

The Brazen Nose

2014-2015



The Brazen Nose



Volume 49

2014-2015

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EDITOR'S NOTES

Dr Llewelyn Morgan (Tutorial Fellow in Classics)

Welcome to another Annual Record, paradoxically the second we've sent to the printers in a single year, 2015, (you may be reading this in 2016 but I am writing it in 2015). That achievement is only, however, down to our unconscionable delay in producing *Brazen Nose 48* (2013-14), for which I offer my abject apologies. The drought of 2014 is far too high a price to pay for two *Brazen Noses* on your doormat in less than twelve months, and I can only imagine how bereft you all felt. That we are now right back on schedule is entirely down to the assiduous efforts of Julia Diamantis and Jenny Wood in the Alumni Office. My gratitude to both of them is profound.

If two Annual Records in one year feels thoroughly *contra naturam*, that's because years matter to a place like Brasenose. Old Members know very well that they can never escape their year of matriculation. Come to a gaudy seventy years later, like the wonderful Jubilee Lunch I attended a couple of days ago, and you still have the date 1946 attached to your name. To put that another way, it is the makeup of your academic year in College, the glorious lottery that throws you together with strangers who become your very closest friends, which does most to give your life, willy-nilly, a Brasenosey shape.

On balance, our respect for years may, admittedly, owe slightly more to the earth's movement round the sun than to the University Calendar, and we undoubtedly attach significance to certain multiples of years because we are, as it happens, creatures possessing ten fingers and ten toes. Again, though, a college has its higher reasons for marking anniversaries, or maybe just peculiar emphases masquerading as higher reasons. To the world at large this was a year to recall Magna Carta, Agincourt, and Waterloo. Waterloo? Pah! *We* all know that the really significant event of 1815 was not that damned near-run thing on the road to Brussels but the foundation of the Brasenose College Boat Club. Brasenose beat Jesus, and condemned two centuries of Oxford undergraduates to perishingly chilly mornings on the river, a full month before Wellington and Blücher wrapped things up regarding Bonaparte.

The Summer Eights dinner was a special celebration in 2015, and it was an event halfway between us and the foundation of the Boat Club,

the Second Battle of Ypres in 1915, that took me, most unexpectedly, to the unmarked grave of a former Fellow of Brasenose, as you can read later in this publication. In January it was Malcolm Thomas's twenty-five years as a scout that the College was delighted to celebrate with a tea party. But the anniversary that did most to animate this academic year at Brasenose, as it also did last, was not a hundredth or two-hundredth but a fortieth: forty years since the first women students matriculated in October 1974. I am pleased to say that this forms as strong a thread in the record of the year that you have before you as it was in our experience of 2014-15. You can read Graham Richards' recollections of the process that made Brasenose one of the first co-educational Oxford colleges, and Abigail Green's important reflections on the legacy of that momentous decision.

But as I perused all the submissions to the *Nose* this year, from the Ashmole Society to Arts Week and the women's rowing report, it was heartening to see how inspirational our current students continue to find that event a generation ago, and how creative their responses are to it. In the report of the Brasenose Society, and in Margherita de Fraja's account of her "Amazing Women" photographic project, you will find accounts of the focus of celebration, the "Into the Mix" event on 2nd May 2015, a fantastic instance of collaboration between old members and current students. One cannot help being struck, not only by the energy of these celebrations, but by the lack of complacency that characterised them: as Professor Green insists, and as also comes through in the interviews of former women students by contemporary students that was part of Margherita's project, admitting women as students is one thing, achieving true equality in the academic profession or any other is quite another. How many more years will that take?

Brasenose has been basking in the glory of a second Prime Minister for a few years now, but woke up on the morning of 8th May 2015 to discover, to its mild surprise, that this would continue to be the case for at least another five years. In fact this brought our total to *three* Prime Ministers, since Sir John Gorton (1932) served as Prime Minister of Australia from 1968 to 1971. Imagine our excitement when Malcolm Turnbull (1978) was elected leader of the Liberal Party of Australia last September, thus succeeding Tony Abbott as Prime Minister, and we rose to four Prime Ministers, still a little way short of Christ Church, but (importantly) equal to Balliol, who have three British PMs (Heath,

Macmillan and Asquith) and a Prime Minister of Bechuanaland (and later President of Botswana), Seretse Khama, who I am assured was the best of the bunch. But in one respect we may have the beating of Christ Church and Balliol. Has any other college ever boasted *two Prime Ministers simultaneously*? For once, if so, I don't really want to know. Let's enjoy it while we can. The robustness of Australian party politics hardly seems to promise an incumbent any very extended tenure of office, anyhow.

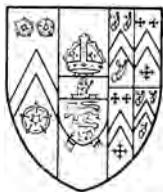
And since I have mentioned tenure, allow me to welcome in print some new arrivals in the Fellowship, Elias Dinas in Politics (who in fact arrived in January 2014, and I am running out of apologies), Conrad Nieduszynski (Biochemistry), Andrea Ruggeri (Politics), and our new Chaplain Dominic Keech. The departing interim Chaplain, Reynaud de la Bat Smit, took with him an aura of Rock 'n' Roll celebrity not seen at Brasenose since the Beatles dropped by in 1964 (a 50th anniversary we passed last year without much fuss). Richard Haydon had taught Mathematics at Brasenose for nearly forty years when he left us at the end of 2013, and we wish him (yet again, somewhat belatedly) a happy retirement, and I should mention as well two Senior Kurti Fellows who contributed generously to the intellectual culture of the College but have now moved on, Peter Somogyi and Francis Robinson.

Alan Bowman was by comparison a comparatively recent arrival, Camden Professor of Ancient History from 2002, and for the last five years our Principal. Five years might be just one hundredth of the lifetime of this College, but Alan's time as Principal has had an impact out of all proportion to its length. If a Principal needs to harness the consensus without ever letting the College feel it is being harnessed (or bridled or lassoed), then an ideal character for the role possesses decency, wisdom, is free of self-importance, and has seriousness but also a sense of humour. I am describing Alan Bowman there, but not exhaustively. He also carries his immense academic distinction with a humility not always found in the leading lights of my profession. As we welcome our new Principal, John Bowers, we feel immense gratitude to Alan, and Jackie, for restoring to us the friendly atmosphere that seems so intrinsic to Brasenose. It was a revelation to me when I first came to this College how deep its connections have been, historically, with the North West, from the foundation onwards. William Smith hailed from Prescott in Lancashire, a protégé of the Stanleys; Richard Sutton, from

Macclesfield in Cheshire. I shan't make anything of the fact that I too hail from Prescot in Lancashire. I *shall* suggest that the Manchester which produced Alan and Jackie continues to favour Brasenose College, even if it also encourages unfortunate loyalties when it comes to football teams.

But year in, year out the essential business of Brasenose College is the education of students. A representative product of this academic year is Henry Zeffman (2012), an Organ Scholar alongside his studies in PPE. Last summer, shortly after his graduation, Henry was awarded the prestigious Anthony Howard Award for Young Journalists, which gives him the opportunity to work for three major titles in succession, *The Times*, *Observer*, and *New Statesman*, before composing a 5,000-word piece based on the proposal that won him the award, a study of career politicians after they lose their seats, and whether they continue to stay engaged with politics. Henry was JCR President in his second year, and thus can reasonably claim to have shaped Brasenose as much as it shaped him. No matter, "Henry Zeffman (2012)" is what he will be whenever he comes back here, throughout what promises to be a very distinguished journalistic career.

We hope he, and all of you, whatever your year of matriculation, will visit us soon. In the meantime, enjoy this taste of the old place.



THE KING'S HALL AND COLLEGE OF BRASENOSE

Tierced in pale: (1) Argent, a chevron sable between three roses gules seeded or, barbed vert (for Smyth); (2) or, an escutcheon of the arms of the See of Lincoln (gules, two lions of England in pale or, on a chief azure Our Lady crowned seated on a tombstone issuant from the chief, in her dexter arm the Infant Jesus, in her sinister arm a sceptre, all or) ensigned with a mitre proper; (3) quarterly, first and fourth argent, a chevron between three bugle-horns stringed sable; second and third argent, a chevron between three crosses crosslet sable (for Sutton)

The present foundation, dating from the sixteenth century, has a direct and unbroken connection with Brasenose Hall, which existed at least as early as 1262. The college was founded in 1509 by William Smyth, Bishop of Lincoln, and Sir Richard Sutton of Prestbury in Cheshire.

It was one of the first colleges to admit women as well as men and is open to graduates as well as undergraduates. Generous gifts and bequests over the centuries enable the college to offer scholarships and other awards for undergraduate and graduate study.

The corporate designation of the college is 'The Principal and Scholars of the King's Hall and College of Brasenose in Oxford'.

Note on symbols

ρ Former Rhodes Scholar.

★ Fellow or Honorary Fellow of another college.

¶ Holder of a University post (including CUF appointments) other than a statutory professorship or readership.

‡ Holder of a statutory professorship or readership.

§ Further information will be found in the notes at the end of the entry.

A date in the left-hand column indicates the year of election to the current fellowship (or other position) held.

Visitor

The Bishop of Lincoln

Principal

2011 Bowman, Alan Keir, MA Oxf, MA PhD Toronto, FBA ★ ¶ §

Fellows

2009 Archer, Rowena Elizabeth, BA Brist, MA Oxf, FRHistS
Supernumerary Fellow in History

2013 Ardakov, Konstantin, MMath Oxf, PhD Camb ¶ *Tutor in Pure Mathematics*

1999 Bispham, Edward Henry, MA DPhil Oxf ¶ *Tutor in Ancient History*

2010 Bourne-Taylor, Carole, MA Oxf, PhD Grenoble *Supernumerary Fellow in French*

2012 Brown, Peter, MB BChir MA MD Camb, MRCP *Professor of Experimental Neurology and Senior Kurti Fellow*

1986 Burd, Harvey John, MA DPhil Oxf, CEng, MICE ¶ *Tutor in Engineering Science*

1990 Chevská, Maria, MA status Oxf ¶ *Supernumerary Fellow in Fine Art*

1977 Cooper, Richard Anthony, MA DPhil Oxf ¶ § *Professor of French and Tutor in Modern Languages*

1985 Daniel, Ronald William, BSc Brun, MA Oxf, PhD Camb, CEng, MIEE ¶ § *Professor of Engineering Science, Tutor in Engineering Science and Vice-Principal*

2001 Davies, Anne Caroline Lloyd, MA DPhil Oxf ¶ § *Professor of Law and Public Policy, Garrick Fellow and Tutor in Law*

2005 Dennis, Paul David, BA BCh BM BSc Oxf *Supernumerary Fellow in Medicine*

2014 Dinas, Elias BA Macedonia, MA Essex, PhD European University Institute, Florence *Tutor in Politics*

2013 Douglas, Thomas Marcel, DPhil Oxf *Junior Golding Fellow*

2014 Douka, Katerina, BSc Athens, MSc DPhil Oxf *Junior Golding Fellow*

1995 Edwards, Anne, MA Oxf, MRCP *Supernumerary Fellow and Diversity and Equality Officer*

1997 Eltis, Sarah Ann, MA MPhil DPhil Oxf ¶ *Tutor in English*

- 2011 Erban, Radek, MA PhD Minnesota *Junior Kurti Fellow*
- 2007 Esteves, Rui Pedro Ferreira da Costa, BA MA do Porto, PhD Berkeley *Tutor in Economics*
- 2013 Fender, Rob, BSc S'ton, PhD Open ¶ *Tutor in Physics*
- 2006 Foster, Russell Grant, BSc PhD Brist, FRS *Supernumerary Fellow in Medicine*
- 2006 Gaffney, Eamonn Andrew, BA PhD Camb *Tutor in Mathematical Biology*
- 2009 Garman, Elspeth Frances, BSc Durh, DPhil Oxf *Professor of Biochemistry, , Supernumerary Fellow and Tutor for Graduates,*
- 2014 Goldberg, Paul Wilfred, BA Oxf, MSc Phd Edin *Professor of Computer Science and Senior Kurti Fellow*
- 2007 Goulder, Philip Jeremy Renshaw, BA MB BChir Camb, MA DPhil Oxf, FMGEMS, FRCPCH, MRCP, MRCPC *Professor of Paediatrics and Supernumerary Fellow in Clinical Medicine*
- 2000 Green, Abigail Frances Floretta, MA Oxf, PhD Camb ¶¶ *Tutor in Modern History*
- 2014 Gripenberg, Sofia, MSc PhD Helsinki *Junior Kurti Fellow*
- 2001 Groiser, David Simon, BA Sus, MA DPhil Oxf ¶¶ *Tutor in Modern Languages*
- 2014 Highcock, Edmund BA MSci Camb, PhD Oxf *Junior Kurti Fellow*1991
- Houlsby, Guy Tinmouth, MA DSc Oxf, PhD Camb, FICE, FREng ‡ *Professor of Civil Engineering*
- 2001 James, William Siward, BSc Birm, MA DPhil Oxf ¶¶ § *Professor of Virology*
- 2014 Jefferys, John Gordon Ralph, BSc PhD UCL *Professor of Neuroscience and Senior Kurti Fellow*
- 2006 Johansen, Thomas Kjeller, BA PhD Camb *Tutor in Ancient Philosophy*
- 2013 Johansson, Christian Hans, BA Camb *Junior Kurti Fellow*
- 2002 Jones, Jonathan Alcwyn, MA DPhil Oxf *Professor of Physics and Tutor in Physics*
- 2014 Keech, Dominic, BA MSt DPhil Oxf *Chaplain*
- 2009 Kennard, Christopher, MB BS PhD Lond, FMedSci, FRCP, MRCP, MRCS *Senior Kurti Fellow*
- 1999 Klenerman, Paul, BM BCh DPhil Oxf, MRCP *Professor of Immunology and Supernumerary Fellow in Clinical Medicine*

- 2003 Krebs, Thomas, LLB Kent, BCL MA DPhil Oxf *Tutor in Law*
- 2012 Laganowsky, Arthur, BS MS PhD California *Junior Kurti Fellow*
- 2008 Leal, Dave, BA PhD Leeds *Supernumerary Fellow in Philosophy*
- 2012 Leek, Peter James, BA MSci PhD Camb *Junior Kurti Fellow*
- 2007 Lewis, Owen Thomas, MA PhD Leeds ¶ *Professor of Ecology and Tutor in Biological Sciences*
- 2000 McKenna, Christopher Davis, BA Amherst, MA PhD Johns Hopkins, MA Oxf ¶ *Tutor in Management Studies*
- 2011 Miller, Elizabeth, MA DPhil Oxf *Supernumerary Fellow and Director of Development and Alumni Relations*
- 2013 Momberg Uribe, Rodrigo, LLB Universidad Austral de Chile, LLM PhD Utrecht, *Supernumerary Fellow in Law*
- 1997 Morgan, Llewelyn William Goronwy, MA Oxf, PhD Camb, Reynolds Fellow and *Tutor in Classics*
- 2015 Niedusynski Conrad, BA PhD Camb *Tutor in Cell Biology*
- 2005 Palfrey, Simon David, BA ANU, MA DPhil Oxf *Professor of English Literature, Tutor in English and Fellow Librarian*
- 2010 Parker, Philip Christopher Liam, MA Camb, ACMA *Bursar*
- 2013 Parsons, Christopher Robert, BSc Card, MSc PhD Nott *Junior Golding Fellow*
- 2009 Pettigrew, Andrew Marshall, BA Liv, PhD Manc, FBA *Senior Golding Fellow*
- 1997 Popplewell, David Arthur, MA status Oxf, PhD Sus *Supernumerary Fellow in Psychology and Dean*
- 2014 Portass, Robert Nicholas, BA DPhil Oxf *Junior Golding Fellow*
- 2011 Purcell, Nicholas, MA Oxf, FBA *Camden Professor of Ancient History*
- 2012 Rauch, Ferdinand, MA PhD Vienna ¶ *Tutor in Economics*
- 1992 Robertson, Jeremy, MA DPhil Oxf ¶ *Tutor in Organic Chemistry*
- 2009 Robinson, Francis Christopher Rowland, CBE, MA Camb *Senior Golding Fellow*
- 2014 Ruggeri, Andrea BA Genoa, MA PhD Essex *Tutor in Politics*
- 2011 Smith, Simon David, MA PhD Camb *Senior Tutor and Tutor for Admissions*
- 2012 Solopova, Elizabeth, DPhil Oxf *Junior Golding Fellow*
- 2004 Somogyi, Péter, MSc PhD DSc Budapest, MA status Oxf, FRS *Senior Kurti Fellow*
- 2011 Strathern, Alan, MA DPhil Oxf ¶ *Tutor in Early Modern History*

- 1997 Swadling, William John, BA CNAAL, LLM Lond, MA Oxf ¶
Tutor in Law
- 2005 Thun, Eric, AB PhD Harvard *Peter Moores Fellow and Tutor in Chinese Business Studies*
- 2007 Timpson, Christopher Gordon, BA BPhil DPhil Oxf *Tutor in Philosophy* 2012
Toft, Monica, MA PhD Chicago *Professor of Government and Public Policy and Supernumerary Fellow*
- 2003 Vogenauer, Stefan, MA MJur Oxf Linklaters *Professor of Comparative Law* 2013
Walsh, Edmond, BEng PhD Limerick *Supernumerary Fellow in Engineering*
- 2004 Wiggs, Giles Frederick Salisbury, BSc PhD Lond *Tutor in Geography*
- 2007 Wilson, Mark, MA DPhil Oxf *Tutor in Theoretical Chemistry*
- 2014 Zifarelli, Gianni Laurea Naples, PhD Max-Planck-Institute for Biophysics, Frankfurt *Tutor in Medicine*

Emeritus Fellows

- 1991 Altmann, Simon Leonardo, MA Oxf, PhD Lond
- 1998 Birch, Bryan John, MA PhD Camb, MA Oxf, FRS
- 2010 Bogdanor, Vernon, CBE, MA Oxf, FBA ★
- 2012 Boyd, Charles Adam Richard, BM Lond, BSc MA DPhil Oxf
- 2001 Cook, Peter Richard, MA DPhil Oxf ★ ‡ §
- 2011 Courakis, Anthony Stylianos, BA Manc, MA Oxf
- 2001 Davies, John Windsor, LLB Birm, BCL MA Oxf
- 2010 Evans, Robert John Weston, MA PhD Camb, MA DPhil Oxf
- 2001 Gasser, Robert Paul Holland, MA DPhil Oxf ★ §
- 1975 Haydon, Richard Geoffrey, MA PhD Camb, MA Oxf ¶
- 1992 Hockaday, Thomas Derek, MA DPhil Oxf, FRCP
- 2011 Ingram, Martin John, MA DPhil Oxf
- 1988 Judge, Harry George, MA Oxf, PhD Lond §
- 2009 Knowland, John Sebastian, MA DPhil Oxf §
- 2002 Millar, Sir Fergus Graham Burtholme, MA DPhil DLitt Oxf, FBA §
- 2003 Peach, John Vincent, MA DPhil Oxf §
- 2003 Proudfoot, Nicholas Jarvis, MA Oxf, PhD Camb, FRS
- 2008 Richards, Bernard Arthur, BLitt MA DPhil Oxf

- 2008 Richards, William Graham, CBE, MA DPhil DSc Oxf
 2004 Rowett, John Spencer, MA DPhil Oxf §
 1999 Rudden, Bernard Anthony, LL.D. Camb, DCL Oxf, PhD
 Wales, FBA §
 2008 Sinclair, Peter James Niven, MA DPhil Oxf
 2010 Solymar, Laszlo, MA Oxf, PhD Budapest, FRS

Honorary Fellows

- 2012 Adams, James Noel, FBA, FAHA §
 2004 Akers-Jones, Sir David, KBE, CMG, GBM, MA Oxf
 2006 Allen, Katherine, BA Oxf §
 2003 Baker, the Rt Hon Sir (Thomas) Scott (Gillespie), PC §
 2010 Barton, Dominic, BA MPhil Oxf
 2010 Beatson, the Rt Hon Sir Jack, DCL Oxf, LL.D. Camb, FBA
 *, Fellow, Merton 1973-1994, Hon Fellow Merton, St John's
 Cambridge, Rouse Ball Professor of English Law, Cambridge,
 1994-2003, Lord Justice of Appeal, 2013-
 1989 Blundell, Sir Tom Leon, BA DPhil Oxf, FRS * §
 1972 ρ Brademas, Stephen John, DPhil Oxf §
 2013 Brand, Andrea, MBiochem Oxf
 2011 Bratza, Sir Nicolas, MA Oxf
 2006 Cameron, the Rt Hon David, BA Oxf §
 2011 Cashmore, Roger John, CMG, MA DPhil Oxf, FRS §
 2010 Crook, Joseph Mordaunt, CBE, MA DPhil Oxf, FBA, FSA §
 1977 Eveleigh, the Rt Hon Sir Edward Walter, ERD, MA Oxf
 1968 Freeman, the Rt Hon John, MBE, MA Oxf
 2004 Gill, Sir Robin Denys, KCVO, MA Oxf
 1984 Hahn, Erwin, PhD Illinois, FRS §
 2013 Hill, Catherine, BA MA Oxf
 1976 Hodgkin, Sir Howard, CBE §
 1999 Janvrin, Robin Berry, the Rt Hon Lord Janvrin, CB, KCVO,
 MA Oxf
 2013 Johnson, Michelle, MA Oxf
 1983 Judd, Brian Raymond, MA DPhil Oxf §
 2013 Kent, Bruce, BA Oxf
 1982 Kornberg, Sir Hans, MA DSc Oxf, ScD Camb, PhD Sheff,
 FIBiol, FRS * §
 2003 Mellor, Dame Julie Therese, BA Oxf

- 1990 ρ O'Neill, Robert John, AO, BE Melbourne, MA DPhil Oxf, FASSA ★ ¶ §
- 2003 Palin, Michael Edward, CBE, BA Oxf §
- 1998 Saville, Mark Oliver, the Rt Hon Lord Saville of Newdigate, BA BCL Oxf
- 1994 Smith, Anthony David, CBE, MA Oxf ★ §
- 1982 Tötterman, Richard, DPhil Oxf
- 2013 Tucker, William, BA Oxf
- 1997 Vallance, Iain David Thomas, Lord Vallance of Tummel, Kt, MSc Lond School of Business Studies, MA Oxf §
- 2010 van Heerden, the Hon Mrs Justice Belinda, LLB Stellenbosch, MA Oxf
- 1993 Wates, Sir Christopher Stephen, BA Oxf, FCA
- 2010 Wiggins, David R P, MA Oxf, FBA §
- 2013 Wightman, Nigel David, BA MPhil Oxf

Lecturers not on the Foundation

Abrams, Lesley Jane, BA Oxf, MA PhD Toronto ★	<i>Modern History</i>
Antoniades, Chrystalina, BSc MRes PhD Camb	<i>Medicine</i>
Asudeh, Ash BA Carleton, MPhil Edin, PhD Stanford	<i>Linguistics</i>
Carroll, Ian, MPhil Oxf	<i>Politics</i>
Condliffe, James, MSc Imp, MEng DPhil Oxf	<i>Engineering</i>
Constantin, Andrei, BSc Bremen, MSc Munich	<i>Physics</i>
Dorigatti, Marco, Dott Lett Florence, DPhil Oxf	<i>Italian</i>
Durcan, Julie, BSc Sheff, MSc RHUL, PhD Aberystwyth	<i>Geography</i>
Edward, James MA Camb, BCL DPhil Oxf ★	<i>Law</i>
Grabowska-Zhang, Ada BA DPhil Oxf	<i>Biology</i>
Hackney, Jeffrey, BCL MA Oxf	<i>Roman Law</i>
Harker, Anthony Henry, MA Camb, DPhil Oxf	<i>Solid State Physics</i>
John, Simon, BA MA PhD Swansea	<i>Modern History</i>
Johnson, Steven, MA DPhil Oxf	<i>Biochemistry</i>
Jones, Polly, BA MPhil DPhil Oxf ★	<i>Russian</i>
Katz, Jonathan Bernard, MA DPhil Oxf	<i>Classics</i>
King, Brian, BA California State, Los Angeles, MPhil Phd Camb	<i>Philosophy</i>
Kuznetsov, Vladimir, MSc PhD Moscow	<i>Inorganic Chemistry</i>
Middleton, Anthony N, MA Oxf	<i>Physics (Mathematics)</i>

Moore, Michael Darren (Kenny), MA Oxf, PhD Imp	<i>Pathology</i>
Moran, Dominic Paul, MA Oxf, PhD Camb *	<i>Spanish</i>
Nichols, Bethan, MChem Oxf	<i>Physical Chemistry</i>
Palano, Silvia, MA Oxf	<i>Economics</i>
Palmer, James, MA MPhil Camb	<i>Geography</i>
Pazos Alonso, Claudia, BA DPhil Oxf, MA Lond * ¶	<i>Portuguese</i>
Pinon, Carmen BSc PhD Rio de Janeiro	<i>Psychology</i>
Ramamurthy, Narayan, BSc MSc PhD Nagpur	<i>Medicine</i>
Robinson, Damian, BSc PhD Brad, MA Oxf	<i>Classical Archaeology</i>
Robinson, Olivia, MSt DPhil Oxf	<i>Medieval English</i>
Salas, Irene, Maitrise Paris III, MA Paris IV, MA PhD École des Hautes Études en Sciences Sociales	<i>French</i>
Schlackow, Iryna, MMath PhD Oxf	<i>Pure Mathematics</i>
Sillett, Andrew James, BA MSt Oxf	<i>Classics</i>
Taylor, Jeremy Simon Hudson, BSc Brist, MA Oxf, PhD Lond * ¶	<i>Human Anatomy</i>
Williams, Jack Robert, BA Camb	<i>Law</i>
Winkel, Matthias, MA Oxf, PhD Paris VI	<i>Mathematics</i>
Wollenberg, Susan Lesley Freda (Mrs), MA DPhil Oxf * ¶	<i>Music</i>

Notes

Adams, James Senior Research Fellow, All Souls 1998–2010; Fellow, Academy of the Humanities of Australia

Allen, Kate Director, Amnesty International UK

Baker, Sir Scott Lord Justice of Appeal 2002–

Blundell, Sir Tom Hon Fellow, Linacre; Hon Dr Antwerp, East Ang, Edin, Sheff, Strath, Warw

Bowman, Alan Student, Christ Church 1977–2002; Camden Professor of Ancient History 2002–10; Hon Fellow, Queen's

Brademas, Stephen John President 1981–91, Emeritus 1991–, New York University

Cameron, David Leader, Conservative Party 2005–; Prime Minister 2010–

Cashmore, Roger Fellow, Merton 1977–9, Balliol 1979–2003; Professor of Experimental Physics 1992–2003; Chairman, Physics 1996–9; Principal 2003–11; Emeritus Fellow, Balliol 2004–; Chairman, United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority 2010–

Cook, Peter E P Abraham Professor of Cell Biology; Fellow, Lincoln 2001–

Cooper, Richard Junior Proctor 1982–3; Commendatore dell'Ordine al Merito of the Italian Republic 2003; Commandeur Ordre des Palmes Académiques 2012

Crook, Joseph Slade Professor of Fine Art 1979–80; Waynflete Lecturer, Magdalen 1985–6; Hon DLitt Lond

Daniel, Ronald Junior Proctor 2005–6

Davies, Anne Fellow, All Souls 1996–2001

Gasser, Robert Junior Proctor 1968–9; Vice-Chairman, General Board of the Faculties 1978–80; Bursar 1982–2001

Hahn, Erwin former Visiting Fellow; Professor of Physics, Berkeley; Foreign Member, Royal Society; Member, National Academy of Sciences USA; Wolf Prize for Physics

Hodgkin, Sir Howard Hon DLitt Lond, Oxf; Hon DSc Oxf

James, William Pro-Vice-Chancellor (Planning and Resources) 2011–

Judd, Brian Professor Emeritus, Department of Physics and Astronomy, Johns Hopkins

Judge, Harry Director, Department of Educational Studies 1973–88

Knowland, John Fellow, Pembroke 1976–2001; Bursar 2001–9

Kornberg, Sir Hans Master, Christ's College, Camb 1982–95; University Professor and Professor of Biology, Boston 1995–; Hon DSc Bath, Leeds, Leic, Sheff, Strath, Warw; DUniv Essex, Leipzig; Hon ScD Cincinnati; Hon Fellow, Worcester

Millar, Sir Fergus Camden Professor of Ancient History 1984–2002; Hon Fellow Trinity, Queen's

O'Neill, Robert Chichele Professor of the History of War and Fellow, All Souls 1987–2001

Palin, Michael Actor, writer, television presenter

Peach, John Chairman, General Board of the Faculties 1993–5

Rowett, John Assessor 1993–4; Warden, Rhodes House 1999–2006

Rudden, Bernard Professor of Comparative Law 1979–99

Smith, Anthony Research Fellow, St Antony's 1971–6; President, Magdalen 1989–2005

Vallance, Lord Hon DSc City, Napier, Ulster; Hon DTech Lough, Robert Gordon; Hon DBA Kingston; Hon DEng H-W

Wiggins, David Wykeham Professor of Logic 1993–2000

CLASS LIST

FINAL HONOUR SCHOOL 2015

BIOCHEMISTRY

- I Barber, Natalie
- I Stennett, Henry
- II.1 Lee, Wonsang
- II.1 Meredith, Louise

BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES

- I Griffith, Phoebe
- I Langley, Liam
- II.1 Middlemiss, Hebe
- II.2 Lassman, Emily

CHEMISTRY

- I Grozavu, Alexandru
- II.1 Gearing, Sophie
- II.1 Le Neve-Foster, Ben
- II.1 Meadows, Karen
- II.1 Schenck, George
- II.1 Yang, Jiayu
- II.2 Jenkins, Harry

CLASSICS & MODERN LANGUAGES

- II.1 Ablett, Sophie
- II.1 Lacey-Solymar, Tanya

ECONOMICS & MANAGEMENT

- I Allport, Harry
- I Mooney, Simon
- II.1 Ross, Aska
- II.2 Smith, Alexander

ENGINEERING

- II.1 Chen, Linjia
- II.1 Stewardson, Thomas
- II.2 Thickett, Madeleine

ENGLISH & MODERN LANGUAGES

II.1 Ojha, Alice

ENGLISH LANGUAGE & LITERATURE

I Shama, Frankie

I Viveash, Harley

I Vosatka, Krystof

II.1 Brady, Florence

II.1 Freeman, Oliver

II.1 Heaysman, Rebecca

II.1 Olivieri, Francesca

II.1 Rigley, Philip

EUROPEAN & MIDDLE EASTERN LANGUAGES

I Taylor, Lucie

I Burrows-O'Donoghue, Ronan

EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY

I Turkson, Essi

II.1 Strickland, Joseph

FINE ART

II.2 Ajulu-Bushell, Rebecca

GEOGRAPHY

I Colthorpe, Thomas

I Manning, James

II.1 Jamison, Clare

II.1 Tracey, Felix

HISTORY

I Ward, Charlotte

II.1 Brumfitt, Adam

II.1 Burnage, Matthew

II.1 Craig-McFeely, Catherine

II.1 Miejluk, Antonia

II.1 Paul, Daniel

II.1 Wait, Thomas

JURISPRUDENCE

- I Benham–Mirando, Timothy
- I Greenfield, Caroline
- I Seah, Eewei
- II.1 Hilton–Stevens, Thomas
- II.1 Scale, Emily
- II.1 Senthilkumar, Priya
- II.1 Vinall, Jeff

LITERAE HUMANIORES

- I Manklow, Charles
- II.1 Lee, Ching
- II.1 Maksimovic, Nikola
- II.1 Pipkin, Abigail

MATHEMATICS

- II.1 Czerniawski, Pawel
- II.1 Laban, Joshua
- II.1 Salkeld, William
- II.2 Gibson, Morgan
- II.2 Smith, Hannah
- II.2 Smyth, Gabriella

MEDICAL SCIENCES (BA)

- I Maclean, Rory
- II.1 Grundmann, Alexander
- II.1 Hardwick, Marc
- II.1 Koslover, Nicolas
- II.1 McGinn, David

MODERN LANGUAGES

- I Bolour–Froushan, Artemas
- I Garbutt, Alice
- II.1 Atherton, Chase

MUSIC

- II.1 D’Janoeff, Katya
- II.1 Thorpe–Beeston, Ella

PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS & ECONOMICS

- I Bieber, Friedemann
- I Faisal, Ihsaan
- II.1 Cunningham, Harry
- II.1 Edmonds, Ruth
- II.1 Gardner, Andrew
- II.1 Iqbal, Zain
- II.1 Thomas, Rose
- II.1 Zeffman, Henry

PHYSICS (BA)

- II.1 West-Knights, Frederick

PHYSICS (MPHYS)

- I Homan, Samuel
- I Rodgers, Ronald
- II.1 Morley, James

PHYSICS & PHILOSOPHY

- I Brodie, Callum
- II.1 Coyne, Julien
- II.1 Wills, James

PSYCHOLOGY & PHILOSOPHY

- II.1 Abdo, Sarah

GRADUATE DEGREES**DPhil**

Sarina Agkatsev	Oncology	Matric 2008
John Carlson	Archaeology	Matric 2009
Sarah Cooper-Knock	Development Studies	Matric 2007
Matthew Cottee	Pathology	Matric 2006
Michael Crump	Pharmacology	Matric 2010
Mia Gaudern	English	Matric 2011
Alex Gordon-Weeks	Radiobiology	Matric 2011
Heather Hachigian	Geography and the Environment	Matric 2011
Mark Hill	History	Matric 2009

Lloyd Hopkins	Ancient History	Matric 2005
Sarah Howles	Biomedical and Clinical Sciences	
Linda Katona	Pharmacology	Matric 2009
Alison Leishman	Pathology	Matric 2010
Sarah-Jane Littleford	Geography and the Environment	Matric 2010
Stephanie Mathisen	Pathology	Matric 2009
Giulia Orlando	Radiobiology	Matric 2010
Ashwini Oswal	Clinical Neurosciences	
Anna Seale	Clinical Medicine	
Hannah Sikstrom	English	Matric 2009
Andrew Sillett	Classical Languages and Literature	Matric 2006
Nicole Stoesser	Biomedical and Clinical Sciences	Matric 2012
Cyrille Thinnès	Chemical Biology	Matric 2006
Lucy VanEssen-Fishman	Classical Languages and Literature	Matric 2009
Thomas Watson	Ophthalmology	Matric 2010

Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery

Emily Arch	Distinction
Kevin Cheng	Distinction
Julia Pakpoor	Pass
Rohan Sundramoorthi	Pass
Richard Sykes	Pass

BCL/MJur

Akshay Amritanshu	Pass	Bachelor of Civil Law
Jane Buncle	Pass	Bachelor of Civil Law
Victoria Hallam	Distinction	Bachelor of Civil Law
Michelle Hui Min Kang	Distinction	Bachelor of Civil Law
Alexandra Littlewood	Distinction	Bachelor of Civil Law
Nathan Ma	Distinction	Bachelor of Civil Law

Maria Clara Natividade Martins Pereira	Pass	Magister Juris
Ka Cheung Ng	Distinction	Bachelor of Civil Law
Quddus Noakhtar	Pass	Bachelor of Civil Law
Simon Roess	Pass	Magister Juris
Usman Roohani	Pass	Bachelor of Civil Law
Christopher Seymour	Pass	Bachelor of Civil Law

Master of Public Policy

Bushra Al-Maskari	Pass
Adaudo Anyiam-Osigwe	Pass
Martin Saven	Pass
Heather Walker	Distinction

MBA

Penpitcha Piriyametha	Distinction
Pakpoom Wongsakvanich	Distinction
Scott Gabrielson	Pass
Joan Lee	Pass
Ren Liao	Pass
Wei-Chun Lin	Pass
Sanjoy Sankaran	Pass

MPhil

Benjamin Deaner	Distinction	Economics
Hannah Glover	Pass	Law
Emily Oehlsen	Pass	Economics
Natalie Page	Distinction	Geography and the Environment
Sion Pennar	Distinction	Modern Languages
Thomas Peto	Distinction	Politics: Political Theory
Junli Song	Pass	Development Studies
Sydney Taylor	Pass	Classical Archaeology

MSc

Ceridwen Ash	Pass	Theoretical and Computational Chemistry
Sukanto Chanda	Pass	Financial Economics
Aditi Dave	Pass	Archaeological Science
Jovana Gjorgjioska	Pass	Education
Carl Grysolle	Pass	Law and Finance
Christian Holkeboer	Pass	Financial Economics
Max Howell	Pass	Theoretical and Comp Chemistry
Hanqiong Hu	Pass	Financial Economics
Ai Seon Kuan	Pass	Global Health Science
Maki Kubota	Pass	Applied Linguistics and Second Lang Acquisition
James Lamb	Pass	Theoretical and Computational Chemistry
Jiyeon Lee	Distinction	Biodiversity, Conservation and Management
Nasha Chia Hwee Lee	Pass	Environmental Change and Management
Heiko Liesegang	Pass	Law and Finance
Andrew Linden	Distinction	Global Health Science
William Lunn	Pass	Contemporary Chinese Studies
Adam Malik	Pass	Mathematical Modelling and Scientific Computing
Stephen McCall	Pass	Global Health Science
Kelly McGuire	Pass	Nature, Society and Environmental Policy
Claudia Neuschulz	Distinction	Water Science, Policy and Management
Nils Karl Reimer	Pass	Psychological Research
Karolina Richterova	Pass	Psychological Research
Zhi Yu Tee	Distinction	Financial Economics
Gary Wall	Pass	Theoretical and Computational Chemistry

Erin Young	Distinction	Education
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MSc by Research

Funai Xing	Pass	Particle Physics
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MSt

Karsten Becker	Distinction	Modern Languages
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Michel Chu	Pass	English (1700-1830)
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Charis Dishman	Distinction	Women's Studies
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Jonathan Griffiths	Distinction	Greek and/or Latin Languages and Literature
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Lloyd Houston	Distinction	English (1900-present)
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Anique Kruger	Distinction	English (1900-present)
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Iona McLaren	Distinction	Greek and/or Latin Languages and Literature
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Georgia O'Connor	Pass	Global and Imperial History
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Emma Parker	Distinction	English (1900-present)
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Assallah Tahir	Distinction	English (1830-1914)
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James Thompson	Distinction	Modern Languages
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Simone Webb	Distinction	Women's Studies
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PGCE

Sam Czeres	Pass	Mathematics
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Imogen Fletcher-Blackburn	Pass	History
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Zoe Lynes	Pass	History
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Emily O'Neill	Pass	Geography
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John Shaw	Pass	Chemistry
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Robert Slinn	Pass	History
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Georgina Winfield	Pass	Mathematics
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Diploma in Legal Studies

Adria Doce Lliso	Pass
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Katrin Hammerl	Pass
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Claire Saint Olive	Pass
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MATRICULATIONS 2014/2015

Bushra Al-Maskari, *Monash University*; **Akshay Amritanshu**, *National Law Institute University, Bhopal*; **Yuen Siang Ang**, *Nanyang Technological University*; **Ceridwen Ash**, *University of St Andrews*; **Harriet Astbury**, *The Burgate School*; **Imogen Barnett**, *Truro College*; **Alfred Barratt**, *Eton College*; **Molly Beck**, *Hills Road Sixth Form College*; **Karsten Becker**, *University of Bamberg*; **Robert Belok**, *Oxted County School*; **Pranav Bharadwaj**, *Reading School*; **Emily Boseley**, *Reading Blue Coat School*; **Douglas Boyes**, *Welshpool High School*; **Tristan Bromley**, *St Pauls School*; **James Broun**, *St George's Academy, Sleaford*; **Andrew Brown**, *Latymer Upper School*; **Reno Budic**, *City Business School, Munich*; **Jane Buncle**, *University of Edinburgh*; **Megan Burnside**, *Scarborough Sixth Form College*; **Matthew Burwood**, *Colchester Royal Grammar School*; **Benjamin Byfield**, *George Abbott School*; **Isaac Calvert**, *Brigham Young University*; **Luke Campbell**, *Oxford Brookes University*; **Eve Carter**, *Stanwell School*; **Lucinda Chamberlain**, *Withington Girls School*; **Sukanto Chanda**, *Singapore Management University*; **Daniel Charlton**, *Crypt School*; **Zehan Chen**, *Shenzhen College of International Education*; **Michel Chu**, *University of California, Los Angeles*; **Gregory Coates**, *Kings College School Wimbledon*; **Katharine Collins**, *South Wilts Grammar School*; **Victoria Cox**, *John Cleveland College*; **Maria Czepiel**, *King Edward VI Girls High School*; **Sam Czeres**, *Loughborough University*; **Joshua D'Aeth**, *St Johns College*; **Edward Daniel**, *Watford Grammar School for Boys*; **Henna Dattani**, *Loughborough High School*; **Aditi Dave**, *Delhi University*; **Sophie Davidson**, *St Marys School*; **Charis Dishman**, *Queen Mary & Westfield College*; **Adria Doce Lliso**, *Universitat Pompeu Fabra, Spain*; **Florence Downs**, *University of Bristol*; **Alexander Dunn**, *Monash University*; **William Feerick**, *Lincoln Minster School*; **Angus Fisk**, *Queensland University*; **Imogen Fletcher-Blackburn**, *Queen Mary University, London*; **Elizabeth Foley**, *Trinity College, Dublin*; **Samuel Forbes**, *Nanjing Normal University*; **Paul Fradley**, *St Josephs College*; **Phoebe Freidin**, *Bryanston School*; **Yusaku Fukushima**, *Anglo-Chinese School*; **Scott Gabrielson**, *Minnesota University*; **Alexander Georgiou**, *United World College of S E Asia*; **Martha Glaser**, *Westminster School*; **Walter Goodwin**, *Colyton Grammar School*; **Samuel Goss**, *Hampton School*; **Carl Grysolle**, *Katholieke University, Leuven*; **Vivek Gupta**, *Merchant Taylors School*; **Victoria Hallam**, *Trinity College, Dublin*;

Katrin Hammerl, Regensburg University; **Eric Haney**, London School of Economics; **Alice Harrison**, Stowupland High School; **Annie Hayter**, Haberdashers Askes Hatcham Girls; **Grace Hickman**, Kings College School Wimbledon; **Frederick Hinds**, Forest School; **Christian Holkeboer**, Georgetown University; **Nicholas Hooper**, Solihull School; **Max Howell**, University College, London; **Oliver Hoy**, King Edward VI Grammar School; **Hanqiong Hu**, Central University of Finance and Economics; **Christopher Huang**, Winchester College; **Henrik Jacobsen**, Jacobs University Bremen; **Samuel Jenkins**, Magdalen College School; **Elisabeth Jenkinson**, Scarborough Sixth Form College; **Peter Kerr-Davis**, Judd School; **Sonia Khan**, National Institute of Education, Singapore; **Jiorgos Kourelis**, University of Amsterdam; **Dan Kreso**, Holland Park School; **Fabian Kritzler**, Bucerius Law School; **Anique Kruger**, University of Cape Town; **Ai Seon Kuan**, National Yang-Ming University; **James Lamb**, Imperial College, London; **Caroline Lasthaus**, Bucerius Law School; **Ariane Laurent-Smith**, King Edward VI High School; **Edward Lavender**, Windermere School; **Jiyeon Lee**, Korea University; **Joan Lee**, University of California, Berkeley; **Nasha Chia Hwee Lee**, University of Malaya; **Jude Lenier**, Tonbridge School; **Yeming Li**, St Georges School; **Ren Liao**, University of Toronto; **Heiko Liesegang**, Ruhr University Bochum; **Gabriel Cher Wei Lim**, Temasek Junior College; **Wei-Chun Lin**, Northwestern University; **Andrew Linden**, University of Cape Town; **William Lunn**, SOAS, University of London; **Zoe Lynes**, University of Bristol; **Katharine Lyness**, Westminster School; **Eve Lytollis**, Queen Elizabeth Grammar School; **Nathan Ma**, City University of Hong Kong; **Adam Malik**, Uppsala University; **Maria Clara Martins Pereira**, Universidade Catolica Portuguesa; **James Maye**, Archbishop Ilsley School; **Stephen McCall**, University of Aberdeen; **Gregor Meehan**, Awty International School; **Gautam Menon**, King Edward VI Grammar School; **Isobel Moseley**, St Helens School; **Lee Murray**, Trinity Catholic High School; **Anita Nandi**, University of Cambridge; **Claudia Neuschulz**, Freie Universitat Berlin; **Martin Newman**, St Leonards School; **Ka Cheung Ng**, University of Hong Kong; **Quddus Noakhtar**, Bond University; **James Nugent**, Charterhouse; **Jessica Ockenden**, Oxford High School; **Georgia O'Connor**, Monash University; **Emily O'Neill**, University of St Andrews; **Emma Parker**, Queen Mary & Westfield College; **Timothy Penn**, University of Warwick; **Isobel Phillips**, Sir William Borlases School; **Elizabeth Pickford**, Notre Dame School; **Penpitcha Piriymetha**,

Thammasat University; **David Powell**, *City University*; **Ishika Prachee**, *King Edward VI School*; **Kierri Price**, *Castle School*; **Andrew Richards**, *King Edwards School*; **Mark Richards**, *Adams Grammar School*; **Vincent Richardson**, *Winchester College*; **Martin Riederer**, *Bucerius Law School*; **Joshua Rioda**, *Heart of England School*; **Elin Roberts**, *Redlands School*; **Simon Roess**, *Phillips-University Marburg*; **Sophia Rolt**, *Leys School*; **Usman Roohani**, *University of Cambridge*; **Claire Saint Olive**, *Universite Pantheon-Assas, Paris II*; **Atussa Salehnia**, *Bucerius Law School*; **Sanjoy Sankaran**, *Mumbai University, India*; **David Sargent**, *Greenhead College*; **Martin Saven**, *Stockholm School of Economics*; **James Scoon**, *Keswick School*; **John Shaw**, *University of Reading*; **Sarah Shone**, *Westminster School*; **Karina Shooter**, *Central Newcastle High School*; **Katherine Simmons**, *School of St Helen & St Katharine*; **Deon Simpson**, *University of Leeds*; **Robert Slinn**, *University of Bath*; **Karl Smith Byrne**, *University of Cambridge*; **Fleur Snow**, *Ysgol Gyfun Dŷffryn Teifi*; **Thomas Spearman**, *Winchester College*; **John Spiezio**, *Regis High School*; **Joel Spratt**, *McGill University*; **Adrian Stickel**, *British International School, Budapest*; **Alasdair Stirling**, *University College, London*; **Per Magne Sviggum**, *The Robert Gordon University*; **Richard Sykes**, *Keswick School*; **Magdalena Szczykulska**, *University of Leicester*; **Assallah Tahir**, *University of Cambridge*; **Clio-Ragna Takas**, *Magdalen College School*; **Georgina Tarr**, *Bandon Grammar School*; **Lucy Thompson-Sharpe**, *South Craven School*; **Louise Tidmarsh**, *City & Guilds of London Art School*; **James Tizzard**, *Oaklands R C School*; **Matthew Torr**, *Pates Grammar School*; **Jack Tromans**, *Royal Grammar School*; **Louis Trupia**, *Norwich School*; **Thomas Turner**, *Stanford University*; **Alexander van Leeuwen**, *Tonbridge School*; **Sagar Vaze**, *Yarm School*; **Leonhard Vollmer**, *Munich University*; **Felix von Stumm**, *Eton College*; **Maria Voudouoglou**, *Gordonstoun School*; **Katharine Waldron**, *Abbey School*; **Alice Walker**, *Cheney School*; **Alanna Wall**, *Solihull School*; **Chloe Wall**, *Blenheim High School*; **Gary Wall**, *University of Southampton*; **Jessica Ward**, *St Leonards Comprehensive School*; **Matthew Ward**, *Crossley Heath School*; **Jason Watson**, *University of Leicester*; **Emma Whiteley**, *University of Birmingham*; **Matthew Williamson**, *University College, London*; **Tristan Wilson**, *Royal Grammar School*; **Georgina Winfield**, *Loughborough University*; **Jens Wirsching**, *Universitat Bonn*; **Alon Witztum**, *Pennsylvania University*; **Pakpoom Wongsakvanich**, *Chulalongkorn University*; **Emma Woodhouse**, *Redborne Upper School*;

Tianhao Xu, *Highgate School*; **Simon Yarak**, *Université de Namur*;
Thomas Yems, *Greenhead College*; **Erin Young**, *University of Cambridge*.

COLLEGE PRIZES 2014-15

Undergraduate College Prizes

First in Finals: **Natalie Barber** (Biochemistry); **Henry Stennett** (Biochemistry); **Phoebe Griffith** (Biology); **Liam Langley** (Biology); **Alexandru Grozavu** (Chemistry); **Harry Allport** (Economics & Management); **Simon Mooney** (Economics & Management); **Frankie Shama** (English); **Harley Viveash** (English); **Krystof Vosatka** (English); **Lucie Taylor** (European & Middle Eastern Languages – French & Arabic); **Ronan Burrows-O'Donoghue** (European & Middle Eastern Languages – French & Persian); **Essi Turkson** (Experimental Psychology); **Thomas Colthorpe** (Geography); **James Manning** (Geography); **Charlotte Ward** (History); **Timothy Benham-Mirando** (Jurisprudence); **Caroline Greenfield** (Jurisprudence); **Eewei Seah** (Jurisprudence); **Charles Manklow** (Literae Humaniores); **Rory Maclean** (Medicine); **Artemas Bolour-Froushan** (Modern Languages – French & German); **Alice Garbutt** (Modern Languages – German); **Samuel Homan** (Physics); **Ronald Rodgers** (Physics); **Callum Brodie** (Physics & Philosophy); **Friedemann Bieber** (PPE); **Ihsaan Faisal** (PPE)

Distinction in Mods/Prelims

Joshua D'Aeth (Biology); **Edward Lavender** (Biology); **Maria Czepiel** (Classics & Modern Languages – Spanish); **Pranav Bharadwaj** (Economics & Management); **Oliver Hoy** (Economics & Management); **Andrew Richards** (Economics & Management); **Jack Tromans** (Economics & Management); **Andrew Brown** (Engineering); **Zehan Chen** (Engineering); **Walter Goodwin** (Engineering); **Chloe Wall** (Geography); **Emily Boseley** (History); **Megan Burnside** (History); **Paul Fradley** (Jurisprudence); **Martha Glaser** (Jurisprudence); **Gabriel Lim** (Jurisprudence); **Matthew Ward** (Jurisprudence); **Matthew Torr** (Mathematics); **Thomas Yems** (Mathematics); **Jessica Ockenden** (Modern Languages – French & Italian); **David Sargent** (Modern Languages – French); **Matthew Burwood** (Physics & Philosophy); **Frederick Hinds** (Physics & Philosophy)

Undergraduate University Prizes

Timothy Benham-Mirando (Jurisprudence): Law Faculty Prize in Personal Property

Pranav Bharadwaj (Economics & Management): proxime accessit for Gibbs Prize

Callum Brodie (Physics & Philosophy): Gibbs Prize

Ronan Burrows-O'Donoghue (European & Middle Eastern Languages): Gibbs Prize

Maria Czepiel (Classics & Modern Languages): Cyril Jones Memorial Prize in Spanish Studies for best performance in Spanish Prelim

Olivia Homewood (History & Modern Languages): G.A. Kolkhorst Exhibition

Rory Maclean (Medicine): Gibbs Prize and Wronker Prize in Pharmacology

Rachael Ng (Chemistry): Turbutt Prize in Practical Organic Chemistry

Jessica Ockenden (Modern Languages): Mrs Claude Beddington Prize for outstanding performance in Italian

Andrew Richards (Economics & Management): proxime accessit for Gibbs Prize

Eewei Seah (Jurisprudence): proxime accessit for Wronker Law Prize for best overall best performance, All Souls Prize for Public International Law, and Law Faculty Prize in Copyright, Patents and Allied Rights

Lawrence Wang (Physics & Philosophy): Gibbs Prize

Charlotte Ward (History): proxime accessit for Gibbs Prize

Graduate College Prizes

Distinction in Graduate Exams:

Emily Arch	BMBCH - Clinical Medicine
Karsten Becker	MSt Modern Languages
Kevin Cheng	BMBCH - Clinical Medicine
Aditi Dave	MSc Archaeological Science
Benjamin Deaner	MPhil Economics
Charis Dishman	MSt Women's Studies
Jonathan Griffiths	MSt Greek and/or Latin Languages and Literature
Victoria Hallam	Bachelor of Civil Law

Lloyd Houston	MSt English (1900–present)
Michelle Hui Min Kang	Bachelor of Civil Law
Anique Kruger	MSt English (1900–present)
Jiyeon Lee	MSc Biodiversity, Conservation and Management
Andrew Linden	MSc Global Health Science
Alexandra Littlewood	Bachelor of Civil Law
Nathan Ma	Bachelor of Civil Law
Iona McLaren	MSt Greek and/or Latin Lang and Lit
Claudia Neuschulz	MSc Water Science, Policy and Management
Ka Cheung Ng	Bachelor of Civil Law
Natalie Page	MPhil Geography and the Environment
Emma Parker	MSt English (1900–present)
Sion Pennar	MPhil Modern Languages
Thomas Peto	MPhil Politics: Political Theory
Assallah Tahir	MSt English (1830–1914)
Zhi Yu Tee	MSc Financial Economics
James Thompson	MSt Modern Languages
Simone Webb	MSt Women’s Studies
Erin Young	MSc Education (Learning and Tech)

Graduate University Prizes

Carl Grysolle (MSc Law and Finance): Core MLF Prize for Finance 2015

Nathan Ma (BCL): The Planethood Foundation Prize 2015–International Criminal Law

Michelle Kang (BCL): The Law Faculty Prize 2015 – International Commercial Arbitration

ELECTIONS TO SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS

BIOCHEMISTRY

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Henry Stennett, formerly of Pate's Grammar School

Exhibitioner of the College

David McManus, formerly of Sir Joseph Williamson's Mathematical School

Commoner of the College

BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Phoebe Griffith, formerly of Moreton Hall School

Exhibitioner of the College

Liam Langley, formerly of Xaverian Sixth Form College

Exhibitioner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Laura Perry, formerly of Selby College

Commoner of the College

Samantha Royston, formerly of Henrietta Barnett School

Commoner of the College

Siddarth Shrikanth, formerly of Bala Vidya Mandir

Commoner of the College

CHEMISTRY

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Victoria Atkinson, formerly of Bradford Girls Grammar School

Commoner of the College

Rachael Ng, formerly of Cheltenham Ladies College

Commoner of the College

Milo Smith, formerly of Norwich School

Commoner of the College

CLASSICAL ARCHAEOLOGY & ANCIENT HISTORY

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Francesca Anthony, formerly of Saffron Walden County High School

Commoner of the College

ECONOMICS & MANAGEMENT

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Jasmine Ko, formerly of Judd School

Commoner of the College

Conor McCleary, formerly of Tadcaster Grammar School

Commoner of the College

Jake Morgan, formerly of St Paul's School

Commoner of the College

Jennifer Ring, formerly of Hills Road Sixth Form College

Commoner of the College

ENGINEERING SCIENCE

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Prashant Pandey, formerly of King Edward School

Exhibitioner of the College

Alex Parfett, formerly of Emmbrook School

Exhibitioner of the College

Henry Walker, formerly of Richard Huish College

Exhibitioner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Caspar Phillips, formerly of Highgate School

Commoner of the College

Chenyang Wang, formerly of Cambridge International Centre of Shanghai Normal University

Commoner of the College

ENGLISH

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Oliver Freeman, formerly of Judd School

Exhibitioner of the College

Conor McGillan, formerly of St Brendan's Sixth Form College

Commoner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Rebecca Heaysman, formerly of Bay House School

Commoner of the College

Fergal O'Dwyer, formerly of Matthew Arnold School

Commoner of the College

EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Abigail Bradshaw, formerly of Ranelagh School
Commoner of the College

FINE ART

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

John Izatt-Lowry, formerly of Durham School
Commoner of the College

GEOGRAPHY

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Edward Howell, formerly of Whitgift School
Commoner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Francesca Hine, formerly of Charterhouse
Commoner of the College

HISTORY

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Alexander Whitton, formerly of Warwick School
Commoner of the College

HISTORY & ECONOMICS

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Laura Koepke, formerly of City of London Freemen's School
Commoner of the College

HISTORY & MODERN LANGUAGES

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Olivia Homewood, formerly of Ardingly College
Commoner of the College

JURISPRUDENCE

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Caroline Greenfield, formerly of Benenden School
Exhibitioner of the College

Eewei Seah, formerly of Hwa Chong Institution, Singapore
Exhibitioner of the College

Timothy Yap, formerly of Hwa Chong Institution, Singapore
Commoner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Timothy Benham-Mirando, formerly of Monmouth School
Commoner of the College

Polly Calver, formerly of Collingwood College
Commoner of the College

LITERAE HUMANIORES

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Harry Ager, formerly of Prior Park College
Commoner of the College

Joseph Baker, formerly of Alleyne's School
Commoner of the College

William Dudley, formerly of St Olave's Grammar School
Commoner of the College

Oscar Heyde, formerly of Merchant Taylors' School
Commoner of the College

MATHEMATICS

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Katherine Arundel, formerly of Drayton Manor High School
Commoner of the College

Adam Carver, formerly of Collingwood College
Commoner of the College

MEDICINE

TO A HEBERDEN SCHOLARSHIP

Rory Maclean, formerly of Harrow School
Commoner of the College

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Marc Hardwick, formerly of Poole Grammar School
Commoner of the College

MODERN LANGUAGES

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Emily Cunningham, formerly of Sir William Perkins's School
Commoner of the College

PHYSICS

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Samuel Homan, formerly of Brockenhurst College

Exhibitioner of the College

Alexander Knight, formerly of the King's School, Gloucester

Exhibitioner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Thomas Finerty, formerly of St Mary Redcliffe & Temple School

Commoner of the College

Christopher Mullender, formerly of Palmer's College

Commoner of the College

Hannah Smith, formerly of Solihull School

Commoner of the College

PPE

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Friedemann Bieber, formerly of Schillergymnasium Muenster

Exhibitioner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Joseph Keel, formerly of Simon Langton Grammar School for Boys

Commoner of the College

Hugh McHale-Maughan, formerly of Ripon Grammar School

Commoner of the College

William Pyle, formerly of St Olave's Grammar School

Commoner of the College

BLUES AND HALF BLUES 2014-2015

James Clark	Rugby League
Nicola Dinsdale	Windsurfing
Paige Gibbons	Dancesport
Linda Katona	Basketball
Anique Kruger	Dancesport
William Lunn	Taekwon Do
Conor McCleary	Rugby League
Antonia Miejluk	Dancesport
Owen Riddall	Squash
Gabriella Smyth	Fencing
Gabriella Smyth	Ice Hockey
Monika Stegmann	Volleyball
Siobhan Stewart	Hockey
Felix von Stumm	Eton Fives
Marianna Voudouoglou	Basketball
Tianhao Xu	Boxing

Reports



JCR REPORT

By Siddarth Shrikanth, JCR President 2014-15

There is a *je ne sais quoi* about Brasenose College that is incredibly hard to pin down; indeed, I've found this report far harder to distil into a few hundred words than any academic paper I've encountered. It is a great privilege to be asked to attempt this on behalf of the JCR; I only hope it goes some way to capturing the rich, varied and wonderful highlights of the past year at Brasenose.

I'd like to pause here to thank my predecessor, Henry Zeffman. He served the JCR with exceptional integrity and commitment, showing wisdom and sensitivity beyond his years, particularly when we were faced with Kieran's tragic passing.

His tenure as JCR President laid the foundations for many of the causes I have taken up over the last two terms, and I'm especially grateful for Henry's comprehensive handover that enabled me to hit the ground running in Hilary Term. I'm sure his time at the head of the JCR will have given him a taste of things to come when he inevitably makes a run for public office. In addition, I'll depart from tradition to thank *his* predecessor, James Blythe; he provided both sound advice and succour in good measure as he evaded the real world for one final year, taking on a sabbatical position at OUSU.

This year's committee has been stellar. Adam Carver has ably shaped the new role of Vice President (Academic and Careers) into a distinctively empowered position; I'm grateful for his unflinching support, and thankful that I could count on him to be a reliable ally and thoughtful friend.

Esme Ash and Alex Whitton have complemented each other's roles well as they have worked tirelessly to keep the JCR well-fed, happy and safe. Welfare Reps from the JCR now attend the College Welfare Committee - a welcome sign of deepening collaboration in this area.

Jess Freedman, our Access and Admissions Rep, deserves a special mention; she's worked closely with Dr Joe Organ, our charismatic Schools Officer, to continue the excellent access work that Brasenose has been doing over the last few years. Over the Easter Vacation, I had the privilege of accompanying Joe on the annual weeklong visit to North Yorkshire, our link region. I've never been prouder of our access efforts,

and neither have I ever felt more acutely aware of the need to persevere in this area. One might question the wisdom of pouring resources into a venture like this when Brasenose attracts over a thousand applicants from all walks of life. I rebut that notion vigorously; our community is as diverse as it is precisely because of these efforts, and we must not flag in our commitment to access – especially when we consider the monumental political changes we’re witnessing in higher education.

The rest of the committee deserves hearty praise for their contributions to the JCR, but limited space will not permit me to describe each of them as fully as I would like. I know they are motivated only by a desire to serve our wonderful community, and I thank Amy, Conor, Hugh, Hugo, Jack, Jake, Richard, Sai, Sam, and Orla for their service.

Brasenose remains a welcoming home for sportspersons of all levels of ability, but our sporting achievements are doubtless well-documented elsewhere in this publication. Ale Verses, Burns Night and Ascension Day all remain central parts of the Brasenose experience, well-loved and well-attended as ever. The highlights of the calendar were Arts Week and Brasenose Ball, both mainstays of Trinity term. This year’s Arts Week was packed with a number of innovative events, organised exceptionally well by Richard Ng, and often at the expense of his sleep and diet. Brasenose played host to jazz bands, acapella performers, musicals, poetry, dance, and a number of other activities, some more tenuously artistic than others. The week ended with an outdoor screening of *Grease* on New Quad, much to the delight of the hordes of freshers who led the sing-along of *Greased Lightning*.

Guests from within Brasenose and without had nothing but praise for this year’s Brasenose Ball, styled on *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*. A sumptuous dinner and an inviting set of attractions and food stalls produced a great deal of merriment. Immense credit is due to the indomitable Harry Ager, and the committee, for putting together a truly memorable night. The only hiccup, perhaps, occurred when mischief-makers managed to make off with a statue from Deer Quad by concealing it in a double-bass case. Their only error was to forget to take its original contents along with them, prompting the speedy return of the statue in question in exchange for the instrument.

As a first year, I used to wonder how Bursars across Oxford allowed twenty-year-olds to commandeer an ancient college and put on what is, in essence, a colossal party. I’ve realised now that this isn’t something

to be taken for granted, and that trust between JCRs and Bursars takes years to build but only an evening to break down. I'm glad to report that this year's Ball produced a small surplus, and a great deal of goodwill between the common rooms.

If I had to pick one theme that best represents this year, it would have to be change. Brasenose's exceptional community spirit remains as strong as ever, but College is changing in wonderful new ways.

The culmination of over a year's worth of tireless campaigning came in Trinity term, when Governing Body voted to fly the rainbow flag from the college flagpole to mark LGBT History Month. College's commitment to equality and diversity has never been in doubt, but institutional recognition, and indeed, celebration of this, warms our hearts. It is my fervent hope that this marks a new era where the three common rooms work closely on issues of equality and diversity, breaking down structural shortcomings and celebrating our successes.

Following on from a manifesto commitment (it seems like eons have passed since I had to sing to the JCR at a lively hustings) we've moved to better the lot of our long-suffering finalists. In Trinity, after a long and productive period of negotiation, College agreed to provide a significant new accommodation subsidy for students preparing for FHS exams; our students will also be provided with outstanding pastoral care both in term and over the vacations.

Forty years ago, Brasenose became one of the first colleges to admit women undergraduates - a significant change that would doubtless have been controversial at the time. The *Oxford Magazine* once published an essay on women's degrees at Oxford, featuring the following portent:

*Doomed to a course that's narrow, your recklessness you'll rue,
The toad beneath a harrow will be happier than you.*

The aforementioned narrow course has taken us on a journey where women have made their mark on every aspect of College life, changing its very fabric for the better.

Our alumnae have gone on to do remarkable things in a plethora of fields; their achievements are a constant source of inspiration for our current cohort of undergraduates. To commemorate 40 years of women at Brasenose and recognise these exceptional women, Margherita de Fraja and Orla White helped organise a permanent exhibition in the JCR of photographed portraits of 12 of our most remarkable alumnae. The Bursary and the Brasenose Society were key partners in this

venture; special thanks are due to Alexandra Marks and Drusilla Gabbott for throwing their weight, both financially and logistically, behind this effort.

This summer also marks the end of Professor Alan Bowman's tenure as Principal. Alan ably presided over College's Governing Body at a time of great change – his time as Principal will be remembered for the Library project, Project Q, various new appointments and strategic decisions, and an exceptionally successful campaign to reach out to our generous donors. Alan's distinctive wit at College events, his wisdom in the advice he often gave me, and his unwavering commitment to the welfare of student body, deserve mention.

We will miss Alan and Jackie Bowman deeply, but change is in the air; in Michaelmas, we welcome our new Principal, John Bowers QC, and Vice-Principal, Dr Sos Eltis. The JCR also looks forward to working with our new Senior Member, Dr Ed Bispham.

Against the backdrop of these changes, Brasenose remains true to its spirit. It continues to foster academic excellence, and still offers a wide variety of extra-curricular pursuits and characterful traditions. Most importantly, it remains at the very heart of the student experience, creating a community of people who truly value the incredible privilege of living, loving and learning within its walls.

I write this report on an island sanctuary in the Hauraki Gulf in New Zealand, as I attempt to investigate the role of flagship species in conservation. This project, and countless other intellectual pursuits undertaken by Brasenose students across the world, would simply not be possible without the Annual Fund. The generosity of our donors is vital to our community, and I'd be remiss if I didn't thank them here on behalf of the JCR.

On a more personal note, I know Brasenose has changed me profoundly. I can't think of anywhere else I'd rather be, and I'm incredibly grateful for the experiences I've had here. With only a year left before I'm cast off into the real world, I already realise I'll miss Brasenose deeply, as I'm sure many of those reading this report do. It has been an extraordinary honour to serve the JCR, and I know it will be in good hands as I retreat to the library to rescue my degree.

HCR REPORT

By Jonathan Griffiths (Classics, 2014) HCR President 2015

Graduate life at Brasenose is as welcoming and inclusive, as fulfilling and diverse, as dynamic and as sociable as it has ever been. In what follows I chronicle some of our highlights and finest moments from the last year (October 2014–July 2015).

The tradition of *Blurbs* continues to flourish. This year's speakers included Natasha Perks (Magnets and Ferroelectricity) and Ananya Balakrishna (Nanoscale Ferroelectrics), Sangseraima Ujeed (17th-century Tibetan Buddhist thought) and Carlos Cabrera (the archaeology of ancient Seville), Federico Torracchi (Credit Crunches in the Noughties) and Chico Camargo (the Evolution of Gene Networks). A special *Blurbs* was also hosted by the HCR for our outgoing Principal, Professor Alan Bowman, who spoke on the Rosetta Stone and recent digital innovations relating to the reading of ancient inscriptions. Each and all of these talks, lubricated with wine and followed by a High Table dinner, were well-attended and generated many questions and keen debate. Such is the pleasure of *Blurbs*: in this way we showcase the prodigious talents of our graduate researchers, offer budding academics a platform to detail their hard-won findings in the library and laboratory and facilitate stronger links with the SCR community. We are lucky to have it, for the values it instils.

We can also look back proudly on a busy and successful social calendar in College. During Freshers' Fortnight at the beginning of the year, a full timetable of Welcome Events culminated in a Masquerade Black-Tie Cocktail Party and the annual Freshers' Dinner. Throughout term, we continued to host a variety of evening activities, ranging from whiskey-tasting and wine & cheese gatherings to Pilates and yoga. There was a HCR trip to the Royal Opera House (Bertolt Brecht's *The Rise & Fall of the House of Mahogany*), a tour of the UK Parliament and frequent visits to more local concerts and the cinema were also organised by the Arts Rep (Serena Ding, Sam Forbes). Sunday evenings in College are marked by a weekly Film Night. This year also saw the introduction of Academic Tea on Sunday afternoons, hosted by Karl Smith-Byrne and Eszter Kormann, offering an open colloquium for topical issues in the sciences. The reliably popular Steward's Teas, hosted by the

Steward (Huma Khan, Olga Smolyak), included as their themes ‘English afternoon’ and ‘Russian’, while the Welfare Teas, hosted by the Welfare Rep (Nils Reimer, Franziska Kohlt) and Peer Supporters, took as their cue in Trinity Term the 150th anniversary of ‘Alice in Wonderland’. We are all – still – mad here.

The HCR also likes to make its presence felt in the wider University and beyond. Formal exchanges were enjoyed at Jesus, Kellogg, St. Anne’s, St. Antony’s, Teddy Hall and Wolfson, along with our neighbours, Lincoln. We hosted three Guest Nights across the year for family and friends to visit College from further afield. In Trinity Term, the Social Secretaries (Alex Dunn, Alon Witztum and Erin Young) organised a weekend trip, including Formal Hall and accommodation, to Gonville and Caius, our sister College in Cambridge; the return leg, with like generosity of hospitality, will take place in Michaelmas. Moreover, in intercollegiate sport HCR continues to garner individual talents. Two grads were selected for the Men’s 1st VIII at Torpids and Summer Eights (Alex Dunn, Matt Williamson), while Natasha Perks leads by example in the Varsity Duathlon. Several HCR members also participated in the Annual Oxford ‘Town ‘n’ Gown’ 10k to help fundraise on behalf of Muscular Dystrophy UK. Bringing down the curtain on the last year’s successes, the HCR Garden Party took place in June under the leadership of Stephen McCall (Domestic Rep) and the Committee.

The chance to record the recent triumphs of the HCR has been an exercise in fond reminiscence and pride in the Brasenose family. Everyone will place their emphases differently, but, needless to say, the College is nothing without its community, and the community ethos among Brasenose graduates these days is very strong indeed. Not without us was BNC newly declared as the “happiest College in Oxford” by a University-wide survey last year. In total we now have a student body of over 250 graduates, roughly two-thirds of whom are pursuing doctoral research; thanks largely to the indefatigable Tutor for Graduates, Prof. Elspeth Garman (as well as her predecessors), we are able to offer grads a healthy Research Allowance and the option of off-site accommodation for first, and often second, year students both at St. Cross Annexe and Hollybush Row. To pinpoint any single source for this pride is difficult but, for me, the compelling diversity of conversations one inevitably finds in the HCR is a true and unique rarity – every single member has a story to tell.

None of this year's co-ordinated calendar could be achieved without the help of both HCR Committees this year (firstly under the Presidency of Sozos Michaelides, secondly under myself) together with all the volunteer support we have received along the way. The HCR this Michaelmas will move forward under the leadership of Sam Forbes (President, Psychology DPhil), ably assisted by David Hansford (Treasurer, Engineering DPhil), Henrik Jacobsen (Secretary, Political Science MPhil) and the remainder of the Committee. We look forward to the arrival of the next generation of Brasenostrials and beyond!

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES REPORT

By Georgina Edwards, College Archivist and Liz Kay, College Librarian

Library and Archive Development

We are currently in the middle of what is only the fifth major library development seen by the College in over 500 years. In 1664 books were transferred from the Old Library and placed in the new library that had been constructed above the Cloisters. It was remodelled to James Wyatt's 1780s design, and the bookcases in use today were installed in 1891. In 1951, the history library was created adjacent to the main library. Now, generous donations from alumni have brought life to the Library Redevelopment Project (sometimes referred to as the Old Cloisters Project).

During the past 18 months, carefully laid plans have finally been translated from paper into physical activity, seeing the Old Cloisters invaded by archaeologists and builders throughout Michaelmas 2014 and Hilary 2015. (See the library and archives blog for a report on the archaeology by Francesca Anthony <https://brasenosecollegelibrary.wordpress.com/2015/03/>). The forbearance of library users under difficult circumstances (noise and dust clouds) during Michaelmas term was commendable. Old Cloisters was put back together to become a temporary reading room during Trinity 2015, and a conference venue during the Long Vacation, with work recommencing in Michaelmas 2015. It is exciting to see the project well under way and the completion date of spring 2017, not so far off. However, in order to facilitate the refurbishment, the books in the Upper Libraries must be relocated at the end of Michaelmas 2016 and that is quite an undertaking.

Planning for the development of the Old Cloisters along with the refurbishment of the Upper Libraries has certainly been time consuming, but at the same time it has been interesting and very enjoyable. Although there have been some difficult decisions to be made, they have been made in the knowledge that we are creating something special not only for our current students, but for many generations to come.

A more immediately visible refurbishment has been that of the Treasury and Muniment Room. The Treasury has always been home to the College Chest but for some years also housed a section of the College Archives. The Archives have now been removed, the room refurbished and furnished with bookcases and a splendid display cabinet. The Muniment Room beneath the Treasury has also been improved; it will continue to be the Archivist's office and will be shared by library staff. We are delighted that in due course the cabinet will be used to display treasures from the Library and Archives for Members of and visitors to the College to enjoy - something previously impossible.

Before the refurbishment over 2,340 boxes of archive volumes, documents, photographs and maps were inventoried and moved to a specialist heritage storage unit. On their return to College it will be extremely rewarding to place them on the bespoke shelving, in a secure environment. This will mean the Archives can continue to be kept, accessed and enjoyed for many years to come.

Moving the Modern Languages and English Stack

With work on the new Archives Store imminent, books had to be moved out of the Modern Languages and English stack, which adjoins the archives store in the Stocker basement. This area is to become part of the new Archives Store and in return the Treasury has become the English stack. The great benefit of shelving the English books in the Treasury is that students are able to access them more freely and browse the collections at their leisure. Meanwhile, judicious pruning of the Broadgates stack has made it possible to transfer the Modern Languages stack in to that space.

Outreach activities

2015 saw an increase in outreach activities from the library and archives office. In early May we put on a display in the Medieval Kitchen which consisted of a selection of items relating to the Founders of the College.

This mini exhibition was open to all for few hours and was visited by students, staff and fellows, many of whom were seeing these College treasures for the first time. Attendees were delighted to inspect such wonderful old books and documents. During Arts Week we exhibited Brasenose College's copy of Edward Lear's *Gleanings from the Menagerie and Aviary at Knowsley Hall*. We invited people to viewings in the Muniment Room, and over a couple of days the glorious illustrations brought smiles to the faces of visitors, who felt privileged to view such artistry. (This book also featured in the 2008 *Beyond the Bodleian* exhibition which brought together treasures from various Oxford colleges.) In early summer 2015 a selection of our very beautiful and valuable books had an outing when Mrs Bowman hosted the *Partners of Heads of House Afternoon*. This annual event saw around twenty 'other halves' clustered around the treasures, displayed on the large Tower Bursary table, with great enthusiasm before the party moved on afternoon tea in the Medieval Kitchen. It was lovely to see members of other colleges, which own greater collections of rare books than ours, so thrilled by the opportunity to look closely at the books and marvel at their beauty; they were a truly appreciative audience. We intend to organize more displays in the future, even while work on the Library and Archive development projects is ongoing.

In the early summer Georgie, our College archivist, began work with Joe Organ, our Schools Liaison Officer, to offer pupils a chance to learn from primary sources in the Archives. A group of visiting students from the Eton Summer School were thrilled to see, and be quizzed on, some of the College's Civil War records in a session that was designed to inspire thought about Brasenose's place in England's wider social history.

The Archives continue to be a popular resource for College members, as well as the general public. These enquiries include questions from local history groups and family history researchers, as well as from academics around the world. It is always extremely enjoyable to help Brasenose Fellows source information for their research from the Archives. This year Dr Carole Bourne-Taylor used the archive for her research into the renowned dramatic critic and playwright Charles Morgan (see the blog: <https://brasenosecollegelibrary.wordpress.com/2014/09/05/charles-morgan-1894-1958/>).

Rare Books and Manuscripts

Historically there has not be a designated rare books librarian/specialist at Brasenose and over the years Fellow Librarians and Librarians have displayed varying degrees of interest and knowledge in this area. Keen to learn more about our older collections, we decided to have them valued. While carrying out the valuation, Jonathan Cooper developed an enthusiasm for our eclectic collection and has subsequently been engaged for special viewings to give talks to guests of the College. The cataloguing of the collection is progressing steadily. Between them, Jonathan and our antiquarian cataloguer, Sophie Floate, have discovered and recorded more information about books in the BNC collection than ever before. It is a delight to see our collection of antiquarian books coming back to life, and armed with more knowledge we are in a better position to promote and share them within the College community and the public. More recently Jonathan was engaged to study the BNC manuscripts. The manuscripts have long been held by the Bodleian for us (since 1892 with additions in 1953), carefully boxed and stored in appropriate conditions. As a result of his work we have for the first time a description of each manuscript as well as knowing its value. There are certainly a few gems to look out for in future talks and blog posts.

Visiting Scholars

We continue to welcome a steady stream of visiting scholars each year who come to examine the books we have here at Brasenose. Some are regulars who come back annually and others visit only once. This year we welcomed back Pater scholar Lene Østermark-Johansen, and he was kind enough to write a piece for our blog during his visit: <https://brasenosecollegelibrary.wordpress.com/>. Several returning scholars over the past year have come from the United States, one of whom was studying the Founder's missal. There have been graduate students from other Oxford colleges and our sister college in Cambridge, Gonville and Caius, in addition to those from other UK and European institutions. Although there is often a lot of fetching and carrying (and dodging the rain) involved for staff members, the visitors are always appreciative and we are always pleased to be able to assist with their research.

Library Resources

Visiting scholars and outreach activities are, of course, supplemental to our core activities which relate to providing an excellent library service for current students. We buy new books throughout the year and respond quickly to student requests, aiming to get the books to them within a day or two of asking. Our goal, as ever, is to meet the needs of our readers and to that end we are grateful to those Fellows who are keen library supporters and users. A special note of thanks here to Dr Paul Dennis, tutor in Medicine, who year on year kindly supplements our collection of medical books by presenting a number of important texts to the library in addition to making recommendations for purchase. The College contribution towards University-wide electronic resources ensures that everyone can access the journals, databases and e-books they need wherever they are. Many students use a combination of electronic resources and books, the former variously referred to on computer screens, tablets or smart phones and printouts which means that our library printers work very hard indeed! In 2015 an alumnus donated six Kindle Fires to the library. These may be borrowed by students to assist with access to electronic resources, and enable them to have an e-book or journal open on their desk along with hard copy books, allowing them to use the full screen on their laptop for essay writing or note taking. They can also use the Kindles to read from e-resources around College and its annexes without having to carry a laptop around, or squint at a small screen on a smart phone.

Student Involvement

Students have continued to be involved in the library through the Library Representatives Group and the Library Development Steering Group. Sadly 2014/15 saw the departure of Steering Group members and Library Representatives James Norman (UG) and Alison Leishman (PG); we wish them well in their future endeavours. During his involvement, James was a key member of the Library Reps group and made two library induction movies for us. James and Alison have been replaced by Francesca Anthony (UG) and Rachel Benoit (PG). The membership of the Library Reps Group changes as students come and go but the contribution made by all members has been, and continues to be, greatly appreciated. Summer 2015 also saw the departure of two outstanding student shelvees whose largely nocturnal efforts ensured that books were always back in place by morning.

Emily Patterson (UG) completed a week of work experience in the Archives, and continues to contribute her time to various listing projects. This valuable help will allow the cataloguing of the archives to proceed at a much faster pace. Louis Trupia (UG) also gave up many hours over the summer of 2015 to photographing the Boat Club minute books (1837–1985), in a fantastic project supported by alumni William O’Chee and Eddie Chaloner. This will allow work on the new, much anticipated Boat Club History to be completed.

Website and Social Media

Improvements to the College website have filtered down to the library. As ever, the website is a work in progress but by the time this edition of *The Brazen Nose* is published the long awaited slideshow of treasures that Assistant Librarian, Lianne has been preparing should be visible to all online. Postings to the Library and Archives blog continue and will, we hope, increase in frequency going forward. “Library Thing” is used to alert students to our new book purchases and Lianne regularly posts news and library updates on Facebook and Twitter.

The cataloguing of the archives is inevitably a slow process, but many of these will start to make an appearance on the website over the coming year. We have begun this year by publishing the catalogue of the Walter Pater archives online. Many of the older, handwritten catalogues are also being digitized, including Herbert Hurst’s Calendar (compiled 1898–1097) and William Clennell’s handlist (1960s).

There is no doubt that the coming year will present challenges for those involved in the redevelopment projects and there will be a certain amount of disruption around College as work on the Archive Store, Old Cloisters and the Upper Libraries progresses. Nevertheless, these are exciting times and we look forward to revealing details of the new Archive Store and reporting progress on the libraries as we near completion in spring 2017.

PRESENTATIONS TO THE LIBRARY

1st November 2014 – 30th September 2015

Presentations by Members of College – own composition

Emma Bridges

Imagining Xerxes: Ancient Perspectives on a Persian King, 2015.

Christa Gray

Jerome, Vita Malchi: Introduction, Text, Translation, and Commentary, 2015.

Jonathan Jones

NMR: The Tool Kit. How Pulse Sequences Work, 2nd ed., 2015.

Michael Lee

Plants: Healers and Killers, 2015.

Jeremy Mitchell

(with Janet Powney)

A Royal Upstairs Downstairs on the Isle of Wight: Queen Victoria's Visit to "The Orchard", Niton Undercliff. Offprint from Hampshire Studies 2014.

Jack Williamson

The Mystery of the Chapel of St. James, Skendleby, Skendleby Heritage Trust, 2008.

Winston Nagan

Selection of offprints

Stephen Phelps

(foreword)

Before I Forget: One Man's Radar War by George Phelps, 2014.

Jim (T.J) Reed

Light in Germany: Scenes from an Unknown Enlightenment,

Shelan Rodger

Twin Truths, 2014.

Peter Sinclair

(editor)

Inflation Expectations, 2010.

(editor with Sue Milton)

The Capital Needs of Central Banks, 2010.

Presentations by Members of College

Carole Bourne-Taylor

L'horizon by Patrick Modiano, 2010.

Paul Dennis

Surface Anatomy: The Anatomical Basis of Clinical Examination, 4th ed. by John S.P. Lumley, 2008.

Anatomy, and Human Movement: Structure and Function, 6th ed. by Nigel Palastanga & Roger Soames, 2012.

Textbook of Clinical Embryology edited by Kevin Coward and Dagan Wells, 2013.

Bernard Richards

Becoming Jane Austen: A Life by Jon Spence, 2003.

Sir Paul Silk

Revolution to Devolution: Reflections on Welsh Democracy, by Kenneth O. Morgan 2014.

Geoffrey Warner

Der lange Weg nach Westen. Deutsche Geschichte I. Vom Ende des Alten Reiches bis zum Untergang der Weimarer Republik by Heinrich August Winkler, 2014.

Der lange Weg nach Westen. Deutsche Geschichte II. Vom «Dritten Reich» bis zur Wiedervereinigung by Heinrich August Winkler, 2014.

Geschichte des Westens: Die Zeit der Gegenwart by Heinrich August Winkler, 2015.

Presentations by others

Susan Treggiari

Lives of the Orators: Texts from Pseudo-Plutarch, Photius, and the Suda with introduction and commentary by Joseph Roisman & Ian Worthington, translation by Robin Waterfield, 2015.

Suetonius: Life of Augustus, translated with introduction and historical commentary by D. Wardle. 2014.

Professor Ted Wilson

Engines of Discovery: A Century of Particle Accelerators, revised and expanded edition by Andrew Sessler & Edmund Wilson, 2014.

From the library of David Garrick

Among the Ibos of Nigeria by G T Basden, 1966.

Benin City of Blood, By Commander R H Bacon, 1898.

Caliban in Africa: An Impression of Colour-Madness by Leonard Barnes, 1930.

In the Niger Country (together with James Pinnock's "Benin") by Harold Bindloss, 1968.

The Africaner Land, By Archibald R Colquhoun, 1906.

The History of the Yorubas from the earliest times to the beginning of the British Protectorate by Rev. Samuel Johnson, 1921.

The Niger and Its Tribes by Arthur Glyn Leonard, 1906.

The Niger Journal of Richard and John Lander, edited by Robin Hallett, 1965.

The Peoples of Southern Nigeria v.1-4 by A Amaury Talbot, 1926.

The Surgeon's Log: Impression of the Far East by J. Johnston Abraham, 1913.

Travels in West Africa by Mary H Kingsley, 1897.

West African Studies by Mary Kingsley, 1899.

CHAPEL REPORT 2014-2015

The Revd Dr Dominic Keech, Chaplain

The chapels of ancient institutions can sometimes be faintly sad places: museums of past devotion, carefully labelled and conserved, which smell respectably of desuetude. Anyone looking for this kind of melancholy at Brasenose will be disappointed, because our Chapel continues to be widely used and valued in College.

Worship gives the Chapel its steady heartbeat. The highlights of the week are College Prayers, at 6pm on Sundays; the sung College Eucharist, at 6pm on Tuesdays, and College Compline, at 9.30pm on Wednesdays. Each weekday, Morning and Evening Prayer and the Eucharist are also celebrated in Chapel. This year, the Chaplain has rarely, if ever, been left to pray for the College alone. Sunday attendance has been excellent and weekday prayer has been popular, attracting new faces throughout the course of the year. These have included members of all the Common Rooms, College staff, Old Members, and countless

guests and visitors. In addition to the round of prayer, the Chapel is home to many different activities, including a full round of concerts given by current members and visiting musicians, drama, and other significant gatherings in the College diary. Among these, a high point was *Into the Mix*; the conference celebrating 40 years of co-education at BNC, much of the day's activity took place in Chapel.

The year has been marked by some particularly memorable events. In Michaelmas we observed All Souls Day with a poignant evening Eucharist by candlelight, accompanied by the College choir, to which many members of College came in quiet reflection. At College Prayers on Remembrance Sunday, the 100th anniversary of the beginning of the First World War was marked with fitting solemnity. In November, a group made a day pilgrimage to Cowley, visiting sites of historic and spiritual interest east of Magdalen Bridge. On the eve of 25th November, the phenomenon known as 'Oxmass' (indicated by seasonal knitwear and the exchange of gifts) was celebrated in Chapel with a late evening Eucharist, including carols around the crib. This eccentric and lovely event was entirely the innovation of junior members, and filled the Chapel to capacity less than a week before the even busier College Carol Service. In Hilary, we were privileged to welcome the former Archbishop of Canterbury and Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, as the biennial Runcie Preacher. Dr Williams' sermon attracted many, and stimulated considerable interest throughout College and beyond. We observed Ash Wednesday with a Choral Eucharist; and a group made a day pilgrimage to Westminster Abbey, where we were personally welcomed by the Dean, before exploring the Abbey and its historic shrine. In Trinity Term, Ascension Day fell during Arts Week. Bounds were beaten, and the choir sang a Choral Eucharist to celebrate the feast, as part of the Arts Week programme. At Pentecost we welcomed the Visitor to Chapel for the annual Joint Service with Lincoln College at which he confirmed a number of members of College, and music was led by the combined force of BNC and Lincoln choirs.

Music in Chapel has been vibrant throughout the year. The BNC choir, which remains non-auditioning, is perhaps the largest mixed-voice choir of all the Colleges, and has sung week-in-week-out with skill, commitment and huge enthusiasm. As one of the largest student groups in College, it has introduced many new singers to the riches of the English choral tradition in an inclusive and friendly setting. We have

been fortunate to have had three highly talented and energetic organ scholars this year, and are grateful for all they have done to support Chapel and College music more widely. Under the leadership of the Director of College Music, Jonny Newell, this area of College life has continued to expand and flourish in the last year. Jonny's passion for musical education and commitment to this community have been unreserved, giving musicians throughout College a greater confidence in performance and a deeper love of their art. At the end of the academic year, we received the news of Jonny's move to a new post: unwelcome for BNC, but a great blessing for the students he will go on to teach elsewhere. We wish him well in his new role, with gratitude for all he has contributed to the life of the College over the last four years. We look forward to the continued effervescence of music in College next year under the direction of Christian Wilson, who joins BNC from the Chapel Royal of St Peter ad Vincula at the Tower of London.

A new Chaplain took up post this year, and would like to thank all who have made him welcome at Brasenose. Special thanks are due to the outgoing Principal, for his generous support of both Chapel and Chaplain; and to the Bible Clerk, for her unflagging zeal and hard work.

Chapel Officers 2014-15

Bible Clerk

Ruth Edmonds

Senior Organ Scholar

Henry Zeffinan

Heberden Organ Scholar

Edward Howell

Junior Organ Scholar

Fleur Snow

Guest Preachers at College Prayers

Michaelmas Term: Revd Dr Colin Thompson, Faculty Lecturer in Spanish and Fellow of St Catherine's College, Oxford; Revd Canon Dr Robin Ward, Principal of St Stephen's House, Oxford; Revd Marcus Green, Rector of the College Living of Steeple Aston; Mrs Mary Clarkson, Labour Councillor, Oxford City Council.

Hilary Term: Rt Revd Philip North, Bishop of Burnley; Dr Mary Marshall, Departmental Lecturer in New Testament Studies and Fellow

of St Benet's Hall; Revd Lis Goddard, Vicar of St James the Less, Pimlico; Lord Williams of Oystermouth, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge.

Trinity Term: Fr Maximilian Martin OFM Cap, Greyfriars Friary, Oxford; Revd Dr Peter Groves, Vicar of St Mary Magdalen, Oxford and former Chaplain of BNC; Rt Revd Christopher Lowson, The Visitor and Bishop of Lincoln; Professor Anne Davies, Professor of Law and Public Policy in the Faculty of Law and Tutorial Fellow in Law.

MUSIC REPORT

Jonathan Newell, Director of College Music, 2011-2015

Music at Brasenose has continued to grow, and it seems appropriate to begin this year's report with some of the financial aspects of providing and facilitating music in the College. Innovations put forward by myself have been generously supported by the Bursary, and I am pleased to say that the College continues its financial provision for our three organ scholars, eight choral scholars, four choral exhibitioners and four music scholars, and has provided further funds for new music and hardware purchases. There has also been an increase in funding for subcontracted piano and organ maintenance as well as outside artistes, including Platnauer concerts and workshop related events. On the choir front, there has been an increase in available money for the choir, including subsidies for music events, trips, dinners and tours. The choir has also been fortunate in the generous and continuing donations from Professor and Mrs Malcolm Hodgkinson; their generosity is not just financial, and I shall miss their presence at College Prayers and dinner afterwards – they have been most kind and gracious.

Perhaps this year, it would be right to talk a little about the College's award holders. The choral scholars and exhibitioners (who must be choir members) and music scholars are selected by audition from current BNC members, and receive financial assistance for tuition, as well as a small honorarium. In return, they are required to help the Director of College Music in providing music for services, concerts or events. The organ scholars continue to apply and are selected through the Oxbridge university Organ Scholar Scheme. I have made great efforts to meet

with prospective candidates for organ, choral and music scholarships informally before application or residence, in order to preserve and further the ever stronger tradition of music making in both the Chapel and the wider college community.

As ever, the core activity from which most music flows is the chapel choir. I have always made it a priority to keep the choir audition-free and open to as wide a College membership as possible. Consequently, in the last year the choir has retained steadily high numbers of members, while greatly extending its repertoire. Some of this has been very difficult music, including more double choir settings and unaccompanied music. As with anything worthwhile, this has included an element of risk-taking, and the choir have risen very well to these challenges. This is all linked to a commitment from members to regular attendance, slightly extended rehearsal time and a greater ethos of hard work, with quality music-making in a stimulating and amenable environment. However, it is to be noted that the ‘engine-room’ of administration is key to the successful running of any choir. I would like to thank in particular my senior organ scholar, Henry Zeffman, and junior organ scholar, Fleur Snow, for their cheerful and willing cooperation, even with the more menial tasks that we all have to do from time to time (sorting the music library, taking registers, photocopying, laminating etc. etc.). Additionally, the organ scholars are given the opportunity to choose items for the music list, take rehearsals and do some conducting as well as playing – so they have plenty to do! And all this must be done without overly detracting from their academic studies – which is why Brasenose ideally has three organ scholars and a Director of Music at any one time.

Part of the choir’s commitment has been to sing at a termly Sung Eucharist in Chapel, either on a Tuesday or Wednesday, in addition to the usual College Prayers on a Sunday, and the Chaplain and I have experimented a little with the format, timing and content of these. The first such service, in Michaelmas, was to commemorate the feast of All Souls, with the choir singing the plainsong propers of the Eucharist and the *Kontakion of the Dead* as the communion motet. There was also a choral Eucharist on Ash Wednesday, and on Ascension Day during Arts Week.

This year there were also changes to the format and content of some of the Sunday services. The Remembrance Service was notable for a repeat of the *Kyrie Eleison* from Mozart’s ‘Great’ *Mass in C Minor*, K.427 (first performed by the choir in 2012) and, continuing the Mozart theme, the

Lacrimosa from his Requiem, K.626. Additionally it was a privilege to hear Andrew Talbot, our Head Porter, playing the *Last Post* and *Reveille*, as well as the trumpet solo in the *Nunc Dimittis* by Burgon, so beautifully sung by Natalie Barber. The carol service included a fine performance of Tavener's *The Lamb* (a tribute to the composer, who died in 2014), while Candlemas was celebrated using the traditional plainsong for the *Vidi Aquam* and singing the lovely *Lux Aurumque* by Whitacre.

In Trinity Term, on Pentecost Sunday, we hosted the annual joint Service with Lincoln College in the form of a Sung Eucharist with Confirmation. This is the first occasion in my time that the choir has sung a full Mass setting (*Mass No 2 in G* by Schubert), and the communion motet was the beautiful *Veni, Sancte Spiritus* by Goodall, written in 2008 for Christ Church Cathedral Choir. Older favourites were not neglected, however, and the choir sang the *Hallelujah Chorus* by Handel for the first time in my tenure at Brasenose, as part of a service of Easter Celebration. Several of these services benefited from the ancillary musical input of other college instrumental musicians, such as four-piece brass accompaniments and solo performance, whether vocal or instrumental (Ella Thorpe Beeston played the piano so well at the Leavers' Service).

However we were not always in the College chapel choir stalls, and we undertook some away fixtures. In November 2014 we sang Evensong in Tewkesbury Abbey, so ably conducted by Henry Zeffman, followed by a convivial social time and meal together afterwards in the Bell Hotel there. Much closer to home we sang Evensong at Magdalen College, completing our usual cycle of visits to the three ancient Oxford choir foundations of Christ Church, Magdalen, and New College. The choral scholars also sang a new setting of the College grace composed by the Director of Music, at the beginning of the College's Somerset Dinner, followed by some sociable drinks in the Turf Tavern.

Other activities included a vocal masterclass for the choral scholars, expertly given by the famous tenor James Gilchrist, as part of BNC Arts Festival, and a conducting masterclass for the organ scholars, led by Dr Colin Durrant, a principal tutor with the Association of British Choral Conductors, and the conductor of both the University of London Chamber Choir and the Imperial College Choir. Both the events were open to all, and I know that the participants benefitted greatly from them.

The chapel organ deserves a mention this year, not least because of the excellent work that has been undertaken in maintaining the instrument by Charles James Organs. The BNC Chapel organ has a history of being mechanically unreliable, but the regular maintenance undertaken over the last four years has made a gradual but incalculable difference. There has also been a series of works to improve the organ, which culminated in the re-voicing and re-regulation of much of the more important pipework in the summer of 2015. The quality of sound and reliability of the instrument is now much improved, and my thanks go to Iain Harvey, who has carried out this work with artistry and skill. A re-felting of the pedalboard is now perhaps the final task for my successor to effect. The chapel organ has never sounded better, and is a versatile instrument for a wide ranging repertoire, and, perhaps more importantly, a useful instrument for the accompaniment of the traditional Anglican liturgy – a quality not always found in Oxford organs.

The weekly pattern of musical events has continued this year, with a combination of lunchtime recitals and evening concerts. Some of which have now become part of the yearly canon of concerts, such as the yearly freshers' concert, choral scholars' concert, music scholars' concert, and the termly *Music at Brasenose concerts*. There were also events down the bar, the Arts Festival in Trinity Term, and, of course, the Platnauer concerts throughout the year. The yearly senior members' concert also continued under the guise of the *William Smyth Memorial Concert*, in January of 2015 – the month of the death of one of our illustrious founders. Contributions were gladly offered by Professor William James (Oboe), Dr Jonathan Katz (Pianoforte), Dr Ferdinand Rauch (Violin), Professor Susan Wollenberg (Pianoforte), and the Director of Music on the clarinet – the first time as a soloist since 1975...

The termly *Music at Brasenose* concerts, always on the Friday of seventh week each term have been a great success this year, with some enthusiastic groups emerging from the College woodwork. A new and still emerging Jazz band was perhaps the most significant, under the enthusiastic auspices of Fleur Snow and George Beechener, and the purchase of a drum kit for the College, permanently kept in the depths of the cellars, has helped to make this a more sustainable activity. This was a most exciting development, but there were others, too – the BNC Barbershop 'Quad-tet' continued its termly contributions to these concerts, and there was a 'pop-up' string quartet, jazz trio, piano quartet

and even a highland bagpipe trio to sustain perhaps the most varied and interesting musical year for some time.

Concerts given by soloists were not neglected, and there was the usual series of candlelit organ recitals, this year given by Henry Zeffman, Fleur Snow, James Wills and the Director of Music, just before the weekly Compline service on Wednesdays at 9pm. The short length (25 minutes) and the candlelit ambience went far to encourage audiences, and were a great success. We were fortunate to have many other talented young musicians in College, and this year solo recitals were given by Edward Lavender (Highland Bagpipes), Alex van Leeuwen (Flute), Rachel Maxey (Viola), George Beechener (Saxophone), Tristan Bromley (Oboe,) and Morgan Gibson (Voice).

This year's Platnauer concerts were changed from Sunday evenings to Fridays at 6pm, followed by drinks in the Medieval Kitchen, and Formal Hall afterwards. This new format seemed to suit everyone, as there were capacity audiences for all three concerts, including members of the public. The first concert, in October 2014, was given by Alexander Ardakov - a Russian professional pianist, graduate of the Moscow Conservatoire, and father of one of our fellows, Dr Konstantin Ardakov. The programme included the formidable *Ballade No 1, Op 23 in G minor* by Chopin. This was followed in February 2015 by the Pocket Music Ensemble, a newly formed group of players, all of whom were studying at the Royal Academy of Music as postgraduates. Brasenose alumnus, Sam Moffitt (Music 2010), was the driving force behind this initiative, and they gave us a beguilingly refreshing programme which was entirely Baroque, and included a solo performance of Bach's *Es ist vollbracht* by another Brasenose alumnus with an exciting countertenor voice, Francis Gush (Music 2011). The final Platnauer concert, in May 2015, was given by the world-class tenor James Gilchrist, with Anna Tilbrook as his accompanist, leading us through a delicious programme of Schumann, Ireland and Britten.

Encouraging young artistes, including alumni at the beginning of their career, and local professionals continues to be a theme with the Platnauer concerts for 2015-16. The much acclaimed Claire Wickes (Music 2009) will be returning to give a flute recital, and two local groups of professional standard - the choir *Sospiri* directed by Chris Watson, and the *Oxford Quartet*, (led by Kate Bailey), complete the line-up for the coming season.

BNC Arts Festival this year consisted of some innovations spearheaded by the ever active JCR Arts Rep, Richard Ng and Music Rep, Antonia Skinner, in the shape of a Daily ‘Microconcert’, given by BNC musicians. These 5-10 minute ‘drop-in’ events proved a great success, and will hopefully continue in the future. Another innovation was the *My Favourite Piece* concert by BNC students, playing or singing their best loved piece of music and equally successful, with good audiences to all events. Several other events already mentioned in this report were part of this full and inspiring festival.

The College was also fortunate to play host to some musical visitors throughout the year. It was refreshing to have, in November 2014, a group of young people from Kazakhstan visiting the College as Haileybury Almaty Orchestra and Dombra Orchestra, organised by Ella Thorpe Beeston (Music 2012), who was manager of Oxford University Philharmonia and Vice President of Oxford University Music Society. We also had a visit from Wantage Parish Church Choir (the Chaplain’s old parish), who came to sing Evensong in the Chapel, and our association with the English Music Festival continued, though unfortunately it was not possible for this year’s concert to have taken place during term-time. Old faces returned, and in December 2014 we had another visit from Hagit Amirav, a visiting Fellow from the University of Leiden, who gave a viola recital accompanied on the piano by Mette Lise Boumeester.

There has been much to report this year, and I apologise if I have not been able to mention the many individual contributions to the choir and musical life in College. There is much happening, and the link with the Faculty of Music has been very helpful for me, both in my own undergraduate teaching and in the form of Professor Susan Wollenberg, who has been a strong supporter of the music programme at BNC.

My time as Director of College Music here at Brasenose has come to an end as I move on to other, more international activities (I am finishing this report in Dubai). I have found my time at Brasenose stimulating, challenging, fun, and fascinating. I have met many amazing, kind-hearted, good people who will be friends for life. However, I must here be allowed to record my special thanks to both Chaplains in my time at Brasenose. First, to Graeme Richardson, whose intelligent foresight is what was needed in the developing the role of Director of College Music, and whose candour in his support of this post and music in the College and chapel is still very much personally appreciated.

I also must thank Dominic Keech, for his innovative, flexible approach to Chapel services (including the new hymn book!), and his sensitivity and support in a myriad of situations and decisions. I deeply value their friendship. I wish my successor, Christian Wilson, all the very best in the further continuation and development of this key role in the corporate life of the college.

BRASENOSE COLLEGE ARTS WEEK 2015

Richard Ng, JCR Arts Rep

Brasenose Arts Week 2015 was the 21st in the festival's history, and a roaring success by one very important metric: it rained on just one of the days. With spirits un-dampened, students threw themselves into a week full both of new features and classic fixtures. We were also fortunate to have some of our alumnae deliver talks and workshops, as part of the wider celebrations of 40 Years of Women at Brasenose: thanks go to Laura Corcoran, Lara Marlowe, Eleanor Mills, Shelan Rogers and Fay Schlesinger for giving their time so generously.

It was pleasing to see the HCR scaling up their involvement with Arts Week, using their (relatively) wizened heads to put on classes in salsa dancing as well as staging combat and comedy improvisation. Arts Week is a great opportunity to bring together the whole Brasenose community, and it is clear from this year that joint enterprise by the JCR and HCR yields great rewards for everybody. If this continues, Brasenose Arts Week can only get bigger and better.

Introduced this year were the daily 'micro-concerts' (10-15 minutes), providing short bursts of delightful music to punctuate the end of lunch. A 'Brasenose: Past and Present' exhibition was put together and displayed in the Old Library. As one of the oldest rooms in Brasenose, the Old Library was a fitting place to bring together selected gems from the College Archives with some more recent photos taken by students.

Taking advantage of the pleasant *Summer Nights*, there was also an outdoor evening screening of the film *Grease* shown in New Quad. Unexpectedly, it really emphasised what a thirst for learning students at Brasenose have, as an unexpectedly large proportion of the audience appeared to have memorised the lyrics to every single song - no *Beauty School Dropouts* here...

Also showing in New Quad was a student production of *A Midsummer's Night's Dream*, in line with the theme of this year's Brasenose Ball. Garnering rave reviews, it was a wonderful opportunity to see the depth of talent that Brasenose has to offer. Another fixture, the Fine Artists' Annual Exhibition, returned in triumphant style. As for a promising new tradition, for the second year in a row, a bizarre yet entertaining Freshers' Musical charmed audiences, with a plot based on *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy set to the music of ABBA.

Our intention for Brasenose Arts Week 2015 was that it would have something for everybody, as is hopefully clear from the eclectic selection of events I have mentioned. We even catered for those with absolutely no interest in the arts at all; the staple Pimm's stall made its annual appearance. The festival has now been a highlight of the Trinity term calendar for over 20 years - with any luck, it will continue to be so for the next 20.

THE KINGS HALL TRUST FOR THE ARTS

Paul Burgess (1993)

Over the last year the Trust has continued to support small-scale arts projects in College, the University and beyond. Our main criteria are educational benefit, either to the creative team or the potential audience, and scale. This latter is partly a question of whether a small grant from us would have a significant impact, but also to do with supporting projects that may otherwise be marginalised. We are particularly keen to help projects that are experimental, unconventional or, for other reasons, find it difficult to raise money.

Funded entirely by BNC alumni and occasional returns from shows we have backed, our support for projects takes two forms: straightforward grants for projects which generate no income, and underwriting for projects which do; any profits from the latter go straight back into supporting new projects. Giving advice is our other main activity, and this is provided by several current and former trustees who are established arts professionals.

The Trust is, to an extent, part of the legacy of the first BNC Arts Week, having been set up by many of the same people as a result of the major funding challenges faced at that time. We are pleased to have

an ongoing relationship with Arts Week, providing funding and advice when appropriate, but the situation seems to have changed now. There is significantly more funding available for university drama, while Arts Week itself has the advantage of funding through battels. This gives us an opportunity to be more selective and to focus our support in ways that best serve the arts in the College and beyond.

Projects involving BNC students remain very much our focus and the trustees are currently all previous students at the College. They were very pleased this autumn to have been joined by recent BNC graduate Ellie Keel. Ellie was highly active in student drama herself and is now the University Drama Officer. The other trustees are Mia Bennett (BNC), Paul Burgess (BNC, chair), Nick Herbert (BNC), Liz Owen (BNC, secretary) and Rikesh Shah (BNC, treasurer). Alex Clifton (Wadham College) stepped down earlier this year, as he is moving to Chester to take up his new role as first artistic director of a new venue, Chester Performs. Will Reynolds (Oriol) also stepped down to concentrate on the running of his own theatre company. A big thank you to Alex and Will for their significant contribution to the Trust's work.

Most of our support continues to be for theatre projects but this year we have also had a large increase in applications for student film projects, of which we have supported three. Outside of college, we have supported some projects that expand our normal range, including helping to fund the inaugural Andrew Chamblin Memorial Concert at Christ Church Cathedral and providing advice to a new theatre company – Justice in Motion.

The Trust always welcomes all forms of support, not least from alumni who wish to help others benefit from the arts as they themselves once did. Please do not hesitate to get in touch with us. Contact details and further information are available on the Trust's website, www.khta.org.uk, where you can also join our mailing list.

THE ASHMOLE SOCIETY REPORT

Georgia Purnell (History 2013) Society President 2014-15

The Ashmole society, the College's historical society which has just celebrated its fifth anniversary, has gone from strength to strength over the past year. The year began with the traditional drinks reception to

welcome the new first years and it was wonderful to see virtually every first, second and third year undergraduate historian, alongside the usual Brasenose history tutors. It was lovely to get to know the new historians, as well as the two new Brasenose tutors: Dr Kevin Fogg and Dr Robin Whelan.

Our second event of the term was organised in association with the Holocaust Educational Trust. We were honoured to hear the testimony of Mala Tribich, a holocaust survivor. She recalled her experience of the first ghetto established in Poland and her time at Ravensbruck Concentration Camp. She was liberated in 1944 from Bergen-Belsen; Mala and her brother Ben were the only members of her family to survive. Mala spoke to us about all of her experiences, the impact of the Holocaust on her family and their spirit of survival. Mala's talk was moving, insightful, thought-provoking and inspirational, and we thank her for coming to Oxford.

We finished Michaelmas term with an event unlike any the society had held before. I am grateful to Dr Abigail Green for suggesting the event, and Dr Kevin Fogg for facilitating and participating. Kevin gave a talk outlining a brief history of Burma, a subject very few undergraduates get to study whilst at Oxford, and then we were honoured to hear a direct testimony from Ko Myat Ko, an ex-Burmese political prisoner. He was incarcerated in 1998 for his political activism and was released in 2004, before founding the Yangon School of Political Science with other former political prisoners.

With the Freshers settled in and finalists embarking on their theses, Hilary term arrived. The first Ashmole event was extremely popular, a talk entitled "Credulity and Divinity: were European travellers taken to be gods in first contact scenarios? (1480-1980)" given by Brasenose's very own Dr Alan Strathern. Alan shed light on a very controversial historical question: did indigenous peoples consider Europeans to be supernatural agents in moment of first encounter? Alan drew on his research related to various areas of the globe, from Hawaii to Papua New Guinea, providing an insight into a geographical historical world that few undergraduates are familiar with. The event was followed by the Annual History Dinner in the Shackleton room – the undergraduates were very excited to be invited up into the secret realm of the SCR! Thanks go to Dr Abigail Green for organising such a successful and enjoyable dinner.

Our next event was given by renowned medieval historian, Professor David Carpenter of Kings College London, on the Magna Carta Project. We were thrilled to welcome David back to the society, after giving a talk a couple of years ago on the Fine Rolls. Some 800 years after the charter was issued, the leaders of the project still seek out surviving originals of King John's charters, as well as those that are not found in the surviving Charter Rolls. David's talk provided an interesting insight into a landmark event in English history, as well as touching on several ideas outlined in his book, *Magna Carta*. This event was particularly useful to anyone studying Britain in the Middle Ages for either Prelims or Finals. David's talk was followed by a drinks reception as usual, but this time it was enjoyed in the College bar accompanied by lots of crisps – a nice change from the usual affair involving a gown and a three course dinner!

The society's final event of the year was a very successful panel discussion aimed at celebrating 40 years of coeducation at Brasenose, which I organised with the assistance of Dr Abigail Green. This event charted the history of how coeducation has changed College life and considered why some changes took longer to implement than others. In the year of such a significant anniversary, this was probably our best attended event of the year. It can be difficult enough to secure even one speaker per occasion, so we were delighted to welcome five to our panel! The first was Keith Reading, who was an undergraduate and graduate student at Brasenose when coeducation was first introduced. He was one of the founding members of the 'Brazen Squires', an organisation founded to preserve male tradition at BNC, and later served as HCR President. Secondly there was Eleanor Mills, current Editorial Director of the *Sunday Times* and Chair of 'Women in Journalism'. Also on the panel was Sos Eltis, Brasenose Vice-Principal Elect and Tutorial Fellow in English. Sos has been at the College since 1997 (she couldn't quite believe it had been that long!) and was in the unique position to discuss her experiences as one of the few female fellows here. My thanks go to Abigail for introducing me to our fourth speaker, Janet Howarth, historian at St. Hilda's College. Janet's research interests lie in the history of women's education and university development. She was also uniquely placed to offer insight into the changing nature of a women's college that became coeducational while she was studying there. Our final speaker was Orla White, a second-year English undergraduate and the current JCR Women's Officer. Our varied selection of speakers

allowed for a brilliant and passionate discussion which could have gone on much longer than time allowed. Special mentions must be given to Abigail, our Senior Member, Dr Rowena Archer for all her help, and the Domestic Bursar for agreeing to fund this event.

And so concluded the 5th year of the BNC Ashmole Society. I have thoroughly enjoyed the experience of being ‘Queen Ashmole’/‘Supreme Leader’, and many cherished memories from the year. I would like to thank the brilliant committee, Sophie Bevan and Andrew Cooper for their time, support, laughter and muscles moving the Platnauer Room table and especially Dr Rowena Archer for her busy behind-the-scenes help. I wish the best of luck to the new president, Emily Boseley and her team for the coming year.

ALE VERSES

By Sidd Shrikanth

On Shrove Tuesday, the 17th of February, Brasenose yet again played host to Ale Verses, a tradition that dates back to the good old days when the College brewed its own ale. The oldest surviving songs date back to the early 1700s, and the tradition was revived in 1909 after a gap of two decades (perhaps to mourn the loss of the brewhouse in 1889).

In the 21st century, Ale Verses manifests itself as a three-course meal in Hall, followed by the (optional) drinking of Ale, which is consumed while standing on the benches and singing satirical songs about the characters that live, study or work at Brasenose College. This year, the budding student singers were ably led by the organ scholars and the presider over the event, Dr Dave Poppellwell. The lyrics are made up by Brasenose students, but are usually set to popular tunes.

The verses performed ranged from an ode to the ever-present Andrew Sillett (who studied for his undergraduate and postgraduate degree here, and is now tutoring) set to Adele’s ‘Someone Like You’ (“*I heard that you’re pretty old, that your DPhil’s done and you’re a tutor now*”), not one but two performances set to the *Frozen* soundtrack “*Let it Go*”, to a song set to Simon and Garfunkel’s “*The Boxer*” about being a second year (“*I was just a fresher, though my story’s seldom told*”). The Chaplain, in consultation with the eternally reliable ‘Clapometer’, judged the entries at the end of the evening.

The winning verse was a topical reference to the colossal, colourful emails of our new Arts Rep; “*Don’t You Want Me*” by the Human league was reworked to Ng: *A Ballad* (“*Richard Ng don’t spam me/ Ng don’t spam me, oo-o-o-oo!*”). Although officially anonymous, writers of the verse, Ella Thorpe-Beeston and Phoebe Griffith, stepped up to receive their bottle of Champagne; with this, Brasenose concluded yet another successful Ale Verses.

THE ELLESMERE SOCIETY

By Matthew Ward

As ever, the Ellesmere Society has had a busy and enjoyable year. Michaelmas term started with drinks, and the addition of our newest members to the “family tree” in the Stally. The term was also a busy time for careers events, including the now long-standing CV clinic with Jacqui Bernuzzi from Baker & McKenzie. We have enjoyed successful dinner events with three law firms this year (and presentations from others) and are always eager to hear from alumni who have advice or interesting career paths.

The annual Ellesmere Dinner was as usual a highlight of the society’s calendar. We were lucky to have over a hundred guests for a tremendous evening, with Dame Vivien Rose as our guest speaker.

The first year students’ results in Law Moderations in Hilary term were superb. We celebrated their success with some champagne, and took the opportunity to thank Jack Williams for teaching us constitutional and administrative law this year. We wish him congratulations for having been called to the bar, and luck in his future endeavours.

Interest in mooting this year has been strong. Mark, our Master of Moots (and his predecessor Jeff) organised the inaugural Freshers’ Moot at Brasenose. Meanwhile, almost all of the second year students have mooted competitively this year. The Brasenose team reached the quarter-finals of the Inter-collegiate Mooting Competition, in which the title of “Best Mooter” went to *Brasenostrils* in all three of our moots.

We have many to thank for supporting law at Brasenose this year. The Alumni Relations and Development office team have put in some excellent work fundraising for the Ellesmere Society Law Fund. The

fund has been well supported at events such as the enjoyable evening we spent at the Royal Courts of Justice. Congratulations go to Anne Davies as she moves to her new position as Dean of the Law Faculty. I'm sure I speak for many of my peers in thanking her for being a very helpful and understanding tutor during her time at Brasenose.

My thanks also go to Caroline, the outgoing President of the society, for her impressive ability to manage seemingly endless pursuits at one time and her highly enjoyable dinner speech about Stally marginalia. I look forward to working with the new committee in October.

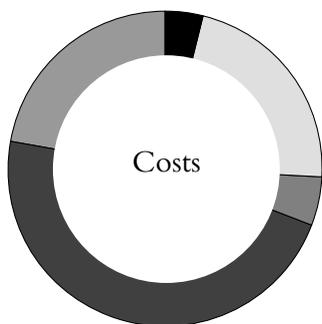
FINANCIAL REVIEW FOR 2014-15

By Philip Parker, The Bursar

In the financial year to 31 July 2015 the College received revenues of £10.0 million, unchanged from the previous year. The operating costs were £9.9 million, providing a modest surplus of £0.1 million.

A third of the College's costs are financed from investment returns. The College's endowment grew to £113 million, benefitting from rising stock and property markets, and £0.7 million of capital donations. We remain very grateful to the alumni who sit on the Investment Advisory Committee, providing their considerable asset management experience and expertise to the College *gratis*.

During the year the College undertook the first phase of a major project to renovate the Cloisters, in order to create a new Reading room linked to the Library above. This will provide much needed study space for students (at their request!) and also a new modern archive facility in the basement underneath the Stocker Room. Donations of £1.1 million for this project were received in the year, and further pledges of £3.0 million were made towards the full cost of £4.3 million.



Income	£000s
Fees	2,528
Domestic income	2,457
Conferences	865
Donations (excl. capital gifts)	575
Investments	3,427
Other income	134
Total Revenue	9,986

Capital donations:

Library	1,100
Donations to endowment	673

Costs	£000s
Teaching & Research	2,149
Student support	473
Domestic costs	4,618
Development	457
Overheads	2,169
Total Costs	9,866
Capital expenditure:	997

Clubs



BNCBC – WOMEN’S TEAM

By Molly Ludlam Steinke, Captain (2014-15)

This has been a landmark year for the women of BNCBC. The boat club having clocked an impressive two hundred years on the river was certainly a cause for celebration. However, just as poignant a milestone for us was the fact that 2014/15 also heralded forty years of women at Brasenose.

Michaelmas saw an excellent crop of new recruits to the club. From the word go, enthusiasm reigned. Almost every morning saw Brasenose Hall overtaken by Lycra and the overflowing plates of those who got stuck into their first few weeks of water sessions. Both *Nephtys* and Christ Church Regattas saw solid performances, with the first novice boat reaching the semi-finals against stiff opposition.

Following this, the women’s squad hit Hilary hard – and it certainly paid off. W1 entered Torpids having ranked 6th highest out of all women’s eights in the final IWL trial of term, with faster times than many of the boats in Division 1 and 2 – as well as some of the men’s eights. This success went on to be echoed in the competition itself. Although the first day saw a frustrating lost appeal on a disputed bump, the rest of the week saw four more quick and clean bumps before the boathouse every day. In fact, Saturday saw their fourth bump consolidate their place in Division 2, a first for the College in a decade! W2 also saw their share of bumps, with an impressive clean sweep on the last two days.

With ever lighter mornings and later evenings, Trinity term saw training crank up a notch. Fuelled by the success of Torpids, the squad put in a lot of hard work over the weeks leading up to Summer Eights. What with Part One Finals to contend with, compulsory field trips, and several quite serious bouts of illness; there was good deal of sacrifice on the part of many members of the squad. I for one was humbled by the utter selflessness of those stepping in as subs for boats other than their own, to ensure everyone got as much time on the river as possible. Friendly rivalries abounded on the river, with Jesus proving a particular point of competitiveness.

Race week saw high spirits, with BNCBC women fielding three boats for the first time in several years. Unfortunately W3 slipped just outside of the qualifying time, but they remained key components of the squad with their boundless support. The week started excellently, with

W2 storming straight in with two bumps. W1 once again had their eyes on Division 2, but were aware that Summer Eights rules were going to make it much more of a challenge than it had been in Torpids. With a beautifully decorated boat house courtesy of the incredible Alanna Wall and her team of creative freshers, spirits were high and it became clear what strength the BNCBC women find in each other. With W1 bumping twice and suffering a frustrating klaxon before executing a head-turning row over to secure their place at the cusp of Division 2, Saturday saw both boats finish higher than they'd started. The boathouse was packed with alumni and students alike and the air absolutely fizzed with a party atmosphere. It was a glorious ending to a glorious year.

The evening's festivities proved particularly enjoyable. The very nature of bumps racing being inherently rooted in past successes meant that meeting our 'predecessors' among the alumni was especially moving. We were reminded that our achievements this year would have been quite impossible without the hard work and determination of those who had come before us: a quite fitting metaphor for women at Brasenose in general.

I would like to take this chance to extend my heartfelt thanks to our excellent coach Howard, my rock-solid vice Catherine Craig-McFeely, and the entire squad for their unrelenting enthusiasm and support. Lastly, thanks are overwhelmingly due to our indefatigable and long-suffering first boat cox Tom 'Stewie' Stewardson for his utterly selfless dedication to BNCBC rowing in all its forms.

It is with great pride and anticipation that I pass on my captaincy to Kay Waldron and her vice Georgi Sanderson, to see in a third century of BNCBC success on the Isis.

BNCBC – MEN'S TEAM

By Jo Keel, (Philosophy, Politics and Economics)

As I sit in the Boat Club room writing this report in October 2015, I can't help but be fiercely proud of the Men's crews that trained and competed last year. To be sure, they were worthy of representing the oldest boat club in the world in the year of its bicentenary. Between the First and Second Eight, the Men - across Torpids and Summer Eights - improved their position by 10 places in all manners of victories: there

were swift dispatches under Donnington Bridge, long lung-scorching chases down Greenbanks and inspired winning manoeuvres in the gut. In this short report for the *Brazen Nose* I give the backstories to the Men's successes this year, and tell of the squad's resilience and the position in which it goes into this year.

As always, the Boat Club recruitment efforts began at the Fresher's Fair and the Boat Club Barbecue during Fresher's Week. With marginally less interest from first-years in the Men's side than usual, I opted to select crews early to give the novices as much time as possible to row together before the formative Nephthys and Christ Church Regattas, and until fifth week of Michaelmas the Men's novice crew trained hard on land and water. Little did I (or the crew, for that matter) expect that their efforts would pay off so much: when Nephthys Regatta came about, the Brasenose rowers won drag race after drag race, their superior fitness coming into play at the end of Greenbanks and along Boathouse Island. Winning every race until the final, and later being awarded a technical victory over the other side in that race, was excellent for crew morale and, I am sure, fueled our more-than-satisfactory performance at Christ Church Regatta. Shouting myself hoarse whilst bank-riding for them, seeing them time and time again ease past less able crews, was an early and promising sign that these novices would go on to form the nucleus of Hilary and Trinity's Men's crews.

As a first-year rower, my experience of rowing in Hilary term had been remorseless and seemingly unending land training – a flooded Christ Church Meadow had made for a calamitous term of rowing in Oxford and Torpids Regatta being cancelled (see last year's *Brazen Nose* for details). One can well understand, therefore, my eagerness to make good use of the river in early Hilary. Trials were held in First Week and crews were chosen. Walter Goodwin, a particularly able novice freshman, was selected to row in the First Eight, and outshone even the seasoned rowers during land training. Preparation for regattas in Oxford, however, is never a long process and almost too soon Torpids was upon us. The return of experienced cox Alex Parfett to the coxing seat and a formidably strong Second Eight, however, meant that Brasenose M2 bumped (I use the word literally – none of their four races were more than a minute long such was their speed differential) their way to Blades decisively, taking on St Hugh's, Lincoln, Regent's Park, Worcester and Magdalen. The discerning reader will note that they in fact did so well

that they rose five places over four days - a feat which allowed them to break into Division 4 for the first time since 2009.

The First Eight maintained their place in mid-Division 2, wherein they have fluctuated since 2005. Our performance, however, was not without merit: a convincing bump on Lady Margaret Hall on the second day, and our holding off of University on all four days were high-points of an otherwise static campaign. The crew was bumped by a very strong Jesus side on the final day just before Boathouse Island, eliminating the gain we had made by catching Lady Margaret Hall. Commendation for exceptional dedication and performance is due to Alexander Grundmann and Pawel Czerniawski who despite impending Finals contributed an enormous amount to the boat. Indeed, records will show that Alexander Grundmann co-won the first Kieran Keel Prize for contribution to sport at Brasenose for the de facto coaching position he took on for both the First and Second Eight in Hilary.

Trinity saw the crews remain largely unchanged. A notable change was the swapping of Alexander Grundmann for freshman Sam Jenkins who had not rowed earlier due to commitments to the university sailing team. The return of ex-Men's Captain and ex-President Steffan Glaze to cox M2 was welcome: a cox deficit had left the Men's side dangerously low on steerers. In a tougher cluster of boats and some training issues, it was the Second Eight's turn to chase glory only to return to their original position: a valiant over-bump on the first day left them two places above their starting position but bumps from Keble and Jesus on the penultimate and final days pushed them back to 6th in Division 4. The First Eight acquitted themselves well, bumping up two places through well-timed pressure on St John's and Lincoln, and by holding off Lady Margaret's Hall and Lincoln on the Friday and Saturday. The Saturday marked the joint current rowers and alumni celebration of the Boat Club's bicentenary, and it was excellent to have the alumni cheer on the Childe as it surged towards the finish line at the Head of the River on its final outing of the year. The opportunity to talk with the same alumni later in the day at Eights Dinner was a personal highlight of my year at BNCBC - one never tires of being reminded of the tradition and history which saturates the Boat Club.

Reading over past Men's Captains' accounts in the *Brazen Nose*, it strikes me that in some fashion they all - I am thinking of my predecessor Edward Matthew's piece in particular - remark on the unpredictability

of rowing at Oxford, and on the incredible resilience of crews to come back again for more in the next regatta or the next year. I think this is a subconscious attempt to conquer the randomness of bumps racing – to be better than other crews *no matter what*. This is what outsiders (i.e. non-rowers) refer to as the ‘rowing addiction’, or some more derogatory term if they have been subjected to hours of ‘rowing chat’. If one thing was achieved last year, it was the cultivation of this attitude to rowing in a core group of new Brasenose rowers who start this new year raring to get started and stuck in. With so much to row for next year – the consolidation of M2’s place in Torpids Division 4 and M1’s re-entry to Summer Eights Division 1 to name but two aims – the Men’s side is lucky to be able to bring this attitude to bear on the boats around us. I wish my successors, Walter Goodwin and Christopher Huang, the best of luck in harnessing this passion and thank all my rowers for their efforts over my time as Captain.

THE BOWMAN BOATCLUB FUND

By Dan Brocklebank (1995)

As readers may already know, in 1815 Brasenose College Boat Club (‘BNCBC’) beat Jesus College Boat Club in what is now regarded as the first modern rowing 8s race. The 200th anniversary of this pioneering race was marked in May 2015 with a re-row between the two colleges. Replica boats and period costumes were used. For those who weren’t there, I am delighted to report that BNCBC crew put in a thundering performance to make sure that the original win was repeated. The banks were full of spectators who enjoyed the race, as well as a traditional garden party held in the BNC sports ground by the river.

On its 200th anniversary BNCBC can look back on a proud history of accomplishments. However, rowing is an expensive sport. All aspects of student finances are under increasing scrutiny and potentially challenged in the future. BNCBC has benefitted from the financial support of college as well as the generosity of sponsors and alumni but these arrangements have always been somewhat ad hoc. Long-term financial security, and the ability to plan for success, has always eluded the club.

In the run up to the 200th anniversary event, a group of alumni started to wonder how they might be able to mark the anniversary in a

more permanent way. Their aim was to try and give something back to BNCBC to ensure that the club would be in the best position to survive, and hopefully thrive, over the NEXT 200 years – at least. After exploring the alternatives, the idea of establishing an endowment fund that could be dedicated to ensuring the sustainability of finance for rowing at all levels of ability and disability became the objective.

Fast forward to September 2015 and I'm delighted to report that much progress has been made: a small group of volunteer alumni willing to serve as trustees of a charity was formed. Agreement and full support for the idea was obtained from the Principal and the College Development Office. Sufficient pledges were then obtained from a number of generous alumni to get the fund-raising to a "critical mass" level, sufficient to justify the formation of an independent charitable entity. The 1815 CIO was then formed and charitable status was obtained in August.

Two key developments then took place in September. Firstly, the trustees of the 1815 CIO took the decision to adopt the working name of "The Bowman Fund" in recognition of the then retiring Principal, Alan Bowman. Alan, with his wife Jacqueline, have been enthusiastic supporters of BNCBC during their time at Brasenose. Furthermore, by a happy coincidence, the choice of the "Bowman" name also doffs a cap in acknowledgement to the bow man of the 1815 BNC crew (whose actual name has sadly not been recorded). Sitting at bow in the winning crew, he would have been the first oarsman to cross the line in the race. Secondly, the trustees launched the website (www.thebowmanfund.org) and, with banking facilities in place, have started to turn pledges into cash.

What does the future hold? BNCBC is, and always should be, run by students of Brasenose. The Bowman Fund is not being set up to interfere in how the club is run. One of the problems that recent officers of the club have identified, though, is that incumbent officers rarely feel able to take decisions that may be in the club's best long-term interests but which involve multi-year financial commitments or which have multi-year repercussions. This might be signing a lease for racking space to enable crews to train off the Isis or engaging someone to build a long-term plan for the club.

The endowment fund is, therefore, being set up as an independent and dedicated source of long-term funding for BNCBC. It is not a replacement for the funding that BNCBC currently receives from

college. The trustees believe that by putting in place a structure that enables long-term thinking and planning, future officers of the club will be better placed to help build for the long-term success of the club. Stable, long-term funding arrangements are not a sufficient condition for success, but they are almost certainly a necessary one.

In framing its long-term goals, the trustees concluded that an ambitious long-term goal for The Bowman Fund would be: “To help BNCBC propel both the women’s and men’s 1st VIIIs to the upper reaches of their respective 1st Divisions by 2024 and for at least one crew to go Head of the River before the 100th anniversary of the College’s last Headship, i.e. by 2031”.

The Bowman Fund has reached about $\frac{1}{3}$ of its overall fund-raising target. Should you require more information, please contact the trustees through the website under “Get Involved” or via email at 1815bowman@gmail.com.

I must just end by saying a massive “Thank You” to my fellow trustees (David Clark and Deirdre Coolahan) for all their hard work, support and wise counsel. Of course, the biggest “Thank You” goes to all the donors who have signed up to contribute to the fund. Without you, we obviously would not have got this far. Generations of future BNC oarsmen and women will have much to be grateful to you for.

JCR MEN’S FOOTBALL

By Harry Allport

Usually these reports take the form of a generic opening statement about how the season had highs and lows, that there were some positives and some negatives; followed by a drawn out report of the season, highlighting many of the great wins, hard fought draws, and narrow losses that the team faced over the course of the season. Just like our season compared to other seasons, this report will have to be a little different. Any such typical attempt would probably stop you reading as soon as you saw that from thirteen matches, we managed one (yes, really) victory, and would ignore the many drubbings that too easily became typical of our season. Perhaps worse still, this victory came in our second game, which left us winless in 11 consecutive matches; a record that hopefully can be quickly overturned by the team next season.

Despite this, our end of season dinner had a strong turnout, where season awards were given out. Without a doubt, the one real strength in this year's team was the large number of core JCR players who turned out week in, week out. From the off, it was apparent we were going to have a tough season, with many stalwarts of JCR football leaving us for pastures new and a diminishing strong base of HCR players that we could call upon when we were short. The freshers were strong, but we were left with six centre backs in the starting line-up. It's safe to say even after countless hours on Football Manager, I still don't know a good formation that manages to smoothly fit in six centre backs. Ironically in the end, it was our huge 'goals against' tally that made life so difficult - conceding 46 goals in 13 matches. So much for a wealth of centre backs...

For 20 minutes, the season started well. A huge derby against Lincoln gave us the chance to show what we were made of, and stamp our authority on the league. Within 20 minutes we were 1-0 up courtesy of Daniel Paul's tidy finish after some great work by Alfred Barratt. Within 21 minutes they had equalised, and we ended up losing 3-1. We did show character though, and moved on thinking (or, hoping) that we were capable of competing with the best teams in the league, especially as Lincoln were runaway winners of the league in the end.

The main award, Player of the Season, went to Carl Grysolle. He performed excellently all season, the highlight of which was his brace in our 4-1 victory over Merton Mansfield, a performance in which we really did look like a side capable of winning the league. Our points tally seemed to coincide with Carl's best performances, with other strong performances in the 3-3 draws against both Merton Mansfield and Balliol. Unfortunately in both of these games we conceded late, had we just held on for a little longer we may well have been able to stay a goal up. Other contenders for the player of the season included Conor McCleary, who was committed throughout and often had opposition left backs looking weak. Alex Stewart and James Scoon, who both gave everything in defence, were also in contention for the prize. As was Tom Colthope, without whom we'd have probably conceded a fair few more goals than we did. Tom did manage to win the award for the player who was chipped most frequently; at around 6 foot 10 inches it might appear that he had no excuse for this happening, excepting that opposing captains took to rewarding any of their players who could chip him with a free pint...Needless to say it happened quite frequently.

The prize for the Goal of the Season was split between Jake Morgan and Conor McCleary. Conor's 40 yard strike against St Anne's brought us right back into the game, and even from that distance the opposition keeper could get nowhere near it. It seemed to come out of nothing and rifle into the top corner, leaving everyone on the pitch rather speechless. Jake's came late in our final game of the season against Balliol. The game was probably already lost, but some nice play in the middle of the pitch allowed Jake with some space, around 10 yards outside the box, and fired it into the top left hand corner beyond the diving keeper. I couldn't split them, and so they shared the award.

Our inaugural Sympathy Award of the season went to one of the promising freshers, Gautam Menon, a winger who looked exactly the right kind of player in the first 50 minutes of our annual friendly match against the HCR. Unfortunately he took a fall and damaged his knee, ruling him out for a few weeks. Perhaps this was a warning sign of the season to come. When he made his comeback away at LMH about five games into the season, the injury resurfaced within 20 minutes, and he was this time ruled out for the season. It was a loss for the team, and also a great shame for Gautam who would certainly have bought a great deal to the team, but instead was forced to watch many of the games on the sidelines (although this did boost our average attendance).

An alumnus organised a five-a-side tournament just before Christmas, which afforded us some light relief from the many losses we had suffered. We managed to get one side through to the final, but they were beaten in the last minute of play by the HCR representative side. This aside, it was a great opportunity to meet some of the BNC alumni who had played during the 70s and 80s, and was a really good day for everyone that played. Thanks to Gareth Cadwallader for organising the event.

Reflecting, I'd describe the season as a readjustment period. Next season, we will no doubt have a competitive team in Division Two, and I wish the team every success and hope they bounce straight back. It was great to have so many keen and committed JCR players willing to play each week, and I'm sure they will continue in that spirit next year for Conor McCleary, who will take over as captain. I also hope they break a three year streak of being knocked out of cuppers in the first round. I've had a great three years playing for the JCR Football team, and want to thank all the lads for making it so enjoyable, and making the job as captain so simple.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

By Hugo Henson

The Brasenose RFC season started with a home encounter against Magdalen College. This was the first opportunity to see the new freshman talent – and they did not disappoint. Strong displays from the incoming class, particularly our HCR members, showed that the season had great promise. With surging displays of ineffable flair from Guy Fairburn came the first hat-trick of the season, and a 50–21 win to Brasenose. The next game was against Balliol, and what a game it turned out to be, drawing on all the emotions in 80 minutes of pure unadulterated rugby action. The match produced a famous Brasenose win, with the power of the pack combining with a competent display from the three-quarters. The final score was 34–26. Last year, Conor McClearly achieved a historic seven tries in one match, and this year his two tries made all the difference.

The next real test came in the shape of Rugby League cuppers. Being regular winners of this tournament, we all felt a great weight of expectation on our shoulders as our forefathers had so seldom failed to come away with the ultimate prize: a cheap trophy, and a warm crate of Fosters. No one on the team felt the pressure more intensely than the captain, Hugo Henson, who left the trophy from the previous year's victory locked in the BNC trophy cabinet, knowing that anything short of 1st prize would result in being ostracised from College life and mandatory rustication. Challenger after challenger came before the mighty Black and Gold, but none were successful in breaching the impregnable BNC defence, nor restraining the patented unrelenting Brasenose flair. Tries came in too quickly to count, and the crown was secured for another year.

The final rugby event of the year was the 7s Cuppers tournament, and we were strong contenders. Relishing the reduced format, we had got to the final for five years in a row, winning two of them. Alas, the team made history for all the wrong reasons on this dark day, failing to place in the knockout stages. Despite this humiliating blow, the team could not remain despondent for long: for we are more than just a club, but a band of brothers. We now look towards our new chosen leader, Jack Tromans, as a shining beacon of hope. In him we place our trust to restore BNCRFC to its rightful place, sitting atop the throne of Oxford college rugby in every reduced format cuppers tournament.

Away from the field, our social secretary Mark Welch, who is well known throughout the University for his hijinks, delivered a number of memorable events, and the annual Rugby Dinner was once again the highlight of the social calendar.

LADIES HOCKEY

By Siobhan Stewart

This year has been a successful one for the Brasenose Women's Hockey team. With players not only new to the team, but to the sport itself, we made up for lack of experience with enthusiasm and email negotiation. Our most notable win of the season was a 5 vs 5 match against Jesus College, coming away with a 7-0 victory. Especially impressive considering it was one of the five's (Rachel Benoit) first time picking up a hockey stick.

Other league matches included a draw with Worcester College and a forfeit from Magdalen as they were unable to field a team. Points mean prizes, and having beaten more teams than we were beaten by, we finished the season top of our league two table.

Sadly, our winning form didn't continue into the Cuppers tournament where, despite a well fought game, we were beaten in the first round by Worcester College.

It's been a great side to play with and the returning Brasenose women's team will be looking forward to playing in league one next season after this year's promotion.

CRICKET

By Alexander Stewart

This was a season where superlatives barely suffice. A season I am constrained by a tender nostalgia to report without gilding the lily. This was a season where tears of pain, anguish and misery are the only answer - only with such a reaction may we do justice to the heights never to be scaled again.

A second consecutive appearance in the Cuppers Final was inevitably the headline day. The better team, both athletically and morally, as was not the case last year, came second (out of two, as is the way in cricket).

I will not dwell on this dark sunny day except to remark that the stylish cricket on the day was played by the Black and Gold and that perhaps only two of the oppo's lot would have scraped into our select XI on cricketing ability - it is worth noting that one of these would have been excluded for taking things too seriously. Using his feet to our opening bowler was far too modern and modish for our tastes.

Career-defining performances flocked in a-plenty on a near weekly rota; Pranav's opening salvo in the League was perfumed with a delightful V.V.S. charm that was to prove characteristic throughout our league campaign and integral in our charge to the final. Even if his running between the wickets also bore the great man's undeniable fingerprint, his ever-pliant wrists made up for any patent Inzamamishness. R.Sykes was as doughty as they come in demeanour, as spiky as his parochial roots are not and as technically adept as his lid implies (not the Masuri of course, the real thing). Nick Hooper in my book provided the most entertaining and enjoyable scalp of the season, turning up after a particularly uselessly-timed Texts and Contexts class to smite the hereto unbeaten 'BalliLol' team to all parts from number 7. With 100-odd needed off the last 13 overs and Tom 'BFG' Colthorpe the only recognised batsman to aid him at number 8, the two set about bringing us home to a total of over 240 with an over of the 40 to spare. Francis Gush once again must be seen as the catalyst for our charge to the final, invariably steaming through the top few bats of the oppo before the rest of us were left to clean up the carcasses. Dan Paul with the playing-style of Chris Schofield was a constant reliable performer and a worthy goner. He bows out of the team with a significant mass of runs accrued (accusations of him not doing it against the big boys have often been proved unfounded this season). Tom Colthorpe was an ever-improving lamppost of a metronome opening with the ball and an appreciably earnest presence on the Facebook group. Sam Couldrick didn't quite find his feet but alongside Joe Halbert's floaty moonballs provided a 2nd year axis of well-wishing sardonic humour. Conor McCleary's nippers regularly picked up useful scalps and Kirby was inexorably Aussie, a crucial attribute for any team.

The rag-tag bunch of miscreants dragged together to face the Strollers was undoubtedly a low moment of the season, especially when the captain got himself stumped off a kid still in nappies. A remarkable tie against St Catz when we had a mere 7 players at our maximum showed

our true dominance over all-comers. We could have got the double but we chose to be humble, and that's a good thing. MVP: Will Syzmanski. In Brady we trust.

NETBALL

By Daniella Reichenstein

2015 was another strong year for Brasenose Netball. In the face of adversity in the form of injury, court resurfacing and the ever troublesome British weather, both our teams remained in their divisions, First and Fourth, and competed in various events through the year including the annual Netball Cuppers tournament.

For the A Team, the season was characterised by hard fought, high quality and extremely tight games, with the results on more than one occasion being decided in the closing seconds. The B Team played consistently well, chalking up a few impressive victories and giving their best in often unfavourable circumstances. A particularly memorable occasion was a rain soaked Thursday in Hilary, where our somewhat understaffed B Team were forced to play their match with just four players, against a full team of seven. Although ultimately suffering a loss, the team made a valiant and spirited effort.

This year we were delighted to welcome a significant number of freshers to our ranks; special mention must go to Emma Woodhouse, Beth Pickford, Isobel Phillips and Kate Simmons, notable for both their sporting prowess and reliability, as well as their ever cheerful attitudes both on and off the court. There are many others for whom I'm also extremely grateful, and who have made highly valued contributions to the team. Special thanks must also go to second years Jess Freedman, Bea McGuire and Fran Hine, who often stepped in at the last minute, to help out when we were a few players short of a full team.

The year ended with the always entertaining Annual Sports Dinner, with many members from both netball teams in attendance. The event was a lovely celebration of College sport, and the strong female presence was particularly welcome, given that it had been somewhat lacking in previous years. Captain for the upcoming year will be Esme Bayer, who has just returned from her year abroad. I wish her and the team a successful, challenging, and most importantly, enjoyable season ahead.

TENNIS

George Beechener, Captain (2014-15)

It may have been a mixed year of Tennis success for Brasenose, but it was certainly one of determined team spirit. The first match of the season began with a rusty knock up at New College grass courts, which were to become hallowed ground – the site of our losses to both New College’s A and B Teams. Despite putting in the effort to get half an hour of practice in before the match, it is fair to say that the New College A Team dispatched us in style. We took some consolation in the fact that half of their team were University squad players, perhaps an unfair pairing with little old Brasenose, whose team was mustered only hours before the match. So our dreams of Cuppers success were crushed (did I mention New College A also reached the finals of Cuppers last year?). With renewed vigour, we returned to the New College ground for the first of our league matches and, again, success was stolen from us by New College B – but only by a whisker. Hats off to Siobhan Stewart, who held her own despite being press ganged into the team, rather bleary eyed, at the last minute.

Our fortunes were by no means set, and stunning victories were achieved over Linacre College and Wolfson. Special mention must go to William Dudley, who was clearly enjoying the summer heat so much that he took it upon himself to play some incredibly long matches, before finally seeing off his opponents. And also to Tom Spearman, the rock of the Brasenose team, making appearances in all but one match. The season would not have been complete without the back-hand of Mark Welch, which is the stuff of legend. And a big ‘thank you’ to the other first years that stepped up to the mark: Vivek Gupta, Andrew Richards, Felix von Stumm and Edward Daniel. Unfortunately, we did fail to conquer St Peters, who we may have to endure taunting us in Frewin from over the road until next year. So overall we had two wins and two losses in the league, which allowed us to remain comfortably stationed in Division 6. Next summer, let’s hope New College meet their match.

Articles



THE ADMISSION OF WOMEN TO BRASENOSE

By Graham Richards

Now that we are 40 years on from the first admission of women to Brasenose, it might be of interest to recall just how this came about and why BNC were the leading pioneers. To many outsiders, it perhaps seemed that Brasenose was one of the least likely of Colleges to make the change, being, in the 1960s, a definitely 'hearty', sporting and somewhat reactionary place. When the student Junior Common Room, at a typically sparsely attended and unrepresentative meeting, voted to allow women to go to tea in the College beer cellar, this was stymied on the first occasion when the women turned up. One large young man in a track suit stood on the table and pulled down his shorts causing the women to flee.

The Senior Common Room was equally reactionary although, less crude (and quite typical). Dining in Brasenose in the mid-1960s was a delight, even if a challenge to the liver. Almost half the Fellows were single and lived in College. Dinner was normally five courses with two wines and followed by 'dessert' with port and Madeira in a separate common room seven nights per week. The bachelor Fellows took it in turn to have a week when they ordered the menu. Prior to one's week, on a Friday evening, the chef would come to the Fellow's room, doff his cap and say, 'What shall we have for dinner next week, Sir?' Of course you could let the chef choose or suggest, but there were no cash limits and much serious rivalry, so that some pretty exotic meals were produced, particularly on a Saturday evening, when there was a tradition that only resident dons and their guests dined. Once per term there was an occasion when wives were entertained, but otherwise there were no female guests.

Aided and abetted by my wonderful physicist colleague Nicholas Kurti, we succeeded in getting a motion passed by the Governing Body to institute a weekly guest night for women guests, although wives were excluded. Nicholas and I, together with some of the other younger Fellows, were keen that these evenings were a success, although they were not particularly approved of by the undergraduates. Thus when the Fellows with their female guests emerged to sit at the high table, the students cheered or booed, making it a bit like the TV programme *Juke Box Jury*. One's guest was voted as a 'hit' or a 'miss'.

This innovation was effectively scuppered by my most reactionary colleague Desmond Bagguley, who strongly opposed having women on High Table. He proposed a further motion that all evenings should be open to women guests. How could one oppose that? But the result was that, being spread out, far fewer women guests were evident.

Much more important was the admission of women as undergraduates. I had been converted to the view that this was most desirable by my experience as a post-doctoral researcher in Paris where, for part of my time, I lived in the co-residential Collège Franco-Britannique in the Cité Universitaire. For me it was a real eye opener to see how much more civilised and fun life was in a mixed institution.

When I became a Fellow of Brasenose in 1966 the admission of women to the previously all male colleges was a topic of debate across the University. New College had an attempt to change, going as far as obtaining a majority of its Fellows in favour, but not the required two-thirds majority essential to institute a possible change of statutes.

My chance at Brasenose to institute the change came because we were at the time starting to plan a new student accommodation building at Frewin Hall in New Inn Hall Street. Living in College as a bachelor gave me lots of time to plot and lobby and my opening gambit was to produce a paper saying that if we were to be building new undergraduate rooms, then given that sooner or later it was likely, or even inevitable, that we would admit women students, any new building should be designed to facilitate that. Thus, the first votes taken were not on the substantive issue of admitting women, but rather on the much less threatening proposition of not ruling it out. Getting that past was not too difficult and we then managed to engineer a series of votes, never on the major question, but always phrased so that by voting yes, one did not rule out the possibility whilst not committing oneself to introducing female students. Working in this way, after a series of votes, when the final substantive proposition was put, only three of the Fellows voted against. Two of these, Robert Shackleton and Leslie Styler subsequently also agreed that it was a good idea. The strongest opponent was Desmond who had a standard speech which he used on several occasions and alienated his colleagues. As a proponent it was good to have him on the opposing side. Thus we did have a substantial majority, well in excess of the necessary two thirds needed for a change

of statutes. I have to say that the then Principal of the College, Sir Noel Hall, was quite terrified by what the old members of the College would think if news of our intentions got out. In fact he failed to register the salient fact that the old members would have an equal number of daughters as sons and so might be much less hostile than he envisaged. However, because of this fear, the committee set up to progress the idea following the obtaining of the two-thirds majority, had to be called the 'Membership of the College Committee'.

Although now in 1967 we had surmounted what was perceived as being the major hurdle, the two-thirds majority, another potentially more formidable barrier was the response of the women's colleges. In great secrecy our committee, Bursar Norman Leyland, David Stockton, Laszlo Solymar and I, approached the Principals of the five all-women colleges. Without the cooperation of the five, our plans could not really succeed since the admission of undergraduates, then as now, was based on a scheme whereby candidates can be considered by more than a single college and indeed perhaps ten per cent end up at a college which was not their first choice.

The meeting with the five formidable Principals of the women's colleges took place in Lady Margaret Hall and was dominated by their Principal, Dame Lucy Sutherland, with the other participants being Kathleen Kenyon of St Hugh's, Mrs Bennett of St Hilda's, Mrs Trenaman of St Anne's and the relatively recently elected Barbara Craig of Somerville. Only Kathleen Kenyon was at all sympathetic to our cause. Lucy Sutherland in particular was totally opposed and not as I had expected on grounds of the quality of education for women. At that period the women's colleges topped the academic league tables. No, her view was that the whole point of women's colleges was to provide jobs for women academics. The needs of undergraduate women were very much secondary.

The five Principals were adamant that they would not cooperate with us on admissions. Any schoolgirl applying to Brasenose and not being taken would not be offered the chance of going to one of their colleges. It was a strong position which stopped us in our tracks, but we did come away with one concession. They agreed that if the matter were to arise again, and clearly this was very likely, if any college were to be allowed to go mixed, then Brasenose would be permitted to be in the first batch.

In the years immediately following several colleges took votes on the proposition but none gained the two-thirds majority. Then that same position was reached by Queen's in 1972. The simple majority was insufficient to proceed to a statute revision, but the Governing Body of Queen's did mandate their Head of House, Provost Sir Robert Blake, to call a meeting of all interested colleges to discuss the matter with two representatives from each college. I was one of the Brasenose delegates.

The vast majority of those attending were strongly in favour of admitting women, even though Robert Blake clearly was not. After lots of rather inconclusive posturing and discussion, it became clear that across the University there was strong support, but that obtaining a two-thirds majority at many colleges was still a significant obstacle. Since we already had such legitimacy, I was able to propose that a date should be set such that only those colleges which had had a successful vote should proceed. The chairmanship was passed to Hrothgar Habakkuk, the Principal of Jesus.

In fact by the due date, only two more colleges managed to achieve a vote of a sufficient number of Fellows. They were Wadham and St Catherine's. Hertford College were without a Head of House due to the death of their Principal, and so reckoned that they could not take a vote and so remained in, and Principal Habakkuk as chairman kept his own college in, although at that stage they did not have the required votes. The latter two cases were mildly dubious, but for those of us in favour of the change, a group of five colleges was an attractive proposition. If the women's colleges would not cooperate over admissions, then we would be strong enough to form a group of our own and to go it alone.

That was clearly not an attractive position for the women's colleges and so they did agree that the five former men's colleges should be allowed to go mixed 'for a five-year trial period' and no more colleges to be allowed to change during the 'experiment'.

The 'experiment' was an even bigger success than those of us strongly in favour had dared hope. The period when there were just five mixed colleges was a huge opportunity for the group. Very able young women were attracted to the co-residential colleges: co-residential being the correct emphasis since much of the education, lectures and even tutorials were always or often mixed. At the same time there were no scandals or unfortunate incidents.

Brasenose, in the first year when women were admitted, put them on separate staircases, the more modern ones with what we thought would be suitable plumbing. Very quickly, however, the female undergraduates demanded the opportunity to occupy the grander more characterful medieval rooms in the Old Quadrangle, despite less convenient facilities and their wish was accepted.

As the end of the five year experiment approached many other colleges started to jostle to be in the next wave. The women's colleges were thinking of permitting a second batch of maybe five more, the 'winners' to be chosen by ballot. That orderly process was completely negated by John Albery, then the very successful tutor for admissions at University College. He refused to be bound by any majority decision with the result that there was a free for all and all the rest of the former men-only colleges apart from Oriel went mixed.

The big change greatly increased the number of women undergraduates and their self-confidence in the mixed colleges. Very often such positions as presidents of junior common rooms were dominated by very able young women. For undergraduates the benefits were substantial, such as access to sporting facilities that the all-women institutions did not possess. To my amazement the women took to rowing in a big way so that there are now as many women in boats as there are men.

The first women came to Brasenose in 1974. Almost immediately I had a sabbatical, spending the academic year 1975-6 at Stanford and Berkeley. Determined to help the gender equality thrive I had the inspired idea of having my leave period teaching covered by a lecturer and appointed Mary Archer, much to the benefit of my pupils and the delight of my colleagues.

As we all know, the admission of women was a great success. Few revolutions have been so happy and successful.

A BRASENOSE TUTOR AT YPRES

By Dr Llewelyn Morgan, Classics Fellow

The name of Bob Brandt, his grand-niece Anne Evans told me, was "in the middle of the middle" of the south facade, and so it was.

The Menin Gate, set in the ramparts of Ypres, bears the name of soldiers of the British Empire killed, but lacking a known grave, in the

Ypres Salient during World War I. It is overwhelming. As you stand beneath its high arch you are surrounded on all sides by names, 54,389 names. But while the numbers convey the enormity of what happened at Ypres, the Menin Gate also manages to honour each of those dead individually. Every name is easily legible; every soldier has his own personal memorial. My 11-year-old son wondered why Dad was in tears.

Bob Brandt was one of my predecessors, a Classics don at Brasenose who died at Pilckem, just north of the city of Ypres on 6 July 1915. Brandt was a Fellow of Brasenose very briefly, from 1910 to 1913, and I only learned about him from David Walsh's brilliant article in the last *Brazen Nose* on the College's dead in the Great War. I suppose I latched on to Brandt as an individual through whom I could make sense of those vast events a hundred years ago. At any rate I went about researching Brandt in a way that was, in retrospect, eccentric, and very like a Classicist. It didn't occur to me he might have living relatives (we don't have those for Greece and Rome); instead I went straight for the written record.

In *The Times Archive* I found that *In Memoriam* notices had been submitted to *The Times* on the anniversary of Brandt's death for a long time afterwards, variations on "**BRANDT.**—To the dear memory of DRUCE ROBERT BRANDT, Lieut., The Rifle Brigade, killed near Ypres on July 6th. 1915." On closer inspection, there was an intriguing pattern to these notices, one which made more sense once I'd plotted the lives of Brandt's family members: intermittent entries between 1916 and 1925, then a notice every single year until 1947; and after that an occasional notice until the very last on July 6 1965, the fiftieth anniversary of Brandt's death. It was easy enough to discover that Brandt's father, also Robert, had died in 1925, and his mother Florence in 1949. The sequence of notices submitted without fail from 1925 to 1947 was clearly the work of his grief-stricken mother, maintained until she was too frail to arrange it. The more fitful observance up until 1965 was down to one or other of Brandt's two siblings, a younger sister and an elder brother.

But when *The Times* picked up my story those grainy images from the front page of *The Times* (where such notices were placed up until 1966) were replaced by something more tangible. It was my immense good fortune that Dr Anne Evans, the granddaughter of Brandt's brother Edmund, had done a lot of research into her family history, of which

the Brandts, and Bob Brandt, were just one of many threads, and was alerted by another relative to a story on Brandt in the paper. In no time I found myself sitting in Anne's kitchen with a pile of documents that attached real and raw family dynamics to those *In Memoriam* notices. Yes, Brandt's father Robert had died in 1925, by suicide after fits of extreme depression and a diagnosis of terminal cancer. Yes, Brandt's mother had lionized her dead son. Some of the material I looked at had formed a kind of shrine in a corner of Florence's bedroom: photos of Bob (one showing him breaking a public schools record for throwing the cricket ball), letters, medals. Anne thought some material had even followed Florence into her coffin. She could certainly confirm that Bob's brother, her own grandfather, had lived his life acutely aware that he was failing to measure up, in his parents' eyes, to his more attractive, more talented (and dead and sanctified) younger brother.

Bob Brandt, Druce Robert Brandt to give him his full name, was born in 1887, and lived a privileged life, his father a wealthy businessman. He attended Harrow, where his talent for Classics was discovered, then Balliol, where he rubbed shoulders with the very cream of Edwardian society, such names as Julian Grenfell, Ronald Knox and Julian Huxley. Brandt's certain first-class result at Greats was prevented by the near-fatal consequences of an operation for appendicitis. But he did just enough of the examinations to be awarded an *aegrotat* and to take up an offer from Brasenose of a Classics Fellowship. At Brasenose his role, as far as I can gather, was to support the somewhat sickly Herbert Fox, Mods don from 1889 to 1921, before eventually taking his place. In the event it was Maurice Platnauer who replaced Fox on his retirement, because Brandt had quickly concluded that an academic's life was not for him. In 1913 he resigned his Fellowship and took himself off into social work in Bermondsey with the Oxford and Bermondsey Mission, working with deprived children from the East End, an occupation much more congenial to a man who was exercised by the social divisions and tensions of the early twentieth century. Had he lived, Brandt would I'm sure have had a prominent career in politics or the public service. But of course, had Brandt and so many of his generation lived, the history of twentieth-century Britain would have been unrecognisably different.

As it was, a member of the Army Special Reserve (which he also joined in 1913), he was one of the first mobilised at the outbreak of war, indeed only a foot injury delayed his arrival at Ypres until May 1915. In

an assault on a stretch of German-held trench in early morning of July 6, perhaps around 6am, Brandt was killed, by a bullet or shrapnel.

Since encountering the story of Bob Brandt I've spent a lot of time imagining the experience of my counterparts at Brasenose during the First World War, as they read the daily litany of names in *The Times* of former undergraduates now dead. It is familiar to us that the casualty rate in that war was unparalleled. What we need to be reminded of is how heavily the loss of life fell upon the privileged classes from which Brandt and his fellow undergraduates predominantly came: in *Public Schools and the Great War* by David Walsh and Anthony Seldon we're reminded that if the fatality rate for all British forces was 1 in 10, for the products of the public schools, who fed the junior officer ranks, it was 1 in 5. To the dons of wartime Oxford it seemed that their world was ending; Harold Macmillan, who himself barely survived the War, could not return to finish his degree at Oxford: "I could not face going back to Oxford. Whenever I went there, it seemed to be "a city of ghosts."". Brandt's death was felt keenly at Brasenose. When Principal Stallybrass wrote Herbert Fox's obituary in 1926, he recorded Fox's reaction to Brandt's death: "I have just heard about Bob. It is the worst of all"; "Bob's death becomes more awful every day." "The jolliest time I had at B.N.C.," Fox had reminisced at his retirement in 1921, "was when [Stallybrass] and Bob and I were together." Stallybrass himself reminisces about "the halcyon days" when "Bob Brandt was still with us." Of course, such a story of friends, family, colleagues shattered by a young man's death could be easily replicated, well, at least 54,389 times.

What sharpened even further the blow of Bob's death on his family was also what found his name a place on the south face of the Menin Gate. The Menin Gate records "the Missing", and Bob Brandt had no known grave. Not the least cause of his mother's inconsolable grief, I strongly suspect, was the lack of any grave to visit. This was, of course, a widespread problem after the War, how to offer satisfactory closure to the loved ones of men entirely lost in the brutal chaos of mechanised warfare. It was a problem which called forth some powerfully creative responses: the radical architectural form of Lutyens' Memorial to the Missing of the Somme at Thiepval, for example, interlocking "triumphal" arches providing surface area sufficient to accommodate the names of over 72,000 missing men; Kipling's exquisite form of words for the gravestones of unidentified soldiers, "A Soldier of the Great War,

known unto God”; the ceremony of the burial of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey on November 11 1920; Reginald Blomfield’s Menin Gate itself.

An especially powerful moment in Walsh and Seldon’s history of public schoolboys in the Great War comes at the very end, where it is revealed that a man mentioned repeatedly in the book, a soldier who survived the War, but wounded and prone to severe depression, was Seldon’s own grandfather: the ramifications down to the present day of a bullet fired by a German sniper are perfectly communicated. When I met Anne, I discovered that the trauma of Bob’s death a century ago, and specifically the lack of a known resting place, was still creating ripples. It turned out that the family had always had a pretty good idea where Brandt was buried, but that between Brandt’s burial in wartime, and the conversion of that rudimentary burial ground into the beautifully tended cemetery one visits today, information as to the identity of the body in the grave was lost, and he became just “known unto God”. Bob’s brother was shown his grave by a fellow officer during the war, and photos survive in Anne’s possession seemingly pinpointing a grave in the location where other evidence would place him, “near 2nd Lieut. Gibbs”, also killed on July 6. Anne would love to be able to persuade the Commonwealth War Graves Commission to allow some kind of inscription in the cemetery indicating Bob Brandt’s presence in it, but the CWGC is naturally and understandably extremely cautious about such things.

So on July 6 2015, one hundred years to the day after my predecessor’s death at Ypres, I stood with Anne and members of her family, a local archaeologist Aurel Sercu, and my son Tom, in Talana Farm cemetery, an island in a vast field of crops, in front of an anonymous grave which they, and now I, firmly believe to be the last resting place of Druce Robert Brandt. For me the most profound piece of literature written in response to the Great War is Kipling’s short story *The Gardener*. Kipling knew all about grief, having lost his own son at Loos in 1915. If art is sublimation, it is worth contemplating that the son of the man responsible for “A Soldier of the Great War, Known unto God” has no known grave. In *The Gardener*, too, Kipling somehow achieved the detachment necessary to depict, with immense delicacy, the psychology of grief for a son. A key moment for Helen Turrell, the protagonist of the story, is when the Imperial War Graves Commission, as it was then known,

had completed the remarkable work, in which Kipling was intimately involved, of establishing the memorials and cemeteries we are now so familiar with: “So Helen found herself moved on to another process of the manufacture – to a world full of exultant or broken relatives, now strong in the certainty that there was an altar upon earth where they might lay their love. These soon told her, and by means of time-tables made clear, how easy it was and how little it interfered with life’s affairs to go and see one’s grave.” One of many revelations for me, as I have researched the short life of Druce Robert Brandt, is the power of that impulse to express love for the dead; another is that words on the front page of a newspaper might be a substitute for placing flowers on a grave.

THE AMAZING WOMEN PORTRAITS PROJECT: JCR REPORT

By Margherita De Fraja (French and Italian)

As students, we really wanted to commemorate the 40th anniversary of the admission of women into Brasenose. We felt it was important for us to look back over these last 40 years and reflect on some of the achievements and contributions to society that Brasenose women have made. I came up with the idea for the project when I saw that Hertford College – one of the other colleges that started admitting women in 1974 – had done a similar thing. At that point, I didn’t have a very clear vision of exactly how I wanted the project to take shape; I hadn’t thought at all about how many portraits we wanted, what size, which women to photograph or who would take them. All I had was a strong feeling that it was important for us not only to celebrate the anniversary itself, but also to celebrate the women themselves who have attended Brasenose since 1974. Even though 40 years may seem like a relatively short time compared to centuries of churning out men who have gone on to do great things, the wealth of extraordinary women who have come out of these 40 years is already quite astonishing!

At the first JCR meeting of the year, in October 2014, I proposed that we should celebrate some of the things that the women who have attended Brasenose over the past 40 years have achieved in their lives since graduating. Therefore, modelling our exhibition on the way that

the portraits in Hall remind us of the many alumni who have made great contributions to College and to society, we have decided to fill the JCR with a series of portraits of our female alumnae. We think that having the portraits in the JCR is important because this is our common space, and we want the focus to be on showing these amazing female role models to all our undergraduates. When welcoming applicants on open days and interview candidates, it will be really significant to show people new to the college the portraits on the walls of the JCR – undoubtedly the heart of the student community – to demonstrate how much we value all the people who walk these halls. As one of our sitters, top barrister Harini Iyengar, said, “As a British Indian woman of my generation who belongs to Brasenose and the Inner Temple, I’ve never had the experience of seeing someone who looks like me on a wall. I never thought this would happen and am moved that the college and students have done this to celebrate, to affirm and to appreciate the women members of the college.”

So, over the past few months, with generous support from College and the Brasenose Society, Orla White, this year’s Women’s Officer, and I have worked really hard on the commissioning, creation and exhibition of these 12 portraits. First of all we sought nominations from alumni for Brasenose women they believed to be inspiring and extraordinary; in total we received nearly 200 nominations. Reading the reasons for the nominations was undoubtedly one of the things I’ll treasure most from this process; there were so many stories and anecdotes shared, so many women who have done amazing things with their lives and above all, an emphasis on the nominees’ personal qualities and how much they are valued by those around them. They were so touching and I was moved to tears on several occasions. One of the things that struck me most was how proud people were of the women they know; that Brasenose students and alumni (women and men – we had several nominate their sisters or wives!) feel such deep affection for each other even as they take different paths in life. To choose our final shortlist, we narrowed down the list into categories of professions and from there the JCR committee voted to select the final shortlist of 12 subjects. The chosen subjects subsequently had their portraits taken by photographer Bill Knight OBE. Bill was amazing to work with, so helpful, professional, and of course, an amazing photographer. When asked for his thoughts on shooting the subjects, he said “the Brasenose alumnae have very

clear ideas about who they are, but are not used to being photographed and most of them approached the experience with trepidation. Over a range of occupations and backgrounds the common denominators were intellect and, in my opinion at least, a sense that they are all spending their lives in the way they want.” After this, each portrait subject was then interviewed by a current undergraduate who is either reading the same degree that they did or wants to go into the same field of work, and we were told by several interviewers how amazing an opportunity it was to be able to meet these women who have achieved so much and yet were still so open and welcoming to students.

On Friday 1st May, we held a launch night unveiling the portraits for the first time, open to all members of College, both students and staff, and we were amazed by how many people came, which just confirmed to us how seriously Brasenose takes the significance of this anniversary and how much it values its female members. The following day, almost all of the portrait subjects managed to attend for at least part of the “Into the Mix” commemoration day. It was amazing and inspiring to meet so many of them, and we had many comments about how meaningful the project is.

The whole process has been a lot of hard work for both Orla and me, but it has shaped my year and I feel so privileged to see what was initially just a thought that popped in my head, finally become a reality. Now, the portraits are in the JCR and will remain there indefinitely, meaning hundreds of undergraduates over the years will see how much importance the JCR places on celebrating the achievements of women and how proud we are to have such amazing female role models.

The portrait subjects chosen by the JCR

Kate Allen (PPE 1974): Director of Amnesty International and honorary fellow of BNC.

Andrea Brand (Biochemistry 1977): Herchel Smith Professor of Molecular Biology at Cambridge and an honorary Fellow of Brasenose. Her work focuses on better understanding how the nervous system is constructed.

Jules Chappell OBE (PPE 1996): The youngest ever British ambassador, at 31, and now a partner at Hawthorn.

Ceri Hutton (French and Italian 1981): Human Rights facilitator and campaigner

Marcia Hutchinson MBE (Law 1982): Founder of the culturally diverse educational publishing firm Primary Colours.

Emma Garth *née Holden* (English 1983): English teacher at the Henrietta Barnett School.

Rachel Harrison (English 1990): Digital consultant and multimedia producer.

Harini Iyengar (Law 1993): Barrister and member of the steering committee of the Temple women's forum.

Kate Shand (English 2000): Founder of the company 'Enjoy Education' she was placed on the Sunday Times *35 Women Under 35* power list.

Fay Schlesinger (English and French 2002): Youngest ever Times news editor, at 30, and the first female home editor.

Mary Stokes (Law 1976): Awarded the highest law first in her year, she became the first ever Brasenose female fellow and is now a barrister at Erskine chambers.

Valerie Worth (French and German 1975): Professor of French and Senior Tutor at Trinity College Oxford.

A full list of the nominees is on the wall of the JCR alongside the portraits.

ALUMNI NOMINATIONS FOR THE AMAZING BRASENOSE WOMEN PROJECT: BRASENOSE SOCIETY REPORT

By Drusilla Gabbott (English 1982)

The portraits now hanging in the JCR are the uninfluenced choice of today's undergraduates – male and female. The College and Society did not take part in their selection.

However, as Margherita indicates above, we supported the JCR by helping them compile a 'longlist' from College records and conducting an alumni survey.

We felt for the *Brazen Nose* that as a thank you to all who went to the trouble of nominating, and to explain how the JCR got their 'long list', we should do a brief report on the nominations themselves, not least as a thank you to the men and women who put 'their' alumnae forward and sometimes wrote at length and with enormous passion. A list of *all* the women nominated are on the wall in the JCR and online.

When the project was commissioned by the JCR the Development Office and Brasenose Society discussed the fairest way to audit all possible candidates and put their merits fairly in front of the JCR. Some women's achievements are well known in College. Others are community or home based or just less visible. We felt from feedback at past women's events that it was extremely important that these achievements were honoured too. We wanted alumni to feel the JCR were given a full picture of the alumnae base, not a restricted list of women who were high profile in a conventional career sense, or simply those whose tutors still remembered them!

The Brasenose Society, therefore, offered the JCR market research expertise to run a survey for asking alumni for nominations. Those who nominated were given confidentiality and their data was only accessible to the College.

The JCR invited both peer nominations and self-nominations. We supplemented this with an online audit of alumnae, a College list of women who regularly speak or give voluntary time to students, Fellows' nominations and the college's six female honorary fellows.

In the end the JCR picked from across these different data sets, including some women who had only one nomination, others who had many, two of the Honorary Fellows and some who had self-nominated – because, for example, they felt that their story might encourage young women from 'different' backgrounds to apply to BNC. In their final choice we observed an emphasis on diversity and on women who had overcome challenges to achieve their goals.

The Survey was helpful because we gained an enormous and valuable body of information on what female alumnae are doing in society – some of them women who were definitely off the official 'radar'. We feel that this may be interesting for readers of 'The Nose', so here are the highlights and a flavour of the nearly 200 nominations we received. Nominations were made by an almost equal balance of men and women.

Dr Diane Coyle (1978), former deputy chair of the BBC Trust and now Professor of Economics at Manchester topped the 'alumni poll' with nominations from her contemporaries. The reasons given for her nomination covered both professional and personal qualities, from tributes from senior economists (who shall remain nameless) through to private long service as a primary school governor. "I consider her an unambiguous force for good in reflecting upon and encouraging

reform of her discipline,” “superb recent book on GDP” “A modest, unassuming, understated, brilliant economist”

Others leading on nominations from peers were, Camilla Cavendish (1986), particularly for her work for ‘open justice’ in the family courts; Dr Kate McAlpine (1991), for work on child rights and founding MKOMBOZI centre for Street Children in Tanzania (www.mkomobozi.org); Sarah Castle (1981), for women’s’ health work in Africa; Alexandra Marks (1977), for her work for the Brasenose Society; Kate Allen (1974), and Sara Wheeler (1980), travel author.

Our youngest nominee was Chloe Cornish (2010), with the UN food programme in Iraq.

The range of careers was extensive: many lawyers, management consultants, financiers, medics and medical researchers, academics, civil servants, authors, journalists and a Church of England Chaplain. We currently have both a female MP and Liberal Democrat Peer among the alumnae. However, we also noticed (and had probably expected) that career readjustment after having a family or self-made opportunities and changes of direction among women abounded. Many started their own companies (for example in publishing and a direct medical consultation service) or undertook totally new training. Several have founded charities. Many have changed lives for the better in local communities – in physical activity, environment, mental health – with enormous enthusiasm and originality.

Specific admiration went to Annabel Jones (1983) for her enthusiasm for historic motorsports, “[she] has driven an 85 year old, 750cc Austin Seven from Beijing to London” (perhaps she should replace Clarkson?), and for being the first woman to be in charge of a nuclear reactor.

And I feel it is important to reference, on behalf of all of us currently working at home, or who have permanently or intermittently committed ourselves there, Amie Lidbetter (2003)’s nomination by a peer, “A devoted full time mother of two, raising two wonderful children; surely the most important job?”

Inevitably, now 40 years have passed since the admission of women, some have left us. The late Rosa Beddington had seven mentions, tying therefore at the top of the alumni nominations. Rosa had particular relevance to the project, being from the 1974 intake, but also because of the affection and respect in which she was clearly held: “An amazingly able scientist who had a major impact on developmental biology

research. She was also a wonderfully warm and friendly person with a sparkling wit and sense of humour,” “brilliant, charming and modest.” The New Zealand poet Sarah Broom (1995) and Philippa Maddern (1979), were also nominated. Those nominating deceased alumnae were of course clear on the practicalities of their nomination, but felt that these women deserved a place in the BNC collective memory for their personal qualities as well as their achievements: “I understand that it will not be possible to commission a portrait of Sally, but I feel it would be unfair to privilege the living”, wrote a nominator of the much loved and missed Sally Ball (1985), employment lawyer and Oxford academic.

Due to the timing of the photographic project it might also have been too difficult to photograph women living abroad, as so many nominees did, and meet the deadline for the project.

I will, finally, pass by the alumnus who nominated himself (several times, around 3am) for his “services to women” and also the somewhat lateral suggestion of honouring Madame De Stael – not an alumna of Brasenose to our knowledge. These are filed, in the time honoured tradition of market research, under the column, ‘other.’

MEMORIES OF BRASENOSE

By Professor Abigail Green

When I was appointed a Tutorial Fellowship at Brasenose in 2000, I didn’t give a moment’s thought to the gender balance. The news that I would be one of only two female Tutorial Fellows on the Governing Body came as something of a shock. Educated at a high-profile London girls’ school full of bright young women who believed they could do anything, I was curiously blind to the problem of gender in the ‘real’ world. In practice, being in such a tiny minority didn’t trouble me unduly. It is true I found the Fellows Christmas Dinner an uncomfortable experience. Female and under 30 I stuck out like a sore thumb: a flash of colour in the sea of Emeritus Fellows and middle-aged men in black tie. But in every other way I have found Brasenose a delightful experience. So much a home from home that for many years I barely even noticed the unfortunate fact that in this respect the situation since 2000 has not changed very much at all.

Back then it felt as if the tide was turning. Shortly after I arrived, we appointed a female Tutorial Fellow in Law and, later, a couple more in

Biochemistry and Physics. There was a generational shift in Governing Body, as the cohort that had run the college for decades slipped into retirement and a younger, more international crowd was appointed to take their place. But at some point the progress stalled. One of my female colleagues left, a couple went on to greater things, and now in 2015 – forty years after women were first admitted to Brasenose – Sos Eltis and I find ourselves once again the only female Tutorial Fellows in the college.

If I'm honest, I'm not comfortable with it. I work with some great men, but I would like to work with some more great women. I am always struck by how unexpected a conference feels when it is run by a network of women at the top of their game. I'd like Brasenose to feel a bit more like that. And I do wonder how it seems to female undergraduates when they turn up for Principal's Collections and find themselves (as on one memorable recent occasion) confronted by a line-up of one woman and ten men.

The celebrations of the fortieth anniversary of the admission of women over the past year have naturally made me think more deeply about these issues. This has not been entirely my own choice. When the college wanted to organise events to celebrate 40 years of women at Brasenose, I – and a couple of female colleagues – were the natural port of call. Why is it our issue? I wondered. Isn't 40 years of co-education relevant to my male colleagues as well?

Some history tutors develop an interest in college history, but I'm afraid to say that's never been my inclination. Still, it seemed obvious that whatever I was going to organise to mark the anniversary of 1974 needed to be historical. Inspired by the tradition of memoir competitions established in interwar Poland, I issued a call for Memories of Brasenose with the focus particularly on 1974. It's fair to say I was not overwhelmed. Emails began trickling in with word attachments. To begin with, they were fond memories of magnificent rooms 'that contained only a single two pin socket', of 'zero heating, bath tubs together in a shared space and darkling vertiginous flight to be negotiated in the wee small hours when Nature called.' This was an appealing picture of a world of scouts proffering tea, biscuits and a warm welcome to a pair of exhausted prospective applicants who had hitched down from Manchester in the days before the M40 stretched north of Oxford; a world in which porters recognised you when you came back to visit 30 years later; a world in

which chaplains toasted crumpets for American tourists and the Principal hosted tea parties for undergraduates ‘to which one took one’s female relations or presentable young ladies from LMH’.

And then I received something very different, and quite unexpected. Just a few lines, but they conjured up a completely different story: ‘Rampant racism, the first time I ever heard the “n” word, vomit in the wastebasket in the law library, stepping over it on the staircase to my room in Frewin, political views that would have made Hitler blush, being unable to get into college of an evening because the Friends of South Africa group were meeting... perhaps not the memories you are looking for.’ This was another side of that same past: equally one-sided, maybe, but equally valid. It prompted me to reread what I had received so far, and to issue another call in which I explicitly asked for less comfortable memories of the past. Few were forthcoming; many of our alumni rightly remember their days here with great affection, but were there less friendly undercurrents as well? Some, perhaps, may have been specific to Brasenose. Others no doubt reflected the way things once were. But I didn’t want this exercise to be unreflective, or unthinkingly self-congratulatory, and that is one reason I am writing this article now.

Many of those who wrote in stressed the apparent ease with which Brasenose had absorbed women, but reading between the lines it seems likely that the transition from a ‘man’s college’ to a properly co-educational institution was a little more problematic than it seemed to some of those who lived through it, as the development of the SCR itself suggests. Oxford, as one of the memorialists noted, ‘was an exciting place to be in the late ‘70s with plenty going on in theatre, music, journalism and politics, world-famous teachers and pre-Aids sexual freedoms.’ We’re more aware these days that sexual liberation did not necessarily amount to a comfortable environment for women. Student life was full of jolly japes, but those who set the tone were quite clearly male. It is hard to imagine a woman sneaking into the college laundry at night in order to assemble a rope of bras and knickers that stretched right across New Quad: for women, bras and knickers are merely useful garments; it’s men that find them either sexy or funny.

Much is now made in the press of the Bullingdon Club past and the male dining societies and drinking clubs frequented by Oxford’s monied, public school elite. Curiously, the sexism of these institutions is rarely highlighted: the debate about them revolves primarily around

class. 'When I was showing my children recently around the Museum of Costume, at Bath, we found the 1970's were represented by Gary Glitter's outlandish get-up. My children looked at me oddly when I told them that, even in those days, almost everyone at Oxford found it necessary to have a dinner jacket or evening dress. We all belonged to dining clubs...' These clubs, as far as I am aware, were a male preserve. Indeed, one club – the Brazen Squires (formed in 1974) – was explicitly founded 'to maintain the male traditions of BNC. This meant that a group of members could lock themselves into a room in college for an evening to sing rugby songs, tell jokes, stories and drink lots of beer – without incensing the delicate natures of the new college ladies (as if!)'. Put like that, it does seem rather harmless. Many of the Squires were state-school boys from the North, more interested in a taste of Brasenose's tradition of elite male sociability than uneasy about the arrival of women. And there is something charming about the photograph of these beer-drinking youths in shaggy sideburns and flares propping up the Radcliffe Camera that makes it hard to take offence.

Some of the difficulties women encountered lay elsewhere, and this brings me back to the SCR. One female English student described how she 'was farmed out to Univ and St. John's (then all-male preserves) for parts of the course, enabling me at least to appreciate the fact that my own tutors (although one of them took some persuading that it was worth teaching women at all) at least didn't make passes at us'. 'Political correctness' ensured that men trod more carefully by the time I was a student at a different Oxford college in the 1990s. The snatches of gossip I remember suggest that it had not died out altogether. Thinking back – as a middle-aged woman with a young daughter – it's hard to contemplate that kind of culture with equanimity.

Brasenose was one of the first colleges to become co-educational, but the position of women in college in certain respects did not substantively improve over time. One of the speakers at our panel debate came up in the very early 1990s. She described how, in her days, the bar had effectively been a male only zone: the kind of place where mooning was perfectly acceptable and, on a rough night, rather worse. Her stories were shocking but they chime with the institutional memory of the Fellowship. Great credit is given Ron Daniel, as Dean, for transforming the character of the bar and student life in Brasenose more widely.

Loving Brasenose as I do, I finish this article with a sense of things achieved, and so much left to do. I am proud of our current Fellowship for transforming the culture of this college so much for the better. It is a wonderful community, and I am glad so many of our members carry such fond memories with them into later life. But loving Brasenose as I do, I see no merit in complacency. If the history of co-education in this college tells us anything, it is that initial breakthroughs can be illusory, and that the kind of respect that is integral to a properly co-educational institution cannot be taken for granted. Two female tutorial fellows is not really much to celebrate. In the SCR, we all know there is a long way to go.

JOHN FREEMAN: FACE TO FACE WITH AN ENIGMA

By Hugh Purcell, Reproduced with kind permission of The New Statesman

High Purcell, 'A Very Private Celebrity: The nine Lives of John Freeman', is published by The Robson Press. Since the publication of this article in The New Statesman, John Freeman has died at the age of 99: we publish his obituary later in this Brazen Nose.

War hero, Labour MP, *New Statesman* editor, diplomat, TV interviewer: John Freeman, now in his nineties, combined celebrity with impenetrable privacy

“I wish everybody would forget I was alive,” he said. And most people did. But John Freeman, now in his 99th year, is still living a very private life at a nursing home in south London. He is one of the most extraordinary public figures of the postwar period; an achiever and thrower away of high office after high office; a celebrity who sought anonymity. “John Freeman,” said an old friend, “has spent his life moving through a series of rooms, always shutting the door firmly behind him and never looking back.”

In the 1940s he was a war hero, and then an MP who reduced Winston Churchill to tears in the Commons. In the 1950s he was tipped to become Labour leader but resigned from politics and became a TV interviewer. In 1961 he resigned from the BBC and became the editor of the *New Statesman*. Four years later he resigned and became

a diplomat, working first as Britain's high commissioner to India and then as the ambassador to Washington. In 1971 he resigned and became the chairman of London Weekend Television and then Independent Television News. In 1984 he moved to California to teach, until his return and retirement in 1990. In old age, he still did not look back. In 2005 he wrote: "When I retired from even the outer reaches of public responsibility, I resolved to put that life completely out of mind – to forget it all, in fact."

The paradox of Freeman the private celebrity was symbolised by the TV series that made him famous from 1959 onwards, *Face to Face*. The viewer never saw his face. He sat with his back to the camera, in the shadow, smoke from a cigarette curling up between the fingers of his right hand. "John is the only man who has made himself celebrated by turning his arse on the public," said Kingsley Martin, the then editor of the *New Statesman*. Freeman was the Grand Inquisitor, exposing the person behind the public figure, but never his own.

Thirty years later the BBC repeated *Face to Face* and sent the radio psychiatrist Anthony Clare (of *In the Psychiatrist's Chair* fame) and me to California to film an introductory interview in which the roles were reversed. The programme was a failure. Freeman had an intimidating physical presence and a manner that combined an old-fashioned, somewhat insincere charm with his thoroughgoing put-downs: "I'm sorry, I don't want to sound rude to you – but that's the sort of portentous question I don't think I want to answer." As always, he gave nothing away. An old friend of his had warned me: "John has a capacity to put up the shutters that is excelled by nobody except a shopkeeper during a time of riots."

A few years later I spotted Freeman engaged in a game of bowls by the side of the South Circular Road in London. At the age of 78, he was about to become Southern Area champion in bowls, a sport that obviously played to his strengths, as it requires a cool nerve and a killer instinct. I was by now fascinated by Freeman's life, and particularly by this combination of public celebrity with impenetrable privacy. I wanted to write his biography. His third wife, Catherine, was discouraging: "Don't think he has mellowed and will say, 'Now is the time to review my life.' He hasn't and won't." Nevertheless, I went ahead and asked him with the proviso that if he objected I would go no further. He replied: "I do not feel able to take any part in the project you propose."

I asked Nigel Lawson, the former chancellor of the exchequer and a friend of Freeman's, to intercede on my behalf. He tried and replied: "Unsurprisingly, knowing him, he is not prepared to approve your project, even grudgingly. However, he did make clear that, equally, he does not disapprove and will not sue." So, despite feeling a chill air of non-approval at the back of my neck, I obtained a commission from a publisher and began to do the research.

It was never easy. Freeman's *Who's Who* entry has become ever briefer over the years. He has written no autobiography and very little about himself, despite many years as a journalist. He has even destroyed private correspondence. But his story quickly became tantalising. Like with other celebrities who give nothing away about themselves, anecdotes have stuck to him that might be true, might be myth. Was it true that hearing Mahatma Gandhi speak when Freeman was a schoolboy was what made him decide to become a socialist? Was it true that, as a staff officer at Lüneburg Heath in May 1945, he conducted the German generals to surrender to Field Marshal Montgomery? The answers lay in his school and war records, which I required his permission to view. And why would he withhold it? It seemed little enough to ask. He'd had a distinguished education as a scholar and head of house at Westminster School and a heroic, decorated war with the Desert Rats, during which Monty called him "the best brigade major I have". Or was this also a myth?

I wrote to him again. Once again his reply combined flowery charm with blunt dismissal. Why was he so pathologically private? Why was he determined to forget what other old men would be proud to remember?

John Freeman was born in a large house bordering Regent's Park on 19 February 1915, the son of a chancery barrister from whom he inherited a hard, analytical mind. His father was nothing if not remote. He invited his son to eat with him once a week; after that, it was by appointment. The family moved to the dull suburb of Brondesbury in north-west London, from where John and his younger brother James would ride the train into town, jumping from carriage to carriage. He spent hours wandering through London on his own, once watching a play at the Royal Court Theatre and wondering if it was suitable entertainment for a boy of his age – he was seven. He seems to have spent a loveless and lonely childhood, from which he emerged self-reliant but withdrawn from relationships.

By the time John arrived at Westminster School with an exhibition he was a worldly boy with a mind of his own. Presumably if he held political views at all they were those of his parents, vaguely progressive Liberals belonging to the comfortable middle class. But then, in 1932, he came face to face with the reality of the Depression. Hunger marchers from Scotland, Wales and the north of England assembled opposite Westminster Abbey and John met their leader, the socialist politician Ellen Wilkinson. Confronted by desperate poverty and inequality, he must have reacted emotionally, however repressed his adolescent feelings were, because he joined the Labour Party and remained in it for the next 34 years. "The outstanding fact of the year," he wrote as head of house in the house ledger, "is that the school has heard the voice of England's forgotten people."

Freeman wasted his time at Oxford. He drank heavily, gambled and chased women, only just emerging from his father's college, Brasenose, with a degree. Perhaps he found success too easily as he would through all his future careers. Certainly he found womanising easy. He was handsome, with wavy red hair, blue eyes and a fit, slim body. Above all, he had a distant self-sufficiency that women considered a challenge. According to Susan Hicklin, one of his girlfriends at Oxford who later became the first wife of Woodrow Wyatt: "John did not really engage. He was a Mr Something-Else."

Freeman edited the *Cherwell* magazine and co-founded the Experimental Theatre Club. Later, in one of his slightly more forthcoming *Who's Who* entries, he listed theatre as his hobby. He was a role player. He found it easier to act than to be himself, perhaps because, so he once said, he disliked himself as much as he disliked the rest of the world.

After Oxford, Freeman joined the advertising firm Ashley Courtenay; he said that writing copy was like writing Latin verse. In 1938 he married Elizabeth Johnston and claimed two years later, when he enlisted in the Coldstream Guards, that he was doing so to get away from her. That December he was commissioned into the Rifle Brigade.

He fought with the brigade throughout the Second World War, seeing action in the Middle East, North Africa, Italy and north-west Europe. As brigade major in North Africa with the 1st Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, he was attached to the 7th Armoured Division, the Desert Rats, as deputy assistant, quarter master general (DAQMG). It was a post that required organising efficiency on a large scale and steady nerves

under fire. "To listen to John directing armour and artillery hour after hour on the brigade radio was a marvellous lesson in coolness under stress," said a fellow combatant. He was awarded the MBE for conduct at Medenine during the British advance on Tunis. That much is fact, but the story that he was the only officer in Monty's army to have a girl waiting for him in Tunis sounds more like another Freeman myth.

Now a major, Freeman was sent to the Staff College at Camberley, Surrey, in preparation for the invasion of Europe and as a result he joined General Montgomery's headquarters staff. A year later he was in north Germany. "Did I ever tell you I was conducting officer at Lüneburg Heath?" he asked a friend rhetorically not long ago. "Yes, I led the German generals to surrender to Monty." In my last letter, I asked him to confirm this; he ignored the question.

With Freeman at Staff College was Captain Raymond Blackburn, an ardent socialist and member of the new Common Wealth Party. He annoyed his fellow officers at dinner with voluble "bolshie" talk, so that one by one they left the mess until only one remained, an immaculately turned-out, perfectly mannered major in the Rifle Brigade, who then spoke. "I want you to know that I have been a passionate socialist ever since I was at Oxford," he said, "and I am today an even more convinced socialist than ever."

Blackburn persuaded Freeman and another DAQMG, Woodrow Wyatt, to stand for parliament as Labour candidates. In February 1945 he was adopted for Watford after his wife, Elizabeth, pitched in his place while he was away in Germany. He had a somewhat casual approach to crucial political occasions. A few months later, at Labour's victory conference, Ellen Wilkinson announced proudly from the platform: "I give you a Desert Rat, who has just received the German surrender of Hamburg"; but at that moment Freeman was in the bath reading his favourite magazine, the *New Yorker*. Later, distancing himself as always, he said he had stood for parliament only because he was asked and he thought he would lose.

The parliamentary set piece from which he did extract the full dramatic effect took place on 15 August 1945, when George VI opened parliament and Freeman was chosen to move the Loyal Address in response to the Gracious Speech. It was an occasion that the new Labour intake of MPs would never forget. Barbara Castle wrote in her memoirs: "John was a charismatic figure who seemed to have a dazzling career in

front of him. As he stood there in his major's uniform, erect, composed and competent, everyone felt his star quality."

The "hon. and gallant" member (Hansard) rose to the occasion:

. . . on every side is a spirit of high adventure, of gay determination, a readiness to experiment, to take reasonable risks, to stake high in this magnificent adventure of rebuilding our civilisation as we have staked high in the winning of the war [*Cheers*] . . . Today we go into action. Today may rightly be regarded as D-Day in the Battle of the New Britain. [*Loud and prolonged cheers*]

Churchill was seen to weep, saying: "Now all the best young men are on the other side."

Freeman shared offices with another officer back from the war, Roy Jenkins, who recalled: "He was the very model of a modern Labour major." His progress was startling. While such contemporaries as James Callaghan and George Brown remained on the back benches he became a junior minister, first at the War Office and then at the ministry of supply. Perhaps this owed something to Hugh Dalton, the chancellor of the exchequer, a notable patron of rising young men, who found Freeman "very attractive and glamorous". In the former post an incident occurred that establishes as probably true another Freeman conversation stopper of later years; "I bumped into an Israeli freedom fighter who once tried to kill me". On 4 June, 1947, the Irgun posted Freeman and seven other ministers miniature bombs because of the Government's policy over Palestine.

"We wanted him to be our leader," Michael Foot told me. But in April 1951, with promotion into the cabinet his for the taking, Freeman sensationally resigned together with Aneurin Bevan and Harold Wilson, who were both members of cabinet. The presenting reason was Chancellor Hugh Gaitskell's Budget, which maintained very high expenditure on defence to the detriment of the welfare state; charges were imposed on "teeth and specs". Clement Attlee tried hard to keep Freeman, summoning him to the hospital where he was recovering from a duodenal ulcer and offering him Wilson's post in the cabinet as president of the Board of Trade. He saw him as a mediator between Gaitskell, who thought highly of Freeman, and Bevan; quite possibly as a future leader. But once Freeman made his mind up he never changed it. He knew he was a favoured son: as he said in his resignation speech: "In laying down the responsibilities of office I am also giving up the fruits of office."

Yet years later he said he resigned because he had given Bevan his word and did not want to renege on it as others had done. This seems nearer the truth, as Freeman's personal principles were stronger than his political convictions. It would explain, too, why he seemed to lose the stomach for the fight. Barbara Castle travelled around the country with him, expecting him to take a lead in arguing the "Keep Left" case to Labour supporters, but she was disappointed. "In one stormy meeting after another he stood against the wall, almost hiding himself behind the window curtains, but did not speak. After years of studying his complex personality [on intimate terms it should be added as they were lovers] I decided he was afraid of giving himself too fully to anything or anyone. I once told him his motto ought to be *Je me sauve* [I protect myself]".

Freeman was extraordinarily reticent, but it was more than that. Some said he stood on an icy peak, that beneath the cold charm he considered himself above the fray. Others said that his socialism was already intellectual rather than emotional, and politics without a gut feeling, without tears and wounds, must be a lost cause. "A deliberate decision seems to have been taken to root out feeling, like a cancer, and to put in its place the radium of the intellect," wrote Anthony Howard in a memorable profile a few years later.

Freeman narrowly retained his seat for Watford in the October 1951 election but then, with Labour out of office, he idled away the "purgatorial boredom" of parliamentary evenings by playing canasta with his louche friend Tom Driberg, Wyatt and, surprisingly, Jenkins. Neither Wyatt nor Jenkins was a Bevanite but this did not seem to matter. To some on the left his socialism was insincere rather than intellectual. Tony Benn wrote in his diary about "Freeman's respectable humbug rebelliousness". In 1955 Freeman left parliament in disgust, despite being offered a safe seat at the eleventh hour in Durham. He wrote in the *New Statesman*:

I have in my mind a disenchanted vision of parliamentary man at his worst: at 45 he is pallid, bald and ulcerated: arrogant, narrow-minded and periphrastic. And worse, he is complacent about it all. Too many MPs cease to look outside. They perceive one another with the vapid intensity of a goldfish.

He then joined Woodrow Wyatt, Aidan Crawley and Christopher Mayhew, all former Labour junior ministers, working in the burgeoning

BBC TV current affairs department at Lime Grove – a bias perceived by Winston Churchill, among others, and one that would not be tolerated now. *Panorama* used him as an interviewer, but it was the one-to-one interview show *Face to Face* that made Freeman a household name. “The programmes were dominated by his matchless voice, ultrapolite, devastatingly persistent,” Paul Johnson wrote. The camera was mercilessly close to the face of the victim, “scrutinising”, in Freeman’s words, “every bead of sweat, every flicker of the eyelid”.

Not surprisingly, some wilted. The television and radio quiz panellist Gilbert Harding burst into tears when Freeman asked him if he had ever been present at a dying person’s bedside. It turned out that Harding’s mother had died recently in similar circumstances. The story got around that Freeman had found this out in advance by speaking to Harding’s psychiatrist and achieved what he had intended. This is not true. The only interview that gave Freeman satisfaction, he told Anthony Clare in 1989, was with the racing driver Stirling Moss. He had thought Moss a playboy but his interview revealed him as a driver with “cold, precise, clinical judgement... a man who could live so close to the edge of death and danger, and trust entirely to his own judgement. This appealed to me”.

Against all expectations, he became friends with two of his interviewees. This is even more inexplicable because the psychoanalyst Carl Gustav Jung and the comedian Tony Hancock came from completely different worlds. But Freeman the charmer, the roleplayer, had this chameleon quality of merging with the company he was in. “I always felt Freeman had the measure of me, but I never had the measure of him,” said another friend recently.

The Jung encounter was extraordinary. Jung was 84 and the interview took place at his home in Zurich. When Freeman asked on camera: “Do you now believe in God?” Jung replied, “I don’t need to believe. I know.” For once, Freeman’s presence of mind appeared to desert him because he changed the subject and asked Jung why he had become a doctor. Afterwards, realising the enormity of the question left unasked, he sent Jung a letter: “But how do you know?” The *Face to Face* interview had been watched by the publisher Wolfgang Foges. He thought there should be a book based on it for the educated reader who understood Freud’s basic theories of psychoanalysis but was unfamiliar with Jung’s. He asked Freeman to invite Jung to write it and this he did:

Jung listened to me in his garden for two hours almost without interruption – and then said no. He said in the nicest possible way, but with great firmness, that he had never in the past tried to popularise his work, and he wasn't sure he could successfully do so. Anyway, he was old and rather tired.

That might have been the end of *Man and his Symbols* but Jung's subconscious intervened. He had a dream in which “a multitude of people were listening to him in rapt attention and *appearing to understand what he said*” (Freeman's italics). Crucial to Jungianism is the belief that man should be guided by his ‘unconscious’ as revealed in dreams so Jung changed his mind, on two conditions: Freeman had to be the editor and he had to include essays from disciples chosen by Jung. This latter condition tried Freeman's patience beyond the limit. Urbane and charming he was but he was used to getting his way without fuss and neurotic European psychoanalysts were not his company of choice. He wrote in the margin of the essay by Jolande Jacobi “I puke on this” and, scarcely dissuaded from throwing it in the bin, handed over the entire manuscript to his friend Norman MacKenzie. *Man And His Symbols* was completed in the month of Jung's death, June 1961, and published with an introduction from Freeman.

After 35 editions of *Face to Face*, with a British Academy award and another series in the offing, Freeman had had enough of the BBC. “It was extremely tiresome to be treated as a sort of celebrity,” he said. He does not mention his experience as a TV presenter in *Who's Who*. That year, 1961, he became editor of the *New Statesman* ten years after he had joined the paper as an assistant editor. It was the most influential left-wing weekly in the English-speaking world, with a circulation of more than 70,000. Nevertheless, Kingsley Martin, the outgoing editor, had been in the job for too long – 30 years – and the paper was drifting. Freeman had been the heir apparent since the mid-1950s and the de facto editor from week to week much of the time, despite Martin's interference. Now he set himself the task

. . . to tidy things up, modernise the paper a bit, and then hand over to someone else who should preferably be a generation younger. I did think that what had been a marvellous operation until the middle Fifties had sadly deteriorated, and that what was needed now was a short incumbency by a non-genius to see if a certain amount of order could be put back into it.

Freeman had a sense of service and was contemptuous of those who did not do what they had promised. He was absolutely no respecter of office. "I'll put some backbone into that little runt," he said, referring to Prime Minister Harold Wilson after Labour returned to power. He reminded Norman Mackenzie, who had worked at the *New Statesman* since 1943, of a Cromwellian officer with a radical streak. He ran the paper like a quartermaster general, efficiently and with organisational control. Unlike Kingsley Martin, Freeman found writing the *Londoner's Diary* column (under the pseudonym Flavius) hard work. Readers considered it stiff and dull because he did not write about himself; as ever, the shutters were up. Once, Freeman was walking in a London park with Anthony Howard, whom he had just recruited to write for the NS, when a photographer persisted in taking photographs because "I was hoping to catch you at an unguarded moment". "Alas," Freeman said, "I'm afraid there are very few of those."

Under Martin, the *Statesman* had regarded socialism as a political and moral certainty. Some readers found it a crusading bible, others an irresponsible journal of dissent. Freeman was neither preacher nor teacher, and times had changed. He wrote that the cold war and the welfare state required a more questioning, sceptical socialism and he moved the paper nearer the centre. According to Edward Hyams, the author of *The New Statesman: the History of the First Fifty Years* (1913- 63), under Martin the cry of dissent was "You are wicked", whereas under Freeman it was "You are mistaken – and we will prove that by the force of reasoned argument".

The big issue in these years was The Bomb. The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND) had practically been founded in the *New Statesman* offices in 1957 when J B Priestley wrote the seminal article "Britain and the nuclear bombs". Kingsley Martin chaired the meeting that gave rise to CND. Nevertheless, he was equivocal about unilateral disarmament when wearing his editor's hat. Perhaps he did not want to commit the NS; perhaps he simply could not make up his mind. Priestley said he was "dodging in and out of this" and Freeman accused him of having "a halfbaked love affair" with CND. Freeman told a colleague:

I think there are two kinds of journalists. One that wants to expound a situation and one, like Kingsley, who wants to redress a situation.

Kingsley is a preacher and he doesn't care much about facts. When he was absolutely certain about his tenets he wrote like an angel. The decline in his writing is to do with the decline in his certainty.

Freeman had no such doubts. He thought it would be self-destructive at the height of the cold war for Britain to leave Nato, which unilateral disarmament would necessitate. When he became editor, the journal's quasi-support for CND ceased. During the Cuban missile crisis of 1962 the NS backed President Kennedy throughout: more so, in fact, than even the *Daily Telegraph*, which stated that the United States should have acted through the United Nations.

Freeman's mentor on the *New Statesman* was Aylmer Vallance, an assistant editor during the war years, then Deputy until his death in 1955. He was one of the few men that Freeman not only admired but with whom he became close friends. In fact he helped nurse him through his final illness and named his elder son after him. The character of Vallance offers clues in the quest for Freeman because they were very similar. Vallance was calmness itself in a crisis, charming but hard to know. Vallance had a louche streak. In the 1930s he had been Editor of the *News Chronicle* until he was sacked for a sex scandal. The Quaker owner of the paper, Lord Cadbury, had discovered Vallance *in flagrante* with the female motoring correspondent on his office table. Vallance had been a socialist with an attachment to communism (he named one of his own sons Tito) but by the 1950s, according to Edward Hyams, he had lost his faith in political causes. This did not stop him advocating socialism for a political weekly: nor did his personal lifestyle, giving "the appearance and manner of a Scottish laird who liked wine, women and fly fishing" (Hyams). Above all, he was a master of disguise. During the War he had worked for military intelligence, liaising between the War Office and the Political Warfare Executive. MacKenzie noted that whenever Vallance went off on trips to Eastern Europe, which was frequently, he collected his foreign currency from a Highgate travel agent that had money-laundering links with MI6. This is not to say that Freeman had lost faith in socialism nor that he was a spy; but he was attracted to someone who was both.

Freeman's private life was about to be beset by scandal. In 1948 Elizabeth Johnson had divorced him and he married Margaret Kerr, who died in 1957, leaving him with a stepdaughter, Lizi, whom he adopted. In 1962 he married his third wife, the *Panorama* producer

Catherine Dove, who had been married previously to another *Panorama* staffer, Charles Wheeler. While he was still at the NS, he also began an affair with Edna O'Brien, who later wrote a short story about it called "The Love Object" (1968). The "love object" was Freeman. He had been uncharacteristically indiscreet about the affair and O'Brien did not try hard to disguise his identity. Nor did she spare the intimate details:

"'Hey', he said jocularly, just like that. 'This can't go on, you know.' I thought he was referring to our activity at that moment. Then I raised my head from its sunken position between his legs and I looked at him through my hair, which had fallen over my face. I saw that he was serious. 'It just occurred to me that possibly you love me . . .'"

"Much harm is done by words," said Freeman to Sue Hicklin at about this time. Ironic, considering he made his reputation by them. Freeman may have been referring to a 1960s play by Terence Rattigan about a TV interviewer who drank too much and was a womaniser. It was called, suggestively, *Heart to Heart* and not surprisingly Freeman thought it was libellous. He protested in the New Statesman office: "The allegation of alcoholism I just about accept; that of amorousness I reject absolutely," to which Catherine retorted years later, "That should have been the other way round." Freeman consulted a lawyer and settled with the BBC, who had commissioned the play, after "an amicable exchange of letters", he said.

In 1965 he became high commissioner to India. Bored with the New Statesman after just four years as editor, he had angled for a diplomatic posting. Richard Crossman said that, having "seen through" politics and journalism, Freeman said to himself: "Let me find a career so chilly and austere that I can never see through it or be bored by success." How wrong he was. The Freemans arrived in Delhi with their sons, Matthew and Tom, and soon Lucy was born. It was nearly 20 years after Indian independence and British influence was more of a memory than a reality.

Indian diplomats in Delhi at the time remember that the Freemans responded by acknowledging that the old British paternalism and nostalgia for the Raj were quite out of place. Now the high commission was open to new faces: opposition MPs, dissenting writers, young journalists. However, it is Catherine who is remembered for her social skills and enthusiasm for all things Indian. John hated protocol and small talk and, once again, there was that formidable barrier. The writer

Khushwant Singh recalls: “I found Freeman cold and distant. Despite his socialist pretensions he behaved like a pukka sahib.”

Freeman said afterwards that he found diplomacy difficult, particularly dealing with economic and financial matters. Where he came into his own was in the writing of despatches. “I don’t think I would have been too ashamed,” he said later, “to send a newspaper some of my despatches from India.” A case in point was the customary valedictory despatch he wrote before returning home in 1968. He excelled himself, ending in a style reminiscent of an 18th-century tombstone:

Perhaps a regenerate sinner, plucked by a somewhat whimsical government from the stews of Fleet Street and the limelight of Shepherd’s Bush, may be allowed to pay a disinterested and most affectionate tribute to the kindness, the devotion to duty, the professional skill and sheer quality of mind and imagination which he has encountered during his three and a half years as the guest of HMG.

When Freeman returned to London he met Crossman by chance at 10 Downing Street. Crossman wrote in his diary:

... John used to be a rather willowy, elegant young man with wonderful wavy hair but he’s thickened out and his complexion has roughened so that he looks like an extremely tough colonel of a polo-playing regiment just back from India – big and bluff. Beside him was little Harold [Wilson], relaxed and gay.

The prime minister had just given Freeman the plum job of ambassador to Washington. It was a rash choice because he had frequently been rude about President Nixon in the NS, calling him “a man of no principle whatsoever”. So when Nixon visited London soon after his appointment, the cabinet was nervous. It need not have been. At a formal dinner in Freeman’s presence, Nixon referred to the appointment in a forgiving and witty speech: “Some say there’s a new Nixon. And they wonder if there’s a new Freeman. I would like to think that’s all behind us. After all, he’s the new diplomat and I’m the new statesman.”

Freeman formed a fruitful relationship with Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. This gave rise to an extraordinary despatch marked “SECRET, PERSONAL AND GUARD ADDRESSEES EYES ONLY”. Writing to Sir Denis Greenhill at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office, Freeman reported an indiscreet conversation with Kissinger about Nixon’s staff. “I have never met such a gang of self-seeking bastards in my life,” Kissinger

remarked. "I used to find the Kennedy group unattractively narcissistic, but they were idealists. These people are real heels."

That evening, Freeman reported, "a very bizarre incident took place". Nixon rang him at home, "appearing completely rational", and said he was grateful that he (Freeman) had "had such a long and intimate talk with Kissinger earlier in the day. He hoped we would do this again whenever the opportunity offered." Freeman concluded: "I am completely unable to interpret this incident, which astonished me."

He left Washington in February 1971, after only 16 months. He was the first ambassador in 55 years who went and returned without a knighthood or a peerage. He rejected both, saying "when it can be proved that I can do my job better by changing my name, then I might consider it". Freeman claimed to dislike power and status: "Those who have power have disagreeable elements in their personality and I include myself." By now he considered Nixon as a leader with "courage and guts, the qualities I most admire in public life"

It was common knowledge that Freeman was bored with diplomacy. Among the frequent guests at his Washington soirées was the young economist Robert Cassen. The ambassador gave him the sort of career advice that sticks in the mind: "I believe you should change your life as much as possible every decade." Freeman was as good as his word, because he was having another affair, with his social secretary, Judith Mitchell. (She became his fourth wife in 1976 after his hurtful, protracted divorce from Catherine.) He and Judith would have two daughters, Jessica and Victoria, the second when he was 71.

Freeman found a house in London and it was here, a few weeks later in 1971, that he was visited by a desperate David Frost, the joint founder of London Weekend Television. Frost's company was in a mess and the Independent Television Authority (ITA) was threatening to remove its licence. The managing director, Michael Peacock, had been fired and the heads of several programme departments had resigned. Viewers were switching off; shareholders wanted out. The company, in fact, was being run by Rupert Murdoch, who had saved it by buying £500,000 worth of shares, then taking his coat off and directing the day-to-day management although he had no right to do so as a non-executive director. The ITA disapproved of Murdoch. He was breaking the rules; he was not a UK resident and he was a major newspaper proprietor.

Murdoch was “dangerously angry”. LWT had been given six weeks to find a new managing director.

Enter Freeman, *deus ex machina*. LWT’s chairman, Aidan Crawley, was pushed upstairs to become the nominal president and Freeman became the new chairman and managing director, with a free hand to control Murdoch and impress the ITA. He wrote: “I had very strong views about how the company should be run, but frankly I didn’t give a bugger whether I stayed or not – I merely had to do the best I could.”

He moved into bleak, 17th-floor offices on the North Circular Road. A month later he led a delegation of ten for an all-day crunch meeting at the ITA. According to Jeremy Potter’s *Independent Television in Britain: Politics and Control* (1968–80): “He fielded most questions himself and was authoritative and convincing. No one doubted he was in control.”

The company was saved. A thousand employees kept their jobs. Freeman, it is worth recalling, had been out of the country for the previous six years and had no experience of running a big company. “He was,” the official history continued, “one of those rare men of parts who seem to be able to do anything better than anybody else.” No wonder he became bored quickly. Even the most demanding job was just too easy.

LWT became a hotbed of talent and ideas. One recruit was John Birt who held Freeman ‘in awe’. In the 1990s, when Birt was trying to modernise the BBC, Freeman supported him from the wings. Yet, while colleagues and journalists testified to his charisma, his ‘austere authority’ (John Birt), his ‘bearing like a great ship’s captain’ (Ivan Rowan in the *Sunday Times*), no one claimed to know him. Rowan said he arrived for an interview determined to find out who Freeman really was, but he got nowhere:

It was like being greeted by a tall, sandy-haired man with flat blue eyes and a smile and voice as delicate and precise as a vicar’s: ‘I’m afraid the real Mr Freeman was called away five minutes ago. I know he would have been delighted to see you. Is there any message?’

Ever since he was a brigade major, John Freeman had excelled at taking charge of organisations, and now additional top jobs were his without even asking – chairman of Independent Television News and the publisher Hutchinson, governor of the British Film Institute, vice-president of the Royal Television Society. He was the archetypal establishment chairman.

In 1984, aged 69, he decided to move on again. Giving up everything, he moved abroad with his third family to the unfashionable university campus at Davis, California. He was now in his seventh major job, as a visiting professor of international relations.

Teaching was a profession he liked. Paul Johnson stayed with the Freemans in California while giving his own lectures and found him “universally revered as everything an English gentleman and scholar should be”. He came home in 1990 only because of his daughters’ education.

At last, in retirement in Barnes, south London, he could live in obscurity, reading and writing little but watching American football and racing on TV. No longer a Labour voter (he said his left-wing politics had “done a lot of harm”), he found Tony Blair “ineffably insufferable” – a typical Freeman phrase. He discouraged outsiders’ interest with the disclaimer, surely insincere, “I can’t see why my life can be of any possible interest to anybody.”

In 2012 Freeman removed himself to a military care home in south London so as not to be a burden to his family. He lives from day to day, with stoicism.

What might Anthony Clare have revealed if his interview in 1989 had penetrated the charm? He thought that Freeman was something of a social psychopath, defined by the *Psychiatric Dictionary* as “. . . a poorly developed sense of empathy leading to unfeeling and insensitive behaviour but disguised with a superficial charm and absence of ‘nervousness’; an egocentricity and incapacity for love. Aetiology: emotional deprivation early in life.” Whatever the truth of this, it is surely a pity that John Freeman airbrushed himself out of his own history, his own “magnificent adventure”.

Hugh Purcell would be very pleased to hear from any one who can cast any more light on John Freeman’s time at Brasenose. Please contact him on h.purcell@btopenworld.com

MY BRASENOSE COLLEGE REUNION WAS GREAT (EVEN IF DAVID CAMERON DIDN'T TURN UP)

*By Toby Young, reproduced by kind permission of The Spectator
(originally printed 2 May 2015)*

A couple of weeks ago I returned to my old Oxford College for a 'gaudy' – posh, Oxford-speak for a reunion. This one was for those of us who came up to Brasenose in 1983, 1984 and 1985. That group includes the Prime Minister but, not surprisingly, he wasn't there. I imagine he didn't want to risk being photographed at a black-tie dinner with a bunch of his Oxford pals in the middle of a general election campaign – or maybe he just finds these occasions a bit of a bore.

When I attended my first gaudy about 15 years ago, I assumed that the only people who'd bother to turn up would be those who'd made a success of their lives and they'd spend the entire time bragging about it. In fact, it was much more random than that. The successful and the unsuccessful were mixed up together and if their different career trajectories were a source of tension, it soon disappeared after the first drink. I was expecting my Oxford contemporaries to have become more status-conscious with age, but it wasn't apparent on that night. It was as if they were able to shed their personal histories and return to a more innocent period in their lives when they still had everything before them.

It was the same on this occasion. The experiences we'd had since leaving Brasenose 30 years ago seemed to vanish in a puff of smoke and we were transported back in time to the mid-1980s. Looking at all the familiar faces sitting in the dining hall, I felt like I was in an Oxford version of *Back to the Future*. Except in this case the Hollywood special effects wizards had used their magic to make everyone look 30 years older. When I was talking to the people I'd been closest to, I had to suppress the impulse to grab them and pull the pillows out from under their shirts and wipe the ageing make-up from their faces.

This through-the-looking-glass feeling was partly due to everyone reverting to type – falling back into the roles and routines that had defined them 30 years ago. Take the after-dinner speech given by Jim Hawkins, now the headmaster of Harrow. Jim had been part of a group of down-to-earth undergraduates who, after a few pints in the college bar, liked nothing more than to take the mickey out of another group of

students known as ‘the left caucus’. Needless to say, the privileged status of these left-wing firebrands, many of whom had been to Eton, was often a source of merriment – and so it proved two weeks ago.

‘Life was not all about dining clubs and carousing,’ said Jim. ‘There was political awareness too: anti-Thatcher demos, the Monday Club visit, the “Why assume I’m a heterosexual” campaign. We even had our own left caucus. Some flirted with it – some embraced the caucus wholeheartedly. Incidentally, it has been good to see so many members of the left caucus at Harrow open mornings in recent years...’

That brought the house down and made me think what a shame it was the Prime Minister wasn’t there. He would have enjoyed that joke.

Afterwards, in the bar, I fell into conversation with some of my old friends and, as I learned what they’d been doing in the intervening 30 years, their present-day selves began to eclipse their student selves. The stories they told were almost all tales of woe – career burnout, divorce, the indescribable horrors of teenage children. No doubt this was partly just good manners, with no one wanting to make anyone else feel bad because they’d had a less happy life than them. But it was also because most of them had genuinely messed up their lives. The striking thing was how much nicer they’d become as a result. Their experiences hadn’t left them embittered, but had enlarged and deepened them, made them more human.

Another thing that took me by surprise was how much sentimental attachment I felt to my old college. Not just to the people I’d been there with and the dons who’d taught us 30 years ago, some of whom were still there. But to the bricks and mortar – the old quadrangle and the porters’ lodge. That’s part of the point of these occasions, of course – to get you to donate to the college fund – and, by golly, it works. A few more gaudies like this one and I’ll be redrafting my will, leaving all my goods and chattels to Brasenose. My children better watch out, particularly during their horrible teenage years.

PATRICK MODIANO AND KAMEL DAOUZ AS PRINCIPLED INVESTIGATORS

By Carole Bourne-Taylor

As I flip open my laptop, I look across my desk at an empty bottle of Israeli Castel grand cru. On a memorable evening in June, Shlomo Berger, one of our

visiting fellows, arrived, bearing that bottle to share with friends as a farewell gesture upon his departure, 'til next year, for Amsterdam. It was, we thought, 'au revoir.' It wasn't. It was 'adieu.' Shlomo died extraordinarily less than two months later. And we are just left with traces in our inboxes and little more tangible than that bottle.

Shlomo and I shared a love of Modiano. It is to his memory that I dedicate this piece.

Modiano and Daoud: two significant voices in French-speaking literature, voices that carry a complex cultural heritage; who won international visibility last year – Modiano more obviously and symbolically with his being awarded the Nobel Prize, the culmination of a myriad literary prizes; Daoud with the Prix Goncourt du Premier Roman amongst other prestigious prizes.

Patrick Modiano, whom I have been reading for three decades, is a well-established writer, although his visibility abroad was always somewhat subdued; Haroun Daoud I discovered in 2013 upon the publication of his *Meursault, contre-enquête*, which was eulogized by French critics before it gained international prominence in a recent English translation, *The Meursault Investigation*; it became an instant best-seller. I was enchanted and resolved to tell everybody. My students took to him like ducks to water; some have decided to write on him.

Such synchronicity is fascinating. Here we have two authors who look back to a dark past, whether it be the German Occupation – the so-called *années noires* – or the colonial (and post-colonial) period in Algeria, in order not so much to understand but to interrogate, perhaps also to retrieve or salvage something of our humankind 'midst the mess of spectral traces, flimsy clues and shady testimonies, all shrouded in an ominous silence that leaves one shuddering.

The weaving of time, the past, memory and identity is the hallmark of Modiano's *oeuvre*. For a few decades, he has written more or less the same story; his being awarded the Nobel Prize this year invites us to revisit his whole output. A post-war child, Modiano relentlessly explores the obvious and insidious repercussions of the Occupation (and the Shoah); his roots are there, in 'the mud of the Occupation.' Modiano's retroactive sense of responsibility and justice acts as a spur. Hence his obsession with the Occupation (and occasionally the Algerian

War, too) which is no mere backdrop, rather a sinister tentacular, Argus-eyed protagonist. Memories that belong to Modiano's absentee father, an avatar of the Wandering Jew.

In the same way, Daoud's exploration of the dehumanising colonial and post-colonial period in Algeria stems from a cathartic impulse; it is an attempt to come to terms with a troubled and troubling past, and the trauma of loss.

The author and his narrators (Modiano has a knack of slipping into his narrators, and each novel is an imaginary autobiography) are haunted by ghosts: Modiano's father and younger brother whom he adored and lost when he was hardly a teenager; Haroun's older brother, Moussa, and many other victims of injustice and evil. But demons are impossible to exorcise, so authors and narrators are doomed to that particular brand of rumination – identified as *ressassement – ad aeternum*.

If Daoud's elderly narrator ruminates over the past – what happened *and* what might have happened... – he is himself dragged into the urgency of the current situation in Algeria, promoting freedom, responsibility, moral obligation, and justice in every line. It is the present that matters above all, a present that, he claims, is his responsibility: this against the backdrop of extremist, backward-looking fantasies imposed upon a whole nation (in the same way as the French colonialists forced their own delirious, dangerous fantasies upon the peoples they subjugated): 'History is morbid' in that it feeds on 'the cult of death.' Daoud's courage is awe-inspiring. The philosopher and psychoanalyst Cynthia Fleury hails courage as the virtue that articulates ethics and politics, explaining that in the intimacy that the courageous being enjoys with their consciousness, there is the quality of a public engagement, a commitment to the others (Cf. *La Fin du courage: la reconquête d'une vertu démocratique*, 2010). A journalist at the *Quotidien d'Oran* (and contributor to several France-based newspapers) who lives under the threat of a *fatwa*, Daoud pursues, day in-day out, his brave *engagement* against what he calls 'the monologue of History' to which Haroun's own logorrhoeic monologue is a *respondent*. This monologue takes place in a café, harking back to Camus's *La chute* via Mohsin Hamid's *The Reluctant Fundamentalist*. Modiano himself is fond of those '*lieux de passage*' where one's existence is more acutely transitory and fluid.

All characters (like their creators, as a matter of fact) feel like strangers in their own countries and societies, rebels – Haroun is another

Meursault after all. No wonder both Modiano and Daoud share affinities with Camus, their spiritual father, who – as opposed to Sartre – always valued men more than ideas: they are all cultural orphans, caught up, like many of us, in complex legacies that are rooted in the Mediterranean ('the sea of communication and conflict, polytheisms and monotheisms, fanaticism and tolerance', as the philosopher and sociologist Edgar Morin, a Sephardi, summarizes its significance), retaining those visceral attachments. No mere *hommes de lettres*, they are *maîtres à penser*.

Haroun's quest, in *Meursault contre-enquête*, might be prompted by the inequities of a staunch colonial system (which obliterated his late brother's identity), but it takes on greater significance: it is about freedom, the negotiation with all structures of power (including his embittered, emasculating mother), the constant vigilance that is required to fulfil one's human destiny. By resorting to the vocative, Haroun puts the reader on the spot, coercing them into the roles of arbiter, judge, witness, or historian. There is no escape, no possibility of extricating oneself from what Sartre used to refer to as the burden of responsibility. Which lies in understanding how personal destiny and collective destiny are intertwined, in bringing this into awareness, in fostering a sense of collective destiny beyond one's individual story. This is when the fruitful encounter between aesthetics and ethics takes on its full significance; what is achieved is poetic/*poethic* justice – if nothing else.

Both authors seek to reframe mourning in ethical terms, construing it as a critical engagement with the enigma of those who died unnecessarily – and, to add insult to injury, were deprived of their dignity, reduced to anonymity; as a grappling with the enigma of loss, too; as coming to terms with the impossibility of surviving. Both authors seem anxious to leave the wounds open, to let them bleed through every page, every column, every speech, so that the stain remains. Both authors – whether in a consciously Derridean fashion or not – rethink mourning as an act of resistance, a form of activism, against the normative, official rituals of commemoration, and their fallacious closure. Daoud also shows us that vengeance does not give rise to justice.

Daoud's narrator and many a narrator in Modiano's novels lead detective-like investigations, scrupulously collecting clues and testimonies. In Modiano, crime and mystery create a particularly eerie climate in which the elusive, multi-layered and fugal plot unfolds. The mystery deepens, often culminating in a tragic ending: traces and cryptic allusions

blend into each other, thickening the phantasmagoric and alternately wistful and threatening atmosphere of a typically Modianesque Paris. The *excipit* of a Modiano novel is always puzzling, leaving one with a feeling of confusion, as if there was a *parti pris* in favour of deepening the mystery rather than solving it: for there is no solution. Ever. We only have a dim idea of what actually happened or when – and many crucial details are omitted. But none of this feels like a literary contrivance, and readers are left haunted by the cityscape Modiano paints in chiaroscuro strokes.

We are drawn into the tangled webs of the narrators' and characters' dilemmas and duties. In both Modiano and Daoud, the boundaries between fact and fiction are blurred; as are those between good and evil.

Despite its inconclusiveness, or perhaps because of it, the ongoing investigation draws attention to the heuristic value of literature. Certainly, our business as critics is to relish the ambiguity that writing can cultivate.

Both authors examine how fiction can play a role in probing history – past *and* present. As we grapple with ethical dilemmas and witness lives thwarted by trauma, Modiano and Daoud can help shake off our complacency. Let us rethink the pressing question of responsibility with respect to the refugees – how responsibility can be fostered and exercised. As I write these lines, Cynthia Fleury's latest book, *Les Irremplaçables*, is being debated in the French media: her concept of irreplaceability is interlocked with that of individuation which is essentially relational, thus ethical.

Modiano, Daoud and others – Derrida, of course, and Nabile Farès (who taught me post-colonial literature), and Assia Djebar, the champion of women's rights who died last February – aim at reclaiming the dislocations that tear their characters apart, thus delineating ethical ways of securing a space for difference, elaborating strategies to address injustice without falling back on the simplifying tropes of victimization, and challenging cosy national and nationalist myths. By encouraging deeper understanding of the legacy of the Occupation, of colonialization and decolonization – which involves recognition of the impossibility to truly understand them – they forge a poethics or aesthetics beyond facile and futile consolations. If anything, repudiating consolation is a *sine qua non*.

Notwithstanding their outstanding literary endeavours, both Modiano and Daoud help France in her soul-searching journey into its

darkest history, in her awkward attempt to look at herself in the mirror, not to be narcissistic, but altruistic and penitent; a country that was (still is...) so reluctant to expiate its sins. It is for each of us to take up the investigation – not only of those dark eras of our national histories but also of all those examples of injustice that surround us in the here and now. Modiano and Daoud's novels have cross-cultural significance; they are about our humanity, a humanity which may be frail (all too frail...) yet resilient: it is not about reinventing heroism; rather, it is about the value of rebellion and relativism, empathy, and – last but not least – the superiority of questions over answers. That is what literature is: a space for interrogation – that is what Daoud found in Camus – for creating a resonance chamber for far-reaching ideas and ideals. Recalling Stendhal's definition of the novel as 'a bow' and the reader's soul as 'the body of the violin which gives back the sounds', then it is to be hoped, for the sake of those great writers and the ideals they uphold, that we, stringed (sometimes even highly strung...?!) instruments, will play as many tunes (mournful, threnodic, but not only) as we can, *ad libitum*, *ad perpetuum*. As a violinist, Shlomo would have liked that.

**REVIEW OF CHRISTOPHER PENN'S,
THE NICHOLAS BROTHERS & A. T. W. PENN
PHOTOGRAPHERS OF SOUTH INDIA 1855-1885
(Quaritch, London 2014)**

*By Dr Sophie Gordon, Senior Curator of Photographs, Royal Collection Trust.
Originally published in Chowkidar, Journal of the British Association
for Cemeteries in South Asia*

The author, Christopher Penn, published in 2008 a moving account of his discovery that an ancestor, Albert T.W. Penn, was an accomplished photographer working in India in the second half of the nineteenth century. This new publication, which moves far beyond family history, is a thorough and much-needed investigation into the lives and work of two professional photographers: his ancestor, Albert Penn and a contemporary, James Perratt Nicholas. Perhaps because they worked in southern India, away from the commercial centres of Bombay and Calcutta, these two important photographers have been hitherto neglected but this volume goes a long way to rectify that.

An introduction sets the scene in India, presenting the state of photography in both Britain and in India, and brings our focus on to Ooty (Ootacamund) in the Nilgiri Mountains, where both photographers were based. There follow eight abundantly illustrated chapters exploring the lives of Penn and Nicholas, and their colour plates.

The Nicholas brothers, John and James, were to establish a studio in Madras in c.1858, with a second branch in Ooty. They quickly became known, through their portraiture work, exhibitions and their connection with the Photographic Society, as the leading professional photographers in the south. They were well connected (James's wife was the daughter of the man who established the booksellers Higginbotham's) and their business expanded in the 1860s. In 1864 they took on the young A.T.W. Penn who had just arrived in India aged only fifteen and a half. The following year Penn moved to Ooty and was to remain there, running the photographic business well into the early twentieth century.

Throughout the 1860s, the firm Nicholas Brothers expanded rapidly, increasing its stock of views to cover Madras, Coonoor, Bangalore and Calicut as well as portraits of notable individuals and ethnographic studies. This continued even after the departure of John Nicholas in 1866, after which JP Nicholas ran the business alone. The author has conducted meticulous research in museums, libraries and archives in several countries, painstakingly identifying photographs potentially taken by Nicholas or Penn and then working out from inventories, inscriptions on the photographs, newspaper advertisements and other ephemeral material if they can be attributed to his two photographers. This level of detailed research is rare within the history of photography, where it is not uncommon to find photographs dated to sometime within a couple of decades. Here the author's dedication is evident, as it is painstaking work and the results will serve as a valuable reference for future historians. The history of the two studios is followed until the deaths of the two photographers: 1895 in the case of Nicholas, and 1924 for Penn.

Such close attention to the running of the businesses provides a very rare glimpse into the role played by a photographic studio in British society during the Raj. We see how important photography was as a way of communicating with Britain and how portraits and landscapes both helped people feel at home in India by keeping memories fresh and alive, as well as feeding a desire for news and information about the

country. The author also focuses on the art and artistry involved in many of the photographs, drawing comparisons with leading professional and government photographers, including E.D. Lyon, Samuel Bourne and W.W. Hooper.

Gradually, through the telling of this detailed yet very readable story, we slowly put together a complete picture of what it was like to work as a photographer in India. Perhaps because of the personal connections, this is more than just a reliable, well-researched biography; we move from individual details, such as the tragic death of Penn's young son aged fifteen months, to broad context involving governors, politics and current affairs, and the story is the richer for it.

Since producing this book, the author has self-published a further volume (*The Herklots Folder of Photographs*, 2014, 154pp., 74 plates) concentrating on a recently-discovered portfolio of nineteenth-century photographs of Coonoor and the Nilgiris. The photographer of these photographs remains unidentified, but he speculates that the important figure of Dr Alexander Hunter, the principal of the Madras School of Arts, may have had a hand in the production of the photographs or their compilation. This shows that for the author, despite having produced a comprehensive account of the work of Penn and Nicholas, the exploration of photography in India continues, and that can only be a good thing.

THE 'GOOD OLD DAYS' (1955-1958)

John M.D. Rogers

The arrival of *The Brazen Nose* always brings on a twinge of guilt that I have not done enough to keep in touch with my contemporaries, or, indeed, with BNC itself. So this year I make a conscious effort to drag up reminiscences of my time at BNC in the 1950s.

I did my national service (RAF) before coming up, which gave me skills in typing and shorthand, but little time for study. Consequently, the least said the better about my academic attainments, though Maurice did give me an A- for Latin prose, and I did manage a degree in the end, thanks in part to Lesley Styler.

My first year in College was in the corner of the New Quad, where I shared rooms with Alan Cowling (PPE, 1955). We often ran together

along the Cherwell, past the wonderful old college barges along the Isis, and back through Christ Church Meadows. Alan was more determined than I to make a social mark at university. He won a half blue at Judo, and became a prominent member of the Uni Art Society. My only claim to any sort of 'fame' was to exhibit a table cloth I had embroidered during evenings in my RAF barracks, for an exhibition put on by that same society, and to help prove that a site near Charlbury was Iron Age, not Civil War.

Because I shared a room in my first year, I was privileged to spend my second year on staircase 8, next to the Hall, which was very handy! This had a large L-shaped lounge and a long bedroom, both with windows on to Deer Park. I was a member of the John Wesley Society. A group of us met on Sunday afternoons in each other's rooms. One Sunday we met in my rooms, and an exuberant, blonde young nurse from the Radcliffe breezed in, flung open the window, leaned out and announced to the world, "what fun, John! You've got a separate bedroom!" It took a while to live that down!

I went to Jesus College for Mr. Griffith's lectures on the satirical (and bawdy) Latin poet, Juvenal. He felt inhibited when lady students were present, but despite being warned, some ten or a dozen were at his first lecture. One by one they fell away, until, to his delight, the last one departed. "At last: now I can call a spado a spado!"

I took Greek Sculpture as a subsidiary subject with the great Professor Sir John Beazley at the Ashmoleum. He was stone deaf, but invariably asked, "any questions?" at the end of his lectures. We soon learned it was pointless to try. One day he offered tickets to a lecture at the Royal Geographical Society in London on Persian Art, hosted by the then Persian Ambassador and his wife Mme. Sohaili. This was the first and only time I have been announced at a function by a flunky! Right in front of me sat Andre Gromyko, then Soviet Ambassador to Britain. The good Professor invited all his students in turn to dine at Christ Church – then the Holy Grail of undergraduate dining. He had a little notebook and pencil by him, so some conversation was possible. And it was in the Senior Common Room afterwards that I experienced the traditional 'passing of the port'.

One of the attractions at Oxford, no matter which faculty you belonged to, was a lecture by the myopic, eccentric, but brilliant Canon Jenkins at Christ Church. BNCs Bible Scholar at the time was a younger

eccentric, I felt straight out of the 18th Century, J.V. Stewart. I attended evensong pretty regularly (as, I am sure, present members do). Not infrequently we would be the only two in Chapel, when I would read the lesson, and he would share the responses. He used to call me his ‘co-respondent’. Did I hear that he later became a Bishop in Africa?¹

The groups in the John Wesley Society were assigned to a village Chapel in Oxford. ‘Our Chapel’ was at Bladon. We took a service there at the end of each term. I preached the first of some 800 sermons there. I was little disappointed at its reception by the rest of my team – the only comment was, “You were 19 minutes!”

The food at BNC was more than acceptable for the 1950s, considering that rationing had only just ended. Dinner in Hall was always an occasion. (Do people still wear their gowns?) We could buy a small book of vouchers for £1, which included values from one shilling downwards. These you could use for lunches, drinks, etc. A good lunch cost 1s, 3d (6p). By the end of term, when funds were low, Robert Stewart (History, 1954) and I would often order half a pint and two glasses. Bed and board (including cooked breakfast and dinner) cost £3, 5s a week (about 46p a day!) Maurice would invite groups of us to dine in his rooms – very special occasions. He was reputed to have the best cellar in Oxford. I coveted his gold copies of the Vaphio Cups. More Spartan, but still enjoyable, was lunch with Mr. McKie, with cider (still or sparkling). I was lucky enough that Maurice’s Cellarman/ Scout had a small cubicle on my staircase, with a kettle and a tap, which I made good use of (the tap). He coached me in how to make the perfect cup of tea. One day I noticed some empty wine bottles standing there in water. He told me that Maurice liked to collect the labels from the wine he had dispensed the night before, and pasted them in a book alongside the names of his guests. This idea appealed to me, and I decided to do the same. Sadly, my resolve eventually petered out, but I still have my book, and the first entry shows that John J. Rowe and I bought a bottle of Niersteiner Gutes Domtal, 1953, which we shared with a homesick German girl, Maria Greiffenhagen. I wonder if Maurice’s book survives – it might make interesting perusal.

When in Oxford I bumped (literally) into two celebrities. One was the notable theologian, Professor C.H. Dodd. We ‘met’ as I was hurrying round the corner onto the Broad from St Giles. I was 6’4”;

1 John Vernon Stewart served as a Priest in Ghana and Madagascar in the 1960s before becoming Vicar of Sibford Gower with Sibford Ferris and finally, Rector of the Brasenose living of Northholt.

small old man. He fell over, and apologised. The other was that remarkable artist, Sir Stanley Spencer – a strange man with pebble glasses. This time I was hurrying up Maurice’s staircase for a tutorial. He was hurrying down. On the table in Maurice’s room was the small pencil portrait of Maurice he had been working on. Was I one of the first to see this masterpiece?

One summer vacation, a group of us decided to walk Hadrian’s Wall from coast to coast, west to east. The quintet consisted of myself, Alan Cowling, Richard Askew, Michael McCarthy and Scott Downes Hamilton Jnr., a Rhodes Scholar. He was a delightful American, a quiet gentleman, very particular, an obsessive planner of time and destination. His fiancée came over, and he planned a tour of Oxford for her down to the last minute, only to be completely flummoxed when he found that Trinity (for which he’d allowed seven minutes) was closed. He had studied architecture under Frank Lloyd Wright at ‘Taliesin West’, which meant nothing to me, until I was later living in Llandudno, which has a Taliesin Street (Taliesin being a notable early Welsh poet). Of course Wright had Welsh ancestry.

This was a serious expedition – we did our homework and discovered many interesting things off the beaten track, including a Roman well, still working, in a farmhouse kitchen. We took three days to complete the walk, sleeping in small tents and feeding off the land, so to speak. I thought it might be fun to do the walk in character, and hired a Centurion’s outfit from the RSC in Stafford. I wore it for the first day, but in the hot summer sun it was intolerable, and was hastily jettisoned. Near Brampton my contemporaries cooled themselves in the river Irthing. None of them had bathing trunks, but preserved their modesty (more or less) with the giant leaves of ‘wild rhubarb’. I have a photo of them all somewhere, striking a pose! We arrived at Newcastle tired and smelly, and were grateful for the public showers in the main station. Scott carried in his rucksack full evening wear, for, after the trek, he had two days to hitch-hike to a dinner date with Robert Shackleton on the French Riviera.

The Christian Student Movements in Oxford and Heidelberg had an annual exchange to do some ‘good works’. In 1956 it was Heidelberg’s turn to come to Britain. About 15 of us from each university went to work on a brand new housing estate in Bristol (Hartcliffe). One of our main tasks was to dig over and tidy up the gardens of pensioners who were not able to do it themselves. We made some good friends among the

Germans, including Uli Flad, Hans-Herman Rohrbach and Christoph Bulst, who, when I was visiting my fiancée in Fulda that Christmas, arranged for me to spend the weekend in Heidelberg University. Do these exchanges still happen? Hans and Christoph both came to BNC after graduating. Sadly both were lost, together with almost the whole Heidelberg Archaeological Faculty when, on their way to study an excavation in Turkey, their plane crashed near Ankara.

1956 was a big year in Oxford. We had the visit of the volatile Khrushchev with his straight man, Bulganin, after the debunking of Stalin. They were welcomed by large crowds as they waved to us from the steps of the Clarendon Building. Gossip later circulated that Khrushchev declared Epstein's Lazarus, of which New College was so proud, to be 'decadent rubbish'. This entente was short lived. The Suez fiasco later turned out to be the distraction which allowed the Soviets to put down the Hungarian uprising with great cruelty. We heard the heart-rending, desperate plea of Imre Nagy for help over the radio. The tragedy, however, eventually showed Oxford at its very best, and there was a spontaneous movement to raise funds for Hungarian students, who had fled the country, to study at Oxford. JCRs met to decide what action to take. At BNC it was unanimously agreed that we must help. Someone asked, "What are the other colleges doing?"

"Well, The House is giving £50; Jesus is giving £25". Whereupon a deep black voice from the back of the room boomed, "If it's good enough for Jesus, it's good enough for me!" That same year A.A. Milne died. I bought his own signed copy of a little known work in a very limited edition – *When I Was Very Young* – which cost me 12s, 16d (62p) at Parkers in the Broad.

Small groups of us got together for annual occasions, such as charging along the towpath for Torpids and Eights. Walking long distances was popular: Oxford to Cambridge; Charing Cross to Carfax. I believe someone actually drove a golf ball over the latter distance! I tried to walk from Oxford to my home in the Midlands (some 65 miles) but had to give up after about 50, and phoned for help. On such occasions, one is grateful for one's Dad.

One outing took a group of us to London – Robert Steward, Paul from Macclesfield, and several ladies, including my fiancée, Sonja. We stood by Barnes Bridge for the Boat Race (Oxford lost by two lengths), and went to see Margaret Lockwood in *The Mousetrap*. She was the

big attraction, of course, but fate had it that on ‘our night’, she was ‘indisposed’. Such are the tragedies of the young (to quote Milne).

We were well looked after by our scouts. Mine in year two was Bert King, a friendly and loyal soul, who also officiated at my degree ceremonies. He walked with a severe limp – a relic of the First World War. The College owes a great deal to such people.

Things have changed in many ways since the 1950s. Today’s residents can be thankful for the *mod-cons* which we so lacked. There was no water or other facilities on the staircases, and many a trip was taken in the night and all weathers, (and in pyjamas) to the remote ablutions block. But thankfully, much, too, has remained not least the warmth and friendliness of this College family.

In the last few years, I have greatly enjoyed coming back to BNC with my children and friends, and sharing my experiences here with them. Last year my family and I stayed overnight and breakfasted in Hall for my 80th birthday. My son was able to stay in my old room on staircase 8. It took me back 60 years. I’m glad to report that the essential BNC is alive and well, and a credit to those at the helm today. Floreat BNC!

THE RAINY CITY EXILES: BNC’S OWN SKIFFLE PHENOMENON!

By Colin Rogers

The skiffle craze of the 1950s was as exciting as it was ephemeral, and even BNC was not immune to its attractions. Wikipedia attributes its growth in popularity to Lonnie Donegan’s Skiffle Group (an offshoot of Chris Barber’s traditional jazz band) which, “transformed the fortunes of skiffle in the UK in late 1955” with Top 20 hits such as ‘Rock Island Line’ and ‘John Henry’. Later, the article comments that “the skiffle craze was largely over by 1958”, calling it “a grassroots amateur movement particularly popular among working class males who could cheaply buy, improvise, or build their own instruments and who have been seen as reacting against the drab austerity of post-war Britain”.

Amateur it certainly was, being one of the few musical genres which allowed novices to become accepted, if not acceptable, performers almost in the blink of an eye – with minimal exertion, one might say. The instruments required were fairly basic – a voice, at least one guitar, one washboard and/or tea-chest bass (whose notational accuracy is best

described as having musical licence, but was at least one step up from a washboard), and so little knowledge of music as not to deter even the most reluctant. Not an augmented or a diminished in sight and nothing outside four beats to the bar.

The three members of BNC's own skiffle group fitted exactly the time frame and modest musical requirement of the Wikipedia article. They came up in 1955 unknown to each other, and having little prior experience. One was found even tuning his newly acquired guitar to play a triad chord with all six strings open! Another had a wondrous instrument called a 'banjulele' but also, as if to compensate, a voice that could bounce tunefully round the most staid quadrangle. It is not known how far the third, the washboard player, had been developed before coming up - it is unlikely to have been on the curriculum at Manchester Grammar School. Their performing days were indeed largely over by the time they graduated in 1958; and they were all first generation university lads from around Manchester.

Vocals and guitar was Dudley Harrop (English Lang. and Lit. 1955, William Hulme G.S. Manchester); lead guitarist was Colin Rogers (Modern History 1955, Bury G.S.); and the multi-talented washboard player, who doubled on tea-chest bass, was Bob Senior (Literae Humaniores 1955, Manchester G.S.), sadly no longer with us. There is no record of how they met but Dudley was clearly the pied piper, the catalyst, in whose rooms they came together to form a skiffle group shortly after the Easter vacation of 1956. After playing at a number of Oxford parties throughout Trinity term, including some punting sessions during Eights week, they returned to Manchester for the summer vacation. Here they performed at jazz clubs (including that renowned venue The Thatched House on Market Street), at Bury, and Cheadle Hulme. By that time, playing on the mythical meteorological propensities of the area, they had become 'The Rainy City Exiles'.

On a Sunday morning in July 1956 the Exiles made their first recording in an amateur studio in south Manchester. The playlist included numerous popular skiffle numbers such as 'Take this hammer', 'Down by the riverside', 'John Henry', 'Midnight Special'. Shortly afterwards lead singer Dudley was featured in 'Solo Spot' in the *Manchester Evening News*, which concluded: "You can hear jazz with an Oxford accent tomorrow when the Exiles play at the Vieux Carré Jazz Club." (Well, one of them did have a cut-glass accent!)

Their songs were, at first, all derived from African-American music. Inspiration, as well as information, about such music came from the work of Alan Lomax, who at that time was recording American folk songs for the US Library of Congress. These records were on sale in Oxford, and the Exiles spent many happy hours in listening booths, translating the original, authentic, but inimitable sounds into chords they could play and words they could understand. 'House of the Rising Sun' went down well, long before the Animals' version, and another classic was 'Down and Out', recorded by Bessie Smith only a few days before the Wall Street crash.

In Oxford, the group played regularly (in return for free spaghetti) at the Fantasia, an Italian restaurant somewhere in the area which is now the Clarendon Shopping Centre. There is also in the archive an undated note – "BNC Friday" – addressed to Dudley confirming that the Exiles were invited to play at the forthcoming Buchan Society party. (This presumably relates to John Buchan (Lord Tweedsmuir), BNC alumnus, matriculated 1895, popular author of *The Forty-nine Steps*, and Governor General of Canada.)

In February 1957 the Exiles teamed up with a few other undergraduate musicians (Brian Ballinger, Dave Richards, Tony Winder, and Mike Blackburn) and guest singer, Jeanne Arno from St Hilda's, to put on a show for patients at the Wingfield Hospital in Headington. The event was comprehensively covered in the Oxford Times, the Oxford Mail and Cherwell: "The Exiles are the band who practice in the Parks owing to the close proximity of the Dean at BNC.... Afterwards, the Nurses entertained the undergraduates to a party where the skiffle group played "Wingfield Strut", which was specially composed for the occasion."

In the same month the Proctors, acting through the University Marshall, W. R. Skinner, gave permission for the group, then approaching a mere half way point along the road to an undergraduate degree, to hit the dizzy heights (should that be depths?) of the Oxford Union Society's cellars on a couple of occasions. Bureaucracy and skiffle – an even more unlikely meeting of minds!

In April 1957, the Exiles cut their second record, this time joined by the Setsquares, a group of Manchester University architecture students. The programme featured songs outside the standard skiffle repertoire such as 'Beale Street Blues', 'The Streets of Heaven', 'Goin' Home' and 'Water Boy'. Venues such as the Teddy Hall summer ball on 21st

June, with Nat Temple and his orchestra, demanded another assault on previous musical simplicity, with the addition of a guitar amplifier which looked more like a pre-war radio!

Already, then, the music was evolving for the trio, as a microcosm of the national skiffle movement. Many popular groups of the early sixties, like the Bee Gees and the Beatles, had cut their teeth on skiffle, and then moved on. Other instruments had joined in at the Wingfield Hospital gig, and soon the group was intrigued, and captivated, by the alien, but beautiful, recordings of Gerry Mulligan's saxophone, Chet Baker's trumpet, Dave Brubeck's piano, and the still unbelievable guitar of Django Reinhardt. Ted Lee, who had just come up to BNC, inducted them into some of the subtleties of his own guitar playing, and introduced them to an undergrad pianist Dudley Moore, and to the late Harindra Corea, son of the Singalese Ambassador in London, through whose contacts the Exiles played at a night-club in Grosvenor Square.

Lonnie Donegan himself took a different turn, maintaining his popularity, and his London roots, with such songs as 'My old man's a dustman', down which commercial and *infra dig.* path the Rainy City Exiles would not travel. Instead, their evolution was determined by impending finals, the need to earn a living wage after going down, and the inevitable diaspora in the summer of 1958, when Colin and Dudley went to teacher training in Leeds and London, while Bob remained, alone with his washboard, in his final year at Oxford.

Thus, the Rainy City Exiles' all-too brief story came to an end. It must have been great while it lasted - their grandchildren would probably call it 'awesome'.

Travel



TRAVEL

INTRODUCTION

A student at Brasenose, graduate or undergraduate, can expect outstanding tuition and supervision in the very pleasant context of a central-Oxford college. But they can also, thanks to the colossal generosity of our Old Members, look forward to pursuing their studies in other, more exotic places. Every year the College Travel Awards and the Annual Fund transport Brasenose students to youth hostels, conferences, research centres and wildernesses across the globe, and it is often a formative moment in their private or professional lives. We publish here a selection of the reports we ask recipients of these awards to provide, but they are a very small sample of the trips our students have embarked upon this year. Let me try to convey the variety of things these funds facilitate.

Sozos Michaelides, approaching submission of his doctorate in Zoology, addressed a conference in Lausanne on the topic of alien lizards, making important contacts within the profession and eating lots of Swiss chocolate. Andrea Haensele spent the summer at the laboratory of Professor Susan Lea, formerly of Brasenose, in the Sir William Dunn School of Pathology, studying the interactions of the bacterium responsible for Lyme Disease with host proteins, and hopefully contributing to the ultimate discovery of a drug to combat this very unpleasant condition. Aditi Krishna Dave travelled to the Palaeolithic site of Riparo Mochi in Italy, collecting sediments which, once dated back in Oxford by luminescence techniques, will contribute to a chronological framework for the Middle Palaeolithic occupation of the site. Abi Boyce, meanwhile, zoomed around Vietnam on a moped.

Abigail Bradshaw, an Experimental Psychology student, spent a four-week internship with Oakleaf, a mental-health charity particularly concerned with helping people back into work: the Annual Fund covered Abigail's travel expenses to Oakleaf's base in Guildford. Ananya Renuka Balakrishna, a doctoral student in Engineering Science, was able to present her work in nanoscale electronics to an appreciative audience at a conference in Colorado Springs on smart materials and structures. Andrew Linden spent what sounds like a glorious month in Indonesia, diving, spotting Komodo dragons and orangutans, and visiting Javanese temples. Claudia Neuschulz interviewed local officials, and representatives of international donor institutions, concerned with

water infrastructure in Bulgaria. Alicia Broggi visited the Harry Ransom Center at the University of Texas in Austin, which holds the papers of the author and Nobel laureate J. M. Coetzee, on which she is writing a doctorate.

I am still barely scraping the surface, and I could happily go on for another three pages. Instead, I encourage you to read the words of some recipients of these awards. The immense benefit our students derive from the opportunities that your generosity enables is palpable in every report.

TRAVELS IN THE PHILIPPINES

By Robert Slinn (PGCE History, 2015)

Philippines – the land I love! Whilst Dan Brown may describe Manila as “the gates of hell”, I have a strange and very fond attachment to this country. The warmth and smiles of the population are hard to forget and Filipino hospitality is second-to-none. In many ways it is “More Fun in the Philippines”, as the country’s tourist board would have us believe.

I spent a very happy year in 2013 as a staff member for an international NGO, working on health education projects in Hagonoy, Bulacan. Whilst my work predominantly focused on engagement with the city’s youth, I became more and more interested in what I saw as the hidden community – Hagonoy’s blind and visually impaired residents. They were incredibly difficult to reach, with many remaining in their homes. Some simply did not have the money or capacity to interact with the wider community. Others were kept at home by their families, due to the stigma that blindness has amongst some local residents. This situation was clearly limiting opportunities for the local blind community. I had previously seen first-hand the successes of programmes that focused on the empowerment of blind people, and so was convinced that something more could and should be done.

This feeling stayed with me throughout my year in the Philippines, and remained a niggle at the back of my head long into the start of my studies in Oxford. I continued to speak at length with local colleagues back in the Philippines and began to explore the existing services for blind people that operate in the country. Much useful information was

gleaned, but it soon became apparent that trying to gather information and communicate with contacts from afar was challenging.

Thus, I applied for a grant from the Windlesham Fund, in the hope that I would be able to travel to the Philippines to carry out more research and to network. I was delighted when this funding was given – I set about clearing my schedule for the Easter break and booked my flight back to Manila.

My main port of call was Resources for the Blind, an organisation based in the heart of the capital city. Resources for the Blind runs nationwide vocational training for blind people and also advises teachers who work with visually impaired learners. In addition, the Manila office provides a Braille translation service for many of the city's blind university students. I was warmly welcomed by the staff team and was highly impressed by their professionalism and dedication. It was, however, disheartening to see the limited resources that the centre had. Staff were relying on old Braille machines and had a very limited selection of tactile learning resources and electronic reading devices – a far cry from the technology that many British visually impaired people have access to.

I talked in depth with the local staff and together we identified areas in which I could help. It was clear that many of the resources that were readily available in the UK could make a great difference to the lives of the organisation's clients. We set about forming a wish list and with that, I returned back to the UK.

Since last Easter, I have started the long process of meeting these resource needs. I am currently gathering educational resources and technologies from European-based organisations. Many of these organisations have been very generous and slowly but surely I am on the way to meeting some of the resource needs highlighted by my Filipino partners. I will also be running the London Marathon in 2016 in order to raise funds to purchase further items. I hope that by the end of next year Resources for the Blind will have a larger, more sophisticated array of resources and technologies on offer. That will certainly be a good motivating factor during Mile 26...

I wish to thank all those involved with the Windlesham Fund for their support in this venture. It would have not been possible to undertake this work without the generosity of Brasenose College and its donors.

INK AND WATER

By Syed Ali Asad Rizvi

“A battle between ink and water”, that’s how my friend explained to me the philosophy behind Chinese calligraphy as we stood in the Ancient scrolls section of The Shanghai Museum. I was in China on a trip arranged by some DPhil friends from Oxford who were studying modern Chinese society. For some reason I saw that battle playing out everywhere I went in China. In the incubators and tech hubs in Chengdu, I saw this battle play out for entrepreneurs as they balance between the competing desires of innovating for the tech demands of the enormous local Chinese market and competing with international companies in the global arena. I met social entrepreneurs who are trying to implement social change while ironically desiring funding from the government at the root of some of those social issues. In the large universities in Beijing, I again saw this battle played out as academics try to grapple with the many conflicting philosophies in play as China comes to terms with the complexities of capitalism in a communist society. Chinese universities are trying to attract foreign academics in a bid to become internationally competitive yet they battle with constraints on how much freedom and critique can actually be made about the country around them. I met artists and modern dancers who believe that censorship of certain expression is fundamentally important to Chinese society. I met students fundamentally at ease with the idea of social inequality: “You have to grow the pie before you talk about distributing it equally”, and this sentiment was espoused by the rich and the poor, not only about the economy but in some sense about the environment – that the environment must suffer a bit before we can start to clean it again. The battle is everywhere but for me the smog in China is the ultimate battle between ink and water; the grey background against which the country comes to terms with the many intricacies of its constant philosophical evolution. But I sincerely hope that as these battles settle themselves China will find itself a country to look up to rather than a cautionary tale to avoid.

My trip to China was made possible by the generous support from the Michael Woods Travel Grant from Brasenose College, without which I wouldn't have been able to experience first-hand the amazing complexity that is modern China.



*40 years of women in College was celebrated
with a series of events including a debate in Oxford Town Hall.
Credit: Studio Blanco*



*Lieutenant Bob Brandt, Classics Fellow at Brasenose
1910-1913, lost in the Great War, 6 July 1915.*



The Brazen Squires... founded in 1974 'to maintain the male traditions of BNC'.



A wayside scene, basketmakers, Kullar from The Nicholas Brothers & ATW Penn, Photographers of South India 1855-1885 by Christopher Penn (Quaritch, 2014).



*Trichinopoly, the Rock and Tank from the old gateway, c. 1870 from The Nicholas Brothers
& ATW Penn, Photographers of South India 1855-1885
by Christopher Penn (Quaritch, 2014).*



Robert Slinn (2015) working to provide resources for the blind in the Philippines and (above) a view of the city of Hagonoy.



Alastair Graves attempts to walk across Iceland.



An image from Edward Lavender's week long course for first year biologists in Pembroke, Wales.

EXPEDITION TO ICELAND

By Alastair Graves

For nearly a year an imagined snippet of conversation had been floating around my head. ‘Did you do anything interesting over the summer?’ they’d say. ‘Not really,’ would be my reply, ‘just walked across Iceland.’ There’d be a moment while they digested the meaning of this short statement before a look of shock and admiration would take hold and, feeling immensely satisfied, I’d launch into a great tale of exploration, self-discovery and determination. Only that’s not quite how it turned out. Here is the tale.

In mid-July, I led eleven students from the Oxford University Officer Training Corps to Iceland with the ambitious goal of trekking 500 kilometres, unsupported, from the northern to southernmost points in 23 days.

But as the 500 flapjacks, 250 energy bars and 750 freeze-dried meals were distributed at the start of the expedition the scale of our ambition really hit home. Tentative shoulders received their first experience of the 35kg packs and brave smiles and quips of “not that heavy” masked a growing feeling of apprehension of what lay ahead. Our final night in the UK, already shortened by a long packing session, was occupied by nerves and excitement.

A plane and three buses and two minibuses later we reached the most northerly point of Iceland. In actual fact, the rough 4x4 track passed 3km short and there was a quick cross-county jaunt required to reach the coast at Rifstangi. It was a poignant moment as we stared north across the dark ocean and towards the Arctic Circle that lay just 3km away. It had been a monumental journey just to get here; the organisation and planning had overcome some sizable hurdles and consumed the best part of 10 months and 700-odd emails and phone calls. Yet the real journey was just beginning: ahead of us lay 500km of challenging trekking with bags that already felt to have doubled in weight. There were a few hurried and rain-blurred photographs before we turned our back on the Arctic Ocean and took our first steps south.

Several constants characterised our first days of walking. The first was rain: Iceland is infamous for its summer drizzle and we were almost constantly damp for the first week. It peaked on the fifth day as we gazed in awe at Dettifoss, Europe’s most powerful waterfall, and couldn’t

distinguish between the rain and spray. Our tents were heavy with the extra weight of the wet canvas and exaggerated the second constant: the weight of our packs. With full supplies of water, mine weighed just under two thirds of my bodyweight and I needed help just lifting it; though the happy fact soon emerged that our packs decreased by 700g each day, which made eating all the more pleasurable. Countering this, however, was the unhappy fact that carrying full supplies of water was often necessary. Ironic as it was given the vast quantities of water falling from the sky, we had real difficulty in finding it to drink. That our freeze-dried meals depended on the addition of boiling water only served to exacerbate the problem and we spent much time scanning maps for possible ponds and lakes and then pumping away with filters to remove the glacial sediment.

In some senses, we were saved by the third constant of that initial period: the cold. There was definitely no danger of dehydration, though the average temperature of 4°C was a far cry from the 15°C that was historically expected at this time of year. We were to discover later that this had been Iceland's worst summer for forty years and the snow we received on the sixth night was, in our minds at least, solid evidence of this.

On the viciously wet and windy eighth day we reached Lake Mývatn after 175km of hard walking. In the village of Reykjahlíð (literally 'smoky town,' in honour of the countless plumes of geothermal steam that surrounded the houses) we found a tourist office and ranger station and enquired about the weather forecast for the days to come. It wasn't good news. They were predicting it to get 'wetter, windier and colder' with rivers in spate and snow expected on higher ground. With the next ten days of our route climbing into and over the Central Highlands we were advised, in no uncertain terms, that it would be dangerous to continue.

There have been many wise words spoken in the past about such situations. Indeed, the great explorer Sir Ernest Shackleton justified his failure to reach the South Pole in 1909 with the line "better a live donkey than a dead lion." I can't and won't claim that a student summer holiday, albeit a rather adventurous one, is comparable to such a pinnacle of human exploration, but Shackleton's words were certainly on my mind as I decided what we would do next. In some ways it was the easiest decision I will ever make: it would have been foolhardy and

frankly irresponsible to put the group in danger by continuing into the wintery mountains. But simultaneously there was that drive to complete a goal we had set ourselves all those months before and the many hours of dedicated preparation. There were the previous eight days of hard work and endurance, lugging heavy packs over featureless tundra in devout dedication to the unwavering black needle of the compass. And there was ultimately that terrifying 'F' word feared by mountaineers and explorers alike; what would we say when we returned home having 'Failed?'

Determined that this would not be a decision to regret, we spent a full day planning how to make the most of our time in Iceland. The weather was forecast to be bad for the entire country and our only available means of transport were buses and our own two feet. But the former were expensive, limited in frequency and flexibility, ran only between the main settlements. Not much good for a group of students wanting to see Iceland at its best. That left walking.

We spent a week in and around the aforementioned town of Akureyri, doing wet daywalks and ticking off a couple of peaks. Having exhausted all possibilities in this area we managed to negotiate a lift to the south, specifically the Reykjanes peninsular. Our initial desire had been simply to miss out the treacherous Central Highlands and complete the southern half of the original route, but such was the severity of the weather that this, including the famous Laugvegur trail, was smothered in snow and thus impassable. Instead we focussed on another long distance route, the Reykjavegur, which runs east to west along the Reykjanes peninsular, with views of Reykjavik to the north and the Atlantic Ocean to the south.

Two of the constants of the first week were now significantly diminished: it rained just once and our bags were by now far lighter, though still hovering around the 20kg mark. There was still a severe shortage of water, however, and now, as the sun finally emerged and the temperature reached double figures for the first time, dehydration was a real danger. We were able to fill up, on average, once every two days, and were forced to carry 200 litres between the group. The scenery was, like the rest of Iceland, more 'striking' than beautiful, but there were several breathless moments as the views finally rose to meet our lofty expectations. It was a superb eight days' walking that saw us lounging in hot springs, summiting volcanoes and marvelling at the scale of gnarled and ancient lava fields.

It was also an excellent way to conclude the expedition. There followed a day of recovery and sight-seeing in Reykjavik before another early morning flight and bus, this time to London and Oxford respectively. I could reel off clichés about wistful thoughts as the aeroplane lifted gently into the air and left Iceland, but it would not be true; in reality, we were too shattered for such grandeur. It was only a few days later, lying in bed at home, that I was able to gather my thoughts on the trip as a whole.

We were challenged beyond all expectations. The first eight days had seen non-stop rain, low temperatures and strong winds. Between the group we were carrying over 400kg and plodding across featureless tundra for hours every day. The maps were misleading and at times inaccurate and we struggled endlessly to find drinking water. Nevertheless, one metaphorical mountain rose above all the others that we had climbed. Picking ourselves up after abandoning the trans-Iceland goal was one of the hardest things any of us had ever done. But we did it. After Lake Mývatn we walked a further 250km and climbed over 6,000m, completing the eight-day Reykjavegur trek and claiming several peaks. The group was magnificent in their ability to “keep bugging on” (in the elegant words of Winston Churchill) and we achieved far more than I ever thought possible.

And as for the inevitable question of returning to Iceland, well, I don't think that's even deserving of an answer!

MERIDA

By Francesca Anthony

As a Classical Archaeologist I feel it is important that I excavate in places across the Roman Empire to fully understand the breadth of the cultures encompassed under the umbrella of ‘Romanisation’. Therefore I was extremely lucky in July to get the opportunity to take part in an archaeological course in Merida in Spain; Merida being the Roman city of *Emerita Augusta*, the capital of the province *Lusitania*. Having never been to Spain before this was both a chance to experience a completely new country and see some of the best preserved ruins in the world.

The course was without a doubt some of the best weeks of my life. For archaeologists we were utterly spoilt, for the town kindly provided us with brand new student accommodation and a chef, who made a vast

variety of local dishes allowing us to gain a full appreciation of Spanish cuisine. I particularly fell in love with the paella. I made many close friends amongst my housemates and some of our dinner conversations were truly unforgettable.

The excavation itself took place inside the imperial amphitheatre and theatre complex. The theatre is a stunning marble edifice, with the original columns still standing. One evening we were lucky enough to watch a performance of *Caesar and Cleopatra* in this theatre, which gave me an appreciation for the scale of Roman architecture. I was working on the remains of the peristyle. This was a fascinating area because it sat above a section of water works; one of my jobs was to help uncover a Roman lead pipe. My favourite find of the excavation was a full Visigothic dog skeleton that still had the remains of a bronze and leather collar in place, suggesting that this was a loved pet rather than a stray. The supervisors in my trench did not speak fluent English, but instead of being a problem this encouraged everyone to advance their language skills.

The course was made even more enjoyable because of the day trips that were offered on the weekends. We spent one day in a 2nd century AD Roman baths, relaxing at a spa which was heaven after weeks of hard digging. On another afternoon we followed an aqueduct out of the city; we were even allowed to climb down inside of it. One of the site supervisors is an expert in aqueducts so I now have a good understanding of such important civic works. One of the most memorable days was a trip a few of us took to a Roman dam, nine kilometres out of the town. Armed only with a map and swimming gear, us adventurers found our way and spent a wonderful day at the water's edge. It is extraordinary that the dam is still in perfect condition despite being roughly 2000 years old.

The weather was glorious throughout my time in Spain, although it was rumoured to have reached 50 degrees while we were there. Most days we also had lectures and classes, some of which were directly relevant to my Oxford papers. I really enjoyed learning how to professionally draw pottery for publication, a skill that I will likely be able to utilise in my career. Significantly in the Merida Museum I found several mosaics that I can use for comparison in my dissertation.

I could not be more sincere in my utmost thanks to the donors for their generosity. My month in Spain will stay with me forever and I have been smiling

while writing this report remembering the extraordinary time I had there, which would not have been possible without the Annual Fund's support.

ORIELTON FIELD COURSE 2015

Edward Lavender

I received £200 from the generous Annual Fund to go on the Orielton Field Course 2015. This is a week long course for first year Biologists in Pembroke, Wales. We spent a fantastic week in the sun, developing the fieldwork skills to analyse some of the theoretical concepts we had studied in lectures and tutorials.

During the field course, we stayed in an old manor house surrounded by magnificent grounds – lush meadows, forests, and – within running distance – the beautiful Welsh coast.

One of the best activities was on the very first day of the course, rather unexpectedly at 5am. A long term project at the Orielton Field Studies Centre is the monitoring of bird populations. Birds are caught and small, metal tags are placed on them, giving each bird an individual identification number, as well as a date of ‘ringing’ and an address. When ringed birds turn up in other places around the world, information is fed back to the original address, and in this way we can uncover aspects of their ecology and migrations.

So, I struggled out of bed on the first day at 5am, with two other overly keen biologists. But as I crawled out of the manor, it was clear those still asleep were the foolish ones. In the early morning cold, the dew was still glistening in the first rays of sunlight and the first bird songs of the day began to flow through the breeze: magical – a world apart from the city sounds of Oxford. And for a biologist, an inspiration – finally, that technical, difficult and tedious literature, coming alive. Words do no justice to the wonders of life.

Over the week, we observed and learnt the songs of many different bird species – the whistles of blue tits and great tits, the trills of wrens, and the hooting of wood pigeons, to name but a few joys. My favourite evening was spent on the coast as the sun set, watching sea birds (and a seal) nesting on the most spectacular sea stacks I have ever seen. It is one of the great pleasures of nature to see coastal birds soaring over the sea in the evening sun, watching the razorbills, guillemots, shags, cormorants

and gulls jostling for space high up on perilously steep sea stacks as the waves lap at their foundations, imaging them being eroded away in the vastness of geological time.

But birds are only a twig on the great tree of life, and we also spent an amazing day on the beach in the sun, looking at marine invertebrates in the intertidal zone; a day in the forest, studying plant communities; a day sampling insects and searching for dung beetles; and a day studying coasting ecology, all interspersed with much volleyball, many laughs, and most evenings at the local pub.

In all, a thoroughly enjoyable and thought-provoking week – seeing biology in the real world, and enjoying some of its many beauties. I am extremely grateful to the generous support from the Annual Fund, enabling me to embrace an amazing trip.

News and Notes



NEWS & NOTES

1936

Lionel Lethbridge: writes: ‘News & Notes’ normally trace the distinguished public life of BNC men, but there may be points of interest in my story. I was College Organ Scholar, and my life’s work has been in music – study and performance – teaching and publishing – organising music-making among young people. At the outbreak of the last war, I went into the army and was soon in France. During those early months, prior to our evacuation, I met a gifted French musician, also a keen organ student. Denise went through the German occupation; we linked up again after the war, and have now enjoyed 67 happy married years! With two sons at BNC!

1954

C. Paul Lloyd: married Mrs Jill Dyer at the Athenaeum in Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk in September 2015.

1955

Richard Askew: has published a book of memoirs entitled ‘Journey of a Lifetime’.

1956

Jay (formerly Jeremy) Heale: edited and co-authored a book: *Creating Books for the Young in the New South Africa - Essays on Authors and Illustrators of Children’s and Young Adult Literature*.

1957

Richard Dove: Emeritus Professor of German at the University of Greenwich, has co-authored ‘A Matter of Intelligence: MI5 and the surveillance of anti-Nazi refugees, 1933-50’. (Manchester University Press, 2015).

1965

Thomas Prag: was awarded an Honorary Fellowship of the University of the Highlands & Islands.

1966

Duncan Greenland: was awarded a CBE in the Dissolution Honours 2015.

1967

James Adams: was awarded a CBE in the Queen's Birthday Honours List 2015 for services to Latin Scholarship.

1969

Christopher Spring: was awarded a doctorate in Professional Studies by Public Works (Middlesex University) in 2015 and elected as a trustee of the Africa Centre, London. His curated exhibition 'Social Fabric; Textiles of eastern and southern Africa' toured from the British Museum to a number of UK venues and a further exhibition, 'Music, celebration and healing: the Sudanese lyre' was also held at the British Museum.

1970

Sir Paul Silk: appointed a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath in the New Year Honours for services to the Parliaments of, and devolution in, the United Kingdom.

1976

Michael Irving: has been Director and Company Secretary at Quantum Pharma Consultancy Ltd since August 2013 providing quality assurance services to the pharmaceutical industry. He has also written an ebook cycling guide: 'Tour de Yorkshire: fourteen circular rides based on the Tour de France 2014 stages 1 & 2, Yorkshire'.

1977

Stephen Juge: has become founding partner of the Washington DC office of Heenan Paris LLP, independent boutique law firm specialising in energy and natural resources in Africa.

1983

Sir Timothy Barrow: was awarded a KCMG for services to British foreign policy and interests in Russia.

1983

Sir David Ramsden: awarded a knighthood for services to Economic Policy Making.

1984

Dominic Barton: was awarded the Public Service Star (Distinguished Friends of Singapore).

1993

Simon Birt: was appointed QC.

2006

John Kimbell: was appointed QC.

2007

Nimneh Hyde: awarded the Co-op Community Service Award, Midlands Young Sports Person of the Year.

2009

Nicola Byrom: received the Queen's Young Leaders award in recognition of her contributions to improving student mental health.

2012

Henry Zeffman: awarded the 2015 Anthony Howard Award for Young Journalists.

The Brasenose Society





BRASENOSE SOCIETY REPORT

By Drusilla Gabbott (1982)

This report covers the period March 2014 to the Society's AGM on 19th September 2015.

In the past minutes of our meetings were placed in the *Brazen Nose* but we now insert a summary report, trusting this is more attractive to read. Minutes and accounts are available from the Alumni Relations & Development Office.

What is the Brasenose Society?

The Brasenose Society is BNC's alumni association. All matriculated BNC members automatically become members of the Brasenose Society once they leave. There is no membership fee.

What is the purpose of the Society?

The College's strategy is set by the Principal and Fellows. They decide what the College needs in terms of student support, outreach, development, fellowships or capital investment.

The Brasenose Society works with the Alumni & Development Office to fully understand this strategy and offer appropriate help where it can. It also represents the alumni point of view within these deliberations.

The formal 'object' of the Society is the advancement of the welfare and interest of Brasenose College by:

- Encouraging closer relations between past and present BNC Members and fostering the interests which they have in common
- Keeping members of the Society informed of alumni events in the College
- Any other methods which from time to time appear likely to achieve the Society's Object

Alumni are welcome to join the Brasenose Society Committee

The Society has a committee. New members are very welcome if they feel they would like to be active in helping the College and its students, for example by assisting with career advice or by building a livelier and more connected alumni body.

Election to the Committee is at the AGM in September and there is a nomination form enclosed with the *Brazen Nose*. If you think you might be interested in joining and would like to attend a committee meeting as an observer let us know via the Alumni Relations & Development Office.

The committee meets only three times a year. There are two evening meetings in London and one in Oxford on the day of the combined AGM and Brasenose Society dinner in September. Committee minutes and accounts are available from the Development Office.

Events arranged by the Society

The Society hosts two annual events in collaboration with the Alumni and Development Office: *The President's Summer Party*, held in June in London and the *Society Dinner* held in Oxford during the University's annual alumni weekend in September.

We also now run informal monthly drinks in London at the O&C club in Pall Mall. These are on the first Tuesday of the month from 6.30pm onward.

Report on 2014-2015 events

In 2014-15 we had a particularly active year, including arranging a special day to commemorate the admission of women in 1974 and sponsoring a special photographic project produced by the JCR.

“Into the Mix” – the 40th anniversary of mixed education commemorations, 2 May 2015

A sub-committee of Sara Jones (1974), Penny Andrews (1979), Drusilla Gabbott (1982), Jane Johnson (1987) and Alexandra Marks (1977) alongside Julia Diamantis from the College, arranged a commemorative event for the 40th anniversary of BNC admitting women.

The committee debated for some time what format the commemoration should take. There had been requests from alumnae for a more

‘meaningful’ or ‘legacy type’ project (previous commemorations had been formal dinners). This idea was supported by the Senior Tutor, Simon Smith, who is particularly concerned to assist female undergraduates in thinking through the challenges and opportunities of the job market.

We therefore planned a full commemoration day with morning and afternoon sessions: the morning a light hearted reminiscence session and the afternoon a forward looking debate. Undergraduates were invited to both.

To complement this, the Society was thrilled to be able to collaborate with undergraduates on a ‘legacy project’. The JCR had committed to producing a photographic exhibition of “Amazing BNC Alumnae”. Those who read last year’s report will recall that to conform with best practice, the Society had decided to proactively but gradually run down its small reserves of cash by spending on worthwhile causes within the constitution. We were therefore delighted to co-sponsor this exhibition alongside the College and the JCR. The Society therefore donated £2,300 to the cost of the exhibition.

After a competitive tender, Bill Knight OBE, was commissioned to take the photographs. Thanks to the sterling efforts of all concerned (especially the photographer) - all twelve portraits were completed, framed and hung in the JCR ready for viewing by those who attended the “Into the Mix” event in College on 2 May 2015. The undergraduates also completed interviews with all twelve portrait subjects and produced a booklet for the day.

The “Into the Mix” day itself on 2 May opened with a morning session in the Chapel. Professor Graham Richards (1959), Emeritus Fellow and former Vice-Principal of the College, a prime mover for women’s admission in the 1960s, gave the keynote address explaining how admission had come about.

This was followed by a chat-show style discussion of the undergraduate experience then and now. The session was entertainingly hosted by Jane Johnson (1987), with 1974 alumnae (Liz Padmore and Sara Jones) and the then JCR President, Alistair Webster QC (1973), and a group of 2014 matriculands (Orla White, Andrew Richards and Beth Jenkinson). The conversation was lively and amusing, covering changing practice on student welfare, the trials of mixed bathing and attitudes then and now.

We were pleased that two other Fellows involved in the admission of women also attended – Bernard Richards and Professor Laszlo Solymar. Thanks go to the Chaplain for the provision of the Chapel for this event.

This was followed by lunch in Hall, at which Margherita de Fraja talked briefly about the portraits project. Delegates then left by the High St Gate for Oxford Town Hall for the afternoon session.

In the afternoon, Alexandra Marks chaired a debate considering whether ‘special measures’ such as all women shortlists, quotas, diversity training, additional childcare or employment legislation are still necessary for women to fulfil their potential in the workplace. A brief introduction was made by Simon Smith.

The four panellists were Dame Julie Mellor (1976), BNC Honorary Fellow, and Parliamentary & Health Ombudsman; Sarah Jackson OBE (1977), Chief Executive of Working Families; Victoria Fea (1989), Controller of Drama at ITV; and Professor Polly Arnold (1990), Crum Brown Professor of Chemistry at the University of Edinburgh, and winner of the Royal Society Rosalind Franklin Prize. The discussion was excellent. Polly Arnold drew attention to independent research she had commissioned with practical suggestions for the advancement of women in Science (<http://chemicalimbalance.co.uk/project/watch-the-film/>). All the above sessions were recorded, and transcripts have been placed in the College archive.

At the end of the event, delegates viewed the “Amazing Women” portraits hung in the JCR, and then joined JCR and HCR members in the Cloisters for informal careers chats over drinks.

The day was hugely enjoyable, created an excellent interface between alumni and students, and attracted highly positive feedback from those who attended.

Monthly Oxford and Cambridge Club Drinks

These drinks are the brainchild of David Clark (1970), Year Rep Co-ordinator and Robert Cashmore. They run from 6.30pm in the Squash Bar and The Society puts an initial £50 behind the bar to encourage early arrivals. They have been well attended both by older alumni and very recent graduates.

The Society hopes that by holding a regular event we may particularly encourage alumni who have only just left to get together frequently. Older alumni have occasionally been able to help more recent graduates with career insight or contacts. The drinks are great fun and very social – we find all BNC generations get on well and have a lot to say to each other.

We ask people to register on the College website or Facebook site if they plan to come because rough numbers help the O&C staff the bar appropriately. However if you find yourself free on the first Tuesday of the month or are passing through London, do just turn up.

The President's Summer Party

2014–15 Society President Drusilla Gabbott hosted the formal Summer Drinks Party at the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising in Belgrave Square on 4 June. Over 100 alumni attended. In an attempt to add value to the current undergraduate body, undergraduates interested in a career in advertising or communications were invited along as guests of the President to Network with alumni who work in the communications industry and who had kindly agreed to be there to give advice. These included 'creatives' Will Awdry and Nigel Webb, and strategic luminaries Paul Walton and Rose Van Orden, as well as several others. The venue was bright and airy and we were able to take advantage of two large video screens – one of which ran photos of the previous weekend's Jesus-BNC boat race re-enactment victory on a loop, the second of which ran 100 of the best Ads ever made – a reel kindly compiled by Nigel Webb (1981). We hope thereby all tastes were satisfied.

AGM

The following officers and committee members were elected at the AGM on 19 September for the Year, September 2015 to September 2016

President: Penny Andrews (1979)

Vice President: Harry Nicholson (1982)

Secretary: Alexandra Marks (1977)

Treasurer: Nigel Bird (1969)

Annual Society Dinner

The dinner was attended by about eighty people ranging in matriculation dates through from the current JCR secretary to Mr Helmut Von Der Hyde, who matriculated in 1945. The meal was excellent.

The Dinner was the Principal and Mrs Bowman's last engagement in College before retirement. Drusilla Gabbott gave a speech thanking the Principal and Mrs Bowman for their huge contribution to the alumni network and to the College's happiness and prosperity and an Ackermann print of the Bodleian and Old Quad was presented on behalf of the Society.

THE YEAR REP SCHEME

Year Reps fulfil a vital role keeping Old Members in touch with each other and with College, and encouraging attendance at Society and College events. We are keen to recruit new Year Reps to fill existing gaps, or to supplement Year Reps who need assistance, and to replace those who would like to retire. So even if there is a Year Rep listed for your year, please do not hesitate to get in touch with David Clark (1970) or Drusilla Gabbott (1982), Year Rep Co-ordinators at david.clark@bnc.oxon.org or druisillagabbott@gmail.com for further information.

Matric	Year Rep	Contact Details	Year of Gaudy
1943	VACANT	c/o mike@rountree.net	2019, 2026
1944	VACANT	c/o mike@rountree.net	2019, 2026
1945	VACANT	c/o mike@rountree.net	2019, 2026
1946	VACANT	c/o mike@rountree.net	2019, 2026
1947	VACANT	c/o mike@rountree.net	2019, 2026
1948	VACANT	c/o mike@rountree.net	2019, 2026
1949	Mike Rountree	mike@rountree.net	2019, 2026
1950	VACANT		2019, 2026
1951	Patrick Lowe	bangupfarm@btinternet.com	2018, 2025
1952	Donald Blakeley	c/o development.office@bnc.ox.ac.uk	2018, 2025
1952	William Higman	billhigman@btinternet.com	2018, 2025
1953	VACANT		2018, 2025
1954	Laurence Kenworthy-Browne	lakenworthy@hotmail.co.uk	2018, 2025
1955	VACANT		2018, 2025
1956	VACANT		18 March 2016, 2023
1957	VACANT		18 March 2016, 2023
1958	VACANT		18 March 2016, 2023
1959	Robert Hawes	robert-hawes@tiscali.co.uk	18 March 2016, 2023
1960	Robin Barron	robin.barron@sky.com	2019, 2026
1961	Richard East	richardqeast@gmail.com	2019, 2026
1961	Bill Roberts	kroberts@gmx.net	2019, 2026

1962	Nicolas Kennedy	nixtek@gmail.com	2019, 2026
1963	James Edmiston	james.edmiston@btinternet.com	17 March 2017, 2024
1964	Clive Evans	cpeevans@gmail.com	17 March 2017, 2024
1965	John East	east.family@btinternet.com	17 March 2017, 2024
1966	Duncan Greenland	dtguk@aol.com	17 March 2017, 2024
1967	William Verdon-Smith	wg.verdonsmith@gmail.com	2018, 2025
1968	Christopher Moss	cjwmoss@christophermoss.com	2018, 2025
1969	Vivian Huxley	robert@huxley15.plus.com	2018, 2025
1970	David Clark	david.clark@bnc.oxon.org	2022, 2029
1970	Stephen Smith	ssmith@woodvale.me.uk	2022, 2029
1971	Moray Thomas	moray@thethomases.org.uk	2022, 2029
1972	Charly Lowndes	charly.lowndes@bnc.oxon.org	2022, 2029
1973	John Bagshaw	johnm.bagshaw@gmail.com	2022, 2029
1974	VACANT		2021, 2027
1975	Elizabeth Annesley	liza@zzxy.fsnet.co.uk	2021, 2027
1975	Sally Hammond	sallyh75@btinternet.com	2021, 2027
1976	VACANT		2021, 2027
1977	Peter Davies	peter.r.davies@talk21.com	23 June 2017, 2024
1977	Kristina Stutchbury	kris.stutchbury@btinternet.com	23 June 2017, 2024
1978	Paula Carter	paulahcarter@gmail.com	23 June 2017, 2024
1978	Cameron Woodrow	cameron.woodrow@dft.gsi.gov.uk	23 June 2017, 2024
1979	VACANT		23 June 2017, 2024
1980	Angela Boobyer	boobyer1@btinternet.com	2021, 2028
1981	Ceri Hutton	cerihutton@mac.com	2021, 2028
1982	Drusilla Gabbott	drusillagabbott@googlemail.com	2021, 2028
1983	Anthony Murphy	anthony.murphy@bnc.oxon.org	2022, 2029
1984	VACANT		2022, 2029
1985	Lyndall Gibson	lyndall.gibson@orange.com	2022, 2029
1986	David Foster	dfoster@omm.com	2018, 2024
1987	Jane Johnson	janerajohnson@gmail.com	2018, 2024
1988	James Drace-Francis	jdf35633@gmail.com	22 Sept 2017, 2023, 2030
1989	Deidre Duignan	deidreabduignan@yahoo.com	22 Sept 2017, 2023, 2030
1990	Linus Gregoriadis	linus.gregoriadis@contentive.com	2020, 2026
1991	Graham Thomas	graham@gthomas.org	2020, 2026
1992	Aman Merchant	amerchant@leading-concepts.com	2020, 2027
1993	Alastair Dick	alastairdick@yahoo.co.uk	2020, 2027
1993	Tom Cartwright	tom.cartwright@pinsentmasons.com	2020, 2027
1994	Sander Evers	aevers@luc.edu	2020, 2025
1995	VACANT		2020, 2025
1996	Marcos Veremis	MVeremis@cambridgeassociates.com	2021, 2028
1997	Rosenna East	rosenna.east@gmail.com	2021, 2028

1998	Daryush Farshchi-Heidari	daryush80@hotmail.com		2022, 2029
1999	VACANT			2022, 2029
2000	Laura Shtaingos	laura.shtaingos@bnc.oxon.org	24 June 2016,	2023, 2030
2001	VACANT		24 June 2016,	2023, 2030
2002	VACANT			2019, 2026
2003	Samantika Gokhale	samantikagokhale@googlemail.com		2019, 2026
2004	Rhiannon Williams	rhiannonwilliams27@hotmail.com		2020, 2027
2005	Christopher Tudor	christudor133@hotmail.com		2020, 2027
2006	Andre De Haes			2021, 2028
2006	Jenny Glennon	jenglen@gmail.com		2021, 2028
2007	Charles Furness-Smith	cdsmith@gmail.com		2021, 2028
2008	Elena Netsi	elena.netsi@gmail.com	23 Sept 2016,	2023, 2030
2009	Christoph Voelk	Christoph.Voelk@ra-awz.at	23 Sept 2016,	2023, 2030
2010	Robert Cashmore	robertcashmore@hotmail.co.uk		2018, 2025
2010	James Johnson	johnson_jj@outlook.com		2018, 2025
2011	Michael Young	michael.young@oxon.org		2018, 2025
2012	Zed Kahale	zed.kahale@oxon.org		2019, 2026
2012	Rosie Thomas			2019, 2026
2012	Henry Zeffman	henryzeffman@hotmail.com		2019, 2026
2013	Henrik Jacobsen	henrik.jacobsen@bnc.ox.ac.uk		2019, 2026

Keeping in touch

You can find Brasenose College online on Facebook, @BNC_Members on Twitter and via Brasenose College Alumni Group on Linked In. You can sign up for an Oxford University email address @bnc.oxon.org using your Oxford alumni card via the Oxford University Alumni website or call +44 (0)1865 611610 or email enquiries to enquiries@alumni.ox.ac.uk for more information.

Old Members are also particularly welcome to register with the College alumni network site where you can update any changes in your contact details and can book our events online at www.bnc.ox.ac.uk/alumni.

Visiting College

As Brasenose Members, you are very welcome to visit College and are invited to let the Porter's Lodge know that you have arrived; a 'closed to visitors' sign does not necessarily apply to Old Members.

Dining at High Table

As a BNC Member you are warmly welcomed back to College and invited to dine at High Table in Hall on guest nights; Tuesdays, Fridays and Sundays in full term, once a year at your own expense. You are invited to partake in Dessert after Dinner by invitation of the Governing Body. Alumni may dine with a guest, at the discretion of the Senior Common Room Curator and the Director of Development, please contact the Alumni Office for details. Please note that the number of places available on each occasion are limited.

ALUMNI RELATIONS AND DEVELOPMENT OFFICE

Dr Liz Miller, Fellow & Development Director

The past year has been particularly special for the Brasenose community. Thank you to each and every one of you who has supported the College this year. By making a donation, attending events, volunteering your time and expertise, leaving a legacy or mentoring a student, you help bolster the vibrancy of our College and therefore positively impact on the experiences of our students.

In the last edition of the *Brazen Nose*, I reported that we were very close to securing the funding required to commence the extension of the Library into the Old Cloisters. With much delight Principal Bowman was able to announce that we had received this funding thanks to the exceptional generosity of a small group of alumni. Now, through a broad campaign in a special edition of the *Brazen Notes* newsletter, all alumni are able to put their stamp on this once-in-a-lifetime project at BNC by naming chairs, desks and bookcases in the new library – with its unrivalled views over the magnificent vista of Radcliffe Square and our Deer Park. On a personal note, I have named a chair after my dear mother who, if still with us, would laugh at the thought having not made it to university herself. At the time of writing, this final push is proving very successful and I hope to let you know next year that all naming opportunities have been taken up!

As ever, our programme of Gaudies and Jubilee Lunches has continued to thrive. It was such a joy to welcome hundreds of you back to College this academic year. Those who matriculated in 1957-1965, 1970-1973, 1996-1997, 1998-1999 and 2006-2007 joined us for these wonderful and convivial occasions. Some of you told us that you had not managed to get back to College for over 20 years so it was a particular pleasure to see you back at BNC. Please don't leave it another 20!

Aside from our regular events, the Alumni Relations team had the distinct pleasure of teaming up with the BNC Society Committee and other committed alumni volunteers to organise two anniversary celebrations – the 'Into the Mix' event, celebrating 40 years since BNC went 'co-ed', and the bicentenary celebrations of the Brasenose Boat Club. Both events were fantastic celebrations of the vitality of our

community and demonstrated the true academic, sporting and cultural richness of our current students and alumni alike. Our particular thanks go to the key organisers of these events: Drusilla Gabbott (1982), Alexandra Marks (1977), Hauke Engel (2003), Tom Westwell (2006) and Harry Bradwell (2006). Celebrating these anniversaries in such special ways was a fitting testament to the success of our community (and, of course, we enjoyed another chance to thrash the Jesus College Boat Club as we did in 1815!)

You have been very generous by supporting us with donations totalling £2.3million in the 2014/15 financial year. Thank you to all those who have helped achieve this fantastic result – the best year ever, in fact.

Most of you give via regular gifts to the Annual Fund; donating to priorities such as student support, academic excellence, library and archives, clubs and societies and the College's greatest need. This fund raised over £380,000 this year – another record. A very successful telephone campaign over the Easter Vacation encouraged many of you to give for the first time. I hope you feel welcomed into the BNC giving community.

This year, we have continued to focus on raising funds for undergraduate bursaries and graduate scholarships. Hundreds of you commit regularly to student support through the Annual Fund and some of you choose to endow bursaries and scholarships in perpetuity. We would like to thank particularly all of those who have endowed bursaries this year including the group of alumni who gave generously to establish a '1974 Bursary' in celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the admission of women students at the College. This fund ensures that a UK undergraduate regardless of their household income, can take a place at BNC if they show enough academic promise. It is wonderful to know that so many of you share in our aims for supporting our students in these ways.

In June, the College launched its new donor recognition circle, *The 1509 Society*, at the home of Simon Lough (1981) and his wife, Zahira. On a beautiful summer evening, we celebrated the impact that philanthropy has on our small but special community. Fellows and students demonstrated to those alumni present how their support impacts on the teaching, learning and experience that they receive at Brasenose. Since the event, many of you have joined the Society by

giving £1,509 or more this year and some of you have committed to a gift of that size on a regular basis. I would like to express my personal gratitude to the alumni who have helped get this new scheme off the ground, particularly Simon and Zahira for being such wonderful hosts on that superb evening in June. We will hold the next celebration in 2016 – we would be delighted to hear from anyone who could host a party for 80–100 people in London.

Our fund to support the teaching of Law at Brasenose, in honour of Emeritus Fellow John Davies, continued to be a success culminating in an event at the Great Hall of the Royal Courts of Justice in Michaelmas Term. This excellent celebration of Law (the teaching and research of the subject as well as the practice) at BNC was kindly sponsored by the late Judge Jeremy McMullen (1967). We of course thank him and his wife, Debbie, for their commitment and support of the College over the years. We will miss him greatly.

Inside the Development Office, we welcome Jenny Wood as our new Development Assistant. Jenny joins us from the world of public relations and will look after events and communication with all of our alumni alongside Dr Julia Diamantis.

Finally, my sincere thanks go to Principal Alan Bowman, and his wife, Jackie, for their hard work and dedication on behalf of the College and, in particular, their unstinting support of alumni relations and development. They have been an absolute pleasure to work alongside and I wish them well for the future. Of course, John Bowers QC succeeded Alan as Principal in early October and we are looking forward to working with him.

My team and I are eager to welcome you back to College to enjoy BNC's hospitality again this year and to meet with Principal Bowers and Professor Suzanne Franks, his wonderful wife.

The most rewarding part of our role at BNC is welcoming you to events in Oxford, around the UK and the rest of the world. We hope to you at these events again this year. In the meantime, thank you for all that you do to make Brasenose a world-class place to study, research, work, live and, as the students quite correctly observe, 'the happiest College in Oxford'.

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Brasenose College wishes to record its gratitude to the following who kindly donated to the College between 1 October 2014 and 30 September 2015. The gifts are listed in the following format: year of matriculation; name of donor; former names are listed in italics; an asterisk indicates that the donor has sadly since passed away. We have tried to ensure that all gifts are recorded accurately but if we have made any mistakes please accept our apologies and do let us know so that they can be corrected.

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1967 His Honour Jeremy McMullen

The Alexander Nowell Circle

Like all Oxford Colleges, Brasenose owes its very existence to the generosity of its benefactors who have ensured that it has continued as a centre of scholarship and preparation for life for over 500 years. The Circle is named after Alexander Nowell, a Fellow, then Principal, of Brasenose, and one of the most energetic and committed supporters of the College. Membership of the Alexander Nowell Circle is open to all those who have notified us of their intention to join generations of Brasenose Members by including a gift to the College in their Will. We are very grateful for their generosity and are delighted to take the opportunity to honour them below. If you would like information about leaving a legacy to Brasenose, please contact the Alumni Relations & Development Office.

1938	Peter Batterley
1943	Ronald Frank Brown
1946	David Charles Hirst Simpson
1947	David Acfield Emms
1947	John Anthony Cecil Walkey Gillett
1948	Michael Baraf Walters
1948	Michael Allan Wilson
1949	Christopher Guy Barlow
1949	William Harold Clennell
1949	Antony Bryan Davidson
1949	Patrick Thomas Rooney
1951	James William Donaldson
1951	Barry John Moughton
1953	Robin John Alfred Sharp
1954	John Winskill Baker
1954	Dudley Edmund Coryton Green
1954	Charles Paul Lloyd
1954	Richard Ian Paul Moritz
1954	Jon Vivian Pepper
1954	Brian Sutcliffe
1955	John Raymond Bartlett
1955	Elliott Frederick Kulick
1956	David William Baldock
1956	John Hardcastle Buxton
1956	David Godfrey Franks
1956	John Anthony Spalding

1956	Anthony Frederick Winder
1957	Peter Robert Gant
1957	David Michael Veit
1957	Robin Kenneth John Frederick Young
1958	Alan Samuel Everest
1958	Barry Melbourne Webb
1958	Peter Frazer Skinner
1958	Martin Adam Stern
1959	Martyn David Hughes
1959	Michael Richard Fulke Noel-Clarke
1960	John Deaville Thompstone
1961	Richard Quentin East
1961	Charles Anthony Linfield
1961	Nigel John Petrie Mermagen
1961	Peter James Turvey
1962	Stephen Edgar Alexander Green
1962	David Roy Witcher
1962	Edward Richard Woods
1963	Anthony John Patrick Ayres
1963	John Winston Bows
1963	David Michael Cox
1963	Frank Kingston Lyness
1963	William Frank Martin
1963	Robert Gavin Loudon McCrone
1963	Matthys Konrad Rutger Van Huyssteen
1963	Hugh Crawford Williams
1963	John Gordon Laurence Wright
1964	Stuart Mark Saint
1964	Peter Stewart Tilley
1965	Robert Aron Chick
1965	John Hilary Mortlock East
1965	Austen Bruno Issard-Davies
1965	Frederick William Jr Meier
1966	Stuart Murray Boldt
1966	Gerald Michael Clifton
1966	Robin Charles D'Aubyn Hirsch
1966	Timothy William Pearce
1966	Gareth Wyn Robertson
1966	Graeme David Rowe
1966	Anthony John Sillem

1967	David William Pitt Casey
1967	Robert Campbell Lowson
1967	Eric Arthur Vallis
1968	Roger William Billis
1968	John Christopher Lowe
1968	Christopher John William Moss
1968	Nigel Christopher Pitt
1969	Francis Rodney Abbott
1969	David Arthur Gibson
1969	Barry May
1970	Evan Paul Silk
1974	Klaus Wolfgang Hulek
1974	Nancy Margaret Hulek
1974	John Rodney Turner
1975	Patrick William Wynn Disney
1975	Robert Thomas Kerr
1975	Colin Ian Nicholls
1975	Alistair Knox Simpson
1975	Neil Robert Withington
1976	Martin Francis Damian Baker
1976	Rebecca Elizabeth Hargreaves-Gillibrand
1978	Dennis Man Shing Chow
1981	Peter Stuart Andrew Bladen
1981	David Savile Bradbury
1981	Richard Michael Hughes
1983	Anthony Stuart Murphy
1984	Matthew Ian Knight
1984	Amanda Joy Pullinger
1986	John Fletcher
1990	Matthew John James Charlton
1990	Andrew Paul Suckling
1993	Daniel Toby William Ridgway
1998	Joseph Adam Goldsmith
2001	Stephen Jarrod Bernard
2003	Dudley John Moore
2008	Anthony John Ring

and a number who wish to remain anonymous

Obituaries



DEATHS NOTIFIED

October 2014–September 2015

The Editor welcomes correspondence concerning any members of BNC who have passed away; personal reminiscences are welcome. Please do let us know if you would like to provide an obituary for a BNC Member who has recently passed away by contacting us: development.office@bnc.ox.ac.uk, or +44 (0) 1865 287275.

** denotes full obituary*

J Michael Banister	1946	February 2015
Raymond B Boddington	1946	May 2015
O Richard Bull*	1951	September 2015
W Ralph Burrows*	1956	April 2015
Roderick D Cannon*	1956	June 2015
John D Chapman*	1942	June 2015
R Michael Charlesworth	1949	April 2015
Rosemary S Choueka*	1995	June 2015
Peter L Clarke	1947	August 2015
Richard F Coleman*	1947	December 2014
Hugh E Davies	1955	May 2015
Philip Dinnage	1953	November 2014
Peter J Dowdall	1952	May 2011
John K Drinkall*	1945	May 2015
Christopher G Farwell	1950	May 2015
Trevor J Foulkes*	1951	December 2014
John H Freeman*	1933	December 2014
David L Garrick*	1952	July 2014
Rodney T Gausden	1941	March 2015
Michael A Girling*	1938	February 2015
Stephen M Goldman*	1971	July 2014
R Peter Gordon	1947	February 2015
Roy G Gregory*	1956	July 2015
Alan T Groves	1938	2014
Richard J Guthrie	1972	June 2014
Peter H Hall*	1971	September 2015

D Martin Harris*	1957	July 2014
J Christopher Haynes	1959	2014
John W Hepburn*	1959	December 2014
Charles R Hipwell*	1942	January 2015
Samuel P Houldsworth	1946	September 2013
Geoffrey T Hughes	1945	February 2015
Antony C Johnstone	1944	January 2015
Catherine R Jones*	1982	April 2015
Christopher D Jones	1959	April 2015
John R Kent	1956	April 2015
Peter B Kirkby	1956	December 2014
Kenneth J Lambden*	1942	May 2015
Michael D Lewin	1959	July 2015
David R Lomax*	1958	September 2014
Alastair I MacKenzie	1954	June 2015
Jeremy J McMullen*	1967	February 2015
Colin W Mitchell	1945	February 2015
David E Morris*	1939	April 2015
Reginald G Napper	1943	April 2015
Enos J Nugent	1955	May 2015
Martin S Peebles	1967	December 2014
Francis H Prichard*	1946	December 2014
Bernard A Rudden*	1979	March 2015
Christopher G Salvesen*	1955	January 2015
Marius G Sankies	1953	May 2010
John H Schutz		September 2015
Thomas B Tate	1956	December 2014
John R Turrisi	1952	December 2007
John P Twining	1949	May 2015
George R Walker*	1962	November 2014
Michael B Walker	1961	September 2015
Reginald H Waller	1948	2015
Charles H Watts	1968	February 2015
Alastair D Whitelaw*	1956	July 2015
Cellan Richard Williams	1943	September 2014
Stephen Winkley*	1962	April 2014

Richard Bull

By Richard Marriott (1951)

My father Rowley Marriott and Richard's housemaster at Rugby George Key were at BNC together in 1919. My family lived at Cotesbach near Rugby so naturally Richard and I were introduced before going to Oxford to sit for the Junior Hulme scholarship in January 1949. Richard was placed first and I scraped in on my Greek and Latin verse. We did National Service where our paths crossed at Eaton Hall Officer cadet school. Richard was Senior Under Officer, I again scraped in to my chosen regiment stationed at Winchester and disgraced myself getting drunk at a cocktail party given at Tidworth by Richard's regiment. We both went up to BNC in October 1951 where Richard distinguished himself as a scholar and sportsman and came out with an excellent degree in Greats and a Blue for golf and elected to the Phoenix of which he was Secretary. He found time to work, I did not and read History being too feeble to read Greats and too idle to do better than a Third. He then went to teach at Eton where my son James had a place in his house for one year until he went to Oakham as headmaster. This was a great disappointment to me. Thereafter we met infrequently but kept in touch. Sadly I tried to visit him recently but chose the wrong Kington. His record as an outstanding scholar, schoolmaster, sportsman and musician is extraordinary. But we must remember his friendship and humour and above all his modesty. His talents in anyone else would have led to a higher profile.

William Ralph Burrows

By Michael Clifton, John Rowe and Joy Burrows

Ralph Burrows, who died on 28th April 2015, was born in St Helens on 20th June 1936. He was the eldest of four children of a GP who had moved there from Leicestershire. Ralph came up to Brasenose from Rossall in Michaelmas 1956 to read Law under Barry Nicholas and Ron Maudsley, having first completed two years' National Service. At Rossall he was a friend and contemporary of the novelist James (Jim) Farrell who came up to Brasenose at the same time to read English.

Ralph was an enthusiastic member of the Brasenose Hornets during the summer, and always kept a photograph of the team on display in

his home. During his last year he, together with John Rowe, helped to resurrect the Octagon Club, which had been defunct for many years.

In 1959, after Schools but before the results were published, Ralph joined a small party on a trip to Italy. Subsequently he acknowledged that whilst he had enjoyed the experience, he had been very suspicious of foreign food, strange vegetables in particular, to the extent that he had taken with him a number of tins of Baked Beans! His concerns lasted until his marriage, when they were easily overcome by his wife's cookery skills.

After Oxford Ralph joined S Hall & Co, a small firm of Solicitors in St Helens as an articled clerk and soon after qualification he became a partner in the firm. He quickly gained a reputation as an able lawyer in a wide range of fields and was highly regarded locally. In due course, he merged his practice with another larger local firm, and became the senior partner of the enlarged practice, Tickle Hall Cross.

He was a regular attendee of the annual dinners of the Ellesmere Society, where he undoubtedly provided his undergraduate fellow diners with a useful view of professional practice in the provinces, in contrast to the more usual scenario in the City. More recently, but before he retired from practice, he was very active in helping to organise a party in Manchester for Brasenose lawyers based in the North of England.

The College has lost a loyal friend.

Professor Roderick David Cannon

By Clive Scott

Roderick Cannon was a man of many interests, eminent in two very different fields. He came up to Brasenose in 1956 and studied chemistry with Jack Barltrop and later with Luigi Venanzi. After post-doctoral work at Georgetown University, Washington DC and Bristol University, he lectured at the University of East Anglia, where he produced a seminal work on electron transfer reactions and, on his retirement there in the late nineties, was appointed Emeritus Professor. Then, together with his colleague Manfred Bochmann, he continued to work for a further 15 years on the kinetics of polymerisation reactions. In his youth, Roderick's interest in chemistry had extended to experiments at home (not all of which met the standards of health and safety expected today) and in his retirement, with the help of his grandson, he was able to

experience again some of the delight and excitement of those activities.

Anyone who knew Roderick in his College days would be aware of his enthusiasm for the Highland bagpipe. He was an accomplished piper himself and piped for dancing at the Scottish Society and beside the banks of the Cherwell after breakfast on May morning. Michael Ball, his friend and contemporary chemist at Brasenose, remembers the reluctance of the College authorities to allow him much practice time in his rooms. On one occasion Roderick took his pipes to Port Meadow, and was soon surrounded by an appreciative circle of cows! Later in life he learned Scottish Gaelic and was able to carry out extensive research into pibroch (piobaireachd) and the history of bagpipes in Scotland, England, Europe and elsewhere. He edited some of the most important manuscripts of Scottish music, and was the author of *Bibliography of Bagpipe Music* (1980) and *The Highland Bagpipe and its Music* (1988).

I had known Roderick (a year in advance of me) at school and we shared not only an interest in science but in railways and in recreational mathematics as well, which we continued to pursue thereafter. One day Roderick left a note in my pigeon-hole which I did not find until it was too late. It read, "If you fancy a night of adventure, meet me in the Porter's Lodge at 9.00 p.m." I learned the next day what I had missed. Roderick had first gone to Andover in order to travel on the Midland and South-West Junction Railway from there through Cirencester to Andoversford Junction in the Cotswolds, the line was shortly due to close. Unfortunately when he arrived at Andover the last passenger train north had already departed; however, there was a milk train which Roderick managed to get himself onto, and he arrived at Oxford via Banbury the next morning. Mathematics was a less uncertain, though no less absorbing enthusiasm of Roderick's, and our most recent correspondence was about the "three dogs" problem: what happens when three dogs in a field all set off together, each in pursuit of the next one?

Among his other interests were prison visiting, singing, and hymns and their history; recently he presented a paper on that subject to members of his local church congregation. In July 2014 Roderick and I met in Rossendale to hear the anniversary service of the Larks of Dean, who in the 18th Century were a group of cottage weavers in a remote Lancashire valley who wrote and performed music in the Handelian style. He sang with them while I listened. Last June he invited me to accompany him and his wife to hear them again, but sadly it was not to

be; the next morning Elizabeth told me of his sudden and unexpected death. He is survived by his wife Elizabeth, daughters Sarah and Martha and grandchildren Mairi and Charlie.

Professor John Doneric Chapman

By Ian Chapman

Predeceased by his wife of 64 years, Pat (Kellaway), John is survived by his son Ian, daughter-in-law Judy and their children; Ryan Chapman and his wife Michelle, Sara Johnston and her husband Sam, Craig Chapman and his wife Erin. His great-grandchildren are; Caleb and Allie Chapman, Ella, Charlie and Andrew Johnston and Margo and Clare Chapman. He is also survived by Tony Kellaway of Parkstone, England.

John joined the RAF in 1942 via the University Entrance Plan. He then spent time as a flight instructor followed by a period in the Tactical Air Force and Ferry Command. John completed his initial degree at Brasenose College, Oxford and was fortunate to be appointed, in 1947, by President Larry McKenzie, as a Junior Instructor in Climatology at the University of British Columbia. He and Pat moved to Wesbrook Camp at the corner of University Boulevard and Wesbrook Mall. Their son Ian was born in 1949. During his years at UBC (1948-1988), he had many roles: Lecturer, Professor, Academic Planner, Geography Department Head. One achievement to be noted was John's spearheading of the *BC Atlas of Resources*. John was also actively involved in many academic activities outside the University, including BC Natural Resources (executive member), Pacific Marine Institute (chairman of the founding board), Canadian Association of Geographers (President), Pacific Science Congress (chair), and Canadian delegate to the Geographic Union Congress, Moscow.

A lifetime interest in men's field hockey is reflected in John's membership with the Canadian Field Hockey Association, including acting as president from 1972-1974. One of the highlights of this time at the association was hosting the junior world cup in Vancouver. His long association with the Warren family, through field hockey, was pivotal in his life. John's wife, Pat, was the consummate hostess, entertaining endless groups of colleagues in well-orchestrated dinners and parties. She was an integral part of John's university life.

John's interest in the world of academia continued after his retirement. He was a board member with Vancouver Community College, the chair of the education committee for the BC Association of Colleges, the director of the legislative committees for the BC Ministry of Education Advisory Committee and the BC Ministry of Advanced Education as well as being the chair of the Academic Council for BC Open Learning. From 1990-93, John was instrumental in the formation of the University of Northern British Columbia. Clearly, John was a lover of learning and of the academic world. He was a teacher and a role model to his colleagues and to the members of his family.

(Adapted from the obituary in the *Vancouver Sun*, June 12, 2015.)

Professor John Doneric Chapman

Department of Geography, University of British Columbia

It is with great sadness that we report the passing of our distinguished colleague John Chapman. Born in Poole on July 24th 1923, he died in Vancouver on June 9th 2015. John retired from UBC in 1988 having been a member of the department for about 40 years – probably a record.

John joined the RAF in 1942 via the University Entrance Plan. After training he became a flight instructor, including a secondment to Canada. Later he was posted to the Tactical Air Force and Ferry Command where he flew aircraft to far-flung destinations around the world at the end of WWII.

John completed his initial degree (MA) in Geography at Brasenose College, Oxford in 1947. He was interviewed by UBC President Larry McKenzie and immediately appointed a junior instructor in Climatology. He and his wife Pat moved to UBC and were initially assigned to faculty housing in a wooden hut on campus. Similar huts housed portions of the department at the same time. John completed his Ph.D. at the University of Washington.

After writing a definitive account of the Climate of BC, John's focus shifted to economic geography and energy policy [*Geography and Energy*, 1989, John Wiley], interests that he maintained throughout his life. John was the second Head of the Geography Department (1968-1974). During his tenure he is credited with making several key appointments that proved instrumental in the department's emergence as a globally recognized research and teaching unit. John spearheaded the *BC Atlas*

of Resources, a large and colourful book for its time. He was a strong supporter of the Geography Colloquium, attending as recently as this April. Literally up until a day or so before his passing he paid close attention to developments in the discipline, department, university and province.

John was dedicated to a high quality education system. Early in his UBC career he was seconded to the university administration and became the university academic planner. Soon he was chosen to join a select team commissioned by the Province to design a plan for expansion of university and college education in BC. In 1962 the team produced the highly influential Macdonald Report. That set the scene for the founding of the modern post-secondary system of education in BC, including the establishment of UVic, SFU, two-year university colleges and the system of transfer credit.

These interests continued after his retirement. He was appointed to the Board of Vancouver Community College, chair of the education committee of the BC Association of Colleges, director of legislative committees for the BC Ministry of Education Advisory Committee and the BC Ministry of Advanced Education and chair of the Academic Council for BC Open Learning. From 1990-93 John was instrumental in the formation of the University of Northern British Columbia who later bestowed an honorary LL.D degree. He was President of the Canadian Association of Geographers, Chair of the Pacific Science Congress and founding Chair of the Pacific Marine Institute.

These are some of the many accomplishments of John Chapman's academic life but he was also a very significant figure in the Canadian field hockey community as a player and again as a tireless builder of the sport. He was President of the Canadian Field Hockey Association (1972-74) and played a major role when Canada hosted the Junior World Cup.

John was a great gentleman, geographer and institution builder. We all feel privileged to have known him as a friend and dedicated colleague.

Rosie Choueka, née Kalman (1976-2015)

By Laura Lonsdale

Rosie came to Oxford from Haberdashers' Aske's in 1995, graduating in 1998 with a double first in Law. Rosie had a passion for life that began

with her family and extended, without diminishing, to her friends, her community, and her work. During her time at Brasenose she was secretary and president of the Ellesmere society, Ball secretary, producer of the Summer Arts festival, cast member of *Grease*, enthusiastic (if slightly asthmatic) footballer, badminton player and rower. Outside of College she was also joint secretary of JSoc, the Jewish society, building on her role as president of the Association of Jewish Sixth Formers while at school.

Rosie was an avid Europhile and loved languages, advancing her A-level French with a *stage* at the European Commission in Brussels, and learning Spanish in Seville before becoming a trainee in Linklaters' Madrid office. Her interest in the Spanish language later took her to South America, where she and Elliot spent their honeymoon (in Chile, Argentina and Brazil). Rosie's career in European Competition Law took her from Linklaters to Lawrence Graham, where she became a partner aged just 33, and then on to Bristows. It goes without saying that Rosie was a force to be reckoned with, and never happier than when she was busy.

One of Rosie's most admirable qualities was her ability to weave together the many strands of her busy life in a way that enriched them all. This was the case for as long as I knew her, but even more so after her marriage to Elliot in 2004 and the birth of their children Natalie and Joseph, when Rosie's salutary good sense and level head allowed both her family and her career to flourish. She had the rare fortune, or perhaps the rare talent, of taking enormous pleasure in her work, which stimulated her intellectually and appealed to her productive nature. During the year of her illness she liked nothing better than to have a 'normal' day at work, losing herself for a while in some legal intricacy. Rosie found in Elliot her '*media naranja*' or 'other half of the orange', and as a team they balanced work and home life beautifully while reaching out constantly to friends and loved ones.

Rosie's beloved Dad took great delight in telling me that, aged three, she had replied to the admonition 'Don't argue!' with 'Don't arg *me*!' But this early assertiveness transformed itself into a measured though strong sense of possibility. She took nothing for granted but saw opportunities everywhere, not only for herself but also for others. She celebrated other people's talents and abilities and took pleasure in seeing them do well. Rosie's sister-in-law Deborah summed it up perfectly:

she was a natural leader who could question without judging and push without challenging. She valued independence and believed, as she once put it, in being involved in your own life.

For all Rosie's energy and vitality she also liked to take things easy. She was a devotee of the taxi, having never learned to ride a bike, and didn't approve of walking very far. When she decided that she couldn't be an Oxford student without learning to row, she resolved the dilemma by arriving at the boathouse in a cab. It would pull up at some ungodly hour at the door of our shared house on Divinity Road, and she would sweep out of the door in full make-up to meet it. We did try to teach her to ride a bike while at Oxford, but too much laughing was involved; she properly set herself the challenge in the last year of her life, and mastered it in an hour.

Rosie was gifted with an easy-going love of friendship, and she was as good for a game of puzzle bobble down the bar, or eating toast and gossiping after a night out, as she was for managing large-scale complex operations. She liked nothing more than to laugh, throwing her curls back and cackling with abandon. Terrible one-liners were a particular favourite (what do you do with a wombat? Play wom. What do you do with a spaceman? Park in it, man). She also liked to indulge herself; particular treats were sushi, champagne, manicures, and all things pink and fluffy. While at university, she enjoyed a good night of dancing but she also loved to come home, either to student accommodation with friends, or to her real home in Edgware with her adored parents Maralyn and Jeffrey and younger brother Laurence (even if she did, reportedly, cry all the way home after her first term at Oxford!).

Rosie was very deeply rooted in the Jewish community in which she was raised, and she shared this with her friends in typically open-handed fashion. For those of us who knew little of her culture when we came to Oxford, she educated us in the ways of JPs (not jacket potatoes apparently) and invited us to share bagels or talk about women's history with JSoc companions. Rosie's Jewishness was the centre around which all the other aims and activities of her life revolved, giving her a strong sense of who she was and who she wanted to be in the world. She and Elliot shared this; it was one of the many things that brought them together.

Rosie was diagnosed with breast cancer in June 2014, just a year before she died. She fast became an expert in her illness and felt strongly

that more research should be conducted into secondary breast cancer. Her family is now in the process of setting up a charity in her name that will do just that. Rosie's response to her illness was remarkable, and the blog that she named 'Fighting Genghis' was a true measure of her humanity and fighting spirit. Even during woozy chemo visits she remained great company: fun, intelligent, and insightful. As Rabbi Jeremy Lawrence said at her funeral, Rosie 'rejoiced in the life she had and wanted only more time to celebrate the people around her from whom she derived fulfilment and joy. She rejoiced in the ability to teach and to practice and to serve and to give. She measured her success by her contribution.' In her final blog Rosie asked that she and her family be remembered, which her friends will do always.

Rosie loved Brasenose and felt it had been the making of her. She will be commemorated with a plaque in the Stallybrass library, where she spent so many happy and productive hours.

Richard F Coleman

By Tim Coleman

Richard F Coleman died peacefully aged 89 on December 14th 2014, in the presence of his two children, Nicola and Tim, and one of his two grandsons, William.

Educated at Edinburgh Academy, he joined the army in 1943 and served in Holland and Germany. He loved his time at Brasenose; one of the highlights was rowing for the College at Henley.

After leaving BNC he worked as a teacher and subsequently Head Master at Gate House School, Kingston, before joining the wine trade in the late 1960s. He worked for Findlater's, Dolamore's and finally Berry Bros & Rudd. After retiring in 1990 he enjoyed many overseas trips with friends and family, and regular visits to the opera and ballet.

Sir John Drinkall

By kind permission of The Times Newspapers Ltd (5th June 2015)

John Drinkall's life as a diplomat reads more like an account of a swashbuckling Victorian adventurer, never far from where the action was. During the Second World War, he was enlisted in the Poona Horse Regiment at the age of 20 – and was probably one of the last survivors of the Indian Cavalry during the days of the Raj. Two years later, he was

behind the Japanese lines in China, teaching Chinese guerrilla fighters espionage and sabotage.

After the war he was posted as a young diplomat to Nanking, and was the last Briton to escape from the city during the fighting when Mao's communist forces overcame the nationalists. He was based in Cairo when Nasser nationalised the Suez Canal in 1956 and briefly resigned from the Foreign Office in protest at the Anglo-French invasion. He served as ambassador in Afghanistan when the last king was overthrown and the country began its descent into 40 years of warfare. And during his final posting as high commissioner to Jamaica, he was also accredited to the sinister government in Haiti, where "Baby Doc" Duvalier had inherited his father's brutal regime.

Drinkall was also one of the finest sportsmen of his generation. He won four blues at Oxford, played at Wimbledon in 1946 and 1947, and finally in 1955, won British squash, hockey and golf championships. In retirement he won numerous competitions in his age group in squash, rackets, golf and tennis until he hung up his tennis racket at the age of 87 – "I can't any longer beat these youthful 80-year-olds," he said.

On one occasion, while based in Egypt as a diplomat, he played tennis against Ken Rosewall (world No 1 in the 1950s) in the morning, and in the afternoon of the same day took on Gary Player (winner of all four golf majors) on the golf course.

This extraordinary sporting prowess, coupled with immense charm and warm humour, was one of the keys to Drinkall's success as a diplomat. In all countries where he was posted, he would enter the local sports competitions and almost invariably win – earning him considerable respect from the politicians and the people he dealt with. Indeed, while ambassador in Kabul, lacking sufficient sporting outlets, he decided to build a squash court in the grounds of the impressive embassy, which had been commissioned by Lord Curzon, where he could take on the local competition.

John Drinkall was born in Burma, and seemed destined for a career as a British colonial civil servant. He was sent to Haileybury College, then also a training college for the civil service, and aspired to join the Sudan Political Service until the war intervened. He joined the Poona Horse Regiment in 1942.

However, with the war raging ever closer to the Indian boarder, he was sent with Murray MacLehose – later to become the longest serving

governor of Hong Kong – behind enemy lines in China to help the Chinese carry out sabotage operations against the Japanese occupying forces. It was an extremely dangerous assignment, with parachute drops into remote villages, narrow escapes over rooftops and down alleyways and the ever present danger of capture, torture and execution. He was extremely fit – and needed to be. His younger brother, Michael (obituary, December 11, 2003) was a distinguished Gurkha officer, who, aged only 18, won a DSO at Monte Cassino.

After the war Drinkall returned to Britain and took up a place at Brasenose College, Oxford, to read politics, philosophy and economics – and began a sporting career in which he won four Blues in quicker succession than any undergraduate had before.

He joined the foreign office in 1947, and because of his experience in China was immediately sent back there. It was a turbulent time, with communist forces in the interior steadily gaining ground as they moved east. In 1948 they had reached Nanking, and when Mao finally triumphed the following year, the beaten Kuomintang nationalist forces of Chiang Kai-shek withdrew to Taiwan, then known as Formosa. Drinkall followed them, and became vice-consul in Tamsui and then acting consul in 1951.

In the mid-1950s British diplomacy was confronted with growing anti-colonialist agitation. Nowhere was this more true than in the Middle East. Drinkall was posed to Cairo in 1953 as first secretary, a year after King Farouk was overthrown and a year before Gamal Abdel Nasser seized power. He saw first hand the strength of Nasser's Arab nationalist rhetoric, his determination to push the British out of the canal zone and pivot to Moscow to finance the Aswan High Dam. The nationalisation of the Suez Canal in 1956 provoked a crisis with Britain and France, and the tripartite attack, in collusion with Israel, launched by the Eden government in November caused uproar throughout the Middle East.

Drinkall promptly resigned. Even as he handed in his letter, the Foreign Office made it clear it understood the issue of conscience and encouraged him to return. A year later he did.

He then held positions in Brazil, where the government had moved into the purpose-built new capital of Brasilia. In Rio he met Patricia Ellis, who was working for the ambassador Geoffrey Wallinger, and they married in the church next to the fish market. An Oxford linguist from Somerville College, Patricia was one of the original 'Bond girls'

reportedly recruited by Ian Fleming. She played a key role in all Drinkall's postings. After Brazil they headed to Cyprus – another troubled country during the 1960s – and to Brussels.

He was sent as Ambassador to Afghanistan in 1972. This strategically important country was still enjoying one of the longest periods of peace in its chequered history. However, the aging king, Zahir Shah, had frustrated his countrymen in introducing democratic changes but then not implementing them. He was overthrown by his cousin, Daoud Khan, a fateful move that itself paved the way for the subsequent coup against him by the communists.

Killings and violence had already begun, and two other ambassadors, from Germany and Peru, were targeted and assassinated. Drinkall claimed to be somewhat miffed that he had only been No 3 on the hit list, although he was the Dean of the Kabul diplomatic corps.

He wrote perceptive dispatches to Sir Alec Douglas Home, then Foreign secretary, acknowledging that the king was “a very nice person and seemed genuinely to have the welfare of his people at heart”, but then cataloguing his failures and those of his sons. He said that the ex-crown prince “though amiable, is hopelessly wet, his second son is a wastrel and a womaniser and virtually exiled to Canada, and his third son, Shah Mahmoud, who was at Oxford, is very much like his eldest son.”

With a diplomat's acumen, Drinkall outlined the greatest worry for the west – a return of the “Great Game”, the deadly 19th Century competition for influence over Afghanistan between Britain and Russia.

“If we woke up one day to find that the Soviet Union has virtually taken Afghanistan over we should, I suspect realise just how serious the implications could be,” he wrote in January 1976. The Russians invaded almost four years later in 1979.

Awarded the CMG in 1973, Drinkall had a large and supportive family, with two sons, two daughters and 21 grandchildren. His eldest son Julian was a chief executive of media companies and now runs Alpha Plus; a daughter Sophie lives and works in Edinburgh; a second daughter Alexia is married to an army officer and has nine children; and his youngest son Philip works in entrepreneurial finance and investment.

Drinkall's final posting, as High Commissioner to Jamaica, turned out to be tougher than a spell in the Caribbean might suggest. Violence was on the rise, especially in downtown Kingston, coupled with a deadly

rivalry between Michael Manley, the Prime Minister, and Edward Seaga, his subsequent successor. Manley had tilted decidedly towards the Soviet bloc, opening Jamaica's first embassy in Moscow and encouraging warm relations with Cuba. Britain and America were deeply worried about possible communist infiltration.

However, Drinkall managed to keep a careful balance without antagonising either of the main political figures. He did so often with humour and diffusing tense situations with an air of calm and a joke. This went down well in Jamaica – as did his informal attitude. He often used to give hitchhikers a lift. One time he stopped for a man performing an extraordinary dance at the side of the road, and the enthusiastic Rastafarian, finding a British diplomat in the car, called out approvingly, “Yuh mash dem up fe true in de Falkands!”

An unusual tribute to his rapport with his Jamaican hosts came on his retirement from Jamaica and the Foreign Office. Edward Saega, the Prime Minister, handed him a Jamaican passport and invited him to stay on and help mentor local business. Drinkall remained for another four years, writing a huge amount about the country's history, patois language, flora and fauna. He also wrote chapters for hiking guides and organised trips for a Kew expedition. And although he settled between London and Devon, he remained immensely proud of his Jamaican citizenship.

Trevor Foulkes

Originally printed in The Grimsby Telegraph

Moving tributes have been paid to the former headmaster of Caistor Grammar School, Trevor Foulkes, who has died aged 83. He led the school between April 1981 until December 1995. Mr Foulkes lived in Grimsby after retirement and for many years served as chairman of the Cruse Bereavement Counselling group.

He came to Caistor from Wrexham in 1981 and saw the school through a very difficult initial few years of falling numbers locally. Throughout his time at the school he lived on the site, at the time when there were around 80 boarders in three boarding houses at the school, which closed in the early 1990s. The school greatly developed when it was allowed to take in ever increasing numbers from Grimsby and Cleethorpes in the 1990s. He oversaw the start of that period.

Chairman of Governors between 1986 and 2006, Russell Orr, said: "Trevor Foulkes was a very caring and outstanding headmaster who always thought of his students and staff first. He was very keen to see the school develop and he always supported me as chairman of governors. We worked extremely well together, especially at a time when Caistor was deciding whether to have a grammar school. He was always someone who advanced the value and merit of having a grammar school in Caistor." Mr Orr added: "Both my children have excellent memories of him and anyone who met him recognised him as a most caring and understanding headmaster."

Tributes have also appeared on the Old Caistorians website.

His wife, Estelle Foulkes, thanked people for coming forward with memories of his time at Caistor Grammar School, which were read to Mr Foulkes and the carers who helped create a hospice at home for him.

Mrs Foulkes said: "What might have been a distressing experience as Trevor struggled to speak, turned positive and affirming, easy and relaxed. And he still remembered those names.

"For me, these memories of yours return to me the Trevor I loved and, I hope, will replace my bleak recent memories as I face a future without him. Thank you, all of you."

Current headmaster at Caistor Grammar School Roger Hale described Trevor as a "towering giant" and an "inspirational figure in the history of our school."

He said: "He was a remarkable man and I was his deputy for three years before he retired. When Trevor was becoming ill, we put an alert on our website asking ex-students to send in their messages of support and we received a deluge – something approaching 80 messages. What came across is how much he cared for people. All teachers care but Trevor went further than most. He used to tell me he liked the holidays because he got to have the evenings off, which showed he still worked during the day." Roger added: "He was a towering giant in terms of the impact he had on the school."

Regional training co-ordinator for Cruse Bereavement Care, Sue Stow told how the retired headteacher took a diploma in counselling. She said: "Trevor was a giant of a man and a star in the group. He had a booming voice but underneath was a very compassionate man who was humbled by the work he did sitting in people's homes listening to them at the lowest ebbs of their lives. He worked tirelessly for the organisation and was a driving force within it to develop the area."

The Right Hon John Freeman

By kind permission of the Telegraph Media Group

John Freeman, who has died aged 99, was British ambassador in Washington and high commissioner to India, but he achieved far greater fame in the 1960s as a BBC television presenter in his *Face to Face* interviews.

He created a new and still unique style of interviewing, always – except in one case, that of the psychiatrist Carl Gustav Jung – sitting with his back to the camera, concealed from the viewer, his eyes focused on his subject and probing for the truth in a flat expressionless voice. Among his subjects were Bertrand Russell, Edith Sitwell, Cecil Beaton, Evelyn Waugh, Lord Reith, Henry Moore, Augustus John, Martin Luther King, John Huston, John Osbourne and Adam Faith.

The interviews were just as riveting when they were repeated by the BBC years later, the product of Freeman's keen intellect and painstaking research, combined with a diffidence rare in either politicians or television personalities.

John Freeman was born in London on 19 February 1915, the son of a well-known, if eccentric barrister, Horace Freeman. He was educated at Westminster and Brasenose College, Oxford, where he took a third in Greats and edited *Cherwell*.

He then went into advertising as a copywriter and in 1940 joined the Coldstream Guards to be commissioned a year later into the Rifle Brigade. He fought in the 7th Armoured Division from El Alamein to Salerno and then through Caen to Hamburg. He was appointed MBE in 1943.

He had become a socialist during the war and in 1945 won Watford in a result that was sensational even in a year when many Tory bastions fell. The Prime Minister, Clement Attlee, chose him to move the Loyal Address in reply to the Gracious Speech opening that historic parliament.

It was a tour de force. Freeman, tall and handsome, with a shock of ginger hair in his major's uniform carrying the Desert Rats insignia, reduced Winston Churchill to tears of emotion when he congratulated him in the smoking room afterwards.

Promotion came rapidly, first as Financial Secretary to the War Office and then Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Supply, with the task of getting steel nationalisation through the Commons. His speech

winding up the second reading of that bitterly contentious bill was another parliamentary triumph winning plaudits from even its fiercest enemies on the Tory benches.

A golden future seemed to lie ahead, but in 1951 Freeman joined Aneurin Bevan and Harold Wilson in resigning from the government over Hugh Gaitskell's Health Service cuts; while they made charges for spectacles and false teeth the emotive issue, Freeman challenged the Korean War rearmament estimates on which Gaitskell's budget was based.

In the feuding after Labour's defeat in 1951, Freeman was both the intellectual driving force and organiser of the 40 or so disparate groups of rebel MPs. Bevan said of him: "He is the only one of us who is really dangerous."

But Freeman soon wearied of Westminster politics and did not stand in 1955. Instead he took up journalism, as deputy editor of the *New Statesman* and then as Kingsley Martin's chosen successor as editor, in preference to the more mercurial Richard Crossman (who did some years later get the post).

It was a wise choice. Although Freeman was a turgid writer – as his column under the pen name "Flavius" demonstrated – he was a brilliant organiser and introduced order into the journal's editorial affairs. Many socialists complained that Freeman moved the *New Statesman* to the right of Labour politics, but he boosted its circulation to a record 90,000.

Simultaneously he embarked on his television career. Unlike today, when public figures beg to get on the television, at that time it was difficult to persuade them. It was a measure of the authority Freeman established that so many were willing to subject themselves to his analysis.

In 1966, much to Freeman's astonishment, Harold Wilson asked him to go to Delhi as High Commissioner, partly influenced by the thought that an editor of the *New Statesman* would have a particular appeal to a generation of Indian intellectuals brought up on it during their education in Britain. But their days were passing and the practical realities of the Subcontinent's politics confronted Freeman when he arrived. Wilson had infuriated the Indian government by appearing to sympathise with Pakistan in the conflict between the two countries, and there were demands in the Indian Parliament to leave the Commonwealth. Freeman's quiet diplomacy did much to diffuse this. He was sworn of the Privy Council in 1966.

Then in 1969 he was posted to Washington, his appointment a year earlier having been based on the Foreign Office's expectation of a forthcoming Democratic victory. Instead, it was Nixon who won – and who remembered all too well that in the 1964 presidential contest Freeman had bitterly attacked him in the *New Statesman* as a “discredited and outmoded purveyor of the irrational and inactive” whose defeat would be “a victory for decency”.

Accurate as Freeman's assessment of Nixon's character eventually proved to be, this inevitably led to a chilling of the traditionally cordial relationship between the British Embassy and the White House.

Freeman did however, establish a good relationship with Henry Kissinger at the State Department, though his austere manner and distaste for parties giving meant that the Embassy ceased to be the glittering centre of Washington's social life that it had been under his predecessor, Lord Harlech.

In spite of this, Sir Alec Douglas-Home asked Freeman to remain as Ambassador after the conservative victory in 1970. But Freeman declined and returned to London to become chairman and chief executive of London Weekend Television (LWT).

The company was then in dire financial straits but was transformed by a combination of Freeman's ruthless administrative skills and understanding of the television media. He remained there until 1984, during part of which time he was also chairman of Independent Television News, governor of the British Film Institute and Vice-President of the Royal Television Society. From 1985 to 1990 he was Visiting Professor of International Relations at the University of California, Davis.

He undoubtedly found his years at LWT the most satisfying of his varied career, and he spent longer there (1971–84) than anywhere else.

John Freeman's character was shaped by ambition and restlessness; boredom set in easily. “John Freeman,” said one friend, “spent his life moving through a series of rooms, always shutting the door firmly behind him and never looking back.” Towards the end of his life he even distanced himself from the Labour party, describing Tony Blair as “ineffably insufferable”.

This sense of perpetual motion was reflected in his personal life. Freeman was married four times, with six children, having become a father for the final time in his seventies. In 1938 he married Elizabeth Johnson. Their marriage was dissolved a decade later and in 1948 he

married, secondly, Margaret Kerr, who died in 1957 (he adopted his step daughter). In 1962 he married, thirdly, Catherine Dove, with whom he had two sons and a daughter. Meanwhile, he began an affair with the Irish novelist Edna O'Brien, who wrote a short story about it, "The Love Object" (1968) – in the tale the woman is infuriated by the man's habit of folding his trousers too precisely before getting into bed with her.

Catherine Dove became controller of features at Thames Television and, in order to marry Freeman, divorced Charles Wheeler, who was for many years the BBC's Washington correspondent – which created an interesting situation when Freeman arrived there as Ambassador. Their marriage was dissolved in 1976, leaving Freeman free to marry Judith Mitchell, the woman Catherine had chosen to be their social secretary at the Washington embassy. They had two daughters.

David Lapido Garrick

By W.P. Higman

David Garrick died peacefully at home in London on July 20th 2014 after a long illness, at the age of 90.

David was born in Benin, Nigeria and completed his secondary education at Kings College in Lagos. Among his other achievements at school he was a considerable athlete, captain of athletics and football, vice-captain of hockey and cricket. He won the school high jump four years in succession, possibly good early training for later contests at the Nigerian Bar. After leaving school David worked in the Nigerian civil service for several years, in its Agricultural Service and mainly in the north of the country. Consequently he was ten years older than most of us when he came to Oxford in 1952, even the large proportion who at that time had first completed two years' national service.

At that time Brasenose was still showing signs of post-war austerity, with unwashed stonework outside and rationing of food and fuel within. David's first winter in College was a particularly cold one and warmth was frequently elusive. As a resourceful seeker of indigenous sources of heat, he took his law books with him to London and read them for a few hours going around in the relative comfort of the Circle line. Years later he told my wife how bleak his first Christmas in England had seemed. This was still eight years before Nigerian independence in 1960 and

David might well have begun to conclude that these were just further symptoms of British post-imperial decline.

Instead of continuing to feel frozen out, David's view of life in Oxford began to open out considerably with the spring thaw in 1953. Brasenose had begun to exercise an influence on him which would continue to deepen for the rest of his life. David had already established a solid alliance with his year group, particularly with those of us also reading law, and this always stayed with him. 50 years later he was there with nearly all the rest of us, in a photograph taken at a dinner to celebrate the anniversary of our arrival in Oxford. This was not just a formal reunion for a special occasion, but a gathering of colleagues who had been in frequent communication with each other during most of the intervening time.

David took finals with the rest of us in 1955 and stayed on a further year for a BCL. He was called to the English Bar at Lincolns Inn in 1957 and soon afterwards enrolled as a Barrister and Solicitor of the Supreme Court of Nigeria in Lagos. He returned there to go into private practice, establishing a firm specialising in Intellectual Property Law. Through this he represented parties involved in most of the cases that came to the Nigerian courts relating to the interpretation of the Trade Mark Act, the Patent Act and the Industrial Design Act. He also took an active role in establishing the Nigerian Patent Act 1970, which for the first time after independence authorised the grant of Patents in Nigeria. David's work also included negotiating with international bodies to establish a sound foundation for the law of intellectual property. He was a visiting lecturer at the Nigeria Law School.

From the mid-1970s David began to establish a home in North Kensington, and after 1983 to retire from active practice in Lagos. He did not travel again to Nigeria after an operation on his back in 2002. This process of establishing a secure base in England was in straight continuation of the instinct he had felt about England shortly after he came here 50 years previously.

Oxford was also where David met his wife Brenda. They had a long and happy marriage of over 56 years. My wife and I remember meeting them both briefly one evening in Kensington High Street in 1958, the year in which they married, and so did we. David had recently completed his BCL and I had just returned from a year at an American university. Soon afterwards we each went abroad again in opposite directions and

did not see each other again for many years, until after David and Brenda had retired to a house in London very near where we had met them.

Soon after our reunion dinner David became entirely confined to the house by increasing back pain and immobility, but he continued to have frequent meetings and telephone conversations with many of the BNC contemporaries. For more than his final year, David was in an almost complete coma. During all this time Brenda looked after him continuously and devotedly.

Several years before he died David endowed a law fellowship at Brasenose. The Garrick Fellowship is a lasting memorial to his generosity and affection for the College.

Michael Armitage Girling

By Richard Taylor

Michael Girling (MAG), Second Master 1968–81, Housemaster of Tower 1952–67, and a master at Dean Close for 33 years, died in his 96th year on February 20th 2015. His funeral in St Mary's, Charlton Kings, the church where he worshipped in retirement, was attended by family, friends and many ODs and former colleagues; and his ashes will be interred in the churchyard there alongside those of his brother, Bill.

A Service of Celebration and Thanksgiving for Mike's life and work was held in the Memorial Chapel of All Saints in Dean Close School on Saturday 9th May. Some 200 attended. All three living Headmasters took part: the Address was given by the Rev'd Christopher Turner, the Headmaster whom Mike mainly served as Second Master; the Rev'd Timothy Hastie-Smith, Headmaster 1998–2008, read from *Ephesians 6* and led the Prayers; and Mr Jonathan Lancashire, Headmaster, read from *Joshua 1*. The Lord Ribeiro, CBE, President of the Old Decanian Society and a member of Tower House when Mike was Housemaster, paid tribute, as did Brian Wilson (BKW), House Tutor and successor to Mike both in Tower and as Second Master. Richard Taylor (RFT), apart from MAG and BKW the only other Tower Housemaster to have served as Second Master, read the Summons of Mr Valiant-For-Truth from John Bunyan, *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Neil Jenkins, the outstanding British operatic and recital tenor of his generation who was in Tower from 1959–63, sang *Then shall the righteous shine forth* from Mendelssohn, *Elijah*. Dean Close School Chamber Choir sang Mike's favourite

anthem, *And I saw a new heaven* (Bainton), and led the singing in which the congregation was on rousing Dean Close form! Simon Bell, director of Choral Music gave a virtuoso performance of Egil Hovland, *Toccata, Nu la oss takke Gud*, as the voluntary on the new Nicholson organ to which Mike had contributed so generously. Luncheon was served in The Orangery of the Bacon Theatre.

Mike's career at Dean Close was recorded by Brian Wilson in *The Decanian* for 1981 and one can't do greater justice to Mike than BKW did in that *Valete*. Suffice to say here that Mike was recruited from Oxford by Headmaster Gilkes in 1948 to run the cricket, coach rugby, and to teach Latin, English and Geography - and all very much in that order! Mike was a fine sportsman who played rugger and cricket to Blue standard at Oxford to where he returned after serving in the Far East during the War, one of the Forgotten Army in Burma. Having played Minor Counties cricket for Berkshire before the War, he went on to play 54 times for Oxfordshire, the County he captained, between 1946 and 1952. He also played first-class rugby for Richmond during these years.

Peter Cairns (PMC) said of Mike that he was 'the essential, ex-officer, gentleman schoolmaster of his generation, multi-talented, kind, considerate and unassuming. He loved the School and all its pupils who in turn loved him, not least for his pseudo Sergeant-Major bark which was comfortably at odds with his comfortably scruffy appearance'. Mike played, or some would say fought with, the double bass in the Orchestra; he sang in Chapel Choir; he oversaw Hobbies and ran the Meteorological Society; for an example of a true schoolmaster, look no further. From 1969-87, he was continuously involved with the Old Decanian Society as its School Secretary, its Registrar and even its Treasurer for a while. With Sir Leonard Hooper, Mike co-edited *The First Hundred Years*, a collection of essays published to mark the School's Centenary in 1986. When Mike retired in 1981, the Governors Report for that year paid tribute to 'a wise counsellor...and as loyal a servant as a school could have'. In 1989, Room 5 of former days on Front Corridor was named The Girling Room in his honour. It now houses the Common Room.

As a one-time Secretary of the Endowment Fund, Mike knew that Dean Close was, and still is, greatly dependent on generous benefactions. Mike's generosity to the School has been boundless. Building projects owed much to his support and most recently Mike was a major benefactor behind the new Pavilion, named The Kenyon Pavilion after

Christopher Kenyon who also passed away this Spring, and the new Nicholson organ in Chapel, gifts for which the School is enormously grateful. In retirement, Mike lived locally and continued to serve the OD Society. He was a regular on the touch line in winter and the boundary in summer. When his legs could no longer carry him, Mike moved into Faithfull House where he teamed up with the late Bursar, Brigadier John Montague, and the peerless Tom Graveney – imagine the conversations over lunch!

Michael Girling is amongst the handful of those who have most significantly influenced the history of Dean Close School. Perhaps one may be allowed to borrow part of the conclusion from the Address given at his funeral:

“We remember a man who always kept his head, who was always true to himself, whose judgement was unerring; a man who met Triumph and Disaster and treated ‘those two imposters just the same’; a man who held on when sinew, certainly his legs, had gone; a man who could talk with crowds and was beloved by groundsmen and gardeners, pupils, colleagues and governors; a man who was totally, utterly, unreservedly dependable; a man who throughout a long life filled ‘the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds’ worth of distance run’; a man for all seasons; a man whom it was a great honour and privilege for us all to know.”

“In perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.”

Professor Steve Goldman

By Peter Sinclair and Laurel Thompson

Members of the Hulme Common Room in the 1970s will recall a tall, witty, somewhat impatient, eloquent and invariably forthright, polymath. Steve was well-travelled and quintessentially American. Yet he felt more at home in Oxfordshire, in its bookshops, seminar rooms, woods, sandstone villages and pubs, than anywhere else.

To the great sadness of his family, friends and pupils, Stephen Mark Goldman died suddenly on July 10th 2014. He was born in Denver, Colorado on October 28th 1946. He was educated at Slavens Public School and George Washington High School, followed by the conferment of an AB in history in 1968 from Duke University, and, in 1971, a doctorate in law (J.D.) *cum laude* from the University of Michigan.

Not content with just one doctorate, and blessed with insatiable intellectual curiosity, Steve then came to Brasenose as a Ford Foundation Scholar to study Political Theory. Vernon Bogdanor was his supervisor. Steve was fascinated by all aspects of politics, from the abstract to the most practical. Very early on, well before others, he foresaw the growing strength of the Republican Party, and the increasing political importance of the South. Vernon's view is that no-one at Oxford, not even Philip Williams, Nuffield's leading political expert, knew as much about U.S. politics as Steve. BNC undergraduates who took the American Politics option in PPE recall him as a brilliant and extraordinarily impressive tutor. His thesis on strategies for adjudicating between different ethnic groups' approaches to serious moral questions anticipated future difficulties that all advanced societies have had.

In 1973 Steve married Laurel Thompson, a Canadian studying for a doctorate at University College London, at the Oxford Registry Office, with Gordon Burkowski and Mohammed el-Hai as witnesses. Laurel and Steve first met on a train from Paddington to Oxford and instantly saw each other as kindred spirits.

Later in 1973, Steve and Laurel went to Chicago, Laurel to do research at Newberry Library, and Steve to clerk for John Paul Stevens, Judge at the Seventh Circuit US Court of Appeals, and future Supreme Court Justice. They stayed a second year, during which Steve was a Bigelow Fellow at the University of Chicago. Then came an idyllic four years back in Oxfordshire. They rented a delightful ancient Cotswold dwelling, Wilmot's Cottage, in Over Norton. There they read and collected vast numbers of books, listened to opera recordings, and entertained friends - conversing with a degree of erudition that could have been terrifying, had they not been so amicable, on an immense range of subjects including: literature, history, linguistics, geography, opera, beer, sport, languages, religion, rural France, and sociology, law, philosophy and politics. It was at Wilmot's Cottage that they finished their doctorates, Laurel first, then Steve.

They went next, in 1979, to Steve's second alma mater, Ann Arbor. He spent two years teaching Political Science at the University of Michigan. The department chair then was Samuel Barnes. They did not get on. Michigan liked quantifiers. Barnes told Steve that he knew too much about politics to be a successful political scientist. Outraged and deeply depressed, Steve turned his back on academia for 20 years.

So Steve and Laurel moved to his native city, Denver. During the 1930s, Samuel Beck, Steve's grandfather on his mother's side, founded Central Electric, an electric wholesale company that sold light fixtures and other equipment to local contractors. Steve joined his father Edward in running the business. This was another happy period. Edward Goldman was an excellent painter, a wine connoisseur, a strong Democrat, and generous father as well as a sharp businessman, and Steve's mother, Elaine, kept everything calm with her cool composure while also working for the Red Cross and tending beautiful orchids. His sister, Carol Maxym, was far away living in Germany but Rick, his younger brother, was still at home. It was during this time that Steve gathered the insights he later used in his teaching and in writing a book about the challenges and potential legal and ethical pitfalls that often occur in contemporary business.

Steve and Laurel lived mostly in Denver but paid frequent visits to Toronto where Laurel's parents lived, and whose Victorian stone colleges and grand bookshops, a bit reminiscent of Oxford, charmed them greatly.

In the mid-1980s, business conditions for Central Electric darkened, and Steve and Laurel gradually, to their shared regret, acknowledged that they had grown apart. In 1986 Steve moved again, to Pittsburgh, to join his BNC contemporary Pete Kalis and the law firm, Kirkpatrick & Lockhart. Much of his legal work there concerned complex insurance cases; these would bring him treasured visits to London, to challenge Equitas and Lloyds syndicates that had carelessly, and much too cheaply, written extensive environmental business contracts with US companies at just the time when asbestos was first seen as a grave menace. He became the editor of *Coverage*, a specialist journal published by the American Bar Association. He had a short-lived marriage with Alice Kaderlan, but maintained a warm paternal relationship with her son, Joshua.

Legal work, much of it related to insurance claims, would continue as Steve moved to Washington, to work "Of Counsel" first, in 1998, at Hunton & Williams of McLean, Virginia, and then McKenna & Cuneo, at K St., DC.. Steve also spoke frequently with Justice Stevens who was by then on the Supreme Court. But the crown of his career was yet to come. In 2002 he joined the adjunct faculty of Columbus Law School at the Catholic University of America in Washington. He enjoyed his work there immensely and it continued until his death. He

was universally regarded as an outstanding teacher. In 2004 he married Allison Feierabend, one of his students, which brought more happiness. In 2008 he published his book, *Temptations in the Office*. Bruce Howes, the Canadian philosopher who reviewed it for *Law and Politics Book Review*, thought Steve's "Foursquare Protocol" for managers with ethical dilemmas on their hands was the "crown jewel" of the book and showed a lot of "horse sense."

Steve Goldman had a kaleidoscopic career. He was a Jewish American who loved history but found work as a lawyer. He inherited membership in a family business and used it to explore moral questions from a legal point of view. He loved Classical music and English cathedrals but he also got excited over college football. Born in the American West, he never wanted to stay there, and instead chose to live close to old centres of learning and power, like Oxford and Washington, so he could keep an eye on what was happening, and so he could remember the past. His was a restless spirit because it took time to find balance among his many strengths – his considerable intellect, his amazing memory, his spiritual hunger and his immense respect for tradition. But if he finally found peace, he found it in Washington, with Allison, and where his love of history had plenty to feed on.

Professor Roy Gregory

By Geoffrey Warner

Roy George Gregory was born in Plaistow, East London, on March 7th 1935. His was a working class family which moved frequently due to his father's job as a resident caretaker and manager of office buildings, many of them in the city. The College records state that he attended three primary schools between 1941 and 1946, one of them reflecting a period as an evacuee in Somerset during the war, but his sister is sure there were more. Despite the disruption this must have caused, Roy won a place at St Olave's Grammar School, which was then in Bermondsey, but which later moved to suburban Orpington in 1966. Roy thus became one of many working class children who benefitted from the Butler Education Act of 1944, which did so much for social mobility during the first 20 years after the Second World War.

A contemporary recalls that Roy joined a local football club while at St Olave's, "much to the displeasure of [the] Headmaster of a rugby-playing

school”, but this did not affect his academic prowess for he obtained a place at Brasenose to read PPE. Though once again, he had gone against the wished of his Headmaster, who wanted him to study Greats.

Like the majority of his male contemporaries, Roy had to serve two years National Service in the armed forces before going to university. He did so between 1954 and 1956 in the Royal Air Force and for much of that time was stationed at the large RAF base at Habbaniya in Iraq, some 55 miles from Baghdad, serving as a flight plotter. Ironically, in view of this experience, another friend and contemporary recalls that one of the reasons why there was, “a fairly close group of friends as undergraduates” among the 1956 intake of Brasenose was, “the result of being thrown together in that part of the College affectionately (and politically incorrectly) known as the Arab Quarter!”

In any event, Roy flourished at Brasenose. He obtained an Upper Second in PPE in 1959, and went on to do research. As the contemporary cited above writes, he was, while at university, “involved in activities connected with politics... always to the left of centre,” as well as being a member of the Pater Society. He also successfully indulged in his passion for football. *The Brazen Nose* referred, in its summer 1957 issue, to the “arrival of several enthusiastic freshmen”, of whom Roy was one of those “especially deserving of note”. The following year, the same source spoke of the continuation in “the upward trend of skill and enthusiasm” among the football team which led to the College’s coming “out of the Third Division as champions”.

In 1959, Roy moved from Brasenose to Nuffield College where he studied for a DPhil under Hugh Clegg, who was not only a Fellow of Nuffield but an adviser to government on trade union matters. Already a Labour Party supporter, it was perhaps not surprising that Roy’s thesis dealt with the history of the trade union movement. It was awarded a DPhil in 1963 and published by OUP in 1968 under the title, *The Miners in British Politics 1906-1914*. Reviewing it in *The English Historical Review* in April 1970, Kenneth Morgan wrote that Roy had explored the subject “with admirable lucidity” and that the book would “prove of immense value for all future historians of the period.”

By this time Roy had already embarked on an academic career. After a brief period as a lecturer in politics at the University of Dundee, which was then attached to St Andrew’s, he applied for a similar post at the

University of Reading in 1964. Reading, the only English university to receive a charter in the inter-war period, was also relatively small, but this was the era of the Robbins Report of 1963, which led to a considerable expansion of the English university system. The existing Department of Political Economy at Reading was now to be broken up into three separate departments – Politics, Economics and Sociology – and extra staff appointed to cater for the anticipated increase in student numbers. Interviews for no less than three Politics lectureships were held on the same day and Roy was appointed to the lectureship in British Politics (the author of this notice was one of the other two appointees).

1971 saw the publication of Roy's second book, *The Price of Amenity: Five Studies in Conservation and Government*, which, as the title suggests, was a collection of detailed case-studies of planning decisions. Michael Clarke, of Edinburgh University, described them as "a serious contribution to the study of politics, both for their contribution towards an understanding of how decisions are made and for the light they cast in the gloomy corners of the planning process." This book, together with *The Miners and British Politics*, were the principal reason for Roy's promotion to a Readership at Reading in 1973.

As one of his closest colleagues at Reading, Professor Philip Giddings, has written, "at that point his [Roy's] major interest shifted to the Ombudsman institution" The first fruits of his interest, *The Parliamentary Ombudsman: A Study in the Control of Administrative Action*, co-authored by Peter Hutchesson, was published in 1975. Reviewing it in *Parliamentary Affairs* for winter 1976, Geoffrey Marshall, the constitutional expert and future Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, observed that while it "was a very long book", its length was justified and "ought not to deter anyone professionally or academically interested in the machinery of British Government." Indeed, it would "certainly become an essential tool for the study of the British Commissioner."

In 1976 Roy was promoted again, this time to a full professorship. Until his retirement from Reading in 2000, he produced what Giddings describes as "a stream of articles on the Ombudsman in learned journals". There were also books, some co-authored, culminating in *The Ombudsman, the Citizen and Parliament*, written with Giddings and published in 2003. He helped set up a Centre for Ombudsman Studies at Reading and attended conferences and acted as a consultant, both at home and abroad. From 1990 until his retirement he also led a

training programme for Ombudsmen sponsored by the Commonwealth Secretariat.

Toward the end of his academic career, Roy returned to his early preoccupation with the politics of the miners, but in a more recent context. A lengthy typescript entitled, "The Conservative Government and the Miners and the National Union of Mineworkers 1970-74" exists in his papers. It was never completed for two reasons: firstly because Roy was waiting for the release of Government documents, which began in 2001; and secondly, because of the onset of his illness, which is dealt with below. "Thatcher versus the Miners" is a well-trodden path, but "Heath versus the Miners" much less so, although equally worthy of study. Based upon Roy's typically thorough research, it is hoped that the typescript will either be published in revised form after the incorporation of archive material, or at the very least, placed in a library where future researchers can consult it.

In parallel to his academic career, Roy played an active part in local politics. While living in Reading, he was a Labour member of the Borough Council and the Thames Valley Water Board from 1966-69. He later moved to Chiswick, near his family but still within easy reach of Reading via the M4 motorway, and was a Labour councillor in the London Borough of Hounslow between 1977 and 1982, chairing its Employment Committee at one point.

Roy's life was not all in politics. His enjoyment of football has already been mentioned, and he also played squash when he was younger. However, his sister points out that "music was his real love." He played the piano and was an enthusiastic member of the Chiswick Choir.

In May 2003 Roy was struck down by a sudden, serious and never properly diagnosed mental illness which led to lengthy periods in hospital care homes. He was treated by no less than twelve psychiatrists in as many years, but to no avail. He died on July 14th 2015, and is survived by his daughter Annie, her mother Pasha and his sister Eve.

(The writer wishes to thank John Deeks, Georgina Edwards, Peter Furley, Philip Giddings and especially Eve Gregory, for the information which forms the basis of this notice.)

Professor Peter Henry Hall

By Professor Peter Sinclair and Mr Nigel Wightman

Peter Hall was a Brummie. He combined a very fruitful personal and academic life in Australia with an enduring love of English churches and the Malvern Hills.

He came up to BNC in 1971 as a 23 year old mature student having previously worked as a journalist in Birmingham and Wolverhampton. One of his journalistic scoops was to cover Enoch Powell's 1968 infamous 'Rivers of Blood' speech in Birmingham's Midland Hotel. When he arrived at BNC, in the last years of Principal Hall (no relation), Peter joined several former pupils of his old school, King Edward VI Grammar School for Boys, Camp Hill. That school, still selective, is renowned: it was named state school of the year in 2006 in the *Sunday Times*.

Peter had been born in Balsall Heath, within sight of Edgbaston Cricket Ground. This gave him his lifelong love of cricket. His father George was a sign painter. Peter was proud to be the son of a Midlands craftsman. He adopted the same calm, careful and thoughtful approach to his own professional life. At BNC, Peter read PPE. It was to no-one's surprise that he graduated with a First in 1974. While an undergraduate he met Jennifer Bartlett, an Australian midwife seconded to the maternity section of John Radcliffe Hospital. They were married at St Andrew's Church, Headington in August 1974.

Peter and Jenny moved to recently independent Botswana. Here he took up a two year ODI Fellowship working for the Botswana Development Corporation. At that time Gaborone was little more than a big village, happily free from most of the problems only a mile or two away across the border in South Africa. Peter advised the government on a new currency, siting a brewery, and numerous taxation and public spending issues.

Botswana has a remarkable economic long term record of rapid growth and modest inflation. Its pleasantness as a place to live has become widely known through the novels of Alexander McCall Smith. An unbroken history of wise, democratic government, free from corruption, certainly plays a role in these things. But Peter's friends wonder if a wee bit of the credit could go to his two year stay there.

In 1976 they returned to Oxford and Peter became a Student at Nuffield College reading for an M. Phil in Economics. His interest

in currency unions continued. He loved being back in Oxford and continued to spend time at BNC.

Peter accepted a lectureship in Economics at the University of New England in 1978, the year when Australia's new PM, Malcolm Turnbull, joined BNC as a Rhodes Scholar. Australia was to be where Peter would spend the rest of his life, aside from family visits and a sabbatical in Manchester. He and Jenny settled in Armidale, NSW, where their children Christopher and Bronwyn were born. Peter enjoyed putting his young family in the car and setting out on long expeditions across Australia's rural vastness. While camping in the outback, and dodging its snakes and insects, would not be for him among his new country's most alluring charms, he became a great devotee of its cities, open spaces, history, art and music.

In 1986 the Sydney-based University of New South Wales established a School of Economics and Management (later the School of Business) at the Australian Defence Force Academy (ADFA) in Canberra. Peter became a founder member of the School. It was to be in Canberra that Peter found his greatest academic fulfilment and personal happiness. In O'Connor, he and Jenny created the house and garden they always wanted, their children grew up and Peter's academic output accelerated. In 1991 he took Australian citizenship. Many Brasenose friends enjoyed spending time with the family in Canberra. Peter was a superb guide to its impressive monuments. Australia's Brasenose economists were delighted by Peter's and Jenny's participation in a 2010 reunion in the Lord Nelson Hotel, in the Rocks area of Sydney, which is nearly coeval with the Radcliffe Camera.

Peter's twin academic interests lay in innovation and technical change and in defence industry policy, procurement and innovation. Among his many publications were three substantial books – *Growth and Development* (1983), *Technology, Innovation and Economic Policy* (1986) and *Innovation, Economics and Evolution* (1994). A fourth book on a complex issue that has always challenged and often defeated policy makers in the UK and US, *Defence Procurement and Industry Policy*, appeared in 2010, co-authored with S. Markowski and R. Wylie. His commitment to public service is reflected in his service as an Assistant Commissioner on the Australian Government's Productivity Commission, a powerful national body that has long investigated a large range of practical economic problems, while his work in designing and setting up ADFA's Bachelor of Business

degree in 2003 was later recognised in the relevant Australian body's citation for his outstanding contribution to university teaching.

Peter was Head of the School of Business from 1997 to 2006. He was made Emeritus Professor from 2008. Although nominally retired, he continued to write, lecture and mentor younger colleagues; he was taken ill delivering a paper on the relationship between innovation and Australian immigration.

Peter played an active role in his community, not least at his local Anglican church. Though a happy and proud Australian (he even supported the 'wrong' side in the Ashes), he relished his trips to England (and elsewhere – he and Jenny were enthusiastic travellers). In England he loved to tour the countryside, often with Pevsner in his pocket, as he sought out churches to visit (as an undergraduate he had studied Norwegian Stave Churches as a beneficiary of the Principal's Fund). He had a particular fondness for the Malvern Hills where he and Jenny celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary last year.

Professor Peter Henry Hall

Born Birmingham 14th April 1948, died Canberra 2nd September 2015

Dr Martin Harris

By Jim Reed

Martin Harris, who died on July 1st 2014 after a short illness, came up in 1957 to read the customary preliminary course for medics, Animal Physiology. He then stayed on in Oxford for his clinical training.

He was quietly charming and witty, a good clarinettist, a more private than outgoing person (though he did throw a memorable summer party at Frewin Hall in his second year). He made his career in the army, serving variously in Belize, Cyprus and Germany.

We lost touch for many years but met again by chance at a book fair, together with our mutual friend William Delafield. Martin asked, in a nice phrase, whether he might 'rekindle the flame of friendship'. He was now living at Culworth near Banbury, doing locum work at nearby surgeries at the Horton Hospital in the town. So for some years we exchanged lunches at home and at his cottage, where he had a fine collection of Middle Eastern rugs and other memorabilia. He was an excellent cook and planning the return match was a challenge, but he

was always an appreciative guest. Martin had a wide circle of friends in this country and in America, and was much travelled in retirement.

John William Hepburn

By Ian Hepburn

Born in Glasgow on 8 September 1938, Jack went up to Brasenose in October 1959 to read “Greats” after graduating from Glasgow University. A paragon of what a hard-working Greats man should be, Jack was also a talented sportsman. As well as playing golf for the University Divots he was a good and gritty scrum-half for the Cuppers-winning Brasenose Rugby team of 1961. The victory against St. Edmund Hall, on the way to the final, was their first defeat on the Rugby field since 1955.

Jack had a successful career in the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food (now DEFRA) and worked for a time in Brussels on the integration of the United Kingdom into the European Economic Community. During this time he also met his beloved wife Isla, whom he married in 1972 and with whom he had one child, Ian. Isla sadly predeceased him in 2006.

Jack was a devoted father and grandfather and an intelligent, liberal-minded and stoic Scotsman. He was also tremendously loyal to the many friends he made at Oxford and loved nothing more than meeting up for golf trips or attending the annual Varsity match at Twickenham with a beer or two afterwards. He remained a scholar throughout his life and earned a degree in Mathematics from the Open University at the age of 75 – a remarkable achievement which he acknowledged with typical modesty. He is sadly missed.

Charles Robert ‘Bob’ Hipwell 1924–2015

By Chris Hipwell

Bob Hipwell passed away peacefully earlier this year, after a long and happy professional and family life. He was born in Olney, Buckinghamshire into a brewing family – his father was Head Brewer at the Hipwell brewery. He followed in the family tradition by making brewing his career following army service towards the end of the war which took him to North Africa and up through Italy.

Bob attended Bedford School (1935-1942) and then Brasenose College, to read Physics. He met his wife-to-be Jean while working at Lacons Brewery in Great Yarmouth and they went on to have three children, all boys. Family life revolved around European and UK travel in a caravan, walking the family Schnauzers and practical music making, as Bob was a keen singer. The family moved to Northampton and thereafter to East Sheen in south west London, as successive jobs led to him working in senior executive roles in increasingly major companies, as larger brewers took over smaller ones.

Bob was founder member of the Brewers Guild and was a notable speaker at events across Europe and America. Finally eschewing the large Grand Met Corporation for the independent brewer, Ruddles, based in Rutland, he became Quality Manager, which was (according to his sons at least) the best job in the world.

Jean died of cancer in 1975 and a year later Bob married Jean's lifelong friend Marion, a happy relationship which was to last for nearly 40 years. In retirement they moved to Seaford on the south coast, where Bob became chairman of the local branch of the National Trust. Together they enjoyed cruises, classical and light music and seeing the family. He also continued a long tradition of holding musical evenings for friends and neighbours where he delighted in introducing people to all types of light and classical music. He reached the age of 90, enjoying good health for almost his entire life and spending his final years in Seaford and Guildford.

Katy Jones

By James Byam Shaw

Those of us who knew Katy when she was an undergraduate will remember her as an immensely lively and likeable presence in college. She was full of energy and enthusiasm for the things which interested her. I remember her sitting in her room listening to David Bowie's *Aladdin Sane* and smoking beedis, the small hand-rolled cigarettes held together with a piece of thread which she'd brought back from a trip to India. Typically, she would be deeply engaged in an intense conversation about culture or politics.

Early in her time at Oxford, she switched from psychology to English, studying under Dr Bernard Richards and Brian Miller. She was

full of fun but also deeply serious. Her most notable extra-curricular achievement was the setting up of a culture magazine, the *Twist*, which won a *Guardian* award for student journalism.

Katy had a powerful moral sense and an interest in film and television, both of which informed her future career. The pinnacle of that career was probably the work she did on a series of films for television. As a producer on ITV's *World in Action*, she exposed physical and psychological abuse of children in care in Staffordshire. The programme led to an official inquiry which condemned the practices Katy had exposed and brought about widespread change. She carried out investigative and production work for Jimmy McGovern's docudrama about the Hillsborough disaster which won many awards and contributed to a comprehensive reappraisal of what had happened when 96 Liverpool fans died at the Hillsborough stadium in Sheffield in 1989. She is still talked about with deep respect and affection by the families of those who died. She also worked on Jimmy McGovern's film about the Bloody Sunday shootings and on Tony Marchant's *Mark of Cain*, an account of the abuse of Iraqi detainees and the effect of the conflict on British soldiers. Without doubt this was the kind of work which Katy believed to be worthwhile and an essential public service. It seems to me she had the strength of character and purpose to hold to the ideals of her youth and fulfill them in her adult life.

Later in her career, Katy worked in an executive role for BBC Education in Salford. Her *Ten Pieces* project was hailed as one of the BBC's most important contributions to music education, not least by the corporation's director general, Tony Hall.

Katy died in April at the age of 51, and the tragedy of her death is made worse by the fact that she could have contributed so much more and enjoyed so much more life. She is survived by her husband, Mike Spencer, and by her children, Sarah and Huw.

Kenneth Lambden

*By Alan Thompson (originally published June 4th 2015
in the Leicester Mercury)*

A RAF fighter plane will fly over Bardonia Hill church tomorrow in honour of World War II Spitfire fighter pilot Ken Lambden who has died at the age of 91. A Hawk fighter from his wartime squadron, 208,

will take off from its base at RAF Valley in Anglesey, Wales and fly over St Peter's Church, Bardon, near Coalville at 1pm.

A spokesperson for Ken's family said: "It's a great honour and our father would have been very proud that the squadron is remembering one of their own in this way. The family would like to thank the RAF and 208, in particular, who have always shown genuine interest in former pilots like our dad. He was invited to the squadron base and they have marked his significant birthdays."

A veteran of the Italian campaign in 1944, Flight Lieutenant Lambden also served in Palestine after the war during the Jewish insurgency.

Ken, of Bardon Hill, was born on December 31, 1923 at Micheldever Station near Andover in Hampshire where his father, Frederick, was an accounts clerk for a local farmer. Ken grew up with two elder and two younger sisters and a love of flying. He went to local schools and then won scholarships to Huish Grammar School in Taunton and then Brasenose College, Oxford where he joined the University Air Squadron. While there he enjoyed flying Tiger Moth biplanes out of Abingdon airfield but he found the privileged world of Oxford University a real eye-opener. He said one of the hardest aspects of it was coming to terms with the Oxford tradition of having a manservant, known as a 'scout'.

From Oxford he continued his training on American Harvard fighter planes in South Africa in 1943 at an airfield near Johannesburg and in 1944 flew Hurricanes and had his first solo flight in a Spitfire at Petah Tikva in what is now Israel.

At 6ft 2ins, he found squeezing into the Spitfire cockpit a challenge and it was compounded by having to try to balance maps on his knees while flying.

In October, 1944 he joined 208 squadron, known as the 'flying shufftis' because of their role in carrying out photo reconnaissance flights, in Florence as the Allies tried to overcome stubborn German resistance. His memories of that time were of the rain, mud and the fog of the Po valley and the empty chairs in the mess as the war took its toll among the squadron's pilots. The squadron's role was gathering photographic intelligence, so he had to fly straight and low while enemy ground troops took pot shots. The role also involved disrupting enemy supply lines, which meant strafing trains and road convoys.

At the end of hostilities Ken was posted to Palestine where the British were policing Palestine during the emergence of Israel. Having

survived the war, he had his closest brush with death there. He was in a warehouse where he was working with a group of WAAFs (Women's Auxiliary Air Force). The warehouse was besieged by an angry mob out for blood and Ken says he was saved by the WAAFs who used hockey sticks to beat off men trying to climb through the windows, until help finally arrived.

After he was demobbed in 1946, Ken spurned a place saved for him at Oxford to instead become a farmer, studying at Kingston Maurwood College in Dorset. It was there he met his future wife, Alice, a nurse. He saw her at the top of the stairs during a dance one evening and as his soon to be best man, Gordon Willoughby, says, 'It was love at first sight' and that love endured undimmed for over 50 years.

They married in 1950 and the newly-weds worked on a farm in Somerset and then Devon before Ken was persuaded in 1952 to follow his sister, Barbara, and her husband, Greg Tom, to Leicestershire where the Tom family had bought Bardon Hill quarry. The quarry owned farms and Ken took over the tending of Botts Hill farm. The land wasn't the most fertile, and he joked that it grew lumps of granite better than it nurtured crops. He and Alice had seven children during 30 years at the farm before it was swallowed up by the quarry and they moved to the old vicarage at Bardon Hill in 1980.

Ken always seemed a slightly reluctant farmer (although he loved being out in the open air tending his garden) and was happy enough to give it up to work as sales manager at the quarry.

In what spare time bringing up such a large family and running a farm allowed, Ken was an early adopter of home movie technology and filmed and edited family footage shot on 8mm film.

He was a big fan of rugby and, in particular, the Leicester Tigers, helping out in the administration offices during the club's amateur days. He followed Leicester City and was an avid cricket lover too.

He survived Alice by sixteen months, although it was clear that he missed her terribly every day. He is survived by his seven children, his five grandchildren and one great grandchild.

David Lomax

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In 1978, a team from the *BBC Tonight* programme flew into Kampala to interview the dictator Idi Amin. As the camera was set up, Amin, surrounded by henchmen, asked David Lomax what questions he had. David replied: "I want to ask you, what happened to Dora Bloch?" Bloch was the elderly British woman who had disappeared during the Entebbe hijack of 1976 and had later been murdered. There was total silence before Amin roared with laughter at what he took to be a joke: "Mr Lomax, you are a very brave man." When the interview began, David repeated the question. He followed up with: "Do you eat the hearts of your enemies?"

David, who has died aged 76, was one of the most admired BBC current affairs reporters. He was never a specialist correspondent, and his reports, for *24 Hours*, *Tonight*, *Nationwide*, *Newsnight* and *Panorama*, ranged across Great Britain and Northern Ireland, Africa and the Middle East. In an era when the personality of the reporter did not deliberately fill the screen, there was a signature to his films that made him the one with whom every producer wanted to work. He was animated by a sympathy for the individual stories of those caught up in grim and extraordinary situations, and by his fierce sense of injustice. He was as fearless as he was courteous, and the clarity of his voice and lucidity of his writing, along with a hawkish eye for the ridiculous, exemplified the best aspects of the liberal tradition and independent voice of BBC journalism.

In 1979, he interviewed in Dublin a representative of the Irish National Liberation Army, which had claimed responsibility for the recent murder of Airey Neave. In the Commons, there were angry calls for David to be prosecuted under the Prevention of Terrorism Act. David, however, was always clear that the journalist's responsibility, in telling a story, was to ask the straight questions of anyone, including terrorists and tyrants.

David's films defined *Newsnight* in its first months on air in 1980. With his producer and close friend Mike Dutfield, he chronicled the last days of white Rhodesia, disappearing into territory occupied by Robert Mugabe's Zanu forces. A few weeks after independence, returning to Zimbabwe, they were imprisoned as they uncovered the first indications

of the nature of Mugabe's regime. *Newsnight's* editor, George Carey, arriving in Harare to seek their release, was met at the underground prison by the cheerful welcome of David and Mike, who had made friends with their warders. In 1982, reporting for *Panorama* from Beirut, under constant bombardment, pinned down by sniper fire, with a bullet through the back of David's jacket and their sound recordist wounded in the foot, they brought home the most memorable film of that war.

A tall craggy rock of a man, David was in some ways an unlikely television reporter; incredibly scruffy, usually wearing a vast shapeless woolly jersey, with a satchel overflowing with paper. His size, open face and straightforward friendliness to everyone smoothed his way through checkpoints and gained access to places he was never meant to see. In 1968, after the invasion of Czechoslovakia, he tried to bluff his way into the Russian military HQ in Prague brandishing an invitation to the general for a game of chess (he was a formidable player).

Though he was best known for his overseas reporting, much of his work dug into the grain of British life, away from the world of Westminster politics, which never much interested him. In 1989, as the Berlin Wall fell, David gained access to Hull prison; his report for *Panorama*, *The Boys on B Wing*, revealed the degrading conditions in which young boys under 16 were being held alongside adults. He claimed to know nothing of business but was fascinated by technology and won an award as business journalist of the year, which much amused him, for his interviews with Steve Jobs (who walked out) and Bill Gates.

David was born in Normanby, North Yorkshire. He learned to fly during his national service in the RAF in Canada. He kept up his pilot's licence, taking a single engine Auster with two RAF friends to Nepal and back. His fascination with aircraft later informed a *Panorama* investigation into the Eurofighter, which led to the full legal force of BAE being launched unsuccessfully against the BBC. In 1958, David went to Brasenose College, Oxford, to study history; he claimed to have attended one lecture in three years but loved to return for reunions.

In 1961, he secured a BBC traineeship, which took him to Plymouth, Devon, where he was in the same newsroom as Hugh Scully, his lifelong friend. At Oxford he had met Judy Lawson, and they married in 1962. Judy introduced him to sailing, which came to be the compulsive interest of their lives. In 1985, in a shabby internal BBC manoeuvre, David was

fired; he used his redundancy to buy a racing cruiser, *Cloud Walker*. They sailed to the Caribbean, sending postcards at every port to Brian Wenham, the BBC director of television: "Dear Brian, Thank you for the yacht." He returned to the BBC as a freelance and was on air more than ever before.

Other more ambitious voyages followed. Friends would receive postcards from Spitsbergen as he sailed far into the Arctic and the west and east coasts of Greenland, exploring waters only recently made navigable by the melting icecap. He and Judy crewed for six months on a Viking ship across the Atlantic in 1991. He was a vice commodore in the Royal Cruising Club, and as the years passed, his face become ever more weather-beaten and he seemed to become part of the sea and rugged landscape he so loved.

His home for many years was a rambling house outside Newbury, Berkshire, full of children, dogs, books, friendly argument and anecdote, and music, with David conducting a stream of friends for enormous suppers around the kitchen table. In the garden were his beehives. A pot of Lomax honey was invariably presented to interviewees; its label read "Beenham Honey. By royal appointment to President Robert Mugabe of Zimbabwe, President Daniel Arap Moi of Kenya, and" – as the only person ever to have interviewed the Thai royal family – "Her Majesty Queen Sirikit of Thailand". In his last decade, he and Judy moved to Dartmoor, setting up a bed and breakfast, a magnet for his friends; an open invitation brought more than 200 of them to his 70th birthday.

Often the most respected journalists are difficult human beings when known close up. David was an exception, a man as much loved as admired; his unassailable generosity and restless, unpretentious nature bred a mischievous delight at the absurdity of power and an interrogative seriousness about its abuse. The BBC archive records 900 of his stories over more than 40 years; he taught generations of producers not just the craft but the values of humane reporting.

David is survived by Judy, his two sons, Alistair and Michael, three daughters, Jane, Megan and Emily, two foster daughters, Alicia and Laura, and 11 grandchildren.

David Lomax

By Charles Harrison-Wallace

David Lomax was the most admirable man I've known. He was tirelessly enterprising, dauntless and fearless. I met him on my first day at Brasenose, in October, 1958, and last heard from him on August 12th 2014, very shortly before his untimely death. During the intervening 56 years I remained one, among many, of his firmest friends. I sailed with him several times across the Channel, to Guernsey and Cherbourg; and then, with him and his wife Judy, from Florida to New York; from Brattahlid in Greenland, via Cape Farewell, to Iceland, the Faeroes, and Shetland; from Spitzbergen to Møffen Island and North Cape, and down the Norwegian coast to Tromsø and from Stockholm to Helsinki, before parting to meet up again on the Baltic island of Gotland.

I stopped watching television in 1981 (but not before witnessing David's eye-stretching face-off with the Last King of Scotland) so my memories of him are more personal than public. Nevertheless, I feel justified in stealing a couple of lines from his BBC colleagues. One of these, Mark Dowd, is reported as saying: "David never lost his nerve, or his fighting spirit". Another remark by Chris Oxley, "Somehow you knew, if you were with David, everything would work out just fine," perfectly illuminates an experience I had with David when cruising off Spitzbergen, Norway's 'Cool Coast', in 1994. A member of our four-man crew, an American, became agitated enough to burst out, "We're sailing on the edge here – I'm the youngest and I'm 46 with a wife and two children..." We turned back to placate him; but I'm obliged to Judy for logging that I said something like, "I haven't the faintest idea what's going on but I trust your judgement implicitly". Though not my exact words, they convey the sense of supreme security, confidence and assurance that I always felt when serving as crew under David's command.

Although I spent a little short of six months of my life at sea with David and his family, I never found him to be anything other than totally unpretentious and unaffectedly modest and non-committal about his achievements, except perhaps when he occasionally happened to beat me at chess. I feel honoured to have known him, even more so as I now realise that I never fully appreciated his humanity and many natural virtues, until after he was gone.

His Honour Jeremy McMullen

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Jeremy McMullen, who has died aged 66, was the leading expert of his generation on employment law, which he elevated to a new status as one of the permanent judges of the employment appeals tribunal (EAT) and as the founding chairman in 1994 of the Employment Law Bar Association. He used every opportunity to encourage and train others in the practice of employment law in pursuit of a lifetime's ambition to secure fair treatment for the underprivileged. In his last months, he established a charity in the Middle Temple to help disadvantaged female students become barristers.

The most remarkable characteristic of his career was that his considerable expertise in this chosen subject did not derive solely from the dry study of legal casework, but from 11 years as a trade union official with what was then the General Municipal and Boilermakers' Union. He saw the GMB as a union with new ideas about industrial organisation and an enlightened research department, became its legal officer in 1973 and four years later the London area official. He was involved with the long-running Grunwick dispute and the successful eight-month fight at the Chix bubble gum factory in Slough, both in pursuit of trade union recognition for the primarily Asian female workers.

"I wanted to join the trade union movement because I wanted to advance the conditions of the working classes," McMullen would explain simply. He remained a Labour-voting socialist throughout his adult life, having joined the party as a student at the London School of Economics in 1970. He resigned from membership when he became a judge, but his views remained unchanged.

He was a man of immense fun and considerable scholarship, lightly carried. He could and did talk to anyone about anything. He loved opera and rowing and the study of Greek and any sort of challenge. The diagnosis of an inoperable cancer of the oesophagus on the day of his retirement in 2013 proved more than normally challenging, yet he nevertheless attended the party given in his honour that night and performed with his customary aplomb.

He had been told to expect to live for six months and set about compressing his retirement for maximum benefit, enjoying the company of his family and friends, travelling in Europe, attending concerts, rowing

on the Thames outside his home in Chiswick and going to weekly classes in the classics.

He was a member of the Leander Club, the Putney Town Rowing Club, and an enthusiast for Wallingford Head of the River. He had rowed in the Vogalonga, the annual row around Venice, and the hallway wall of his home boasted a proud photograph of him rowing in the Thames Diamond Jubilee pageant.

McMullen was born in Blackpool, the elder of two children of John, a businessman, and Irene, a teacher. He went to William Hulme's grammar school, Manchester, before studying law at Brasenose College, Oxford, under Sir Otto Kahn-Freund, a scholar of labour law who is credited with establishing the subject as an independent area of legal study. After graduating, McMullen went to the LSE and was taught by Bill Wedderburn, who had taken over the school of industrial law earlier established there by Kahn-Freund. It was these years and the miners' strikes of the early 1970s that aroused McMullen's compassionate concern in employment rights.

He was called to the bar as a member of the Middle Temple in 1971, but worked as an associate attorney in New York until 1973. He had met an American student, Deborah (Debbie) Cristman, who was studying town planning at University College London, and they returned together to work in the US, where they married in Connecticut in 1973.

In 1985, McMullen left the GMB to practise at the bar and acted in a number of high profile cases, notably for the officers of Westminster city council caught up in the gerrymandering scandal, for whom he secured acquittal. He also subsequently represented Dame Shirley Porter, in a later stage of the same case, and on several occasions the mineworkers' leader Arthur Scargill. He took silk in 1994, was appointed a circuit judge in 2001, took up his position at the EAT in 2002, and became a senior circuit judge in 2006 and a deputy high court judge in the Queen's Bench division in 2007.

He chaired the Industrial Law Society for four years until 1993 and was vice-president of that organisation and the Employment Law Bar Association, both of which bodies he used to help promote advocacy training.

He inspired many students with his cheery can-do optimism. He also published widely on the subject: his guide *Rights at Work*, originally

published in 1978, but reprinted for a decade, became a bestseller in the field. He was also supportive in a practical way of many who have followed in his footsteps. One of his former pupils, now herself a judge, said of him: “He didn’t see barriers. He saw opportunities.” He left £25,000 to the Jeremy McMullen Access to the Bar awards.

He is survived by his father, and by Debbie, their son and daughter and two grandchildren.

David Elwyn Morris

By Barry Morris

David Morris died on April 29th 2014, aged 94, after a long battle against leukaemia. He was born in London on May 22nd 1920, the son of a well-known Welsh Baptist Minister and was educated at Mill Hill School, where he was Captain of Rugby and Head of School.

He won an exhibition in History to Brasenose in 1939 and played rugby for Oxford (as a prop), both before and after the war, scoring two tries in the last varsity match until the post war era. He also captained both the Greyhounds and the College XV, which included international players.

During the Second World War, as a conscientious objector, he served with the Friends Ambulance Unit in China. He later joined the British Army in India serving as a captain (intelligence officer) in a Punjabi Regiment.

After the war, he returned to Brasenose to study law and in 1947 he married Joyce Hellyer, eldest daughter of F.O. Hellyer, whom he had met at Oxford.

In 1948 he published ‘China Changed My Mind’, about how his experiences with the F.A.U. had influenced his attitude to pacifism.

In 1948/9 he was a pupil of Quintin Hogg, later Lord Hailsham, in the Inner Temple Bar, working thereafter for Kenneth Diplock KC as his junior.

On one occasion, at the Pegasus point-to-point (held at Kimble, Buckinghamshire) Diplock took a crashing fall from his horse, and for a moment, my father feared, not only for Diplock’s health but also for his own livelihood. Mercifully the distinguished advocate soon recovered. However, my father never really established his own practice in the difficult post-war years.

My sister, Ann, was born in 1949 and I arrived in 1951. He had by then decided to qualify as a solicitor, and in 1955 joined Jacques and Co, initially in Ely Place, and then in Gray's Inn.

Although he had never particularly intended it, divorce law became his speciality as a partner. He served on the Matrimonial Rules Committee, and in 1971, published 'The End of Marriage' – an erudite guide to the new divorce laws, with a forward by Hogg. In 1976, he became the first solicitor to be appointed as a Registrar of the Family Division, sitting in Somerset House. He retired when he reached the age of 70.

In 1974 he also published 'Pilgrim Through this Barren Land' a personal memoir of his father.

In January 1977, his first wife, Joyce, died of cancer, and in June 1978, he married Gwen Pearce, whose first husband was also a member of the college. Following her death he married Clova Tudor and spent his latter days living in North Oxford.

With Clova's support and devotion he became a guileful exponent of real tennis at the Court in Merton Street, and enjoyed lively conversation with friends of all ages, regular games of Bridge and his family, whilst bearing the challenges and sorrows of his life with courage and fortitude.

However, I am certain that his time at Brasenose, where he formed many lasting friendships, was amongst the happiest of his life. He was very pleased when, in 1969, I went up to Brasenose to read English.

He was a man of firm convictions, and wide-ranging interests. He was also, as I can vouch for from a brief spell at Jacques & Co, a very hard worker.

Francis Prichard

By Thomas Harding

(originally published in The Independent 22 March 2015)

Fran Prichard was a dedicated and popular schoolmaster, able to move with the times and to bring everyone with him. He dropped anchor at St Edward's, Oxford in 1952, and stayed there, in a variety of guises, for more than four decades.

His father, the only one of four brothers to survive the Great War, served with the Indian Civil Service in Assam, where Fran was born in 1925. An only child, he was dispatched to England when he was barely

two and farmed out to distant (and, he reckoned, dusty and reluctant) relatives until his parents returned 10 years later.

Stability of a kind arrived when he was moved to The Elms at Colwall and began holidaying with the Chesterton family at the vicarage in Tenbury Wells. Their son George, who was to become one of the finest amateur bowlers of the 1950s, provided much-needed brotherly support and spirited opposition as The Ashes were contested on the family's front lawn.

He was then educated at Marlborough College. During school holidays in the early years of the Second World War he volunteered for night fire watch in Hereford Cathedral. He joined the Royal Navy in 1944 and served aboard HMS Zealous on the Arctic convoys. As he crossed the Arctic Circle for the first time, the captain asked him for a noon sun-sight. He responded with his customary honesty, though without the bluff confidence that normally went with it: "Well, sir, we appear to be about eight miles north of Derby..."

His grandfather and father had both been at Brasenose College, Oxford, and in the tradition of that time Fran's name had been put down at birth, so he assumed that a stroll around Christ Church Meadow with the Principal in his last term at school had been his interview. On demob he phoned that august personage from a public box in Portsmouth dockyard to announce his imminent arrival. His father considered this to be extraordinary behaviour - as, upon reflection, did Fran himself. But it worked. He embarked upon his history degree two weeks later.

After a brief flirtation with industry, he tried teaching; first at Summer Fields, then St Edward's, where a job became a vocation. He taught history at all levels, some Latin, sports to those that mattered - the 3rd XI and below - and went on to become secretary of the old boys' society, appeal director and compiler of the school roll.

It was as the housemaster of Sing's that he was perhaps most revered - though the very mention of such a word would have embarrassed him hugely. While pupils, colleagues and parents considered him an extremely gifted and at times inspirational commanding officer, he preferred to say that his place was in the engine room with an oily rag.

Prichard valued people for who they were, not on account of their plumage, and never ceased delighting in connections and possibilities. His ability to absorb, remember and recall personal detail, even from the most fleeting of exchanges, was legendary. He was an old-fashioned

networker, always for the benefit of others, never himself. Amusement and appreciation were his rewards.

He remained a pillar of stability – but never inflexibility – in a changing educational world. He always valued loyalty, discretion and integrity. He eschewed tittle-tattle, backbiting and displays of immodesty. He was good company. He would lead his audiences in laughter, never at their expense. His humour was wonderfully mischievous, self-deprecating, and peculiarly British. His generosity of spirit and the warmth of his hospitality remained undimmed by Multiple System Atrophy, the rare, aptly named disease he bore so courageously. Claret was always on offer, even when Fran could only sip it from his favourite beaker, the Horn of Plenty, through a plastic straw.

In 1951 Fran married Pat, a war widow and daughter of Lieutenant General Sir Frederick Morgan, the chief planner of the D-Day invasion. Together they bought the *Martin Luther*, an old Rochester barge firmly stuck in the mud in the River Blyth, as a holiday bolthole, and later graduated to a much-loved cottage next to the Harbour Inn. She died in 2005.

He is survived by two sons – the elder an employment judge, the younger a former commanding officer of the SAS – and a stepdaughter in California.

Francis Hesketh Prichard, schoolteacher: born Assam 30 October 1925; married 1951 Pat (died 2005; two sons and one stepdaughter); died 31 December 2015.

Professor Bernard Rudden

By kind permission of The Times Newspapers Ltd (8th June 2015)

It was an unfortunate candidate who mentioned to Bernard Rudden that he was a guitar player when applying to Oriel College, Oxford. During the interview the law fellow allegedly grabbed an instrument from behind the sofa and asked his interviewee to play some chords – the result was disappointing.

Had Rudden not become a legal polymath he might have been a musician. He was a banjo, guitar and harmonica playing fan of the blues. He met his future wife, Nancy, at the St Laurence folk song society which he founded as a student at Cambridge. He then played in a skiffle band, the Jolly Butchers, in a Norwich pub. Long after retirement he

would amaze his friends with his knowledge of obscure jazz songs from the 1930s and his ability to recite their lyrics off the top of his head.

Bernard Anthony Rudden was born in Carlisle, Cumbria, in 1933, one of four children to John and Kathleen. His family was of Irish origin and Catholic faith. He attended a local primary school at Carlisle and later the City of Norwich School, a boys' grammar. When given the choice between playing rugby and language classes he opted for learning Russian. "Bernard-sky", as his children would later call him, honed these skills during his two years' of National Service, spent with the intelligence services deciphering Russian communications.

In 1953 he went to St John's College, Cambridge, to read English literature. Only at the end of his second year did he accept that his early ambition to become a poet was not to be fulfilled and decided to change to law. After graduation he trained and qualified as a solicitor in Norwich but soon moved on to become an assistant lecturer in law at the University College of Wales in Aberystwyth.

There he wrote his PhD on Soviet tort law, leading to a first book on Soviet insurance law in 1966. In the previous year he had been appointed sole fellow and tutor in law at Oriel College. In 1979 he followed an illustrious line of predecessors in the chair of comparative law at Brasenose College, Oxford, and held the post until his retirement in 1999.

Rudden's scholarship was highly original and somewhat off the beaten track. His comparative law work focused mostly on the civil law tradition, with a particular emphasis on socialist Russia and, somewhat more conventionally, France. His interests were wide-ranging and went beyond private law. His book *Comparing Constitutions*, co-edited with the political scientists Vernon Bogdanor and Samuel Finer in 1995, was ahead of its time. When the UK joined the European Economic Community in 1973 he was asked to teach European law. His editions of *Basic Community Laws* (with Derrick Wyatt) and *Basic Community Cases* became indispensable teaching tools.

His writing on English law focused on property law. His seminal monograph *The New River* explored the legal history of the aqueduct and the New River Company, which started providing London with water in the 17th century, and is now part of Thames Water. A quirky and unique book, it explains the history of property and company law by using a single business venture as a case study.

As an essayist, Rudden's short pieces on "Torticles" and "Matter Matters" are even more incisive and witty than their titles suggest.

An early adopter of computers, he typed away in the upper gallery of the Bodleian law library every day. On his way in and out he would invariably stop and talk to any graduate student he would meet, check on their progress and encourage them. More often than not his advice was *not* to read a particular piece. Those who disregarded it soon learnt how appropriate it had been. Despite holding the highest doctorates in law of Oxford (DCL) and Cambridge (LLD) and an honorary doctorate from McGill University – in addition to being made a fellow of the British Academy – he was self-deprecating and modest. He never sought the limelight and media requests to comment on developments such as the Maastricht Treaty were regularly turned down. As he once said to a Brasenose Colleague, his aim was to "lurk through life".

Rudden was devoted to his four children and to Nancy, who all survive him. Nancy worked as a lab technician at Cambridge and then joined the Oxford genetics department. When they first went punting, Rudden, keen to impress, had bought a new pair of fashionable denim jeans and a denim jacket. Inevitably the pole got stuck, he fell into the Cam and the expensive outfit shrunk.

Their children were all born in the six years following their marriage in 1957. John is a porter at the John Radcliffe Hospital in Oxford; Helen became a teacher of the Alexander technique; Patrick is a fund manager, and Stephen is a technician for the Ministry of Defence.

Rudden defied the stereotype of an Oxford don in many regards, with his love of the Marx Brothers, Laurel & Hardy and Abbot & Costello. He was an avid fan of Star Trek and would be glued to the television during the Tour de France.

He was not a particularly practical man: he never learnt to drive and everything in the house that could not be fixed with Sellotape or string would remain unfixed. Soon after retirement he and Nancy moved to her home town of Penzance. A major heart attack in 2009 left him frail but mentally alert.

After the announcement of his death the flag at Brasenose College was flown at half-mast. He was most touched and surprised when, in 2002, he was presented with a book of essays featuring contributions from many of his former pupils – entitled *Themes in Comparative Law: In Honour of Bernard Rudden*.

Professor Bernard Rudden

Geoffrey Plowden

The Times obituary was inaccurate about Bernard's Army service; he did not spend it listening to Russian broadcasts. He was called up in the autumn of 1951, and was posted to the Joint Services Russian Course in January 1952, like myself. The first year of this course was held at Cambridge, followed by six months at Bodmin. I was with Bernard all that time, and shared a room with him and Stewart Platt for one term, in a sort of boarding house in Silver Street, Cambridge. I was already a Greats graduate from Balliol, while he was to go to St. John's, Cambridge, after the Army.

On this course we were able to get a pretty good knowledge of the Russian language, above degree standard they said, and some acquaintance with the literature. This naturally stood Bernard in good stead later, when he became expert in Soviet law.

I always realised that Bernard was a very special person, with great humour and humanity, and a true love of the arts, especially music and theatre. At Bodmin he played Hamlet in a battledress production, no slight task to learn all those lines while also intensively studying. I also remember his singing some beautiful folksongs, which I had never heard before. He honoured me by writing special words to the tune of John Brown's Body, "We'll hang Geoff Plowden from a sour apple tree".

After Bodmin, we were posted to the Intelligence Corps depot at Maresfield, in East Sussex, where we studied aspects of the Soviet Union and its armed forces. This was very near my parents' home in Mayfield, and Bernard was able to stay with us for a weekend, on leave from the camp.

I remember Bernard making a great impression on the officers while playing the role of an officer in charge of Russian POWs in an exercise at Maresfield.

After the Army I kept up with Bernard, visiting him at times in Oxford, and telephoning him fairly regularly. After his retirement I saw him a couple of times in Penzance, and remember him saying that he had had to get rid of his law books, "but had kept all his real books", meaning of course his literary books, no doubt including some of the great Russian works. He also took part in the cultural life of Penzance, joining a Shakespeare study group (as a result of which he informed

me that Shakespeare's "chimney-sweepers" were in fact dandelion seed-heads). In recent years, however, he was often too weak to speak more than a few words on the telephone, and I was intending to go to Penzance to see him and Nancy, but was prevented by his death.

He was a very good and life-enriching friend.

Professor Bernard Rudden – a Tribute

By Stefan Vogenauer at Brasenose Chapel, July 4th 2015

We have come together to remember a man who was diminutive in stature, yet one of the great legal thinkers; who was possibly a lightweight in sporting terms, yet a heavyweight in legal scholarship; who was quiet, yet a master of the word.

We all remember Bernard Rudden in very different capacities: as family, as friends, as colleagues, as students. The family has asked me to speak on this occasion although there will be many others here today who knew Bernard much better than I did. The brief I have been given is to focus on his legal scholarship.

However, it would be wrong to separate the work from the man. So I would like to start with a story. In October 1994 I arrived as a graduate student at Trinity. I was meant to read for a new degree called Magister Juris, or MJur. I soon realised that people around me were clever. They were called BCLs. Some of them were frighteningly clever. They spoke proper English. Well, at least most did. The others were Australian.

But, quite worryingly, they would be sitting exams with me later in the year. I got a little bit anxious.

Fortunately, help was at hand. There was a set of introductory lectures in 0th week, targeted at the MJur students. I suppose we were regarded as the 'special needs cases' of the Faculty. We needed extra support to survive. In the end, just a handful of students followed the lecture list to see 'Prof B Rudden, Law Board Room' for two two-hour sessions.

Very few of those who have been to the Law Board Room would call it an inspiring venue. Yet, in came a short man in his early sixties with a grey beard and lucid eyes. He spoke without a handout, without PowerPoint. He just used words, and he used them to great effect. He used them to tell a story of the common law, a story of plaintiffs and defendants, a story of judges and practitioners, a story of cases and law books. There was a great story teller, a veritable magician of the law,

captivating his audience. In fact these were the first comparative law lectures I heard. I thought to myself that when I was grown up one day I might wish to be a comparative lawyer.

Back then, we honestly believed that we had understood the essential features of the common law after these four hours. Of course we were wrong. But we were all somewhat less anxious.

I soon learned that Bernard Rudden's role in the Law Faculty went way beyond that of a special needs teacher for foreign students. In the Faculty he is mostly remembered for his early recognition of the importance of graduate studies. He ensured that the traditional model of pastoral care for undergraduates was extended to graduate students, whether he was their formal supervisor or just an informal mentor. Mark Freedland told me that, by imbuing the graduates with a sense that they were members of a group supporting and challenging each other, Bernard laid the foundations of the graduate research school that today is an integral part of the Faculty.

Our colleague Joshua Getzler remembers arriving as a doctoral student in 1989 and being taken under the wing of the then Director of Graduate Studies who taught him the seven commandments of legal research.

Rudden's first commandment was 'Thou shalt not study the legal history lurking in your topic unless you wish to get lost in legal history'. The second was quite similar: 'Thou shalt not study the legal philosophy lurking in your topic unless you wish to get lost in legal philosophy'. And the third was even more practically relevant: 'After inducing a rich relative to buy you one of these new-fangled Personal Computers, thou shalt not become obsessed with how to arrange your data on it'.

The remaining commandments, dubbed by Getzler as 'the Slightly More Positive' commandments, displayed an equal measure of experience and wisdom: fourth commandment: 'Thou shalt work at least as long and as rigorously each day as your colleagues who are toiling as associates in large law firms'. Fifth commandment: 'Thou shalt find beauty in your own subject (and not waste time pretending that learning things unconnected to your thesis is somehow valuable)'. Sixth commandment: 'Thou shalt meet with each other and explain your work to each other and help each other'. And finally, and most importantly, the Seventh commandment which can be issued at *any* stage of *any* doctoral thesis: 'Thou art already behind!'.

I personally benefited from what we might call Rudden's Eighth Commandment in my second year at Oxford. Bernard used to live in his Law Library carrel in the upper gallery where he typed away on a giant computer. At around 11 in the morning he would normally emerge and go to the SCR for a cup of coffee. He would invariably stop by at my desk where I was starting work on my doctorate, check what I was reading, sigh, shake his head, and comment: 'You really should not read this'. This was useful advice, and I should have heeded it more often. However, with hindsight I wish he told me about rule seven back then!

The rules of thumb for doctoral students tell us a lot about Bernard, the teacher: his commitment to his students, his humour, and his wisdom.

In the second half of his career, when he held the Chair of Comparative Law at Brasenose, it was mostly graduates who benefited from these features. However, the undergraduates who he taught as a Tutorial Fellow at Oriel have similar stories to tell. Peter Gross, now Lord Justice Gross, gratefully remembers how Bernard would set aside an hour for a one-on-one session with each finalist before the exams, with no agenda other than the questions which the finalist might have. To this day, LJ Gross would be the first to say that his debt to Bernard 'is incalculable'.

Bernard's scholarly work can of course not be reduced to his teaching. He was also a prolific writer. He once told me (Rudden's Ninth Commandment?) that 'A man should write two books in his career, one at the age of 40 when he has understood something. And another one at the age of 60 when he has something to say'. As usual, this was rather tongue in cheek, and perhaps more reflective of his modesty and his self-deprecating humour than of his actual *oeuvre* as a legal writer.

He kicked off his academic career with a first book on Soviet insurance law in 1966 which followed from his PhD on Soviet tort law. The topics are characteristic of Bernard's scholarship: it was highly original and somewhat off the beaten track. It reflected the fact, as Jack Beatson put it to me, that Bernard had a different *Hinterland* than his Oxford colleagues who had come through more conventional channels.

His comparative law work focused mostly on the civil law tradition, with a particular emphasis on the then socialist Russia and, somewhat more conventionally, France. On the latter, his *Source-Book*, co-edited with Kahn-Freund, saw three editions and was used by generations of students. His interests were wide-ranging and went beyond private law.

His book on *Comparing Constitutions*, co-edited with political scientists Vernon Bogdanor and Sam Finer in 1995, was way ahead of its time.

In 1972, a year before the United Kingdom was about to join the European Economic Community, Bernard was asked to teach something presumably even more exotic than Soviet law: European law. Probably this was on the basis that a comparative lawyer trained in civilian thinking was best suited to the task. His editions of *Basic Community Laws* (with Derrick Wyatt) and *Basic Community Cases* were indispensable teaching tools at a time when European law scholarship was still in its infancy.

His writings on English law focused mostly on property where he took over and re-wrote Lawson's ground-breaking *Introduction to the Law of Property*. If there is one discipline of English law that is bogged down by an extraordinary amount of detail, it is the law of property. Rudden maintained the book's focus on structure and principles. It is a slim book, and it is eminently readable. You can hear a certain glee when he writes, in the preface to the third edition, that the book 'still refrains from discussing – or even citing – decided cases, a practice which causes uneasiness to some readers, and satisfaction to others'.

Rudden's Ninth Commandment is most convincingly falsified by Rudden, the author. He published what most legal scholars would regard as his masterpiece, aged 52, in 1985. In *The New River* he explored the legal history of the aqueduct and the company that has provided London with water since the early 17th century. It is a book unlike any other, skilfully explaining the history of property and company law and, perhaps, capitalism at large by using a single business venture as a case study.

Harry Judge tells me that Bernard 'worked his way' through the subject in a most literal way. He took a knapsack and walked all the way from the origins of the waterway in Hertfordshire to its end in Islington.

Walking, I am told, was one of Bernard's main passions. There were many others, often totally unrelated to the law: jazz, comedy, cycling. There would be lot to talk about, were it not for the brief I was given (and for the fact that this is a particularly hot summer afternoon, and refreshments are waiting outside).

Just one further short story before I conclude. In early 2003 I received a letter from Penzance. A few weeks earlier I had been elected to succeed Bernard in the Chair of Comparative Law. The election was an incomprehensible vote of confidence in someone half his age and

possessing a minuscule, if any, fraction of his distinction. I was – how should I put it – a little bit anxious.

What would his letter say? Would I be given detailed instructions on how to fill the Chair? Advice on how to navigate Oxford? Suggestions for further research? The envelope contained a postcard. It had a picture of the Roman Emperor Justinian I. The lawyers amongst us will understand the joke – although some common lawyers may not find it funny.

On the back of the postcard there were just three words. They were taken from the famous inscription in the courtyard of Bodley's Library, right across the Square. There is a plaque above the doors that lead up to the Divinity School. It was set up almost exactly 400 years ago. To this day, it sets out to remind the academics of Oxford of who gave this library to their, to our, Republic of the learned. And it expresses a wish for the new building, and, it may be thought, for the entire Republic of letters of Oxford: *Quod feliciter vortat* – “may things turn out happily”, or, “may the gift turn out well”.

Quod feliciter vortat – “May the gift turn out well”. This is what Bernard wrote to his successor in 2003. It was a poignant reminder that, however hard we strive, much is simply given to us without our doing, and it is not entirely up to us what will come of it. Bernard would no doubt have had an idea, particularly in this Chapel, who else might have a hand in these matters.

Bernard himself was a man blessed with a variety of gifts, with enormous talents. He dispensed them most liberally, to the benefit of everyone he met at Oxford. Those of us who knew him will agree that his gifts to us did indeed turn out well.

Professor Christopher Salvesen

By Professor Patrick Parrinder

Born in Edinburgh in 1935, Christopher Salvesen was descended from a long-established whaling family. He grew up in south-west Scotland and, after National Service, studied at Oxford. In 1962 he was appointed to a lectureship at Trinity College, Dublin. It was there that he wrote his study of Wordsworth, *The Landscape of Memory*, expressing his lifelong affinity for the Lake Poets. Christopher came to Reading in 1966, and in 1971 took over as Head of the Department of English. Apart from

the year 1973–4 spent at Penn State University, he remained at Reading until his retirement in 2000.

Christopher's temperament was that of a poet rather than of an administrator; fierce bursts of energy and wit were succeeded by long periods of apparent dormancy. His headship began in difficult circumstances after the long regime of the legendary Renaissance scholar Donald Gordon. Student numbers were growing, however, and significant new appointments were made. Christopher's vision for the Department was one of gradual but seamless change, and he ruled by consensus; long discussions were held on the Quaker principle but a vote was never taken. He was a keen member of the Departmental football team and, I have heard, a fearsome tackler. He had a strong and absorbing home life, thanks to Charlotte and his four daughters.

In the early 1970s, he was art critic of *The Listener* under the editorship of Karl Miller. His principal creative outlet, however, was in his poetry. His first verse collection, *Floodsheaf: from a Parish History*, was published by the Whiteknights Press in 1974 and enthusiastically received by fellow-poets such as P. J. Kavanagh and Peter Porter. Here and in *Among the Goths* (1986) Christopher drew extensively on his own childhood 'landscape of memory' in Nithsdale, Dumfriesshire. His inclusion in Douglas Dunn's *Faber Book of Twentieth-Century Scottish Poetry* (1992) moved one unenthusiastic reviewer to comment that a professor at Reading could not possibly be a Scottish poet. Yet Christopher remained deeply Scottish, and his mastery of Lallans and the Doric is evident in some of his poems. As he wrote in a foreword to *Among the Goths*, 'The Scottish vocabulary is necessarily intermittent but a Scottish register is to be heard throughout'.

In later years his poetic subject-matter was far from being confined to Scotland. He wrote meditations on European history from the Romans to the present day, notably recalling his Army service in Germany and family holidays in Italy. He was warmly received at the University of Kassel, where he took a leading role in setting up the first of the English Department's European student exchanges. Christopher's career as a poet continued after his retirement, with his volume *The Long Gallery* appearing in 2008 and a pamphlet, *Crossing the Border*, in 2011. John Lucas, whose Shoestring Press published *The Long Gallery*, recalls that Christopher launched it with a memorable public reading in Edinburgh. On one other memorable occasion, in his 'Near-Elegy at Cemetery

Junction', he took the well-known Reading landmark as a subject for verse. The poem is both witty and tender and ends with a moment of chilling foresight as he suggests that January, the time of his birth, might also be the month of his death. After playing on the riddling possibilities of the place-name, he concludes as follows:

*These few rough words
Scratch out as good a token of continuing
Life as anything I can think of or feel the need of.*

Professor Christopher Salvesen

By Bill Tucker

Chris and I arrived at Brasenose as freshmen in October, 1955. I don't remember how or when we first met and talked; he was reading English and I History, he wore the Scholar's long gown and had a fine sunny room to himself in the Old Quad, whereas I had to share a gloomy garret in the remote regions beyond. It could be that I encountered him on his way to draw from the model at the Ruskin School of Drawing in the Ashmolean. Whether this was actually the case or not, he certainly encouraged me to follow his example, and I was soon spending many hours drawing (certainly more than the official regulation of one morning or afternoon session per week for undergraduates), and in the process getting to know several of the very interesting American students there on the GI Bill after the Korean War. They and Chris opened up for me the possibility of a career in art that I had never dreamed of before. Soon I was hitchhiking to London on the weekend, visiting the Tate and the Bond Street galleries, and discussing what I had seen with Chris and Elemore Morgan or Philip Morsburger (who became a lifelong friend and returned to Oxford later as Master of the Ruskin).

Chris and I took off to Italy one summer on my Vespa to view the Renaissance masters, we met up with Elemore in a Florence pensione; I well remember Chris scolding me for drawing from a Gothic sculpture that I happened on in the Arena Chapel in Padua, instead of paying attention to the Giotto's.

Chris was a real mentor to me in so many ways. I realize now that until I met him I knew virtually nothing of ideas and literature. Very

early in our acquaintance I remember him singing the praises of the book he was reading, *Mimesis* by Erich Auerbach, I took a quick look and could make no sense of it. I still have not read it; maybe I should in his memory. But he also introduced me to Thomas Mann, Proust, Joyce, Musil, all the great writers of the early twentieth century, which I devoured then and continue to re-read. In the 1970s we collaborated on a small edition of Rilke's *Sonnets to Orpheus* with his translations and my illustrations. From the first days of our friendship I was inspired by his commitment to poetry and his gift for giving words a unique density and resonance. *Genius Loci*, a poem which still echoes in memory after some 60 years, closes like this:

To the unimaginable margin

*Compassing source and sea
The child and hero, one,
Knows now landscape is longing,
The city, knowledge to be borne --
Harnessing so reed, salt, and first-sun.*

*Onward, out -- and back, both centre and beginnings
There the stone, Terminus, had sunk,
The mountain left upon its own,
His devotees drawn-off or dead
Leaving their lead-mines, below the moor their road.
And one name, illegible, an altar-stone.
A city is built, fronting its salt-pans,
Announced by towers, white flanks enjoyed by right:
Its streets are planned, pure form besieged and won;
Its children grow, created: their name is light.*

Thank you, Chris. There must be so many out there whom you inspired, as you did me. Your unique voice remains.

Professor John H Schütz

Reproduced from The Chapel Hill News

John Howard Schütz, former Bowman and Gordon Gray Professor of Religious Studies at The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, died on Sunday, September 27, 2015, following a brief illness. Born

on March 11, 1933, in Orange, NJ, Mr Schütz was the son of John and Virginia (Wolfe) Schütz. He received his B.S. from Northwestern University and his B.D., M.A., and Ph.D. from Yale University. He was a Fulbright Scholar at Georg-August Universität in Göttingen, Germany, and Eberhard-Karls Universität in Tübingen, Germany, and studied at Oxford University in jurisprudence and Roman law as a Visiting Fellow at Brasenose College.

He taught at Yale University from 1961 to 1968, when he was recruited to UNC-Chapel Hill. He retired prematurely after a severe injury in 1985. Among his scholarly activities and appointments were Chair, Department of Religious Studies at UNC-Chapel Hill; Director of Graduate Studies in the Department of Religious Studies at Yale; Visiting Professor at Duke Divinity School; Director, Program in Religious Studies for Journalists at UNC-Chapel Hill; and Director of Graduate Studies, Department of Religious Studies at UNC-Chapel Hill. He served on the Steering Committee of the Scholars of the House Program, Yale College; and at UNC-Chapel Hill, he chaired the Task Force on the Humanities and the Committee to Review Undergraduate Degree Requirements in the College of Arts and Sciences. He also served on the Educational Policy Committee; Carolina Annual Giving Council; Committee on University Government; Committee on Undergraduate Curriculum Reform; Arts and Sciences Foundation Faculty Committee; Administrative Board, College of Arts and Sciences; Administrative Board, WUNC-FM; and Faculty Athletic Committee. He consulted for the Danforth Foundation, the National Endowment for the Humanities, and the Fulbright-Hayes Exchange Program. He was Founding Editor of the Bulletin of the Council on the Study of Religion and on the Editorial Board of the Society of Biblical Literature Monograph Series. Among his scholarly awards were Fellow at Oxford University, the Tanner Award at UNC-Chapel Hill, and three Rockefeller Foundation grants. He was a member of the Society of Biblical Literature, *Studiorum Novi Testamenti Societas*, Catholic Biblical Association of America, Society for Values in Higher Education, and North American Patristics Society. Among his major publications were *Paul and the Anatomy of Apostolic Authority* (1975) and *The Social Setting of Pauline Christianity* (1982), along with numerous articles in academic publications. He was an active member of The Chapel of the Cross in Chapel Hill, serving in several roles, including Senior Warden. Mr. Schütz is survived by his wife of

62 years, Barbara (Foster) Schütz; daughter, Martha A. Schütz and her husband, Donald Lo, of Chapel Hill; daughter, Amy (Schütz) Kelso and her husband, John Kelso, of Asheville, NC; grandchildren Emma and Annie Lo, and Henry and Paul Kelso; sister-in-law and brother-in-law Patricia and Terry Thalman, of Chapel Hill, NC, and E. Orleans, MA; and nieces Ellen Thalman, Anne Thalman, Melissa Snider, and Laurie Shepherd. He was preceded in death by his father and mother, and his sister, Barbara S. Barr. A memorial service was held at 2 pm on Friday, October 2, 2015, at The Chapel of the Cross.

George Walker

By Tim Connor and Roger Massie

The earliest event of my undergraduate life that I can remember was George coming into my eyrie of a room, perched at the summit of the Arab quarter, and introducing himself as a fellow historian. With his open, talkative company one could descend, find Hall, have supper, be not too nervous of the uncertainties ahead. And so proximity bred friendship, less academic than social: I don't think we shared tutorials and, apart from rather incompetent games of squash, for I had never played before and relied entirely on his teaching, I don't think that initially we did much together, but rather sat in his room afterwards and talked about our separate activities. In his Diaries, Michael Palin has divided his fellow historians into those who didn't wear ties (perhaps no one said 'cool' yet) and the majority, who did. George and I were very much of the majority, with tweed jacket and the whole late-Fifties look. (This was 1962, an age before Larkin's *Annus Mirabilis*). Our habits were perfectly tame: George would venture into bookshops and buy rather glossily bound books of military history, and explain his interest by reference to his contacts with Viscount Montgomery, whom he had met at school, as he made himself into the expert that flourished at RNC Dartmouth.

For one reason and another, George spent his second year out of College, but in his final year he shared a huge room on the ground floor of Frewin Hall, where, in the slightly more anxious time of preparation for Finals, he was an endless source of coffee and insouciant reassurance. Nothing ever seemed very much strain. The most liberating of all his kindnesses was to take a carful of us out to the vicarage at Northleach, in

the Cotswolds, into immemorial England, to his no less generous family who, like George, would always put one at ease.

Tim duly performed the duties of Best Man when the young Dartmouth lecturer married the delightful and formidable Eila, tragically widowed by a Fleet Air Arm accident. By then he had moved with the times to the extent of wearing his hair long, a fact we owe to the tribute pronounced by his son-in-law, Admiral Charles Styles, at the packed service held in Strasbourg a week after his death resulting from an aggressive cancer in November 2014.

By 1972 when the Walkers arrived in Strasbourg – they had, or were to have – four lovely daughters (two hers and two theirs). The Council of Europe was already something of a stomping ground for BNC men and it can have done no harm that in our era a pupil of Robert Shackleton's, Stanley Hunt (1947) was in charge of recruitment. Others who were to pass through were two Ambassadors (PermReps), Donald Cape (1941) and Roger Beetham (1956) and two men of the church, Robert Runcie (1941) and Patrick Irwin, the latter having been on chaplaincy duty during George's last illness. Anyone who might have thought that the Walkers with their Senior Service, rather than "eurocratic", background might have held themselves a bit aloof could not have been further from the mark. Though retaining thoroughly English accents, both were not only extremely sociable and ever-generous hosts, but they quickly achieved high profiles; George in the Staff Committee where he was improbably involved in organising strike action to right perceived wrongs, and Eila, voted Chairperson of the multi-national (and multi-lingual) English Speaking Community.

George achieved deserved prominence in the Cultural Directorate where he dynamically pioneered the drawing up of European instruments to fight such scourges as football hooliganism and doping. He was involved in the setting up of the World Anti-Doping Agency. From this flowed enviable invitations to various Olympic Games, of the summer and winter variety, although his duties did not apparently include the taking of samples. His pythonesque humour sometimes came near to landing him in trouble – as when, one April 1st he circulated a directive to all member states to the effect that football stadia should be built three inches wider to accommodate a running track.

A mere linguist (and hobby historian) like myself could not but appreciate George's encyclopaedic knowledge and well-stocked library.

His second and third names – Rudolf Wratislaw – proved a give-away that we had common roots in Central Europe and a shared admiration for writers like Patrick Leigh-Fermor in his *Transylvanian (Across the Water and into the Woods)* mode. George too would sometimes write up his journeys and I treasure the 2011 piece (mentioning also Palin) he gave me entitled *With the Founders (his City Livery Company) to Bukovina* – which turns out to be the most easterly province (now divided between Romania and unhappy Ukraine) of the old Habsburg Empire.

Alastair D S Whitelaw

By Angus Macpherson (Worcester College, 1952)

Alastair Whitelaw was born on 6 March 1932 in Auckland, New Zealand and died there on 21 July 2015. Although he spent most of his life in New Zealand, he was immensely proud of his Scottish antecedents and kept closely in touch with his Scottish relatives and friends. Alastair's parents lived in Edinburgh from 1946 to 1948, and during these two years he attended Fettes College.

On leaving Fettes, he became a pupil in Scots College, a Presbyterian school in Wellington. In 1951 he was admitted to Victoria College, now the Victoria University of Wellington, from where he graduated BA in 1955 with Honours in Modern History. He had always been attracted to studying in Oxford or Cambridge, at both of which he had had relatives. It was suggested by a family friend who had connections with the College that he should study history at Brasenose College (BNC), Oxford; and having gained a place there, he matriculated in 1956.

In 1956 most male Oxford undergraduates arrived at the University after two years' National Service in one of the Armed Services. The traditions they had absorbed in the Services were often carried over into College life. The dress code was more formal and it was expected that men (women had not yet been admitted to men's colleges) should wear jackets and ties, as well as black gowns to lectures and for dinner in Hall. In 1956 a substantial number of undergraduates at BNC had been to public schools; but Alastair made friends with College contemporaries, whatever their background, and remained in touch with them for years afterwards.

Among Alastair's BNC friends was Scott Hamilton, a Fulbright Scholar from Little Rock, Arkansas, who founded the College club

Phrontisterion. Its purpose was to invite distinguished members of the University for conversation over drinks. Another College club, also inaugurated by Scott Hamilton, was the Peripatetics which organised walks between such historic places as Winchester and Canterbury Cathedrals. Peripatetic Club members included Alan Cowling, Richard Askew, Russell Meek, John Liversedge and Louis Vandenberg. Their walks extended to France, Spain and Andorra. Alastair also took great pleasure in rowing and was proud to have a First Torpids oar which he displayed on a wall in his Auckland home.

He greatly enjoyed Oxford and was very happy at BNC. He delighted in the College's gracious rooms, with its incomparable Hall as centre piece; and the towering shadow of the Radcliffe Camera looming over the College entrance. He revelled in the comforts of living in BNC, having his bed made, room cleaned and glasses washed each day by his scout. He benefitted from his tutorials from Robert Shackleton, Senior Tutor in the College, and author of a biography of Montesquieu. While he respected the BNC fellows who taught him history, Alastair's view was that the subject was taught just as well by younger, enthusiastic historians at Victoria College, Wellington. He had however vivid recollections of memorable talks given by Isaiah Berlin and Alexander Kerensky, Prime Minister of the Russian Revolutionary Government in 1917. Alastair took a keen interest in College affairs after he went down. For example, he supported the re-assessment of the achievements of Field Marshal Earl Haig (BNC 1880 – 1883) during the First World War; and approved of the decision to restore his portrait to a prominent position in College.

When he graduated from Oxford in 1959 he was appointed to teach at St Kentigern's School in Auckland and continued to improve his skills as a teacher by attending courses on professional development. In 1971 he acquired the Post Graduate Certificate of Education at Oxford, staying for some months at his former College. On his return to New Zealand he took up a teaching post at King's College, Auckland, sometimes referred to as the "Eton of New Zealand". He taught history and French, and was also the school rowing coach. He retired from King's in 1985 after a long spell as a highly successful Housemaster of St John's House. As Housemaster he showed great care for his pupils, encouraging them always to give the best of themselves.

In 1985 he married Joan Luckie. His marriage to Joan made him step father to the four children of her previous marriage: Kevin, John, Alan and Helen. Alastair was a loving step father, and his step children warmly returned his affection for them. He was also a devoted husband. He and Joan were ideally matched and they had thirty happy years together before she died in September 2014. Joan was a talented pianist and shared Alastair's enthusiasm for travelling. They often spent several months abroad each year. They visited the United Kingdom regularly and made a point of meeting all their friends in Scotland and England. Friends who visited them in Auckland were entertained most generously. They enjoyed sailing by motor launch in the waters near Auckland, until Joan became concerned about the mishaps that seemed to befall their boat regularly and they decided to sell it.

After retirement Alastair became much involved in church and local affairs. His Christian faith was very important to him, but he did not wear it on his sleeve and let it be shown by his actions rather than by his words. His quiet, gentle manner carried greater conviction among friends and pupils than if he had talked a lot about his beliefs. He helped to establish a local group of the University of the Third Age (U3A) and was active in preparing and delivering lectures to the group on a wide variety of topics, many with a historical perspective. He was still preparing such talks until the week before he died. Alastair's friendships extended worldwide and included people of all ages and backgrounds. He was a man of highest integrity and yet his principles were always tempered by warmth, friendliness and a sense of humour. His friendship brought great pleasure to many, and all who knew him well loved him.

Stephen Winkley

(Originally published in Uppingham School Magazine)

David Gaine (former Classics Master, Housemaster, Director of Studies and Second Master) pays tribute to his friend and former colleague, with additional material from John Tolput, colleague and friend at Cranleigh School, and Uppingham Staff.

Stephen Winkley was educated at St Edwards School in Oxford and, after a PhD in Classics at Oxford University, he taught Classics and French at Cranleigh School, and then went on to Winchester College, where he was Second Master and ran the scholar's house, charged with

some of the brightest boys in the country. He became headmaster of Uppingham in 1991, and oversaw an era of change which transformed the school he inherited from his predecessor.

I suspect (*writes David Gaine*) that there is no such thing as a ‘man for all seasons’. There are men, and there are seasons, and from time to time there comes the right man for the right season, and there can be no doubt that in the case of Uppingham in 1991 Stephen Winkley was just that man. There was some tut-tutting at his appointment. I had met him many times before at Rugby Group meetings. He was certainly something of a maverick, not only in his dress sense (the red shoes), but a man larger than life, apt to say and do exactly what he thought. The Headmaster’s secretary, Rosemary Netscher, was told that ‘We would regret it.’ How wonderfully wrong the naysayers were.

If Stephen thought his early years were going to be easy, he was sadly mistaken. Although all seemed well – this was the period of the first new Music School, the Queen’s visit on the occasion of the school’s quarter-centenary in 1984, and the opening of the new maths block – dark clouds were on the horizon; boarding schools faced very real difficulties over this period. It became unfashionable to ‘send the children away’, and many schools embraced a mixture of boarding, weekly boarding and day pupils: numbers in the school had fallen to just over 600, and fell still lower. One of Stephen’s first changes raised morale by ending the period of mourning for Queen Victoria, symbolised by the funeral black School tie, replacing it with his own design with blue and silver stripes. His next decision was more important: his response to recruitment problems was to take it out of the hands of the Housemasters: everything was centralised by the Registrar’s office, and parents dealt with the Housemasters via the registry. In addition, parents were for the first time to be shown round the School by sixth form Tour guides, and were also invited to lunch in the Houses to see them at work.

The next decision Stephen took, to keep faith with seven day a week boarding, was crucial to the School’s success. He believed in proper boarding; for him it was a way of creating a safe world where people could grow and begin to understand how each other ticked. His vision of Uppingham as ‘the best boarding school in the country’ was his great legacy.

There were more brave decisions. His second great victory in terms of the ‘soul’ of the school was the defeat of the Trustee’s proposal to

introduce central feeding. It was reckoned that the whole school dining together would save huge amounts of money, and a design for a new building was produced by Piers Gough. Stephen was strongly against it, believing that to lose the ‘family’ of the houses and their Houseparents would be to lose the one feature that most attracted parents and is most cherished by the boys and girls.

Stephen then turned his mind to altering the shape of the school. The Hall was closed in 1993, much to the chagrin of many, but it was too isolated from the main school. The lodge was converted into a sixth form House for girls in 1994, the first stage in what he was anxious to achieve – an increase in the number of girls in the school. The opening of the Leonardo Centre followed in 1995, and this was followed by his third great victory: the decision to open the school to girls at the age of 13. Although he faced stiff opposition, particularly from all the Housmasters (and Housemistresses!), he prevailed, and was proved absolutely right. Numbers climbed when Samworth’s opened in 2001. Constables was converted to a girl’s house, and New House opened in 2004. The school had meanwhile started to take seriously the importance of marketing. Stephen called in professionals to establish a modern corporate image: a video was made and a stylish prospectus introduced. We could now proffer an image of a modern, enthusiastic, and above all welcoming School.

The continued growth of the School necessitated a reordering of the Chapel, which greatly enhanced the interior and allowed a more inclusive act of worship, and also accommodated the growing numbers. Stephen believed in the life of the chapel as an integral and important part of the school’s existence: he had a great love of hymns and hymnody (his PhD was in Byzantine Hymnography), and he greatly missed the singing in Chapel after leaving Uppingham. The School’s music, something he continued to delight in, was further enhanced by the opening of The Paul David Music School shortly before his retirement. The concept of the Western Quad was also beginning to take shape, and would come to fruition after his departure, testament to his vision of how the school could continue to grow.

(John Tolput, a friend and colleague at Cranleigh, writes) His Appointment as Head of Uppingham was slightly surprising – wasn’t Uppingham full of sporty people from the Midlands? But he loved it. Running a school made him deeply happy. He could do it his own way and he blossomed

in the company of people at school age. He called himself the Head Hamster. On a visit once, I detoured past the Head Master's noticeboard, curious to know what he had written there. There was only one piece of paper, typed out with a drawing pin in each corner: *coloured scarves. I don't think so. SCW*

After leaving Uppingham, he wrote an article about retiring and having his portrait painted (the portrait now hangs in the Memorial Hall):

I found one of our old boys shuffling round the chapel. He was haunted by the memories of the now silent voices. 'And who was the headmaster?' I asked, 'When were you here?' There was a long pause, 'Headmaster, yes,' he said, 'I suppose we must have had one.'

I was painted recently. It is a process similar to being embalmed, though without the gruesome detail of having the brain spooned out through the nostrils.

The rest of his article is about the certainty of being forgotten, and ends: *The memory of me isn't a picture of me dominated by a tortoiseshell cat. The memory of me is a way of singing, a way of listening, a way of rejoicing, the fragile pathways common to boys and girls and colleagues who shared the place with me. Probably they had a Headmaster: how much more important that they had abundant life, beautiful challenge, a web of possibilities. The fragments we shore against our ruin are millions of splinters of light kindled in the pupils we loved, or tried to love, in a vineyard alive with potentiality.*

Soon after leaving he was head-hunted as Headmaster of Rossall School, which he succeeded in rescuing at a difficult time in its history. His health, which gave him problems during his last years at Uppingham, gradually deteriorated and he died at home on April 3rd 2014. He is survived by Jenny, their daughters Imogen and Bella, his sons Leo and Mungo, and four grandchildren, as well as his stepdaughter Jessica and her three children.

He is remembered by Uppingham colleagues for many things. His sense of humour was joyous: he naturally loathed inspections, and when a pre-inspection team visited Uppingham he quickly ascertained that none of them had previously set foot in a boarding school. The first question they asked him was about the school's truancy policy. If the pupils managed to get past the Alsatians and the razor wire then he wasn't that concerned, he replied.

He was impatient with mediocrity, and made difficult and sometimes cruel decisions, but he was capable of profound understanding and

sympathy, which were often given discreetly, and when least expected. His voice, resonant, richly serious and humorous by turns, cast a spell over the Chapel in the annual Carol Service reading of St John's Gospel. His leaving present was, at his own request, a performance with friends and colleagues of sections from Mozart's Requiem.

Stephen Winkley was (*in David Gaine's final words*) a maverick, and a great one. A grumpy old bear at times, but a loveable one. At Uppingham he will always be remembered.

