel, and as Senior Member of the Modern Pentathlon Club.

So far, the anonymity and formality of 'the Home Bursar' — the first Home Bursar Exeter has had, and so for some of us, always, *The Home Bursar*. But some personal remarks may perhaps be permitted. As Susan noted at her retirement dinner, when replying to the Rector's expression of the College's thanks, it is not just the College which has been trans-



formed. Each of the renewed gargoyles in Turl Street tells a story, some well-kept bursarial secrets. The third to the north of the Lodge Tower is one such: from the chrysalis a butterfly emerges. The transformation of Simon Stone into Susan Marshall proved to be a nine-day wonder, scarcely impacting on College business. Some localised jejeune sniggering didn't last long; on the other hand, those prosecuting the clockers of the newly-purchased College lorry took much longer to accept that their key witness had vanished somewhere just off a French motorway!

Another of the changing scenes of life we sang about in the Chapel on 26 July now opens. The whole College community joins in wishing Susan and Ludi well in their new life together; not settling down, we trust, but enjoying with enthusiasm every fresh challenge.

Brian Stewart

Susan Marshall is an admirable woman. No one has a better understanding of the human condition than she has, and the kind of relationship she has with her staff and the students is something about which, I'll bet, the academic Fellows know little.

We're a touchy lot at Exeter but Susan somehow has always managed to comfort the tearful. Whether the problem is work-related or personal, she has always been willing to listen despite all the other demands made on her time and to give helpful, constructive advice. Those members of staff who have not experienced this side of the Home Bursar, see her as being somewhat formidable (a reputation which I think secretly she rather enjoys!). Some have seen Susan's legal background as an open invitation for her to be consulted on matters relating to the law – and have taken full advantage. Now who ever heard of free legal advice from a qualified barrister?

Susan has also had a very good rapport with the members of the JCR and the MCR, not to mention the many BCL candidates to whom she has been adviser. They consult her on various matters as well, not just in the ordinary course of her job, but often asking for her personal advice. She will be remembered in the minds (and the hearts) of all those to whom she has become known. It would not be an exaggeration to say that Susan Marshall changes lives!

Susan has been teacher, confidante and adviser and will be greatly missed by many, staff members (of all ranks) and students alike, not forgetting the others from outside College with whom she came into regular contact. We all wish her well in her new life as a lady of leisure with Ludi, her new husband. No one is more deserving of happiness than she is.

Joan Fraser

## *Stephen Hampton*

For five years from 1998 to 2003, Exeter College has enjoyed the ministry of one of Oxford's youngest and liveliest chaplains. Stephen Hampton was frustrated in his ambition to be the youngest deacon in the Church of England when he was ordained in 1996: another deacon was three months younger than he. But he was, and remained, the youngest college chaplain in the University of Oxford. He was appointed after a two-year assistant curacy at St Neot's, where the River Ouse provided ample training for one aspect of his ministry at Exeter. For on many a dark morning and after many a late night Stephen has risen early, to row for both the first and second eights as energetically as the rest, always happy to learn and willing to take criticism. As a coach he has acquired the reputation of a slave driver, speeding along the banks of the Isis on his old bike, in his rain hat and wellies. His 'Brideshead Revisited' image has earned him regular parody in the annual Exeter Revue, a measure of his popularity in College. Stephen has enjoyed the implied compliment. He has never taken himself too seriously, and has quite enjoyed being teased and impersonated.

His presence has given support and encouragement to other of the College's sporting activities. Stephen has watched almost every rugby match, displaying remarkable commitment in view of the team's variable success, appalling Oxford weather in Hilary Term, and the fact that he knows absolutely nothing about rugby. He has taken full part in undergraduate social life, attending bops, balls and house parties. The College Bar has rarely been graced with such frequent clerical presence, and in his own rooms Stephen has offered a ministry of hospitality second to none, enabled by the wisely generous entertainment allowance the College affords its Chaplain. He has regarded full participation in the College's social life as a proper part of the Chaplain's work. But he has always known when to slip away quietly from a social event once he has sensed that the presence of the Chaplain is no longer appropriate.

During term time Stephen has devoted himself to pastoral work in the College. On freshers he has made a strong impression at the beginning of every academic year by greeting most of them by name. He has made a point of memorising names and faces from photographs before students came up, and has been among the few members of the College who knew every member of the undergraduate body. His pastoral skills and personal charm have enabled him to achieve the target he set himself when he was appointed, to see at least a third of the student body of the College in chapel. For major services, such as the first Sunday of the year, the Commemoration of Benefactors on the last, and the Advent and Christmas Carol Services, his target was more than reached. For the annual Turl Street Arts Festival Evensong the chapel has always been packed. On ordinary Sunday evenings the Chapel congregation has

almost without exception been very good. Stephen's pastoral work during the week has attracted to chapel on Sundays many who, left to themselves, would not have thought of attending services. The Sunday morning College Eucharist has brought together an inevitably smaller but none the less encouraging number of regular communicants. Stephen has prepared a steady stream of candidates for baptism and confirmation, and encouraged those he considered potential candidates for the Church's ministry.

While Evensong according to the Book of Common Prayer has largely died out in parishes, in college chapels it can still flourish to varying degrees. Stephen has made of it an act of worship in which Christians of different traditions come together as the church in Exeter College. He inherited a choir of men and women, which had only recently replaced the former men and boys' choir. With his enthusiastic encouragement Exeter Chapel Choir, directed by a succession of extremely able Organ Scholars, has become one of the finest in Oxford, and makes an important contribution to chapel life. Stephen has invited a wide variety of bishops, deans, chaplains, assistant curates and college ordinands to preach at Evensong. Most have been good, and even excellent, a few disappointing. Stephen himself could always be relied on to preach a sermon whose witty opening references to college life have never failed to attract the congregation's attention, which was then firmly drawn to consider fundamental aspects of Christian believing and living. Elegantly and persuasively delivered, their sound Calvinistic content made the College Catechist's intended role redundant. Not infrequently on a Sunday evening the visiting preacher, the Chaplain and the Catechist, with perhaps one or two, others persisted to a late hour in lively theological discussion over a glass of Armagnac in the Senior Common Room.

Stephen's academic ability has matched his pastoral capacity. During vacations he has worked on his doctoral thesis on 'Reformed Scholasticism and the Battle for Orthodoxy in the later Stuart Church', which he completed and successfully submitted in his final year. It was perhaps ironic that the College should have decided to cease admitting undergraduates to read theology when it had a Chaplain well able to direct their studies, leaving Stephen to look after the one graduate theologian Exeter takes each year. But his theological expertise has had plenty of scope in other ways. His sociability has made him many friends among students outside the chapel or any religious context and enabled them to discuss God and Christianity with him in an informal setting, and on a variety of intellectual levels. Stephen has relished debates on the Bible, Christian beliefs and religious philosophy; and while he has never forced religion on anyone, he has been very good at commending Christianity to those who initiated such discussions.

Stephen has been an outstanding chaplain. His trademark tweed will be greatly missed in the quad, and his drinks parties are already leg-

endary. Our very best wishes go with him as he takes up a new post as Senior Tutor at St John's College, Durham.

Hugh Wybrew

### *Richard Chorley (1928-2002)*

My first meeting with Dick Chorley was in October 1948, when he burst, red-cheeked and shock-haired, into the rooms at Exeter College, Oxford, which we were to share for the first year of our BA Honours course in Geography. He had brought his trombone with him, which I viewed with some trepidation. Occasionally he played it, with more enthusiasm, I felt, than accomplishment. Despite this, we lived most amicably together, and our rooms were ample enough to contain his ebullient personality. Fresh from Somerset, there was a whiff of 'Squire Acres' about him, but with the notable addition of a forthright intelligence. There was also a decided anti-Establishment streak, with a hint of resolve. I could envisage him being on the 'wrong' side at Sedgemoor!

We had few geographers at Exeter in those days, so for most of that year we shared weekly tutorials with Dr Robert Beckinsale, then of University College. This was our great good fortune, for he was a teacher with persuasive powers in the quiet, humorous insinuation of knowledge and attitude, and a scholar of unusual width and sympathy. Thus he comprehended both Dick's predilection for physical geography and – rare at that time in Oxford Geography – for quantification, and my greater interests in human and historical geography. We gained enormously, and learnt much from each other. I would credit Robert with curbing Dick's early tendency to prolixity. Well down the second page of preamble in one of Dick's early essays, Robert entered a short pencil mark and wrote in the margin 'This would make a good beginning'. Dick expostulated; but learnt, as his many later writings manifested. In fact, Beckinsale and Chorley became distinguished collaborators in several publications. We remained close friends throughout our undergraduate years. Then our ways parted. Dick went to the USA for postgraduate study and I took up a lecturing post at Makerere College in Uganda. Thereafter it was, almost inevitably, at or through Robert and Monica Beckinsale that we sporadically met. Not nearly often enough.

David McMaster (1948)

## *Maurice Mitchell-Heggs (1907-1999)*

Maurice went up to Exeter College in 1926 as a Kitchener Scholar to read Greats. A natural athlete, he rowed in the famous eight that bumped Oriel and Keble to take the Head of the River, and, a cavalryman, he received his commission into the Royal Artillery before joining the Colonial Office and posting to Northern Rhodesia, where for some thirty years he devoted his career to establishing the institutions of organised society on which the modern state of Zambia rests securely today.

At Senanga out-station, on the beautiful plateau of the head-waters of the Zambezi where he was District Commissioner, he brought his young bride Elizabeth, known as 'Mufumahali' or 'she who dances and sings', and their two horses, Prince and Pam, twenty days upstream by paddlers from Livingstone, into the 'People of the Mist' of the Barotse Protectorate. As Resident Commissioner later at Mongu and friend to Sir Mwanawina Lewanika, the Paramount Chief (Litunga), he is remembered to this day for his considerateness. Having fluent Si-Loze, he helped to advance this edenic people into the twentieth century, with improvements in education and agriculture, including the cultivation of long-staple cotton as a cash crop. But at the same time he safeguarded their traditions, notably the ku-omboka ceremony, when the Litunga is moved across the Zambezi flood waters with his Mulena Mukwai (queen) by royal barges and paddlers to the rhythm of drum beats, with the entourage of headmen (indunas) and singing followers, in hundreds of dug-outs and punts to the Limalunga palace on the shores of the flood plains.

As Captain in the King's African Rifles during the War, he was also the District Commissioner of the Copperbelt, with responsibility for safeguarding the precious strategic supply of copper. There his two sons, Anthony and Christopher, were born. After a tour at Fort Rosebery on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, fluent also in Chi-Bemba, he became DC at Chinsali near the seat of the Chief Chitimakulu of the BaBemba in the Eastern Province. Many were the adventures during these years. Sometimes he came to the rescue in situations of difficulty and even danger in the wilds of crocodile and lion country. His children remember evenings 'on tour', the blazing camp fire near the dinner table set with candles, and merry piano-accordion music played by Elizabeth with favourite songs, some slav and exotic, enjoyed too by the villagers who would gather in the firelight and watch as the sparks spiralled up to mix with the stars.

That benevolent post-war Colonial government sought many ways to improve the livelihood of village people. Schooling was made compulsory for young girls in order to improve their chances in life, beyond early marriage, and football pitches were set up in the villages, helping the missionaries to reach out to young Africans. It was here that Maurice befriended Kenneth Kaunda, a young teacher at Lubwa Mission with a

great destiny, who used to enjoy helping to organise the inter-village matches. In the evenings at the Chinsali house, by the light of a tilley lamp, after the 8 o'clock news and after teaching his children to play chess, Maurice would often be immersed in his law books. During a home leave he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, opening the way to a further career that followed 'the wind of change'.

In 1949 he founded the Chalimbana College for training African chiefs and administrators (where Robert Mugabe was a talented young member of his teaching staff) near Lusaka and later became Provincial Commission at Solwezi, governing the North-Western Province, where the borders with the Belgian Congo were still being mapped out under the terms of the Berlin Convention, before returning to Barotseland. He spent several active years in the Central Government in Lusaka as Chairman of many government committees in the initiatives to federate the Rhodesias and Nyasaland. There Elizabeth tragically died in 1956. Maurice remained as the Resident Magistrate in Lusaka, with a steady hand on law and order during the transfer of sovereignty to the new Zambian nation, where he was also called to the Bar. A new life opened for him when he married Wendy Talbot Wilcox. Their daughter Caroline was born in Lusaka before the family returned to settle at Dunsfold in Surrey. He resumed practice at the Bar from chambers at Gray's Inn, specialising in Customs and Excise cases and common law matters whilst playing a vigorous role again in local government. He was elected to Waverley Council as a Conservative and sat on various county and school boards.

During his last years of grace with Wendy he would often be surrounded by his children and twelve grandchildren. He lived very much loved and respected and was much regretted on his departure from this sublunary life in 1999.

Christopher Mitchell-Heggs (1961)

## *Exeter College Chapel 2002-2003*

Despite the popularity of the Freshers' Service, it proved slightly more difficult to lure the First Year into Chapel this Michaelmas Term. Happily, the Second Year continued to demonstrate a remarkable devotion to the Chapel, despite the fact that they now had to cycle in from East Oxford through the wind and the rain to get there, so attendance remained good for most of the year (with the usual peaks during public examinations, and troughs after the College ball and the Saturday of Eights).

Choral evensong on Sunday evening remains the principal college service of the week, but this academic year has seen an encouraging growth in the numbers attending holy communion on Sunday morning.

In fact, increasing numbers of students are following the laudable Oxford tradition of attending the College communion service before going on to worship in other churches around the city, having been fortified for the day's second sermon by one of the Chaplain's *pains-au-chocolat*. For a university that no longer has a place for God in its statutes, Oxford still feels like a very Christian place on a Sunday morning, with hosts of fresh-faced evangelicals cycling enthusiastically to St Ebbe's, earnest liberals walking high-mindedly to the University Church, and tweedy Anglo-Catholics hurrying off to Pusey House. Needless to say, Exeter has representatives of all three groups within its Chapel community.

The Chapel's year has been marked by the traditional events. At Remembrance Sunday, when we commemorate the College's war dead, we had the Bishop of Blackburn as our preacher. For the Advent Carol Service, the Choir performed a range of excellent music from medieval carols to more contemporary compositions, many of which they had not sung, and we had not heard, before. The Christmas Carol Service, by contrast, retained a resolutely conventional format.

During Hilary we were privileged to welcome the Bishops of Norwich and Stafford amongst our preachers. We also celebrated the end of a particularly successful Turl Street Arts Festival (organised by Ralph Wilkinson, one of the new intake of Academical Clerks) with a very well-attended Three Choirs Evensong, at which Dr Jeremy Begbie, Vice-Principal of Ridley Hall in Cambridge, and an expert on theological aesthetics, preached a memorable sermon on the place of art in Christianity. The term ended on a high note as well, with a communion service at which five members of the wider College community were baptised and confirmed by the Bishop of Oxford. Congratulations are therefore due to June Carey, Ryan Clay, Andrew Davies, Megan Armstrong and Paul Arthur who all made their commitments to faith on that occasion.

Trinity Term was characteristically busy too, with a festal evensong for Easter, matins on the Turl Street Tower for Ascension Day, corporate communion on Whit Sunday (the first service for many years at which incense was deployed, the Chaplain having discovered a disused thurible in the vestry) and the annual Commemoration of Benefactors Service on the last Sunday of term, at which the Choir sang Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* and Dr Stephen Wright, Director of the College of Preachers, gave a fine sermon on the historical continuity of the collegiate community.

The Choir has been particularly active this year both in and out of the Chapel, learning a wide range of stretching new repertoire, recording a CD of sacred music by Louis Vierne and Gabriel Fauré (a sound-world for which the Chapel's organ and acoustics are ideally suited) as well as going on a successful tour in Florence. Sadly, it also lost at the end of Trinity Term a number of people who have been singing at Exeter for

several years, in particular June Carey, Nick Mumby and Laurence Price.

My personal thanks are due to those students who have assisted me in various ways with the running of Chapel: Nick Widdows the Chapel Clerk; Robin Hopkins, Stephanie Smith, Claire McConville, Matthew Gray and David Harvey, the Bible Clerks; and the Sacristans, Ben Cole, Naomi Walker and Emily Shaw.

Finally, it is a great joy to be able to extend the College's warm congratulations to those recent old members who have been accepted to train for the Anglican priesthood this year: David Charles, Philip Hobday and Megan Shakeshaft (who is, I suspect, the College's first female ordinand). They join Kenneth Padley and Brian Elfick who are already at theological college. So, seven centuries after its foundation, Exeter is still fulfilling its historic role of educating people to serve God as priests within the English Church. Walter de Stapeldon would, I hope, be proud.

Stephen Hampton  
Chaplain

## *Nearly a Hundred Years Ago*

The following article appeared in the Stapeldon Magazine for 1905 and therefore refers to the College as it was about 1870.

## *Recollections of Exeter College Thirty-Five Years Ago*

One great charm of University life is its unchangeableness. A generation of undergraduates who have worked and played and laughed together, who have passed out into life's larger spheres and have adopted widely differing sets of ideas, come back to the old College for a Gaudy and find themselves still one, and the old College, with its traditions and memories and associations, still the same. By unchangeableness we do not mean stagnation, for College and University life never stand still; new men are added to Common Rooms, and installed in Professorial Chairs; new Schools are established; new buildings are erected and old ones renovated; but the essentials remain unchanged: the sense of brotherhood, the keen freshness of youthful ideals, the generous rivalry of the Schools, the field and the river, the warm hospitality of College rooms, the steady flow of Lectures, the unceasing witness of Chapel Services.

Through the kindness of the Rector and Fellows of Exeter, it was my privilege to take part in such a reunion of the men of my own standing



at a recent Gaudy, and to compare notes with old friends whom I had not seen for thirty years. The College always gives an ungrudging welcome to its old members. When I look back to my undergraduate days I am increasingly grateful for the excellent teaching which we received. The present Rector is one of a band of College tutors and lecturers who, I venture to think, were among the ablest in the University. Any one who was disposed to work and to do himself credit 'Mods.' got sound help from the present Rector, from Mr. Tozer, and, in mathematics, from the late Mr. Price; for the Modern History School Mr. Boase was a lecturer of wide authority and attractiveness; and for 'Greats' few men could teach you philosophy like Mr. (now Professor) Bywater (a master in the art of teaching), or ancient history like Mr. Pelham, now President of Trinity.

But over and above the lectures we were exceptionally fortunate in coming under the high controlling influence of the then Sub-Rector, now Professor Ince of Christ Church, who exercised a pastoral and paternal interest in all of us. In his Chapel sermons and in individual counsel he was a powerful personality. I remember the effect produced by a sermon of his, afterwards published under the title of *Moral Strength*, in which, at the close of a Summer Term, he roused us to a sense of our high responsibilities, and administered severe castigation to some of the idlers who were throwing away their splendid opportunities and bringing discredit on the College. Nor can I forget the gentle, thoughtful, sympathetic rule exercised over the College by the dear old Rector, Dr. Lightfoot, and the kindly influence and example of Mr. (now Canon) Hammond.

As I call to mind the magnificent Chapel – one of the glories of Oxford – I should like to mention what was commonly called the 'Scouts' Service', an excellent institution in which, as a member of the choir, I used to take part. It was held after Hall on Sundays and was attended by the College servants, their families, and friends in considerable numbers, who were sincerely grateful to the Sub-Rector and Mr. Hammond for organizing and carrying it on.

Turning to the general aspects of College life at Exeter, in my time I may fairly say that we were well to the front both in the Schools and in the athletic world. Three of my friends got firsts in 'Mods.' together; a Scholar of my time, H. Broadbent, won the Ireland, Craven, and Derby Scholarships and the Latin Essay; a good many of us, thanks to the able coaching which we got, secured high classes in 'Greats'; we had two 'Varsity oars – F. Willan and R. S. Ross of Bladensburg; a 'Varsity XI bowler, and 'Varsity football blue; and the Exeter boat and the Exeter XI were highly distinguished.

Let me call to mind some of the most conspicuous of my contemporaries. C. H. H. Parry (now Sir Hubert Parry) – cricketer, football player, and musician – was a well-known and delightful person, who had taken his Mus. Bac. degree while still at Eton: he used to sing in the

College Choir, resplendent in his blue silk hood, and play his piano at all hours. Lord Onslow, one of the quiet, steady-going members of the College, afterwards became Under-Secretary for the Colonies; Aubrey Moore, scholar, scientist and theologian, by whose early death the Church and the University were infinitely poorer, after taking a first in 'Greats', became Fellow of St. John's, and Tutor and Lecturer of Keble. Of H. Broadbent's finished scholarship I have already spoken; – he is now a master at Eton; C. C. Tancock, another of our Scholars, is Head Master of Tonbridge; W. C. Perry, also a Scholar, formerly Captain of the Sherborne XI, is one of the most popular Masters at Uppingham; W. Pickford, the owner of the famous bulldog 'Crib' who appears in various College photographs, is a K.C., and will probably find his way to the Bench; E. G. Pennefather entered the Army and distinguished himself in South Africa during the closing scenes of the Zulu war; L. T. Lochée, another well-known figure, became a devoted London clergyman and fell a victim to overwork as Rector of Barnes. There are many more whom I could mention had I space and time. We had a fine set of highminded men who led the College in those days, whom it was a real privilege to know. No doubt we had our 'rowdy' spirits; but they were not members of the best circle. The 'Dons' were a strong, hardworking, genial set of men; you always felt that you could trust them, and that they took a living interest in you. We never played the practical jokes on them for which some Colleges had an unenviable notoriety; the only grievance we had was that the College Dues were rather high and kitchen charges rather heavy, – as we thought. Of course we had our little jokes at the Dons' expense, like the wily undergraduate who abstracted Dr. Kennicott's immemorial fig: we used to say, for instance, that it was Mr. Boase's conversational habit to leave you to finish his sentence by stopping short in the form of a question; and that when you knocked at his door he would say 'Come?' and you entered, saying 'In'. Ross of Bladensburg once scored a point off the good man at a breakfast party in this regard. Mr. Boase was talking of the weather and saying that as the glass had risen he hoped it would be a fine day. 'We generally say, when the glass rises, it will be fine; and in the same way, when it falls, Ross, we say? 'It will break, Sir,' was the ready answer. The learned Don and his guests were convulsed. Mr. Bywater's jokes were proverbial. What could beat his *obiter dictum*, as he came out of his lecture room one morning in the Summer Term and walked between the photographer's camera and the Exeter XI who were sitting for their portrait – 'I hope I shan't come out like a ghost'? Our Chaplain Fellow – the Rev. T. Sheppard – commonly known as Tommy Sheppard, was one of the old race of sporting parsons, a good shot, a lover of athletics, a genial companion, and kind friend to undergraduates: but he was not an ecclesiastical rigorist, and looked odd, to say the least, when he walked across the Quad to Chapel after a day's shooting, attired in a rather short surplice over his yellow gaiters! He was a cheery, good soul. Well:

Exeter men, past and present, love their College, love to revisit it, and always welcomed by the good Rector. Oxford may be, as Lamb styles it, a 'repository of mouldering learning': it is certainly 'a thing of beauty' and 'a joy for ever'. *Deus benedicat.*

AN OLD EXETER MAN

## *The College Archives*

Of all the College's possessions and treasures, the archives are almost certainly the least known. Most of the thousands of items which they contain have hardly been looked at since they were produced, only a tiny number have appeared in print, and few even of the fellows have penetrated beyond the forbidding steel door to the room beneath the Lodgings where they are housed. Yet they form not only the essential resource for the College's history, which remains to be written, but also (like the archives of all colleges) a collection of broader importance for English social, economic and to some extent political history. What follows is merely the briefest survey of an enormous deposit of records, intended to give some general idea of their scope and a minute sample of their contents.

The College records extend over the centuries, from a period antedating the foundation up to modern times, where they merge with the current working files of the bursary. The earliest comprise deeds concerning the College's Oxford property, some dozen of which date from the thirteenth century. Probably earliest of all is a deed of *c.*1238 for a tenement in what became Queen Street. The tenement itself did not come into the College's hands until 1460 and had been alienated again by 1569, but, as often happened, the College kept the documents which descended with the property even when its ownership had ceased. More central to our history are the deeds which record the piecemeal purchase, by Stapeldon and his successors, of the various properties which went to make up the present College site. These complement the original foundation documents of the College, notably Stapeldon's deed of endowment of 1314 and Edward II's licence to Stapeldon, issued a month later, to give two messuages in Oxford for the maintenance of twelve scholars. This last, along with Stapeldon's deed the most fundamental item in the whole collection, still has the great seal of England attached.

After the deeds, of which about 200 survive for the period before 1500, the two most prominent categories of medieval record are the Rectors' accounts and the College statutes. For Exeter's early history the accounts are undoubtedly the fullest and most important source. They comprise some hundreds of single sheets and rolls, beginning in 1324 and concluding in their original shape in 1566, after which they

were continued more conveniently in book format. Their early sequence is very broken (nothing, alas, for the Black Death years of 1348-9), but becomes fairly continuous from the 1360s. They record receipts, mainly from rents, tithes, and payments from the dean and chapter of Exeter, and a much more miscellaneous body of expenditure – in every year, for fellows' commons, servants' wages, and building, but often too for fellows' travels, litigation, furnishings and books for the library, and much else. They provide our prime source for the identity of the early fellows, most of whose names appear in the accounts, and an ancillary source for many aspects of external history. From the account for 1355, for example, we learn that the College paid 2½d. for the breakfast of the son of the earl of Devon when he came to hear mass on St Laurence's Day – a fragment of information which may contribute to what little we know about the attendance of the aristocracy at the fourteenth-century university. By comparison with this source, the archive material on the statutes, though essential for the early constitutional history of the College, is both slighter and less illuminating. Rather surprisingly, the archives contain no original copy of Stapeldon's earliest statutes of 1316, which appear only in his episcopal register, kept at Exeter and now published. But we do have Stapeldon's manuscript ordinance of 1322 settling doubtful points in the statutes, and a further set of additions to and glosses on the statutes dating from 1325, in the last years of the founder's life. Of the more miscellaneous items from the middle ages, perhaps the most interesting is the indenture of 1374 recording the gift of twenty-six books by William Rede, bishop of Chichester: effectively our earliest record of the library's contents.

With the College's expansion in the sixteenth century, and the accommodation of large numbers of undergraduates for the first time, comes an equivalent expansion in the records. The central source, paralleling the Rectors' accounts, now becomes the College Register, which begins in 1539 and continues to the present day; five volumes cover the 448 years from 1539 to 1987. The Register records all major formal business and all important decisions by the Rector and fellows, usually taken at what would become governing body meetings held until the nineteenth century in the chapel: elections to and resignations from fellowships, notes on degrees, grants of leave of absence, and so on. The later volumes contain much interesting correspondence, pasted in. Decisions and minutes were generally recorded in Latin until c.1800 and are wholly in English only from 1856. A more significant sign of Tudor times is the appearance of virtually the first records relating to undergraduates. From 1592 to 1762 there survives a fairly continuous run of buttery books, large folio volumes recording, in a kind of hieroglyphic shorthand, daily expenditure on food and drink by all those resident in college, fellows and undergraduates: an invaluable source for determining both the names of College members and the precise dates when they resided. Financial records of other sorts proliferate in the same era: bur-

sar's accounts from 1587, dividend books from 1628 (recording the division of income between Rector, fellows and college officers), and caution books from 1629 (recording payments of caution money by incoming undergraduates and its later repayment by the College – a system which survived until the 1970s). From about the same time comes an early indication that the College was a place where the young were educated: a book covering the years from 1605 to 1630 lists the termly allocation of named pupils to named tutors.

As we move into the eighteenth century the records become so voluminous and miscellaneous as to defy easy classification. Some beautiful hand-coloured estate maps of Great and Little Tew, Oxfordshire, from the 1740s – the first of a short series of such maps – and the early eighteenth-century benefactors' book, with its fine pen-and-wash vignettes of Oxford scenes, give pleasure which is as much aesthetic as intellectual. The register of books borrowed from the library begins in 1785 and is continuous thereafter, providing a guide to the reading interests of the fellows (to whom alone the library was open). But more useful than any of these for the College's general history are the entrance books, which begin in 1768 and run, largely in two parallel series, until the 1950s. These record, with increasing detail as time goes on, the name, home address, father's name, quality or occupation, and schooling of every incoming undergraduate. They are one of the very few sources which make it possible easily to determine who was up with whom. Typical of the more miscellaneous quality of the archives, and of the period's sharp sense of hierarchy, is a bundle of papers dating from the 1730s and concerned with the question of whether the sons of Irish and Scottish noblemen could take a degree in three years, like the sons of English peers, or whether, like lesser mortals, they should take four. The appearance in the College of the Honourable George Hamilton, son of the earl of Abercorn, had apparently precipitated this vexing issue. But for the most part, and predictably, the archives continue to be dominated by the mundane: financial matters, formal College business, property transactions, litigation.

In the nineteenth century, the age of the Honours degree and of university reform, the educational work of the College moves much more firmly into the foreground. We have, for example, a lecturer's notebook running from 1811 to 1837, the regular record of collections results from 1835 and of Schools results from 1878, and the minutes of the Educational Council, recording rustications, warnings, etc, from 1856. It is in keeping with the generally greater prominence of undergraduates that the records of their sporting and social activities also expand vastly about the same time. The Boat Club records survive from 1831, Foot Race records from 1854, and the records of Amalgamated Clubs from 1881. Testifying to the more cultural and cerebral side of undergraduate life are the diverse minutes of other clubs and societies: the Music Society from 1859, the Literary Society from 1884, the Church Society

from 1886, the Dialectical Society from 1892. The records of the JCR develop in parallel, with minutes surviving continuously from 1887 and the suggestions books from 1901, following on from an earlier and isolated survivor of c.1893.

Some of the most interesting and evocative of the records, if not always the most historically valuable, survive, not as parts of regular series, but as oddments and strays from external sources. Of no very great importance for the College's history, but no less appealing for that, is the Lodgings' Visitors' Book of Rector Lightfoot for 1863 to 1882, signed on 3 June 1867 by the wife of the dean of Christ Church and her three daughters, including the fifteen-year-old Alice Liddell, friend of Lewis Carroll. From an earlier period, but again accidental residents in the archives, come items from the vice-cancellarial correspondence of John Collier Jones, Rector from 1819 to 1838 and Vice-Chancellor of the University from 1828. This includes a batch of letters from public men: from Lord Melbourne (about the University's loyal address to King William IV, 1832), Sir Robert Peel (six letters, written as Home Secretary in 1830) and John Henry Newman. The letter from Newman is so bizarrely enigmatic, but also so typical of the unconsidered trifles which the archives yield, that it is worth giving in full:

Dear Mr Vice Chancellor,

I am told Mr Hickman the glazier is the chief managing man at the Gas Works – Would you wish me to do anything more in this inquiry?

Yours very respectfully  
John H. Newman

Oriel Coll.  
Sept. 2. 1830

If this hardly adds to our knowledge of the great man, other letters in the same category are more enlightening. Most important is a long series of twenty letters from Gladstone, written to Rectors Richards and Lightfoot between 1850 and 1856, about university reform and the revision of the College's statutes: a central act in the nineteenth-century transformation of the College. A last – and much more lightweight – piece of statesmen's memorabilia is a signed note from Churchill written at the Admiralty in January 1940 and concerning a gift from the fellows to HMS Exeter.

Most of such curiosities are marginal to the archives' central record of the College's fortunes and of the lives and achievements of its members. Even with the growth of undergraduate records in the late nineteenth century, however, the names remain names on the page and there is not much which directly illuminates character and temperament. For that we have to wait for the Sub-Rector's files. From 1901 until the 1970s successive Sub-Rectors recorded on cards both the formal details

of undergraduate careers – examinations passed, teams played for, etc – and also their own pithy and forthright comments on the men themselves. Retained only as a private aide-memoire, these are wonderfully revealing of both the prejudices and assumptions of particular Sub-Rectors and of the whole character of the age, but also of personalities which might otherwise have disappeared entirely into the void. The cards from the pre-1914 period, kept mainly by Sub-Rector Henderson, one of the Classics tutors, are particularly evocative of the period's social life and of the deep interest which a conscientious Sub-Rector took in his charges. 'A very nice fellow. Slack? & inclined to be noisy. Fined by Proctors H.T. 1907 for row in Cowley Road. Proctorial trouble re supper party to actress.' – 'Rowdy & slack: v. babyish & wants looking after. Bad health. Ploughed in Hon. Mods. 1909. Liaison with girl in town & made to withdraw name in consequence.' Then (a later entry) 'Commissioned 8th Somersets. Wounded 1915.' – 'Difficile. Spent his first term in perpetual feud with Farnell for slackness and inattentance at lectures. Said to be inord. conceited. V. prominent in college. Sings choir. Prob. will turn out well. On my Scotland reading party, summer 1905. Most attractive and amusing but a desperately slow worker. The most interesting man in college, but a handful.' – 'Away with me at Ullswater reading party, summer 1903: also in Italy Easter vac. 1905. Rowed Torpid 1904-5 and Eight 1905. Also plays rigger. Volunteer Sgt. and Coll. Section Leader. Father at Queen's. Elder brothers at Queen's & Pembroke. Won my Essay Prize, June 1905. A v. hard & sensible worker. One of most popular and nicest men in College. With me on Dartmoor Easter 1906 . . .'. This was Cuthbert Balleine, clearly the star of his generation, who took a First in Greats in 1906, was elected to a fellowship in the same year, himself became Sub-Rector in 1913, and was killed in France in July 1915.

It is a melancholy thought that in all likelihood every human trace of these past lives would have disappeared had it not been for the terse obiter dicta of a dedicated Sub-Rector. But whether oblivion would sometimes be preferable to an enduring memorial on the Sub-Rector's cards may be a moot point. 'Deadly stupid. Sole interest motor bicycling. A nonentity in College. Rolling in wealth & motor cars, and the most stupid man who ever came up to the Varsity. Has not the remotest chance of ever passing an examination. Quite harmless however.' Or – less explosively and more laconically – 'A pleasant fellow, but very thick. Greyhounds. Going in for the stage.'

John Maddicott

## *Auctions and the Price of Art*

A large part of my research concerns the study of prices achieved at art auctions and the way in which the auction mechanism itself can influence the price achieved. Through the systematic analysis of data on prices of paintings achieved at auction, economists have been able to comment on questions raised by buyers, sellers and auctioneers regarding price behaviour, auction strategy, and auction design. I have summarized below what I think are some of the more interesting economic aspects of buying art that have been researched by economists.

In recent years, investing in art has been discussed as a popular alternative to investment in stocks or bonds. In most weekend editions of the FT, one can find articles on the returns to art and the best way to invest in art. Should art be included in a diversified portfolio? If the returns to holding art are sufficiently high, the correlation with other investment types sufficiently low, and the price volatility sufficiently low, then art should be included in a diversified portfolio. Many economists have looked at this question, and attempted to measure the returns to holding art and the correlation of a portfolio of art with the stock and bond markets.

Measurement of the returns to art is not an easy exercise. Each item sold is different, and when overall prices are high there is likely to be a different mix of paintings sold than when overall prices are low. Hence, taking a simple average of prices is not a good way to look at the returns to holding art. There are two primary ways that economists allow for the heterogeneity of auction items. One is to control for observable differences in paintings such as artist, medium, whether or not it is signed, and size of paintings. One can do this by predicting price using time periods and observable characteristics. Economists call this a ‘hedonic’ regression model. Another way is to identify paintings that have been sold repeatedly through time and then find out what returns these paintings have generated. This method is known as the ‘repeat-sales’ method.<sup>1</sup>

Each type of model has its benefits and detriments. Understanding the problems with estimating the returns to art allows one to judge the possible biases that may be present in a particular study on the returns to art. The great attraction of hedonic models is that all the data may be used in the estimation, including data on objects that are only offered for sale once in the sample period. The disadvantage of these models is that it is clearly impossible to correct for all differences in types of paintings that come to auction. The characteristics of the objects may also vary systematically over time, leading to possible biased estimates of the time effects. The repeat sales method is criticized because of selection bias. Repeat sales studies have by definition only selected paintings that have retained sufficient value (survived) to be sold again at auction. Some repeat sales studies primarily use Christie’s and Sotheby’s, the



premier auction houses, for the second sale, resulting in further 'survivorship bias'. The method of identifying the previous sales, whether it is through using the provenance listing in auction catalogues or using an online database of auction results, can also lead to different results for an identical time period.

Because measuring the returns to holding art is not straightforward, different economists have produced different returns to holding art, even for the same time periods. However, evidence has generally shown that returns to art appear to be less than the real return on common stock. Furthermore, investing in art over a short period of time can be risky.

While purchasing art purely for investment purposes may not be a good idea, collecting art, and purchasing it by auction, is clearly an enjoyable pursuit. I have outlined below other regularities that economists have uncovered while studying art auctions.

Not all items that are put up for sale at auctions are sold. Sellers of individual items will set a reserve price, which is usually kept secret and set at or below the low estimate that is listed in the sales catalogue. If the bidding does not reach this level, the items will go unsold. Sale rates vary tremendously across time and different types of auctions. For example, at Christie's in London during 1995 and 1996, 96% of items put up for sale in auctions of arms and armour were sold, 89% of wine at auction was sold, and 71% of Impressionist and Modern Art items were sold.

So, how should a seller set the reserve price? One way in which to look at the setting of reserve prices is as follows. The seller of a painting faces the following problem: if he participates in an auction the highest bid for the painting can be regarded as a random draw from some price distribution. When a seller sets a reserve price, he must decide at what price he would be indifferent between selling now and waiting for the next auction. A seller should take into account the cost of his waiting until the next auction, in addition to his estimate of the variability of the price distribution. This may be a bit abstract for someone trying to figure out how to sell his item, but from this model of a seller's actions, it is possible to estimate the percent below the low estimate that on average secret reserve prices are set. It appears that on average, reserve prices are set about 80% below the low estimate. Hence, without further knowledge, if a bidder wants to beat the reserve price, but not compete with other bidders, the bid should probably be somewhere above 80% of the low estimate.

Orley Ashenfelter of Princeton University pointed out that prices are twice as likely to decrease as increase for identical bottles of wine sold in same lot sizes at auction. To economists, this has become known as the 'declining price anomaly'. Economists consider this to be an anomaly for the following reason. While generally fewer bidders result in a lower price, and one would expect there to be fewer bidders toward the

end of an auction where identical items are sold in sequence as bidders drop out after they have purchased what they wanted, the bidders for the first items should shade their bids, knowing that the last items will have fewer bidders. Hence prices should remain the same for a sequence of identical items. However, this has repeatedly been shown not to be the case, and in many types of auctions, prices do appear to decline throughout the auction.

While this is more difficult to test for in art auctions, one can look at whether the ratio of the price to the pre-sale estimate declines throughout the auction. This has been shown to be the case. Can buyers, sellers or auctioneers take advantage of this price pattern? In art auctions, it is unlikely that buyers can take advantage of it. A possible reason for the decline of the price to estimate ratio in art auctions is that 'value,' as measured by the price estimate, declines throughout the auctions. So, on average, buyers are likely to value those items at the beginning of the auction more highly than those at the end of the auction in any case, preventing any arbitrage. In fact, it can be shown that this ordering of items can drive the price to estimate ratio decline. Furthermore, it is optimal from the seller's point of view for sequential items to be ordered from most expensive to least expensive in an auction.

It is often claimed that when an advertised item in a catalogue goes unsold at auction, its future value will be affected. Such items are said to have been 'burned'. There has been little work testing this proposition, but I am currently in the process of constructing a dataset that will allow it to be tested. I am putting together a dataset of repeat sales. In some of the repeat sales, the items have gone unsold at auction in between two successful sales, and for other paintings, this has not been the case. Very preliminary results do indicate that if an item goes unsold at Christie's or Sotheby's, the price fetched at the next auction is on the order of 15% less than similar items that did not go unsold.

I find the empirical study of art auctions incredibly interesting. Good data exist on art auctions, and this data can be used to test and shed light on broader economic questions. In addition, I enjoy studying art auctions because I am interested in auctions (we occasionally buy wine at auction – much more affordable than art), and secondly because studying art itself is enjoyable.

Kathryn Graddy  
Fellow in Economics

<sup>1</sup> This method was originally developed for real estate, a market which has very similar characteristics to the art market!

## *Making Computers See*

While most people are familiar with Engineering as a discipline, and could reliably classify the activity of Engineers as being either Mechanical, Civil, Electrical or Chemical, the rise of the digital computer has seen the rise of a new Engineering discipline: Information Engineering. Information Engineering is concerned with signals and sensors, and how these fit into engineering systems. The purpose of a sensor is to provide information about the state of a system and the outside world, and sensor signals are therefore crucial in enabling designs to be adaptable and flexible in a dynamic environment. Automatic *visual* sensing is attractive for a number of reasons, not least because it is the primary sense in humans. In an engineering system, visual data are typically acquired with a camera equipped with a charge-coupled device (CCD). Although the digital images provided by a CCD provide a wealth of information about the environment, extracting the information is not a trivial task, despite the deceptive ease with which it is achieved by the human visual system.

The principal difficulties are: (i) in the absence of additional constraints, the depth content of a scene is lost in the projection from three to two dimensions; (ii) like all others sensors, a CCD is prone to noise, and hence provides *uncertain* measurements; (iii) an image encodes the scene via highly redundant photometric (i.e. colour) information, but often it is the geometric scene information, available only indirectly from the pixel colour values, which is of greater interest. My research in the field of Computer Vision aims to develop algorithms that overcome these difficulties to obtain useful information about the scene content. Occasionally this development results in some surprising applications, apparently far removed from our understanding of everyday engineering.

Two spatially separate views provide a means to recover the geometry of a scene, and if the location and internal characteristics of two cameras are known, this reduces to a straightforward trigonometric problem. Doing so without knowing the location of the cameras *a priori* is a more challenging problem, but one with various applications. One unusual application is described below.

The 1966 World Cup Final between England and West Germany was the scene of arguably the most controversial goal in the competition's 73-year history. With the score level at 2-2 at the end of 90 minutes, the match entered extra time. As England attacked down the right flank, the ball was whipped in to striker Geoff Hurst. He turned and struck the ball which beat the German goalkeeper, cannoned off the cross-bar down to the ground, bounced out into play and was cleared by the German defence. After consulting with his linesman, the referee awarded a goal, and Hurst scored again in the dying seconds of the match to wrap it up 4-2 in England's favour. The controversy over England's third goal has raged ever since.

Consider Figure 1 below in which each camera can be thought of as a point light source, casting a shadow of a vertical ‘plumb-line’ through the ball, onto the ground. The intersection of these shadow lines on the ground is the vertical projection of the ball onto the ground. Thus by making measurements in each image – in particular the location of a vertical line through the ball – we can reconstruct an *overhead* view of the ball’s trajectory. Figure 2A shows this for Hurst’s strike. All of the measurements are subject to sensor noise, and are therefore uncertain. However, through careful consideration of the manner in which the uncertainty is transformed by the various geometric operations required to determine the overhead view, we obtain a quantitative assessment of confidence in the ball location estimates. Figure 1B shows a close-up of the crucial frames between the ball striking the crossbar and bouncing on the ground, the blue region representing a so-called 99% confidence interval.

The laws of the game state that the whole of the ball must cross the whole the line for a goal to be awarded. There is no point within the confidence region which can satisfy this requirement, so sadly we conclude that the goal was given erroneously. Happily (from an English perspective) this analysis has no impact on the result!

Although two or more views are certainly helpful, they are not essential for the recovery of depth information, as witnessed by the startling ability of humans to infer depth from a single image. Rules for constructing *perspective* images faithfully were formalised by the Florentine architect Filippo Brunelleschi (1377-1446) and refined by Leon Battista Alberti (1406-1472) in his treatise on perspective ‘De Pictura’ (1435). The key to understanding how to *invert* a perspective image lies in understanding the geometry of its projection. In particular, lines which are parallel in the three dimensional world appear in the image to intersect in a point, the so-called vanishing point, and the set of vanishing points for all families of lines parallel to the ground plane forms the horizon (see Figure 3). Qualitatively, this implies that (i) for a point on the ground, proximity to the horizon is related to distance from the viewpoint, and (ii) a point above the horizon is higher than the viewpoint, a point below is lower, and a point which lines up with the horizon is at exactly the same height. These qualitative relations are quantified by a formula known as the *cross-ratio*, enabling 3D measurements in a single 2D image.

Again, although this has various applications (not least in forensic analysis of security camera video), one interesting exercise is to make sufficient measurements to create a full 3D model of the scene. ‘La Trinita’ by Masaccio (1401-1428), a fresco in the Florentine church of Santa Maria Novella is generally considered to be the first example of a painting that rigorously followed Brunelleschi’s rules. The painter’s rigour means perspective inversion works particularly well, and Figure 4 shows a number of new, alternative views of the famous scene.

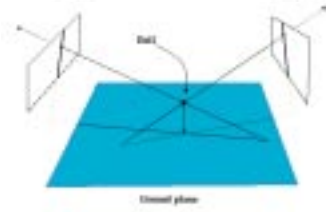


Figure 1A



Figure 1B

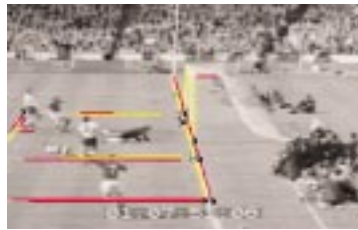


Figure 1C

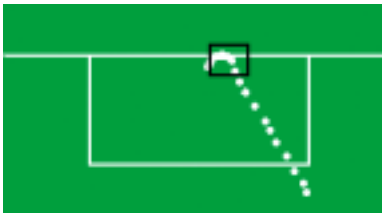


Figure 2A



Figure 2B

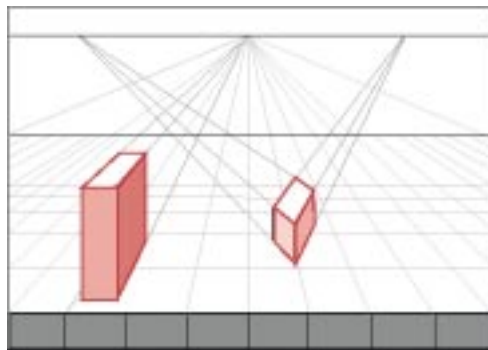


Figure 3



Figure 4

Ian Reid  
Fellow in Engineering

## *On Being an MP*

### *(1) Politicians and Voters*

When I was approached by the Conservative Party as a potential Member of Parliament, I really had little idea about what was involved. First, I had to shoe-horn myself out of a comfortable billet with the BBC Today programme and then apply myself wholeheartedly to the precarious business of becoming a candidate. I won't bore you with the details of getting through the Party's selection procedure or with the business of standing up in front of Conservative Associations and trying to persuade them that I was their man. It's enough to say that after a number of trials and tribulations I was adopted by the Newark and Retford Association in October 1999 with no prospect of a General Election for two or more years. The seat was then in the hands of the Labour Party but it had been a Tory seat for eighteen years before that and despite a Labour majority of 3,000, it looked winnable.

So it proved to be, but only after many months of pavement treading, flesh pressing, baby kissing and attending every single public meeting that I could. It was said that nothing was opened (not even an envelope) without my being there! Well, whatever the input it required, it did the trick and in June 2001 I was elected as Newark and Retford's MP with a majority of just over 4,000. I suppose one of the most important factors was my local connection. I took my oath to serve the constituency in the same spot where my father had been a theological student – namely Kelham Hall, just outside Newark, which is now the offices of the District Council.

After several weeks' intensive work on the election trail I then found myself in London, with a cheerful clerk handing me almost 400 unopened letters with the throw-away line, 'Here you are, mate, something to occupy you until lunch time!' With no office and no secretary this proved something of a challenge. Indeed, until about September I had no full secretarial cover and sleep was in exceedingly short supply. Having said that, my typing skills improved by leaps and bounds.

Once I got into my stride, however, I needed to make some pretty fundamental decisions about how I would run my life. First, where was my emphasis going to lie: in the constituency or at Westminster? Second, whose interests would I follow first – the Party's, my constituents' or the nation's? At what level of work would I try to get involved? Would I try to have a finger in every pie in the constituency as well as every interest group in Parliament? Should I try to be an up-gunned Councillor or would my priority lie on the national stage? Well, the answer to all these things, of course, was to strike a balance.

Such balance was easier to find when I came to terms with the fact that I was a good decade or so older than most of my colleagues elected in 2001. Secondly, I was no professional politician but I did have other experiences, which would help to give me a voice. I soon decided that an unquestioning acceptance of the Party and its diktats was unhelpful. First, I didn't see myself as a 'party animal' and secondly, I believe strongly that the electorate wants much more independence and analysis in its MPs. In my view confrontational politics at all costs is a thing of the past. Lord Derby once said that the duty of an opposition is to oppose everything and propose nothing. Well, wrong answer as far as I am concerned; the greatest challenge for anyone in my position is to provide principled rather than unthinking opposition.

The war in Iraq was an excellent example of this. Whilst I never saw the need to go to war with Iraq over the WMD issue I did see a need for swift military action if both the humanitarian issue and the links between Baghdad and international terrorism were to be dealt with. I firmly believed this to be in Britain's best interest. In other words, I was going to support the Government and support my own Party's line whilst following a wholly different stream of argument. Whether I was right or wrong is open to question but I was, at least, able to remind the House before we voted for war that we were committing our forces to kill or be killed. Those sentiments came from personal experience: unlike many of my colleagues, I had myself been to war.

I hope to be able to continue this line of reasoning. Certainly, the amount of time that I spend with constituents suggests to me that the subjects that really interest them are mainly local ones but also the larger moral issues. So in the market town of Newark I am likely to be hauled down when out shopping both on, for example, broken paving stones interfering with invalid carriages and on the death of Dr David Kelly. Campaigns such as 'Save the Pound' get, literally, no attention.

I hope that it has always been reasonably clear to me that what passes for a life and death matter in parliament is nothing but Westminster Village gossip. Ordinary voters are much more concerned to make themselves heard about matters that hit them in the pocket or about health care or their children's schools. On top of this, they also care about the big issues of where the nation is going and how it is perceived abroad. The everyday business of most politicians falls, I fear, on stoney constituency ground!

Patrick Mercer (1977)

## *On Being an MP*

### *(2) Beware of House Trained MPs*

When I was my Party's Chief Whip, and took part in the induction course for newly elected colleagues, my contribution always climaxed with a warning: 'if you ever become acclimatised to the way in which we operate here in the Commons, and conclude that it is normal, logical and business-like, then it is time you retired.'

After more than five years grappling with the modernisation of Parliament I have no persuasive reason to change that view. It is not so much the arcane language, or even the anachronistic flummery, that has distanced our representatives from those they represent. It is rather the irrelevance of the whole over-simplified confrontational basis on which Parliament still operates, when the nature of political discussion and decision-making in the real world outside has moved on.

Nothing demonstrates this absurd anomaly more starkly than the weekly session of Prime Minister's Questions. For half an hour there is a mock medieval jousting match, worthy of the mock Gothic palace in which it takes place, which bears little relation to the issues facing our nation in the twenty-first century. The exchanges generate far more heat than light, and are rightly viewed as far-fetched comic relief for late night TV in the USA. The now obsolete nineteenth-century party system, reinforced by the distortions of the first-past-the-post electoral system, produces a parliamentary dialogue of the deaf, ignorant and unrepresentative of modern Britain. And the electorate can see it for what it is.

The contrast between Select Committees and Standing (or Bill) Committees is instructive. Our modest reforms from the Modernisation Committee have given the former a new lease of life. Their success has been mixed, especially over the Iraq fallout, but there is no doubt that, overall, they have greatly improved the quality of scrutiny of Government. A casual observer would have difficulty identifying the party allegiance of individual Members, in most cases, and the collective ability to probe and pronounce with authority has been improving



steadily in recent years. The sight of a horseshoe-shaped arrangement of inquisitors working in concert to question the Chancellor, the Secretary to the Cabinet, or even the Prime Minister himself, implies a level of accountability that is never equalled in the Commons Chamber.

On the other hand, seating in the Standing Committees, theoretically scrutinising legislation, apes the confrontational choir stalls on which the Chamber is modelled. On the Government side, Labour backbenchers are there to be seen and not heard. Those with expertise or experience in the subject in hand are carefully excluded by the Whips. Apart from casting an occasional vote, those who attend fill the time with constituency correspondence. The Minister, backed by his or her civil servants, treats every suggestion for improvement from the opposition parties as an insulting or undermining reflection on the perfection of his/her brainchild. Meanwhile, opposition MPs play up to this role, with a mixture of forlorn attempts to influence the outcome interspersed with filibustering word games to keep their spirits up. Not surprisingly, the laws which emerge – if they survive examination in the Lords – are less than perfect. These ritual exchanges, in the Chamber and in Standing Committees, are all too often the sum total of what the electorate sees of Parliament. Try as we might to shift attention away to the more consensual work we do, the aggressively confrontational makes better material for TV and copy for the columnists.

Many MPs now recognise the extent of this problem. Few are prepared to go further, to diagnose the true causes and the appropriate remedies. The majority are too scared of the likely consequences for the old pattern of politics to which they owe their current careers to face up to the truth.

There has been much political heart-searching about the steady decline in turnout at elections. Mechanistic remedies – easier postal voting, ballot boxes in supermarkets, e-voting and the rest – have been piloted with mixed results. Foreign experience has been assessed, and dubious comparisons made. The fact is, however, that the true reasons are staring us in the face. At the 2001 General Election the *average* turnout was indeed dreadful by UK standards, but the *variations* were far more significant. In Winchester, where my Liberal Democrat colleague had a majority of just two votes previously in 1997, the turnout was in excess of 72%. Each elector knew that each vote was likely to be effective. In the same election, in the same country on the same day, the electors in Liverpool Riverside knew equally well that, in such a safe Labour seat, with the national outcome also a foregone conclusion, their vote was extremely unlikely to matter – the turnout there was just 34%. Only 18% of those entitled to vote in June 2001 actually influenced the outcome. The 41% who cast their vote ineffectually supported losing candidates or candidates who had a surplus in excess of that required to get elected. The other 41% stayed at home.

In such circumstance, is it any wonder that so many people feel that Parliament is irrelevant, and the House of Commons unrepresentative? However, I am an eternal optimist: it is an occupational hazard for a Liberal Democrat. It is just possible that the events of 2003 may have marked the low point. The increasing frequency of Commons divisions when outbreaks of independence have dented the Government's huge majority must offer encouragement to all who value our Parliamentary democracy. The Iraq debate itself in March not only clipped the wings of the so called 'Royal Prerogative' by which Prime Ministers have previously gone to war without reference to MPs' views and votes. It also saw 139 Labour backbenchers, led by the newly resigned Robin Cook, and 15 Conservatives, led by the formidable Ken Clarke, join all 53 Liberal Democrat MPs to take a principled stand against the inflated claims of an imminent threat from Saddam. The public saw Parliament reflecting the real concerns of the nation for once, despite the media clamour and No 10 spin doctors.

My tentative optimism may be misplaced. My experience in the Modernisation Committee, in the Lords Reform Committee and as Shadow Leader of the House should surely have taught me by now that we take one step forward and then agonise for months that we might take two steps back. In the end, however, we get the representation and the representatives we deserve. If the electorate demand a better quality of both, who is to say that they cannot succeed? Meanwhile I advise all readers of the *Register* to avoid MPs who are too House trained to be able to think and act independently.

Paul Tyler (1960)

## *An Extended Gap Year*

For most of us, I suspect, being interviewed for Oxford is an experience etched indelibly in the memory. When I arrived at Exeter for my own interview in December 1967, a nervous seventeen-year old, I fully expected a gruelling interrogation about the juvenile answers I had given in my entrance papers. In the event, almost the only question put to me by the courteous duo of Greig Barr and Eric Kemp was a gentle enquiry as to how I would spend my time if I took a year off before coming up. Gap years were by no means the norm in those days. But because I was applying pre-A-level (also unusual at the time), I had already decided to delay my arrival by a year if I was lucky enough to be awarded a place.

My answer to the question, all too inevitably, was that I would try to get a job to do with genealogy. Family trees had been my passion since boyhood, and this had taken active shape over the previous five years with regular visits to record repositories and occasional paid work. My

reply, for what little it was worth, evidently satisfied my interlocutors (who appeared positively venerable to my youthful eyes, although both of them are happily with us all these years later). Two days before Christmas a letter duly arrived from Rector Wheare offering me a Stapeldon Scholarship in Modern History – something I still think of as one of the most joyful moments of my life.

But it was not until the following summer, when A-levels were upon me, that I set about looking for gainful employment. An initial overture to *Burke's Peerage* very nearly resulted in a temporary editorial job with that august publication but the existing occupant of the post (one Hugh Montgomery-Massingberd) was enjoying the work so much that he decided not to take up a place at Cambridge that autumn.

I therefore offered my services to a number of other genealogical enterprises, and in August the then Somerset Herald (Rodney Dennys, former MI6 agent, brother-in-law of Graham Greene) whistled me up to the College of Arms for a rather different kind of interview. He made no promises but a further summons took place in September – and on 7 October 1968 I started work as research assistant to two of the heralds.

An early excitement occurred at the end of my first week there. Work had recently begun on the James Bond film, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, in the course of which Bond impersonates a herald. The director of the film, together with the actor playing Bond (George Lazenby) and the actor playing a real herald (George Baker), came for a meeting with York Herald in the room in which I worked. My views were later sought on the Latinisation of Bond's motto ('The world is not enough'), which was to accompany his coat of arms in the film. Heady stuff for a nerdish school leaver.

Over the following nine months I was also able to observe at close quarters the detailed preparations for the Prince of Wales's Investiture, due to take place at Caernarvon in June 1969. I even did a small amount of work on the invitations and seating plans. But most of my time was devoted to genealogical research. Only later did I get involved in heraldry and other aspects of College work. After spending part of the summer on a pre-Oxford continental jaunt, I continued to work at the College until two days before arriving at Exeter. Even then, I was not fully replaced – with the consequence that throughout my undergraduate years I periodically visited the College during term time and spent almost all my vacations there. But I was by no means certain that I wanted to make it my career, and when I left Oxford, it was to some extent laziness, combined with the lack of any obvious alternative, that led me to return there.

Six rather frustrating years followed, during which I continued to work at the College as a research assistant in the hope of being appointed a herald, but from the outset I had slightly itchy feet and I gave serious thought to an alternative career. In 1977 I had a stab at Civil Service entrance, during the course of which Rodney Dennys offered to put my

name forward for work in the Intelligence world (and even rang up one of his former colleagues to explore the possibility) but that didn't really appeal to me.

Earlier on, in 1973, I had enrolled as a member of Middle Temple and embarked on part-time law studies, and this was something that did enthuse me. In due course I took the requisite exams and in 1979 I was called to the Bar. But by then I had finally become a herald, and although I managed to fit in a full year's pupillage (most of it in Chancery chambers) I soon realised that it would be impractical to carry on two professions simultaneously. My legal training has none the less often proved to be of practical use in my heraldic work.

So, as it turned out, I remained at the College of Arms, and I have now clocked up a quarter of a century as one of its officers. When asked what I actually do as a herald, I usually produce the rough and ready reply: 'I design coats of arms, trace family trees and dress up as a playing card twice a year.' And that in a nutshell is how my days are spent. To explain this more fully, it might be helpful if I sketch in a little of the historical background.

Heralds have existed since medieval times. In fact, they pre-date heraldry, which only came into existence in the twelfth century. They were originally employed to make proclamations at tournaments and to act as masters of ceremonies at such events. The recognition and recording of coats of arms was a natural addition to these duties. Later still, they were employed as messengers and ambassadors, being attached both to noble and to royal households. From the early fifteenth century, the English heralds started to meet together formally, and in 1484 Richard III gave the royal heralds their first charter of incorporation, which included the grant of a house within the city of London. This was taken away from them after Bosworth by Henry VII, who gave it to his mother. Thereafter the heralds were without a corporate home for seventy years but they remained significant officials at court, went on meeting together and managed to maintain their heraldic records. The regulation of heraldry was by this time becoming their principal function.

In 1555 Queen Mary (and her husband Philip of Spain) granted the heralds a new charter and a new home, just south of St Paul's Cathedral – Derby Place, formerly the town house of the Stanleys, Earls of Derby. This became the College of Arms, which is the name given both to the building and to the corporate body of thirteen Officers of Arms established by the 1555 Charter. The original building was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, and the present College was built on the same site between 1671 and 1688. It is a handsome red-brick building, providing a vivid contrast to the modernity that surrounds it. Its proximity to the (no longer wobbly) Millennium Bridge means that thousands pass by every day.

The thirteen officers are known generically as heralds but properly speaking consist of three ranks – three Kings of Arms, six Heralds and

four Pursuivants. I was appointed Rouge Dragon Pursuivant in 1978 (probably the first Exonian herald since John Anstis, Garter King of Arms from 1715 to 1744, a Cornishman possessed of considerable learning and scholarship). Henry VII created the first Rouge Dragon on the eve of his coronation in 1485, and it is the only one of the thirteen offices of which the date of creation is known. This had the happy consequence that in 1985 I was able give a large party to celebrate Rouge Dragon's 500th birthday.

I moved up a grade in 1989 to my present position, Richmond Herald. In the fifteenth century this was the name given to those who served as heralds to the succession of noblemen who held the honour of Richmond (in Yorkshire). Henry VII had been Earl of Richmond prior to Bosworth, and his accession to the throne effectively converted Richmond into a royal herald. (Rebuilding the royal palace at Sheen in 1501, Henry re-named it Richmond – the present-day Richmond-upon-Thames.)

While I was a pursuivant, I was paid £13-95 a year by the Queen. As Richmond Herald, I receive the princely sum of £17-80. These salaries were last increased in James I's reign – and reduced to their present levels by William IV in the 1830s. But we derive some benefit from a 1549 charter of Edward VI, which confirmed the heralds' common-law right to exemption from taxation. To this day we are not obliged to pay income tax – although we do make a voluntary contribution of the equivalent to the Inland Revenue.

Heralds' salaries are very slightly supplemented by royal largess. This dates back well over 600 years (Chaucer describes heralds crying for largess), and for much of that time the heralds have been rewarded for a largely theoretical attendance on the Sovereign, which involves signing a book at St James's Palace on certain feast days (Christmas, New Year's Day, Twelfth Night, Easter, Whitsunday and All Saints Day). On most of these days a total of £5 is paid to those who attend, split between them in varying proportions according to heraldic rank. Not wishing to miss out on such an alluring bonus, I have on most Christmas Days for the last twenty-five years bicycled to St James's, signed the book and (for my pains) received a sum ranging from 55p to £5.

Our official stipends are not of course sufficient to keep body and soul together, and we derive our livelihoods from professional earnings. The heraldic profession is in fact an unusual combination of official position and private enterprise. What we perhaps most resemble is a set of barristers' chambers, each of us running his own practice in heraldry and genealogy whilst at the same time having a corporate responsibility for the fabric of the College building and its records and collections. Each officer below the rank of King of Arms takes a week in turn dealing with generally addressed enquiries, and this is the source of much of our business. When I first worked at the College, most of the enquiries

were made by letter or in person. Nowadays, the vast majority arise from telephone calls or from e-mails sent via the college website (which can be found on [www.college-of-arms.gov.uk](http://www.college-of-arms.gov.uk)). But the College still opens its doors to the public between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. Monday to Friday, and during those hours the officer on duty is available to deal with personal callers.

Most of our visitors are perfectly sensible, but every now and then someone appears who thinks he is the rightful King of England or St John the Divine or some other luminary. One of the most deranged enquirers to come my way was a young American who claimed that his father was the illegitimate son of the Duke of Windsor. He rambled on about the throne of England and buried treasure, but I gave him fairly short shrift and eventually asked him to leave, which put him in a notably bad humour. I later received a warning that he regarded me as an obstacle in his path and fully intended to 'rub me out', but I never saw him again and happily lived to tell the tale.

The work itself takes various forms. Every year, about 150 new coats of arms are designed, being formally granted by the Kings of Arms who act under royal authority. Most of the grants are made to individuals living in England, Wales and Northern Ireland (there is a separate heraldic establishment in Scotland) but arms are also granted to a wide range of corporate bodies (colleges, schools, hospitals, societies, professional associations, commercial companies and so on), to citizens of Commonwealth countries of which the Queen is Sovereign (except for Canada, which has its own authority) and on an honorary basis to Americans of British descent.

Not everyone is considered eligible for a grant. Some record of public service or professional attainment is normally required, but this is very broadly interpreted (and at the risk of sounding like a salesman I can safely say that almost all university graduates would be considered suitable). It should indeed be emphasised that heraldry is by no means the preserve of the titled and famous, although my own clients have included Harry Secombe, Cliff Richard, Elton John and (a particular pleasure) Dame Edna Everage.

The current cost of a grant of shield and crest is fully £3,275 (the grant fees providing the corporate income of the College of Arms) but the end result is a handsome illuminated document on vellum and, once granted, a coat of arms is borne in perpetuity by the grantee's descendants.

In addition to preparing the grant documents, the College's artists and scribes produce a variety of artwork – paintings for display, illuminated addresses, pedigree charts, and designs for flags, bookplates, signet rings and other artefacts. We also spend a good deal of our time carrying out searches in the College's records to see if particular families are already entitled to arms by descent, and we are often asked to identify coats of arms painted on portraits or engraved on silver.

Enquiries of the latter kind sometimes come from the police, faced with the task of discovering the source of a burglar's hoard. Two policemen called in once when I was enquiries officer, one of them starting the conversation with the words 'We're hoping for your assistance in connection with the Kentish Town double murder – you've probably read about it in the newspapers'. To which I replied smartly (knowing nothing whatever of the atrocity) 'Yes, of course, officer', because that's what people always say in films and it seemed churlish not to follow suit.

Genealogical research is another aspect of our professional work, some of our clients hoping to establish a right to arms by descent but many of them simply keen to learn about their family's past. Interest in genealogy has exploded since my early days – there are now thriving family history societies up and down the land, frequent genealogical conferences and family history fairs, countless books and magazines on the subject, and enormous quantities of ancestral information available on the Internet. Over and above the genealogical and heraldic business, we get a fair number of academic enquiries, because our holdings include medieval and other manuscripts of general historical interest. The college staff includes a full-time archivist and also a conservation department.

This account of a herald's functions may conjure up an image of leisurely days spent poring over ancient manuscripts and sketching out heraldic designs. But the truth is more prosaic because much of our time is spent on mundane chores – routine correspondence or administrative tasks relating to the running of the College. The thirteen Officers of Arms form the College's governing body (which is known as Chapter and meets on the first Thursday of every month). Several of us hold college offices, being nominally (and in some cases fully) responsible for specific tasks. I have myself been Treasurer of the College since 1995, with overall responsibility for its finances (though assisted in this by the College Bursar).

Outside the College I give occasional lectures on heraldry and related subjects. Involvement in genealogical bodies has generated a number of extra-mural commitments. For nearly twenty years, as Treasurer of the English Genealogical Congress, I helped organise conferences that were held more or less triennially on various university campuses. And since 1979 I have been Secretary of the British Record Society, which has been publishing indexes to probate records for over a century and is now producing editions of seventeenth-century Hearth Tax assessments as well – historical records that are of considerable use to economic and social historians as well as to genealogists.

Another office I hold is that of Earl Marshal's Secretary, the main purpose of which is to draw up an authorising document for signature by the Earl Marshal in the case of every application for a grant of arms. I should perhaps have explained sooner that the Earl Marshal (an office

held hereditarily by the Dukes of Norfolk) plays an important part in the College's life, supervising its activities on behalf of the Sovereign, nominating individuals for appointment as officers of arms, and organising major state ceremonies. Since 1988, I have assisted the Earl Marshal with the preparations for the State Opening of Parliament, working closely with the Lord Chamberlain's Office at Buckingham Palace and Black Rod at the House of Lords and liaising with various government ministers. This year, because of a colleague's illness, I also found myself organising the Garter Service at Windsor – the annual ceremony at which the Queen and the Knights of the Garter (preceded by the heralds) process down the hill from the Castle to St George's Chapel. Two other Exonians currently take part in this – David Conner, Dean of Windsor, and my colleague Robert Noel, Lancaster Herald.

These are the two regular occasions on which we don our distinctive uniform – a red tunic embroidered with gold, knee breeches, tights, buckled shoes, a sword, a badge of office, on top of all this a tabard (a sleeveless coat displaying the royal arms), a wand in our hands and (for outdoor processions) a Tudor bonnet on our heads. The complete rig-out is quite a spectacle.

There are also a number of one-off events that heralds attend in full fig – most notably state funerals and coronations. If the Queen's reign stretches beyond 2020, I shall have retired before anything of that magnitude next occurs. However, during the Golden Jubilee celebrations last year, we had the memorable task of leading the Queen's procession down the nave of St Paul's Cathedral to the strains of 'I Was Glad', the glorious Coronation anthem composed a hundred years ago by Sir Hubert Parry (another Exeter man).

The net effect of all this is that what started as a gap year has now lasted thirty-five years. Because I fell into the heraldic business so young, it has never seemed like a real career, and it is a slight mystery to me that I am still there. Even now, from time to time, I find myself wondering what I'm really going to do with my life. I fondly imagine that I'll have a midlife crisis, jettison my tabard and – who knows – take up carpentry or some other worthwhile pursuit. But it is altogether more likely that I shall stick it out until I'm 70 and end my working days as a King of Arms. A curious occupation, I readily admit, but there are probably worse ways of spending a life.

Patric Dickinson (1969)



## *The Darkness Beckons*

Yesterday I was thrown out of my house, I'm not going to see my girlfriend for the next month, my overdraft hangs precariously near its limit, I have seen my parents just once in three months, my friends at home think I'm dead and I'm due to spend much of the next eight weeks in a damp dark hole. And I just don't care (sorry darling). Why? Because I'm on the verge of eight exhilarating weeks of caving in Spain's Picos de Europa.

Caving suffers from a lot of misunderstanding and misapprehension. This ranges from the amusing Freshers' Fair questions such as 'So do you actually go into the caves then?' and 'Will I get my feet wet?' to the apparently obligatory inquiries of non-cavers about darkness, claustrophobia, water, diving and accidents. After a couple of caving trips these questions generally seem rather odd; claustrophobia either doesn't occur or is dealt with, water is part and parcel of caving (most caves being formed by water and effectively being natural drains), diving is left to nutters (they prefer 'cave divers'), and accidents are a risk but are not common (the University Rugby and American Football squads both have greater incidences of sporting injury than the Cave Club). However, many people still regard caving as being tantamount to suicide, surpassed in stupidity only by cave diving. This results partly from the obvious problems facing would-be rescuers of an injured party and partly from ambiguity about what caving actually involves.

As a sport caving is most easily described as canyoning (following a stream along the stream-bed under, over and around all obstacles) with mud and tight bits. There are pitches which must be descended with ropes or ladders, squeezes which must be wriggled through, wet passages which must be crawled through, and stream-ways which must be followed. The composite experience of these many challenges makes up caving. Some people might see caving as pointless, for eventually an impassable obstacle is reached or a sump (section of flooded passage) blocks the way. However, all mountains end with a summit, and all dives must eventually reach a bottom. Yet for cavers the 'end' is something else, a new beginning, a new challenge, a new obstacle to be passed with the promise of further discovery beyond. Sumps can be dived or bypassed by old passages at a higher level (if they exist), impassable rifts and squeezes can be hammered, and boulder-choked passages and potholes can be dug open. It is this desire for discovery, this continually pushing of limits, of exploration, of hardship, of bravery and ability, which drives caving forward. There is no obvious summit, there is no apparent floor, only rolling vistas of the unknown to be discovered and explored.

Even so, to the layman it might appear that the discovery is empty; that it is simply more cave. Certainly 'new' passages discovered by cavers would exist even if they were not explored, and their exploration

means little to those outside the caving community. Like ascents of new mountains or a dive to greater depth, the big question still remains 'What is the point?' As for all other sportsmen the motivation for cavers is a desire for challenge, the achievement of an objective and the triumph over an obstacle. The nature of the challenge is individual to caving and individual to each cave, just as the challenge of a every football match is unique, or the challenge of each new route up a crag. A simple observation, but one which is often lost to people posing questions about caving, not realising that each question they ask is a question the caver asks of themselves every time they undertake a trip. The satisfaction and joy are in answering these questions and in doing so making further discoveries. Thus the pinnacle of each trip is different: perhaps it is reaching the bottom of a difficult cave, the reaching or discovery of beautiful formations, or the satisfaction of making a new connection between caves, thus enlarging a known system and increasing speleological and hydrological understanding of an area.

It is with these aims that Oxford University Cave Club (OUCC) will travel to Spain this summer, the same aims that have motivated its expeditions for the past forty plus years. All the sport caving of the previous terms and year is enjoyable, but it is in many ways a mere precursor to the great exploration of the summer. Over the years OUCC has made significant contributions to the understanding of the north-western karst (limestone massif) of the Picos de Europa. For several years in the 1980s the OUCC explored Pozu de Xitu, one of the deepest caves in the world, before explorations of non-European and North American karst became more widespread. For the past twenty years OUCC has been comprehensively mapping cave entrances and exploring caves in the Picos, taking up projects ignored or missed by Spanish cavers and exploring various parts of a huge cave system which carries water deep under the mountains and out of the Culiembro resurgence cave. Culiembro is one vertical kilometre below the current OUCC campsite at Vega del Ario, and this year will be explored further by a strong international team of cave divers lead by Britain's Tony Seddon. This year's OUCC expedition is exploring Pozu Julagua, a 721 metre deep cave which looks set to connect into Asoplederu La Texa at minus 850 metres below the original entrance.

This expedition is of particular significance to me because I am its leader. Eighteen short months after I stopped at a drab table during Freshers' Fair and had a brief chat with a pretty girl in a shapeless grey pullover I have somehow ended up with organisational responsibility for an expedition intent on discovering a one kilometre deep cave system. It has proved rather more difficult than the 'Fill in some grant applications, do bit of fettling and delegate all the important stuff to the Gear Officer, Medical Officer and Treasurer' sales pitch given to me by last year's leader. There has been confusion aplenty and on the eve of departure I still seem to have a lot of stuff to do . . . but then the eupho-

ria washes over me again. I realise that after nine months' work the expedition is finally on the brink of departing and is ready to push for the goal, the deep connection, the new system and the new passage that lurk beyond the current limit of exploration. I may only be an organiser, but the sense personal of responsibility for success or failure is palpable. Will the team work? Have I done everything right? What will happen? These are the questions which will dog me until the last caver is out of Pozu Julagua, and the Land Rover and trailer safely back in Blighty. Nevertheless, I wouldn't swap my position for anything in the world.

I can only hope that the above satisfies the curiosity of the reader. I have tried to provide an insight into the motivations of cavers and the activities of OUCC. Whilst I have skimmed on the underground experiences and apocryphal anecdotes of cave club history this is only because of constraints on space and a personal desire to address some of the more fundamental questions posed to cavers, rather than risk reinforcing the stereotype of 'idiots who jump down holes in the ground'. There is no description of the sensations of hanging on a rope twenty metres from anything in any direction, of desperate squeezes or beautiful chambers. Amazingly, there is hardly any mention of mud. If anyone wishes to learn more about caving, the success of the expedition or, God forbid, actually wants to go caving please contact me at david.legg@herald.ox.ac.uk.

David Legg (2001)

## *Some Exeter Ghosts (2)*

In my freshman year, 1965-6, I had an attic room on Staircase 6, probably that inhabited by Thomas Wood half a century before (see last year's *Register*). And, though I did not see the same ghost, I certainly heard it.

It was one o'clock at night and I was busy doing eleventh-hour swotting for my English prelims. Few lights still burned in the quad, and there was only the sound of the gas fire, as I pored over my Anglo-Saxon, with fingers jammed in glossaries and notes. Suddenly I looked up, aware of a sound on the wooden stairs.

Unmistakably, a slow heavy tread came creakily up the uncarpeted winding stairway. The staircase lights had been turned off at midnight, and I could see no telltale gleam under the door, had not heard the click of the switch; yet someone was climbing with assured steps, not easy to do in the narrow pitchdark spiral: someone who evidently knew those stairs uncommonly well.

A friend at this hour? And wearing such heavy old boots? I listened perplexed as the footsteps negotiated the last few stairs and came across the bare boards of the landing to my door. And stopped. Silence.

I waited tensely, clutching my pen, for a knock, a voice. Nothing happened. After a minute or so I called out: 'Who's there?' No reply. I rose from my chair and watched the door uneasily. There was no sound of anyone breathing, of anyone clumping back down the stairs. Impossible to have gone back down without my hearing.

After perhaps five minutes I summoned the courage to throw open the door. There was nobody there, just the impenetrable darkness of the staircase. I switched on the lights and started down the flight and even as I did so the noise I made convinced me I should have heard anyone going back down: at night you could hear a person from top to bottom.

Two years later I picked up a copy of Wood's autobiography in the Oxfam shop in Broad Street, and all was explained.

Graham Chainey (1965)

### *Is that an Exeter College tie you're wearing?*

Although I was only a post-graduate student during my time at Exeter, I was enormously proud to be accepted, as I had been, four years earlier, the first in our family to go to any university – Birmingham in my case, to study Hons. Music. It was all made possible by grants from a grateful Government, grateful for some 2,000 performances of Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody to troops of various nationalities all over Europe during the war, which may well have saved my life.

When war broke out in September 1939 I was found to have a heart murmur, downgraded medically, and banished to await posting to the Pioneer Corps, digging latrines. You had to be Category A1 Fit before being sent abroad to be killed. The Army held talent competitions to form Entertainment Units. I entered, playing the Liszt Rhapsody I had committed to memory earlier in the year. Success was measured by the length of applause. I won by a mile, helped by many chums in the audience. I was in.

But I was out! My chums were all going abroad without me.

Evidently the Welfare Officer – judge of the contest – bought the Medical Officer a few drinks in the Mess that night, because next morning I was recalled, re-examined, and by a miracle the murmur had disappeared.

Despite the post-war grants, I was so poor whilst at Exeter that I ate more often at the British Restaurant near Magdalen Bridge than in College, and had to think carefully before splashing out on a half pint. By odd coincidences I then went, not into teaching, but into orchestral management, finally ending up at the BBC in London. In 1965 they sent me to America to do a John the Baptist, weeks before the first-ever tour there by the BBC Symphony Orchestra; trying through the media to interest American audiences in soloists at that time unknown to them,

like cellist Jacqueline Du Pré. They didn't believe me; they believed it after they heard her!

The BBC's New York Office arranged all my contacts, among them the Press Attaché at the British Embassy in Washington. I sat patiently in his outer office for quite a long time. When finally admitted to the presence I sensed a total lack of interest; I was evidently very small beer.

Suddenly the Great Man leaned across his desk towards me. 'Is that an Exeter College tie you're wearing?' Very soon he was ringing his wife; could she cope with an extra place at dinner? 'Curry OK?' he asked me; and what was I doing this evening? His Secretary brought in newspapers. 'Sophia Loren's latest film in the Black Quarter, OK?' He finally drove me back to my hotel, well fed, watered and entertained.

I have never lived this down with my family. 'Is that an Exeter College tie you're wearing, Dad?' 'Yes, it is; AND the blazer badge. I'm very proud of them both. Nuts to you.'

I bought for £1 the early print of Exeter dining hall, where I once played the tricky timpani part in Bliss's Cantata 'Lie Strewn the White Flocks', which was being sold to raise funds for the College. By chance it shows a bench partly pulled out, near to the fireplace on the right. On that very bench I first learned to appreciate veined cheese.

My mother kept my father's preferred Gorgonzola chained up in a box in the pantry. She told me it was full of maggots and smelled horrible. She and I ate only Cheddar. I was on my very best behaviour at the first dinner in Hall, watching carefully what other chaps did. The waiter offered prunes, which I hate, or cheese. All along the table I could hear men saying 'Ah, Blue, please.' I had no idea what this meant, but wishing to conform, and to hide my ignorance, I also said 'Ah, Blue, please.'

I was horrified to find a plate of cheese full of veins and maggots put in front of me, with biscuits and celery. But unable to lose face, I muttered a prayer for salvation, and ate. And realised what I had been missing all my life. Thank you, Exeter.

My younger son Jeremy easily outdid his father by going to three universities. At St Cat's he took a First in Biology; then went to Edinburgh to study Medicine; and finally to Trinity College, Cambridge, to do brain research leading to a Ph.D. At his Oxford degree ceremony I found myself high up in the Sheldonian; the old gods looking down on the young gods, it seemed at the time. We sat behind composer Robert Saxton, due to receive an Hon. D. Mus., and his companion, the singer Teresa Cahill. 'Look!' said Robert Saxton proudly to us, showing it off, 'I have been loaned Egon Wellesz's gown! This is his very gown I'm wearing!' That took me back.

Whilst at Exeter I was half of a percussion section – Leo Black was the better half – in the first, and no doubt last, performances of a simply abominable opera by Wellesz called 'Incognita', conducted by Sir Jack

Westrup. Leo and I passed the time playing ‘Spot the Composer’, as the all-too-obvious pastiche unfolded. ‘Wagner!’ ‘Debussy!’ ‘Richard Strauss!’ ‘Puccini!’ ‘Verdi!’ What a terrible mish-mash it was. Wellesz is now on tour with Tommy Beecham, ‘Incognita’ consigned to oblivion; but somewhere, probably in Holywell, his gown lives on.

Thank you Exeter; not only did you reveal the delights of blue cheese to me, you changed my life.

Barrie Hall (1951)

## *Kingsley Ogilvie Fairbridge at Exeter College, 1908-10*

Kingsley O. Fairbridge was born in 1885 to a South African family resident in the province since 1824. His great-grandfather, James William Fairbridge, MD freshly acquired at the University of Aberdeen, had ministered to the medical needs of the small British colony in Cape Town, and James’s son Charles was one of the founders of the South African Public Library. Other members of the family were writers, historians, newspaper people, members of parliament, and so on. Kingsley’s father Rhys (1861-1946) was always on to a new diamond or gold prospect, but, alas, some scoundrel always diddled him out of his share, or so he said.

In 1891 the family took ship up the coast to Beira in ‘Portugese East’ (now Mozambique), and then travelled by ox-wagon on a somewhat hair-raising trek up into the mountains of what was then called Mashonaland. The scenery was fabulous. The air was clear and the nights were cool. The native population was sparse and there was room for all. Rhys selected a hill-top in Umtali and there built a house which he called ‘Utopia’, basic and with a clay floor, but still preserved as part of the pioneers’ museum. This was where Kingsley grew up. It was also the end of his formal schooling, a rather modest start for someone who was later to have dreams of a Rhodes Scholarship, Oxford and Exeter College.

Rhys was hired by Cecil Rhodes to assist in the surveys for the boundary between his ‘British South Africa Company’ territory – later to become Rhodesia and later still Zimbabwe – and Portuguese East Africa. Young Kingsley went along and was soon competent to climb hills by himself, with some stalwart Mashone tribesmen, in order to build stone cairns for survey triangulation. Then Rhys would come along and measure the angles with his theodolite, and in the evenings Kingsley would help out with the trigonometry. Practice makes perfect, and for Kingsley later at Oxford mathematics presented no problems. Even earlier, our hero was hired by a bank in the newly expanding

colony and had become practised in accurate arithmetic. But being a bank clerk did not constitute the zenith of Kingsley's ambitions, and at seventeen he decided to see the world.

With one ticket and no passport, in those glorious days you could circle the world. Reaching England, Kingsley went to see his maternal grandmother at East Grinstead in Kent and spent time exploring London. But this was where utopia came to an end. There was clearly an appalling contrast between rich and poor. In Africa, the native peoples were his friends. They were healthy, their villages were neat and clean, and Kingsley spoke their languages and even translated their folk stories into English. In Umtali the white people whom he knew were neither wealthy nor destitute. Now in England, and especially in London, the contrast was overwhelming. It was a traumatic culture shock, particularly to see the crowds of poor children, 'waifs and strays' for whom there was no legislative safety-net. The waste of human lives, he felt, was the tragedy of the age.

In Africa, on one of his survey expeditions, he had experienced an earlier traumatic shock. An intertribal war had ravaged the region he had to traverse. Villages were burned to the ground, the people and animals slaughtered, every man, woman and child, even the dogs. Kingsley's supplies ran out. He and his 'boys' were literally starving. Viewing the otherwise beautiful landscape, Kingsley hallucinated. He saw this land of milk and honey populated by prosperous farmers. This was his 'Vision Splendid'. Through later years it stayed with him, to become a lifelong dedication.

Then we find him in the slums of London and other British cities, with their teeming hordes of children and unemployed people. Elderly people get set in their ways, but young ones are malleable. Why not shift them to the world's empty wastelands and train them to become farmers? He wrote:

I saw great colleges of agriculture springing up in every man-hungry corner of the Empire. I saw children shedding the bondage of bitter circumstance, and stretching their legs and minds amid the thousand interests of the farm . . .

Ways and means? Britain possessed wealthy landowners in abundance. But how to reach their ears? And perhaps quite possibly touch their hearts? Cecil Rhodes had just died, and someone suggested that Kingsley should see his trustees. Oxford University could provide that introduction.

But there was a small catch. Kingsley had no secondary schooling at all. Even his primary education had been patchy, to say the least. The Rhodes Trustees nevertheless recognised that here they had someone with quite special qualifications.

So they said: 'Pass the Oxford admission requirements and the scholarship is yours'. To do this, he first needed a tutor, and even before that

some funds to hire one, plus some survival resources. Returning to Umtali, he took a job and meanwhile learned the social accomplishments that had been neglected while he was out on the veld: important things like cricket and tennis. Hunting was a 'given', but that he hardly needed to acquire. A dead shot with his old Mauser, he never killed for sport, only for the pot, and he never destroyed a lion or an elephant.

On his endless treks across the veld, Kingsley had usually taken with him one or two of the classics and had experimented with poetry. To his surprise, the local newspaper published his poems at a guinea apiece, and they were later published by the OUP under the title *Veld Verse* in 1909. In this and other ways the funds were eventually saved and the day came to say 'Goodbye'. Rhys seemed to realise that it would probably be forever. Kingsley had explored the idea of farm schools with wiser heads and there was general agreement that Africa was probably too well populated already and that the British dominions, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, had the greatest need for new settlers. This was a great disappointment for him, because he really loved the land and people of Africa and thought he could do something practical for them. Modern British readers may need to be reminded that a hundred years ago the idea of empire was a high calling and has suffered a catastrophic decline only since the Second World War. The writer of these lines, Kingsley's elder son, was named 'Rhodes' in honour of the founder of Rhodesia and trained in geology to work in petroleum exploration. After a spell in the air force during the war, he eventually became a professor at Columbia University in New York and established a country home on Long Island, in a village that was settled by English colonists three and a half centuries ago. Here the concept of being a colonial is treated with deep-seated respect.

So it was when Kingsley arrived in England, again, as a colonial lad from Africa: 'colonialism' was not a dirty word. His background created a polite interest which soon led to lasting friendships. Some snobbery was to be expected, but was eventually overcome. The prospect of 'Smalls', the preliminary examination for Oxford entrance, was a more difficult problem. It demanded a fantastic dedication, a patient tutor, Mr Penny, and endless exercises in Latin and Greek. In his autobiography Kingsley compared the state of his brain to that of 'a cat with a brick tied to her neck'. Like most people in Africa, he had contracted malaria and much else. Before the examination disaster struck, and after recovering he had to start all over again . . . and again. Altogether, it took him two years to pass, but eventually, joy of joys, he did so, and found himself at Exeter College, allotted to a staircase just next to the chapel entrance. Thirty years later, the same staircase provided a temporary home for the present writer.

At Oxford, Kingsley took up forestry. 'I had not known anything so human could be studied at the University.' Apart from studying – and he told me before he died that he always regretted his lack of a classical



education – one had to ‘do’ something. Team sports were out of the question because you got lost in the crowd. His friend Dicky Spread said ‘How about boxing?’ That was an individual sport and this seemed like a brilliant suggestion. He took it up, trained hard and eventually got to represent Oxford against Cambridge. And need we say? Lost heroically.

Nevertheless, in Kingsley’s words, ‘The Oxford life, to anyone who truly lives it, leaves no room for regrets’. A member of several wine clubs and debating societies, he ran with the Exeter beagles, played for the College at rugby and tennis, and became a lance-corporal in King Edward’s Horse. But not all was sport or study. Caught out late enjoying himself by the ever alert proctors, he was repeatedly hauled up and fined. The rates were rising progressively and a kindly don pointed out that he ought to exercise his imagination to find some reasonably acceptable excuse. Alas, as in the probably apocryphal tale of George Washington and the cherry tree, he could not tell a lie. So it came about that the present writer found himself some decades later in the same predicament, and the same don recounted this tale of Kingsley, who thanked that gentleman for his advice with the remark: ‘Unfortunately, sir, I did not have the benefit of an English public school education’.

At his grandmother’s home in East Grinstead Kingsley had met the charming daughter of a neighbour, Ruby Whitmore, and when he proposed to her she said ‘Yes’. Later she wrote: ‘I then realised that I would follow him to the ends of the earth’. Little did she know that she would have to, from the gentle countryside of Kent to the harsh landscapes of the distant colonies. In 1911 they were married, although the Rhodes people in those days did not look kindly on marital bliss. Ruby was to become the co-founder of Kingsley’s ‘Vision Splendid’ and helped every inch of the way. Kingsley began a nearly endless campaign of letter writing, much of it in his highly legible hand, the more formal letters on Ruby’s typewriter. The letters went to all and sundry who could conceivably help the scheme.

The scheme itself was outlined to the Colonial Club at Oxford on 19 October 1909. It led to the foundation of the Child Emigration Society, later to become the Fairbridge Society, and in the last decade or so simply ‘Fairbridge’, a registered non-profit organisation. At the conclusion of Kingsley’s talk to the Colonial Club it was resolved and passed unanimously by all members present that they should forthwith form themselves into a ‘Society for the Furtherance of Child Emigration to the Colonies’. The resolution was signed by all, with their home countries and colleges. Most were from Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. One, L P Walsh, was listed as ‘Rhodesia and Exeter College’. Later on, subscriptions were called for and there was much generosity, but in tiny sums, so that the first beginnings were on a rather ‘church mouse’ basis.

Some twenty years or so later the writer was on a trip to Oxford with one of Kingsley's old friends from Exeter, Gerald Kearley (later to become Viscount Devonport). Gerald insisted on a mysterious visit to a stationery shop, where he purchased a stick of blue chalk. About ten yards from the gate of Exeter, in the middle of the Turl, he stopped and marked a large 'X' on the paving, with the explanation: 'This marks the spot where the first subscription was paid to your father for the Child Emigration Society'. Gerald later became godfather to my elder sister Barbara and paid for her education. Other kind folk helped out, so that all four of us enjoyed university experience.

To begin with there was much discussion about where the first farm school was to be set up. In the end this was decided by a chance meeting with the London Agent-General for Western Australia, who promised a grant of several thousand acres of prime land near the south coast which enjoyed plentiful rains. Kingsley, untutored in the glib promises of political appointees, readily accepted the offer and in 1911 set sail with his new wife Ruby for Albany in Western Australia. He had not, we must assume, read *The Voyage of the Beagle*, by Charles Darwin, who had visited the spot some eighty years earlier. Little had changed in the meantime, apart from the small town of Albany that provided basic port facilities. 'Prime land' turned out to be remote, devoid of roads or of any other facilities, and heavily forested – where Kingsley had been given to expect at least some sort of farm on cleared land. A quick change of plan was called for, and Kingsley set out for Perth, today an impressive city in a delightful setting, but then little more than a large and scruffy country town in a 'Cinderella' state. There Kingsley managed to purchase, with his quickly diminishing capital, a small bankrupt dairy farm, which was quickly prepared to accommodate (in tents) the first contingent of boys to begin the great experiment. The rest of the tale is told in my mother's book *Pinjarra: The Building of a Farm School* (1937). After the first farm in Western Australia, others followed in Tasmania and New South Wales, and in Canada (Vancouver Island), Rhodesia and elsewhere.

And what of the former children who passed through the farm schools? Some died in the two world wars. Some got fed up and returned to England. But most – thousands in fact – stayed on, and we hear about them from 'Old Fairbridgians' Associations' (the writer is an honorary chairman of several). Their stories would fill volumes, but one in particular, by John Lane (an OF now in his seventies) in Western Australia has just been presented as a TV documentary.

After the Second War came revolutionary legislation in the UK to protect children, and one thing, alas, became inevitable. All organised child migration came to an end and the farm schools became a footnote in history. The original farm school in Western Australia did not, like an old soldier, 'just fade away'. Happily to report, a vigorous local committee turned it into a tourist site, a home-away-from-home for Old

Fairbridgians, and Kingsley's old house has been declared a historic landmark. The parent body in London found itself in an equivocal position, oddly enough with rather generous funds, from wills, bequests and investments. So it reconstituted itself and dedicated itself to Kingsley's original intention, the welfare of young people, but those a little older than the children now protected by legislation, and geographically limited to the trouble spots of Britain. Times change, and by now the once struggling colonies are on their own feet and their Old Fairbridgians are often astonishingly well-to-do.

Kingsley did not live to see all this. As with many young men in Africa, he had contracted malaria (and a particularly virulent strain at that) and suffered from sunstroke, sciatica and much else. In 1923 and 1924 he was progressively weakening, and soon after his thirty-ninth birthday he was dead. But his had indeed been a splendid vision and Exeter College had seen its flowering.

Rhodes Fairbridge (1936)

## *The All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club and the Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon*

When I foolishly agreed, many months ago, to write about Wimbledon, and the famous tennis tournament played on the lawns of the All England Club, it seemed easy enough, and a long way off. Now, however, that the 2003 edition of the tournament has been printed, and the editor's deadline is rapidly approaching, it is less easy.

The simple recitation of facts makes easy copy: everyone knows that this is a big annual event, but very few people have the opportunity to grasp the full scale of it. We regularly have the experience of 'experts' coming in with experience of other major sports, who assume that we are a cosy, gentlemanly, or even lady-like event, where they can relax for a couple of weeks' easy duty, who leave us two weeks later exhausted, but, we hope, exhilarated by their experience.

In fact, we are not that big an event, if you take a slice and compare us to others. For example, our maximum public attendance at any one time is 35,000 – scarcely half the size of a big event in a single stadium like Twickenham or Cardiff. But then, those venues usually host events which are over in a small part of a day, whereas Wimbledon is open to its public for two weeks in a row, from 10.30 a.m. till as late as 10 p.m., on a fine night, and to its staff, its media, and its contractors, is in operation for virtually 24 hours a day – and none of those events require such an army of non-spectators – over 200 ballboys and girls, over 250

drivers for the competitors' courtesy car service, over 350 referees, umpires and linesmen, nearly 500 seating stewards (volunteers from the armed services and the London Fire Brigade), 600 staff plus involved in looking after the courts, the grounds and the buildings, 1500 staff working for the caterers – much the biggest single operation in the grounds! – and then there are the 600 or more competitors, with their coaches and trainers and guests, the 2 or 3,000 media staff, and all the hundreds of VIP visitors from the tennis world – presidents of foreign tennis association, directors of other tournaments, player agents – the list is endless, and if we did not practise with care the use of the word 'no', there would be little room left for the public.

But I thought that I would not spend too much time filling the page with details of this kind, nor with the miles of cables for television, the millions of pages read on the Internet, the tens of tons of strawberries eaten (at a very competitive price compared to that at other major events, I promise you, in spite of your possible disbelief!), the bottles of champagne pouring in and out like the ebb and flow of the sea. Instead, I thought I might point out some of the parallels between our ancient and much-loved College, the curious country we live in, and the quintessentially English event of Wimbledon – and 'English' is, I think, the right adjective, rather than British – as its proper name suggests.

Exeter College is, of course, many times older than the All England Club, but the Club does have much of the colouring and feel of an old Oxford college – almost a parallel world, like Jordans, in Philip Pullman's marvellous story. As soon as you drive along Church or Somerset Road, and approach the wrought iron gates, where the closest there is to a name is the letters 'AELTC', you are somewhere rather special, a little private; not completely apart from the world outside, the normal world, not like a closed order, but nevertheless somewhere with an atmosphere remarkably like Exeter's, very quiet when empty, almost monastic, but often full of noise and activity, of highly motivated people striving to do something as well as they can, or even, if they are that good, as well as it can be done by anyone of our era, and while playing tennis on grass may not seem as serious a study as some of the rather more recondite scholarly work which goes on in an Oxford college, it is nevertheless not to be sneered at, representing as it does the peak of mental and physical discipline, involving and testing every part of oneself as a human being, body, brain and spirit.

What a shame it is that the English academic world is, broadly speaking, so negative about sport! How incomprehensible to anyone with a classical education! How differently the American tradition of pride in their universities' sports teams enhances the lives of their great colleges, and thus their nation itself. Strange, considering how good the colleges' facilities are – or were – so there must have been a time when a more generous idea of education and its meaning prevailed.

But, to come down from my pulpit, and return to my theme: the governance of the Club and the Championships is unusual, in this day and age, and yet is typically British, full of compromises and resonances of the way this country operates. The Club is a private members' club, like thousands of other British sports clubs. It just happens to run a viable, successful tennis tournament, year after year. It started running a tournament, in order to raise money, in 1877, and has run one every year since, except during the two World Wars. 2003 was the 117th edition. The Championships are organised by an honorary committee of volunteers, composed of the twelve members of the Club Committee, and seven delegates from the LTA (Lawn Tennis Association) – which the Club was instrumental in founding, in order that lawn tennis should be played by the same rules everywhere in these islands. The Club and the LTA jointly own the grounds of the Club, through a body known for short as the Ground Company. It is the Ground Company which raises capital by the sale of debentures for the improvements to our grounds which would otherwise prove more than a little difficult to finance – the income from the public would go only a little way towards financing the costs of staging this event, without taking into account capital expenditure on major building projects. All the profit (which we call the 'surplus') from the Championships goes to the LTA to promote tennis in Britain.

The balance of power is delicately structured. The Committee is elected from among the Club's members, by its members; the Club Chairman is then elected, annually, by the Committee. The Chairman of the Club is automatically also the Chairman of the Committee of Management of the Championships, where the Club Committee outnumber the LTA representatives 12 to 7. The Chairman also chairs the Ground Company, but here the numbers are equally balanced, 3 and 3. Furthermore, if the LTA representatives feel that they are being steam-rolled by weight of numbers in the Committee of Management, they can call a meeting of the Joint Finance Committee, where they hold the chair, and outnumber the Club 2 to 1. It is, therefore, not in the interests of the Club to bring matters to that pass.

Fortunately, in the many years that I have had the pleasure of working here, there has been no schism, although inevitably, when nineteen capable people meet there are disagreements. Luckily, there is never any argument over their aims: to maintain the Championships as the premier tournament in the world – and on grass, and to foster the best interests of tennis both nationally and internationally.

Richard Grier (1967)

## *Excellence for All*

Amongst the schoolmasters I know there is now more than the occasional trace of resignation, even depression. It is the product of many things: the sea of DfES literature drowning school managers in deathless Stakhanovite prose; an air of constant change and experiment, invariably poorly prepared; a pervading sense of being run by amateurs; a climate in which assessment is valued above all else; and in the independent sector, overwhelmingly, the lamentable quality of many public examinations.

All the above reflect the politicisation of education. Latterly we have had a government for which novelty is a merit in itself, and an appearance of coolness and modernity a desirable consequence; a Prime Minister who, straightfaced, espouses that oxymoron, ‘excellence for all’, wants 50% of children to go to university and seeks to patronise technical skills by equating the vocational with the academic; and a philistine succession of ministers for whom education’s direct relevance to the work place and to the economy is of primary importance, with dire consequences for scholarship and research in ‘luxury’ disciplines – like Medieval History.

The practical expression of these strong political imperatives has been through policies profoundly affecting schools in the last few years. The cult of the modish and shiny is seen in an obsession with ICT in schools, for example with the National Grid for Learning (for information is priceless and never mind the Internet’s unselectivity); the last Secretary of State enthused breathily about future learning platforms where laboratories of sixty children at work stations caught learning for themselves, prompted in this ‘learnacy’ by teacher-technicians (a neat solution, of course, to acute staff shortages). Yet many children are not self-starters; the role of the experienced teacher in enthusing the indifferent was insufficiently credited. The whole Curriculum 2000 Examination system was also of a piece with New Labour’s project for innovation and modernity: it would be ‘inclusive’, allowing more students to stay at school by creating AS levels for seventeen-year-olds which would be worth 50% of a whole A-level – failure rates in the Sixth Form would drop, ‘all would succeed’. There would be modularity and gradualism, with bite-size, retakeable units ultimately allowing transferability between subjects, a pick-and-mix of different units; the new exams would increase the value of coursework; and the system would encourage breadth, as more subjects were taken. In addition, sixth formers would take Key Skills (ICT, Number, Communication), so preparing them practically for employers who continued to criticise an education system of rising illiteracy and innumeracy. As the world knows, it didn’t turn out quite like this. It was rushed and ill-thought through; schools and exam boards were under-prepared. There were far-reaching and unforeseen consequences.

While government and exam boards stumbled in the half-light, consumers saw with crystal clarity that the system allowed them to take and retake units until they had comfortable top AS grades (50% of the whole). Exam boards were inundated with scripts and couldn't adequately cope; schools found teaching time compromised by having to revise for re-takes, or by the absence of examinees from lessons; and government and QCA learned too late in 2002 (the first year of A2s, the A-level units) that many more candidates had clawed their way, retake by retake, to top grades, provoking predictable media speculation about grade inflation, falling standards etc. Universities had also 'over-offered' in some subject areas because they had not been adequately briefed on Curriculum 2000. So, in that post-exam, pre-result period of Summer 2002 it is alleged that hasty, unsubtle and dubious manipulation of marks and grade boundaries occurred, to the insistent sound of bolting horses and slamming stable doors. The press indeed had a field day.

There is indeed much that is wrong with Curriculum 2000: salami-slicing subjects into six units often destroys continuity and coherence, no more so than in History; coursework specifications have been ill-defined and attracted widespread plagiarism; the effect on Year 12, the Lower Sixth, of imposing another round of public exams straight after GCSE has been to increase pressure and to reduce involvement in drama, music and sport; and teaching has become mechanical, fixated on exam criteria rather than exploring areas of intellectual challenge. But it might be improved, and there is much to build on. For example, the possibility of a broad AS curriculum for the less able which provided a base for university entrance has enticed more students to stay on in academic study. Yet evolutionary improvement is unexciting, panic has gripped the establishment and schools therefore now face further upheaval. The outlines of a new project gestating as I write reveal many Blairite characteristics. It may be called a Bacc., with a satisfying European ring to it to please convergentists, even though compulsory breadth in a continental sense cannot be taught in Britain's schools, where Modern Languages are optional from 14+ and where many schools cannot staff Maths and Science to the higher levels. This English Bacc. will fulfil a different meaning of breadth; all children will have a vocational education (so that children following a technical education do not feel second class), Citizenship, ICT, other Key Skills (discredited but groomed for a come-back) and evidence of extra-curricular activity – those, not contrasting academic subjects, form the new breadth.

Of major concern is the prospect – in vulgar parlance – of further 'dumbing down'. Currently the overall A-level is less demanding than its predecessor, even if one half of it (A2) can be quite as stretching. There is a paranoid suspicion among some that the next generation of examinations will be less challenging and interesting, indeed that this

would suit the government very well. A baccalaureate certificate for many, which verified the completion of different elements, might remove the means to discriminate, to discern real academic distinction, and universities would then be more persuadable to select on other social and economic criteria instead.

Examining itself faces imminent and far-reaching changes, for example, with on-line marking and a steady reduction in the role of human markers as machines take their place. Curriculum 2000 exposed the amateurism of the current structure and of the management of exam boards: inexperienced subject officers, scripts marked by students, scripts lost or mislaid, and examiners desperately underpaid and over-taxed. The effects are felt in the way exams are now set for ease of assessment so that criteria can be applied simply by overworked markers. But even so, school managers will still quake in August at the prospect of the annual lottery where results might reflect not just the ability of the cohort or the quality of teaching and learning at the school, but also the ill-fortune to collide with a rogue examiner, a careless Chief Examiner or bureaucratic incompetence. It does not help that league tables are published in August, and that journalists pick over the bones of those unfortunate enough to slip. Reputations are made, and tarnished, in the process, often on raw and inaccurate statistics.

It is all a long way from the reliability of the old A levels. Exams now aim to do different things, for a much larger proportion of the school population, and since the introduction of GCSE they have sought to be truly comprehensive, covering a much wider spectrum of ability. Still, a period of calm, of consolidation and managed evolution would be greatly preferable to the fads and sound bites which pass for current education policy; those who will suffer most in the future will be young people with strong academic leanings who need syllabuses and an examination system to stretch and challenge them, the very pattern of those who have aspired to such colleges as Exeter in the past.

Andrew Reekes (1970)

## *History Mystery*

Dr John Maddicott must take some of the responsibility – I mean for the story about the Japanese Daimyo, a sixteenth-century Japanese baron who'd built himself a fortress in Kyoto. He'd offended some powerful rival and the rumour was that this rival had hired the Ninja, a sect of professional assassins in medieval Japan, expert killers who, if they received a contract to murder someone, always fulfilled their side of the bargain. The Daimyo, deeply perturbed, instigated intense security precautions. The walls of his palace were of great assistance being little more than panels of stretched, hardened linen so he could catch the



shadow of anyone passing. He doubled his guards, hired mercenaries and then had an even more original idea. He built a passageway around his private quarters made out of a unique kind of timber, ingeniously constructed, so that he could hear the approach of any assassin, no matter how stealthy. He called this corridor or passageway the 'Nightingale Gallery' because it literally sang when anybody passed along it. The Daimyo pronounced himself satisfied that the Ninja would never be able to carry out their murderous task.

I merely cite this as an example of the distractions I faced when I arrived at Exeter College in the autumn of 1971 to study for my D. Phil. thesis in medieval English history. I'd received a first class honours degree in Liverpool and won a state scholarship. I'd applied to Exeter because, false flattery aside, John Maddicott had established himself as a foremost medievalist with definitive work on Thomas Earl of Lancaster and the turbulent politics of the reign of Edward II. John was also recommended to me by another great medievalist Professor A.R. Myers of Liverpool University, who shrewdly advised that I needed to acquire a rigorous discipline in the study and presentation of my thesis. I was John's first graduate pupil and, on reflection, I think he needed all the divine help the blessed Walter Stapeldon, founder of Exeter College, could wring from the Almighty. We both decided that my topic of study should be Isabella, daughter of Philip IV of France, who married Edward II in 1308 and, almost twenty years later, proved to his nemesis. Isabella fled abroad, raised a rebel army, invaded England, barbarously executed Edward's favourites and imprisoned her husband in Berkeley Castle where, according to the chroniclers, on 21 September 1327, he was executed in a rather gruesome fashion.

My supervisor pointed out that there had been no study of Isabella's reign, so that I could make a significant contribution to the study of Edward II. But he soon realized that the person in his charge was only too willing to wander off the straight and narrow into what I can only call 'imaginative history'. I spent considerable time being distracted by the temptations of the Bodleian Library. I would call up all sorts of books and manuscripts, be they about Japanese history or anything else which caught my attention. The same certainly applied to my thesis. I came across a reference to the possibility that Edward II may have escaped from Berkeley Castle and that a lookalike now lies buried under the beautiful Purbeck marble tomb which can still be seen in Gloucester Cathedral. The deposed king's possible escape was investigated by a royal clerk, John Walwayn, who wrote to Isabella that a band of outlaws had attacked the castle and 'd'avoit ravi' – had seized the king from his gaolers! Such words haunted me as did the hundred and one other temptations gathered during my studies. Something similar had happened to me before when I was in college at Durham and Liverpool but, at Oxford, the siren voices grew even stronger. My study of Edward I and Edward II threw up a thousand and one different distractions: the case

of one Pudlicott, who organized the first great bank raid in London, suborning the monks of Westminster Abbey by introducing them to the pleasures of certain ladies of the night while he secretly plotted to raid the royal treasure stored at the time in the Pyx Chapel of Westminster Abbey; or that of Laurence Duket, who had taken refuge in St Mary-le-bow Church and was later found hanging from a wall bracket. Rumour had it that Duket had committed suicide, but the Crown proved it was homicide and a beautiful mysterious woman, Alice, was sentenced to death for his murder.

This was speculative, imaginative history, but John kept calling me back from pastures new and insisting that I rigorously pursue my chosen topic and always be prepared to prove what I wrote. I thoroughly enjoyed my time at Exeter and gained a great deal from my work. I realized however that I was not an academic historian but a ‘teller of tales’. I wrote one or two learned articles but I soon became aware that my real passion was to be a teacher and a writer of fiction.

I also met my wife Carla at Exeter. She was a visiting scholar from the USA. We met one balmy summer afternoon when I decided to take a break from the rigours of research. Thirty-one years, and seven children later, I can confidently say that Carla’s knowledge of Edward II has expanded beyond all her expectations, as has my knowledge of horses!

I left Exeter without finishing my thesis and went straight into teaching in Berkshire, but I later submitted the thesis, was duly examined, and awarded my degree. By now I was fully committed to teaching, moving from Berkshire to the Midlands and then to an extremely tough school in a new town south of London. When I say tough I’m not telling tales – even the Rottweilers went round in pairs! I was also introduced to the joys of senior management of schools as well as realising that I had a true passion for comprehensive education. In September 1981 I was appointed Headteacher at Trinity Catholic High School in Woodford Green. People talk of the stresses of being a Headteacher but I feel I am a very lucky man. I thoroughly enjoy my job. Trinity has been praised by Ofsted as outstanding and has won the status of both a Beacon School and Science College. I only hope it stays like that. My nightmare is the inspectors visiting us and beginning their report, ‘Despite the headteacher, this school continues to grow from strength to strength . . .’. Nevertheless, throughout these career changes, those siren voices I’d heard at University kept calling. All those mysterious incidents – what I call the ‘tangle in the undergrowth of history’. Did Edward II truly escape from Berkeley Castle? Why didn’t a royal physician dress his corpse? And what happened to the old woman who carried out that task? Did Isabella perpetrate one of the greatest confidence tricks in the history of the English royal family? And what was behind Pudlicott’s robbery of the Pyx Chapel? Twenty of the monks were dispatched to the Tower! Did he have inside help? Pudlicott paid for his crime on the gallows, but what about his accomplices? And Laurence

Duket's corpse hanging by its neck in that dark medieval church? How did his assassins break into a holy place, a recognized sanctuary for fugitive felons, to carry out such a dastardly deed? Similar questions about other great historical mysteries nagged me. The Princes in the Tower – were they murdered? But what was that reference I'd read to Elizabeth I showing a French visitor a secret room in the old Royal Lodgings of the Tower which still contained the mortal remains of two young boys? I could resist the temptation no longer and became a novelist. I was published by Robert Hale and later taken over by Headline and by Constable Robinson who sell my novels to the USA and most countries with the exception of Japan and Russia (I'm very big in Bulgaria!). I realized I had a voracious appetite for historical mystery and the solution of murder. Who says that my mis-spent days of dreaming and being distracted at Durham and Liverpool and, above all, at Exeter College were mis-spent?

Is it easy to write? To a certain extent a historical novelist has it made. You open the sources and the characters assemble like people in a room waiting to greet you, be it medieval England or the court of Alexander of Macedon. Two examples will suffice. The great Robert Bruce once commented, after he'd heard about the death of Edward I, that he 'feared the dead father more than he did the living son'. Such an assessment of Edward II has never been bettered. Or Alexander the Great who complained to one of his generals that his mother Olympias 'charged a hell of a rent for his nine months in her womb'. Nothing summarises better Alexander's turbulent relationship with his mother, an intriguer, murderess and power player, than this pithy remark. Some novels take a long time, others come as if I had almost dreamed them, whether they involve the resolution of an historical mystery or devising the most impossible murder in a locked room. I do most of my research at the splendid London Library in St James's Square which is very reminiscent of the friendly but scholarly atmosphere of the Oxford libraries. I begin to dream, follow a line or go back into the past to check my notes about that 'entry' I made regarding some intriguing historical incident which caught my attention. I tend to write early in the morning and late in the evening. I draft what I want to say and then dictate it to a most patient but very skilled secretary. My wife Carla helps me with the editing and the most trenchant critical commentary. All I can say is that writing is like a drug: one becomes addicted. In the end I have been most fortunate. On reflection I owe a great deal to Oxford University and Exeter College. I am only too pleased to acknowledge such a great debt in the College *Register*.

Oh, by the way, just in case you are still intrigued, the Ninja did carry out their contract – they hired a dwarf and sent him up through the sewer system of the Daimyo's palace. So in the end, they got their man!

Paul Doherty (1971)

## *The Governing Body*

Professor M S Butler, Rector  
Dr D J Roaf, Official Fellow (Margary) & Lecturer in Mathematics  
Dr W B Stewart, Finance and Estates Bursar, Official Fellow & Lecturer  
in Pure Mathematics  
Dr J R L Maddicott, Librarian and Keeper of the Archives, Official  
Fellow & Lecturer in Medieval History  
Dr J D P Donnelly, Official Fellow (Nevinson) & Lecturer in Applied  
Mathematics  
Professor R A Dwek, Professorial Fellow  
Professor S Gordon, Professorial Fellow  
Dr M W Hart, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Politics  
Professor J M Brown, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Physical Chemistry  
Professor R D Vaughan-Jones, Official Fellow & Lecturer in Human  
Physiology  
Professor G O Hutchinson, Official Fellow (Rossiter) & Lecturer in  
Classical Languages and Literature  
Professor S D Fredman, Official Fellow (Quarrell) & Lecturer in Law  
Professor H Watanabe-O'Kelly, Sub-Rector, Official Fellow & Lecturer  
in German  
Ms J Johnson, Senior Tutor, Women's Adviser, 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, 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, Computing Fellow, Official Fellow & Lecturer in  
Engineering Science  
Dr V Lee, Fellow by Special Election & Lecturer in Organic Chemistry  
Professor J Klein, Professorial Fellow (Dr Lee's Professor of  
Chemistry)  
Professor F E Close, Fellow by Special Election & Lecturer in Physics  
Dr A J Blocker, Senior Research Fellow (Guy G F Newton Research  
Fellow)  
Dr S Das, Official Fellow (Eyres) and 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, Tutor for Graduates, Junior Research Fellow (Staines)  
Dr A J Rattray, Junior Research Fellow (Queen Sofia)  
Mr E M Bennett, Official Fellow & Home Bursar  
The Reverend M R Birch, Official Fellow & Chaplain  
Dr A V Akoulitchev, Senior Research Fellow (Monsanto)  
Dr N Petrinic, Official Fellow in Engineering  
Dr K Turner, Official Fellow (Williams) in English  
Professor E Williamson, Professorial Fellow

## *Honours and Appointments*

- T L ALTSCHULER (1960), named a Fellow of ASM International, the Materials Information Society, October 2002
- W J APPLEBYARD, formerly MARSHALL (1954), elected President of the World Medical Association for 2003-4.
- E H BEAVAN (1967), appointed non-residentiary Canon of Chelmsford Cathedral, September 2002.
- T J BINYON (1956), awarded the Samuel Johnson Prize for Non-Fiction for his biography of Pushkin, 2003.
- J M BROWN (Fellow), elected Fellow of the Royal Society, 2003.
- P J CARRICK (1969), appointed Assistant Professor of Applied and Doctrinal Theology, Greenville Presbyterian Theological Seminary, South Carolina, USA; awarded Doctor of Ministry Degree in Preaching by Westminster Theological Seminary, California, 2002.
- M G CARTER (1959), awarded an honorary D.Phil. by the University of Lund for contributions to the study of Arabic grammatical theory.
- D FELDMAN (1972), Professor of Law, University of Birmingham, 2002-2004; Legal Adviser to the Joint Committee on Human Rights, Houses of Parliament, 2000-2004; Judge of the Constitutional Court of Bosnia and Herzegovina, 2002; elected to the Rouse Ball Professorship of English Law, University of Cambridge, 2003 (with effect from April 2004); elected to a Fellowship of Downing College, Cambridge, 2003; elected an Honorary Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, 2003.
- S GREEN (1966), named as the next Chief Executive of HSBC, the world's second largest bank
- R HILLS (1999), appointed as the Organ Scholar at Westminster Abbey.

- A MIDHA (1987), nominated by the Privy Council to serve as a lay member of the General Medical Council, 2003; appointed to serve as a Member of the Welsh Language Board, 2003.
- A B PAREKH (Fellow), elected to Academia Europaea (European Academy of Sciences); awarded the Wellcome Prize in Physiology by the UK Physiological Society.
- H ROSEN (1974), appointed as CBE for his services as President of the British-Swiss Chamber of Commerce.
- G ROWLANDS, joint winner of the Royal Historical Society's Gladstone Prize for his book *The Dynastic State and the Army under Louis XIV* (noticed in last year's issue).
- J G SPEIRS (1956), awarded an LVO in the Queen's Birthday Honours list for services as former chairman, UK Faculty, the Prince of Wales's business and the environment programme.
- M TOBIAS (1961), appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court of New South Wales and a Judge of Appeal of that Court.
- T WRIGHT (1968), consecrated Bishop of Durham, 3 July 2003.

## *Publications*

- C J BEITING, 'Thomas More: Man of Principle', *Modern Age*, 44(2002); 'The Idea of Limbo in Alexander of Hales and Bonaventure', *Franciscan Studies*, 57 (1999); 'The Idea of Limbo in Thomas Aquinas', *The Thomist*, 62 (1998); 'The Third Place: Augustine, Pelagius, and the Theological Roots of the Idea of Limbo', *Augustiniana*, 48 (1998).
- A BLOCKER (Fellow), with F Cordes *et al.*, 'Helical structure of the needle of the Type III secretion apparatus of *Shigella flexneri*', in *Journal of Biological Chemistry*, 278 (19), 2003; with K Komoriya *et al.*, 'Type III secretion systems and bacterial flagella: insights into their function from structural similarities', in *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences USA*, 100 (2003).
- J M BROWN (Fellow), with A Carrington, *Rotational Spectroscopy of Diatomic Molecules*, Cambridge University Press, 2003
- P M COOKE, 'The Armenian Church – A Guiding Light on the Ecumenical Highway?', in *One in Christ*, 37 (2002).
- D COPE, *Central Books – A Brief History, 1939-1999*, Central Books, 1999.
- G DAWES, *Laws of Guernsey*, Hart Publishing, 2003.

- P DOHERTY, *Isabella and the Strange Death of Edward II*, Constable, 2003.
- A DUNN, *The Great Rising of 1381*, Tempus Books, 2002; *The Politics of Magnate Power: England and Wales, 1389-1413*, Oxford University Press, 2003.
- R A DWEK (Fellow), with T D Butters et al., *Glycolipids in Cell Biology and Medicine*, The Royal Society, Vol. 358; with D Pavlovic et al., 'The hepatitis C virus protein forms an ion channel that is inhibited by long-alkyl-chain iminosugar derivatives', in *PNAS*, 100 (2003); with A C Van der Spoel et al., 'Reversible infertility in male mice after oral administration of alkylated imino sugars: A nonhormonal approach to male contraception', *PNAS*, 99 (2002); 'Oasis in the desert', *The Guardian*, 14th November 2002; 'The scholarly path to peace', *The Guardian*, 20th June 2003.
- R HARRIS, *Dubrovnik: A History*, Saqi Books, 2003.
- J J HERRING (Fellow), with P-L Chau, 'Defining, assigning and designing sex', in *International Journal of Law, Policy and the Family*, 16 (2002); 'Children's rights for grown-ups', in *Age as Equality*, ed. S Fredman and S Spencer, Hart, 2003; 'Are cloned embryos embryos', in *Child and Family Law Quarterly*, 315 (2002); with P-L Chau, 'Cloning in the House of Lords', in *Family Law*, 2003; 'Connecting contact', in *Children and their Families: Contact, Rights and Welfare*, ed. Bainham, Richards and Lindley, Hart, 2003; 'The human rights of children in care', in *Law Quarterly Review*, 118 (2002).
- G O HUTCHINSON (Fellow), 'The Catullan corpus, Greek epigram, and the poetry of objects', in *Classical Quarterly*, 53 (2003).
- M JACOBS, *Illusion: A Psychodynamic Interpretation of Thinking and Belief*, Whurr Publications, 2000; with N Totton, *Character and Personality Types*, Open University Press, 2001; with J Rowan, *The Therapist's Use of Self*, Open University Press, 2002.
- E M JEFFREYS (Fellow), *Rhetoric in Byzantium*, ed. E M Jeffreys, Ashgate, 2003.
- D KENNEDY with Randall Bouchard, *Indian Myths and Legends from the North Pacific Coast of America: A Translation of Franz Boas' Indianische Sagen von der Nord-Pacifischen Küste- Amerikas*, edited and annotated by Randy Bouchard and Dorothy Kennedy, with a Foreword by Professor Claude Levi-Strauss. Talonbooks, Vancouver, 2002.
- V LEE (Fellow), with William R F Goudry et al., 'Total synthesis of cytotoxic sponge alkaloids hachijodines F and G', in *Tetrahedron*, 59 (2003).

- J R MADDICOTT (Fellow), “‘1258” and “1297”’: Some comparisons and contrasts’, in *Thirteenth Century England*, 9 (2003).
- I D L MICHAEL (Fellow), ‘King James VI & I and the Count of Gondomar, two London bibliophiles, 1613-18 and 1620-22’, in *‘Never-Ending Adventure’: Early Modern Spanish Literature in Honor of Peter N. Dunn*, ed. E H Friedmann and H Sturm, Juan de la Cuesta, 2002; ‘Summing Up’, in *‘Mio Cid’ Studies: Some Problems of Diplomatic Fifty Years On*, ed. A Deyermund et al., PMHS, Queen Mary University of London (2002); ‘Las peripecias de una nueva edición crítica de los *Milagros de Nuestra Señora de Berceo*’, in *Con Alonso Zamora Vicente: Actas del Congreso Internacional: ‘La Academia, lo popular, los Clásicos, los contemporáneos’*, 2 vols., Universidad de Alicante, 2003; ‘Memoir: Gerald Burney Gybbon-Monypenny (1923-2002)’, *Bulletin of Spanish Studies*, 80 (2003).
- A B PAREKH (Fellow), ‘The Wellcome Prize Lecture: Store-operated calcium influx: dynamic interplay between endoplasmic reticulum, mitochondria and plasma membrane’, *Journal of Physiology*, 547 (2003).
- D W PHILLIPS, *Conversations in the Garden of Shizen: Jesus of the Gospels, Women, Sex and the Family*, John Hunt Publishing, 2002.
- P PROBERT, *A New Short Guide to the Accentuation of Ancient Greek*, Bristol Classical Press, 2003.
- J A ROSS (formerly Pigdon), ‘The Self: From Soul to Brain’, *Journal of Consciousness Studies*, 10 (2003).
- A RUSSETT, *Dominic Serres R.A. 1719-1793: War Artist to the Navy*, Antique Collectors’ Club, 2003.
- M E TAYLOR (Fellow), with K Drickamer, *Introduction to Glycobiology*, Oxford University Press, 2002; with K Drickamer, ‘Glycan arrays for functional genomics’, *Genome Biology*, 3 (2002); with L East et al., ‘Characterization of sugar binding by the mannose receptor family member, Endo-180’, *Journal of Biological Chemistry*, 277 (2002); with N S Stambach, ‘Characterization of carbohydrate recognition by langerin, a C-type lectin of Langerhans cells’, *Glycobiology*, 13 (2003); with K Drickamer, ‘Identification of lectins from genomic sequence data’, *Methods in Enzymology*, 362 (2003); with K Drickamer, ‘Structure-function analysis of C-type animal lectins’, *Methods in Enzymology*, 363 (2003); with S. Frison et al., ‘Oligolysine-based oligosaccharide clusters: selective recognition and endocytosis by the mannose Receptor and DC-SIGN’, *Journal of Biological Chemistry*, 278 (2003)



- H WATANABE O'KELLY (Fellow), “‘Damals wünschte ich ein Mann zu sein, um dem Krieg meine Tage nachzuhängen’”: Frauen als Kriegerinnen im Europa der Frühen Neuzeit’, in *Erfahrung und Deutung von Krieg und Frieden. Religion – Geschlechter – Natur und Kultur*, ed. Klaus Garber et al., Wilhelm Fink Verlag, 2002; ‘Saxony, alchemy and Dr Faustus’, in *The Golden Egg. Alchemy in Art and Literature*, ed. Alexandra Lambert and Elmar Schenkel, Glienicke, 2002; ‘Early modern European festivals – politics and performance, event and record’, in *Court Festivals of the European Renaissance. Art, Politics and Performance*, ed. J R Mulryne and Elizabeth Goldring, Ashgate, 2002; ‘Chivalry and professionalism in Electoral Saxony in the mid-sixteenth century’, in *The Chivalric Ethos and Military Professionalism*, ed. David Trim, Leiden, 2003.
- P M WELLER, *Dodging Raindrops: John Button, A Labor Life*, Allen and Unwin, Sydney, 1999; *Australia’ Mandarins; The Frank and the Fearless?* Allen and Unwin, Sydney, 2001; *Don’t Tell the Prime Minister*, Scribe Books, 2002; *The Engine Room of Government*, co-edited by P M Weller, University of Queensland Press; *The Changing World of Top Officials: Mandarins or Valets?* Open University Press, 2001.

## *Class Lists in Honour Schools 2003*

- ANCIENT & MODERN HISTORY: *Class I*, Nicholas J Jones.
- ARCHAEOLOGY & ANTHROPOLOGY: *Class II(1)*, Rachel C F Robinson.
- BIOCHEMISTRY PART II: *Class I*, Adrian P Hunt, Jon M Killingley, Jonathan A Lewton; *Class III*, Thomas D Sleeman
- CHEMISTRY PART II: *Class I*, James E D Kirkham, Yvette K Sturdy; *Class II(1)*, Gavin Little, James G Mason *Class II (2)*, Thomas W Barkworth, John R L Church.
- ECONOMICS & MANAGEMENT: *Class I*, Konstantin Milbradt; *Class II(1)*, Lindsay A Gallagher, Sarah L Tringham.
- EARTH SCIENCES: *Class I*, Rebecca Crompton, Michael A Floyd.
- ENGINEERING SCIENCE PART II: *Class I*, Paul F Beard; *Class II(1)*, Oliver J R Hibbert, Varindha A Wimalasena, Veronica M B I Vasco.
- ENGLISH: *Class I*, Samantha Brunner, W Matthew Purves; *Class II(1)*, Andrea M L MacDonald, Amy E Pickvance, Rachel Walsh.
- ENGLISH & MODERN LANGUAGES: *Class I*, Laura A Kirkley.
- EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY: *Class II (1)*, Shani Langdon, Ada Yum

LAW: *Class I*, Christina M Agnew *Class II(1)*, Charlotte L Lander, Lydia C Menzies, Richard C Pettit, Veena Sivapalan, Stephanie E Smith, Elizabeth T Stubbins, Damian M Taylor, Eva Whittall.

LITERAE HUMANIORES: *Class I*, Matthew C Parfitt; *Class II(1)*, Karina E Champion, Nicholas D P Mumby, Laurence M Price.

MATHEMATICS PART II: *Class I*, Neal R Bez, Aminur R Miah; *Class II(1)*, Eric M Boldon.

MATHEMATICAL SCIENCES: *Class I*, Samantha L Watts; *Class II(2)*, Matthew J Pollard.

MATHEMATICS & COMPUTER SCIENCE: *Class II(1)*, Bo Liu; *Class II(2)*, Alan Mok.

MATHEMATICS & PHILOSOPHY: *Class II(1)*, Harriet E Pinkney.

MODERN HISTORY: *Class I*, Emma Hamlett, Hannah M Harries, Matthew A Ray; *Class II(1)*, Anthony Lai, David Powell, Ewan Powrie, Alex C Stephens; *Class II(2)*, Kathryn A Costain, Claire L Parris.

MODERN HISTORY & POLITICS: *Class I*, G Max N Usher.

MODERN LANGUAGES: *Class I*, C M B House, *Class II(1)*, Daisy A Nichols, Eleanora Suhoviy, Frederica E A West, *Class II (2)*, H John Gaffin, Catherine L Lloyd, Harriet Nelson.

MUSIC: *Class II(1)*, Alison Kinder.

PHILOSOPHY & MODERN LANGUAGES: *Class I*, Alexander J Usher-Smith.

PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS & ECONOMICS: *Class I*, Michael J Hugman; *Class II(1)*, Andrew P Black, June O Carey, Amy E Clarke, Jonathan C Dean, Tim R Doyle, Robin Hopkins, Georgina M Paterson, Robert J R Turner, William Wachtmeister.

PHYSICS (4 YEAR): *Class II(1)*, John D Murphy.

PHYSICS PART B: *Class II (2)* Ryan R Clay.

PHYSICS & PHILOSOPHY: *Class I*, Jonathan P Roberts.

PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCES: *Class I*, Joanna C E Lim; *Class II(1)*, Felicity Guest, Nicola Kerr, Sarah Morcos, Anya Topiwala.

THEOLOGY: *Class II(2)*, Matthew R Forrester

27 Firsts 49 Upper Seconds 8 Lower Seconds 1 Third

## HONOUR MODERATIONS

ANCIENT & MODERN HISTORY: *Class II*, James Champness.

CLASSICS: *Class I*, Jane Goodenough; *Class II(1)*, Katherine Batchelor, Jessica Huth, *Class II (2)*, Fergal McLoughlin.

CLASSICS & ENGLISH: *Class I*, Nicholas Johnston.

MATHEMATICS: *Class I*, Richard Harland; *Class II*, James Jordan, Victoria Kirtley, Christopher Martin, Laura Richards, Carol Teo, Benjamin Wood.

MATHEMATICS & COMPUTATION: *Class II*, Jasmine Chan, Kimiya Minoukadeh.

MODERN HISTORY: *Class I*, Daniel Goodby, Sarah Johnson; *Class II*, Donald Campbell, Michelle Doran, Lucy Stallworthy, Caroline Van Os, Oliver Williams.

MODERN HISTORY & ENGLISH: *Class II*, Laura Morton.

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

MUSIC: *Class II*, Jennifer King, Ralph Wilkinson.

6 Firsts 17 Seconds

## GRADUATE DEGREES 2003

### D PHIL

Michael Burcher

Patrick Butz

Jason Chan

Ben Clarke

Andrew Grief

Matt Hedges

Simon Jolly

Wachira Prommaporn

### M Sc

Mohd Shukri Abd Shukor

Michael Adeusi

Kashif Ahmad

Eleanor Cooper

Quentin Decouvelaere

Yuan Chun Fu

Stepan Kovalski

Eddie Ler

Zhuang Liu

Lucinda Southworth

Omer Suleman  
Wynn Tee  
Alistair Thorpe  
Thomas Turner  
Zhen Wu  
Ting Zhang

**M PHIL**

Estelle Dehon  
Stephanie Frank  
Andrew Makinson  
Martin Stamnestrø

**M ST**

Ciara Boylan  
Heather Giannandrea  
Thomas Jurgasch  
Rachel Kincaid  
Francesca Martelli  
Irene Revell  
Laura Smethurst  
Ana Tavasci

**BCL**

Emmet Coldrick  
Hugh Derbyshire  
Paras Gorasia  
Claire Jones  
Robert Wagstaff

**DIPLOMA IN LEGAL STUDIES**

Rene Armilhon

**FOREIGN SERVICE PROGRAMME**

Luis Benitez Rodriguez

**B MED**

Tom Bewick  
Nigel Koo Ng

**MBA**

Marcus Bartram  
Ale Broodryk  
James Philpott  
Per Stenvall  
Lance Wobus

## *College Prizes*

COGHILL/STARKIE POETRY PRIZE: Samantha H Brunner

CAROLINE DEAN MATHEMATICS PRIZE: Matthew Pollard

FITZGERALD PRIZES: Christina M Agnew, Paul F Beard, Neal R Bez, Samantha Brunner, Rebecca E Crompton, Michael A Floyd, Iason Gabriel, Daniel Goodby, Jane Goodenough, Emma Hamlett, Richard Harland, Hannah M Harries, Christopher M B House, Michael J Hugman, Adrian P Hunt, Sarah Johnson, Nicholas Johnston, Nicholas J Jones, Jon M Killingley, James E D Kirkham, Laura A Kirkley, Jonathan A Lewton, Joanna Lim, Aminur R Miah, Konstantin Milbradt, Matthew C Parfitt, Matthew Purves, Matthew A Ray, Jonathan P Roberts, Yvette K Sturdy, Max Usher, Alex J Usher-Smith, Samantha L Watts.

AMELIA JACKSON SENIOR STUDENTSHIP: Liam Condon, Michael A Floyd, Michael J Hugman, Eleni Lianta

SIMON POINTER PRIZE: Jessica Frost, Matthew Green

PERGAMON PRESS PRIZE: Adrian P Hunt

QUARRELL-READ PRIZE: Paul Beard, June Carey, Ryan Clay, Michael Floyd, Robin Hopkins, Jon Killingley, Jonathan Lewton, Joanna Lim, Nicholas Mumby, Matthew Parfitt, Lawrence Price, Stephanie Smith

LAURA QUELCH PRIZE: Anthony K Lai

PETER STREET PRIZE: Michael J Hugman

SIR ARTHUR BENSON MEMORIAL PRIZE: Jane Goodenough

## *University Prizes*

MANCHES FAMILY LAW PRIZE: Christina M Agnew

PASSMORE EDWARDS PRIZE: Nicholas Johnston

## *Graduate Freshers*

James	Aldige	M Phil	Economic and Social History
Alexander	Antonyuk	M Sc by coursework	Applied Statistics
Richard	Anund	M Sc by coursework	Mathematical Finance
Andrew	Black	M Sc by coursework	Social and Economic History
Timothy	Bronder	PRS	Astrophysics
Eric	Chee	MBA	Business Administration
Liam	Condon	D Phil	English
Noemie	Courtes	Besse Scholar	Modern Languages

Matthew	Ellis	M Phil	Modern Middle Eastern Studies
Cassi	Farthing	PRS	Clinical Medicine
Michael	Floyd	D Phil	Earth Sciences
Kristina	Glicksman	M Phil	Classical Archaeology
Melissa	Gronlund	M Phil	European Literature
Jing	Guan	PRS	Engineering Science
Michael	Hugman	PRS	Economics
Mahmud	Hussain	M Sc by coursework	Mathematical Finance
Henrik	Indergaard	M Phil	Classics
Gunoo	Kim	PRS	Philosophy
James	Kirkham	PRS	Organic Chemistry
Markus	Kloimwieder	M Sc by coursework	Mathematical Finance
Serafima	Krasnopolskaya	PRS	Byzantine Art and Archaeology
Heinrich	Kuehnert	Magister Juris	Law
Katherine	LaFrance	M St	Byzantine Studies
Mohamed			
Sadok	Lamine	M Sc by coursework	Mathematical Modelling & Scientific Computing
Rob	Latimer	M St	Modern History
Marc	Lewitzky	PRS	Medical Oncology
Chia-Lin	Li	M Phil	Economics
Max	Little	PRS	Mathematics
Zirou	Liu	Magister Juris	Law
Bo	Liu	M Sc by coursework	Applied Statistics
Emily	Liu	MBA	Business Administration
David	Magee	M Sc by coursework	Social and Economic History
Ryan	McCarthy	M Sc by coursework	Social Policy
Alex	Newberry	M St	Byzantine Studies
Dirk-Jan	Omtzigt	M Phil	Economics
Rina	Pal	M Sc by coursework	Criminology
Steven	Pellegrino	M Sc by coursework	Criminology and Criminal Justice
Marnie	Podos	M Phil	English
Phillip	Pon	M Sc by coursework	Forced Migration
Meredith	Riedel	M St	Byzantine Studies
Randall	Roth	MBA	Business Administration
Priyanka	Sacheti	M St	Women's Studies
Maria	Sciara	M Phil	Comparative Government
Marie-Claire	Segger	PRS	Law
Michael	Shepherd	BCL	Law
Iain	Sheridan	EMBA	Business Administration
David	Shieff	M Sc by coursework	Mathematical Finance
Nerisha	Singh	PRS	Law
Zoleka	Skepu	Visiting student	Biochemistry
Alison	Skodol	M St	Women's Studies
Andreas	Sodeur	M Sc by research	Mathematical Finance
John	Stuart	MBA	Business Administration
Damian	Taylor	BCL	Law
Judith	Tonning	2nd BA	Theology
Veronica	Vasco	PRS	Engineering Science
Vsevolod	Volkov	Magister Juris	Law
Xiaofei	Wang	M Sc by coursework	Computer Science
Michael	Werner	M Sc by coursework	Economics for Development
Elizabeth	Williams	M St	Greek and/or Latin Language and Literature
Rachel	Zammett	M Sc by coursework	Applied & Computational Maths
Yong	Zhang	PRS	Engineering Science

## *Undergraduate Freshers*

Alexandra	Afanasieva	Economics & Management	Nottingham High School for Girls
Frances	Aizlewood	Modern Languages	Haberdashers Askes Hatcham School
Michael	Amherst	English	King's School, Gloucester
George	Anstey	Economics & Management	Wilson's School, Wallington
Simon	Arnold	Biochemistry	King's School, Canterbury
Christopher	Arnold	Physics	Wellington College
James	Arthur	Modern History	Truro School
Claire	Atkinson	Biochemistry	Kendrick School
Joseph	Bailey	PPE	King Edward's School, Bath
Katherine	Barker	Literae Humaniores	Stamford High School
Scott	Bentley	Chemistry	Great Baddow School
Henry	Blakeman	Economics & Management	Judd School, Tonbridge
Thomas	Bolam	Modern History	Royal Grammar School, Newcastle
Roland	Brandman	Literae Humaniores	City of London School
Charles	Brendon	PPE	Millfield School
Jonathan	Bridcut	Modern History	Radley College
Cherry	Briggs	Biochemistry	Chase Technology College, Malvern
Camilla	Burdett	Modern History	St Paul's Girls School
Felicity	Burling	English	London Oratory School
Ian	Burrow	Physiological Sciences	Newent School
Matthew	Byrd	Mathematics	Hampton School
Lillian	Chang	Williams	Williams College
Colin	Cheung	Mathematics	Winchester College
Margot	Chung	Williams	Williams College
Eleanor	Cockbain	Modern Languages	Godolphin and Latymer School
Christopher	Collins	Mathematics	St Bartholomew's School, Newbury
Susan	Cook	Physics	Lancaster Girls Grammar School
David	Cooper	Physics	Cheadle Hulme School
Savelie	Cornegruta	Engineering Science	Old Swinford Hospital School
Steven	Corns	Chemistry	Queen Mary's Grammar School, Walsall
Antonia	Cosby	Modern History	St Mary's School, Calne
Elizabeth	Crabtree	Chemistry	Leicester Grammar School
Jessica	Cullimore	Literae Humaniores	Truro High School for Girls
Hannah	Daley	English	Banbury Area Sixth Form Centre
Adam	Davidson	Engineering Science	Coleraine Academical Institution
David	Delameillieure	Biochemistry	John Lyon School
Caroline	Duff	Physics & Philosophy	Wycombe Abbey School
Ross	Ferguson	Jurisprudence	Saffron Walden County High School
Lee	Forsyth	Jurisprudence	Unknown
Fran	Fraser	Williams	Williams College
Luka	Gakic	PPE	Harrow School
Vanessa	Garden	English	George Heriot's School, Edinburgh
Maryl	Gensheimer	Williams	Williams College
Sara	Gersen	Williams	Williams College
Anna	Goodhand	English	Stoke-on-Trent Sixth Form College
Marcos	Gouvea	Williams	Williams College
Shaila	Haque	Physiological Sciences	Haberdashers Askes Girls School
Rachel	Harland	Modern Languages	Methodist College, Belfast
Richard	Harrap	Engineering Science	Harrow School
John	Harris	Williams	Williams College

Charlene	Hawkins	Jurisprudence	Hills Road Sixth Form College
Deborah	Hemel	Williams	Williams College
Benjamin	Himowitz	Williams	Williams College
Janet	Ho	Jurisprudence	Diocesan Girls School, Kowloon
Mark	Hobel	Williams	Williams College
Tobias	Hopkins	Earth Sciences	Cowbridge School
Benedict	Hunting	Modern Languages	Winchester College
Rhys	Jenkins	Mathematics	Brynteg Comprehensive School, Bridgend
Gregory	Jenkins	Mathematics	Gorseinon College, Swansea
Gregory	Johnson	Chemistry	Harrow School
Joseph	Kerckhoff	Williams	Williams College
Charlotte	Kestner	Mathematics & Philosophy	European School III, Brussels
Ali	Khan	Economics & Management	Taunton School
Darren	Kidd	Jurisprudence	Ivybridge Community College
Jonathan	Knott	Literae Humaniores	Canford School, Dorset
Roger	LaRocca	Williams	Williams College
Catherine	Leith	Chemistry	Liverpool College
Elizabeth	Lennox	Mathematics	Blundells School
Jonathan	Lerwill	Chemistry	Radley College
Michael	Lesslie	English	Harrow School
Gregory	Lim	Physiological Sciences	Sir William Borlase's School, Marlow
Bonita	Lin	Chemistry	Godolphin School
Felicity	Long	Modern Languages	Kirkham Grammar School
Joshua	Lowe	PPE	Richard Huish College, Taunton
Rosa	Macey	Chemistry	Churston Grammar School
Andrew	Marks	Williams	Williams College
Hannah	Matthews	Literae Humaniores	Runnymede College, Madrid
Charles-			
Henri	McDermott	Modern Languages	St Paul's School
Edward	McHenry	Fine Art	Rendcomb College
Olivia	Miller	English	St Paul's Girls School
Paola	Moffa Sanchez	Earth Sciences	IES La Pobra de Vallbona, Spain
Fandi	Mohamed Othman	Engineering Science	Caterham School
Phillip	Nash	Mathematics & Computation	Maidstone Grammar School
Emma	Naylor	Jurisprudence	Ponteland County High School
Riona	Nicholls	Modern Languages	Belfast Royal Academy
James	Pantling	PPE	Westminster School
Alice	Paterson	Jurisprudence	Chesham High School
Prashant	Pathak	Physiological Sciences	Beauchamp College, Leicester
Emily	Pull	Physiological Sciences	Richmond upon Thames College
Hamaad	Ravda	Williams	Williams College
Hannah	Redfearn	Modern History	South Wilts Grammar School
Emily	Rhodes	English	Westminster School
Francesca	Rivers	Biochemistry	Alton College
Mariah	Robbins	Williams	Williams College
James	Robinson	Biochemistry	Taunton School
Margaret	Ross	Williams	Williams College
David	Roth	Williams	Williams College
Alice	Rothschild	Modern History	St Mary's School, Calne
Sharandish	Sanghera	Jurisprudence	Parkfield School, Wolverhampton
Nicholas	Scott	Physics	Royal Latin School, Buckingham



Nauman	Shah	Engineering & Computing Science	St Mary's Academy, Pakistan
Adam	Shoemaker	Williams	Williams College
Paul	Simon	Williams	Williams College
Claire	Simons	Mathematics and Statistics	John Leggott College, Scunthorpe
Lauren	Sklar	Modern Languages	Loughborough High School
Edward	Smith	Modern History	Whitgift School
Vinesh	Solanki	Mathematics	King Edward VI Camp Hill Boys Sch
Paul	Sonenthal	Williams	Williams College
Thea	Stewart	Modern Languages	St Leonard's School, St Andrews
Yao Patrick	Su	Engineering Science	Dulwich College
Elizabeth	Suda	Williams	Williams College
Zachary	Sullivan	Williams	Williams College
Christopher	Sumner	PPE	Bishops Stortford High School
Rajiv	Tanna	Mathematics	Watford Grammar School for Boys
William	Taylor	Physics	Ysgol Gyfun Dewisant, St Davids
Gareth	Thomas	Physiological Sciences	Monmouth School
Carol	Topley	Physics & Philosophy	Lancing College
Corrissa	Tung	Literae Humaniores	Rugby High School
Colin	Warriner	Modern History	Fortismere School
Julien	Warshafsky	Physiological Sciences	Judd School, Tonbridge
Alana	Whitman	Williams	Williams College
Claude	Willan	English	Winchester College
Sam	Williams	Modern History	Merchant Taylors School
Louise	Wing	Physiological Sciences	St Bernard's Convent School, Slough
Stephen	Wood	Music	Shrewsbury School

## *Deaths*

Cedric George Allner, Gifford Exhibitioner (1938), formerly of Bradfield College. Died 31 July 2002, aged 82.

Vernon Hedley Andrews, RAF Cadet (1943), formerly of Raynes Park County School. Died September 2001, aged 76.

Robert Armstrong, Commoner (1954), formerly of Carlisle Grammar School. Died 2002.

David Anthony Askew, King Charles 1 Scholar (1958), formerly of Victoria College, Jersey. Died 26 October 2002.

Colin Baskett, Commoner (1944), formerly of Wallingford County Grammar School. Died 29 November 2002, aged 75.

Michael Berry, Commoner (1946), formerly of Felstead School, Essex. Died December 22 2002, aged 80.

David M Bridgman, Commoner (1993), formerly of Exeter School. Died 27 August 2003, aged 28.

Edgar Frank Codd, Stapeldon Scholar (1941), formerly of Poole Grammar School. Died 18 April 2003, aged 79.

John Leonard Deal, Commoner (1940), formerly of Devonport High School. Died October 2002, aged 80.

Alan Fox, Commoner (1948), formerly of Ruskin College, Oxford. Died 26 June 2002, aged 82.

Francis Christopher Fox, Commoner (1954), formerly of Newcastle upon Tyne Royal Grammar School. Died 16 October 2002, aged 69.

Reginald Simon Gallienne, King Charles I Scholar (1934), formerly of Elizabeth College, Guernsey. Died 29 October 2002, aged 87.

David Kenyon Hall, Commoner (1963), formerly of Manchester Grammar School. Died 23 August 2003, aged 58.

Robert Evelyn Hyde, Commoner (1939), formerly of Rugby School. Died 23 July 2003, aged 82.

Norman Nathaniel Jacobs, Commoner (1951), formerly of Christ's Hospital. Died 1 March 2003, aged 72.

Richard Garfield Jenkin, Commoner (1943), formerly of William Hulme's Grammar School. Died 29 October 2002, aged 77.

Richard Allen Scarth Moss, Commoner (1933), formerly of Manchester University. Died 2003.

Brian Laurie Murgatroyd, Open Scholar (1943), formerly of Pudsey Grammar School and Leeds Grammar School. Died 24 April 2003, aged 76.

Donald Patrick Nestor, Commoner (1959), formerly of Heath Grammar School. Died 10th January 2003, aged 64.

Lawrence Warren Pearson, Commoner (1932), formerly of Hobart College. Died 7 February 2003, aged 92.

Jonathan Michael Reynolds, Commoner (1987), formerly of Southend-on-Sea School for Boys. Died 31 August 2003, aged 34.

Anthony David Roberts, Commoner (1956), formerly of Wolverhampton Grammar School. Died 10 March 2003, aged 67.

Denis Fowler Saunders, Commoner (1947), formerly of Scarborough High School.

Eric Sharman, Exhibitioner (1934), formerly of Town and County School, Northampton. Died 2 December 2002, aged 87

Colin Skinner, Commoner (1955), formerly of Reigate Grammar School. Died 22 May 2003, aged 67.

David Rigby Spriggs, Commoner (1945), formerly of Wyggeston Grammar School, Leicester. Died 27 August 2003, aged 76.

Michael Peter Stambach, Ashworth-Parkinson Scholar (1956), formerly of Bedford School. Died 7 March 2003, aged 67.

Alexander Muir Sturrock, Commoner (1932), formerly of The Edinburgh Academy. Died 6 August 2003.

Ernest Arthur Talbot, Scholar (1935), formerly of Burton-on-Trent Grammar School. Died 1 February 2003, aged 86.

Derek Michael Teague, Commoner (1949), formerly of Watford Grammar School. Died 24 October 2002, aged 77.

John Francis Reuel Tolkein, Commoner (1936), formerly of The Oratory School. Died 22 January 2003, aged 85.

Ewart Geoffrey Walsh, Stapeldon Scholar (1940), formerly of Cheltenham Grammar School. Died 26 March 2003, aged 80.

Harold Frederick Walton, Open Scholar (1931), formerly of Kingswood School, Bath. Died 2003.

George Leach Whiteside, Commoner (1948), formerly of Exeter School. Died 11 December 2002, aged 76.

Hector Lincoln Wynter, Rhodes Scholar (1949), formerly of Wolmer's Boys' School, Jamaica. Died December 2002, aged 76.

## *Marriages*

John Russell Wolffe (1977) to Helen Elizabeth Etheridge at St Stephen's Church, Chatham, Kent, on 11 May 2002.

Nick Kennedy (1980) to Carla Carbonari at the Old Royal Naval College, Greenwich, on 6 June 2003.

Elizabeth Beaumont Bissell (1988) to Justin Lock at the Oxford Register Office, on 23 August 2003.

Andrew R Davies (1992) to Megan C Armstrong at Exeter College, on 16 August 2003.

Clare Smyth (1991) to John Hagan at St Etheldreda's Church, London, on 28 June 2003.

Matthew Addison (1993) to Maria-Teresa Moon (1994) at St Paul's Church, Clifton, Bristol, on 21 June 2003.

## *Births*

- To the wife of Nick Gerrard (1976) on 15 June 1999, a daughter Corrie Elizabeth; and on 26 June 2001, another daughter, Hannah Dilys.
- To Lisa and Andy Anson (1983) on 15 January 2003, twins Morgan and Lachlan.
- To Samantha Rae (1985) and Dr Andrew Sharpe on 3 April 2003, twins Edward Frederick and Georgina Elizabeth
- To Georgina Dennis (née Pelham, 1988) on 6 June 2000 a daughter Eliza; and on 10 January 2003, another daughter, Flora.
- To the wife of Ken McCormick (1990) on 19 October 2002 a son, Duncan Matthew.
- To Elizabeth Tyerman and Andrew Forrest (1993) on 8 June 2003, a daughter Imogen Elizabeth.
- To Carin Westerlund (1998) on 7 August 2002, a daughter Malva, a sister to Björn.
- To Karen Darnton (née Thackery, 1992) and Andrew Darnton (1992) on 18 July 2003 a son, Thomas Alexander Leyland Darnton.
- To Sylvia and Justin Brett (1989) on 16 August 2003, a daughter, Grace Edwina Ellen.
- To Jon Gisby (1987) and Kate Wilson on 1 April 2003, a son, Josh Montgomery, a brother to Sam and Adele.
- To Sophie and Allan Jenkins (1990) on 18 October 2003, a son William, a brother to Penelope.

## *Advance Notice of Gaudies and Association Dinners*

Winter 2004	1987-89
Summer 2004	1970-73
Autumn 2004	-1954
Winter 2005	1974-77
Summer 2005	1990-92
Autumn 2005	Association Dinner
Winter 2006	1978-81
Summer 2006	1999-2001
Autumn 2006	1955-59
Winter 2007	1993-95
Summer 2007	1982-84
Autumn 2007	Association Dinner

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

### *Gaudies in 2004*

A Gaudy will be held on Saturday 10 January for those who matriculated between 1987 and 1989 (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](mailto:development@exeter.ox.ac.uk).

A Gaudy will be held on Saturday 26 June for those who matriculated between 1970 and 1973 (inclusive). Invitations will be sent out in March.

A Gaudy will be held on Saturday 25 September for those who matriculated in or before 1954.

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 2004 Summer Gaudy. They should write to the Home Bursar by 1 March. Old Members of any year who live overseas and expect to be in the United Kingdom when a Gaudy takes place will also be welcome and should apply for an invitation by the deadline given.

## *Visitors to College*

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

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

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

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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.



*Exeter College Boat Club Trophy June 1860*



*Chocolate Pot, Exeter College 1659.  
Latin inscription reads: Gift of Edward Fortescue of Sprinton in the  
County of Devon, Gentleman Commoner.*



Exeter College showing the new buildings

The New Buildings, now in course of erection at Exeter College, comprise a Chapel, a Library, about thirty-six Sets of Rooms, (several of which are an increase upon the previously existing accommodation,) and a House for the Doctor. The total cost is reported to be not less than £20,000, exclusive of the Library, which has been built from its own Funds. Of this sum, £15,000 has been already provided. In addition to very liberal Subscriptions made by many of the Fellows, the Society has imposed a tax for Building purposes upon all College Incomes.

The first stone of the Chapel was laid by the Bishop of Exeter's Lord, on the 19th of November, 1854: but for the Chapel alone there is still a deficiency of about £3,500.

The College now more appeals to the attachment of its old Members, either for aid towards the Chapel Fund, or generally to carry out the large scheme now proposed.

All previous Subscriptions may be paid by Installments during the present and two following years.

Exeter College, April, 1855.

[Printed]

*Exeter College new buildings 1858*







*Rehearsal in the Chapel*



*Chapel Flèche from the Fellows Garden*