

Lent Full Term ends.....	Friday 17 March
Parents’ Feast.....	Friday 17 March
Telephone Campaign begins.....	Saturday 18 March
MA’s’ Lunch.....	Saturday 25 March
Caius Club Dinner.....	Friday 31 March
Hong Kong Group Lunch.....	Thursday 6 April
Annual Gathering (1966, 1967 & 1968).....	Friday 7 April
2001: “A Caius Odyssey” with Mick Rock.....	Saturday 8 April
Easter Full Term begins.....	Monday 24 April
Easter Full Term ends.....	Friday 16 June
Benefactors’ May Week Party.....	Saturday 17 June
Caius Club Bumps Event.....	Saturday 17 June
May Ball.....	Tuesday 20 June
CMA Meeting and Dinner.....	Saturday 24 June
Graduation Tea.....	Thursday 29 June
Annual Gathering (up to and including 1955).....	Tuesday 4 July
Admissions Open Days.....	Thursday 6 & Friday 7 July
San Francisco Reception and Concert.....	Friday 15 September
New York Group Reception.....	Monday 18 September
Annual Gathering (1963, 1964 & 1965).....	Saturday 23 September
1956 Golden Reunion.....	Monday 25 September
Michaelmas Full Term begins.....	Tuesday 3 October
Commemoration of Benefactors Service.....	Sunday 19 November
Commemoration Feast.....	Sunday 19 November
Michaelmas Full Term ends.....	Friday 1 December

...always a **Caian**

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Once a **Caian...**

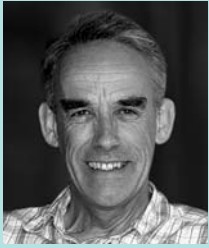
Installation of the
New Master

Topping Out at West Road

The Sandhurst Gun

Mick Rock’s Photos

Stephen Hawking’s Book



From the Master

I write this as the most recent Caian of all! As the graduate of another Cambridge college, I was matriculated in Caius just a few hours before I was installed as Master at the beginning of the Lent Term.

Since then I have been busy learning about the College and those who live and work here – an intricate, busy, purposeful community of fellows, students and staff. It is a delight to be here, and everyone has been very welcoming. I have come to a thriving college, riding high both academically and on the river, buzzing with intellectual, artistic, sporting and social activity.

And we are ambitious to do still better in the future. We are planning together how to reinforce our strengths in education and research; how to reach out to the best candidates across the whole range of the school system; how best to support our students while they are living and working in College; how best to preserve our architectural and cultural heritage. For all of that we need the support of “greater Caius” – the wider community of Caians including all those no longer resident in the College.

That term was coined by E S Roberts (1865), one of my greatest predecessors as Master and great-grandfather of Richard Duncan-Jones (1963). A photograph by Roberts helps illustrate Richard’s article about Caians and South Polar exploration, beginning on page 10. Roberts brought in major innovations such as the Caius Club, our journal of record, *The Caian*, and the regular Annual Gatherings. He was enormously supportive of the Boat Club, and helped to fund and build the Caius Boathouse.

I am sure Roberts would have been delighted by the Telephone Campaign (see page 23), in which twenty current undergraduates spend three hours a day for nearly two weeks telephoning Caians to bring them up to date with news from the College. I hope readers of this issue will respond when they call, and enjoy this link between the College of today and “greater Caius”.

Christopher Hum

Christopher Hum
Master

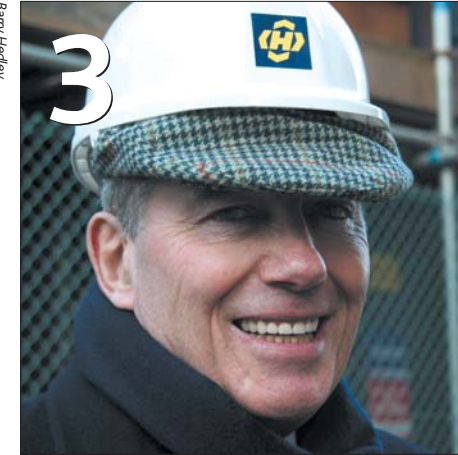


“A gift to Gonville & Caius College is a gift to the Cambridge 800th Anniversary Campaign”

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Barry Hedley



Yao Liang



Mick Rock



Dan White



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Porter, Andrew Buben, photographed by Dan White 2005.

Two recent landmark events for the College have been the Topping Out Ceremony at the magnificent new West Road Building on 20 November 2005 and the installation of our new Master, Sir Christopher Hum, in the Chapel on 16 January 2006.

Landmarks at Caius

The Master, Sir Christopher Hum, receives the caduceus from the President, Professor Wei-Yao Liang.



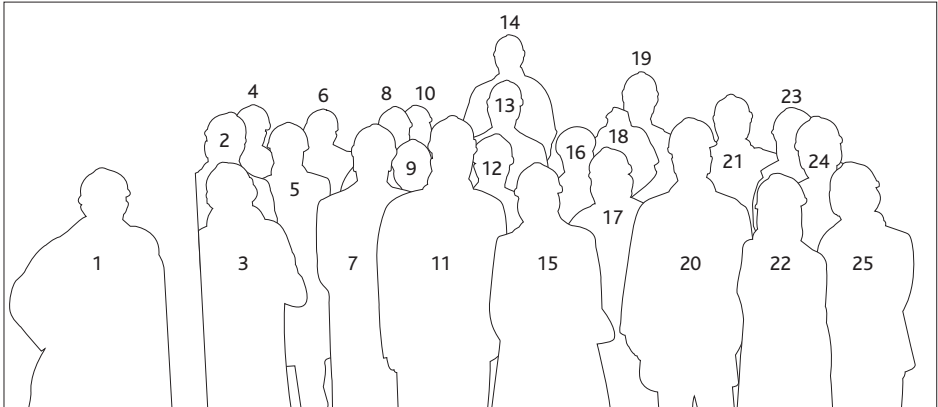
Barry Hedley

The ceremony for the Installation of the Master was attended by nearly 200 Fellows, students and staff. After Evensong, featuring some particularly heavenly music from the College Choir and lessons read by Dr John Casey (1964) and Professor Christopher Brooke (1945), Sir Christopher made his formal declaration: "I, Christopher Hum, do accept the office of Master of Gonville & Caius College, and do solemnly promise that I will discharge the duties thereof to the best of my judgement and ability, and will uphold the interests of the College as a place of education, religion, learning and research." The President, Professor Liang, then pronounced him the 41st Master since our First Founder's time, presented to him the caduceus, the rod symbolising prudent governance which was given to the College in 1558 by our Second Founder, John Caius, and conducted him to his stall in the Chapel, marking the installation by drawing the stall-curtain.

There is still much work to be done to make the new building ready for students by September, but the basic structure is in place and with its sinuous curves and beautiful Ancaster limestone cladding, all rooms en suite and a state-of-the-art heating and cooling system, the new Caius building at 5 West Road is clearly going to set new standards for student and conference accommodation in Cambridge. On a cold but clear day, twenty or so Fellows, distinguished Caians and members of the construction team donned hard hats and climbed to the top floor of the new building, where the President of Caius, Professor Yao Liang (1963), invited three major benefactors to lay the final stone in the wall. Doug Myers (1958), Rita Cavanaugh (2005) and Mike Richards (1981) took turns with the ceremonial trowel and jointly set the final slab in place. The senior architect, Mark Wilkinson of Donald Insall & Associates and representatives of Haymills construction company then took small groups on a tour of the building.



Mike Richards (1981), Rita Cavanaugh (2005) and Doug Myers (1958) each with a hand on the trowel.



- 1. Professor John Mollon (1996) 2. Sir Keith Stuart (1958) 3. Lady Stuart 4. Andy Hunt 5. Richard Lyon 6. Simon Wayland 7. David Elstein (1961) 8. Mark Wilkinson (Architect) 9. Sheena Hedley 10. Megan Vozila 11. Doug Myers (1958) 12. Barry Hedley (1964) 13. Martin Wade (1962) 14. David Beaver 15. Rita Cavanaugh (2005) 16. Dr Jimmy Altham (1965) 17. Dr Anne Lyon (2001) 18. Alex Vozila 19. Mark Vozila 20. Mike Richards (1981) 21. Ian Herd (1996) 22. Sarah-Jane Page 23. Nick Pettit 24. Professor Yao Liang (1963) 25. Choo Liang



Hard-hats for all at the Topping Out Ceremony.

The Sandhurst Gun

By Mick Le Moignan (2005)

The ideal university prank attracts the maximum public attention to a feat that is original, ingenious, surprising and difficult. It must not cause harm to people or property and should ideally cock a genial snook at some form of authority. Putting the Austin Seven on the Senate House roof in June 1958 (see Issue 2) is still probably the most successful student stunt of all.

Those who were up at the time or came to Caius soon afterwards realised that it was no longer enough to pass exams and succeed on the sports field. Thanks to the surreal sight of that little car apparently defying the laws of Newtonian physics and trundling along the apex of the roof, Caians had a reputation as pranksters and it was up to the next generation of wags and scallywags to maintain it.

The devisers of the following year's Caian stunt decided that anything to do with cars would be seen as old hat and derivative. Instead, they harked back to a much older triumph, still at the time in living memory, the Jesus Gun wheeze of 1921 (see Issue 1).

Having kept their identity secret for 46 years, six of the nine conspirators came back to a grand reunion lunch in College at the end of last year. While memories occasionally differed on details, they all enjoyed reminiscing and were delighted that the President of Caius, Professor Yao Liang, not only attended the lunch but also took their photographs. His presence, they felt, "lent an air of respectability to an otherwise dodgy escapade!"

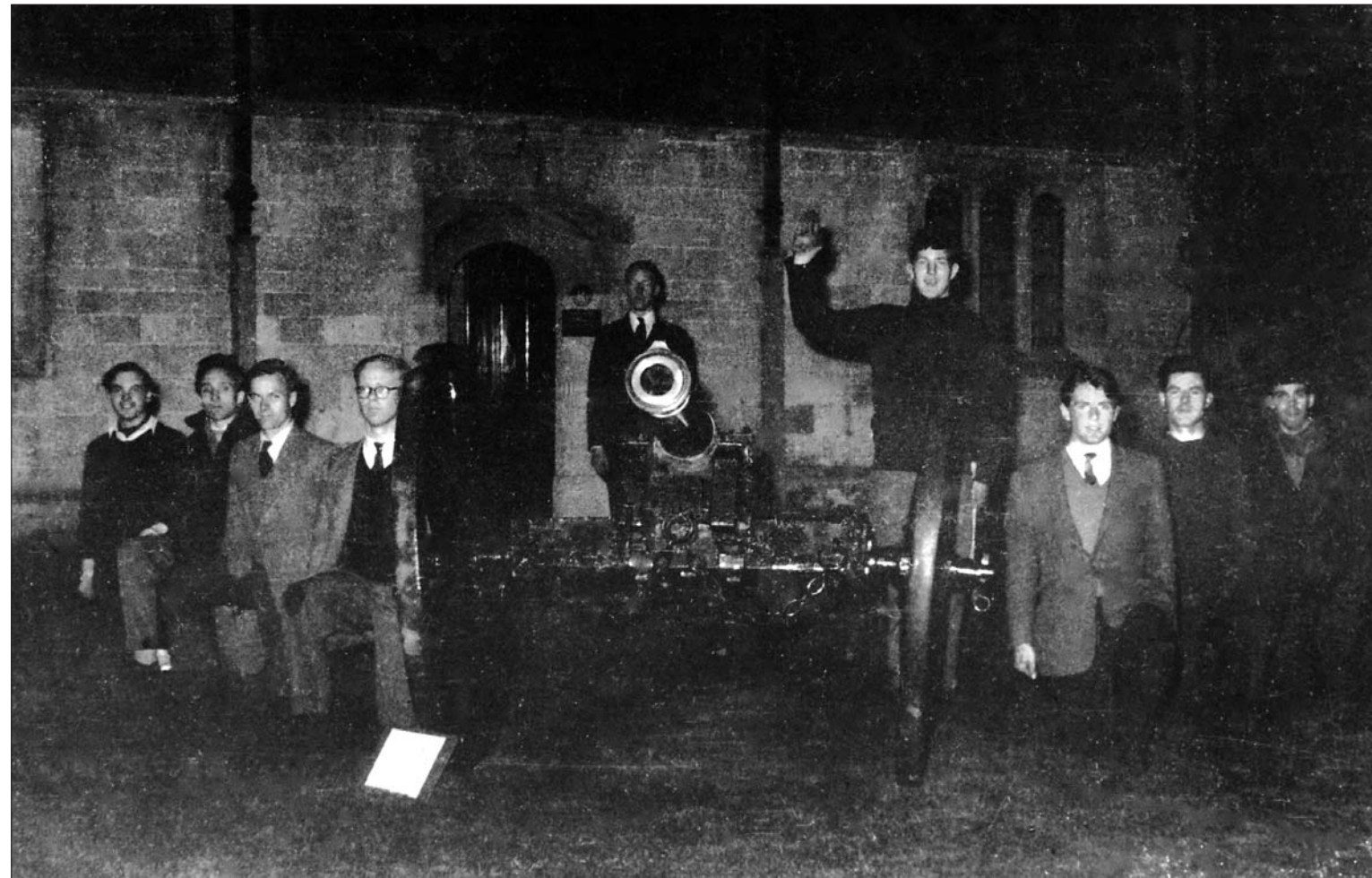
Back in the nineteen-fifties, National Service tended to interfere with the fun of university life. The government in its wisdom had decreed that all fit and able young men should be trained in the fine art of killing fit and able young men from other countries, and even intelligence was not accepted as an excuse.

Maurice Bartlett (1956) now a Reverend Canon of the Church, had completed his National Service and a short service commission with the Royal Artillery in "Heavy Ack Ack" (anti-aircraft guns) before coming up to Caius. Michael Montague-Jones (1956), sadly no longer with us, had also been commissioned after training at the Mons Officer Cadet School at Aldershot. Their first idea was to "borrow" a Mark 2 Bofors Gun and bring it into College, but when they went to inspect one, they found it was much too heavy and too wide to go through the Great Gate.

There were stories in the newspapers at the time about "souvenirs" from Sandhurst such as swords and muskets disappearing and turning up for sale in markets. Bartlett and Montague-Jones decided to investigate the possibility of acquiring a souvenir of their own. On a recce to Sandhurst with a friend who was a serving officer, they noticed three fine cannons, captured in the Crimean War, ceremonially guarding the grand entrance to Old College.

For the mission, Bartlett and Montague-Jones gathered a team of nine able-bodied, trustworthy chaps. Roger Barclay-Smith (1955), Dick Tapp (1956), Philip Morgan (1956) (now also a Canon), David Beevers (1957) and Noel Prowse (1957) joined the gun party. Antony Peck (1956) and Ted Willmott (1957) whose Army career later saw him rise to the heights of Major-General, President of the Ordnance Board and Director-General of Weapons (Army), formed the key party and would wait at College to open the Great Gate in the early hours of the morning.

The ground around the cannons consisted of gravel on top of tarmac. The Caians realised the metal rims of the wheels would make a terrific din, so they prepared blankets with ties to wrap around the wheels to muffle the



The triumphant gun crew showing signs of their military training at dead of night in Caius Court.

sound. Transport consisted of a Land Rover supplied by Tapp, whose family farmed in Thanet, and a panel van provided by Prowse. The plan was to tow the gun into the grounds of Sandhurst and dismantle it before transporting it back to Cambridge in the vehicles. On the recce, they had found a place surrounded by dense rhododendron bushes where they could separate the heavy barrel ("the piece" in military parlance) from the trail ("the alligator") and the wheels.

They calculated that the ideal time for the operation would be 22.50, as some cadets would come straight back from the cinema and others would go to the pub before returning and this was the slack time in between. Over lunch, 46 years on, Roger Barclay-Smith remembered that they chose a night close to the full moon, so they could see

“ ‘What we have here, officer, is an agricultural implement.’ Tapp chipped in that it was a new piece of machinery for lifting potatoes, at which point the policeman seemed to lose interest... When he asked where they were going, they showed further presence of mind and replied ‘Oxford!’ ”

“What we have here, officer, is an agricultural implement.” Tapp chipped in that it was a new piece of machinery for lifting potatoes, at which point the policeman seemed to lose interest. He enquired if they had been racing and they assured him truthfully that they had not. When he asked where they were going, they showed further presence of mind and replied “Oxford!” after which seven very relieved undergraduates continued on their way.

When they reached Trumpington, they stopped and ran up and down a sports field to make sure they were awake. At Caius, another police car was parked outside the Great Gate but soon drove away. Another sigh of relief! Willmott and Peck used the duplicate key that Montague-Jones had made with a butter-pat impression of the original, much as G F Hopkinson (1919) had done, 38 years earlier. They opened the Gates and started to carry the dismantled parts of the gun into College as quietly as they could.

Unfortunately for Noel Prowse, the rope they were using to carry the heavy gun barrel either broke or slipped, depositing it on the toes of his right foot, causing a considerable amount of noise and pain. Still nobody stirred in the Porters' Lodge and they carried on through the Gate of Virtue to Caius Court. They reassembled the gun in the opposite corner to where the Jesus Gun had been and trained it on the Master's Lodge, where (coincidentally) Nevill Mott (1930) had recently taken up residence.

Antony Peck, who had done his National Service in the Senior Service, and is still quietly proud of not knowing a colonel from a corporal, was in charge of the key and remembers Bartlett's stern command to “Take no prisoners!” Ted Willmott was reading Engineering and knew about rapid-setting concrete, so at dead of night, he and Peck dug a pyramid-shaped hole in the lawn and filled it with the concrete mix. Once the gun was in place, a steel loop was passed through the ring at the end of the trail and embedded in the concrete, which set nicely by morning.

The conspirators, pausing for a faintly-lit photograph or two, went off for a well-earned rest and anonymity, but this was far from the end of the story. It was clear by now that the injury to Noel Prowse's foot was more than superficial. His shoe was “awash with blood” and he had left a bright red trail from Tree Court into Caius Court. Bartlett took him to Addenbrooke's, where they diagnosed four broken toes. The toes have neither bent nor grown toenails ever since.

The Hospital reported the injury to Prowse's tutor, who called him to account, but since he had clearly been punished already and stoutly refused to reveal the names of his co-conspirators, the investigation petered out.

what they were doing. A chum at Sandhurst had assured them that it was a normal evening. In fact, when the gun party arrived there were floodlights all over the place and the cadets were having a Ball, quite literally, with lots of smartly dressed people milling round and sentries with rifles slung.

“It was time,” as Maurice Bartlett said, “for a bit of dash and spur of the moment”. Bold as brass, the Land Rover drove right in front of the Grand Entrance and dropped the crew, who picked up the alligator and swung the cannon around as the Land Rover reversed up to it.

Sadly, when they tried to join the towing ring on the end of the trail to the towing unit on the Land Rover, the party “failed ATD” (attention to detail) because they did not fit! Montague-Jones heroically saved the day by holding the two together while they drove out of the grounds past some bemused sentries who, to the Caians' great relief, failed to

challenge them.

200 yards down the highway, they had a stroke of luck, finding a hollow square surrounded by lock-up garages, where they dismantled the gun and divided it between the two vehicles. The wheels travelled in the Land Rover, the alligator in a trailer behind it and the heavy barrel in the van. They were relieved to hear no sound of an alarm being raised at Sandhurst, but took the precaution of travelling separately, rather than in convoy.

The two vehicles met up as arranged in Windsor Great Park and the conspirators joyfully gathered at the roadside to congratulate each other. At that precise moment, a police car pulled up beside them. The driver got out and inspected the vehicles:

“What have we got here, a gun carriage?” Barclay-Smith remembers Bartlett stepping up at this point, cool as a cucumber and sounding perfectly innocent:



Maurice Bartlett



Mike Montague-Jones



Roger Barclay-Smith



David Beevers



Philip Morgan



Noel Prowse



Dick Tapp



Antony Peck



Ted Willmott



Yao Liang

Revisiting the scene of the crime after the reunion lunch: (left to right) Maurice Bartlett, Noel Prowse, Dick Tapp, Philip Morgan, Roger Barclay-Smith and David Beevers.



Yao Liang

David Beevers explains some of the finer points of the operation to the College's Director of Development, Dr Anne Lyon and Keeper of the College Silver, Dr Michael Wood.



The gun in all its glory in front of the Gate of Honour, firmly anchored to the lawn of Caius Court.

An elderly Fellow, passing through Caius Court in the morning, muttered: "Oh, it's back, then," and went on his way.

The Dean, later Bishop Hugh Montefiore (1954), who rarely missed a trick, remarked to Bartlett after breakfast: "I like your gun, Maurice!" but took no further action.

The late Professor William Frend (1952) an Intelligence Officer in the Territorial Army, informed Sandhurst and another gun party came to collect their property. The visit was not a success: they found the cannon, only to be soundly defeated by the now-solid concrete. They went away, promising to return the next day.

That night, a completely separate group of Caians, not unconnected with the College Rugby Club, decided on the spur of the moment to extend their unknown colleagues' joke by moving the gun again. Memories are hazy about exactly who took part and it was (they claim) a dark night, but Neil Blake (1958) Bill Newman Sanders (1957) and Tony Dixon (1958) seem to recollect they might have been involved...

Sawing through the steel bolts, about ten Caians took the gun to pieces, got it over the wall, reassembled it and dragged it to Newnham, where they trained it on the main entrance to the College. One thought that occurred to them (they have admitted to being tired and emotional, and it was after closing-time on a Saturday night) was that if they blasted off the Newnham doors, it would at least save them the trouble of climbing over the wall to visit the young ladies!

The sweetest part of the whole escapade was that over the next few days, several newspapers picked up a completely erroneous story and made pointed jibes about Sandhurst's gun being stolen by a bunch of girl students!

The next day, yet another gun party, a sergeant and several cadets, came up from Sandhurst to reclaim their property. Noel Prowse, who met them, recalled at the reunion lunch that the undergraduates were all so impressed by the way the sergeant entered into the spirit of the joke, that he was immediately elected an honorary member of the JCR and presented with a Caius tie and scarf to take home.

Eventually, the Sandhurst party located their cannon and took it back, but not before a rather pathetic attempt at retaliation in which they stole a College flag, not from Caius, but King's! The Caians found a tame classicist to help them and posted a Dinky Toy cannon to the Adjutant of Sandhurst with a succinct message:

"Stultissimi sanguinei, falsum vexillum furati!" – "You bloody fools, you've stolen the wrong flag!"

Legacies and our Heritage

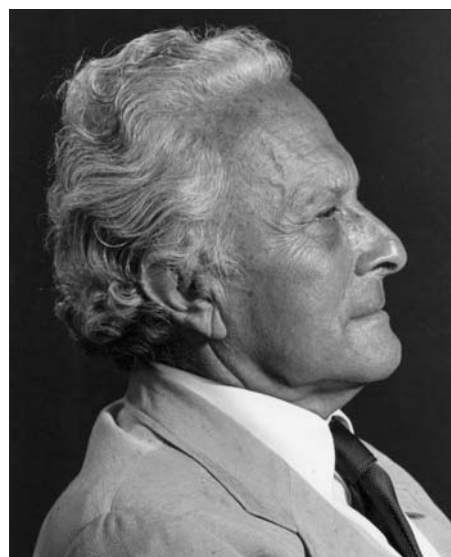
By Dr Anne Lyon (2001)

At the beginning of this term we installed our forty-first Master. We are the beneficiaries of nearly seven centuries of vision, study and endeavour, entering the twenty-first century stronger academically and socially than ever before. This excellence extends beyond pure examination and research results to embrace the College's many successes in extra-curricular fields and we are responsible for ensuring that the College we pass to the generations to come is even stronger than in our day.

In the lifespan of the College, an individual

In the early 16th century *Anne Scroop*, the last surviving descendant of Edmund Gonville's brother, left land to Gonville Hall including five acres of meadow, 'Dame Anne's Pastures' on the Backs, on which Harvey Court and the new West Road Building now stand. The legacies of women to this once all-male College have played a vital part in our development.

In 1592 Caius received the legacy of *Joyce Frankland*, whose only son had been killed in a riding accident. The touching story of how the Dean of St Paul's rode out to her country seat to comfort her and promised her student-sons in perpetuity, is told in



From Left:

Lord Bauer (1934)

Stanley Porter (1928)

Wilfrid Holland (1946)



lifetime can seem a mere drop in the ocean, but individuals can make a difference and we commemorate those who have done so. Since our first founding by Edmund Gonville in 1348, the names of far-sighted philanthropists who have helped to strengthen the College have become familiar to all Caians. From the early benefactions of William Bateman, John Caius and Anne Scroop, through to Joyce Frankland, Stephen Perse, William Branthwaite, Bartholomew Wortley, William Drosier and William Tapp, generous bequests in every century have enabled Caius to grow as a lively intellectual community.



Australian Music Centre

Christopher Brooke's history of the College (and often elsewhere!). When her bequest was received, six new Fellows suddenly appeared (today this would require an endowment of £6million), and the existing Fellows were seized with panic, fearing that their perquisites would be watered down and their authority challenged. So, with the connivance of the Master, a canny lawyer, they invented a distinction between Senior and Junior Fellows, which in a measure is still with us: the twelve Senior Fellows became in the 19th and 20th century statutes the elected committee known as the College Council.



Charming sixteenth century stained glass windows in the Master's Lodge overlooking Caius Court commemorate the benefactions of Gonville, Bateman and Caius.

Bartholomew Wortley, a Fellow from 1679 to 1706, spent much of his life far from Cambridge but in 1749 left the College £7000 (a very considerable sum for the time) and lands in Norfolk and Devon. It seems the College sheltered him from the consequences of his loyalty to the Stuarts, for he was probably a non-juror, refusing the oaths of allegiance to William and Mary, which should have led to resignation of his fellowship and made him ineligible for a benefice. Wortley is commemorated in the charming statue which presides over the staff bicycle shed.

William Drosier endowed the Drosier Fellowships and was the senior Fellow most active in promoting the change in statute which allowed Fellows to marry. Is the story true that, when he profited from this change and married Miss Purchas, she was an heiress?

In 1936, *William Tapp* left the College £200,000, then the largest bequest we had ever received. Half his legacy was for Law and the College still owns his Box, widely regarded as being in the best position at the Royal Albert Hall.

Today the tradition of philanthropic bequests to the College continues. In 2002, a legacy of £532,000 from *Stanley Porter* (1928) played a key part in launching the appeal for the new West Road Building, in which a room is to be named in his memory. This is an important example of an unrestricted legacy which gave the Master and Fellows flexibility to use Stanley's gift in the most effective way to help further the College's needs at the time.

Lord Bauer (1934) in 2002 left £100,000 to the College to fund bursaries. In his Will he preceded this wish with the words 'Without imposing any binding trust or obligation on the College, I wish...', thereby giving flexibility in case of future changes in either the College's needs or governing legislation.

Last year, a Caian who had been a music teacher, composer and conductor in Australia

since 1960, *Wilfrid Holland* (1946) left his entire estate to Caius to support music and endow an Organ Scholarship in perpetuity. Wilf, who was the College Organist throughout his undergraduate years, always retained a deep love and affection for Caius. He was the first of his family to attend a University, and he married Carroll Hele, daughter of the then Master of Emmanuel College, in 1948. I was first in touch with Wilf when planning my visit to Australia in early 2005 and, in appreciation of his generous bequest for College music, the College Choir under Dr Geoffrey Webber (1989) recorded Wilf's composition *Jubilate Deo* and sent him the CD. His great friend John Kain tells us 'Wilf was so excited to receive this CD that he joined in "conducting" his own piece as the choir performed it, bringing back many happy memories.' In September last year, he was thrilled to receive news that Tommy Hewitt Jones (2003) had just been appointed the first Wilfrid Holland Organ Scholar, and enthusiastically showed Tommy's website to his visitors. A musician to the end, he spent his last evening playing the piano and singing with friends. The choir's CD of his composition *Jubilate Deo* was played at his funeral service in Canberra. Wilf's name will be remembered for as long as there is music at Caius, which we trust will be a very long time indeed!

Through such support, Caius grows and flourishes. The College's success today is a living testimony to the vision and commitment of former generations to its future.

The College is aware of many Caians who would like to give a gift which will make a real difference to Caius but are unable to do so during their lifetime because of other commitments. Leaving a legacy in their Will offers this opportunity and if, like Wilfrid, you choose to tell the College of your planned bequest, then the College will be pleased to recognise your generosity during your lifetime.

The Charitable Status of the College means that legacies and bequests to it are free from Inheritance and Capital Gains Taxes, reducing the total tax liabilities of an estate. In addition, anyone who is a beneficiary under a Will can transfer all or part of their inheritance to the College under a Deed of Variation. Gifts thus transferred are free of Inheritance Tax and the College benefits during the donor's lifetime.

A legacy to Caius may be included in a Will either when it is first drawn up or subsequently by the addition of a Codicil. *David Howell-Jones* (1957) and his partners at Bray Walker Solicitors, 36 Furnival Street, London EC4A 1JQ (tel: 020 7430 0473) have generously offered a *free* Wills and Codicil service for all those planning to leave a significant legacy to Caius. Anyone who would like a suggested form of wording for a Will, or who wishes to take up David's kind offer, is most welcome to contact me (tel: 01223 766996, email: AL265@cam.ac.uk) for further information. If Caian solicitors in other parts of the country would like to offer a similar service, we would be delighted to hear from them.

At Caius we want to build for the future as our predecessors did, whilst preserving our beautiful architectural and cultural heritage. Our objectives are, and will continue to be, the maintenance and development of academic excellence in an environment which provides up-to-date educational and social facilities while retaining the friendly and intimate atmosphere which is so characteristic of Caius. We are immensely grateful for the wonderful support of many Caians and friends of the College who have already made provision for Caius in their Wills. You may be encouraged by an interesting statistic from Smee and Ford:

The average person dies aged 69 if intestate, 79 if testate, and 82 if testate and leaving a charitable bequest!

Flying the Flag

By Dr Richard Duncan-Jones
(1963)

The embroidered centrepiece of the Caius flag taken to the South Pole by Wilson and later returned to the College by Wright.



A photograph taken 100 years ago, in May Week 1906, shows Robert Falcon Scott, the celebrated Antarctic explorer, in the Lodge Garden with the family of the Master, E.S. Roberts (1865). Captain Scott had arrived in time to join the Robertses on the river to watch the May Races, and attended the Scales Club concert on Sunday, but had to leave before the College Ball the next day, to Mrs Roberts' disappointment. Sitting next to Scott is Caroline Roberts, the present writer's grandmother. The family called her 'Caia' for short, and her sister Margaret, sitting next to her, naturally became 'Gonvillia' for the undergraduates. In a straw hat is their brother Walter (1908). On the right is Dr Francis Guillemard (1869), the College's geographer.

Scott had already stayed with the Robertses the year before when taking his Honorary Degree. His original link with Caius seems to have been through his colleague Edward Wilson (1891), who graduated from Caius with a First in Natural Sciences, and took his MB in 1900. Wilson is shown as an undergraduate standing outside L staircase in the ivy-clad Caius Court of those days, where an inscription now commemorates him. During his clinical training at St George's Hospital, Wilson had

contracting tuberculosis while in London. He nevertheless took a prominent part in Scott's *Discovery* expedition of 1901-4 as 'surgeon, artist and vertebrate zoologist', and his water-colours of Antarctic birds and landscapes are among its most vivid records. Scott commented that: "his sketches are most astonishingly accurate; I have tested his proportions by actual angular measurement and found them correct."

In 1902-3 Scott, Wilson and Ernest Shackleton had made up the Southern Party, who, with a 19-strong dog-team, pushed south to a latitude of 82° 17' S. They eventually returned to a frantic welcome, but without any dogs, and showing signs of scurvy. Shackleton soon recovered, and more than lived down this episode by his famous *Nimrod* expedition of 1907-9, which reached a latitude of 88° 23' S. Shackleton, who was knighted on his return, had very much wanted Wilson as his second-in-command, but Wilson, now deep in work as an ornithologist for the Commission on Grouse Disease, felt he had to decline.

However, Scott's call to join the *Terra Nova* expedition of 1910-12 could not be ignored, and Wilson's contribution here was



A centenary photograph of the May Week Party of 1906, probably taken by the Master of Caius, E S Roberts (1865). Seated, left to right: Captain Robert Falcon Scott, Caroline and Margaret Roberts ("Caia" and "Gonvillia") and Mrs Mary Roberts, wife of the Master. Standing, left to right: Walter Roberts (1908) and Dr Francis Guillemard (1869).

Sledge-mates in Cambridge: (standing) Frank Debenham (1913) Founder Director of the Scott Polar Research Institute, (Sir) Charles Wright (1908), who located Scott, Bowers & Wilson's tent after the tragedy; (sitting) Griffith Taylor of Emmanuel and (Sir) Raymond Priestley of Christ's.



Photograph by Stearns & Sons

stayed at the Caius Mission in Battersea, contributing to its work, but



Photograph courtesy of Cheltenham Art Gallery & Museum

Edward Wilson outside his room on "L" staircase.

to be even greater. Wilson (known to the others as 'Bill' or 'Uncle Bill') seems to have impressed and inspired all of his colleagues, not least Scott, who wrote in 1911: "I have no words to express all that he has been to me, and to the Expedition – the wisest of counsellors, the pleasantest of companions and the loyalest of friends."

Sledging flags were a regular feature of Polar expeditions. Wilson in 1910 asked Mrs Roberts to make a Caius flag which he could take with him. Mrs Roberts, who had already made a flag for the College Boat Club, gladly agreed, and sewed the Antarctic flag that now hangs in Hall (although she later wrote that she did not feel competent to do the embroidery, so she took it to a professional).

Describing Christmas Day 1910 aboard *Terra Nova*, Wilson wrote in his diary: "(after Holy Communion) we decorated the wardroom with all our sledge-flags and mine was most handsome among the others. I also hung my Caius flag, which Mrs Roberts gave me, and the small Jack and New Zealand flag which Ann Hardy gave me. We also had Queen Alexandra's flag up and Lady Islington's, and everybody else's." Then there was a Christmas dinner, with penguin for turkey, followed by a long sing-song, part of the boisterous jollity of Antarctic evenings.

Wilson was director of the Scientific Staff. His team included a fellow-Caian, the

Canadian glaciologist Charles Seymour Wright (1908), known to his shipmates as 'Silas', though he was to become Sir Charles Wright KCB and Director of Scientific Research at the Admiralty. Wright was an 1851 Exhibition Scholar at the Cavendish, and Wollaston Student at Caius.

Another colleague was the Australian geologist Frank Debenham, who had come to Cambridge with Arts and Science degrees from Sydney, and was to join Caius in 1913. Admired in the Antarctic for his cuisine, Debenham was later to be the founder Director of the Scott Polar Research Institute, a Fellow and Tutor at Caius, and the first Professor of Geography at Cambridge. Wright and Debenham are seen here as young men in 1913, with the caption 'Sledge-mates in Cambridge.' Seated are two more Cambridge members of Wilson's scientific team, Griffith Taylor of Emmanuel and (Sir) Raymond Priestley of Christ's.

In 1910, to show their fitness for the awe-inspiring labours ahead, Wright and Taylor had walked from Cambridge to London in twelve hours flat, leaving Wright apparently unscathed, but Taylor with sore feet and a hatred of hard-boiled eggs. Debenham later recalled that Wright's spectacles gave him a lot of trouble in the Antarctic. But Wright was not easily discouraged. Scott wrote of him: "One of

the greatest successes is Wright. He is very thorough and absolutely ready for anything. Like Bowers he has taken to sledging like a duck to water... Nothing ever seems to worry him."

Sadly, Wright was to be in the search party in November 1912, after the tragic end of Scott's Polar mission. As things turned out, it was Wright who located the tent that Scott, Wilson and Bowers had pitched eight months earlier. Only the top remained visible above the snow.

Scott and the sledge party which still included Captain Oates and Petty Officer Evans had reached their ultimate goal on January 17th, and had flown their flags at 90° S on January 18th. Mrs Roberts' flag did make its way back to Caius, although Wilson could not be its bearer. It seems that Wright must have taken it in his care when returning to the College, where Debenham soon joined him. Not long afterwards, Griffith Taylor wrote:

"Dear Uncle Bill will never return to his rooms in Caius College; but on the old archway through which he reached his quarters, are blazoned the names of Wright and Debenham. For Debenham has joined Caius and 'keeps' just below his sledge-mate, between the Gates of Wisdom and Honour."

If there is one value this College would defend to the death, it is intellectual freedom, the right to pursue our own studies and thoughts wherever they may lead us. Most generations of Caians have to defend this freedom against a variety of threats from the outside world – religious or political persecution, financial stringency or simply mindless materialism, which undervalues intellectual excellence. Exceptionally, some of us are called upon to risk our lives for the cause.

David Foster (1938) belongs to a generation whose time at Caius was cruelly interrupted by the Second World War. He passed Part One of the Economics Tripos before volunteering and went on to a distinguished career at Colgate-Palmolive after the war had ended.

His parents were American. His father first came to London to swim in the Olympics in 1908 and took home a lifelong love of England as well as a gold medal. Young David spent much of his childhood in England and went to Stowe School before coming up to Caius. When war was declared, he was on vacation in France:

"I was happy when they said it's started: I couldn't wait to get back to England to volunteer for the Navy. We all had a tremendous enthusiasm for getting rid of that bastard, Hitler!"

Back in Cambridge, queueing up to volunteer, he had a stroke of luck: the clerk asked if he'd like to volunteer for the Fleet Air Arm of the Royal Navy. He agreed at once but then had to wait six months to start the various training courses required.

The so-called "Phoney War" went badly for the Royal Navy. Two of their seven aircraft carriers were sunk and Foster began to wonder if there would be any planes left to fly or ships on which to land them. Arriving at Royal Naval Barracks, Gosport, in April 1940, there was another disappointment:

"I thought I'd get a smart uniform, but they put me in sailor's garb!"

Seven weeks later, fully trained in useful nautical skills like marching, washing-up, cleaning toilets and tying knots, he moved to Belfast and started learning to fly planes. It was his twentieth birthday.

The great strength of the Fleet Air Arm was its ability to attack with airborne torpedoes. Winston Churchill, as First Lord of the Admiralty before the First World War, had insisted on this. They came into their own at the Battle of Taranto in November 1940, crippling the Italian Navy in harbour. The Captain of HMS *Illustrious*, the aircraft carrier which launched the attack, boasted that in one night his planes had caused more damage to the enemy than Nelson at Trafalgar and twice as much as the entire British fleet at the Battle of Jutland. Such stories tended to make trainee pilots even hungrier for action!

Flying for Freedom

David Foster DSO, DSC & bar (1938)
interviewed by Mick Le Moignan (2005)



David Foster with his father, mother and sister at Buckingham Palace in October 1943, where David received his first DSC from King George VI.



Fairey Albacore of the Fleet Air Arm dropping a torpedo.



Above: David Foster "in sailor's garb" – Naval Airman, 2nd class.

Left: Avengers returning to the British Fleet after a successful attack on oil refineries at Palembang, Sumatra in January 1945.



The day Foster's Albacore caught fire! He and his observer, Arthur Pickthall, had the presence of mind to photograph the moment.

In May 1941 Foster sailed from Scotland via South Africa to Egypt. In the Suez Canal he was amazed to pass HMS *Formidable*, the last British aircraft carrier in the Eastern Mediterranean, heading to the USA for repairs after being bombed at Crete. Planes were also in short supply, many having been lost trying to defend Greece. Desperate to fly, he and a friend volunteered to deliver renovated planes from a newly-built desert repair yard to forward bases.

On an 18-mile walk back after one delivery, he was badly bitten by mosquitoes. Naturally, when the fever erupted, it was diagnosed as malaria. In fact, it was paratyphoid, caused by the decomposing body of a dead Egyptian, dumped in the water tank by his fellow workers.

It was not quite the brush with death Foster had envisaged, nor was it the last. Recovered, flying anti-submarine patrols just as Rommel tightened his grip on the Western Desert, an electrical fault set his plane on fire. After crash-landing in the desert, he and his observer watched (and photographed!) the resulting firework display as their ammunition and distress flares exploded.

Foster's unfortunate habit of volunteering got him into more trouble when Intelligence reported that an Albacore had been left behind at one of the hastily-evacuated airfields. He was given a tin of starting cartridges and a driver. When they arrived, it was pitch-black and they could hear heavy traffic rumbling on the desert road as the British rearguard kept just ahead of advancing German tanks.

The driver remembered an urgent appointment and Foster hurried to find the plane, hoping the starter cartridges would work. Indeed they did, but once airborne, he realised why it had been abandoned: the oil pressure was falling fast. He climbed to 2,000 feet and followed the troop convoys on the desert road but soon the engine seized and he had to make his second crash landing in three days. To his great relief, the soldiers who surrounded him were not Germans but retreating Sherwood Foresters.

Further missions followed thick and fast: in July and August 1942, he flew "Pathfinder" missions in Albacores, illuminating targets for attacks by RAF Wellington bombers and battleships. JU88 fighters closing from behind were a constant hazard. Knowing the German planes were less manoeuvrable, he developed the risky technique of waiting until his observer reported them right on his tail, then turned sharply away. In this way, they survived fifteen missions before Rommel turned for Tunisia.

Back in England for overdue leave and to collect his first DSC from the King, he was sent on a lecture tour of the North to promote the Fleet Air Arm. Then, after a few months flying missions from South Coast airbases against targets in France, he was promoted to

Lieutenant Commander and sent to the USA to learn to fly some new, much more manoeuvrable planes, Grumman Avengers.

The D-Day landings took place while he was away and on his return to Europe it was time to focus on a different enemy. A new squadron was formed, 849, which Foster was to lead in one of the biggest British naval air operations of the War.

Planes from four aircraft carriers were to co-ordinate in attacking two oil refineries at Palembang in Sumatra, which provided vital support for Japanese forces in the Pacific. The refineries were heavily defended by fighter bases, anti-aircraft guns and barrage balloons. The plan was to fly in unobserved over 12,000 foot mountains, then dive down to 1,500 feet to make sure bombs were aimed accurately. RAF Intelligence was reassuring on one point, at least: the balloons had never been spotted flying or even inflated.

Even so, it was a mission fraught with danger. An early morning fighter sweep caught many Japanese planes on the ground, but many others took off safely. The anti-aircraft fire was intense and contrary to the RAF report, the target was protected by masses of cabled balloons, flying at up to 8,000 feet.

Having come so far and risked so much, Foster was furious about the incorrect advice and dived straight through the barrage of balloons and cables to strike the target. Nine British aircraft were lost but thirteen Japanese fighters were shot down, another 59 destroyed or damaged on the ground and most importantly, one of the refineries was hit.

Five days later, when they tried to execute the same plan against the second refinery, the Japanese were better prepared and British losses heavier. Foster's two wingmen, his two most trusted pilots and crews who flew on either side of him, were both shot down, captured and later made to dig their own graves before being killed. The mission, however, succeeded: the second refinery was hit. Foster won the DSO and many of his men were also decorated.

Further action followed in the Pacific, breaking Japanese supply lines; here the aircraft carriers faced bomb-laden "kami-kaze" planes diving into them. Understandably, after all the carnage, Foster decided he was no longer an undergraduate and instead joined his father at Colgate-Palmolive. He succeeded, of course, on the same mixture of dogged determination, attention to detail and a generous slice of luck, ending his career as Chief Executive and Chairman of the Company.

These days, at 85, he's enjoying his retirement: he's a fine storyteller with some extraordinary tales to tell. If you're lucky enough to get him talking about the Fleet Air Arm, just watch as the years fall away and the old light of battle shines in his eyes.

Through the Cai Hole

The Bedders' Tales

by Mick Le Moignan (2005)

Older Caians may be surprised to learn that Bedders no longer make beds: duvets have replaced sheets and blankets and the young gentlemen (some of whom, in another shock, are female) now make their own. Cleaning continues, however, and so does the age-old role of bedders as agony aunts and confidantes.

Many Caians have anecdotes about their bedders but Alastair Campbell's (1974) is funnier than most. Hearing that Hostel Keeper Millie Lay, who ran the College Bar in his day, was in the audience when he came back to Cambridge to do his one-man show, "An Audience with Alastair Campbell" at the Arts, he invited her to stand up and ask the first question.

"I'm very proud of you, Alastair," said Millie, "I've followed your career with interest and the more success you've had, the more amazed I am that you're still alive, knowing how much you used to drink!" And the king of spin roared with laughter at being bowled out by such straight talking.

The current Housekeeper at Caius, Camilla Marsh, also values the everyday contact between her staff and the undergraduates:

"I think it's good for the students to get to know their bedders. They can talk to them about all sorts of things. The tutors like it, too. They're away from home for the first time and the bedder's a friendly face."

Students, she feels, can sometimes confide in the bedders about matters they would rather not discuss with their friends. It is a useful safety valve, to have that personal contact with someone a bit older, down to earth, with some experience of life, who is not involved in the academic rat-race.

"Bedders see a lot of what goes on in a student's life. They need to be pretty discreet: sometimes they see things they shouldn't!" If there was any serious problem, Camilla would want her staff to tell her about it, but otherwise she would expect them to use their judgement and act in the students' best interests.

Camilla and her full-time team of about

40 have a massive job on their hands: they clean over 900 rooms every day. Aged 25, with a degree in Hospitality and Business Management and experience as Front-of-House Manager for a Best Western Hotel, she is the youngest of the Cambridge College Housekeepers and seems remarkably unfazed by her responsibilities. She doesn't usually shout or get cross but speaks to anyone who



Tessa Elliott

steps out of line. She believes in change but thinks it should be gradual. After 18 months in the job, she's pleased with the way things are going.

One problem she has encountered is having a bedder come to tell her a student's room can't be cleaned properly because it's a complete tip. The form is for the bedder to speak to the student first, then if there is no improvement, Camilla first sends an email, then goes to talk to the student herself. If it continued, she would involve the student's Tutor – and would expect that to solve the problem, because of the Tutor's power to levy fines. She could not fine them herself, but could charge them for damage caused, such as Blu-Tack on walls, candle wax on carpets and the occasional broken chair – it seems students still tend to swing back on them! That said, the vast majority quickly adapt to

the standard required: she is relieved to say she has never come across a trashed room, just seriously untidy ones!

The Housekeeping team members are a convivial bunch: they laugh a lot and enjoy a chat but get on with the job quietly and efficiently. It's quite clear that the whole College runs more smoothly, thanks to their contribution to our lives. Helen Coulson is Camilla's deputy and Housekeeper at Harvey Court. Camilla also benefits from the long experience of Supervisor Sue Gooch and Diane Hills, both of whom have been at Caius for 30 years. Paul Farman, the College's Furniture Conservator, knows where all the bodies are buried, or at least where all the nicest paintings and pieces of furniture are to be found, and anyone who fancies new curtains had better visit the Linen Room and get to know Olive Read, the College Seamstress.

A total of 204 rooms and six flats in the so-called "satellite courts" are looked after by the Hostel Keepers, Chris Perkins at Harvey Road, Freda Marks at Mortimer Road, Jane John (whose husband, Ken, is a Porter) at St Paul's Road, Millie Lay at Gresham Road and Camilla herself at Green Street.

Millie is a Caius legend: only 26 when she first joined the College in 1972, she ran the Bar for fourteen years and then spent eighteen more as Housekeeper at Harvey Court. All her three children, Julie, Jackie and Glen, have worked here in various jobs and she clearly returns the warm affection felt for her by many generations of students:

"I learned a lot from them, over the years, and I always thought I was so lucky to be here. I feel a part of Caius, just like the Fellows and the students."

Millie reels off the names of her favourites, especially from the early years, together with notes on their careers, marriages, children... "Medics were the best drinkers!" she observes, "Especially when they got their results at Christmas." She recalls Nick Upton and his wife Jane, Nick Dodd, Lars Tharp, Tony Cecil, Alastair Campbell and Tim Kerr-Dineen and their friend Mark Gault, who died tragically young, Tim Burman, who was killed at 24 in the Lockerbie air disaster, Ken

"I learned a lot from them, over the years, and I always thought I was so lucky to be here. I feel a part of Caius, just like the Fellows and the students"



Alastair Campbell (1974), with Hostel Keeper Millie Lay, after his one-man show at the Arts

Gradwell, Eva De Sousa Turner (now Strasburger) and many more.

One of our great institutions here is Life Fellowships – special honours awarded to Fellows who have long served the College and contributed to its life and work. Listening to Millie made me wonder if she should be our first Life Bedder – without expecting her to make any beds, of course!

Another candidate for such an honour would be Tessa Elliott. Originally from Northumberland, Tessa joined Caius after she and her husband came back from Swaziland. She retired after seventeen years as Hostel Keeper in Green Street but still has one past PhD student lodging with her. She's honest enough to admit that at first, she didn't really enjoy the work:

"Who likes cleaning? But I got to like the students more and more!"

When she first started, she was a bedder as well as a Hostel Keeper, but she was one of the new breed:

"I said I don't make my son's bed, so I'm



Camilla Marsh and the housekeeping team in St Michael's Court

not making theirs. And soon that became the general rule."

Tessa tried to make the rather convoluted buildings at Green Street as comfortable and home-like as possible, but she firmly believes that the most important part of her job was to listen, to pick up if there was stress or a problem.

"You're non-threatening, you see. You don't have to put on an act."

Over the years, she has observed students becoming more mature. Possibly as a result of taking gap-years, she thinks they seem more worldly-wise. Certain temptations, however, have always been irresistible, like the fire escape sling on the top floor:

"The number of times I looked out of the window and saw a pair of legs, just dangling there..."

One of Tessa's great contributions to the life of the College from 1994 to 1999 was to write, photocopy and distribute a newsletter for (and called) "Caius Workers", which aimed to let the 100 or so "non-academic" staff

know who they all were, what they did and what was going on, in and around the College. Each issue included a short profile of a department and photographs of new arrivals and departures. One small item from the penultimate issue deserves a second airing:

"How many Fellows does it take to change a light bulb?"

– "Change? – CHANGE?"

The essential role of the bedders has not really changed at all: in this sometimes rarefied academic atmosphere, they provide a vital counter-balance for young newcomers: they are decent, sensible, unpretentious people from the real world, whose most vital function is to remind us that however earth-shattering and important our study and research may be, we all breathe the same air, we all have to work and eat and sleep and we all deserve a bit of fun from time to time. And it's worth remembering that youthful indiscretions can sometimes come home to roost – even in front of an audience of several hundred people.

Over the centuries, Caius has housed many eccentric geniuses. One of the most colourful characters of recent times is our world-famous rock'n'roll photographer, the fortuitously named Mick Rock (1964), described by *The Times* last year as "the music world's top snapper!"

Mick has an extraordinary knack of spotting great bands or solo artistes first. He gets close to them, grasps what is unique about them and then expresses their essential qualities in images that sear themselves on to our consciousness.

Lou Reed's *Transformer*, David Bowie's *Ziggy Stardust*, Debbie Harry's *Blondie*, The Sex Pistols, Freddie Mercury, Syd Barrett, Bryan Ferry, Iggy Pop and Kate Moss were all lucky enough to have their iconic status revealed by Mick's lens. Now, new bands compete for the accolade of a photo-shoot with the master – the Killers, the Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Razorlight, Kasabian, the Editors, the Doves, the Magic Numbers, the Chemical Brothers, Snow Patrol, the Kooks and others.

In recent years, he has published a series of magnificent books of his classic photographs. Huge retrospective exhibitions of his work have been acclaimed in Tokyo and Manchester and will shortly open in Berlin. Full details on: www.mickrock.co.uk

Ten years after a quadruple bypass, Mick leads a more sedate life than (rumour has it) he once did, drinking rarely and indulging only in meditation, yoga and massage.

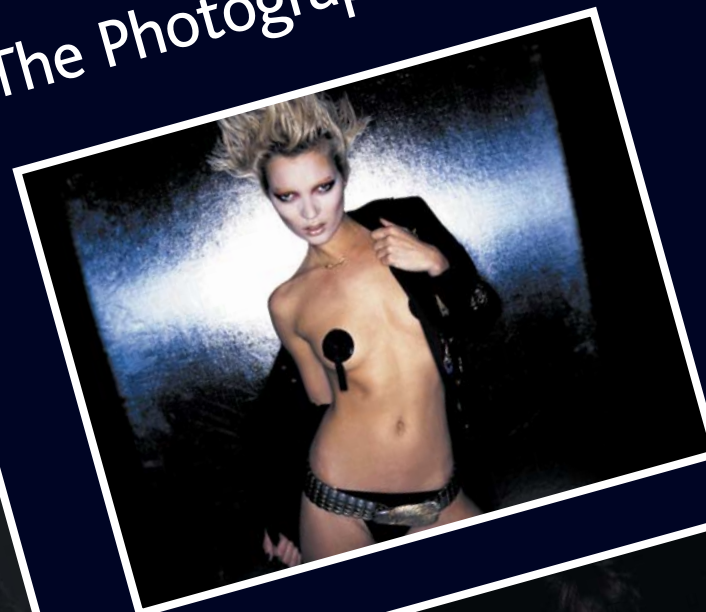
He loved his time at Caius, recalling that Joseph Needham (1918) treated him with particular generosity of spirit. His heroes are Oscar Wilde, Baudelaire, Nerval, Rimbaud and Byron but he describes himself as a free thinker, not a rebel:

"I was rebellious by the standards of the time because I was curious. It's not about being liberal or conservative: it's about understanding that life must keep changing."

Rock Rocks

The Photographic Art of Mick Rock (1964)

All photos copyright Mick Rock 2006 www.mickrock.com



A Briefer History of Time

by Stephen Hawking (1965) with Leonard Mlodinow
Brief Review* by Professor Tim Pedley (1973)

When "A Brief History of Time" was published in 1988, those non-specialists who nevertheless knew a bit about science thought it was one of the clearest "popular" expositions of modern particle physics and cosmology on the market. However, feedback from some of the millions who had bought the book and started to read it suggested that it was still too difficult. The ideas were not getting across to the general public in the way that the notion of the earth going round the sun had in the seventeenth century. The "Briefer History" is an attempt to rectify that.

The trouble with theoretical physics is that the concepts, of relativity and quantum mechanics, are non-intuitive and the evidence in favour of currently accepted descriptions of the universe often involves advanced mathematics and is very hard to follow. Thus popular expositions face the danger of throwing the baby out with the bathwater and relying in the end on the scientist's authority. In this reviewer's opinion the "Briefer History" escapes that danger, on the whole. Most of the baby is still in the bath (or should I say there is a 90% probability that the baby is still in the bath?). The authors mainly succeed in avoiding technical language (though use of the word "model" in an explanation of the nature of a scientific theory is likely not to be understood) and difficult ideas are presented with brilliant clarity (for example, the fact that Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle is a necessary consequence of the existence of a smallest quantum of light, the photon) though some analogies were somewhat banal (such as the

discussion in terms of a bank balance of the need for initial and boundary conditions in the solution of mathematical equations). Some explanations could have been expanded without many more words or a loss of clarity. For example, after telling us how important Newtonian mechanics was in explaining the orbits of the planets, the authors fail to point out that a change in the direction of a body's motion, without change of speed, means that the body is experiencing a sideways acceleration and therefore must be acted on by a force – gravity in the case of orbiting planets. Moreover several of the illustrations are useless as aids to understanding and seem to have been put in only for the sake of having a few pictures to break up the text.

However, overall the book is a great success. The reader is led to understand why time travel is impossible, why there must be more stuff in the universe than can be observed (dark matter and dark energy), why the universe will probably go on expanding forever, and so on. We are also led to contemplate eternal questions that are ultimately philosophical or (for some people) religious, in particular the so-called anthropic principle: if the laws of physics were a bit different, or even if the physical constants arising in those laws, that have been measured empirically, had slightly different

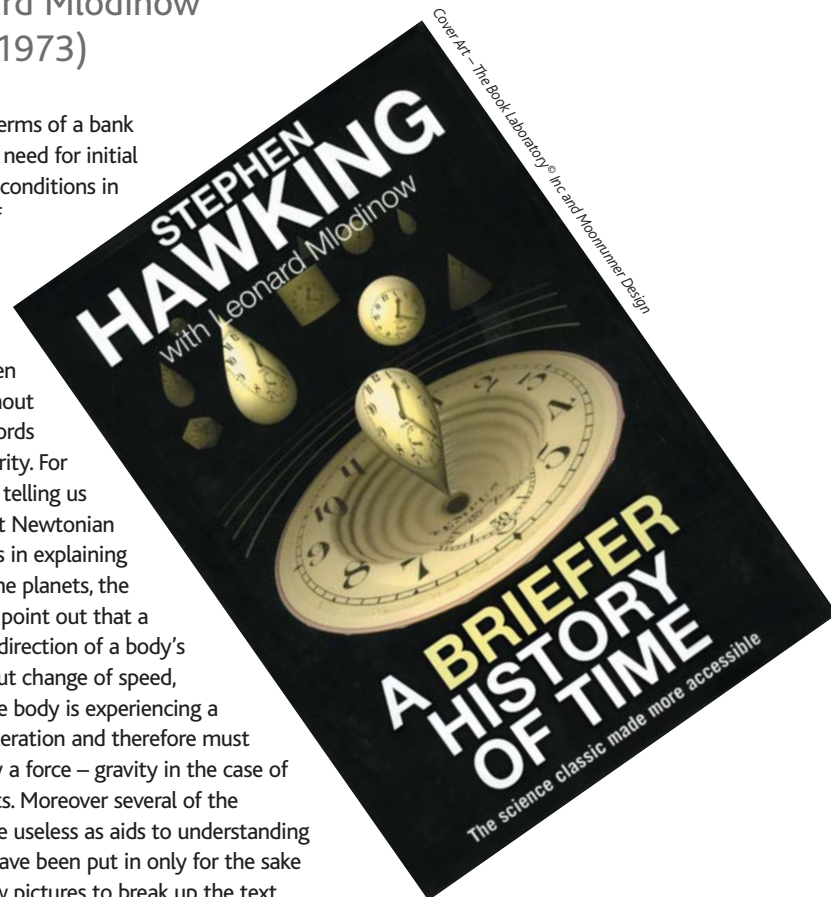
values, then it would not be possible for stars, let alone planets and life as we know it, to exist. So why is the universe constructed in exactly the way required for people to exist and ask questions about it?

* For readers who want an even briefer review, here is a haiku:
Big bang: time began
Will it end with a big crunch?
Hawking says maybe

Gravitational Attraction of Composite Bodies
If the mass of a body is doubled, so is the gravitational force that it exerts.



The Book Laboratory[®] Inc., James Zhang, and Kees Veenbos. Image of Marilyn Monroe. The Estate of André de Dienes/Ms. Shirley de Dienes licensed by One West Publishing, Beverly Hills, CA 90212



Caius College Choir's latest recording, a CD of contemporary and medieval vocal music entitled *All the ends of the earth* has recently been released by Signum Classics. British sacred choral music has enjoyed a renaissance in recent years: new works by many leading composers have found a place not only in liturgical performances but also in concerts, broadcasts and on CD, and the Choir's recording forms part of a particular strand which seems to be emerging in the 21st century – the neo-medieval.

At the start of the 20th century composers looked back to the 16th century for inspiration and it is easy to see how the concise, finely-wrought forms of the period would have appealed to the post-Romantics. But now composers are turning to the medieval period, for inspiration and music from as far back as the 11th century serves as the *fons et origo* for Judith Weir, Bayan Northcott, Michael Finnissy and Jonathan Harvey, all of whom feature on the Choir's new recording.

The CD opens with Judith Weir's motet *All the ends of the earth*, based on one of the most famous of all medieval compositions, the *Viderunt omnes* by Pérotin, and then presents a wide variety of new works alongside freshly-edited music from the medieval period, including two new transcriptions of works taken from manuscripts in the Caius Library.

The complex rhythms, startling harmonies and technical innovation of the medieval works provided a rich source of inspiration to the modern composers featured on the disc. It includes both established names and younger composers with growing reputations, such as Gabriel Jackson, whose motet *Thomas, Jewel of Canterbury* was commissioned for the Choir by Caius Bill Packer (1949) in memory of Paddy Hadley (1938), a former Precentor of Caius. Jackson's work, which takes its text from a manuscript in the Caius Library, was subsequently short-listed for the British Composer Awards 2005.

Like many of the Choir's recordings, *All the ends of the earth* is very much an 'in-house' affair. Professor Robin Holloway (1967) adapted two movements of his *Missa Canonica* especially for the CD – the work was composed in the 1960s and subsequently lost, until the only copy fortuitously turned up in the early months of 2004! Counter-tenor soloist William Towers (1993), a former Caius Choral Exhibitioner, sang with other soloists from the choir, and the instrumental parts were performed by talented Caius undergraduates. Another former Choral Exhibitioner, Oliver Phillips (2000) supplied many of the translations from the Latin, and the gigantic role of recording producer and editor was executed by the Wilfrid Holland Organ Scholar, Thomas Hewitt Jones (2003).

All the ends of the earth

Caius College Choir CD
Dr Geoffrey Webber (1989)

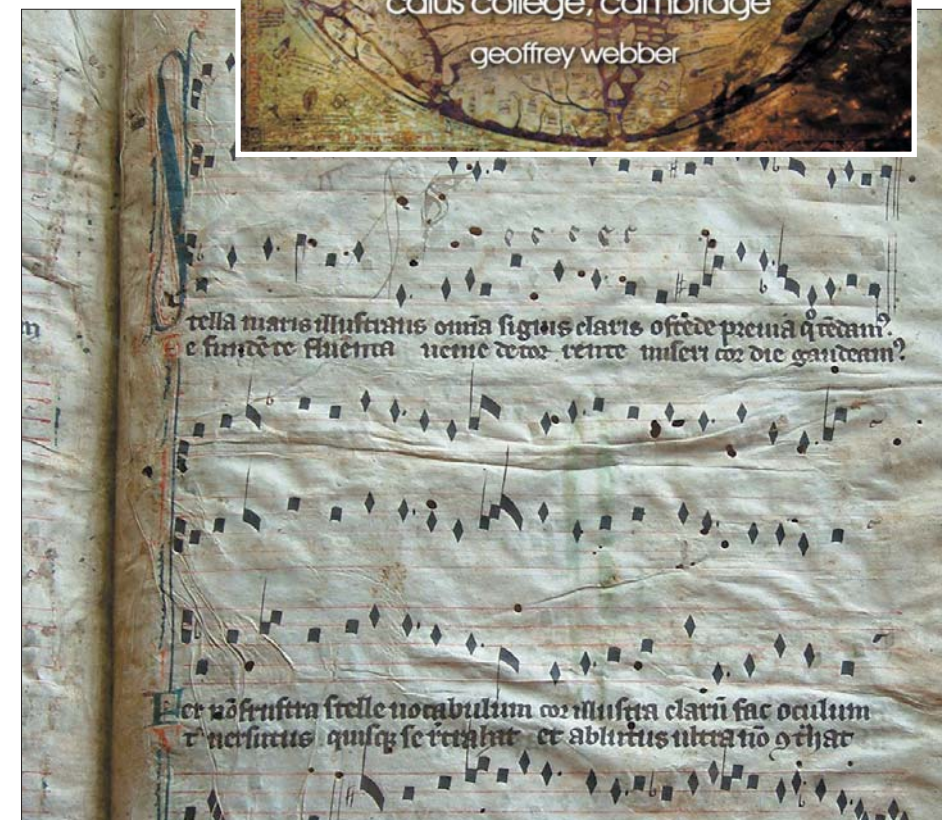
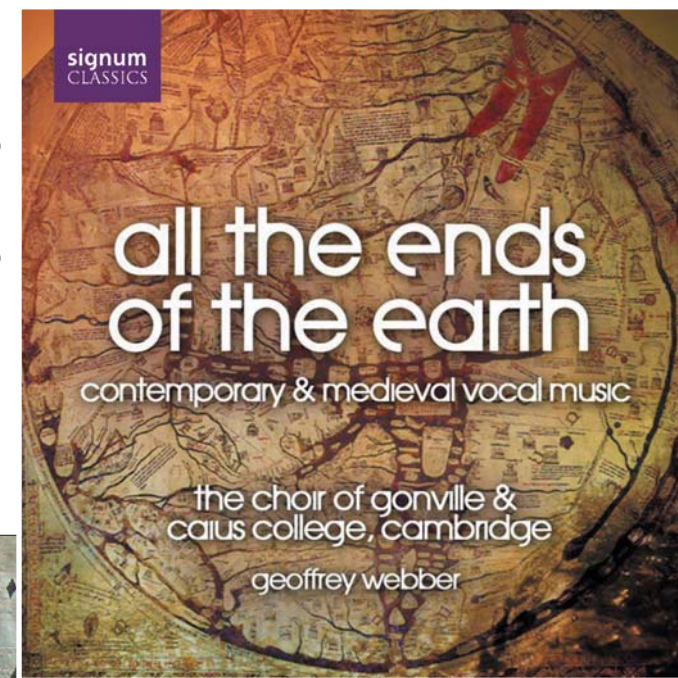
"sensitively performed" – Classic FM

"truly distinctive" – BBC Music Magazine

"a really imaginative recording... I love this CD!" – BBC Radio 3

These reviews can be found on the Caius website.

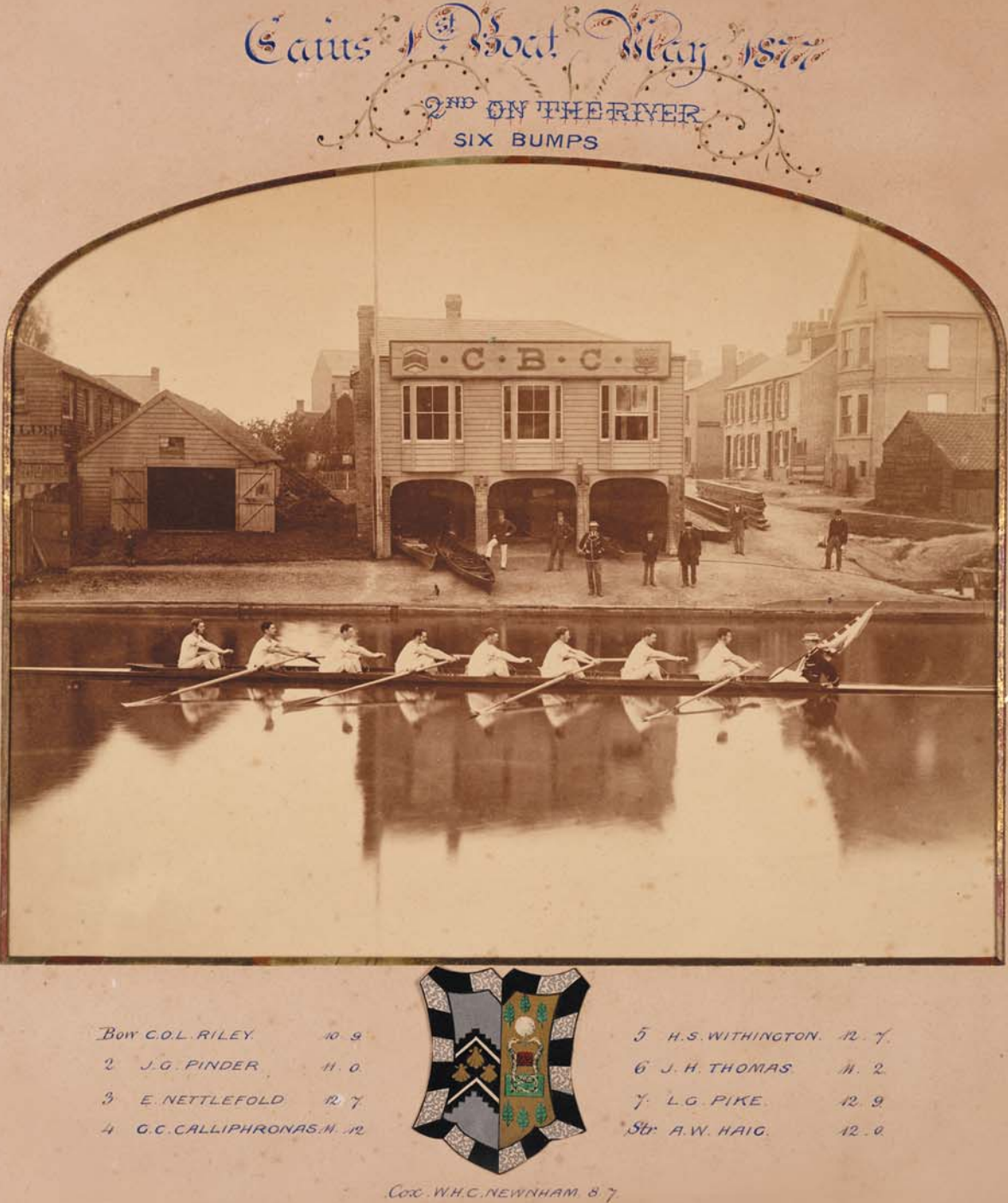
All the ends of the earth is available @ £12.90 from Celia Cobb (1997), Choir Administrator, Gonville & Caius College, Cambridge CB2 1TA.



Stella maris illustrans omnia – from the College Library

From the Archives

By James Cox,
College Archivist



The Caius First VIII of 1877! A wonderfully evocative image of a bygone era, this is my favourite photograph in the Archives for its beauty, clarity and information value. How did this treasure from the early years of photography survive? – because many years ago, an unknown Caian had the foresight to present it to your College Archives!

Caius has a wide-ranging collection of materials preserved for their historic,

administrative or legal value. All students from 1560 to the present are recorded in the matriculation books – a unique collection. We also have Manorial Court rolls from the 14th century, architects' plans for the Waterstone building, maps of estates and parishes once in the gift of the College, minutes of Fellows' meetings, Tutorial and Bursary books, oars, photographs, drawings and all sorts of other material giving a picture of everyday life in the College throughout our long history.

Every era is represented in the College Archives, but we welcome fresh material to enhance and complement our collections. Naturally, storage space is not unlimited and not every item associated with Caius is suitable for preservation here. I am, however, always pleased to hear from anyone who might like to discuss making a gift to the Archives, to help us to preserve our College's fascinating heritage. I can be contacted by telephone on +44 (0)1223 332446 or by email at archivist@cai.cam.ac.uk

Lord McNair (1906)

A Memoir by
Dr Jimmy Altham (1965)

I was slow to recognise that my grandfather was a great man. When I was a boy, he was just 'Grandpa'. There were family gatherings in his house in Storey's Way, where he would ask from the head of the table whether we had heard some funny story. My Aunt Sheila Barwell would always say 'No', and he would launch into a tale that was already more than familiar to the rest of us. There came a moment when Sheila would recall that she HAD heard it before, and we all collapsed in giggles, Grandpa weeping with laughter more than any of us. There was one about sloe gin and a pair of underpants that recurred regularly, but the details have escaped me. I was vaguely aware of my mother's pride in being the daughter of Arnold McNair, but my first real sense of his importance came when we visited him at The Hague, where he was the British Judge at the International Court. The atmosphere of order, calm and deep seriousness impressed me, and I began to grasp the Court's role in the vital effort to solve international disputes by peaceful means.

When I came up to Cambridge as an undergraduate, renewed relations got off to a bad start. I was invited to Sunday lunch in Storey's Way in my first term, but the night before, I drank to such excess at a party that I was unable to walk straight until after 3pm the following day. I crawled to a telephone to apologise for not coming and Lady McNair's severity in receiving my apology has stayed with me ever since. The matter was never mentioned again.

When I was elected to a Research Fellowship at Caius, Grandpa was Senior Fellow. After introducing me to the then Fellows' Butler, the much loved Lionel Rumbelow, he gave me a characteristic piece of advice, making it clear that to be inconsiderate to College staff was as heinous a sin as a Fellow could commit. I keep that admonition in the forefront of my mind to this day. It was at this time that I came to regard Lord McNair as an exemplary figure. I realised the extraordinary esteem in which he was held. I learned of the affection and gratitude his former pupils felt towards him, and of the great help he gave to those who needed it. His encouragement and support of Lord Bauer



A painting of Lord McNair in 1955 by Phyllis Bliss now hanging in the White Room in Gonville Court.

(1934) and Sir Hersch Lauterpacht, (who in due course followed him as a Judge at The Hague) in their early days in the UK, for example, was invaluable to them. I could not hope to match him, but only strive not to fall too far below. Sir Hersch became one of his great friends, and was a man from whose transcendent generosity I was to benefit. Once as a small boy I beat him at chess, whereupon he promptly gave me a carved ivory set from his magnificent collection.

At Lord McNair's last family birthday, the cake really did have ninety candles on it, and the first had burned down by the time the last was lit. The College also gave a dinner to celebrate, and on both occasions he was radiantly and unforgettably happy, with a happiness richly deserved by a life well lived, in service of the utmost distinction, in friendship

and loyalty, in the love and admiration of family and colleagues.

It gives me great joy that our new College building will have a set named for Lord McNair, and I am enormously grateful to those who have given to make this possible. I must mention here Sir Hersch's son Sir Elihu Lauterpacht, whose prompt and wonderful response to my letter of appeal encouraged me to be confident that the target was possible, and Simon Morris (1976), whose donation did more than any to prove that my confidence was justified. The contribution of my cousin-in-law Sandra Bunn-Livingstone is an added delight. Her intellectual biography of Lord McNair will be published in time for the opening of the new building, and she too has given generously towards naming the McNair set.

Caius to New York

The stunning apartment of Professor Peter Walker (1960), high over Fifth Avenue, was the venue on 9 November 2005 for a very special reception. 24 Caians resident in and around New York, together with partners and friends, gathered to hear the latest news about Caius from the College's Director of Development, Dr Anne Lyon (2001) and Deputy Director, Mick Le Moignan (2005). Wuliang and Peter Walker had put on a fabulous buffet to match the spectacular views of the city. The Hon. Dr John Lehman (1965), Chairman of the Caius Foundation, welcomed everyone and announced a record year for fundraising from US Caians, who have supported the College more generously

daughter Nathalie and James Hill travelled in from Philadelphia. John Lehman and Mick Rock were particularly pleased to meet again for the first time since they rowed together in the Caius First VIII nearly 40 years ago. Other Caian guests, with a span of matriculation dates of nearly 50 years, included Ajit Hutheesing (1954), John Gillespie (1964), Stephen Fox (1968), Dr James Wirth (1973) with Robbie Richardson, Anthony Gottlieb (1975), New Jersey attorney Tom Fellig (1978), Dr Eli Hatchwell (1978) with Amanda Taylor, Guy Brennan (1979), Richard Talbert (1985) with Celia Bergoffen, Richard Chau (1987) who is already a Patron of the Caius Foundation, James de Bass (1989), Dan Friedman (1990), Fran Cary (1992) with her fiancé, Martin Perry, Dr Yun Lee Too (1992), Dr Simon Dyton (1994), Fred Dassori (1998), Richard



Roy Strasburger, © Mick Rock



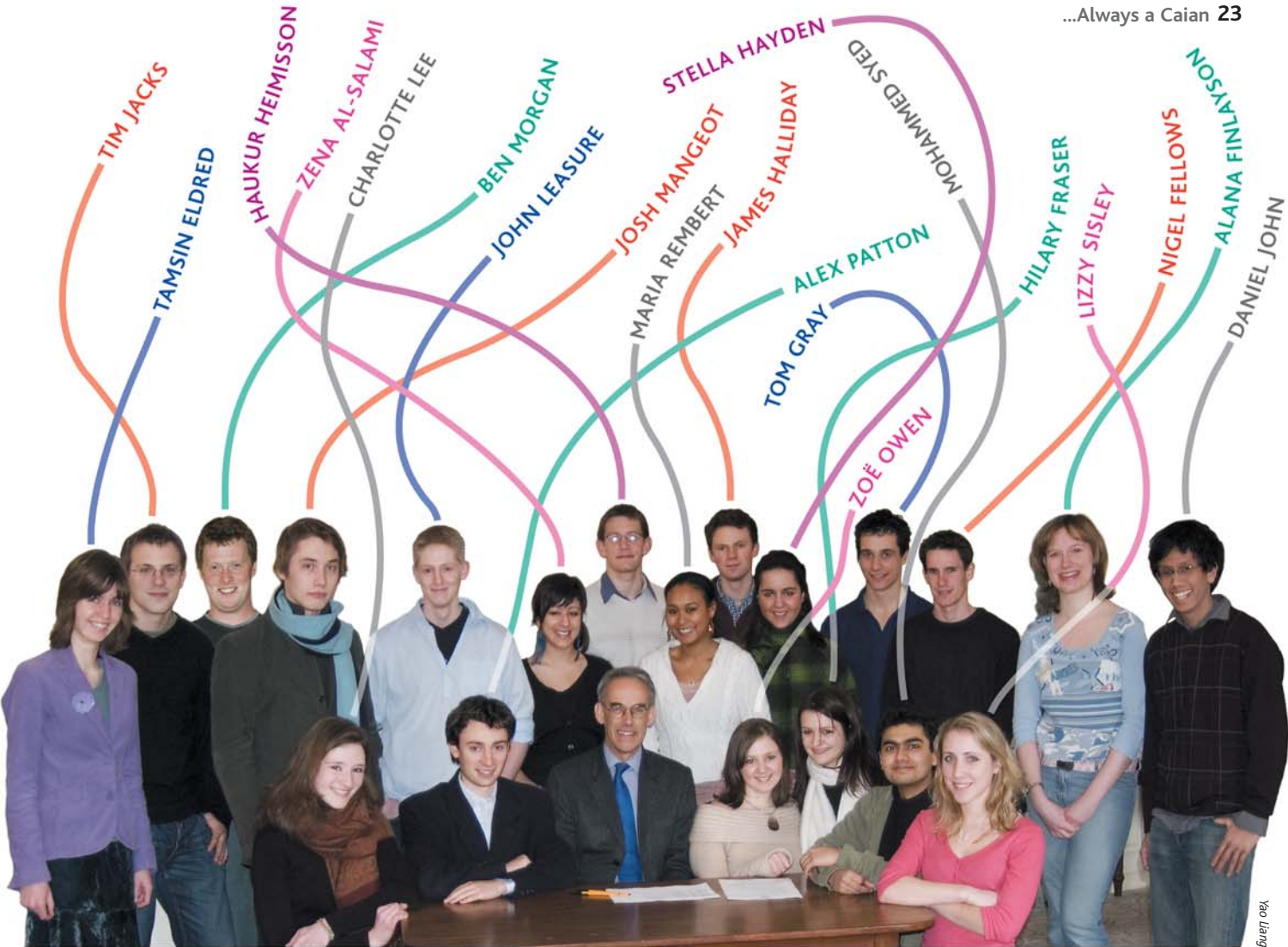
Above: Peter Walker
Right: Mick Rock and John Lehman



Pati Rock

Secretary, Eva Strasburger (1982) flew in from Texas with her husband, Roy, Mick Rock (1964) the celebrated rock and roll photographer, brought his wife Pati and

Weinberg (2000) and Matt Margrett (2001). As usual at Caian events, lively discussions sprang up on every subject imaginable. Everyone was delighted to hear that such rapid progress was being made with the new building and many resolved to spend a day or two at the College in the spring or summer. Anne and Mick promised them a warm welcome and the usual generous Caian hospitality. The New York group meets several times a year for festivities and entertainment and would love to hear from other Caians in the vicinity who might like to join them. On 15 September 2006, a reception will be held in San Francisco at the residence of the British Consul-General. The Caius Choir will perform as part of their West Coast tour and this will be the first chance for many Caians in the USA to meet our new Master, Sir Christopher Hum. Please let the Development Office know if you would like an invitation.



The Master surrounded by the 2006 Telephone Campaign Team.

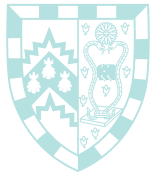
The College's annual Telephone Campaign is becoming a hugely popular institution for several very good reasons. Not only is it an invaluable fundraiser for Caius at a time of regular reductions in the College Fee paid by the government, it also serves to build bridges of understanding between the Caian students of today and their predecessors from all generations.

It is not possible to telephone all Caians and parents each year. Calls do not, of course, come out of the blue: the Master writes to give advance notice of the Campaign and anyone who prefers to opt out is given the opportunity to do so. This year, the fifth Campaign will take place from 18-30 March. The Green Room will once again be filled with a hubbub of excited conversations about all sorts of subjects, from the latest successes of our sporting teams to the advantages and disadvantages of sharing the College with members of the opposite sex. Older Caians will puzzle over the strangeness of not having to climb in when arriving home after midnight and younger Caians will try to imagine what it was like wearing gowns for a night out on the town. Stories and reminiscences will be

Telephone Campaign 2006

exchanged and real contacts made between the generations. Every year, the young callers start off feeling some trepidation about ringing complete strangers of their parents' and grandparents' generation for a chat, but once they have made their first couple of calls, they realise that what they have in common, the privilege of coming to Caius, is much more important than any age difference. Of course, there is a financial element to the conversation, in that both sides know that at some point, the student is going to have to broach the topic of whether the older Caian or Caian parent would like to make some tangible contribution, preferably on a regular monthly basis, to the continuing work of the College. Even that is not as difficult as first-

time callers may fear, because there is already a shared loyalty, a common belief that the educational process offered by the College is very special and worthy of support. For some, the time is not right for such a gift, but many are delighted to have the opportunity to express their gratitude for what Caius meant to them and to help to make it possible for the next generation to enjoy what they enjoyed. The money raised is a vital lifeline for many activities which the College would otherwise find it difficult to support. This is the first generation of students who have been called upon to pay for their own education; they are grateful for any support they may receive from their more fortunate predecessors. The first three Telephone Campaigns each raised well over £200,000. Last year, thanks in part to the exceptional generosity of one Caian parent of a current student who gave a six-figure sum, the total generated was over £400,000, with an additional £900,000 in legacy pledges. Frankly, it will be remarkable if the 2006 Campaign is able to beat that record – but the twenty keen young Caians pictured above are going to be working very hard indeed to try and achieve just that!



Gonville & Caius College Development Campaign Benefactors

The Master and Fellows express their warmest thanks to all Caians, Parents and Friends of the College who have generously made donations since 1 January 2002. Your gifts are greatly appreciated as they help to maintain the College’s excellence for future generations.

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Mr K P Pool *

1926
Professor R H Hunt Williams *
Dr P W Hutton

1927
Mr C Graham

1928
Mr CA M Peaty
Mr W S Porter *

1929
Professor P Grierson *
Mr H B Hutton
Dr R F Jarrett
Mr J A Seymour-Jones

1930
Mr L J Burrows
Dr T E Faulkner *
Mr F L Kidd *
Sir Leonard Scopes *
Mr I H Taylor *

1932
Mr K Barry
Mr J D Higham *
Dr J M Marchant
Mr R W Morris *
Sir Peter Seligman

1933
Dr G C Barker *
Dr P P Brown
Dr J M Drew
Mr C P Fogg
Professor E C Ryder

1934
The Rt Hon the Lord Bauer *
Mr N F Cooke
Mr M B Coyle
Dr S C Gold
Mr G F Hepburn *
Lieutenant-Colonel F T Hopkinson *

1935
Mr W Brown *
Dr A J M Hargreaves *
Mr W B Harland *
Mr E S Howarth
Major General I H Lyall Grant
Mr S Marchant *
Dr D V Milward
Mr H W Morris *

1936
Dr J A Black
Dr N F Crofts
Mr D M Evans
The Reverend Dr John Foote
Mr J B Heigham
Major J G Logan *
Mr A Plumb *
Dr P M M Pritchard
Dr W Rogers
Sir Peter Thornton
Professor Sir William Wade *

1937
Dr W B Alexander
Sir Maurice Bathurst *
Sir Alan Campbell
Mr F A L da Cunha
Mr T A Davies *
Dr G C D Dutton
Mr R A Holden
Professor H G Koenigsberger
Mr R E M Le Goy
Mr J H Page
Mr G N Shann
Dr J W Squire

Dr J B Wyon *

1938
Mr L L Bromley
Dr M H Clement
Mr R R Darlington
Mr D R Foster
Mr W E Lane
The Right Reverend Dennis Page
Dr M H Russell
Mr P H Schurr
Mr M H L Standen *
Mr A O Stanesby *

1939
Mr J McP Adams
Mr C T Bailhache *
Mr T C Beswick
Mr H A H Binney
Mr H G Carpenter
Mr M H Claye
Dr J P Clayton
Mr C H De Boer
Mr R N Holman
Professor I A Magnus
Mr A R McMurchy
Mr K L Neal *
Dr V R Pickles
Dr J E M Whitehead

1940
Dr C M Attwood
Mr D A Bailey
Dr J E Blundell
Mr D A H Brown
Mr A G Crocombe
Dr J A R Debenham *
Mr A A Dibben
Mr G H Dix
Professor A E Flatt
Dr W S Griffiths
Dr R F Payne
Dr G S Plaut *
Mr W F Poll *
Dr N Seaton
Mr S K Walker

1941
Mr K T Boyd
Mr C Blackford *
Mr F H Butler
Professor I G Cunnison
Dr W H Davies
Mr W M Edden
Dr C Edeleanu
Dr W M Edgar
Mr B W English *
Mr B Evans
Mr J B Frost
Mr H C Hart
Dr T M Howell
Dr J K Hulm *
Mr M G Manby
Dr J A McDonald
Professor M A M Roberts
Mr J L Spencer *
Dr W R Throssell

1942
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Mr G S F Anton
Mr V Arrowsmith
Mr C Billington
Mr D E C Callow
Mr J D Campbell *
Mr K C J Case
Mr N Clay
Mr R A Escoffey
Mr A P Goode
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Mr C Ravenhill
Dr M G Rolfe
Dr E V Rowsell
Dr A J Russell
Mr E R Slater
Mr M A H Walford
Dr A R H Worssam

1943
Mr L R Atkinson *
Professor J A Balint
Dr R Barnes
Dr D G H Daniels
Mr A M Danziger
Mr C H Devonald
Mr W L Fryer
Professor R H Garstang
Dr W M Gibson
Professor R Harrop
Mr A G H House
Professor L G Jaeger
Mr C H Kelley
Dr C Kingsley
Mr J D F Nichols *
Dr D N Phear
Mr B H Raven Roberts
Mr J B Self
Mr J W H Thomas
Dr W Walsh
Dr M Wilkinson

1944
Air Vice Marshal Geoffrey Cairns
Dr E A Cooper
Dr E J Cretney
Mr N S Day
Dr B O L Duke
Mr P J Fletcher
Dr W M Grundy
Mr P G Hebbert
Mr B S Helliwell
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Mr R V C Phillips
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The Reverend Peter Tubbs
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The Reverend John Brockman
Mr H T V Churton *
Mr J R Coward
Mr K J Gardner
Mr F N Goode
The Reverend Stephen Hough
Professor W H W Inman *
Mr J M S Keen
Mr B J Loffler
Mr D L Low
Mr N E A Moore
The Reverend David Phillips
Mr A C Scott
Mr R J Sellick
Mr A C Struvé
The Revd Canon Christopher Tubbs
Mr H G Way

1948
Dr P C W Anderson
Dr A R Baker
Mr J B Booth
Mr P J Bunker
Mr E J Chumrow
Professor N C H Dunbar
Mr E V A Escoffey
Mr T Garrett
Mr M A A George
Mr L J Harfield
Mr W A O Jacob
Mr D C Mayer
Professor J F Mowbray
Mr T R Norfolk *
Mr J B Pond
Professor T A Preston
The Revd Canon Alan Pyburn
Mr J Sanders
Mr R D Shaw
Mr P R Shires
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Mr I Winning

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Mr A Birch
Mr D J Cairns
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Mr K J A Crampton
Mr R D Emerson
The Reverend Jack Freeborn
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Mr J J H Haines
Mr M J Harrap
Dr W R Heaton
Mr E C Hewitt
Mr D H Jones
Mr J H Kelsey
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Mr W R Packer
Mr P M Poole
Mr I G Richardson
Mr A W Riley
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Mr G R W Willcocks
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Dr A E Ashcroft
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Mr I D Bruce
Mr M Buckley Sharp
Mr J G Carpenter
Professor F H C Crick *
Mr R C Dobbie
Mr R G Dunn
Mr G H Eaton Hart
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Mr G D C Preston
Mr D A Skitt
Mr J M Smyth
Mr D B Swift
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Dr S G Taylor
Mr S P Thompson
The Revd Canon Stephen Trapnell
Mr W A J Treneman
Mr L F Walker
The Reverend Philip Wright
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Mr A C J Appleyard
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Mr J J Burnet
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Mr J M Rice
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Mr I Samuels
Mr R W Stewart
Mr R C Tongue
Dr J B L Webster
Dr D L Wynn-Williams

1957
Mr A B Adarkar
Mr W E Alexander

Dr I D Ansell
Mr D H Beevers
Professor D L Blake
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Mr T Bunn
Dr T R G Carter
Dr J P Charlesworth
Mr M L Davies
Dr T W Davies
Mr E J Dickens
Professor A F Garvie
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Mr J P B Bryce CBE
Mr J D G Cashin
Dr J M Davies
Sir David Frost
Dr M T Hardy
Professor F W Heatley
Mr J A Honeybone
Professor J O Hunter
Mr H I Hutchings
Dr G N W Kerrigan
Dr A J Knell
Mr R D Martin
Mr C P McKay
Mr N McKendrick
Mr A D Myers
Mr T S Nelson
Mr R H Pedler
Mr V H Pinches
Mr G D Pratten
Mr F C J Radcliffe
Mr M P Ruffle
Lord Simon of Highbury
Dr F D Skidmore
Sir Keith Stuart
Mr A J Taunton
Professor B J Thorne
Mr C M Usher
Mr J B R Vartan
Dr G A Walker
The Reverend John Watson

1959
Dr D J Beale
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Dr D E Brundish
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Mr J E Drake
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The Right Reverend David Evans
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Mr J R Slater

Professor Q R D Skinner
Dr M J Sole
The Reverend Dr David Tripp
Dr I G Van Breda
Dr A G Weeds

1960
Dr N A Bailey
Mr J G Barham
Mr H V Beck
Mr T D Belopopsky
Mr B C Biggs
Dr A D Brewer
Mr R R Clapham
Dr G M Clarke
The Reverend James Cotter
His Honour Judge Cowell
Professor E R Dobbs
Dr C H Gallimore
The Reverend Peter Gant
Dr D F Hardy
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Dr J A Lord
The Reverend Dr Tony Marks
Dr P Martin
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Mr G R Niblett
Mr M O'Neil
Mr W J Partridge
Dr C C Penney
Dr A T Ractliffe
Mr C W M Rossetti
Dr B M Shaffer
The Revd Canon Peter Southwell-Sander
Professor M S Symes
Professor P S Walker
Professor M S Walsh
Mr A A West
Mr J D Wilkin
Mr D H Wilson
Mr R D S Wylie
Dr G R Youngs
Dr A M Zalin

1961
Mr C E Ackroyd
Mr A D Bell
Professor Sir Michael Berridge
Dr G A N Connell
Mr P Cooper
Professor J R Cove-Smith *
Dr M D Dampier
Mr J O Davies
Dr J S Denbigh
Mr P W Durant
Mr D K Elstein
Dr J M Gertner
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Dr I G Thwaites
Dr M P Wasse
Dr N E Williams

1962
Dr J S Beale
Mr D J Bell
Mr M D Braham
Mr P S L Brice
Dr D Carr
Mr P D Coopman
Mr T S Cox
Mr M Emmott
Professor Sir Alan Fersht
Mr T M Glaser
Mr J D Grime
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Mr A R Martin
Mr G N Meadon
Mr A P Nicholson
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Mr I S R Reynolds
Mr G A Shindler
Mr R G Simmonds
Dr R N F Simpson
Mr R Smalley
Mr M J Starks
Mr J D Sword
Mr F R G Trew
Mr M G Wade
Mr D R F Walker
Mr A P R Walls
Mr H N Whitfield
Mr R G Williams

1963
Dr P J Adams
Mr P N Belshaw
Dr T G Blaney
Mr C D M Bone
Dr J A Clark
Mr E F Cochrane
Mr M H Dearden
Dr P R Duncan-Jones
Professor S Field
Dr H Fraser
The Rt Hon Lord Fraser of Carmyllie
Mr P M G B Grimaldi
Sir Thomas Harris
Mr C F D Hart
Dr M A Hopkinson
Dr R H Jago
Mr B L Kerr
Mr M S Kerr
Mr D J Landeryou
Professor W Y Liang
Dr C W Mitchell
Mr D B Newlove
Dr J R Parker
Mr M J Pitcher
Professor D J Taylor
Sir Quentin Thomas
The Hon Mr Justice Tugendhat
Mr P H Veal
Mr D J Walker
Dr R F Walker
Mr J D Wertheim
Dr M J Weston
Dr H M Wieselberg

1964
Mr D P H Burgess
Professor D B Citron
Mr J Commander
Dr H Connor
Mr N C Cropper
Mr M Elland-Goldsmith
Mr A K Glenly
Mr G A Gray
Dr J Greenwood
Professor N D F Grindley
Sir John Hall
Dr K O Hawkins
Mr B D Hedley
Mr J Horsfall Turner
Mr A Kirby
Dr F P Lockett *
Professor S H P Maddrell
Professor J M Malcomson
Dr H M Mather
Mr S J Mawer
Dr L E M Miles
Dr B V Payne
Mr J H Poole
Professor N W Read
Mr M D Rock
Dr C N E Ruscoe
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His Excellency Mr F M Vendrell
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1965
Dr J E J Altham
Professor L G Arnold
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The Hon Mr Justice Christopher Clarke
Dr C M Colley
The Hon Lord Nigel Emslie
Dr W J Fielding
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Everything going swimmingly

David Skidmore (1958)

In January 1958 I came to Caius for the college entrance examination and had a long interview with Granville Naylor (1939), Director of Studies in Medical Sciences. We found a common interest in ornithology and he went on to ask about my captaincy of the Solihull School swimming team. I mentioned that my quarter-mile times were better than those of the university swimmers in the 1957 Varsity Match. I am not sure whether ornithology, swimming or my inventiveness in tackling an incomprehensible chunk of Pliny in the "Little Go" Latin examination (still at that time a pre-requisite for admission) softened Senior Tutor Ian McFarlane's (1947) heart but in October 1958 I arrived to begin my long and continuing relationship with Gonville and Caius College.

The photograph shows the college swimming team of 1958/9 with Steve Pallay (1956), a very handsome Hungarian, as captain. John Wodak (1957) was another swimming half blue and having made contact with them I went along to the Freshmen's meeting of the university club, and was duly signed up for squad training.

The facilities for university swimming were absolutely dreadful. The Leys School swimming pool was closed for rebuilding, and in the absence of any city indoor pool our only

training facilities were at Bedford Modern School, thirty miles away. Mr Angus, the university club Senior Treasurer, lent us his precious vintage 1.5l Riley and twice a week we drove through the fog to train.

Throughout the Michaelmas and Lent terms there were swimming matches against major London clubs and "redbrick" universities every Saturday evening. In the summer we had a match against Otter S.C. who turned out nine international swimmers against us! I joined Otter – on the principle that if you can't beat them...

Colleges paid for an hour's swimming session per week at The Leys, and in addition to the college's competitive swimmers other senior and junior members turned up for a recreational swim. Joseph Needham (1918) was a regular attendee, sedately swimming breaststroke in a side lane.

With the advent of the summer term came the prospect of using the university swimming sheds on the river up in Grantchester Meadows.

The club employed a custodian, Mr Barrell, a former Cambridge police-sergeant who was badly crippled with rheumatism and used to get around in a battery-operated electric invalid chair. At that time the sheds were of a solid wooden construction with an open front facing onto the river. We had cantilevered



Douglas Myers in action in the pool.

diving boards.

Senior members of the university made regular use of these facilities. Nude bathing was *de rigueur* for many of them. One of the regular attenders was Professor Patrick Dean, the Professor of Pathology and a Fellow of Trinity Hall. He had been an Oxford water polo blue in 1896, and continued to wear a Victorian/Edwardian bathing costume. He had been appointed a Professorial Fellow in 1925 before the Statute of Limitation ensured that professors retire at 65. Dean was 83 years old, 6'3" tall, and his lectures were hard to understand because of problems with his false teeth.

When he came to swim in the river Sergeant Barrell would whisper to a member of the university club surreptitiously to follow the professor up the river in case he got into difficulties. Dean used to get very tetchy about this, and I remember him turning and shouting at me "go away, young man – I'm not going to drown this afternoon!"

The Varsity swimming match was a

Jeff Alderson (1954)

Off to the Andes fifty years ago... Graham McDougall (1954) whose family farmed in the Drakensberg, had recently seen a photo of the Andes in Ecuador. He was keen to go there as he thought even in those far-off days that it could be an alternative if he had to leave South Africa. As I was brought up to horses and reading Land Management, he asked me to join him to ride up the inter-Andean Sierra. Accordingly, the Cambridge Expedition to Ecuador left Liverpool by ship – as one did then – at the start of the Long Vacation of 1956.

We duly purchased horses, including a packhorse, and rode 400 miles unaccompanied along the Andes at heights ranging from 3,000 to 14,000 feet. We were so bold as to call ourselves "little Tschiffleys" after the man who rode 10,000 miles from Argentina to New York in the 1930s. Sometimes we stayed with the hospitable and stimulating *hacienda* owners and sometimes we looked after ourselves in our little tent. It was an epic trip, with many photos to prove it.

summer fixture at this time, and so we had the competing targets of Tripos examinations, swimming matches against Loughborough University and the Army, our first May week, and then the Oxford match. This took place at the Seymour Hall Baths in Central London, under the auspices of Otter Swimming Club.

The morning after the Varsity match, we travelled to Barcelona for the beginning of a two-week swimming club tour. The sixteen-man university squad won all of its five tour matches including the big event against the Barcelona swimming club in the Montjuich Pool, which would house the Olympic swimming event in 2000.

Caius won swimming cuppers in my first year and then, as swimming club Secretary, I enjoyed the privilege of a second year in College. I persuaded Doug Myers (1958) that despite his impressive New Zealand rugby background he might like to concentrate on swimming and water polo, and he got his Blue and Hawks membership.

Our tour after the 1960 Varsity match was to Yugoslavia (organised by John Wodak) which at that time was "a small country a long way away of which we know very little". The Croatian coast then as now is idyllic and we had a wonderful fortnight in the company of handsome Yugoslav swimmers and beautiful local girls. Yugoslavia regularly featured in the Olympic water polo finals and although we were the British university champions, we were comprehensively thrashed even by small village

teams all along the coast.

In my third year, having been elected college Captain, I am pleased to report that we won both the water polo and swimming cuppers. We had four Blues, myself, John Wodak, Mike Daniell (1959) and Doug Myers and great support from Peter Kent (1960), James Merry (1960), Paul Neuberg (1959), Ian Smith (1958) and James Stuart Smith (1960). Again we beat Oxford in the Varsity Match, and celebrated driving round London in Doug Myers' new Sunbeam Alpine.

At the end of my clinical studentship in Birmingham, I spent three months at the University of Minnesota and became aware of the enormous gap in standards between British and American swimmers. We would swim 5,000 yards a day, while they would swim 15,000!

In 1965 I returned to Cambridge as an anatomy demonstrator, having determined that I wanted to become a surgeon, and was delighted to be invited to become the university coach for two years.

From that time on, wherever in the world my career has taken me, I've always managed to sort out swimming facilities and continue to compete in Masters Championships and the World Medical Games. Sport was a hugely enjoyable part of my time at Caius and I'm delighted that in spite of the pressures of academic competition, the College still encourages students to make the most of their sporting opportunities.



Caius College Swimming Team (Summer 1959). Back row (left to right): Graham Pratten (1958), Douglas Myers (1958), Roger Bartlett (1958). Front row (left to right): John Wodak (1957), Mike Montague-Jones (1956), Steve Pallay (1956), John Newsome (1956), David Skidmore (1958).



Graham McDougall asking directions while the villager overcomes his surprise at seeing these itinerant "gringos".

Jeff Alderson

CaiMemories (continued)



Yao Liang

Godfrey Ash (1950)

It was a typical late February evening, following the final day of the Lent Bumps. Caius 3rd Boat had not distinguished itself

but then, which college boat did excel in those far-off days of 1953 when First & Third, Lady Margaret and Jesus ruled from Ditton Corner through the Long Reach and home? So it was that a number of frustrated Caian rowers gathered outside Trinity gates 'milling about' as the Police described it. After a few halves in the Buttery and an unexciting dinner it was time to unwind.

There must have been a hundred or so revellers – boaties of all persuasion and quality looking for trouble (in a gentlemanly fashion) when the unmarked police car arrived and accused us of causing an obstruction. The police in those days were generally huge in stature (sharp front five types in the constabulary rugby squad) but not so crisp perhaps in the cerebellum region. Not wearing a police uniform put them at a clear disadvantage to those in gowns and I could sense they wanted to put us in our place.

I was in the stalls so to speak when they turned on Peter Mettyear (1951). "What's your name?" "Smith AB" he said. "And what's your Tutor's name?" "Smith BA" came the reply. At this point, when we challenged for

police identification, I misguidedly went for the nearest policeman's trilby and was promptly bundled into the rear of the waiting Austin A40. But the police went back to try and clear the forecourt – and here was my chance. I slid across the seat and out of the door and hared off towards Caius. But I was high-tackled by this 15-stone, 6-footer who dumped us both against the kerb by Green Street corner.

On the Monday morning I was given a sympathetic hearing by H E Tunncliffe (1917) who clearly had experience of unruly youth and cleared my brow, saying this would go no further. Later I was arraigned before the magistrates with half the boat club in the public gallery. PC Frederick John Gedge duly testified that I, bow oar, 10 stone and 5ft 11, had knocked him into the gutter (he shrank back in the witness box to make this appear credible) and the upshot was a £3 fine at which the gallery produced a large bunch of spring daffodils and assured me of contributions to the fine. As Peter said: "so that the penalty for general high spirits shall not be borne by Ash alone". How noble – what buddies! And dear old Tunney was reported in Varsity as saying I was "a well-conducted young man" in my defence. How kind. But then, as I remember, how apposite.



Jonny Williams

George Kerpner (1946)

I have lived these last 58 years with the certainty that during my time at Caius there appeared one day an Austin 7 car on

top of a spire of King's College Chapel, secured to it by a chain or very stout rope. I believe it happened the day after a very wild Guy Fawkes night in 1946, when some of the locked-up market stalls burned like matchwood owing to the over-enthusiastic attention they received from returned ex-servicemen with their home-made fireworks and bombs. By midnight fire-engines had put out the resulting conflagration and there was only an acrid stench left.

But all this hullabaloo had merely served as a smokescreen (literally) to divert attention from the real business in hand. The next morning, the first person to look up at

King's Chapel must have blinked, rubbed his eyes and looked again; for there was this Austin "Bath" clearly outlined against the sky, clinging to the stonework as though hastily abandoned by its driver because of the steepness of the climb. Days went by before it could be removed.

After reading the splendid article in *Once a Caian*... about the 1958 hoisting of a similar model on to the Senate House roof, I began to wonder whether I had perhaps strayed into a parallel universe and had my Austin 7 experience in a time-warp, some twelve years before it had actually happened. I contacted a few of my coevals to ascertain what they remembered: Jimmy Gibson (1944) could not remember anything sensational, Ken Gale (1946) dimly recalled a chamber pot crowning one of the spires in celebration of some event and I was given to understand that Professor Christopher Brooke (1945) had been aware of a conspiracy to perform some such deed, which he did not, however, recall

AFTER A BUMP SUPPER PARTY

Undergraduate's "Deep Regret" POLICEMAN "GRABBED" ROUND NECK

"I WOULD like to express my deep regret for the events of Saturday night," Godfrey Arthur Ash, a 22-years-old undergraduate, of Gonville and Caius College, told the City Magistrates on Tuesday when he appeared charged with assaulting a police constable. He pleaded guilty and was fined £3. P.C. Frederick John Gedge said that on Saturday evening he was driving a police patrol car in Trinity Street going in the direction of

Trumpington Street. Outside Trinity College a group of undergraduates were "milling round", a taxi and were causing an obstruction. He got out of the car and told them to move along, explaining that he was a police officer. They asked him to establish this and was about to do so when defendant "grabbed" him round the neck, took his hat off and threw it across the road. He was placed in the patrol car, but got out again and ran away. Two other constables who accompanied witness caught Ash and he was taken to the police station.

In court Ash stated that everyone was sorry that the incident had occurred. "It was the result of a Bump Supper party after the Lent Races," he said. Mr. H. E. Tunncliffe, Ash's tutor, told the magistrates that defendant was a "well conducted young man." He had never given him any trouble.

There were two unrelated consequences to this episode. It was only two months to finals, and one of our neighbours with Cambridge relatives had seen the press and mentioned the matter to my parents! Black mark. Perhaps my final respectable degree had something to do with their sternly offered advice.

Twenty years later in Lisbon, where we were then living, came the hilarious sequel at a cocktail party to which my wife and I had been invited on board a sleek HM warship lying in Lisbon docks near NATO HQ. The canapés were handed round by two good-looking NATO WRNS. One of these girls wore an identity badge bearing the name Gedge. Having established where she was born I couldn't resist enquiring: "Is your father by any chance PC Frederick John Gedge?" "Oh no," she replied in shocked tones, "Inspector Gedge, if you please". I've not been back to check.

flowering into action.

Before going to see my doctor to have a test for the onset of senile dementia, I thought as a last resort to phone Don Drury (1946) in San Francisco, who is a sound, sober and splendid fellow if ever there was one. And sure enough, he remembered it clearly and described the little car in its unwonted surroundings, sharply outlined against the morning sky, just as I had seen it. God bless you, Don, for returning me to sanity!

I hasten to add that I do not wish to take anything away from the incredible achievement of the 1958 plotters. It was indeed only when reading in detail what difficulties they had to contend with, that I began to wonder whether the 1946 experience could have been real. As it has now been corroborated, however, I find it surprising that the event appears to have been so little known – are there no records kept anywhere throwing light on how it was done?

Dale Hjort (1962)

In my day the Cockerell Library was gloomy and crammed with Dexion shelving, but since acquisition and renovation by Caius it has been made a joyful place for study or to visit. The library staff are welcoming and eager to introduce the College's resources, which include much from the First World War, a period in which I am particularly interested.

The Chief Clerk compiled a record of Caians serving in the forces or in war work. There were eventually nearly 1,450 of them and the "War Lists" published each term in *The Caian* were so detailed that in the Second World War similar publications were officially discouraged.

Study of these lists and associated material in the archives turns up some

Adrian Taunton (1958)

To lose both of one's Directors of Studies in a matter of six months is sad indeed and I know I join generations of Caius historians in mourning the passing of William Frend and now Philip Grierson. Philip, in particular, was ever-present and seemingly immortal.

Like most of my generation, I was assigned to Philip for my first year, sharing supervisions with Robin Pedler. He got the marks and I remained bemused. Like all those who had proved their aptitude and ability with the potential for a First, Robin continued under Neil McKendrick, while Douglas Myers and I continued our studies of Modern History for two further years under the care of Dr William Frend. Somehow, the Albigenian Heresy crept into every debate, whether on Wellington's Iberian campaigns or the origins of the First World War!

I lost touch with both my Directors of Studies after coming down and did not meet them again until the College 650th Anniversary celebrations in 1998, when I was able to introduce my wife to each of them at either end of Gonville Court. Nearly 40 years on and neither man looked a day older!

"Who took you for supervisions after me?" enquired Philip. "Dr Frend" I replied.

remarkable characters and incidents. One prosperous Caian solicitor of middle age adapted his Wolseley car as an ambulance and set off for Flanders in October 1914.

He was dismayed to hear that a British aircraft had been brought down by the rifle fire of our own men, who had mistaken the Union flag wing markings for the enemy Maltese Cross. He was not to know that the observer in the plane was also a Caian. This misadventure led to the introduction of the roundel used by the RAF to this day.

In June 1916, a former President of the Music Society was training with his infantry battalion for the forthcoming offensive when he was transferred to a new unit using microphones to locate enemy artillery. They had found that a musician's ear could distinguish particular guns, and

so the reputation he had earned by playing pieces from London shows on the piano in an Armentières tea-room saved him from the slaughter on the Somme.

The largest group to serve, and the most highly decorated, were the medics, and Caians made significant contributions ranging from aircraft production to chaplaincy. Enigmatic details suggest several were involved in secret intelligence work.

Those who died are commemorated in the Chapel. Many were still undergraduates. I first saw their names as a freshman, in days overshadowed by the Cuban missile crisis. I now enjoy my privilege as a Caian of using the Cockerell Library to learn about a generation so much less lucky than ours.

CaiMemories



Invitation

The Master and Fellows of Gonville & Caius College invite you and your friends to an exhibition of recent paintings by Adrian Taunton (1958) at the Michaelhouse Centre, Trinity Street, Cambridge, from Monday 12 June to Saturday 24 June 2006. The paintings will be sold in aid of the College Development Fund. Opening Hours: 9.30am to 5.00pm Information: 01263 588543

From the Director of Development: We were delighted to read in the New Year's Honours list that Simon Milton (1980) has been awarded a Knighthood for services to Local Government.

CaiKitchen

more Recipes

Prepared by Tony Smith,
Billy Logan and Brett Bevan

from Caius Chefs

Seared Tuna with Spiced Lentil Salad (serves 4)

- Ingredients**
- 4 x 170g. tuna steaks
 - 100 g. puy lentils (soak for 3 hrs & wash)
 - 20 g. root ginger (peeled & finely chopped)
 - 1 red chilli (seeded & finely chopped)
 - 1 medium red onion (peeled & finely chopped)
 - 1 clove garlic (peeled & crushed)
 - 1/2 tsp. ground cumin
 - 1/2 tsp. cumin seeds
 - 25 ml. water
 - 25 ml. balsamic vinegar
 - 25 ml. soy sauce
 - 1 tbsp. tomato ketchup
 - 1 tbsp. sweet chilli sauce
 - 25 ml. olive oil
 - 15 g. chopped coriander
 - salt & pepper

Method

Cook the lentils in salted water for 15-20 minutes or until tender, drain and cool. Place ginger in a pan with chilli, onion, garlic, ground cumin and cumin seeds. Add the water and vinegar and simmer with a lid on for a few minutes so that the flavours infuse. Remove from heat and pour into a bowl with the drained lentils. Add soy sauce, ketchup and sweet chilli sauce. Stir well and gradually add the olive oil and chopped coriander. Season, cover and leave in the refrigerator, preferably overnight.

To serve: Season the tuna and fry on each side in a hot pan with a little vegetable oil. Tuna is ideally eaten blue or rare so this will only take 2-3 minutes. If you prefer cook the tuna until medium rare – 5-6 minutes. When cooked, remove tuna from the pan and leave it to rest for 5 minutes to ease carving. Meanwhile, warm the lentils gently in a pan. With a sharp knife, carve the tuna against the grain of the fish into 3 or 4 slices. Serve on a bed of lentils with a rocket salad.



Mick Le Moignan

Blackcurrant Délice

- Ingredients**
- 1/2 packet digestive biscuits crushed
 - 2 oz melted butter
 - 1 small tub of mascarpone cheese
 - 61/2 fl.oz blackcurrant coulis
 - 13 fl.oz semi-whipped cream
 - 4 leaves gelatine
 - 1 oz sugar

For the topping:

- 2 fl.oz blackcurrant coulis
- 3/4 leaf of gelatine

Blackcurrants to garnish

Method

To make the base: Combine the crushed biscuits with the melted butter and press into the bottom of a loose bottomed ring case. Refrigerate, preferably overnight.

To make the filling: Soften the gelatine leaves in cold water. Heat the blackcurrant coulis and add the gelatine, stir until dissolved then leave to cool. When almost set fold in the semi-whipped cream until combined and pour the mixture onto the biscuit base. Leave to set.

To make the topping: Warm the coulis and dissolve the gelatine into it. When it's almost cool pour on to the délice.

To serve: Present a wedge of délice with a little more coulis. Garnish with blackcurrants, a spoonful of mascarpone and a sprig of mint.



Mick Le Moignan

New Golden Age for the Black and Blues



Maryn Race

The CUAFL Plate-winning team of 2004-5.
Caius 4 – Trinity Hall 1



George Vind



Nick Greenwood (right) watches an ambitious bicycle kick by Nathaniel Kelly (2001) in the crucial promotion game of 2003-4.



A 100-strong crowd of Caians came to support the team.

Caius 1 – Emmanuel 0

The CaiMemory contributed by Emeritus Professor Tony Kirby (1956) in our last issue about "the great days of Caius AFC" has prompted a reply from the current generation of Caius footballers. Nick Greenwood (2002) suggests that a new dawn of Caius AFC greatness is upon us...

When the now notorious "Golden Age" speech was given at Football Dinner 2003-4 by 1st XI Captain Noel Eves (2001) there were few dissenters. The club had just seen its 1st, 3rd, 4th and Ladies XIs win promotion from their respective divisions, with the 1st XI returning to Division One after more than ten years of hurt.

The 2003-4 successes had been spearheaded by Club President Eves, Club

Secretary and solid right-back Adrian Pegg (2001) and Blues footballer Jim Wormington (2001) who together brought in new levels of professionalism and organisation to what was already a spirited club.

The 2004-5 season saw the reins pass on to 1st XI Captain Nick Greenwood, assisted ably by GCAFC veteran Nathaniel Kelly (2001) and midfielder magician Stephen Catton (2002). After a tricky start, the season ended on a high with the 1st XI winning the CUAFL Plate Competition, the 2nd XI, led by Dom Ceglowski (2002), winning promotion to Division Three and the Ladies XI, inspired by Blues Captain Alma Donohoe (2002), winning promotion to the top flight.

With the 1st XI currently 4th in Division One and the 2nd XI angling for promotion to

Division Two, the men currently in charge – 1st XI Captain and Club President Charlie Manning, the influential Graham "Iceman" Bates and the enigmatic Club Secretary Jamie Corby (all 2003) – have every reason to believe the success will continue. The 1st XI have also recently returned from the annual tour to Oxford – a brainchild of Eves – which serves as a sharpener for the latter stages of the season as well as an opportunity to do what any modern-day footballer would do with a bit of free time – sample the local culture.

Although whispers of a "Platinum Age" may be premature until we win the Division One and Cuppers Double (next year lads?), there is no doubt that the Black 'n' Blue of GCAFC is going from strength to strength.