

The Brazen Nose



Volume 50

2015-2016

The Brazen Nose

2015-2016



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EDITOR'S NOTES

Dr Llewelyn Morgan (Tutorial Fellow in Classics)

We probably have to admit that other colleges in Oxford left a bigger imprint on World Literature than Brasenose. I have encountered the fine turn of phrase “to talk pure Brasenose to someone” in a Kipling short story (*The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat*), meaning to speak condescendingly to a social or moral inferior, and the Tudor poet John Heywood once attempted a feeble play on our name and the tendency of Henry VIII's debased shillings, or testons, to be rubbed down to the underlying red copper on the king's nose:

*Testons be gone to Oxforde, God be their speede:
To studie in Brasennose there to proceede.*

Let us never forget either Thomas Hood's poem *The Lament of Toby, the Learned Pig*, on a pig allegedly fluent in Latin, Greek and Hebrew; in Hood's telling, destined for the chop for all his learning:

*Oh, why did I at Brazen-Nose
Rout up the roots of knowledge?
A butcher that can't read will kill
A pig that's been to college!*

But it's high time that this college took proper stock of its literary achievements, and that is the challenge posed to us all by Dudley Harrop (1955) later in this issue. He asks us to read the works of Brasenose-educated authors and share our assessments with him. I can tell him now that I think J.G. Farrell's *Troubles* richly deserved the delayed Booker it received in 2010 (the prize having skipped a year in 1970, when the novel was published), one of my favourite novels even before I realised Farrell had a Brasenose connection. Dudley will warmly approve of the discussion session led by Dr Julia Smith, General Editor of the monumental, fourteen-volume *Oxford Traherne* in the College Library in January: the mystical poet Thomas Traherne has a claim to be the most important author to emerge from Brasenose.

My only request, to Dudley and to you, is that you read this *Brazen Nose 2016* before you start on anything else.

Literature certainly seems a more promising source of collegiate pride this year than politics. Certain momentous events in the summer

lost us our Brasenose Prime Minister (in the UK, at least; we're holding out in Australia) and a number of ministers, too. A Chancellor of the Exchequer, with the weight of the world on his shoulders, was spotted at a graduation in July, although he himself, regrettably, was educated on the other side of High St. As for the bigger picture, Brasenose will no doubt weather this storm as all others, but the peculiar character of this most troubled of years has its own oblique reflection in these pages.

Physically, the most significant and visible development in Brasenose this year has been our ambitious project to develop the library, which has exiled students all of a hundred yards away to the Bodleian across the square. The renovated library, extending into the Old Cloister below, will be stunning when finished, simultaneously an improvement to the library and a restoration of the cloister. In the meantime work to renovate adjoining parts of the College, the Muniment Room and Treasury, and the Deer Park, is already complete. The Treasury now has elegant display cabinets in which the works of Brasenose authors, such as Mr Harrop has in mind, are currently on show, in an appropriately attractive context at the top of the Old Quad Tower. From those dizzying heights the building works have plunged us, unexpectedly, deep down into the bowels of the Oxford earth. Most excitingly, a lost well was uncovered in the Deer Park, evidently serving whatever the Medieval Kitchen used to be. (I have an idea about that, and will reveal more next year...)

Those developments, needless to say, are made possible by your generosity. A memorable moment in my own year was sitting next to Robert Kyprianou at a graduation lunch (another of my jobs is Dean of Degrees) when one of the first two scholars funded by the Robert and Soulla Kyprianou Scholarship was celebrating receiving his Masters degree. Graduations are always very special collegiate events, the moment when students become Old Members. But here was an Old Member back in the College Hall, recalling his own student days as the results of his generosity were marked. We depend on (and are grateful for) so many acts of kindness, I know, but that conversation crystallized for me the network of mutual regard that maintains our precious institution.

2016 saw the retirement of a number of our colleagues: Susan Wollenberg (Music), after 29 years affiliation with Brasenose, and no fewer than 44 years at LMH; Richard Cooper (French), a warm and ebullient presence in College who we suspect may be tempted back to dinners once in a while; Maria Chevskva (Fine Art), to whom we owe so

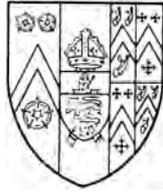
much of our visual environment by virtue of her tasteful deployment of our art collection; Lesley Abrams, like Professor Wollenberg more of another college than ours (Balliol in Professor Abrams' case), but much appreciated in this corner of Oxford, too; and Thomas Johansen, gone to our great regret to a prestigious professorship at the University of Oslo.

On the other side of the perpetual balance, we welcomed Adam Perry as our new Fellow in Law, and later in the year John Willan (Medicine), a clinical haematologist in his spare time; and a new Director of Music, Christian Wilson, a highly respected organist, musical director and researcher. Internally, Sos Eltis assumed the onerous role of Vice-Principal, bringing to it her commitment to equality in all its forms, while Jonathan Katz, who teaches some of our students Greek and Latin grammar when not studying Indian classical music or hiking in Tibet at high altitude (see the *Brazen Nose 2014*), was elected Public Orator of the University. The prestigious awards won by Elspeth Garman are described later, in her interview with current Biochemistry undergraduate, Josephine Pepper. Chris McKenna (E&M), meanwhile, picked up the 2016 Williamson Prize from the Economic History Association. There was also a richly deserved University teaching award for Owen Lewis (Biological Sciences), and an OUSU award for Ian Carroll (Politics).

Most importantly of all, this has been the first year in office of our new Principal, John Bowers, whose prose also graces these pages, on a topic close to his heart (forgive the pun). I can report that despite managing to shatter the Principal's gavel through overenthusiastic usage he and his wife, Professor Suzanne Franks, are settling in well. In particular, the "Principal's Conversations" that John has inaugurated have brought some extremely interesting speakers to the College, for instance Simon Schama, a former Fellow in Modern History with some passionate and eloquent opinions on contemporary events. Brasenose also hosted luminaries such as Tom Stoppard, Humanitas Visiting Professor in Drama, Mary Stokes, the first female Governing Body Fellow at Brasenose (from 1982 to 1988), Mark Williams the actor, and many more.

Other visitors this year, from Syria especially, have come to Brasenose and the wider University under the aegis of the Council for At-Risk Academics (CARA), founded in 1933: the academics that the College and University are helping CARA to support are the successors of those offered refuge from Nazism. It is good to belong to a place with the resources and the will to reach out in this way, I'm sure you'll agree.

The names of Nicolas Kurti and Otto Kahn Freund are enough to remind us that such openness can only make us stronger.



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

2015 Bowers, John Simon MA BCL Oxf, QC

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*
- 2015 Bortoletto, Daniela, BSc Pavia MSc PhD Syracuse *Professor of Physics and Senior Kurti Fellow*
- 2015 Bowler, Rebecca, MSci MA Camb, PhD Edin *Junior Kurti Fellow*
- 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 Chevskva, Maria, MA status Oxf ¶ *Supernumerary Fellow in Fine Art*
- 1977 Cooper, Richard Anthony, MA DPhil Oxf ¶ *Professor of French and Tutor in Modern Language*
- 1985 Daniel, Ronald William, BSc Brun, MA Oxf, PhD Camb, CEng, MIEE ¶ § *Professor of Engineering Science, Tutor in Engineering Science*
- 2001 Davies, Anne Caroline Lloyd, MA DPhil Oxf § *Professor of Law and Dean of the Law Faculty*
- 2005 Dennis, Paul David, BA BCh BM BSc Oxf *Supernumerary Fellow in Medicine*
- 2014 Dinas, Elias, BA Macedonia, MA Essex, PhD EUI, 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 and Vice-Principal*
- 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*
- 2014 Fogg, Kevin, MA PhD Yale *Junior Golding Fellow*
- 2006 Foster, Russell Grant, BSc PhD Brist, FRS Professor of Circadian Neuroscience *Supernumerary Fellow in Circadian Neuroscience*
- 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,*
- 2015 Gibbs-Seymour, Ian, BSc MSc PhD Durham *Junior Kurti Fellow*
- 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, MRCPCH *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 Hood 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 Seward, BSc Birm, MA DPhil Oxf ¶ § *Professor of Virology and Pro Vice Chancellor for Planning and Resources*
- 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*
- 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*
- 2015 Ketchley, Neil, MSc MRes PhD LSE *Hulme Research Fellow in Sociology*
- 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*
- 2008 Leal, Dave, BA PhD Leeds *Supernumerary Fellow in Philosophy*
- 2007 Lewis, Owen Thomas, MA PhD Leeds ¶¶ *Tutor in Zoology*
- 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*
- 2014 Nieduszynski, 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*
- 2015 Perry, Adam, BCL MPhil DPhil Oxf ¶¶ *Garrick Fellow and Tutor in Law*
- 2009 Pettigrew, Andrew Marshall, BA Liv, PhD Manc, FBA *Professor of Strategy and Organisation and Senior Golding Fellow*
- 1997 Popplewell, David Arthur, MA status Oxf, PhD Sus *Supernumerary Fellow in Psychology and Dean*
- 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*
- 2014 Ruggeri, Andrea, BA Genoa, MA PhD Essex ¶¶ *Tutor in Politics*

- 2011 Smith, Simon David, MA PhD Camb *Senior Tutor and Tutor for Admissions*
- 2011 Strathern, Alan, MA DPhil Oxf ¶ *Tutor in Early Modern History*
- 1997 Swadling, William John, BA CNAAL, LLMLond, 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*
- 2013 Walsh, Edmond, BEng PhD Limerick *Supernumerary Fellow in Engineering*
- 2015 Whelan, Robin BA MS Oxf, PhD Camb *Hulme Research Fellow in Humanities*
- 2004 Wiggs, Giles Frederick Salisbury, BSc PhD Lond ¶ *Tutor in Geography*
- 2007 Wilson, Mark, MA DPhil Oxf ¶ *Tutor in Theoretical Chemistry*
- 2015 Wordsworth, Paul, BA MA UCL, PhD Copenhagen *Junior Golding Fellow*
- 2015 Zifarelli, Gianni, Laurea Naples, PhD Max-Planck-Institute for Biophysics ¶ *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*
- 2015 Bowman, Alan Keir, MA DLitt Oxf, MA PhD Toronto, 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 §
- 2014 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 §
 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, LLD Camb, FBA ★§
 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
 2015 Burrows, Andrew Stephen, Hon QC, LL.M Harvard, MA
 DCL, Oxf, FBA★ §
 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 §
 2015 Feldstein, Martin, BLitt MA DPhil Oxf §
 2004 Gill, Sir Robin Denys, KCVO, MA Oxf
 1984 Hahn, Erwin, PhD Illinois, FRS §
 2013 Hill, Catharine, 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, PhD Sheff, ScD Camb, 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> |
| Dodd, Michael, MBiochem Bath, DPhil Oxf | <i>Medicine</i> |
| Dorigatti, Marco, Dott Lett Florence, DPhil Oxf | <i>Italian</i> |
| Edward, James, BCL DPhil Oxf, MA Camb ★ ¶ | <i>Law</i> |
| Ferbrache, Fiona, BA PhD Plym, MRes Exe | <i>Geography</i> |
| Grabowska-Zhang, Ada, BA DPhil Oxf | <i>Biology</i> |
| Hackett Pain, Andrew, MA PhD Camb | <i>Geography</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, Jennifer, BA Camb, MSt DPhil Oxf | <i>English</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> |

Kuznetsov, Vladimir, MSc PhD Moscow	<i>Inorganic Chemistry</i>
Laczik, Zsolt, Dipl.Ing. UT Budapest, DPhil Oxf	<i>Engineering</i>
Macklin, Philip, BSc MB ChB MSc Edin, MRCS Edin	<i>Medicine</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>
Ozarowska, Lidia, BA Warsaw, MSt Oxf	<i>Ancient History</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>
Robinson, Damian, BSc PhD Brad, MA Oxf	<i>Classical Archaeology</i>
Robinson, Olivia, MSt DPhil Oxf	<i>Medieval English</i>
Schlackow, Iryna, MMath PhD Oxf	<i>Pure Mathematics</i>
Sekita, Karolina, MPhil Warsaw	<i>Ancient History</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, Matthew, BSc Bristol, MSc DPhil Oxf	<i>Politics</i>
Winkel, Matthias, MA Oxf, PhD Paris VI	<i>Mathematics</i>
Wollenberg, Susan Lesley Freda (Mrs), MA DPhil Oxf ★ ¶	<i>Music</i>
Wong, David, MEng DPhil Oxf	<i>Engineering</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–

Beatson, the Rt Hon Sir Jack Fellow, Merton 1973–1994, Hon Fellow, Merton, St John’s Camb, Rouse Ball Professor of English Law Camb 1994–2003, Lord Justice of Appeal 2013–

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; Acting Principal 2010–11, Principal 2011–15

Burrows, Andrew Senior Research Fellow and Professor of the Law

of England, All Souls College; CUF Lecturer and Fellow, Lady Margaret Hall 1986–94; Norton Rose Professor of Commercial Law and Fellow, St Hugh's 1999–2010; Hon Fellow, Lady Margaret Hall, St Hugh's; Hon Bencher Middle Temple

Cameron, David Leader, Conservative Party 2005–2016; Prime Minister 2010–2016

Cashmore, Roger Fellow, Merton 1977–9, Balliol 1979–2003; Professor of Experimental Physics 1992–2003; Principal 2003–11; Emeritus Fellow, Balliol 2004–; Chairman, UKAEA 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; Vice-Principal 2012–15

Davies, Anne Fellow, All Souls 1996–2001; Professor of Law and Public Policy, Garrick Fellow and Tutor in Law 2001–15, Dean of Law Faculty 2015 -

Feldstein, Martin Professor of Economics, Harvard 1969–

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 Queen's, Trinity

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

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 LISTS*Final Honour School 2016***BIOCHEMISTRY**

- I Andreas Haensele
- II.1 Abi Boyce
- II.1 Olivia Bracken
- II.1 Alexander Cloake

BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES

- I Samantha Royston
- I Siddarth Shrikanth
- II.1 Nina Schoonman
- II.1 Siobhan Stewart

CHEMISTRY

- I James Carey
- II.1 Victoria Atkinson
- II.1 Joanna Baker
- II.1 Cassandra Kennedy
- II.1 Simson Wu

CLASSICAL ARCHAEOLOGY & ANCIENT HISTORY

- II.1 Francesca Anthony

CLASSICS & MODERN LANGUAGES

- I Turner Edwards

ECONOMICS & MANAGEMENT

- I Jake Morgan
- II.1 Hugo Henson
- II.1 Jasmine Ko
- II.1 Conor McCleary
- II.1 Jennifer Ring
- II.1 Sai Prudhvi Ulluri
- II.2 Rachel Gomez
- II.2 Iona Kunemund-Hughes

ENGINEERING

- I Prashant Pandey
- I Alex Parfett
- I Henry Walker
- II.1 James Clark
- II.1 Alastair Graves
- II.2 Lin Wang

ENGLISH & MODERN LANGUAGES

- II.1 Melissa Thorne

ENGLISH LANGUAGE & LITERATURE

- I Conor McGillan
- I Orla White
- II.1 India Hill
- II.1 Fergal O'Dwyer
- II.1 Clare Saxby
- II.1 Joseph Worndl

EUROPEAN & MIDDLE EASTERN LANGUAGES

- I Alison Jones

EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY

- I Abigail Bradshaw

FINE ART

- I John Izatt-Lowry

GEOGRAPHY

- I George Beechener
- I Amy Hammond
- I Francesca Hine
- I Edward Howell
- II.1 Connor McCarthy

HISTORY

- I Molly Ludlam Steinke
- I Hugo Sever
- II.1 Esme Ash
- II.1 Sophie Bevan

- II.1 Andrew Cooper
- II.1 Joseph Halbert
- II.1 Beatrice McGuire
- II.1 Georgia Purnell
- II.1 Alexander Whitton

HISTORY & POLITICS

- II.1 Asta Diabate
- II.1 Sarita Shah

JURISPRUDENCE

- I Polly Calver
- I Hannah Monteith
- I Wei Hang Yap
- II.1 Kristina Killick
- II.1 Mark Welch

LAW WITH LAW STUDIES IN EUROPE

- II.1 Katie Oliver

LITERAE HUMANIORES

- I Harry Ager
- I Joseph Baker
- I William Dudley
- I Oscar Heyde
- II.1 Ella Crine
- II.1 Emily Patterson
- II.1 Daniella Reichenstein
- II.1 Alexander Stewart

MATHEMATICS (BA)

- I Katherine Arundel
- II.2 Sam Forster

MATHEMATICS (MMATH)

- I Benjamin McDonnell
- II.1 Alexander Seaton
- II.2 Amy Saunders
- II.2 Oliver Verran

MATHEMATICS & STATISTICS (BA)

II.1 Jessica Freedman

MATHEMATICS & STATISTICS (MMATH)

II.1 Dongli Lu

MEDICAL SCIENCES

(BA only - BMBCH results listed with graduates)

I Henry Maynard
I Mailis Michaud Maturana
I Georgina Sanderson
II.1 Gwendolen Cartwright
II.1 Harry Knights
II.2 Cameron Montgomery

MODERN LANGUAGES

I Jack Flowers
I Lena Garrett
I Daniel Harvey
I Francis Thomas
II.1 Louise Naude

MUSIC

I Rachel Maxey
II.1 Charlotte Wyatt

PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS & ECONOMICS

I Sam Couldrick
I Hugh McHale-Maughan
II.1 Jack Coulson
II.1 Emily Eleazar
II.1 Joseph Keel
II.1 Emily Lunnon
II.1 James Miller
II.1 Richard Ng
II.1 William Pyle

PHILOSOPHY & MODERN LANGUAGES

II.1 Elizabeth Hardwick

PHYSICS (BA)

I James Hurst

PHYSICS (MPHYS)

I Alexander Knight

II.1 Thomas Finerty

II.1 Dirk Van Setten

PHYSICS & PHILOSOPHY

I Owen Riddall

II.1 Matthew Ely

PSYCHOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY & LINGUISTICS

II.1 Paige Gibbons

GRADUATE DEGREES**DPhil**

Emily Lisa Adland	DPhil Paediatrics	Matric 2011
Ananya Renuka Balakrishna	DPhil Engineering Science	Matric 2012
Gan-Zuei Chang	DPhil Inorganic Chemistry	Matric 2011
Siyu Ding	DPhil Chromosome and Developmental Biology	Matric 2011
Timothy Foster	DPhil Geography and the Environment	Matric 2009
Ross Garland	DPhil Law	Matric 1999
Moira Gillis	DPhil Law	Matric 2010
Christopher Jeffs	DPhil Zoology	Matric 2008
Konstantin Klein	DPhil Ancient History	Matric 2007
Tommaso Mari	DPhil Classical Languages and Literature	Matric 2012
Doluweera Mettananda	DPhil Clinical Laboratory Sciences	Matric 2012
Lidia Ozarowska	DPhil Ancient History	Matric 2010
Khadijeh Pakzad	DPhil Physiology, Anatomy and Genetics	Matric 2009
Joseph Parker	DPhil Mathematics	Matric 2006

Malgorzata Pietka	DPhil Astrophysics	Matric 2013
Federico Torracchi	DPhil Economics	Matric 2010
Hazel Tubman	DPhil History	Matric 2013
Lauren Turrell	DPhil Pathology	Matric 2007

Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery

Samuel Bilton	Distinction
Amrit Kaur Gosal	Pass
Ashleigh McMaster	Pass
Emeka Chuks Okonji	Pass
Guy Stephens	Pass

BCL/MJur

Shama Banoo Abbasi	Pass	Bachelor of Civil Law
Muzaffer Atar	Pass	Magister Juris
Timothy Benham-Mirando	Distinction	Bachelor of Civil Law
Madhavi Doshi	Pass	Bachelor of Civil Law
Caroline Greenfield	Distinction	Bachelor of Civil Law
Daisy Noble	Distinction	Bachelor of Civil Law
Pachara Vichienson	Pass	Magister Juris
Franz Josef Weinzierl	Distinction	Magister Juris
Jonas Weissenmayer	Distinction	Bachelor of Civil Law

MPhil

Alexander Dunn	Pass	Economic and Social History
Elizabeth Foley	Pass	Greek and/or Roman History
Smit Gade	Pass	Economics
Henrik Jacobsen	Pass	Politics Comparative Government
Leonhard Vollmer	Pass	Economics
Simon Yarak	Pass	Economics

MSc

Georg Adler	Distinction	Law and Finance
Yuki Asano	Pass	Mathematical Modelling and Scientific Computing

Thomas Christiansen	Distinction	Global Governance and Diplomacy
Pieris Christofi	Distinction	Applied Statistics
Nancy Colombe	Distinction	Economics for Development
Thomas Colthorpe	Pass	Evidence-Based Social Intervention and Policy Evaluation
Kiki De Bruijn	Pass	Psychological Research
Charles Ghuysen	Pass	Law and Finance
Summer Haas	Pass	Education
Yihuan Hu	Pass	Contemporary Chinese Studies
Ioan Hughes	Pass	Pharmacology
Chinedu Ihenetu-Geoffrey	Pass	Law and Finance
Karan Jain	Pass	Mathematical Modelling and Scientific Computing
Manar Marzouk	Pass	International Health & Tropical Medicine
David McDonagh	Pass	Theoretical and Computational Chemistry
Antria Pantelidou	Pass	Law and Finance
Domen Presern	Pass	Theoretical and Computational Chemistry
Yew Aun Quek	Pass	Biodiversity, Conservation and Management
Louie Sandys	Pass	Archaeological Science
Gst A A Kartika Saraswati	Pass I	International Health & Tropical Medicine

MSt

Stefan Angstmann	Distinction	Modern Languages (GER)
Constance Long	Distinction	Modern Languages (GER)
Charles Manklow	Distinction	Greek and/or Roman History
James Manning	Pass	Archaeology
Timothy Penn	Distinction	Classical Archaeology
William Wilson	Pass	Global and Imperial History

PGCE

Anna Boehm	Pass	PGCE - Modern Languages
Barbara Budin	Pass	PGCE - English
Amy Davidge	Pass	PGCE - Mathematics
Jonathan Harrison	Pass	PGCE - Geography
Jacob Savage	Pass	PGCE - Physics

MBA

Shreekanth Acharya	Pass
Sameeraj Ilapavuluri	Pass
Nicholas Insley	Pass
Qianran Li	Pass
Tilman Melzer	Pass
Ana Moreno Riera	Pass
Stuart Noland	Distinction
Samriti Sood	Pass
Simon Spier	Pass
Evan Steiner	Pass
Selma Studer	Pass

EMBA

Mohammad Ali	Pass
Mohamed Amersi	Distinction
John Fawcett-Ellis	Distinction
Rene Rivero	Distinction
Reno Budic	Pass
David Powell	Distinction
Per Magne Sviggum	Pass
Ahmed Warraich	Pass
Jens Wirsching	Distinction

MATRICULATIONS 2015/16

Shama Banoo Abbasi, O.P. Jindal Global University; **Moustafa Abdalla**, University of Toronto; **Hibatullah Abuelgasim**, King Edward VI Girls High School; **Shreekanth Acharya**, Visveswararajah Technological University; **Yasemin Acikgoz**, Heanor Gate School; **Georg Adler**, University of Vienna; **Paola Anna Agnello**, Sevenoaks School; **Elizabeth Allen**, University of Southampton; **Juliet Allen**, Bedford Girls' School; **Maan Al-Yasiri**, Ark Putney Academy; **Ryan Ammar**, University of Cambridge; **Stefan Angstmann**, Albert-Ludwigs Universitat, Freiburg; **Yuki Asano**, Ludwig Maximilians University of Munich; **Sunya Aslam**, Altrincham Girls Grammar School; **Muzaffer Atar**, Yeditepe University; **Wulfstan Bain**, Latymer Upper School; **Philip Baker**, Launceston College; **Danielle Ball**, Nottingham High School for Girls; **Letitia Barden**, Central Sussex College, Haywards Heath Campus; **Roy Bartle**, University of Aberdeen; **Timothy Beard**, Monmouth School; **Markus Beeken**, St John Fisher RC High School; **Anna Boehm**, Royal Holloway College, University of London; **Fergus Boyles**, University of Edinburgh; **Joseph Bradley**, The King's School, Peterborough; **Phoebe Bradley**, Durham Community Business College; **Alexandra Bramer**, Olchfa School; **Elizabeth Brown**, St Peter's School; **Richard Brown**, University of Cambridge; **Barbara Budin**, University of Southampton; **William Bunce**, Colyton Grammar School; **Yinan Cao**, McGill University; **Olivia Charley**, Lady Eleanor Holles School; **Kathryn Chew**, Southport College; **Thomas Christiansen**, Georgetown University; **Pieris Christofi**, Warwick University; **Joseph Clarke**, Blue Coat School; **Anna Clement**, Thetford Grammar School; **Hannah Cockle**, Stratford Girls Grammar School; **Nancy Colombé**, Bristol University; **Theodore Cox**, Chatham & Clarendon Grammar School; **Gabriella Crimi**, Mount Holyoke College; **Sean Cuddihy**, Royal Hospital School; **Emily Curtis**, Wellington College; **Nina Dalton**, Imperial College, London; **Amy Davidge**, University of the West of England; **Benjamin Davies**, Cooper School; **Ashley Davy**, The Northumberland Church of England Academy; **Kiki De Bruijn**, Utrecht University; **Laura Diment**, Flinders University; **Madhavi Doshi**, Government Law College, Mumbai; **Benjamin Dubowitz**, Haberdashers' Aske's Boys' School; **Rachel Dunne**, City of London Freemens School; **Benjamin Edwards**, King Edwards School; **Mehroz Ehsan**, Toronto University; **Ramil Eyyubov**, Azerbaijan State University of Economics; **Rina Yi Fang**, Badminton School; **Joseph Fisher**, Kings College School Wimbledon; **Calum Flintoff**, Hills

Road Sixth Form College; **Katharina Flohr**, *Universite De Lausanne*; **James Fraser**, *Royal Grammar School*; **Miles Fryer**, *St Albans School*; **Johannes Fuest**, *Helmholtz-Gymnasium Heidelberg*; **Thomas Galligan**, *Urmston Grammar School*; **Jens Garrelfs**, *University of Sussex*; **Benedict George**, *St Paul's School*; **Charles Ghuysen**, *Universite Pantheon-Assas, Paris II*; **Julien Goodman**, *City of London School*; **Jacob Griffiths**, *Olchfa School*; **Summer Haas**, *Lycoming College, Williamsport*; **Oliver Hanson**, *Queen Marys Grammar School*; **Jonathan Harrison**, *University of Cambridge*; **James Hayley**, *Eton College*; **Sangbeom Heo**, *Myungduk Foreign Language High School*; **Annina Hessel**, *University of Mainz*; **Lydia Hickman**, *Didcot Girls School*; **Madeline High**, *Brown University*; **Emily Hines**, *St Francis Xavier University*; **Emily Hobbs**, *King George V College*; **Yihuan Hu**, *University of California Berkeley*; **Ioan Hughes**, *Cardiff University*; **Sarah Hughes**, *Maidstone Grammar School*; **Thomas Hurleston**, *Aquinas College*; **Chinedu Ihenetu-Geoffrey**, *Lagos State University*; **Sameeraj Ilapavuluri**, *University of Illinois at Urbana – Champaign*; **Nicholas Insley**, *British Columbia University*; **Alison Jackson**, *Hills Road Sixth Form College*; **Karan Jain**, *University of Warwick*; **Dermot Kennedy**, *Heythrop College*; **Abdullah Khalil**, *Quintin Kynaston School*; **Kathryn Lamb**, *King Edward VI College*; **Catherine Lavender**, *Carmel College*; **Cherlyn Lee**, *Hwa Chong Institution*; **Catharina Sophia Lewerenz**, *University of Nottingham*; **Qianran Li**, *Mount Holyoke College*; **Jia Crystal Lim**, *Victoria Junior College*; **Constance Long**, *Bristol University*; **Kimberley Kim Foon Loo Yong Kee**, *Haberdashers' Aske's Girls' School*; **Ka Chun Louie**, *South Island School*; **Kai Ma**, *Imperial College, London*; **Jannik Maas**, *Bucerius Law School*; **Eleanor Martin**, *Moses Brown School*; **Manar Marzouk**, *University of Manchester*; **Natasha McCabe**, *Highgate School*; **David McDonagh**, *University of Leicester*; **Thomas McQueen**, *Greenhead College*; **Caroline Mehl**, *Yale University*; **Tilman Melzer**, *London School of Economics*; **George Miller**, *Westminster School*; **Liliane Momeni**, *Westminster School*; **Colin Moody**, *Aylesbury Grammar School*; **Ana Moreno Riera**, *Pennsylvania University*; **Rufus Morgan**, *Colchester Royal Grammar School*; **Timothy Mycroft**, *Notre Dame High School*; **Johanne Nedergaard**, *Thisted Gymnasium & HF-Kursus*; **Nimrod Nehushtan**, *City of London School*; **Seh Woon Neo**, *Raffles Junior College*; **Ling Wei Ngew**, *Mac. Robertson Girls' High School*; **Daisy Noble**, *University of Cambridge*; **Stuart Noland**, *University of Cape Town*; **Miles Overton**, *Southend High School for Boys*; **Antria Pantelidou**, *University of Cyprus*; **Emily Pascoe**, *Wycombe*

High School; Anoushka Patel, St Pauls Girls School; Emily Patterson, Bingley Grammar School; Cressida Peever, University of Durham; Josephine Pepper, Leeds Grammar School; Tess Pringle, Cirencester College; Aini-Maija Putkonen, Helsingin Suomalainen Yhteiskoulu; Yew Aun Quek, Universiti Sains Malaysia; Samuel Quinn, Archbishop Illsley School; Jasmine Rand, Rushcliffe School; Callum Richardson, Merchant Taylors School; Ellen Richardson, University of Nottingham; Rufus Rock, Bedales School; Maria Ryan, Notre Dame School; Minas Salib, Goethe University Frankfurt; Louie Sandys, Univeristy of York; Kartika Saraswati, Udayana University; Jacob Savage, University of Warwick; Zachary Scahill, Paston College; Peter Scanlon, Chellaston School; Virginia Schmid, Swiss Federal Institute of Technology; Annabel Schultz, Bucerius Law School; Rose Segal, Cardiff University; Rajeev Shankar, Whitgift School; Boris Sieber, Geneva University; Tobias Sims, King Edward VI School; Samriti Sood, Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore; Matthew Speight, Imperial College, London; Simon Spier, University of Birmingham; Jeremy Stanger, Kings School; Robert Stass, University of Warwick; Evan Steiner, University of Maryland University College; Selma Studer, Cornell University; Alisha Sukhwani Manghnani, Runnymede College; Sophie Tang, Judd School; Nazmus Tareque, Nottingham Trent University; William Taverner, University of Leeds; Emily Tench, Lady Eleanor Holles School; Alexander Thomas, Godalming College; Ayomide Thomas, Whitgift School; Edmond Toma, Michigan State University; Pachara Vichienson, University College London; Jose Villanueva Moreno, Harvard University; Patryk Wainaina, Bartłomiej Nowodworski High School; Robert Warrington, Rydal Penrhos School; Keziah Watson, Wymondham High School; Franz Weinzierl, University of Passau; Jonas Weissenmayer, University College London; Alice Wilcock, Runshaw College; Ella Williams, Pates Grammar School; Ciara Willmott, Norwich School; William Wilson, University of Adelaide; Heather Winsor, Wellington College; Wiebke Winter, Bucerius Law School; Bethany Wise, Banchory Academy; Max Wood-Robinson, Hampton School; Alisha Wright, Douglas Academy; Sebastian Wright, Exeter School; Stephanie Wright, Walton High School; Xiaoyu Xu, University of Birmingham; Xinyu Yang, International Curriculum Centre, RFDZ Beijing; Jasmin Yang-Spooner, Beijing Dulwich International School; Alexander Yates, Dauntseys School; Benjamin Zelouf, University College School.

COLLEGE PRIZES 2015-16

Undergraduate College Prizes:

First in Finals: **Andreas Haensele** (Biochemistry); **Samantha Royston** (Biology); **Siddarth Shrikanth** (Biology); **James Carey** (Chemistry); **Turner Edwards** (Classics & Modern Languages, French); **Jake Morgan** (Economics & Management); **Prashant Pandey** (Engineering); **Alex Parfett** (Engineering); **Henry Walker** (Engineering); **Conor McGillan** (English); **Orla White** (English); **Alison Jones** (European & Middle Eastern Languages – French & Arabic); **Abigail Bradshaw** (Experimental Psychology); **John Izatt-Lowry** (Fine Art); **George Beechener** (Geography); **Amy Hammond** (Geography); **Francesca Hine** (Geography); **Edward Howell** (Geography); **Molly Ludlam Steinke** (History); **Hugo Sever** (History); **Polly Calver** (Jurisprudence); **Hannah Monteith** (Jurisprudence); **Timothy Yap** (Jurisprudence); **Harry Ager** (Literae Humaniores); **Joseph Baker** (Literae Humaniores); **William Dudley** (Literae Humaniores); **Oscar Heyde** (Literae Humaniores); **Katherine Arundel** (Mathematics, BA); **Benjamin McDonnell** (Mathematics, MMath); **Henry Maynard** (Medicine); **Mailis Michaud Maturana** (Medicine); **Georgina Sanderson** (Medicine); **Daniel Harvey** (Modern Languages – French & German); **Francis Thomas** (Modern Languages – French & German); **Jack Flowers** (Modern Languages – French); **Lena Garrett** (Modern Languages – German & Russian); **Rachel Maxey** (Music); **James Hurst** (Physics, BA); **Alexander Knight** (Physics, MPhys); **Owen Riddall** (Physics & Philosophy); **Sam Couldrick** (PPE); **Hugh McHale-Maughan** (PPE)

Distinction in Mods/Prelims:

Joseph Fisher (Biochemistry); **Josephine Pepper** (Biochemistry); **James Hayley** (Biology); **Stephanie Wright** (Biology); **Colin Moody** (Chemistry); **Wulfstan Bain** (Economics & Management); **Danielle Ball** (Economics & Management); **Liliane Momeni** (Engineering); **Benjamin Davies** (English); **Ella Williams** (English); **Rufus Rock** (Fine Art); **Ciara Willmott** (Geography); **Thomas Hurleston** (History); **Timothy Mycroft** (History); **Benjamin Dubowitz** (History & Economics); **James Fraser** (History & Politics); **Nicholas Hooper** (Literae Humaniores); **Katherine Simmons** (Literae Humaniores);

John Spiezio (Literae Humaniores); **Sean Cuddihy** (Mathematics); **Joseph Clarke** (Physics); **Thomas Galligan** (Physics); **Jeremy Stanger** (Physics); **Rachel Dunne** (Physics & Philosophy); **Benedict George** (PPE); **Emily Tench** (Psychology, Philosophy & Linguistics)

Undergraduate University Prizes:

Harry Ager (Literae Humaniores): jointly awarded the Arnold Ancient History Prize for the best performance in Ancient History papers in the Honour School

Wulfstan Bain (Economics & Management): Gibbs Prize

Danielle Ball (Economics & Management): Gibbs Prize

Abigail Bradshaw (Experimental Psychology): Congratulatory First, Gibbs Prize in Psychological Studies for best overall performance in the Honour School and George Humphrey Prize in Psychological Studies for the best overall performance in Psychology papers

Sam Couldrick (PPE): Gibbs Prize for the best performance in the Philosophy papers in the Honour School

William Dudley (Literae Humaniores): Harold Lister Sunderland Prize for the best performance in Greek literature papers in the Honour School

Andreas Haensele (Biochemistry): Gibbs Book Prize

Oscar Heyde (Literae Humaniores): Hertford Prize and Craven Prize

Nicholas Hooper (Literae Humaniores): De Paravicini Prize for the best overall performance by a Course IIA/IIB student in Honour Moderations in Classics

Edward Howell (Geography): proxime accessit for Gibbs Prize

Owen Riddall (Physics & Philosophy): Gibbs Prize for the best performance in the Physics papers in Part C of the Honour School and the BP Prize for MPhys Project in Theoretical Physics

Hugo Sever (History): Gibbs Book Prize

Benjamin Singer (Physics & Philosophy): Gibbs Prize for the best performance in the Philosophy papers in Part B of the Honour School

Milo Smith (Chemistry): GlaxoSmithKline 3rd Year Undergraduate Prize in Practical Organic Chemistry

Ella Williams (English): Gibbs Prize

Timothy Yap (Jurisprudence): Law Faculty Prize for Human Rights Law, Gibbs Book Prize and proxime accessit for the Wronker Law Prize

Graduate College Prizes:

Distinction in Graduate Exams

George Adler	MSc Law & Finance
Mohamed Amersi	Executive MBA
Stefan Angstmann	MSt Modern Languages
Tim Benham-Mirando	Bachelor of Civil Law
Sam Bilton	BMBCH Clinical Medicine
Thomas Christiansen	MSc Global Governance & Diplomacy
Pieris Christofi	MSc Applied Statistics
Philippa Collins	MPhil Law
Nancy Colombe	MSc Economics and Development
John Fawcett-Ellis	Executive MBA
Caroline Greenfield	Bachelor of Civil Law
Constance Long	MSt Modern Languages
Charles Manklow	MSt Greek and/or Roman History
Daisy Noble	Bachelor of Civil Law
Timothy Penn	MSt Classical Archaeology
Rene Rivero	Executive MBA
Alasdair Stirling	MSc Major Programme Management
Arturo Villanueva Moreno	MSc Water Science, Policy and Management
Franz Joseph Weinzierl	Magister Juris
Jonas Weissenmayer	Bachelor of Civil Law
Daniel Weisser	Executive MBA

Graduate University Prizes:

Tim Benham-Mirando (BCL): Law Faculty Prize in International and European Employment Law

Luke Campbell (BCL): Gray's Inn Tax Chambers Prize for Personal Taxation

Chinedu Ihenetu-Geoffrey (MSc Law & Finance): Allen & Overy
Best Student Prize in Corporate Finance Law

Daisy Noble (BCL): Ralph Chiles Prize in Comparative Human Rights

Emeka Okonji (BMBCH – Clinical Medicine): John Potter Essay
Prize (Neurology)

Anna Petherick (DPhil Politics): Norman Chester Funds Award

Franz Joseph Weinzierl (MJur): Herbert Hart Prize

ELECTIONS TO SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS

IN BIOCHEMISTRY

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

James Nugent, formerly of Charterhouse
Commoner of the College

IN BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Edward Lavender, formerly of Windermere School
Commoner of the College

Laura Perry, formerly of Selby College
Exhibitioner of the College

Samantha Royston, formerly of Henrietta Barnett School
Exhibitioner of the College

Siddarth Shrikanth, formerly of Bala Vidya Mandir
Exhibitioner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Edward D'Aeth, formerly of St John's College Southsea
Commoner of the College

Nina Schoonman, formerly of Lampeter Comprehensive School
Commoner of the College

Siobhan Stewart, formerly of St Antony's-Leweston School
Commoner of the College

IN CHEMISTRY

TO THE JUNIOR CHEETHAM SCHOLARSHIP

Milo Smith, formerly of Norwich School*Exhibitioner of the College*

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Alasdair Fowler, formerly of the Castle School, Thornbury*Commoner of the College***IN CLASSICAL ARCHAEOLOGY & ANCIENT HISTORY**

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Francesca Anthony, formerly of Saffron Walden County

High School

*Exhibitioner of the College***CLASSICS & MODERN LANGUAGES**

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Maria Czepiel, formerly of King Edward VI Girls High School,

Edgbaston

*Commoner of the College***IN ECONOMICS & MANAGEMENT**

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Pranav Bharadwaj, formerly of Reading School*Commoner of the College***Oliver Hoy**, formerly of King Edward VI Grammar School,

Chelmsford

*Commoner of the College***Andrew Richards**, formerly of King Edward's School, Edgbaston*Commoner of the College***Jack Tromans**, formerly of the Royal Grammar School, Worcester*Commoner of the College***IN ENGINEERING SCIENCE**

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Zehan Chen, formerly of Shenzhen College of International

Education

*Commoner of the College***Caspar Phillips**, formerly of Highgate School*Exhibitioner of the College*

Chenyang Wang, formerly of Cambridge International Centre of Shanghai Normal University
Exhibitioner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Andrew Brown, formerly of Latymer Upper School
Commoner of the College

Walter Goodwin, formerly of Colyton Grammar School
Commoner of the College

IN ENGLISH

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Harriet Astbury, formerly of the Burgate School
Commoner of the College

Peter Kerr-Davis, formerly of the Judd School
Commoner of the College

Kierrri Price, formerly of the Castle School, Thornbury
Commoner of the College

Orla White, formerly of Mount Lourdes Grammar School
Commoner of the College

Emma Woodhouse, formerly of Redborne Upper School
Commoner of the College

IN EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Abigail Bradshaw, formerly of Ranelagh School
Exhibitioner of the College

IN GEOGRAPHY

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Francesca Hine, formerly of Charterhouse
Exhibitioner of the College

Chloe Wall, formerly of Blenheim High School
Commoner of the College

IN HISTORY

TO THE JEFFERY EXHIBITION

Andrew Cooper, formerly of Emmanuel College
Commoner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION**Emily Boseley**, formerly of Reading Blue Coat School*Commoner of the College***Megan Burnside**, formerly of Scarborough Sixth Form College*Commoner of the College***IN JURISPRUDENCE****TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION****Paul Fradley**, formerly of St Joseph's College, Stoke-on-Trent*Commoner of the College***Martha Glaser**, formerly of Westminster School*Commoner of the College***Gabriel Lim**, formerly of Temasek Junior College*Commoner of the College***Matthew Ward**, formerly of Crossley Heath School*Commoner of the College***IN MATHEMATICS****TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP****Katherine Arundel**, formerly of Drayton Manor High School*Exhibitioner of the College***Peter Downing**, formerly of Monmouth School*Commoner of the College***Matthew Torr**, formerly of Pates Grammar School*Commoner of the College***Thomas Yems**, formerly of Greenhead College*Commoner of the College***IN MATHEMATICS & PHILOSOPHY****TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION****David Carey**, formerly of Dame Alice Owens School*Commoner of the College***IN MODERN LANGUAGES****TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP****Jessica Ockenden**, formerly of Oxford High School*Commoner of the College*

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

David Sargent, formerly of Greenhead College

Commoner of the College

IN MUSIC

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Rachel Maxey, formerly of Peter Symonds College

Commoner of the College

IN PHYSICS

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Thomas Finerty, formerly of St Mary Redcliffe & Temple School

Exhibitioner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

James Hurst, formerly of Simon Langton Boys School

Commoner of the College

IN PHYSICS & PHILOSOPHY

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Owen Riddall, formerly of Dr Challoners Grammar School

Exhibitioner of the College

TO A HEBERDEN EXHIBITION

Lawrence Wang, formerly of Harrow School

Commoner of the College

TO AN OPEN EXHIBITION

Matthew Burwood, formerly of Colchester Royal Grammar School

Commoner of the College

Freddie Hinds, formerly of Forest School

Commoner of the College

IN PPE

TO AN OPEN SCHOLARSHIP

Sam Couldrick, formerly of Didcot Sixth Form College

Commoner of the College

Hugh McHale-Maughan, formerly of Ripon Grammar School

Exhibitioner of the College

BLUES AND HALF BLUES 2015-2016

Archery	Alexander Smith	Full Blue
Athletics	Rowan May	Full Blue
Basketball	Virginia Schmid	Full Blue
Basketball	Marianna Voudouroglou	Full Blue
Boxing	Theodore Cox	Full Blue
Boxing	Tianhao Xu	Full Blue
Croquet	Richard Kingsley Sykes	Half Blue
Dancesport	Paige Gibbons	Half Blue
Dancesport	Anique Kruger	Half Blue
Dinghy Sailing	Katherine Simmons	Half Blue
Hockey	Samuel Goss	Full Blue
Hockey	Siobhan Stewart	Full Blue
Mixed Lacrosse	Hugo Henson	Half Blue
Modern Pentathlon	Thomas Spearman	Half Blue
Netball	Catherine Lavender	Full Blue
Polo	James Lindsay	Half Blue
Polo	Lawrence Wang	Half Blue
Real Tennis	Amy Saunders	Half Blue
Rugby League	James Clark	Full Blue
Rugby League	Conor McCleary	Full Blue
Skiing	Milo Smith	Half Blue
Taekwon Do	William Lunn	Half Blue
Water Polo	Seh Woon Neo	Half Blue
Yacht	Matthew Ely	Half Blue
Yacht	Sam Jenkins	Full Blue

Reports



JCR REPORT

by Beth Jenkinson (JCR President, 2015-2016)

A profound moment of my time at Brasenose came while I was sitting with a finalist friend of mine on Old Quad, on the final day of Trinity Term last year. We were just sitting on a bench, watching the hustle and bustle of the college around us. He was saying goodbye to the place. Groups of students were gathering in the quads, perhaps going to spend the lovely, sunny day on a punt. Tutors were strolling around, holding papers and coffee, looking slightly more relaxed than usual. Everyone was busy; everyone looked happy. It struck me then that this moment was absolutely timeless: we could have been sitting there fifty years ago, or fifty years hence, and the scene would be almost exactly the same, save for a few details. Reading previous Brazen Nose JCR reports, it seems that my predecessors have said almost exactly the same thing. It remains truer than ever.

I can go no further before mentioning my predecessor, Siddarth Shrikanth. The slickest individual I know, Sidd – and the JCR Presidents before him undoubtedly made a contribution – moulded the role of JCR President into exactly what it should be: professional, serious, committed, and humble. The solid working relationship he built with members of the SCR made it easy for me to simply slide into the role. I believe one of my biggest successes has simply been the continuation of that good relationship, and I hope it will persist long after I leave the position. I am so, so grateful for Sidd’s unending support and advice, for his wisdom in the intricacies of college processes, and *especially* for his reliable tendency to hand me a beer at the end of the day, if ever it had all been a bit much.

Following the arrival of the new freshers and a successful Freshers’ Week, Michaelmas seemed to fly by, and it wasn’t long before we were engaging in our annual “Oxmas” traditions. People gathered in the chapel to sing carols by candlelight, and Christmas jumpers were worn to the Christmas formal, where a round of *The Twelve Days of Christmas* echoed around the warm, happy Hall. (*Gosh, how nostalgic I sound.*) One cannot forget the annual JCR pantomime, written and performed by Brasenose students, for Brasenose students. As usual, hilarity mixed with a giant dose of satire, ensued. This year, the pantomime followed Mary and Joseph as they attempted to make their way to a hotel in Bethlehem.

They faced all the usual obstacles: angry college accommodation managers, authoritarian rowing captains, and much more. As always, the pantomime brought our whole community together to review the events of the year in a hilarious way. It will serve BNC students well to remember that, no matter how bad or embarrassing some events seem at the time, they can always be satirised in the Brasenose annual pantomime, to great comedic effect – so it’s always worth it, really.

January brought with it a “new new era” with a new JCR committee, I’d like to take this opportunity to thank the extraordinary people that I’ve had the privilege to work alongside. I remember distinctly sitting through the various rounds of JCR elections, and thinking how lucky I was to be elected amongst such impressive people. Kat, Paul, Louis, Tori, Pete, Lucy, Andrew, Oli, Issy, Chloe, Sophia, Elin, Grace, Gregor, and Ed have all, while fulfilling their roles to the absolute best of their ability, made my life so much easier with their proficiency in doing so. I am deeply sorry not to be able to mention more of them individually, but I would like to thank a few of them in particular. Kat, in her role as Vice-President, has been there to quell my every JCR-related anxiety. From tiny things like my very first email, to the bigger worries, Kat has been rational where I have been rash, reasonable where I must have seemed insane. I needed that. Paul, too, has gone above and beyond the requirements of his role as JCR Secretary. He is the epitome of professionalism, and puts so much of his time into ensuring everything runs smoothly. Pete and Lucy, our welfare reps, have been integral to the changes in the welfare structure that have come to pass, and I cannot thank them enough for their help in *beginning* that conversation, as well as carrying it forward. Everybody else has been equally amazing: in the face of large workloads, frantic lives, and (sometimes) less appreciation than they deserve, they have kept going, and in doing so they have kept our community what it is.

This year has given rise to serious changes within our JCR. Following a few, shall I say, *unexpected* national and international political events, I’m not sure how much I’m joking when I talk about Brasenose JCR acting as a “beacon of democratic hope in an age of uncertainty”. As a community, we’ve had important conversations about the nature of our constitution and our committee roles, we pushed for a serious review of college welfare provision, with positive results, we discussed scholars’ privileges in the room ballot and decided that we’d like to remove

them in favour of less divisive academic awards, and much more. JCR meetings are always well attended, always engaging, and I'm astounded by the level of thought and knowledge with which most people make their contributions to the subject at hand.

There is still a huge amount of work to be done, but I'm glad to say that there has been an underlying theme of dynamism and social progression among some of the changes that we've made. For the first time, the rainbow flag flew from the college flagpole to mark the beginning LGBT history month, and it cast a shining light over the whole college. The academic year began with two women running against one another for the role of JCR President, and this year there has been a trio of Northern women elected to the roles of JCR President, Boat Club President, and Ball President, respectively. There have been changes to the infrastructure of the buildings to make them more accessible to people with disabilities, with plans to continue this in coming months and years. There is *so* much more to do, but I know that the JCR will continue to embrace change and help to unpack the network of privilege that we're involved in.

I must mention the thing that I think Brasenose is best at: Access. Under the magnificent leadership of Joe Organ, our Schools Liaison Officer, and Victoria Cox, the JCR Access rep (as well as Jess Freedman before her), Brasenose has kept its place as the most-applied-to college in Oxford, in spite of obstacles (sometimes taking the form of Guardian articles) along the way. Tori and Joe have kept the enthusiasm around school tours strong, and it's always wonderful to see another group of sixth-formers being shown around, realising they could feel at home here, and going away looking a lot more relaxed than when they came in. The college's demographic is changing: thanks to the work of people like Joe and Tori, Brasenose has become a *tangible* possibility for people who come from schools that don't traditionally have many Oxbridge applicants, or who don't enjoy the advantages that many of us have. The student body is a lot more diverse than it was around a decade ago, and hopefully it will be so much more diverse a decade hence. The number of songs that paid tribute to Joe and Tori's work during our annual Ale Verses dinner was extraordinary, and it reflected absolutely the fact that Access and Outreach are some of our proudest traditions at Brasenose.

Since I first began at Brasenose, the college has excelled in everything involving the Arts. So many of our students are budding thespians, our

annual Arts Week is one of the most successful in Oxford, and there seem to be artsy activities going on left, right, and centre. Chloe Wall, our Arts rep, and her amazing committee, put an incredible amount of work into maintaining this reputation. Our Christmas pantomime even had a sequel this year in the form of a musical about the national political culture: *Les Milibandes*, a wonderful performance at the end of Hilary Term. 2015–2016 has also been a great time for charity involvement at Brasenose, as Elin Roberts, our Charities rep, has, often single-handedly, put on loads of events including, but not limited to, second hand sales, pub quizzes and speed-dating. Brasenose students also raised money to go to the refugee camp at Calais and get involved in the efforts to help the charities already working out there. We've also found time to have as much fun as ever, with Bops and the Christmas, Spring, and Garden Parties all expertly organised by our Entz reps, Oli Hoy and Isobel Phillipps. While the weather let us down at the latter of these events, there's nothing like a jug of Pimms to dull the disappointment of a garden party held inside.

As I sat on that bench, watching the heart of Brasenose beat around me, I remarked to my friend I that it felt extraordinarily like the penultimate scene in the final Harry Potter film, which depicts the three protagonists looking beyond their beloved school, amazed at the stillness of the place after everything that had happened. That's what it feels like: like everything has changed completely, for all of us here. We sit our exams, we make our friends, we determine the course of our futures in these short years. And yet, after all that, the full weight of the institution bears down upon us and we know that Brasenose remains, in many ways, much the same as it ever was: a wonderful, strong, proud, friendly community, that we are all lucky to have been a part of. Three years to the day since I first stepped foot in Brasenose, and I still can't really believe my luck.

CAREERS REPORT

by Katherine Lyness (JCR Vice-President and Careers Rep, 2015-2016)

It has been a great year for Careers at Brasenose! The arrival of the new Principal, John Bowers QC, brought many new opportunities for students to meet and learn from distinguished men and women at the

‘Principal’s Careers Talks’. In Hilary and Trinity terms we heard from Julia Palca, Chair of Macmillan Cancer Care, about careers in the third sector, and Rosaleen Hughes, former PPEist and BBC producer, on careers in political research and the media. We also heard from Nick Butler, Head of Strategy at BP, about careers in the energy sector, and John Reizenstein, CFO of the Direct Line Group, about careers in the City and financial services. Finally, we heard from Nick Stevenson about business journalism and careers in international finance. These talks have been a really brilliant opportunity for students to hear from men and women who have all had exceptionally successful and sometimes unconventional careers. The Development Office is working with the JCR and the Principal to organise an ‘alternative careers fair’ in Michaelmas 2016, with the aim of bringing back alumni who have worked in a variety of sectors to meet current students and advise them about careers on a one-to-one basis.

HCR REPORT

by Matthew Speight (HCR President)

Outgoing HCR Committee:

President: *Sam Forbes*

Vice-President (Treasurer): *David Hansford (April-December), Jiorgos Kourelis (December onwards)*

Vice-President (Secretary): *Henrik Jacobsen*

Social Secretaries: *Alex Dunn, Erin Young, Alon Witztum (until January), Philippa Collins (February-April) & Virginia Schmid*

Welfare Representative: *Franziska Kohlt*

Domestic Representative: *Steve McCall*

Arts Representative: *Matthew Speight*

LGBTQ+ Representative: *Ellen Richardson*

IT Representative: *Jacob Savage*

Steward: *Olga Smolyak*

HCR Committee:

President: *Matthew Speight*

Vice-President (Treasurer): *Jiorgos Kourelis*

Vice-President (Secretary): *Mehroz Ehsan*

Social Secretaries: *Virginia Schmid, Madeline High & Will Taverner*

Welfare Representative: *Philippa Collins*

Domestic Representative: *Angus Fisk*

Arts Representative: *Ryan Ammar*

LGBTQ+ Representative: *Ellen Richardson (until September)*

& Séamus Guerin

Steward: *Gabriella Crimi*

Time is a curious thing. It is little exaggeration to say it feels like mere weeks since the other incoming graduate students and I were sitting at our first graduate dinner just over a year ago, being welcomed so warmly to Brasenose; or at Matriculation, where the full life-changing gravity of what it means to come to Oxford sank in with all of its megalithic tonnage. Not only were we now Oxonians, but first and foremost Brasenostrils, fresh and ready to experience what graduate life had in store for us over the next year and beyond. And what a year it was for the HCR community!

Freshers' Fortnight 2015 was an enjoyable assault on the attention; with an abundance of events going on and new things to learn and discover; it was hard to keep track, but very well received with Bops and bubbly galore – often culminating late in the evening at Maxwell's Bar ('It was the best of times, it was the worst of times', I think sums the place up nicely). Thanks to the tireless efforts of Sam Forbes, Alex Dunn, Franziska Kohlt and the rest of the previous committee, Freshers' Week was a more than hearty introduction to the Brasenose family. And how it showed! The merriment shot BNC up towards the top of the college tables for overall graduate satisfaction and arrival, where we hopefully shall continue to perch going into next year.

But I'm getting ahead of myself! With the opening act out of the way, it was time to settle down and get cracking with the main course of academia. For those coming to the end of their time at Brasenose, this meant many an all-nighter in the library, or agonising over last-minute hiccups with their lab work (#DPhilLife), but all things work out in the end, and congratulations are due to all those who have completed their masters and doctoral degrees; a monumental task.

The sense of community instilled during the first fortnight of Michaelmas was clearly sustained throughout the rest of the year, resulting in great turnouts at the many and varied social events that were

organised, including cheese and wine evenings, whiskey tastings, yoga classes, cocktail parties, film nights, and our ever popular college formal exchanges. The St. Catz College MCR, after sampling our hospitality, exclaimed, ‘the Brasenose MCR is by far the most friendly and enjoyable in all of Oxford!’ We’ll forgive their lapse on the missing ‘H’, and just say kudos to Alex Dunn, Erin Young, Alon Witztum, Philippa Collins and Virginia Schmid, our effervescent social secretaries.

I was quickly roped in as Arts Rep and proceeded to offer more trips to musicals, opera, ballet, and the cinema than I can name. Likewise, our Welfare Rep, Franziska Kohlt, and Steward, Olga Smolyak, offered a sumptuous suite of welfare and stewards teas. Few of us will ever forget the best and most extravagant tea ever beheld, when Claudia Neuschultz accidentally burnt through the entire term’s tea budget in a single afternoon (well, it’s all about quality over quantity isn’t it!) Speaking of welfare, we welcomed Ellen Richardson to the committee as the first LGBTQ+ representative in some time, not only representing and promoting the LGBT community at Brasenose, but also organising a smorgasbord of events including exchanges with Nuffield and Queen’s Colleges.

The time-honoured tradition of HCR Blurbs continued unabated, with tickets often being snapped up in less time than it takes to brew a cuppa’ (and hopefully not just for the rare chance to sample our college’s excellent high table dining!) Topics ranged from the illuminating role cognitive science played in shaping *Alice in Wonderland* (Franziska Kohlt), to the curiosities governing Roman land management (Mario Adamo), to why big data is shaping prostate cancer research and our understanding of infant colour perception (Karl Smith-Byrne and Sam Forbes respectively), to Laura Diment showing us how science is sometimes more of an art than anything else, with her work on designing prosthetic limbs. And so on and so forth. Many thanks are due not only to those graduates who agreed to present their research this year, but also to all those SCR members; Jonathan Katz, Ed Bispham, John Jefferys, amongst others, who delivered complementary talks, without which Blurbs could not take place.

Out on the river and field, on the courts and in the pool, our graduate members honed their skill in sport, and competed with gusto. Arturo Villanueva, as well as representing College and the university, made history for being the first Mexican national to represent Oxford in rowing, making the Oxford Lightweight Blue Boat and competing

at Henley. Our BNC boats I and II gained overall positions in VIII's and Torpids, for both men and women. Likewise, our boys did well on the pitch, winning the 2016 Cuppers Football Final. James Manning swam the English Channel during the biannual Cross Channel Race against Cambridge, resulting in the 5th win for Oxford. Finally, two dozen or more graduates have hit the ground running this year, raising both temporary blood pressure and funds at the Annual Oxford 'Town 'n' Gown' 10k, Blenheim Palace and Oxford Half Marathons on behalf of various charities. Not to mention all the other HCR members who have competed and won across various sporting disciplines this past year – cheers to them for giving their time for such an important aspect of college and university life.

Staying with good causes, Manar Marzouk, with help from our Domestic Rep, Steve McCall, organised a Syrian Fundraising Formal in March, raising £379.51 for Médecins Sans Frontières. Many graduates were also instrumental in fundraising, and volunteering in France, for the Collect4Calais campaign. Elsewhere, HCR 'Nostrils have been making us proud in the arts; Sam Forbes conducting the Hertford orchestra, Alon Witztum and Nils Reimer on the theatrical stage, and Emily Hines with the Broad Street Dancers, to name but a few. Our choir has been as lovely as ever, and on that hallowed note, Damien Warner volunteered his time to say grace for near every formal this year. Though the words will always remain unchanged, the finesse he brought to them will never be rivalled.

Politically, for the first time in many years we've enjoyed the benefit of a full committee. We bid the previous committee a fond farewell with many thanks at the end of their terms in Hilary, before ushering in the present crew. Despite teething problems when the committee was particularly thin during Trinity, we've been able to pull through and recruit a near full set since, and we are very much looking forward to the year ahead. At the time of writing, thanks to Jiorgos, our finances have never been healthier, Freshers' Week 2016 is looking to be the best yet, we're pushing for constitutional reform, common room refurbishments and more inter-collegiate and inter-common-room events, and continue to cultivate the ongoing determination to welcome back the college tortoise: Addington v.2.0. Many members of the JCR Committee, notably Beth Jenkinson as President, have ensured our relationship with the JCR is on the up, and deserve mention.

Many thanks go to the Principal, the Senior Tutor, and other College Officers, including James Hellyer, Karen Arnold and others, with whom it has been a pleasure to work. Similarly, thank you to the many HCR members who volunteered their time to help keeping this ship a' sailing and organising various events, including but not limited to Charles Manklow (our Returnings Officer), Claudia Neuschulz, Thomas Diment, Andrew Linden, Damien Warner, Emily Hines, Florence Downs, Caroline Greenfield and Angus Fisk.

Lastly, ahead of her last year as Tutor for Graduates, and on behalf of the entire graduate body, I'd like to thank Elspeth Garman; who is an ever welcoming source of warmth and inspiration, and an indefatigable champion for graduate students, who is always available for those who need help and a voice. She has excellent taste in Graduate Dinner speakers too, having introduced us to a run of leading women including Prof. Daniela Bortoletto, Prof. Alison Woollard and Harini Iyengar, with whom it was a pleasure to dine and hear speak. We will be very sad to see Elspeth depart, and her wisdom and guidance will be sorely missed.

Phew! That's it from me. The past year has whirled by with an eyebrow singeing flash of speed. During that time, Brasenose and the HCR have become more than just a home, place of study and hub of social activity – there's no word that really captures the warm fuzzy feeling conjured when one belongs to such a place, but it wouldn't be half the place it is without all the fellow graduate students who share it. Presidential hugs to all the HCR community, and let's see what next year brings!

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES REPORT

by Liz Kay, College Librarian

Library Development Project

2016 has been a year of adaptation and innovation for the library staff. For the students it has been another year of noise and disruption but once again they demonstrated forbearance, with the aid of earplugs(!), for which I am most grateful. The Library Redevelopment Project has been at the forefront of library activities all year one way or another, with the early part of the year spent preparing to decant the Main and

History libraries. The logistical challenges and timing implications surrounding the book move itself required careful consideration, however working out just what kind of service we could offer students during the Michaelmas refurbishment period was equally important. Students and academics were encouraged to suggest titles to be retained on site in the “Skeleton” library (on Tower Staircase) and we used our local knowledge of high use items together with “hotlists” to supplement these suggestions. Ultimately, in addition to the Skeleton library, we were able to offer Stocker, Old Library and Platnauer as study rooms. Shelving installed in the Platnauer room will enable us to make available during Michaelmas, and also Hilary 2017, the books that will eventually be located in the Old Cloisters. The usual services such as Wi-Fi, photocopying and printing continued to be offered and Kindles were distributed across the study rooms to further facilitate access to the many E-resources available across the University.

Prior to the book move, all those titles destined for the Skeleton library were carried downstairs and shelved on newly installed temporary shelving. The book move itself commenced in July and over eight days the Jamie Briggs team packed 1,972 boxes of books and took them to an off-site storage facility. In the middle of the move we had a break for Open Days during which enthusiastic students paraded wide-eyed youngsters and their parents through a half empty library where they had to negotiate a snake of book boxes that ran almost the entire length of the aisle. The final part of the library decantation involved carrying all books in the sciences, geography and economics over to the Platnauer room which had been transformed in to a mini-library by the addition of tables and chairs, shelves and computers. At this point it is worth recording a note of thanks to Domestic Bursar, Matt Hill, the Workshop and IT teams; without their understanding, co-operation and collaboration our Michaelmas plans could not have come to fruition.

While the refurbishment of the Main and History libraries took place, the library staff shared the Archivist’s office. Although there were some distinct benefits for all parties and it was a pleasing temporary measure, moving back to the library office and refurbished libraries was eagerly anticipated. We missed being amongst the students and the daily interaction with them; carrying out library activities without a library is a somewhat curious state lacking the immediate sense of purpose that proximity to our students engenders.

However, despite missing our library during the refurbishment there were certainly some up-sides, one of which was climbing to the top of the scaffolding to view the library ceiling at close quarters before and after it had been cleaned and redecorated. It was truly amazing and wonderfully vibrant once the work on it had been completed. We are now looking forward to the completion of the Old Cloisters in the Spring when an equally spectacular, albeit quite different space, will be revealed.

“In Conversation” Series

In 2016 we embarked on a new initiative: The Library and Archives “In Conversation” Series. Throughout the series we will feature a specific book or manuscript held at Brasenose, something from the Archives, College history or a Brasenose individual. We decided to launch the series with an exploration of the books and life of Thomas Traherne, 17th century poet and divine. This linked in with the Brasenose Authors theme which ran in our Library and Archives Treasury display during Michaelmas 2015. In selecting Traherne we were able to showcase material from the Library and Archives and introduce Nam Rao (BNC 2011-14; PhD candidate at St John’s) as our star interviewer; our expert for the evening was Dr Julia Smith, General Editor of the Oxford Traherne and author of many articles on Thomas Traherne. This first conversation took place in the 2nd week of Hilary and despite inclement weather there was a good turnout. The audience ranged from nineteen to over eighty years old and included current students, alumni, fellows and lecturers, some with no knowledge of Traherne and his works, others considerably well informed, yet everyone in this diverse group appeared to get something out of the event.

The second conversation took place later the same term and this time offered members of College a fantastic opportunity: to view at Brasenose a selection BNC of manuscripts usually only available for viewing at the Bodleian where they are stored. Research Fellow Dr Elizabeth Solopova and MSt. student Ollie Freeman discussed a range of Medieval manuscripts owned by the College. The following quote supplied by Ollie for publicity provides some insight: “From their beautiful decoration and illustration, to their marginalia both quotidian and rude as well as their later significance as tokens of status and patronage, these books offer a remarkably human insight into the intellectual and cultural

life of the Middle Ages.” After the talk, guests had the opportunity examine the manuscripts (supervised of course) in greater detail with the speakers. Transporting manuscripts from their safe haven in the Bodleian is not something to be undertaken lightly or indeed on a regular basis; I am grateful to colleagues at the Bodleian who facilitated this and for the care with which they carried out painstaking condition assessments on removal and return. Nevertheless, I believe that on this occasion it was worth the effort because those who attended were excited and delighted by what they saw. The Library Redevelopment Project and new Archive Store have somewhat taken over our lives for the time being but we hope to resume the series in 2017.

Miscellaneous activities

It is some years now since a Brasenose book featured in an external exhibition, the last time was at Compton Verney back in 2008. This year we were approached by the Bodleian and agreed to lend a book for *Shakespeare’s Dead*, the summer exhibition at the Weston Library. The exhibition was co-curated by Simon Palfrey, our very own Fellow Librarian and English tutor. The book in question was *Deaths Duell* by John Donne, published in 1630. Our copy, which was bound with several other works, possesses the crucial image which the Bodleian’s own copy lacks, hence the request to borrow the Brasenose copy. It was pleasing to see our book beautifully displayed and taking a role in such a remarkable exhibition. (BNC English students were amongst those that could be heard reading passages in some of the sound recordings that brought life to the material available for viewing.)

Our relationship with Jonathan Cooper (Brasenose enthusiast, alumnus of sister college Gonville & Caius and valuation professional) continued and in collaboration with the Development Office, Jonathan gave some entertaining talks about some of our oldest library treasures. We are currently in discussion with Jonathan about an exhibition in 2018.

Cataloguing of our rare and antiquarian books continues and Sophie attended an interesting course on the language of bindings. We have welcomed scholars from Britain, Europe and the USA and areas of interest over the past year included the works of Robert Bolton, books owned and written by Walter Pater, *Tenor of the Whole Psalmes in Foure Partes*, and *An Essay on The Shaking Palsy* by James Parkinson.

The creation of the Library and Archives Flickr pages has enabled us not only to store our photos in one place but also make selected images and albums available for public viewing. We will continue to add to the images available and make more of them public in the future. You can visit our Flickr page here: <https://www.flickr.com/photos/145884800@N03/albums>

In late July two participants of the Oxford Traherne summer studentship were welcomed to Brasenose as a quid pro quo for Julia Smith's participation in the Traherne event earlier in the year. Dr Smith was kind enough to extend an invitation to the demonstration of a ground-breaking digital collation tool which is the work of former BNC fellow Andrew Zisserman and two Oxford colleagues in collaboration with the Oxford Traherne; we had been involved in this project at the early stages when our copy of a Traherne work was digitized and used for testing the collator. Later in the year I took two of our books to the Bodleian for display and discussion following a workshop on early modern pens, paper and inks (hosted by the Bodleian Conservation Department). In return the Archivist and I were able to attend what proved to be a very interesting workshop and were also able to see our copy of a work displayed alongside other copies for comparison.

We continue to work with members of the student body through both our Library Representatives Group and the Library Redevelopment Steering Group. Student input is always important and every year we are lucky to have some individuals who are especially conscientious, supportive and genuinely interested in the library.

I look forward to writing a report for the next volume of the Brazen Nose when the main topic will undoubtedly be the opening of the wonderful Old Cloisters.

PRESENTATIONS TO THE LIBRARY

1st October 2015 – 31st October 2016

Presentations by Members of the College – Own Composition

James Adams

Social Variation and the Latin Language, 2013.

Simon Altmann

Un cuento países. A tale of Three Countries, 2015.

Gabriel and the Virgin: The Secret of the Annunciation. Offprint from:
European Review, Vol.24, No.1, 149-158 ©Academia Europaea, 2016.

Richard Askew

Journey of a Lifetime, 2015.

One Man's Bath, 2000.

Richard Bourne

Nigeria: A New History of a Turbulent Century, 2015.

Paul Dawson-Bowling

The Wagner Experience and Its Meaning to Us, 2013.

Andrew Burrows

(editor)

Principles of English Commercial Law, 2015.

Principles of the English Law of Obligations, 2015.

Jonathan Cole

Losing Touch: A Man Without His Body, 2016.

David Grubb

(With Peter R. Thomson)

Patents for Chemicals, Pharmaceuticals, and Biotechnology: Fundamentals of Global Law, Practice and Strategy, 5th ed., 2010.

John Hardman

The Life of Louis XVI, 2016.

Charles Harrison-Wallace

Peter Monamy: Société Jersiaise, extract from the *Annual Bulletin* v.23 pt. 1
1981 pages 97-114.

(Translator under the pen name of Peter Hale)

The Battle of Poltava: The Birth of the Russian Empire by Peter Englund, 1992

Maidul Islam

The Limits of Islamism: Jamaat-e-Islami in Contemporary India and Bangladesh, 2015.

Peter King

Adding Colours to the Chameleon, 2016.

Tim Leary

Symphosius the Aenigmata: An Introduction, Text and Commentary, 2014.

Robert Miller

(Joint editor and translator with John Dennison)

An Outline of Psychiatry in Clinical Lectures: The Lectures of Carl Wernicke, 2015.

Christopher Penn

The Nicholas Brothers & ATW Penn Photographers of South India 1855-1885, 2014.

John Sayer

Wolf Graf Baudissin: 1789-1878. Life and Legacy, 2015.

Peter Skinner

Georgia: the land below the Caucasus, a narrative history, 2014.

Guy Spier

The Education of a Value Investor, 2014.

Henriette van der Blom

Oratory and Political Career in the Late Roman Republic, 2016.

Michael Wilson

(editor)

From Trench to Sky: Letters Home 1915-1918 by Arthur Wilson, 2015
Centenary edition.

Paul Wordsworth

(with Stephen McPhillips)

Landscapes of the Islamic World: Archaeology, History and Ethnography, 2016.

Presentations by members of the College

Harry Ager

The Athenian Empire by Robin Osborne, 2000.

Carole Bourne-Taylor

Variété I et II by Paul Valéry, 1924.

La Cantatrice chauve (1950), *La Leçon* (1951) by Robert Horville, 1992.

The Cambridge Companion to Harold Pinter edited by Peter Raby, 2001.

David Bradbury

Rome: An Oxford Archaeological Guide by Amanda Claridge, 2nd ed. 2010.

Unnatural Murder: Poison at the Court of James I by Anne Somerset, 1997.

The Art of Renaissance Warfare: From the Fall of Constantinople to the Thirty Years War by Stephen Turnbull, 2006.

Paul Dennis

Diagnosing and Treating Common Problems in Paediatrics: the essential evidence-based study guide by Michael B. O'Neill, Michelle Mary McEvoy and Alf J. Nicholson, 2014.

Guide to Research Techniques in Neuroscience, 2nd ed. by Matt Carter & Jennifer Shieh, 2015

Fundamentals of Neurologic Disease, 2nd ed. by Larry E. Davis & Sarah Pirio Richardson, 2015.

Georgina Edwards

Isaiah Berlin. Enlightening: Letters 1946-1960 edited by Henry Hardy & Jennifer Holmes, 2009.

Sos Eltis

Samuel Beckett's Theatre: Life Journeys by Katharine Worth, 1999.

Amrit Gosal

Psychiatry, 4th ed. by John Geddes, Jonathan Price and Rebecca McKnight, 2012.

India Hill

Early Modern English Literature by Jason Scott-Warren, 2005.

Eighteenth-Century Women Poets edited by Roger Lonsdale, 1989.

John Donne: The Complete English Poems edited by A.J. Smith, 1975.

Every Man Out of His Humour, 1600 by Ben Jonson, classic reprint 2012.

Three Comedies by Ben Jonson, 1985.

John Milton: Complete English Poems; Of Education; Areopagitica,
4th edition edited by Gordon Campbell, 1990.

John Milton: The Complete Shorter Poems, 2nd ed. edited by John Carey,
2007.

The Faerie Queene, 2nd revised ed. Edited by A.C. Hamilton, 2007.

Angela Carter's Book of Fairy Tales, 2005.

Neil Lygo-Baker

The Innovator's Handbook. The Skills of Innovative Management: Problem Solving, Communication and Teamwork by Vincent Nolan, 1987.

Mindspring: A Creative Approach to Good Thinking and Problem Solving by George M. Prince, 1998.

Bernard Richards

Betraying Our Selves: Forms of Self-Representation in Early Modern English Texts edited by Henk Dragstra, Sheila Ottway and Helen Wilcox, 2000.

Natural Supernaturalism: Tradition and Revolution in Romantic Literature by M.H. Abrams, 1973.

Secret Shakespeare: Studies in Theatre, Religion and Resistance by Richard Wilson, 2004.

The Pen and the Cross: Catholicism and English Literature 1850-2000 by Richard Griffiths (BNC author), 2010.

The Oxford Handbook of Ecocriticism edited by Greg Gerrard, 2014.

Presentations by Others

The Bodleian Library

Shakespeare's Dead by Simon Palfrey (BNC author) and Emma Smith, 2016

Liz Carmichael

The Practical Prophet: Bishop Ronald O. Hall of Hong Kong and His Legacies by Moira M.W. Chan-Yeung, 2015.

Doros Partasides

Faces of Cyprus, by Doros Partasides, 2009.

James Pettifer

The Kosovo Liberation Army: Underground War to Balkan Insurgency, 1948-2001

Albania and the Balkans: Essays in Honour of Sir Reginald Hibbert, 2013.

Jan Ross

The Works of Thomas Traherne (BNC author) edited by Jan Ross, 6 volumes, 2005-2014.

Julia Smith

Re-Reading Thomas Traherne: A Collection of New Critical Essays (BNC author) edited by Jacob Blevins, 2007.

CHAPEL REPORT

by Revd Dr Dominic Keech, Brasenose Chaplain

After much anticipation, the installation of the new lighting system began during the long vacation. Perhaps predictably, the work overran, compelling us to configure divine service around a roving scaffolding tower for much of Michaelmas Term. We bore with the delay in good heart, as the term's sermon series on *Creation and Promise* took on unexpected local significance. At College Prayers, our visiting preachers illuminated the gloom: Revd Professor Theresa Morgan, Fellow of Oriel and Professor of Greco-Roman History in the Faculty of Classics; Revd Dr Andrew Moore, Senior Research Fellow of Regent's Park; the Bishop of Willesden, Rt Revd Pete Broadbent; and Revd Dr Angela Tilby, Canon of Christ Church, and familiar to many from radio's *Thought for the Day*. On 24 November we again marked the phenomenon of Oxmas, with a repeat of the Oxmas Nearly Midnight Mass, filling chapel to capacity for carols, Communion and the blessing of the "Advent" crib. Not many days later the term came to its climax with the equally popular Advent Carol service, for which electrification has never been required.

The works were completed during the Christmas vac, in time for Hilary Term. On the Sunday of first week we welcomed a large party from the College living of Clayton with Keymer, in West Sussex. College Prayers took the form of a (candlelit) Epiphany Carol service, at which the Rector, Revd Christopher Powell, was our first visiting preacher. Second week brought us at last to a glittering inauguration: the dedication of the new lights. On this occasion who else could preach and bless the luminaries but BNC's former Chaplain, Revd Graeme Richardson, who strove long and hard for the work to be begun. The

occasion was more than satisfying: it has been done well, and to very beautiful effect. The College can surely be proud of its stewardship of this glorious space as it considers the next substantial task, the conservation of the chapel ceiling. A week later, we observed Candlemas with a blend of hand-held and switchable lights, in a Sung Eucharist at which Revd Anna Matthews, Vicar of St Bene't's Cambridge, preached. Later in term we were delighted to hear Professor Richard Cooper, our own Tutorial Fellow in French and perennial supporter of all things BNC; and Revd Dr George Westhaver, the Principal of Pusey House.

Sr Frances Dominica ASSP, founder of Helen and Douglas House children's hospice, spoke to us movingly at the beginning of Trinity Term. Our visiting preachers at College Prayers also included Revd Liam Beadle, Vicar of Honley with Brockholes, and Revd Margreet Armitstead, Vicar of Littlemore. We welcomed the Bishop of Dorchester, Rt Revd Colin Fletcher, to the College Eucharist in fourth week, at which he celebrated, preached and confirmed two members of the College. On Corpus Christi Sunday, College Prayers took the form of the annual Joint Evensong with Lincoln College in BNC chapel, followed by a procession to Lincoln, and drinks on a perfect summer's evening in the Rector's garden. The preacher on this memorable occasion was our shared Visitor, Rt Revd Christopher Lowson, Bishop of Lincoln.

Other highlights of the year have included a chapel day pilgrimage to Bristol, taking in Wesley's home, and his chapel The New Room, before visiting the Cathedral for Evensong. We are grateful to the Dean, the Very Revd David Hoyle, for his warm welcome and generous hospitality. In Trinity Term we made a simpler but equally enjoyable pilgrimage on foot to St Margaret's church, Binsey, and the holy well of St Frideswide, with thanks to Revd Shei Crowther for hosting our visit. Our Friday evening group Theological Minds continued with a series of discussions led by both SCR and junior members; and the daily rhythm of Morning Prayer, Evening Prayer and Eucharist went on quietly and fruitfully week in and out, giving still foundation to our common life.

So many people have contributed to Chapel in the course of the year: readers, intercessors, altar servers; student preachers at the College Eucharist, and all who have cared for and enriched the fabric of the building. Special thanks must be paid to the Director of Music, Christian Wilson, in his first year at BNC. His consummate professionalism and attention to detail have been of immense benefit to the College, in the

continued growth and development of our Chapel Choir, and a varied programme of concerts and recitals through the course of the year. Christian's leadership was more than ably assisted by three superb organ scholars: Edward Howell, Fleur Snow and Sarah Hughes. Together with them, the members of our choir deserve further mention, for their consistent commitment to high quality music, their enthusiasm and boundless good will. Thanks are also due to the Bible Clerk, Megan Burnside, for all her hard work, insight and inspiring faithfulness. Finally I must record my personal thanks to the Principal, my colleagues and the College as a whole, as I prepare in January 2017 to leave BNC for parochial ministry. Although brief, my time at Brasenose has been an immense privilege and joy. I wish the College every blessing for the future.

MUSIC REPORT

by Christian Wilson, Director of College Music

Any notion that the arrival of a new Director of Music would signal a period of musical repose lasted little longer than John Cage's most celebrated work, thanks in large part to the enthusiasm and enterprise of Brasenose musicians, and to the slick and eclectic musical programme established over previous terms by the outgoing Director of Music, Jonathan Newell. Indeed, a full house of three organ scholars, a number of established choral scholars, and a particularly understanding Chaplain catalysed the transition, sustaining consistency, and above all, musical opportunity for the practitioner and variety for the listener.

In 2015–2016 we emulated the popular series of recitals of past years, with the annual Freshers Recital (a largely romantic and classical programme, capped by a remarkable excerpt from Beethoven's *Violin Concerto*, performed polyphonically on harmonica), four organ recitals, and concerts for Choral Scholars, instrumental award holders, and musical enthusiasts – the latter marked termly by the ever-popular Music at Brasenose concert still held on Fridays of seventh week.

In Hilary Term, SCR and staff members revealed their hidden talents at the annual William Smyth Memorial Concert, which ended with a stirring rendition of a Northumbrian folk song from Elspeth Garman (whose strong alto tones are more commonly associated with the

acoustics of the SCR atrium). This was followed some days later by a choral extravaganza pairing the considerable forces of Brasenose Choir with the choir and orchestra of Hertford College in a performance of Handel's *Coronation Anthems* and Vaughan Williams' *5 Mystical Songs* at the University Church – a popular occasion which left ears ringing for days afterwards.

The intense preparation and scheduling of musical events for the annual Arts Week in Trinity Term (with no less than ten short and full-length recitals organised and led by organ scholar Fleur Snow and choral scholar Frederick Hinds) was meliorated by the good nature and relaxed approach of those participating. Outdoor Jazz and barbershop events were soaked up by those catching a 'cool breeze' at lunchtime, and there was a Summery JCR/HCR concert in the chapel, and even an 'open mic' event in the bar.

The Platnauer Concerts (organised for this year in advance by my predecessor, Jonathan Newell) included a virtuosic contribution from recent alumnus Claire Wickes on flute with Nigel Clayton on piano, performing a programme of works by Clara and Robert Schumann, Elena Firsova and Schubert. In Hilary Term, Sospiri Choir (directed by Christopher Watson) sang a programme of Renaissance and 20th Century Lamentations, ending with Rudolf Mauersberger's haunting *Wie liegt die Stadt so wüst*, a work composed and first performed amongst the burning ruins of Dresden in 1945. Further musical deploration was provided through a minimalist-themed concert towards the end of Arts Week. Local quartet, OXUS Ensemble, performed Michael Nyman's *Quartet No 3* and Steve Reich's harrowing *Different Trains* where amplified tape challenges the rhythmic order, jarring in and out of phase with the image of the fateful journey imposed on millions of Jews hurried to their extermination.

Perhaps the most substantial lamentation for Brasenose was the retirement of Susan Wollenberg (Lecturer in Music) having served the students and community of Brasenose for 29 years. We marked the occasion on 3rd June, with a musical farewell and reception attended by current and former students, SCR members, and Music Faculty members. Soloists from the SCR and JCR performed a programme of largely romantic music reflecting some of Susan's own musical interests, and Susan completed the concert at the piano with a wonderful performance of Schubert's *Variations on an Original Theme* (D813) together with her

duo partner Alan Rusbridger (Principal of LMH, from where Susan also retires after 44 years as Fellow and Tutor in music). Susan's students express a deep affection for her, due in no small part to the enthusiasm she imparted through her teaching, and the personal interest she invested in each student. Having conveyed such great support for musical events at Brasenose, Susan's departure will be a dramatic loss for the musical life of the college. But, we hope that she will continue to visit Brasenose, and to take an interest in its musical future.

Susan's retirement signals the end of academic music at Brasenose for the time being. Naturally, students whose musical lives are intensified by academic study within the subject provide great musical stimulation for the College community, and there is inevitably an increased responsibility now on my part, to sustain excellent provision and musical opportunity as the college continues without music students. Indeed, there are plenty of reasons to look to the future with excitement, particularly as we seek to stimulate musical activities in the Chapel.

Still central to the musical life of the College is the Chapel Choir, which has gone from strength to strength through the year, refining a vocal skill set and dynamic range through an increasing repertoire. We are fortunate to continue with a generous provision for eight choral scholars and four choral exhibitioners, and I am grateful for their individual efforts in leading and galvanising the sound of the larger choir, and propagating the life of various vocal groups including the vocal quartet, Quadtet, and octet, Brasenose. There has even been a weekly meeting of a choral group established for the purpose of singing Madrigals! The choral library has been significantly augmented over the year with an increased emphasis on early music (Byrd, Lassus, Victoria, Schütz etc.) as well as some contemporary music. We are continually grateful for the friendship and generosity of alumnus, Malcolm Hodgkinson (Clinical Medicine, 1949) and his wife Judith, whose musical interests gravitate around choral music, and who show unceasing support for the music in Brasenose Chapel. Through their generous benefaction, we have now been able to commission a beautiful chamber organ from Henk Klop (Garderen, Netherlands); a moveable instrument, which can be positioned between the sides of the choir at Evensong. When it arrives, this instrument will facilitate the performance of many repertoires for which the larger organ does not provide sufficiently intimate accompaniment, including the English verse anthem, and various schools of European Baroque music.

The organ will also provide continuo accompaniment for chamber music and with orchestra in the performance of large-scale cantatas.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the chaplain, Dominic Keech for his wisdom, humility and guidance during my first year at Brasenose. His support for music extends far beyond the walls of the chapel, attending and assisting with numerous concerts, chairing meetings, and offering regular advice as I seek to develop my work and the musical life at Brasenose. I must also thank the three organ scholars (Ed Howell, Fleur Snow and Sarah Hughes) who invigorate music-making in the college, advertising and championing events, providing musical accompaniment, directing the choir, and of course, supporting my own work as I become accustomed to the behaviours and customs of life at Brasenose.

THE KING'S HALL TRUST FOR THE ARTS

by Paul Burgess (English, 1993), Chair

The King's Hall Trust for the Arts was founded in 1996 by many of the same undergraduates who set up the first Brasenose Arts Week. Some of us still run the Trust today, though we're delighted to be joined by two of the College's more recent graduates. Ellie Keel, until recently the University Drama Officer, has been providing tremendously useful insight into the current arts scene in College and the university. Our newest Trustee, Stephen Kyberd, now works in robotics but brings a great deal of experience of student drama. They join Liz Owen, Mia Bennett, Nick Herbert, Rikesh Shah and myself. Rikesh is in senior management at the London Symphony Orchestra, Mia is a producer for one of the UK's leading amateur theatre companies, and I'm a freelance theatre designer and director. Providing advice is an important part of the Trust's work; this is very much supported by the current makeup of the board.

Our other main activities comprise providing underwriting for events that generate an income and grants for projects that don't. This year, as normal, we backed a wide range of theatre projects. BNC involvement is one of our criteria for funding – as long as the project meets our other standards – and there were several such this year. One was an Edinburgh Fringe production, *Circlevalley*, *Circlevalley* by Lamorna Ash. This had a

BNC producer, Emily Lunnon, and represents another KHTA policy; supporting career progression. We like to help individuals, projects or companies we've already funded if we see them pushing themselves towards more ambitious things.

Another notable project with BNC involvement was *As You Like It*. We normally prefer new writing or more experimental work; our focus is on projects that would otherwise find funding hard to come by. But this production of *As You Like It* was exceptional: its production team was almost entirely made up of BNC students, it looked ambitious and well-organised, and it took place in Frewin Annexe Gardens. How could we say no?

Applications for backing tend to be from theatre projects; grants are more varied. We've given to a concert in Christ Church, a physical theatre piece by Justice in Motion, an up-and-coming company from the 'town', and several short films. One of these, *Kate*, was co-written and directed by two BNC students, Robbie Belok and Alex van Leeuwen.

The arts are certainly thriving at Brasenose. I'd like to think that our work over the last two decades has contributed to this success, and that we will go on to support even more artistic ambition, excellence and experimentation at BNC and beyond. We'd also love new people to get involved with our work. We focus on small projects, so small donations can go a long way. There is also room on the board for new Trustees. And we are always on the lookout for people who can provide advice to students and to recent graduates setting out on careers in the arts. So do please get in touch via our website: www.khta.org.uk.

ALE VERSES

by Louis Trupia (History & Politics, 2014)

On the 9th February 2016, Brasenose College came together to celebrate Shrove Tuesday, the last day before Lent. After a fine dinner of chicken and pancakes, the ale began to flow.

We climbed onto the tables to sing songs about Brasenose set to well-known tunes. This is always intriguing as it acts as an indicator of what have been the most memorable moments at Brasenose over the last year. In particular, the felling of trees in Deer Park over the New Year seems to have touched a nerve, demonstrated by the song, *Brasenose Deer*

Park written to the tune of *Jerusalem*. [Editor's note - don't worry, new trees have now been planted and are flourishing].

We celebrated LGBTQ month again this year by flying the rainbow flag from the High Street flag pole. We commemorated this by singing, *With happy little rainbow flags adorning windows, My oh my that's pride*, to the tune of *Somewhere Over the Rainbow*.

My personal favourites were the result of a Guardian article that tried to besmirch Brasenose's good name when it comes to access. Elton John reached new emotional heights with *Your Song* renamed *Joe's Song*, (Joe Organ being our wonderful outreach officer) we sung, "How wonderful life is, while he's in Brasenose".

Yet the winner of the night was a Junior Dean who will never leave, Mr Tommy Peto with his song *Junior Dean* sung to the tune of Taylor Swift's *Blank Space*. He cleverly split the hall into two parts with half singing the student half, and the other half (reluctantly) singing the Junior Dean part. A worthy winner.

A great night was had by all and special thanks go to the Dean for organising such a fabulous evening, and to the Organ scholars for some absolutely excellent renditions.

FINANCIAL REVIEW

by Philip Parker, College Bursar

In the financial year to 31 July 2016 the College received operating revenues of £10.5 million, £0.5 million higher than in 2014-15. Donations, conference income and investment income all grew healthily. Fee income was unchanged and domestic income from students grew in line with inflation.

In addition, the College received capital donations of £2.6 million for the project to refurbish and extend the library and archive store. This project is budgeted to cost £4.3 million and is fully funded by donations from the alumni. The planned completion date is April 2017.

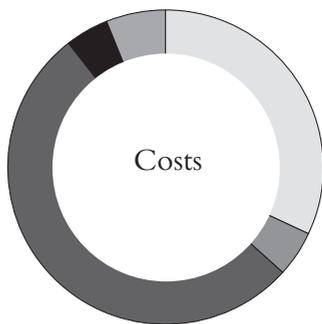
The College's operating costs were £10.2 million, 3% higher than the previous year. The college therefore ran a modest surplus of £0.3 million in the year.

A third of the College's costs are financed from investment returns. The College's endowment grew from £113 million to £126 million,

benefitting from rising stock and property markets, as well as new donations of £2.1 million. The College also benefitted from the weakness of Sterling following the EU referendum, due to the significant proportion of the endowment invested in overseas funds.



Income	£000s
Fees	2,554
Domestic income	2,561
Conferences	957
Donations (excl. capital gifts)	691
Investments	3,695
Other income	36
Total Revenue	10,494



Capital donations	
Library	2,600
Donations to endowment	2,053
<hr/>	
Costs	£000s
Teaching & Research	3,255
Student support	501
Domestic costs	5,367
Conferences and events	452
Development	594
Total Costs	10,169

Clubs



BNCBC WOMEN'S TEAM

by Katharine Waldron

The 2015/16 season has been an exciting time for the women's side of BNCBC. The first race of the year, in Michaelmas Term, saw one of the novice women's crews reach the quarter final of Christ Church regatta. The major event of Hilary Term was Torpids regatta involving 'Bumps Racing', which is probably everybody's favourite quaint Oxford tradition. Training for Torpids was significantly disrupted by heavy rainfall, so all College teams felt underprepared. Despite this, BNCBC women's crews had a very successful week. Arguably our biggest achievement was entering three women's crews, which has not been done for a few years and shows the strength of women's rowing at Brasenose at the moment. Over the course of the regatta we racked up a total of ten bumps across three crews; a splendid result.

The performance of the W3 beer boat did not seem hampered by the pints they consumed and could provide a strong argument for an overhauled training plan, involving circuits of the pub rather than the boathouse. They were the fastest qualifiers during 'Rowing On' before Torpids, which laid down the gauntlet for other college crews. Altogether W3 collected four bumps in three days, which wasn't quite enough to earn those elusive blades, but was a fantastic effort nonetheless.

Both W1 and W2 collected three bumps each over the week. W1 had a more mixed experience, narrowly missing out on spades, but managing to retain their position in division 2. This means that for the first time in decades W1 will be starting from the same position as M1 in Torpids next year, which is something everyone in the women's squad is very proud of. Even in the words of our coach, W1 'outperformed all expectations' and demonstrates the fighting spirit and determination of the crew.

Summer Eights was a week of contrasting fates for W1 and W2. W2 was the only BNC crew to get a bump and even racked up a total of three over the four days. For W1, an unfortunate start for the Eights campaign saw the crew getting acquainted with the river bank within seconds of the race beginning which turned out to be an indicator of their luck for the rest of the week. I never thought that woodwork and whittling would be skills I would acquire during my captaincy, but W1 are proud owners of wooden spoons and have helped to add to the College cutlery collection.

Although racing this year hasn't always gone according to plan, I have been constantly impressed by the continued enthusiasm and determination of the women's squad, and have always enjoy seeing so many smiling faces at the end of each session. Rowing is just as much about enjoyment as getting bumps and BNCBC is nothing if not friendly and welcoming.

This year also saw the Boat Club purchase blazers for members of W1 for the first time, which are owned by the club but can be used by rowers for formal occasions and crew photographs. This was a significant and welcome step, given that the men's crews have been provided with blazers for many years, and demonstrated the commitment from Brasenose to making rowing equally prestigious for male and female members of the club.

As we enter the 2016/17 season, I am excited to see what is in store for the Boat Club and am confident in the abilities of the two new captains in leading BNCBC onwards and upwards.

BNCBC MEN'S TEAM

by Christopher Huang

Although this year may not have been the best year for men's rowing at Brasenose in terms of performance, it has definitely been a reflection of the spirit of rowing in College and what any sport should be – inclusive, challenging, and fun.

Despite an aggressive training programme, involving eight sessions a week from noughth to fourth week in the run up to Summer VIIIs with a week-long rowing camp beforehand, both the *Childe of Hale* (as the Brasenose 1st VIII as is traditionally known) and the Brasenose 2nd VIII performed poorly and received spoons. These disappointing performances should be seen as evidence of the incredibly competitive divisions in which the crews have found themselves, rather than a lack of commitment (as I am sure anyone with experience of the 1st or 2nd VIII could attest). Having lost many highly capable and experienced rowers who graduated last year, the 2nd VIII was formed entirely of dedicated novices, and the *Childe* itself was not in great shape either. However, such performance in VIIIs is, and it should be said in no uncertain terms, unacceptable.

Going forward, much more emphasis must be placed on attracting as many people as possible to take up rowing. With a more vigorous training programme, beginning in October rather than in May, we may see ourselves claw our way back and reclaim our former glory. That in mind, work has already begun to secure a larger cohort of rowers this year. With the help of the BNC workshop, refurbishment work has been underway since the end of VIIs to enliven the boathouse. Furthermore, the appointment of Maria Ryan and Tobias Sims to the positions of women's and men's social secretaries respectively, should ensure that a constant stream of events will be organised to attract and retain rowers to the club throughout the year, especially through the bleak wintry months. Multiple 5am starts on the Isis in January is enough to wear down even the most dedicated of souls. Additionally, work is underway to make a short promotional video to be launched in Fresher's Week via the College's Facebook group. Next year our presence within College, both physical and virtual, shall not be missed.

Beyond the social side of the club, we must thank the generosity of the College and the newly-founded Bowman Fund (established by alumni), for their financial support. The approval of a 10-year equipment plan put forward by Joe Keel, the former BNCBC President, will see the steady arrival of new boats and rowing hardware into the boathouse. This comes at a crucial juncture, as for the first time in BNCBC history we have managed to secure racking space at the Godstow stretch, where almost all Division 1 and Division 2 crews train. Rowing on the wider, less congested stretch will begin immediately in Michaelmas 2017, and will demand additional kit. Hopefully, the ability to train on a level playing field with all of our competitors, and the existence of a newfound level of drive, commitment and fellowship in the boat club, will give us a fighting chance to recover our reputation and win blades for many years to come. There has never been a more exciting time to row for BNCBC.

Thank you to the Principal and the Senior Tutor for all of their support. Thanks also to Joe Keel for all of his hard work in the presidency before mine, and thanks, of course, to Howard Aiken as our coach. Congratulations must go to Arturo Villaneuva for making the lightweight blue boat, rowing at six.

FOOTBALL WOMEN'S TEAM

By Emma Woodhouse

It has been another successful season for Brasenose Ladies Football Team, as we have had a fantastic number of freshers joining us this year. We are thrilled to have so many new members and to see that, with the achievements of the England Ladies Football team, Ladies Football is becoming an increasingly popular sport.

Michaelmas Term saw the team put in a number of great performances, with victories in both friendlies and league matches – perhaps in part due to our snazzy new kit! Unfortunately we were knocked out of the annual Cuppers competition by St John's, but we nevertheless put in a good team performance. Sadly, Hilary Term proved tricky for us, as we struggled with numerous match cancellations due to poor weather. We did, however, brave the weather to attend the College's annual sports dinner as a team – a night which was enjoyed by all.

From the brilliant strikes by our goalscorers, to the solid defensive performances of our back four, to our goalkeeping; every single member of the team has been an asset, and most importantly, has displayed enthusiasm. As a team, we pride ourselves on encouraging members to get stuck in, whether they have played before or not, and it is this sociable and friendly atmosphere of the team which has made it such a pleasure to captain this year.

We said goodbye to a number of players at the end of Hilary Term, as we were joined for the season by some wonderful players from Stanford University. A big thank you to Junie Burns, Michaela Elias, Grace Stayner, Julia Lawrence, Sofi Fillipa and Sarah Kahn, all of whom were fabulous players! Their pace and strength were invaluable additions to the team and they will be missed next year. We wish them all the best for the future!

Special thanks must also go to the new recruits who joined us this year: Dani Ball, Jasmin Yang-Spooner, Johanne Nedergard, Letty Barden, Aini Putkonen, Rina Fang, Emily Curtis and Alisha Wright. It was brilliant to have so many new players join us. Their friendliness, passion and talent has brought so much to the team, not only on the pitch with their nifty footwork and great play, but also to the atmosphere of the squad.

Also, the finalists to whom we must say goodbye are: Ella Crine, Daniella Reichenstein, Jo Baker, Melissa Thorne and Molly Ludlam

Steinke: thank you so much for your incredible dedication and skill! As a team we wish you all the best for the future and hope that you carry on playing! You will all be sorely missed and it will be sad not to see you on the pitch next year.

We had a couple of socials throughout the year and ended in June with a team meal which was a lovely way to say goodbye to those moving on, and to look forward to next season. Finally, I am very excited to say that Dani Ball is taking over captaincy for the upcoming season. She has been not only a brilliant player, but also a committed and enthusiastic member of the team and we wish her good luck!

FOOTBALL MEN'S TEAM

By Conor McCleary

The 2015/2016 season was only the second time the BNC juggernaut has won the coveted University Cuppers since 1948. Given the focus over recent years towards crewdating, as opposed to actually playing football, this remarkable feat could not have been foreseen by even the most diehard Black and Gold fans. Luckily, league performance held true to form with a second successive relegation to the third tier of college football.

The fairy tale cup run began with a 7-2 thrashing of Oriel at the Brasenose Theatre of Dreams. Wave after wave of irresistible Black and Gold attacks gave an unfamiliar feeling of optimism for the upcoming campaign, with a number of fresh talents being unearthed. Tom Hurleston was quickly renamed 'the bomb defuser' for his delicate first touch. Joey Fisher provided an ever dependable pair of hungover legs at fullback. Wulfie 'The Wolf' Bain proved clinical in front of goal, despite claiming throughout the season that he was actually a defensive midfielder. The season also saw the return of silky winger, Gautam Menon from an unfortunate ACL injury and Jake Morgan, from repetitive hangover syndrome.

The second round fixture provided a sterner test against a University filled LMH side. Unfortunately for LMH we drafted in secret weapon Kieran Gilfoy from the comfort of the HCR to spend an hour or so kicking 18 year olds as hard and as frequently as possible. The game finished 2-1 with an opening goal for the indefatigable Felix Von Stumm and the winner from Bain; something of a theme for the season. The

result was made more remarkable given we ended the game without a recognised keeper following an unpunished assault on Colthorpe, resulting in a broken collar bone.

A clashing schedule of University fixtures, and a complete failure to appropriately prioritise, meant I was unavailable for the tie against Exeter. Brasenose journeyman Alex Stewart took the helm after successfully reasoning that a 2007 matriculation date meant that he understood the flair-filled long-ball football philosophy of BNC better than anyone. A tense game ended 3-3 after full time, and was inevitably followed by a winner from Bain in extra time, although the task would have been made easier if the nonchalant Freddie Barratt had scored his penalty in the last few seconds of normal time.

Semi-finals were deemed sufficiently interesting to warrant being played at University Parks. We even had real linesman, much to the dismay of James 'Spoon' Scoon meaning his usual tactic of loudly appealing for offside in order to minimise running distance wouldn't fly. We also saw the return of Brasenose's prodigal son, Hugo Sever, who is widely regarded throughout the University as being the best centre midfielder Hugo Sever has ever seen. Gilfoy opened the scoring following a perfectly weighted Barratt corner, which was our only real chance of scoring throughout the game. Worcester equalised with only 20 minutes left to play, meaning we went to extra time once again. Both teams played for penalties; however the superior fitness and tenacity of BNC freshers, Sean Cuddihy and Calum Flintoff, made all the difference in a game of fine margins. The game was of course decided by another goal from Bain in the second half of extra time: a corner.

The final at Iffley Road drew a recording breaking attendance of at least 50 fans, some of which weren't significant others or family. World Cup winning celebrity Ron Flowers was even in attendance, closely following the every move of his grandson Jack, who has surely now satisfied his perennially disappointed family now that a trophy of equal importance has been won. The final was also different in that we entered only as marginal underdogs. True to form, the game was extended to extra time after the waterlogged surface prevented either team from gaining a significant foothold. Two Wulfie Bain goals (including an audacious bicycle kick) were countered by set piece responses from Teddy Hall. Extra time, as ever, was a tense affair with little-to-no footballing ability being displayed by any player.

This meant the oldest football trophy in existence would be given to the team most versed in hitting the target from twelve yards out. Our first four takers dispatched without difficulty, vindicating the decision to spend hours practising penalties instead of anything which might require substantial movement or organisation. Tom Colthorpe filled the Brasenose goal in the way that only a 6ft 9 man can; his face barely visible behind the crossbar. This meant the final was perfectly teed up for a grandstand finish: the 5th penalty to win the trophy, with the captain stepping up in front of the entire College...

So we won the shootout, no need to get into the specifics of who may have missed penalties. Mainly a game of luck anyway. Tom Colthorpe was the Brasenose hero, saving the final penalty and mobbed by team and fans alike.

New captain James Spoon has the unenviable task of repeating Cuppers success whilst languishing in division 3. First priority however should probably be locating the quarter of a million pound trophy last seen at the celebratory end of season dinner. I'm confident these responsibilities are in the capable hands of first primate Scoon, whose unique style of gormless leadership continues to baffle opposition and teammates alike. Forza Brasenose.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

by Jack Tromans

The Brasenose RFC season began with an away game against Magdalen. This was the first opportunity to see the new freshman talent – and they did not disappoint. Sadly, the same could not be said for the Magdalen players that we borrowed to make a full 15, nor for the brand new BNC match kit, which had been left in College as a result of a minor organizational error. Despite the mighty Black and Gold dominating large swathes of the game, Magdalen appeared fitter in latter periods, having not visited the Wahoo Bar and Grill the previous night, and we ultimately suffered a narrow 82:12 defeat.

This loss lived long in the memory of all BNCRFC players, and injected a new impetus into the squad, desperate not to let down a club of such historical success. A number of victories swiftly followed, with our league rivals unable to deal with the infamous nexus set piece that

has formed the platform for so much of the club's success in recent years. As the season progressed, Brasenose made use of the playing resources of the Oxford Brookes University in order supplement the existing talent within the team, and this worked to great effect, with the squad size now burgeoning to a full XV on a number of occasions. A particular highlight was the 44:43 home victory over Merton and Mansfield, testament to the flair-filled, champagne rugby of which BNCRFC is capable.

As the season progressed, further nexus manoeuvring saw us progress to the quarter final of the Bowl Cuppers competition. There were worries that the team would be without their star winger, Andrew Richards, as he had complained of having 'caught a cold' that morning. In spite of this, he did manage to overcome this minor illness, although, alas, a cold was the only thing he caught all day. Josh D'aeth has since been known as 'the salesman', having sold so many dummies to the opposition during this game that he could start his own kids' store. However, despite heroic performances from all involved, the squad fell to a narrow loss, having started the game with a deficit as a result of not fielding a front row. Scrums, it seems, do not form part of BNCRFC's unadulterated and free-flowing rugby style.

As the season draws to a close, the squad has one last fixture to which it must attend – the one-day rugby league cuppers competition. Being regular winners and current holders of this cup, we all feel a great weight of expectation on our shoulders as our forefathers have so seldom failed to come away with the ultimate prize: a cheap trophy and a warm crate of Fosters. Next season, we look towards our new chosen leader, James Hayley, as a shining beacon of hope. In him we place our trust to restore the club to its rightful place, sitting atop the throne of Oxford college rugby in every reduced format cuppers tournament.

HOCKEY WOMEN'S TEAM

By Jess Freedman

Brasenose women's Hockey team enjoyed a fantastic year, and we were glad to see the addition of several strong players from the fresher intake. This year, Brasenose was one of only four college hockey teams made up solely of players from a single college, and we were off to a strong start in Michaelmas, as our hard work from last year landed us in the 2nd

tier of the women's League for the first time in any current student's memory! Our determination and strong teamwork carried us through to Hilary term, where Brasenose was proud to reach the quarter-finals of our Cuppers tournament! Unfortunately, a few too many injuries, exams and the odd night out meant that we weren't always able to field a team. Despite this, it was a brilliant year for us, and I am looking forward to seeing what the team achieves next year under the captaincy of Rina Fang.

HOCKEY MEN'S TEAM

By Matthew Ward

This has been a year characterised more by enthusiasm than by cold, mechanical success on the score sheet. As is often the case with college sport, experience was a commodity outweighed in importance by keenness. Without fail, we successfully managed to cobble together a team of players happy to come out to Iffley. Several of our regular players had never picked up a stick before this year, and it was fantastic to see them enjoy the game and grow in confidence. Some of these players actually appeared to be mounting a late challenge for a call up to the GB squad in Rio but, alas, Oxford College Hockey is still an untapped goldmine of talent.

The season began very well and we managed two very comprehensive wins against Exeter and LMH. These games were marked by some star performances from Joe Halbert and Siobhan Stewart, who were dependable and creative at the heart of the pitch. We were also able to rely on Nick Hooper's rapid skilful runs which bamboozled the opposition defence, as well as Vincent Richardson's tireless work in midfield and fresher Oli Hanson's speed up front. University goalkeeper Sammy Goss also had a memorable moment whilst playing outfield against LMH, taking the ball on a dazzling run through half of the LMH team, before running along the back-line and scoring from a seemingly impossible angle.

After this bright start, however, results started to run a little dry. Following a couple of weeks where opposing teams failed to field a team, we came up against a joint team from St Peters' and Hertford in the first Round of Cuppers. It seems that SPC/Hertford may have

missed the aforementioned memo on keenness being more important than experience, for they arrived with an inconveniently strong team. Unfortunately, our plucky group were unable to resist and went down 6:0.

From then on, our league campaign was a story of what might have been. Yours truly was unwise enough to take on the mantle of goalkeeping, moving away from my usual home in defence. My clumsiness and inexperience was evident. We conceded in the closing minutes to lose 3:2 to LMH, and then lost comfortably to a very strong Magdalen side. This left us with a 50/50 record in the league of which we can be proud. Next year, however, I think we can go on to even greater things.

After the close of the main season, we were involved in a ‘friendly’ game against our arch-rivals L*ncoln. We managed to get a very large squad down to Iffley, and enjoyed a good-natured game. This was a chance to say hello to a couple of new faces who will hopefully be joining us again next year, and to say goodbye to some of those players who were approaching the end of their degrees.

Many thanks go to Joe Halbert (Captain 2014-15) who gave lots of useful advice and was a great help during matches. I am greatly enjoying being a part of this team, and look forward to the fun continuing next year.

CRICKET

by Richard Sykes

For BNCCC, summer '16 was spent looking for revenge, for the two years which preceded it had yielded, on each occasion, only the ignominy of being defeated in the final and semi-final of cuppers. We were, however, quietly confident of maintaining the high standards that Brasenose had hit in the recent past not least, as previously mentioned, in this most beautiful of games, but also in football and croquet. Most notable and committed in the pursuit of cuppyness are as follows: captain Pranav Bharadwaj, whose combination of wrists of rubber with the bat and hands of steel in the field would have teammates experiencing both delight and despair within the space of a few overs; the ever reliable Alex Thomas, whose love of the game led not only to him audibly chastising

his own batting and wicket-keeping out in the middle, but to emailing his examiner in an attempt to change the time of his preliminary exam to make him available for a cuppers match; Tom Colthorpe who, in his final year as a BNC student saw his giant frame resembling a right-armed Mohammed Irfan more and more every game; Calum Flintoff replicated his namesake's knack for picking up big wickets and bowling unplayable overs in a series of vital contributions, and finally unofficial player of the season Alex Stewart managed to overcome the unique combination of finals, being old enough to be the father of several of our younger players, *and* the undoubted difficulty of playing as an erstwhile BNCCC captain under a new one, to plunder vital runs when the chips were down, and chip in either with the ball or with the gloves if the situation required it.

While ultimately our season ended in disappointment, with defeat in the semi-final stage of cuppers to Worcester, this is by no means to say that there were not moments that will live long in the memory of all involved along the way. Despite it not being a game of particularly huge consequence, handing out a decent hiding to our 2015 nemeses Somerville in the league opener, though of course not fully banishing cuppers demons (think of England's victory over Spain in 2011 after differing fortunes for the two in the previous year's World Cup), provided considerable catharsis. This, however, paled in comparison to not only the greatest moment of the year by a distance, but probably the greatest ever piece of not only cricket, but bottle, that I have ever seen. Nick Hooper is not a man who is known for his rain or shine commitment to the Black and Gold, but when he does play, he often does special things (just look at last year's *Brazen Nose* cricket report). In the cuppers quarter final against Merton Mansfield, having already run out their opener, Nick came out to bat in the middle order with the chase, just as it did against Balliol last year, getting slightly away from us. After AT had bottled it in the last over, followed by a cry of "LAZY", Nick and Conor McCleary were left needing seven off the last two balls, with Conor on strike. Instead of haring back for the second and leaving Conor to hit a four off the last ball to tie it, Hooper instead refused the second, leaving himself needing six of the last ball to win a game in which a six had not until that point been hit. So was it to be square leg, cow corner, or mid-on that he would target? Seeing the fielders posted there, Nick shimmied down the wicket and gave himself room,

spanking the ball over extra cover to clear the ropes by several feet. Cue pitch invasion and AT somehow being punched by Pranav in the melee that ensued. Scene.

Of course, with each passing year comes the passing of BNCCC players through the veil and into the real world, at the expense of their BNCCC careers: Tom Colthorpe, always reliable for four overs, even if I can't take chances off him at slip; BNC veteran Alex Stewart, whose heroics are many and varied; Conor 'Whopper'/'El Capitan'/'Birdseye'/'Handsy Con-Con' McCleary's gun arm, surprisingly cultured batting, and readiness to delve deep into his highly mixed bag of medo nibblers and finally, and perhaps most heart-wrenchingly of all, BNCCC must cope with at least a significant decrease in the involvement of Daniel Paul and his late cut in college colours. Aims for the next year involve a similar approach to last year: stay in the top division and, significantly more importantly, finally get a cuppers win.

NETBALL

by Esme Bayar

The Brasenose netballers came out in full force and started the new netball season with a bang. The teams, made up of a mixture of freshers and veteran players, hit it off thanks to a shared enthusiasm for the sport, and the fun we had at fixtures throughout the season.

Both the A and B teams pulled together to produce impressive results at the end of Michaelmas, with the A team finishing in the top half of Division 2, and the B team remaining undefeated in Division 5, achieving a promotion to Division 4. BNC (Brasenose Netball Club) continued to build on this success in Hilary Term, ending the season once again with both teams at the top of their respective divisions, resulting in another promotion for the B team to Division 3.

These accomplishments left the Brasenose netballers in a strong position for upcoming Cuppers tournaments in Trinity Term; on Saturday of first week, Brasenose once again saw triumph on the netball courts at Marston, fending off several teams from Division 1 to come third overall out of 36 teams in the Women's Netball Cuppers Tournament, despite never having played together as a full team beforehand. The success didn't stop there; in sixth week Brasenose ended a victorious

year of netball on a high, finishing first out of 30 teams to win the Mixed Netball Cuppers Tournament and a celebratory bottle of Pimm's.

Such triumphs would have been impossible but for the loyal players who attended matches and practice sessions each week. Although netball is widely regarded as a female-only sport, the intercollegiate league allows for teams in Divisions 2-5 to field one boy at a time in a centre court position, and it was the Brasenose boys who displayed perhaps the most passion for netball, at times trekking all the way up to LMH to swap in for ten minute halves. Indeed, there were many teams who cursed Brasenose for its star player, Tom Colthorpe's 6 foot 9 inch stature, and incredibly far-reaching limbs. Special thanks must also go to Brasenose's very own OUNC players Catherine Lavender and Isobel Phillips, who helped to bring a sense of professionalism to the team, sharing tips and drills learnt at university training sessions, as well as undertaking umpiring duties at the tournaments. With such displays of commitment to the sport, there is no doubt that Brasenose's netball teams will continue to go from strength to strength next season, under the captaincy of second year geographer, Ciara Willmott.

TENNIS

by Tom Spearman

A hectic first week of tennis began with a BNC vs Queens cuppers showdown. Often compared to the Inter vs A.C. rivalry of Italian football, we share our tennis courts with Queens, which only added to the competitiveness of this encounter. New players: Sean Cuddihy, Nimrod Nehushtan, Benjamin Davies and Callum Richardson showed some great moments, alongside Andrew Richards and myself, playing for our second season. There were some hard fought sets, though ultimately we couldn't overcome our opponents, and our poor record in this competition remained intact.

To finish off the week we had our opening league match against Christ Church. Here, on grass, we had some entertaining singles and doubles matches. Catherine Lavender, standing in as a late substitute, demonstrated why I needed to get her playing for us more often, while Sean, having already played all of his matches, volunteered for more and must have played more than six sets by the end of the afternoon.

Unfortunately we couldn't quite win enough sets to seal the draw. A busy Trinity Term meant that we had to fit most of the tennis action in the first half of the term.

A great development for Brasenose tennis this year was the weekly training, coached by a blues player from the university team. Along with the time spent improving backhands, serves, volleys, and a variety of other shots, we had great fun with the automatic ball thrower. Emma Woodhouse and Ben win the award for turning up to the most sessions, and although our extra training didn't manage to improve any of the results this year, I think things are looking very good for Trinity Term 2017!

BOXING CAMP ON TENERIFE

by Theo Cox

Waiting at the airport for the plane to arrive, I began to wonder if the training I had undertaken over the holidays had been enough. I had heard stories of the punishing nature of the training camp we were about to undertake, and hoped I would not buckle under its pressures. When we arrived, we dropped off our things and went straight for our first session in the nearby boxing gym. It was filled with top professionals (and some amateurs) from around the world, and setting foot inside was both intimidating and awe inspiring. Despite their fearsome pedigree, however, everyone we met was warm and friendly, and the gym soon felt like a second home. After a relatively relaxed first session, we returned to our hotel for dinner and got an early night to begin training in earnest the next morning.

Our day began with a 7am, 8km run along the beach promenade, followed by sprints up and down the beach itself. Our aching limbs were then soothed by a quick plunge into the icy ocean before we returned for breakfast. Between sessions most of us spent our time sleeping, too exhausted for anything else. Thus after breakfast it was nap time until we awoke to train once more. The second session of the day saw a return to the gym for strength and conditioning work. We did round upon round of gruelling bag work, and various circuits designed to increase muscular explosiveness and endurance. The final session was spent sparring, perfecting the skills we learned in real fight scenarios in the ring. This was probably the most beneficial part of the camp for me, as actually

getting to experiment and test out techniques in a fighting context day after day was hugely helpful in my progression.

This was the standard format for the week, however on two days this changed when we took on Mount Tiede, the world's third highest active volcano. We took a coach early in the morning 2000m up the volcano, and above the cloud line, before commencing our run. The image of the sun rising over the clouds as we set off was truly breathtaking, and one that will stay with me forever. The run took us on a 13km route through the beautiful surroundings of the Tiede national park, and, while tough, was a deeply moving experience.

Overall the camp was a great thing to have been a part of, not only due to its great improvement to my boxing skills and general physical condition, but because of the bonding it allowed between me and my fellow team mates. This was most apparent on our penultimate day, when we spent the afternoon after our Tiede run at a nearby waterpark, the one small flash of casual silliness amidst the hard training. I will always be thankful both to my club, and to Brasenose, for giving me the opportunity and funding to improve myself to such a huge degree as a fighter, and given our victory in the last Varsity match it clearly had the desired impact.

ARTS SOCIETY

by Chloe Wall

The arts in Brasenose has had one of the busiest and most exciting years yet. With a real emphasis on covering as many arts as possible, it has been a jam-packed year with something for every taste.

The year started with an Arts and Societies formal dinner in Hall, with very special guest, Mark Williams joining us as a guest speaker (best known for his role as Arthur Weasley in the Harry Potter film series). The dinner was sold out for the first time in its history, and many students got the opportunity to enjoy a lovely dinner and chat to Mr Williams. His speech at the end of the dinner had the whole Hall laughing and hanging on his every word; words of wisdom about university, acting and living life to the full. This event was a great opportunity for both the HCR and JCR to join forces, and after pudding a superb dessert was served in the Old Library. As an alumnus of the College,

Mr Williams enjoyed visiting all his old haunts, and kept us entertained all evening with stories of his time at Brasenose. It was a fantastic evening that brought together students from across the College to honour their dedication to different Arts and Societies.

Our next big event of the year was the Arts Festival, held in Trinity Term. This week-long festival saw over 600 students and external visitors attend various events, from life-drawing classes to Jazz concerts, and from stage-combat workshops to acapella performances. There were many highlights throughout the week, one of which included our very own Principal, John Bowers, taking on a part in a play performed in the chapel. This play, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, was written in the 1500s and set in Brasenose chapel, so it was marvellous to see it performed in that very space. There was also an outdoor film screening and an afternoon of Jazz on the Quad; both of which were very well received.

Overall, the week was a celebration of different arts within Brasenose, and the University more widely. With performances from University-wide groups such as the Imps and the Broadstreet Dancers, the students at Brasenose were able to watch the very best from the comfort of their own Quad. Daily musical performances from Brasenose musicians ensured our own talent was appreciated, and it was wonderful to see such enthusiastic audiences at these events. Events in the week exposed Brasenose students to a huge variety of arts; theatre, photography, music, creative writing, dance, art and film. It was a week of new experiences, getting involved, and a lot of fun for all.

Besides these College based events, there is a plethora of students who take part in the arts throughout the year. Brasenose is very lucky to have such a thriving community interested in the arts, and our students have won dance, theatre, photography and music awards outside of College. A special mention must also go to all in the JCR Arts Committee; their dedication has been integral to the organisation of each of these events, helping create a very special year for Brasenose arts.

PPE SOCIETY

by Vivek Gupta & William Feerick

The Brasenose PPE society, founded in Michaelmas Term 2015 by William Feerick and Vivek Gupta, has had an extremely successful first

few terms. We have aimed to invite interesting and high-profile speakers, who have some relation to Politics, Philosophy or Economics, to give talks in College, with all common rooms being invited. In Hilary 2016 we hosted Professor A.C. Grayling, eminent philosopher and Master of the New College of the Humanities, and Sir Paul Collier, development economist and author of *The Bottom Billion*.

Professor Grayling gave a talk entitled, “Ethics in Politics: Aristotle or Machiavelli”, where he proposed a middle way between their views. Aristotle, he said, was too naïve, as in the age of 24 hour news and tabloid newspapers no politician can get things done while also sustaining virtuous traits. On the other hand, we do not want politicians to run amok with underhand methods and unchecked immorality.

Sir Paul Collier gave a talk entitled, “Angela Merkel: Saintly or Irresponsible”, which was both topical and relevant, given the recent publication of his new book on immigration. Collier criticized the European response to the migration problem as contravening pre-existing international norms and conventions. The talk was an excellent overview of the refugee problem and the challenges that politicians face.

In Trinity Term we were lucky enough to host two distinguished alumni of the college, Lord Feldman (then Chairman of the Conservative Party) and Tim Harford, celebrated author of *The Undercover Economist*, FT columnist and BBC Radio 4 host. Lord Feldman gave an insightful talk on the current political landscape, the Conservative general election win in 2015, especially with regards to the upcoming referendum on the EU. He told us about how the central party was maintaining a neutral position in the debate despite ministers siding with different groups. He also presented a number of amusing and interesting anecdotes about his time at Brasenose before joining us for dinner in Mediaeval Kitchen with the Principal and other guests.

Tim Harford gave a fascinating talk on “How Politicians Ruined Statistics”. He unpicked a number of stats we had been hearing in the press surrounding the EU referendum which was of great interest to students and academics alike. The talk drew on Harford’s previous work from his FT column and radio shows to illuminate the murkier facts that the electorate had been presented with. The talk was no doubt useful to those in attendance in unpicking what we hear in the press!

Looking forward to Michaelmas 2016, the society is excited to welcome two senior cabinet ministers from opposite sides of the house,

Lord Blunkett and Sir Malcolm Rifkind, to give what will no doubt be exceptional talks on their careers in government.

THE ELLESMERE SOCIETY

by Matthew Ward

This year has been another busy and enjoyable one for the Ellesmere Society. We began Michaelmas Term with our customary drinks event and dinner to welcome the incoming first years. We were also able to welcome new academic staff to the College this year. Professor Adam Perry arrived from Queen Mary University of London to become the new Garrick Fellow in Law. He taught Constitutional Law to the first years and Administrative Law to the second years. We have greatly enjoyed our first year of tutorials with him, and hope for many more to come. Recent alumna Alexandra Littlewood also returned to Brasenose as a Lecturer in Law, giving tutorials in Contract Law in Trinity Term. We are very grateful to her, and wish her every success as she commences Pupillage in October 2016.

With the welcomes over, careers events began in earnest. This year, the Ellesmere Society has been lucky enough to host College events with: Kirkland & Ellis; Slaughter and May; Weil, Gotshal & Manges; and Eversheds. Such a diverse range of events will stand our students in good stead when they come to make decisions on their future. We always remain extremely eager to hear from alumni who may be interested in sharing their experience with us, whether that be as Barristers, Solicitors or other careers relevant to law graduates.

As ever, the largest event of the year was the annual Ellesmere Society Dinner. 2015 was another bumper year for attendance, with over a hundred guests. Our guest speaker was the Rt Hon. Lord Justice Elias, a sitting Lord Justice of Appeal, who treated us to a superb speech. The dinner afforded current students a wonderful opportunity to talk with alumni, several of whom have been returning to College for the Dinner over many years.

Many Brasenostrials have taken part in mooting competitions this year, with much success. Unfortunately, we were unable to continue the College's traditional success in the Inter-Collegiate Mooting Competition, very narrowly losing to both of the eventual finalists, Harris

Manchester and Merton. On a positive note, the level of enthusiasm for the competition was particularly high this year, with five students taking part, all of whom received very positive feedback from the judges. Many thanks must go to Katie Collins (Mistress of Moots, 2015-16) who did a fantastic job organising all of the participants, arranging the moots and giving advice. Katie also organised the Freshers' Moot on Criminal Law in Brasenose alongside her predecessor Mark Welch. Outside of College mooting, Brasenose students had success in both internal and external mooting competitions. Alex Georgiou was a runner-up in the Shearman & Sterling Moot; Gabriel Lim and Sarah O'Keeffe reached the Second Round of the Landmark Chambers Property Law Moot; and Paul Fradley and Matthew Ward were part of the Oxford team that reached the Quarter-Finals of the International Price Media Law Moot.

We are very sorry to be saying goodbye to all of our finalists this year. Their examination results were absolutely stellar, but even more importantly we will miss their warmth, humour, and the affection which they hold for the College. They set out on a wide variety of future paths, from further study to training contracts. We hope to see them again soon.

We have many to thank for supporting law at Brasenose this year. The Alumni Relations and Development Office were unwavering in their organisational support and advice for the Ellesmere Dinner. We are also grateful to the Tutors at Brasenose, whose tuition and advice has once again been one of the positive distinguishing features of studying law at Brasenose. My thanks also go to Polly Calver, the outgoing President of the Society, whose kindness and calmness have been invaluable to me in my year as Secretary. Her speech at the Ellesmere Dinner about Law at Brasenose through the lens of social media was also a highlight of the evening.

In 2016-17, I look forward to working with the incoming Committee in what I am sure will be another successful year for the Ellesmere Society.

Articles



H.L.A. HART: THE PRINCIPAL AND THE MAN

by John Bowers QC, Principal

I am immensely privileged to be a successor, as Brasenose Principal, to Herbert Lionel Adolphus Hart, one of my great heroes as a law student. It was accordingly an enormous pleasure to play host to a retrospective event that we held in his honour on 2 November, 2016. This was the first in a series entitled “Great Brasenose Lawyers”, and we are blessed with a long list of such lawyers to feature. Nevertheless Hart is the most celebrated of all, and truly had to be the first in line. Somewhat incongruously for a self-proclaimed atheist like Hart, the event took place in Brasenose College Chapel.

As speakers at the event we were delighted to welcome three distinguished scholars in Hart’s field: Nicola Lacey, Professor of Law at the LSE (formerly of New College and All Souls); Leslie Green, Fellow of Balliol and Professor of the Philosophy of Law; and John Gardner, a former Fellow of Brasenose and former Professor of Law and Philosophy, now a Research Professor at All Souls.

We were joined by two of Herbert’s three sons, Adam and Charlie, and his daughter Joanna Ryan. Also present were his niece Priscilla Austen, and his nephews Robert and John Hart. The affection with which he is held in the extended family was manifest throughout a memorable evening.

His life

The outline of Hart’s story is well known. He was born into a Jewish family in Harrogate in 1907. At boarding school in Cheltenham he was very unhappy, but he loved Bradford Grammar School, to which he later moved. He was an undergraduate at New College where he was awarded a Congratulatory First in Classical Greats. He then gained a Harmsworth Scholarship to Middle Temple and became a Chancery barrister between 1932 and 1940. This life of legal practice did not suit him much. Lord Jay recollected at the Hart Memorial Service on 6 February 1993 that he “hoped his whole lifework would not consist in advising very rich men how legally to minimise their tax liabilities”. He expressed a strong distaste for the apparent need for social contacts in obtaining work at the bar in those days. He wrote to Isaiah Berlin during the war that “I view return to the Bar with disgust not to mention

nausea". He subsequently became an Honorary Bencher of Middle Temple.

During the War he served in MI5, sharing an office for a while with Anthony Blunt. He was for some of the time based at Bletchley Park.

With no wish to return to the Bar after the War, he was instead elected to a Fellowship at New College. He subsequently became Professor of Jurisprudence, a post attached to University College, in 1952. He was offered the Principalship of Hertford College but turned it down when it became apparent that he would have to attend Chapel and reside in College, both of which he declined to do. His election at Brasenose followed without those requirements and was unanimous.

In 1941 he married Jenifer Fischer Williams. Her father Sir John Fischer Williams was an international lawyer involved with the Treaty of Versailles. An active communist in the 1930s, Jenifer was named by the press in the 1970s as a Soviet spy, on the basis of interviews with Peter Wright (but no action was taken against her). Having previously worked in the Civil Service at a time when there were few women there, she became a History Fellow at St Anne's College in 1952. Hart joked memorably with his daughter that "the trouble with the marriage is that one of us does not like sex and the other does not like food".

In his speech at Hart's memorial ceremony, Sir Isaiah Berlin, a lifelong friend, said that Hart had not changed much since they had first met in 1929: "The same rumpled clothes, the same disregard of domestic surroundings, the same simple, engaging manner, the same quiet, uninterrupted intellectual vitality and humour, eager interest in whatever came up in conversation or in the world..."

Hart as Principal

Hart was elected as Principal of Brasenose in June 1972 and assumed the role in autumn 1973. He was the first non-BNC Principal (in the sense of not having been either a student or a Fellow), and yet he had a major impact on modernising the College. 1974 was a very significant year in the history of this College as it coincided with women entering the College as students for the first time. This female influx appears to have had the same civilising influence on our College as on others (and this is very vividly described in Nancy Weiss Melkiel's recent book entitled *Keep the Damned Women Out*, on the fight on both sides of the Atlantic for coeducation). At the time of his election Brasenose

College was not on the same intellectual plane as it is today. Indeed in 1975 the College was 26th out of 28 in the Norrington Table; this year we were seventh.

Hart indeed memorably claimed to be at first confused as to whether Brasenose was a College or an Athletic Association. At the time of his appointment it was widely related that “BNC toiled at games and played at books”. One colleague “congratulated” him in a wry manner by saying that he was “so glad you’ve joined the hearties at long last”. Hart called the Fellowship “old Turks and young fogeys”. Gradually, however, he moulded the College more into his own image and he was able to build a consensus in the Governing Body for change. We still see many of the Fellows from that period within College.

Hart introduced special dinners for scholars, and he had the prospectus rewritten to encourage state-school entrants. Dr Bernard Richards, Emeritus Fellow in English, told an anecdote at our retrospective event illustrating Herbert’s efforts to make Oxford and Brasenose a less exclusive place. Bernard, Bob Evans (History) and Peter Birks (Law) had produced a College guide and prospectus which included a long and detailed section on the College coat of arms, apparently a rare example of “tierced arms”. This was submitted at proof stage to Hart, and he crossed it out. When Bernard Richards protested, Hart responded that “heraldry is a frightfully nobby hobby”, and it would deter applicants from comprehensive schools. (I doubt whether we will reintroduce the arms, although in Jonathan Jones, Physics, we have another enthusiast!) He was also critical of over indulgence at College dinners, describing them as “Lucullan feasts”.

He turned around the finances of the College, not least through the links with the Hulme Trust.

He introduced Sunday night speaker events for the first time with visiting intellectuals of his acquaintance such as William Golding, John Mortimer and Howard Hodgkin. The former were alumni of the College and the latter was an Honorary Fellow.

One of the less popular activities amongst students was the Sunday night disco in the Lodgings, designed to promote good relations between St Anne’s and Brasenose (the discos will not be repeated during my Principalship!). Jenifer apparently even insisted on introducing strobe lighting in the Tower Bursary dining room. These were immediately taken out when Barry Nicholas succeeded Herbert as Principal, although

one can still see the marks in the panelling where they were affixed. One other of the additions to Brasenose that has not stood the test of time was the yellow lino he installed in the Principal's lodgings!

In her outstanding book *A Life of HLA Hart: the Nightmare and the Noble Dream* Nicola Lacey sees the Principalship as a very happy period in his life. He and Jenifer however rarely used the lodgings (save for discos), preferring to continue to live in their family house in Manor Place. After he stepped down from the BNC Principalship in 1978, Herbert returned to University College, and continued to write and lecture to an advanced age.

During his time at Brasenose, Hart turned down an Honour on the basis that it should be given only for public service and self-effacingly he did not feel that he had provided much. He also did not think academic work should gain these kinds of Honours. Some say that he later regretted the decision. He was also one of the few University College Fellows who resisted the idea of giving an Honorary Fellowship to the Duke of Edinburgh

Hart the Lawyer

The legacy of Hart as a legal author is immense and truly global in reach. Prof. Andrew Burrows (now Professor of the Law of England at All Souls) came up to Brasenose in 1975 and told a story at our event about encountering Herbert Hart at a party and asking him, "Do you know anything about Law?" It turned out that he knew a great deal, and in fact shaped the subject for future generations.

Indeed, Hart wrote what has a very strong claim to be the most influential law book of all time, *The Concept of Law*, first published in 1961 and with a third edition in 2012 (edited by Leslie Green). I still retain my underlined version from student days and it is the only such book I have retained. The majesty of the language combines with the simplicity of the expression of the ideas. In its time it sold 150,000 copies, a huge number for a law book. Almost every later book on jurisprudence takes Hart as their starting point.

Hart's theory of law is as a social institution which is ultimately identified by social facts. For Hart it was essential to understand law as something of society and as a system of social rules that went beyond simply governing our behaviour. He saw works of legal philosophy as a gateway to the ideas that lay beneath them, rather than something that

should be treated as a sacred text. *The Concept of Law* gave a general descriptive theory of law; it was part analytical jurisprudence and part descriptive sociology. He distinguished law from a mere system of force. He moved from law as a command structure to law as a system of rules.

At the heart of his thesis, he drew an important distinction between primary and secondary legal rules. A primary rule governs conduct, while secondary rules govern the procedural methods by which primary rules are enforced, prosecuted and so on. Hart specifically set out three secondary rules; they are:

- a. The Rule of Recognition, by which any member of society may check to discover what the primary rules of the society are. In a simple society, Hart states, the recognition rule might only be what is written in a sacred book or what is asserted by a ruler.
- b. The Rule of Change, by which existing primary rules might be created, altered or deleted.
- c. The Rule of Adjudication, by which the society might determine when a rule has been violated and prescribe a remedy.

There were other important and influential books. With Prof. Tony Honore, Hart wrote *Causation in the Law* (1959, second edition 1985), which is regarded as one of the most important academic discussions of causation in the legal context. He also published *Law, Liberty and Morality* (1963) as a result of his famous debate with Lord Devlin on the role of the criminal law in enforcing moral norms.

R.V. Heuston wrote to Herbert that his “work broke over the gloomy landscape of English jurisprudence like a new dawn of intellectual enlightenment” (Lacey, p4). He was also a gifted teacher and whilst Principal he gave seminars to the Brasenose students. The students at BNC were very fond of him, but also in awe of his obvious intellect.

Hart as investigator

It was naturally to Hart that the University turned to provide a response to the period of 1960s student radicalism which had finally reached Oxford, long after Berkeley and Paris had erupted. In 1967 Herbert was chosen to be chairman of an inquiry into the University’s relationship with its students, no doubt on the basis of his impeccably liberal credentials. The representative of the students, Michael Burton

(now Sir Michael Burton, who has just retired as a High Court Judge), was present at our event and brought along extracts from the student newspapers of the time.

The students had petitioned the University Committee of the Privy Council (a body which had never met!) to prevent legislation which was then going through concerning the operation of the proctorial system. As Cherwell recorded, “The group of Junior Members who petitioned...badly rattled Congregation which in typical Oxford fashion turned around and formed a committee”. The Student representatives agreed to adjourn, and eventually withdrew the petition.

There was entertaining graffiti written around the university at this time—“Don’t take it to Hart”—but more than 200 students chose to give evidence to Herbert’s inquiry. He was concerned about the concentration of legislative, executive and punitive powers in the two proctors operating, as he put it, in a “blaze of secrecy”. Hart recommended the recognition of the SRC (of which Michael Burton was then President), which later became OUSU.

Anecdotes

A host of anecdotes surround Hart. At the Retrospective, many commented on the fact that, notwithstanding his family background in clothing, he often looked less than sartorially elegant. His dress and manner remained appealingly shambolic, sometimes wearing two ties, at other times none at all.

One scholar made the point that Herbert came from the “Brideshead Generation” and he wondered how many features of his contemporaries he shared. Cyril Connolly’s *Enemies of Promise* (1938) and *The Condemned Playground* (1945) were cited, expressions of the unease and disquiet of the time; and Evelyn Waugh for the twenties. This was the period when there was a big contrast between aesthetes and hearties, and Herbert took a dim view of hearties. He used to recall, exaggerating slightly perhaps, that when he was an undergraduate at New College the glaziers were called in *every* Monday morning to replace the panes of glass, *every* one of which had been broken during the weekend.

In another story, a young woman at a party in the Lodgings swung her arms to make a point and broke some glass ornament. Herbert described this as “an expansive and expensive gesture.”

Conclusion

As an undergraduate myself I attended Hart's lectures, but I also witnessed him giving a fascinating but rather agonised talk on "Being a Jew in Oxford". It was clear then that he harboured ambivalent feelings about his heritage. This was perhaps not surprising given that the levels of upper-class anti-Semitism were almost certainly higher then than now, and that he had come a long way from Harrogate. Many of his acquaintances did not actually realise he was Jewish.

He failed to be elected at All Souls College and some say the decision was tainted by anti-Semitism. This is an unanswered and possibly unanswerable question. It is true that many superb minds did not get into the hallowed quads of the College. Quintin Hogg, for example, had three goes before he got in and Trevor Roper never did. Both Sir Keith Joseph and Sir Isaiah Berlin were elected. He also appears to have been turned down for membership of the Oxford & Cambridge Club.

From Nicola Lacey's book and from talking to family members and colleagues, what is evident is a great contradiction in Hart's life. On the one hand he was a man who inspired great reverence and enormous respect, and possessed a fierce intellect. But he is said by many both within the College and outside to have lacked self-confidence. He clearly often worried about failure. Notwithstanding his enormous success he was racked by doubt, especially towards the end of his life. He was intensely introspective and self-critical.

As a northerner Jew, he always felt himself to be an outsider. At his memorial service, Ronald Dworkin (his successor as Professor of Jurisprudence and with whom he had a somewhat tense relationship) said Herbert "felt oddly foreign in his native Britain". Nicola Lacey comments (p.265), "The intriguing question is whether his feelings about his Jewish origins were the fundamental cause of the 'brokenness' or lack of integration, or whether it was rather that Jewishness provided a salient object onto which Herbert could project his unsettled personal identity".

Hart was essentially a liberal, and well ahead of his time on many social issues, whether in his support for gay rights (or homosexuality law reform as it was known in those days) or sympathising with certain aspects of the student revolt. He campaigned energetically against capital punishment, and was very involved in human rights issues.

He is almost unanimously recalled with affection by those who encountered him and he left a great legacy to this College and in many ways shaped what it has become today. His portrait is prominently displayed in our Hall. His remarkable effectiveness as Head of Brasenose underlines the gap between his intermittent lack of confidence in himself and the reality that he was a super- and multi- talented person.

I leave the final words to Sir Isaiah Berlin at the memorial service: “He combined a very powerful mind, precision of thought and an unshakeable sanity, with a humane and generous nature.” This College owes him a great debt of gratitude.

55 YEARS ON

by Stephen Green (Classics, 1962)

The recent arrival in my pigeonhole of an invitation to a Jubilee Lunch in College and then the delivery of the *Brazen Nose* (which has turned out to be as excellent as ever) have encouraged me to seek to emulate King David, or whoever wrote Psalm 77 v 5: “I have considered the days of old: and the years that are past.”

In 1962 I was very keen to follow my two brothers and come up to Brasenose. At my interview, I sensed that one of the dons, Michael Woods, was trying to help me. He was a friend of my brother Dudley and he became one of my Philosophy tutors. He continued to be a valued mentor until his untimely death.

I have to say, however, that Michael must bear some responsibility for the losing of the boat race one year. I don't think sport was high on his list of priorities. Some time ago I was at a dinner in Hall, Michael Woods and Paul Dawson-Bowling were my neighbours. Paul said he had a son, a promising oarsman, who was hoping to come to BNC. Michael suggested that at his interview too much stress should not be laid on his rowing. Dawson-Bowling junior must have taken this to heart. When I next heard of him he was at ‘the other place’, a member of the winning light blue crew.

I was admitted to read Classical Prelims and Greats. It was good of the college to receive a border-line case, but it meant that I had no-one in first year in college who was doing the same course with whom I could compare notes. It also meant that Greats proved a tough nut to

crack after only two terms at Oxford. However, I would have agreed to read Hindustani if that were the only way to gain admission.

My first tutor was Leslie Styler who had the alarming ability to read a classical text with the same ease as a detective story. On Sunday evenings I used to enjoy Leslie joining with Maurice Platenauer in singing:

*But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly*

safe in the knowledge that they were about to enjoy a splendid dinner in Hall.

Thanks to Leslie I came to know Robert Runcie. The reason for this I found most moving. When Leslie was in his last illness he was visited by the Archbishop. Apparently Leslie suggested that Dr Runcie should call to see me when he was next at Lord's where I worked. I was very touched that Leslie should bother to say this when he was so ill and that the Archbishop should care to act on this several months later. In another context I remember Robert Runcie and Colin Cowdrey umpiring at the match held to celebrate the centenary of the college cricket ground.

During my first term reading Greats, my tutor David Stockton was away. I was farmed out to Univ where my temporary tutor was George Cawkwell; a New Zealander and a ruggie blue. I met George years later at a reunion service at BNC. He told me that one of his less successful tasks was to be Bill Clinton's moral tutor! My moral tutor was Leighton Reynolds. Since I did not read Classical Mods, I had few academic dealings with him but he was always friendly. Thanks to the splendid reunions for Classicists which are now held, I have renewed a friendship with Leighton's widow, Susan, and have enjoyed her hospitality.

John Ackrill was my other Philosophy tutor. I discovered that my father, like John, had been educated at Reading School and St John's. My tutor said this was interesting, what was my Father's name? You cannot beat a trained logician. He went on to say, "I suppose, come to think of it, his name will be Green." John saw the brief account which appeared in *The Times* when I retired; I greatly appreciated his letter to me on that occasion.

One term John Ackrill was away. We thought it was for a sabbatical year but next term he was present invigilating collections. I have not forgotten the worried look on Richard East's face. I guessed he had not been very assiduous in his vacation reading.

David Stockton was my ancient history tutor. I now suspect he had been cracking Japanese codes at Bletchley Park in the War. I wish I could have discussed this with him. I discovered that David had received better marks in Philosophy than in ancient history when he sat his finals. I teased him about this only to learn that he had alphas in all six major papers. Only one other person at the time had done this since the war. Only two alphas were needed for an automatic first. Did David act as a recruiting agent for the secret services? If so, I was not visited by anonymous looking men clad in mackintoshes.

David was described as 'a young and humane man' in 1964 when Jeffrey Archer arranged a visit by the Beatles. I think Sir Noel Hall (the Principal) enjoyed the unexpected fame which came his way as their host. Sir Noel told me he later received a letter from a schoolmistress in the Outer Hebrides who said that he had undone all she had tried to achieve in education over 40 years.

Robert Shackleton said that by electing Sir Noel he thought the college would have a rather unpleasant character who would be ruthlessly efficient. Robert admitted that he quickly discovered that he was wrong on both counts. Due to my interest in the history of the college, I came to know Robert; also Eric Collieu and Barry Nicholas. The latter asked me to be Hon Sec of the Brasenose Society – a job which I enjoyed doing for several years.

We were all somewhat in awe of another New Zealand Classicist, Sir Ronald Syme OM, the Camden Professor. One day Sir Ronald came up to me and said he did not understand the 'HL' classification of a book. I suggested it could stand for Hulme Library. That is my entire contribution to classical scholarship.

Leslie Styler was busy overhauling the admissions policy for the University. Peter Vaughan was appointed to be his assistant. He was initially introduced to BNC during Trevor Huddleston's memorable Mission to the university. I have greatly appreciated the ministry of Bishop Peter (as he has now become); I live in the London Charterhouse and Peter, as an Old Carthusian, likes to come and stay at the place where his school originated.

In my second year at Brasenose I was housed in VIII-2 in the oldest part of the college. It had little or no plumbing but the view over the Deer Park to the library and chapel with the Camera and St Mary's beyond, must be one of the finest in the university. My splendid scout

was Rolph, who I think originally came to this country as a German POW.

I greatly enjoyed my time as a Cox in the BNCBC (the oldest boat club in the world). It is excellent preparation for life; to shout and scream and let everyone else do all the work. In my first Hilary Term the arctic weather meant that Torpids had to be cancelled.

I remember one Boat Club dinner. Sir Herbert Thompson (an Old Member – a term which, incidentally, I prefer to *alumnus*) told of an earlier occasion when Miss Heberden (the sister of the former Principal) was present. She said to the captain of boats: “I think you oarsmen are wonderful. You have breakfast together, you do exercise together, you row together, you take dinner together and you go to bed together.” I remember on one occasion seeing Sir Herbert walking down to the river with the great Olympic gold medallist and holder, I think, of the DSO and three bars, Arnold Strobe-Jackson.

Sadly some of my year, including Stephen Winkley, Roger Hay, George Walker and Jeremy Greenland, have died. I greatly miss the late Ken Smith who was somewhat older than me but who was a valued mentor, not least in matters spiritual. Fortunately most of my contemporaries are still very much alive. Some, such as Michael Palin and Iain Vallance, have found fame, but I have greatly valued many of them for their support and friendship in good times and bad.

At the end of my time at BNC I represented the college on University Challenge. This took place in the late summer when I suppose more suitable people were away in far flung parts. Although we had two future ambassadors in our squad in Peter Lloyd and Barney Smith, we were soundly thrashed by Magdalen, Cambridge (Bamber Gascoigne’s alma mater). Their star player was John Simpson, who thus started his distinguished career on the small screen. He interrupted his honeymoon in order to participate.

Some time ago I attended Evensong in St Paul’s Cathedral. My neighbour in the choir stalls seemed familiar. By the time we reached the Magnificat I had worked out his identity. At the end of the service I turned to my neighbour and said I had had his photo in my loo for about 40 years. Hilary Davan-Wetton looked surprised until he realised we had been on University Challenge together.

A year at Liverpool University followed where I realised that academic excellence was not confined to the Oxford, Cambridge,

London triangle. The professor, Christopher Brooke, came from Caius (our sister college in Cambridge) and he gathered a gifted team, including a future Regius Professor at Oxford. As part of our course we were seconded to the Lancashire Record Office where Gordon Read was on the staff. He handed to me a letter (written I think in c1800) which said 'The Principal of Brasenose is of no account'. I wish I had kept a note of its reference number.

Two years at the Northamptonshire Record Office ensued. Brasenose had the patronage of several livings in the area. I can remember seeing considerable correspondence with the college especially with the Parishes of Aynho and Great Billing. The Revd John Napleton (who features in Joe Mordaunt Crook's splendid 'biography' of the college) wrote at length about the latter living.

For 35 years from 1968 I worked at Lord's looking after the museum, library and archive of MCC. This was almost an extension of Brasenose. Desmond Eagar took part in my interview. He served along with Ian Peebles on the Arts & Library Sub-Committee which was my main responsibility. Colin Cowdrey and Alan Smith of course were leading lights at Lord's. I was also to enjoy the company of Old Members such as John Haslewood, Pom Pom Fellows-Smith, Ron Maudsley and David Walsh. I greatly appreciated David's moving recent accounts of the casualties of the First World War. In recent years I have greatly enjoyed entertaining former Principal Alan Bowman and his wife, Jackie at Lord's. Desmond Bagguley asked me to write a piece on Brasenose cricketers. This duly appeared in the *Brazen Nose* vol xvii pp 234-5.

Since 2007 I have been resident at the London Charterhouse which is a sort of geriatric Brasenose, complete with Hall, Chapel, Library and Cloisters. I have seen a little of Alan Borg who has done great work at the nearby museum of the Order of St John of Jerusalem. My brother Dudley, when he was sorting books in our library, found a Bible which had been given to Maurice Platnauer by his mother. When I have my coffee after lunch I sit under the portrait of the rather pompous John Robinson. Being a good BNC man he was skilled at multi-tasking. In addition to being Bishop of London he was a diplomat who helped to sign the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713.

I should be delighted to entertain anyone at Charterhouse connected with Brasenose. They will find much there of interest.

BUCHAN, BNC, BOBBY MOORE AND ME

by Richard Piper (Classics, 1966)

John Buchan was, at different times, a barrister, a publisher, an intelligence officer, a journalist, Director of Information at the Ministry of Information, Deputy Chairman of Reuter's, Unionist MP for the Scottish Universities, High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, Governor-General of Canada, historian and writer of "shockers", his most famous book (*The Thirty-Nine Steps*) is still in print over a hundred years after it was first published. He was also a Brasenose man, who was keen to maintain his connection with the College, as demonstrated in the correspondence held in the archives and kindly shown to me by College Archivist, Georgina Edwards. He matriculated in 1895, seventy one years before I did in 1966, the year that England won the football World Cup, which constitutes my flimsy excuse for the (hopefully) attention-grabbing headline. That is a considerable period of elapsed time, and I am forced to accept that people matriculating in 2016 will be doing so fifty years after me and will look at my vintage of undergraduate as I would have at somebody who came up during the Battle of the Somme! I thought therefore that there might be some interest in a piece comparing Buchan's impressions of the College in the late 1890s with mine of the late 1960s, leaving others to make any comparison with the current age.

Buchan was son of a Free Church of Scotland minister who arrived, via Hutchesons' Grammar School (Glasgow) and Glasgow University, at a college where "the scholars came mainly from grammar schools and the lesser public schools; the commoners largely from the country gentry of Lancashire and the North." My impression that the mix of schools hadn't changed too much by my time seems confirmed by J. Mordaunt Crook in his 2008 College history: "Brasenose was still playing to its traditional strengths: second-order public schools, particularly in the west, and urban direct grant or grammar schools, notably in the north." My own direct grant grammar school was in the midlands rather than the north, though by then the arrivals from such schools reflected a broader spread of society, following the democratisation brought about by WW2 and the 1944 Education Act. Neither of my parents had been to any university, let alone Oxford, and this in no way marked me out from contemporaries from similar backgrounds.

One of Buchan's distinctions as an undergraduate was to be chosen to write the Brasenose volume in the "Oxford University College Histories" series and this gives some insights into his perceptions of the College at the time, though more came in his autobiography, *Memory Hold the Door*, published over forty years later. In the former he says that "from the early years of the (19th) century the College has been identified with Oxford sport", but also recounts the "libellous story of an unlucky man in past days who so far departed from a supposed College tradition as to be classed in some Honours school, and was promptly put under a pump by his irate contemporaries" and looking back in 1940 he wrote that, "It had not for some generations attained great academic success". By the late 1960s most of the sporting prowess had gone, though Cricket Cuppers had been won in the term before I came up. This decline had unfortunately not been accompanied by a dramatic improvement in academic fortunes, but the 1968 *Brazen Nose* highlighted the fact that the last "Honours School League Tables....revealed that the College has entered the Top Twenty, coming eighteenth out of the twenty eight colleges on the list". I should point out to younger readers that the musical Top Twenty, based on the sales of 45 rpm discs (what they?), received massive public and media attention at the time and this cultural reference showed that the *Brazen Nose*, then as now, was nothing if not "with it"!

As a consequence of coming through the Scottish education system, Buchan was a year older than his contemporaries and initially "felt that I had been pitchforked into a kindergarten. The revels of alcoholic children offended me." Janet Adam Smith in her biography of Buchan describes Brasenose in 1895 as "a small college of about a hundred undergraduates, with a reputation for sport, hard drinking and disorder" and recounts several incidents that he observed in his early days, including one where the furniture in a set of rooms was "knocked to matchwood", and commented that he felt that "these rather aimless bouts of drunken destructiveness seemed ...the work of immature boys who did not know what life was like". Well, he *had* been brought up in a Scottish Presbyterian manse! But did this reputation for alcoholic excess last into the middle reaches of the 20th century? I can reveal that I was recommended to apply to BNC by Ted Norrish (who has his own contribution later in this issue, Ed.) one of our Classics masters at school, who had been an undergraduate here in the 1950s, with the words,

“They get drunk all the time and fall over. It will suit you, Piper”, and it was often the case that formal dinners or other celebrations were accompanied by youthful high spirits and on occasion minor damage to College or other property. Even such a significant event as the dinner marking the Tercentenary of the Chapel (“Chapel Cuppers”) was a lively affair, with one individual being removed from Hall by Jock Wallace, the redoubtable Head Hallman, for throwing a carrot towards, but not reaching, the then Bishop of Oxford. I am not, in my dotage, defending this juvenile behaviour, but such things were a feature of College life at the time. The resulting fines from Graham Richards in the guise of Junior Dean were sometimes followed by an invitation to one of his famous parties, at one of which I met an attractive young lady from LMH, so it’s an ill wind.

But what of the ethos of the College at a more elevated level? Buchan wrote in 1898 that “Its history has been the history of a reaction ending in a compromise, the conservative without the fanatical [...] If it has been untouched by most of the countless crazes which at intervals agitate Oxford, it is not by any means because the College is a backwater of University life, but because it has better things to occupy its attention.” The late 1960s was of course a time of youthful revolt and student unrest, and as the cobblestones flew in Paris, there were echoes even in Oxford, though by the time they reached BNC they were to all intents and purposes inaudible. But the JCR of a lesser college (can’t remember which) was actually taken over by the Trots, so it was decided not to take any chances. Chris Holden proposed, and I seconded, a motion that free beer be provided at future meetings, and this contribution to participatory democracy led to a marked rise in attendance and eventually resulted in a motion being passed “with only eight dissentients” disassociating the College “from the actions of a small group which is attempting to subvert the normal disciplinary procedures of the University,” and expressing, “the disgust which is generally felt in this college against the violent methods being used by these people.” This was recorded in a letter published in *The Times* of 16 June 1968 and signed by John Slater as JCR President and five others, including this writer. Or as the Ale Verse, sung to the tune “Cats on the Rooftop”, put it, slightly less positively:

*We are Nosemen, Conservative are we,
All of us are filled with gross complacency.*

*Ale and Games and Fags and Sex are paramount, you see,
So we don't give a damn for revolution.*

I don't know who the author, "Your Political Correspondent", was and it is possible that the sex was by way of being aspirational, but I believe that it reflected the spirit of the time and was consistent with Buchan's analysis all those years before. Interestingly, the only three of my contemporaries named in the text of Mordaunt Crook's book are David Walsh, a cricket Blue who scored 207 against Warwickshire in the Parks, Robin Janvrin who became private secretary to HM the Queen and Steve Bolchover who was sent down in 1970 for his role in an occupation of the Clarendon Building, but in terms of BNC politics, Steve was the exception that proved the rule!

Something that connects my generation with Buchan's and those before, and distinguishes us from most since, is the fact that we were all men. This seemed to suit Buchan and many of his contemporaries, and his son William wrote that the atmosphere of Oxford in the 1890s "could still fairly be described as monastic", and they "had no desire to complicate their lives with emotional entanglements, however romantic, nor to be forced into serious intellectual dispute by 'intense' young women." Now, I don't believe that the BNC of my time could realistically have been described as "monastic", and most of us could have done with more "emotional entanglements", or similar, than we actually had, but I believe it was the case that there was less enthusiasm for admitting women in the JCR than there was in the SCR. Were we afraid of being "forced into serious intellectual dispute by 'intense' young women"? I hope not, but it is a fact that the schools that nearly all of us had attended, whether public, direct grant or grammar, boarding or day, were single-sex and being educated in such an environment just seemed normal. Perhaps sport had something to do with it, because although the College had lost its eminence in that respect, a remarkably (to me) high proportion of us participated in it in some way and we were concerned about further dilution in the strength of the 1st XV. Probably it was just that we were, as already demonstrated, very conservative!

Buchan records that he overcame his early concerns about the College and "gradually became one of the 'aborigines of Brasenose', and a happier fellowship no man could desire." I can endorse that from memories of my time at the College, and my subsequent experiences

meeting members from younger generations, male and female, at events such as the wonderful Classics Reunions organised by Ed Bispham and Llewelyn Morgan (yes, I do want to see this in print!). Perhaps members of the current generation are just too polite to show what they really think when finding themselves in conversation with me or the other old relics who pitch up, but I prefer to believe of Brasenose people of any age that “a happier fellowship no man could desire”.

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RESPONSE TO TOBY YOUNG’S ARTICLE IN VOL. 49 OF THE BRAZEN NOSE

by Andy Ford (*History*, 1984)

The last volume of the *Brazen Nose* included an article by Toby Young, originally published in *The Spectator*, on the Gaudy that he attended in March 2015. I was at the same dinner and, like Toby, enjoyed Jim Hawkins’ recollections of life at Brasenose in the mid-1980s. I was pleasantly surprised at the amount of space Jim gave in his speech to the Left Caucus that was established in the college in 1985, and even more surprised at Toby’s memories of its membership.

In his article, Toby confidently asserts that ‘many’ of the Left Caucus members were former Etonians. This was a bit of a surprise to me personally as one of the founder members of the Caucus and the product of a Walsall state grammar school education. I have contacted my fellow Caucus members and checked my recollection of their educational backgrounds – yes, we were a diverse bunch but, contrary to Toby’s claim, I can vouch for the fact that none of us were educated at Eton.

After the passage of 30 years, does any of this really matter? Well yes, I think it does. Now, probably more than ever before, the college needs

to be able to demonstrate a real commitment to diversity in the broadest sense. That challenge becomes more problematic if it allows its history to continue to be distorted to fit a tired stereotype of Brasenose as an exclusive Etonian playground. I cannot speak for the student body of today but I do know that, in the mid-1980s, the college had many women and men from diverse backgrounds whose commitment to left-wing politics was deep and sincere, and who neither felt obliged to conform to stereotypes of old Etonian behaviours nor were intimidated by them.

In the same volume of the *Brazen Nose*, Professor Abigail Green stressed the importance of appreciating people's past experience of the college that did not fit the comfortable stereotypes. Like Toby, I have many very fond memories of my time at Brasenose. But it is important that, in seeking to preserve those memories, we do not perpetuate any myths.

ADDRESS GIVEN AT THE ADMISSION CEREMONY OF PRINCIPAL, JOHN BOWERS QC

by Professor Richard Cooper, Emeritus Fellow

My Lord Bishop, Principal, Members of Brasenose,

This ceremony has taken place, in some form or other, for more than five hundred years, in the process of electing and admitting to office each of our (now) thirty-three Principals. Principal Bowers will be the sixth I have served under, and others present have served under his predecessors: in each case we have met in Chapel to elect, with ceremonial burning of the voting papers (and fire alarms turned off), and then later to admit the new Principal to office.

At the foundation, the original Scholar Fellows, a mere twelve of them, would have squeezed into the modest chapel, where we now have dessert, and cast their votes, before admitting the Principal of their choice, to the princely stipend of £5 p.a. Their very first choice enjoyed this largesse for no less than thirty-six years, the longest yet, and no doubt had to live a frugal life. When I said, "the Principal of their choice", I meant that, on occasions, certain powers might have wanted to

impose on us, such as a certain Stuart monarch, who tried to plant his placeman, religious flavour of the month. The Fellows proved wiser, and elected Principal Radcliffe, whose long tenure (thirty-four years) and munificence, gave us both our Library, and this very Chapel, the core of the College, where we have space for devotion, for music, for voting, and for ritual.

Not that we were yet safe from outside interference, with a rival Principal imposed by Civil War government, and with the standoff finally resolved when the Fellows' choice of Principal, and his wife, were finally installed in the chapel, and enjoyed a long and prosperous reign of twenty-one years.

We didn't always get it right: following an unmemorable Principal who died an insane nepotist, after over a quarter of a century in post, the six resident Fellows elected another long-serving Principal (thirty-five years), who was notorious as an "intriguer, a trickster, a bully", "truculent, dishonest, interfering [...] sensual", and other sins which I blush to mention in these hallowed walls. An employment lawyer might have proved useful at the time.

This College has had, right from its foundation, an umbilical link to Lancashire and Cheshire, from where came both our founders, whose portraits we see in the East Window, one clutching the plans, one precariously balancing a miniature BNC. It seems so very appropriate that our outgoing Principal, like the very first, William Smyth, should have come from precisely those traditional happy hunting grounds, which long provided a high proportion of Fellows and students.

Our incoming Principal has a no less appropriate pedigree. That he is a lawyer is entirely within the tradition of recent predecessors: Hart, Nicholas and Windlesham. That today commemorates the birth of another great advocate of human rights, Gandhi, can only be auspicious. But much more important is his association with the city of our Founder, and of our Visitor, whom we are proud to have with us today. The Bishops of Lincoln, when not locked up in the Tower of London, and when they weren't imposing a Principal on us in the interregnum, have over the centuries provided the College with consistently good Visitation counsel. And our current Visitor will be especially pleased to see admitted to office a man from his very own diocese, from a resort in Lincolnshire famous for its medicinal waters, who follows a Principal from Manchester, marginally less famous as a spa.

In Hall hangs the portrait of one of the College's best known Lancastrian Principals, Alexander Nowell, he of the fish-hooks, and bottled beer, and the "distinctively personal buoyancy". He was elected at the age of eighty-eight, and resigned after three months in post. Principal Bowers will certainly beat that; and, if the EJRA doesn't allow him to match the very first Principal's thirty-six year tenure, we nonetheless wish him and Suzanne a long, happy and energetic time in the Lodgings, and in the world-wide Brasenose community.

Habemus papam.

TED MASLEN-JONES, MC, DFC AND VJ70: A DAY NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN

by Bob Ireland

Ted Maslen-Jones (Agriculture, 1946) has been a stalwart of St Luke's Milland for many many years, serving as Churchwarden, a member of the choir, trustee of the George Street Trust and, most significant of all, being responsible for clearing the churchyard and creating the beautiful and peaceful place we all know it to be today. Ted, at 96, still drives up to the church every Sunday to sing in the choir and is a constant voice of wisdom and reason.

He was also a member of 656 Squadron, an Air Observation Post, during World War II and served in Burma.

The concept of the Air Observation Posts was based upon the original task of the Royal Flying Corps (RFC) in that they would spot for guns and infantry. Royal Artillery (RA) Officers were trained as pilots who flew Auster fixed-wing aircraft in Squadrons on the Royal Air Force (RAF) establishment. The personnel, squadrons and aircraft were the foundation on which the modern Army Air Corps was established in September 1957.

No. 656 Squadron RAF was an Air Observation Post unit of the Royal Air Force in India and Burma during WWII and finished the war with an impressive record, which was the result of the highest level of commitment and cooperation by all its members. In two years of operations in Burma it collected two MBEs, two MCs and nine DFCs plus many Mentions in Despatches.

Ted Maslen-Jones won one of these MCs and one of the DFCs, both awarded in 1945 for bravery during the final Burma campaign. As a

reconnaissance pilot, he flew tiny single-engine Austers alone, unarmed and without a parachute to carry out observation flights in support of the 14th Army's infantry operations, and was responsible for establishing the optimal methods used by 656 Squadron for spotting Japanese troops hidden in the jungle and heavy cover.

The Japanese, having failed to break through to India on the coast, then attacked through Central Burma with a thrust that would lead to the dreadful and critical battles at Kohima and Imphal in 1944. Ted's flight of Austers was operating in Arakan in the west of Burma supporting the 15th Corps (British Indian Army) before being involved in the final defeat of the Japanese in Burma.

The 70th Anniversary commemorations of VJ Day (Victory over Japan) on 15 August 2015, in London, marked the 70th Anniversary of the surrender of Japanese forces, bringing about the end of WWII. Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, joined [the then] Prime Minister, David Cameron, veterans and former prisoners of war for services throughout the day as tributes were made to the estimated 71,244 British and Commonwealth casualties of the Far East conflict. Japan formally surrendered on 2 September, 1945 at a ceremony in Tokyo Bay on USS *Missouri*.

VJ70 provided a wonderful opportunity for the nation to show their gratitude to the 'forgotten' veterans of the war in SE Asia, and acknowledge the endurance and determination they showed in continuing the fight in the most challenging of environments to bring the war to a final end.

Ted naturally wanted to join in the VJ70 events in London. He was aided and assisted in this by Andrew Simkins, who succeeded Ted as President of the 656 Squadron Association, having a remarkable record himself, moving from the Artillery, where he was a sergeant, to 656 Squadron flying Apache helicopters on two tours of Northern Ireland, two in Afghanistan and being one of the last troops to leave Bosnia, earning an OBE in the process, before retiring as a Lieutenant Colonel.

Andrew, being a true spotter, did a recce of Whitehall, Horse Guards Parade and Westminster the day before VJ70, and came to the conclusion that the best way to get Ted a position front and centre throughout, was to persuade him into a wheelchair for the service and parade. This resulted in Ted being positioned in front of the drums at Horse Guards Parade and, of course, putting in regular appearances on

the TV coverage of the second part of the celebrations. This included many moving tributes and readings, of which Charles Dance's rendition of Kipling's *Mandalay* was a highlight.

Ted says that the walk down Whitehall, past the Cenotaph and the statue of Field Marshal Lord Slim, was the most emotional part of the day, with the crowds lined up to 20 deep applauding to the echo with warmth, gratitude and real feeling.

By the time they had moved all the way down Whitehall, shepherded by the band of the Scots Guards, Ted's waving arm was tiring and the British Legion reception at the Palace of Westminster was a welcome rest. Over lunch, Ted was seated in position to meet David Cameron and he spent some time sharing his experiences with the Prime Minister, and later he chatted to Camilla, Duchess of Cornwall.

For Ted, the day was also about meeting so many who had shared experiences, places, hardships, fear and exultation. At Horse Guards, Ted's neighbour at the event was a veteran of the West African Division, now 98 years old, who had fought in the early stages of the war in Burma, on the Arakan side, which is where Ted started his campaign; and there were many discoveries of comrades-in-common more than 70 years on.

At the Westminster reception Ted was seated next to Gordon Smith from Rotherham, who had been taken prisoner in Java, almost at the end of the war in the Far East, and who was shipped back to a prisoner-of-war camp in Japan, at Nagasaki. He heard the first bomb at Hiroshima and saw and survived the second bomb at Nagasaki.

Gordon's courage remains undimmed. He had fallen in his kitchen five or six days before the VJ70 celebrations, resulting in him appearing 'on parade' with a black eye and eight stitches in his head, minus a considerable amount of blood.

The exchange of stories such as this continued throughout the day, as at long last the war in South East Asia is losing the tag of 'The Forgotten War'.

Ted also commented on the generosity, as well as the outstanding organisation, of the British Legion, providing a wonderful luncheon hamper for all the veterans as well as a large 'goody bag' of mementos.

PROPHET WORKING ON CHINA'S SOIL: BISHOP RONALD HALL (BNC 1918-1920)

*by The Very Revd Dr Martyn Percy, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and
Professor of Theological Education at King's College, London.
(Originally published in The Church Times, 3rd June, 2016)*

Review: *The Practical Prophet: Bishop Ronald O. Hall and his legacies*
By Moira W. Chan-Yeung

At the beginning of the 21st Century, China is now well on the way to becoming the world's most populous Christian nation. Christianity has moved from being a carefully monitored (and even, during Mao's regime, persecuted) movement to becoming a faith comprising beliefs and forms of behaviour that the State now actively wish to encourage among its citizens. It would seem that socialism or capitalism are not enough to provide cohesion and meaning that might provide values to sustain a nation of such diversity. So faith has a future in China after all, it seems.

Moira Cahn-Yeung's appraisal of Bishop R.O. Hall is a welcome and timely contribution to the growing body of literature on Chinese Christianity. This volume is the third volume in the prestigious series, *Historical Studies of Anglican Christianity in China*, under the skilful editorship of Philip Wickeri. Co-published with Hong King Sheng Kung Hui, these volumes are throwing fresh light on the intensive and extensive history of Anglicanism in China in the 19th and 20th Centuries.

Hall was the longest-serving and, arguably, the most influential Anglican bishop serving overseas during the 20th Century. After distinguished service in the First World War, including the award of a Military Cross, Hall trained for the ordination at Cuddesdon. After ministry in Newcastle, and also with the Student Christian Movement, he became Bishop of the diocese of Victoria and Hong Kong in 1932.

Hall managed to evade capture during the Japanese invasion of Hong Kong during the Second World War, and he ordained Florence Li Tim-Oi to help minister to the needs of those refugees who had fled Hong Kong and had escaped to neutral Macau. She was the first woman to be ordained in the Anglican Communion – the legacy for which Hall is most often remembered.

Yet, as Chan-Yeung's appraisal shows, Hall's ministry was a more systematic and extensive exercise in social engagement, and was marked

with a burning compassion for those less privileged. Throughout his ministry he emphasised the needs of the ordinary people, especially victims of social or political upheaval.

Hall drew his inspiration from the social theology of F. D Maurice, which resulted in significant contributions to the development of social welfare, low-cost housing, and education. He established an orphanage in Tai Po, which later became the St Christopher's Home. Under Hall's leadership, the Anglican Church became a significant partner with the Hong Kong government in the provision of social services. (Indeed, this partnership in ministry has continued to flourish and expand under the current Archbishop, Paul Kwong.)

One of the great strengths of Chan-Yeung's book is that it rehabilitates a vision – one of intensive and extensive public impact, but profoundly rooted in a lively social theology. Hall's ministry did not centre on a simplistic concern for converting handfuls of Chinese citizens – a task that seemed to preoccupy other missionaries active in the field. Hall saw his mission as something much deeper: as the leaven that changed the very nature of the society that it worked in, rather than rescue a few souls from it.

Chan-Yeung's book brings us new and refreshing insights into Hall's life and ministry, and her book deserves to be widely read and studied. The legacies that Hall has bequeathed Chinese Christianity – centres for education, development and welfare – now explain, in part, why the faith has such rich potential in China.

As Chan-Yeung shows, Hall saw the world as the place where the Kingdom of God could be built. So Hall's ministry set about transforming the social world which people inhabited. Hall understood that it was this that would change people's lives: enriching the soil prepared the ground for the seed of the gospel; and in this Hall was a typical, if all-too-rare, practical prophet.

BNC AUTHORS: A NOVEL APPROACH

by Dudley Harrop (English Lit, 1955-58)

It might surprise you, dear Reader, to learn how many distinguished authors studied at Brasenose. I'm particularly interested in novelists, but let's first recall some other famous BNC authors:

John Foxe (1517–1587)

Magnum opus was a huge 1,800 page book called *Actes and Monuments*, which quickly became known as *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*.

John Marston (1576–1634)

Entered BNC in 1592, took his BA in 1594! He was a restoration playwright, who was much admired by T. S. Eliot.

Robert Burton (1577–1640)

Known for his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, published in 1621; Samuel Johnson's favourite book.

Thomas Traherne (1636–1674)

Matriculated in 1652, took his BA degree 1656 and regarded as one of the leading metaphysical poets.

Reginald Heber (1783–1826)

Prolific hymn writer including: *Brightest and Best, Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty*, and *From Greenland's Icy Mountains*.

Richard Harris Barham (1788–1845)

Came up to BNC in 1807 under the *nom de plume* Thomas Ingoldsby, he wrote numerous magazine stories which became very popular, known as *The Ingoldsby Legends*.

Frederick Weatherly (1848–1929)

Won a scholarship to BNC in 1867. Achieved celebrity status by composing popular songs – at least 3,000 of them! Most famous are *Danny Boy* and *Roses of Picardy*.

The Novels

We may well ask at this point: What is a novel? My answer would be: a fictional story where the main interest is human relationships – not science fiction, not fantasy, not a whodunit. Within this broad definition, BNC can boast an amazing century of works by alumni – from *The 39 Steps* by John Buchan in 1915, to at least five established contemporary novelists. Let's look at this remarkable body of work in more detail.

John Buchan (1875–1940)

Came up to BNC aged 20 to read Classics, after winning a Hulme Scholarship. While pursuing a brilliant political and diplomatic career, which led to him becoming Governor General of Canada and first Baron

Tweedsmuir, he found time to write a large number of immensely popular books. While at BNC he won the Stanhope essay prize, the Newdigate poetry prize and was elected as the first President of the Brasenose Society. In 1928 he won the James Tait Black Memorial Prize for his biography, *Montrose*.

TRY: *The 39 Steps* (1915), *Greenmantle* (1916), *Mr Standfast* (1919).

Charles L. Morgan (1894-1958)

Joined the Royal Navy aged 13 and served as a midshipman in the Atlantic and on the 'China Station'. He was due to come up to BNC when war broke out; he re-joined the Navy and, after a disastrous action at Antwerp, was interned in neutral Holland. On the way back to England on parole, his ship was sunk. After some time in hospital, he came up to BNC to start his History course in 1919. He was President of OUDS, and later wrote a number of successful plays as well as poetry and very popular novels. He won the James Tait Black Memorial Prize in 1940 for *The Voyage*.

TRY: *The Fountain* (1932), *Sparkenbroke* (1936), *The Judge's Story* (1947).

Sir William Golding (1911-1993)

Came up to BNC in 1930 from Marlborough Grammar School, where his father was a teacher. Read Natural Sciences for two years before transferring to English Lit. After graduating, he taught English and philosophy, he then joined the Royal Navy in 1940, and was briefly involved in the sinking of the German battleship, Bismarck. He commanded a landing-craft on D-Day. After the war he returned to teaching until 1961. A late starter, he was in his 40s when he wrote his first, and best known, book, *Lord of the Flies*. He won the Nobel Prize for Literature, and in 1980, the Booker Prize for *Rites of Passage*. He was knighted in 1988.

TRY: *Lord of the Flies* (1954), *The Inheritors* (1955), *Fire Down Below* (1989).

Sir John Mortimer CBE QC (1923-2009)

Playwright, screenwriter, novelist and barrister; Mortimer came up to BNC at age 17 to read Law, although he was housed in Christchurch because BNC had been requisitioned for the war effort. Medically unfit for military service, he worked for the Crown Film Unit writing scripts

for propaganda documentaries, the background to his first novel *Charade* (1947). Called to the Bar (Inner Temple) in 1948; he pursued an active and high-profile legal career before retiring in 1984. It is said that he achieved his colossal literary output, including *Rumpole of the Bailey*, by getting up early to write before attending court! He was awarded the CBE in 1986, and knighted in 1998.

TRY: *Charade* (1947), *Summer's Lease* (1988), *Clinging to the Wreckage* (1982)

J. G Farrell (1935-1979)

From an Anglo-Irish background, Farrell attended Rossall School in Lancashire; taught for some time in Dublin before coming up to BNC in 1956. He read French and Spanish and after graduation went to live in France to teach. He wrote three early novels before travelling to the USA on a Harkness Fellowship. He returned to London to finish the first of his Empire trilogy – *Troubles* (1970), which won the Geoffrey Faber Memorial Prize. The second volume, *The Siege of Krishnapur* won the 1973 Man Booker prize. In 1979, he left London to live in south-western Ireland but was drowned there a few months later when a rogue wave swept him off the rocks where he was fishing.

In 2010, the Lost Booker prize was created for books published in 1970, the year when a change of rules meant that the prize was not awarded. *Troubles* won comfortably. Thus, had he lived, he would have been the first author to win the Booker twice.

TRY: *Troubles* (1970), *The Siege of Krishnapur* (1973), *The Singapore Grip* (1987).

The Right Hon Lord Jeffrey Archer (1940-)

Baron Archer of Weston-super-Mare; former MP and Deputy Chairman of the Conservative Party is also a prolific novelist, playwright, diarist, international athlete and fundraiser.

Offered a place at Oxford's Department of Education in 1963 after working as a PE teacher, he became a member of Brasenose College. He gained a Blue in athletics and was President of the OU Athletics Club. While fundraising for Oxfam, he invited The Beatles to BNC in 1964; the famous photo of them with him and the Principal, Sir Noel Hall, appears on page seven of the recent edition of *The Brazen Notes*. He wrote his first book, *Not a Penny More, Not a Penny Less* in 1974

to get out of financial difficulties. Since then he has been spectacularly successful, selling over 330 million copies worldwide.

TRY: *Kane and Abel* (1979), *A Prisoner of Birth* (2008), *Only Time Will Tell* (2011).

Simon Mawer (1948-)

Mawer read Zoology at Brasenose and has spent most of his life working as a biology teacher, laterly in Italy. His first book, *Chimera*, written at age 39, won the McKitterick Prize for first novels. Since then, he has published nine further novels, achieving the Booker shortlist twice, and has established an international reputation. His latest, *Tightrope*, won the Walter Scott prize.

TRY: *Swimming to Ithaca* (2006), *The Glass Room* (2009), *The Girl who Fell from the Sky* (2012).

Helen Dewitt (1957-)

An American who, with parents in the US Diplomatic Service, grew up mainly in Latin America. After reading Classics at LMH, Dewitt did her D.Phil at Brasenose. She worked in a wide range of jobs while pursuing her writing career. She is best known for her debut novel, *The Last Samurai* published in 2000; her only other completed novel to date is *Lightning Rods*, 2012.

Helen Darville (1972 -)

An Australian writer and lawyer. While studying English at the University of Queensland, she wrote and published her only novel, *The Hand that Signed the Paper* in 1994, age 22. Following the controversy this aroused (see below), she returned to college to study law and did post-graduate work at Brasenose, before completing her LLB at Edinburgh. After working for a law firm in the UK, she returned to Australia where she became senior adviser to a member of the Senate.

The Hand that Signed the Paper is about events in Ukraine around the time of the Nazi occupation in WWII. The Ukrainians are portrayed as welcoming the Germans as liberators from Russian and Jewish persecution. The author is named Helen Demidenko, whose Ukrainian father has a brother indicted for assisting in the atrocities which are part of known history.

The book won three prestigious literary awards but some newspaper and radio commentators challenged these awards and arraigned the book for being anti-Semitic, pro-Fascist, even anti-Ukrainian.

It was subsequently discovered that HD was actually Helen Darville, with English parents who had emigrated to Australia from Scunthorpe.

In my view the novel is remarkable for the youth of its author, the compelling authenticity of its setting (all achieved remotely through research) and its stark, dispassionate account of events. *The Demidenko File* (1996) is an absorbing review of the furore.

Grace McLeen (1981-)

After a childhood in Wales and Ireland, McLeen read English at Brasenose then did an MA at York. She has had three novels published to date, which have attracted much critical acclaim.

TRY: *The Land of Decoration* (2012), *The Professor of Poetry* (2013), *The Offering* (2015).

Ben Masters (1990-)

A BNC graduate (English) who published *Noughties* in 2012, his only novel to date. The action in this “rambunctious, stylish, exuberantly comic” novel takes place on the hero’s last night in Oxford. Comparisons with *Zuleika Dobson* and *Brideshead Revisited* are probably wide of the mark! Ben is now Lecturer in Creative Writing at the OU.

Please note that I have not included two authors frequently but erroneously listed as BNC alumni – Thomas de Quincey (Worcester) and Walter Pater (Queen’s).

Summing Up

By any standard, this is an extraordinarily rich and impressive body of work to emanate from a single college, and this list is by no means complete. Many of these novels are regarded as trend setters and classics of their kind. I intend to read a good many more of them and have been collecting them for some time from charity shops, where Jeffrey Archer almost has a shelf to himself. Helen Darville’s book, on the other hand, you are unlikely to find. Currently I can locate 3 copies on the internet, at around £17; if you miss these, the only other UK copy costs £273 from Abebooks.com!

I would love to hear your reactions to reading these novels and also your thoughts on anyone I’ve omitted. If you care to email me on: dudleyharrop@gmail.com I hope to summarize our responses in next year’s magazine.

So, let us set out to discover what these fellow alumni have to say to us! No time to lose!

(Mr Harrop has selected some of the many BNC authors to feature here. If you would like to contribute suggestions or reviews of works not dealt with here, please do get in touch. Ed.)

I would like to record my debt to Wikipedia for much of the information above. The reference to The Beatles is from J M Crook's Brasenose: the biography of an Oxford college (2008)

**GRAHAM RICHARDS AND TONY
MARCHINGTON, *ENTREPRENEURSHIP:
A CASE STUDY FROM TWO VIEW POINTS*
(Wet Zebra Media, 2016)**

by Professor Christopher McKenna, Fellow

As the classic Oxford joke goes, ‘How many Oxford dons does it take to change a lightbulb?’ Answer: ‘Change?’ For when does Oxford ever change? A generation ago, the entrepreneurial Oxford don might have appeared to be an oxymoron, but Graham Richards’ recent memoir reminds us that for all Oxford and Brasenose seem never to change, the promotion of new ventures within the University grew quickly from the late 1980s onwards – so much so, that the current generation of Brasenose students couldn’t imagine Oxford without annual start-up competitions, entrepreneurship societies, and innovation labs let alone an international business school or a steady stream of high tech spinouts. As Richards and his late student Tony Marchington remind us at the start of their tale, in 1988, University spinouts were far less common than they are now. Their own venture, Oxford Molecular, was the first successful spinout from Oxford where the University shared – and, indeed, invested – in the equity of the floated company. From its growth from initial investment of 350 thousand pounds by the university and, importantly, outside venture capitalists, to an international company worth roughly 450 million pounds at its height, Oxford Molecular blazed a trail that other University ventures would soon follow. In this book, told as parallel accounts of their ‘case study,’ Richards and Marchington describe how they influenced the institutional structure that Oxford University Innovation would adopt and the obstacles that these academic entrepreneurs would face in their struggle to get the company funded and staffed.

Although the prologue begins from Graham Richards' perspective (Tony Marchington's untimely death in 2011 at age 56 gave Richards the final say) it is Marchington who provides the more colourful voice. Whether it be Marchington's remembrances of Brasenose, and his amusement on finding himself back in his former college when they entertained prospective investors, or his account of trying to find affordable housing, a perpetual problem in Oxford, Tony's account is less varnished. Perhaps this is no surprise from Marchington, a man who was forced to declare personal bankruptcy in large part because of his decision to purchase, and subsequently restore, the Flying Scotsman steam train. But this is not really a story of failure, personal or institutional, although we are warned that the end will inevitably come. For as Oxford Molecular became more successful, and as the company grew well beyond the confines of the University, their detailed descriptions fade away. Instead, this is a story of genesis and of becoming. Oxford Molecular's final end, along with its piecemeal sale in the year 2000, takes up only the last two or three pages of the book. Instead, we are urged to focus on the first act of their parable.

In their account, the story's details are the lesson. Tony Marchington's thrift in spending very little on their corporate offices but investing in elite lawyers and accountants is as important as his guess as to what pharmaceutical companies might value in their future products. Similarly, Graham Richards rightly foresaw the value of the informal networks that arose from the immediate proximity of the new venture to his University lab and the wider network of former students that Richards was able to access as the company grew. True to the book's entrepreneurial focus, we learn how they coined the corporate name, what led to their innovative pricing strategy, and how they poached staff from rival ventures. Of course the underlying scientific analysis was always crucial to the venture's success, but so too was defusing internal feuds and the founders' crafty negotiations with City investors.

For those readers who remember Oxford in this era – the late 1980s and 1990s – this account reminds us how two Brasenose-trained chemists, Richards and Marchington, leveraged their academic networks and the increasing appetite for commercial risk within the University to commercialize new technology. Yet for a story that takes place against the backdrop of the computing boom and bust of the 1990s, this is less a story of technological disruption than one of intersecting academic

and commercial networks, the value of long-range strategic planning, and the constant dangers that new ventures face. As Graham Richards argues at the outset, perhaps entrepreneurship can't be taught, but it clearly can be nurtured. Ever the teacher, Richards vividly demonstrates that the first great Oxford spinout may no longer be with us, but that the University changed a great deal with Oxford Molecular and the entrepreneurial culture that he and Marchington promoted. 'Change?' you ask. Yes, indeed.

FOR HIS COUNTRY

by Dr Llewelyn Morgan, Tutorial Fellow in Classics

Brasenose Chapel, like any college chapel, is festooned with memorials: principals, senior Fellows, and on the southern wall of the Ante-Chapel, a handful of former students. One of the latter is for my money the most remarkable, thought-provoking epitaph in the whole building, perhaps in Oxford.

It is a plain sheet of brass, as restrained in its language as its form, and reads:

THIS BRASS WAS PLACED HERE
BY THE COLLEGE
IN MEMORY OF
JUSTUS CARL VON RUPERTI
RHODES SCHOLAR 1933-1935
WHO DIED
FIGHTING FOR HIS COUNTRY
19 AUGUST 1943

What the viewer realises with a start, of course, is that the country for which Justus Carl von Ruperti fought and died was not this country but Germany.

This memorial has intrigued me ever since I first came to Brasenose, but last year I finally set about researching its origins. It took me into the records of the Governing Body for the 1950s, and the archives of Rhodes House for the 1930s. Justus Carl's nephew, Lippold von Klencke, was also generous with information from family records. Here I am going to share what I discovered about Ruperti himself, and about

Brasenose's decision to commemorate an enemy fatality shortly after the end of hostilities. But I am quite certain that there is much more that I haven't found out, and I would welcome any further information. For example, I found not a hint of controversy surrounding the decision to commemorate Ruperti, and that does surprise me.

Justus Carl von Ruperti, Juscar to friends and family, was a Prussian aristocrat. His father, Max von Ruperti, was a high administrator: Regierungspräsident of Allenstein, one of the three administrative regions of East Prussia. Its regional capital, also Allenstein, is now Olsztyn in north-eastern Poland. Within Max von Ruperti's jurisdiction, to the south of the city of Allenstein, stood the Tannenberg Memorial, which commemorated an overwhelming German victory over Russia in 1914 by evoking the medieval Teutonic Knights, champions of Christianity and defenders of the eastern frontiers of Germany.

Tannenberg was thus a potent emblem of German national identity, and I mention it both because it gives a sense of the times and because, in 1932, it was the catalyst for conflict between Max von Ruperti and the NSDAP, the Nazi Party. Hitler saw in Tannenberg an opportunity to advance his own political agenda, but Ruperti refused to allow a Nazi rally to be held at the site, on the grounds that it contravened the essentially non-partisan nature of the Memorial. When Hitler came to power after the elections of March 1933, Ruperti was summarily sacked as a consequence. As for the Tannenberg memorial, now entirely obliterated, it was an unapologetically nationalistic monument, and when we, in 2017, look at images of its severe, *völkisch* architecture, we struggle to dissociate what we see from expressions of Nazi ideology. But the Memorial was conceived and built well before the Nazis took power, even though it was later appropriated and redesigned by them. Max von Ruperti combined a love of his country, call it patriotism or nationalism, with courageous and principled opposition to the NSDAP.

In 1931 a Canadian, Kathleen Coburn, had stayed with the Ruperti family in Allenstein. She found them open-minded, opposed to militarism, and motivated by a strong social conscience. Coburn accompanied Irma von Ruperti, Juscar's mother, to see the welfare initiatives that she patronised in Allenstein, impressive efforts to counteract the impact of the Depression. What is striking, though, is that this social work took place in an overtly nationalistic framework. An institute visited by Coburn trained "girls from lower-class farm families" in practical skills

such as handicrafts, but also introduced them to German folk music and culture. Central to the whole exercise was discussion of German politics and the cultivation of a “national” culture. There was no belittling of non-German cultures, Coburn insists, but the notion of social development in play, under the aegis of the Vaterländische Frauenverein (the Patriotic Women’s Association) was one that contributed to a stronger and more coherent Germany. East Prussia, at the eastern edge of German territory, was a place where German identity might feel especially vulnerable. The environment in which Juscar spent his childhood was thus coloured by a nationalism that was not the same as support for National Socialism, for all Hitler’s efforts to conflate them.

Juscar was born in 1914 and, at the time of his father’s enforced retirement in 1933, was 18 years old and a student in Law with History and Economics at Munich University, having done a first term at Königsberg (it was standard practice to move between universities within one degree). In the same year he won the Rhodes Scholarship that brought him to Brasenose College. He stayed for two years, from October 1933 to June 1935, earning himself a diploma in Economics and Political Science, before returning to Germany with the intention of finishing his law degree at Göttingen, where his parents now lived.

In actual fact he was obliged to serve with the army for two years after his return to Germany, and only resumed his German degree in October 1937. He remained a student until 1941, when he submitted a research dissertation. At Brasenose he was highly regarded, bright, engaged and (important for a Rhodes Scholar) a team player, rowing in the Brasenose 1st VIII. He and his contemporary Fritz Caspari, a determined opponent of the Nazi regime who left Germany in 1939, set up a scheme for non-German Rhodes Scholars to visit Germany. Ruperti had the option of returning to Oxford for a third year once his degree in Germany had been completed, but for obvious reasons that wasn’t to be.

In letters back to the Principal, William Stallybrass, excerpts of which were published in the *Brazen Nose* at the time, Juscar describes military life, and offers his perspective on developments later in the 1930s. In 1936 he reads *The Times* while acting as an instructor of new recruits; in 1937, in a snowstorm in Lüneburg, he reminisces about rowing at Oxford; in 1938 he admits to a grudging fondness for military life, adding that the army “is one of the few institutions in this country, which are not so intensely affected by politics as most things are.” In June 1939 Stallybrass

ends the “Principal’s Scrapbook” with a message from Juscar on “how genuine a wish for peace there was in Germany” (“This is a good note on which to end,” wrote the Principal). In 1941, under the heading “OUR GERMANS” he records that “J.C. von Ruperti (1933) has sent a message via America that he is well and at Göttingen writing a thesis.” But he was soon back in the army, and in August 1943 he was killed in Russia, in the chaotic aftermath of the decisive Battle of Kursk.

Back in 1938 Juscar had written to Stallybrass about the Anschluss of March 1938. It is the most challenging thing I’ve read related to Juscar, but it tells me again how determinedly Hitler manipulated nationalistic feeling within Germany in the 1930s:

“As regards politics, I feel like sitting in a big bus, with perhaps a map, to ascertain from time to time where I am, but with not the least chance of influencing the course which the driver takes. I can’t say that I disagree with the driver’s choice of places where to get, and sometimes he even seems to take the right approach... Our bus, by the way, has been going at 100 m.p.h. again for some days in March; and again, as so often before, all the passengers were genuinely delighted to get where she took them. There was indeed general approval of the Anschluss and admiration for its speedy perfection, also among some parts of the intelligentsia as stand somewhat apart on many other occasions; since they, more perhaps than others, have a feeling for the historic importance of the development. Moreover, in this union of the Greater Reich a number of imponderables come into play, which is hard to explain, although their effects cannot be denied.

Please remember me to everyone in College. Oxford, I am sure, is as peaceful and pleasant as ever. May it continue like that for ever.”

Adam von Trott, executed in 1944 for his role in the Bomb Plot against Hitler (and commemorated on a memorial in Balliol), responded similarly to the Anschluss. Giles MacDonogh in his biography comments that “it took a while before Trott was able to appreciate fully what had happened on 11 March, and to differentiate between a legitimate alteration of what he believed to be an unjust treaty [i.e. Versailles], and a step towards world domination on the part of a criminal adventurer.”

In the Brasenose archives, thanks to Georgie Edwards, our splendid archivist, I got to read the Vice-Principal’s Register (the minutes of the Governing Body) and trace the process of approving and realising the plaque for Ruperti. To begin with, it’s clear that basic information was

lacking. An initial proposal was made in June 1950, and approved by the College, so long as “Mr Nicholas could find out whether [J.C. von Ruperti] was in fact killed during the war.” (It is clear that the prime mover for the memorial was Barry Nicholas, later Principal.) There is then silence for three years, by which time Juscar’s death, and date of death, had evidently been established. In September 1953 an approach was made to the renowned engraver Leslie Durbin, best known for a ceremonial sword presented to Stalin in 1943, but Durbin proved too expensive. The plaque, engraved in the event by Messrs William Pickford for £20, was affixed in 1954. On July 29, 1955 the Principal (by now Hugh Last) shared a message with the Governing Body from the Chairman of the Association of German Rhodes Scholars: “At their Annual Meeting held last month in Francfort, the association of German Rhodes Scholars, on being informed that a memorial to Justus v. Ruperti had been put up in the chapel of B.N.C, passed a vote of thanks for this chivalrous and noble act.”

Governing Body records in the 1950s, I can say with some feeling, are a lot lighter in content than the equivalent documents today. There is a huge amount that this record doesn’t say, especially about Barry Nicholas’ motivations for his proposal, and the reactions of other members of the Governing Body. Perhaps there were none, but I do wonder. I can only assume that even in 1950 Nicholas had clear evidence, from some source or other, that Ruperti was no Nazi sympathiser, and was, on the contrary, a man of liberal political opinions. My own confidence on this point came from something that Juscar’s nephew Mr von Klencke was kind enough to share with me, an entry in Juscar’s diary from just a few days before his death.

He describes the desperate situation that he and his men found themselves in after the Soviet victory at Kursk, in headlong retreat, on the front line, and without air support. In these circumstances Ruperti candidly shares with his diary his thoughts on Germany’s prospects, and then describes a friendly dispute about politics between himself and a fellow Oberleutnant from Hamburg, Griebbauer, the man who would communicate news of Juscar’s death to his family (and was himself killed shortly afterwards). Again there is an intense national awareness in their conversation: Juscar writes of Germany’s need to find its way back from pride and arrogance to an awareness of human limitations; to value, over and above the national interest, the worth of humanity in general.

“Germany must be strong and remain so, but internally just and just in its relations with neighbours and other countries, not guided by dogma but by concern for decency, human dignity, and mutual assistance... The value and freedom of the individual, though bound by Law and Justice, Morality and finally God, must be reestablished.” Of anything discernibly Nazi, I see no hint.

I return again to that laconic phrase on the memorial, “Fighting for his country,” a simple (but heart-stopping) assertion of Juscar’s lack of ideology, his common humanity with the enemy that was commemorating him. Patriotism is the key to the story of Justus Carl von Ruperti, I’ve come to think, and it pleases me that a man as wise as Barry Nicholas thought the same.

A postscript. The termly reports on Ruperti I subsequently read in the Rhodes House archives were as brief as the Brasenose minutes, but someone, sometime had thought to slip into his file one of those fragments of evidence that brings a historical circumstance vividly to life. It was a nondescript handwritten note written by “R.” to “M.P.”, with no indication of a year, describing a visit by Juscar von Ruperti’s mother Irma to Rhodes House:

M.P

The mother of J. C. von Ruperti called 9 September. She was sorry that you were on holiday, as she would have liked to meet someone here who’d known him. She went round R. Hse, saw War Memorial, and departed with a grey booklet, which was the best I could offer after you.

R.

At the bottom is scribbled an answer from “M.P.”: “I can’t remember him as well as some of the nice German Rhodes R[hodes] S[cholar]s.”

With the help of Melissa Downing, the archivist at Rhodes House, I was able to identify “M.P.” as Marjory Payne. Irma von Ruperti wanted to meet someone who had been there in 1933-35, when Juscar was studying in Oxford. Marjory had been Assistant Secretary at Rhodes House from 1928 to 1936, and then the Warden’s Secretary from 1936 to 1957. Then Melissa discovered that Rosalind Wellstood worked as Assistant Secretary at Rhodes House from 1951 to 1953, and was almost certainly the author of the note, “R.”. It follows that Irma von Ruperti made her visit to Rhodes House on Wednesday 9th September, 1953, just a few weeks after the tenth anniversary of Juscar’s death.

It's hard not to be moved by this record of a bereaved mother, able to see her son's name on the beautiful memorial in the Rotunda of Rhodes House, but failing to find anyone who remembered her son. In fact, the note tells us, Marjory didn't recall Juscar awfully well, and may indeed be classing him among the "less nice" German Rhodes Scholars, those who did not overtly resist the Nazi regime in the manner of Adam von Trott or Fritz Caspari. Irma had lost both her sons in the war, and had been a widow since 1945; she herself lived until 1980. She wasn't just the mother of a war casualty, of course, but the mother of a man who had died fighting on the other side. I do wonder what it was like for such a person to visit Britain in the 1950s. What I don't know is whether, during her visit, she discussed with Barry Nicholas the plans for a memorial at Brasenose, or whether she saw the memorial before it was affixed.

R., Rosalind Westwood, tells M.P., Marjory Payne, that she sent Irma von Ruperti off with a "grey booklet". This was *Cecil Rhodes and Rhodes House*, a guidebook that explained the development of the Rhodes Trust as well as describing the building. In that booklet she would have learned that "the German Scholarships were created in the hope 'that an understanding between the three strongest Powers [Britain, Germany and the United States] will render war impossible and educational relations make the strongest tie.'"

A RHYME FOR CANDLELIT COMPLINE IN THE CHAPEL OF BRASENOSE COLLEGE, OXFORD

The little light that hand-held candles give
 Can hardly teach us how to live;
 In sacred space below an ancient roof
 It somehow seems as if it offers proof
 That fellowship persists. We gather here
 From far, from near
 (Agnostic, Jew, the godless too,
 Both those who don't believe and those who do)
 To find a fragment of our time
 Where we may sing a hymn and psalm
 And doing so allay alarm
 And settle rhyme.
 How silently the shadows chase themselves

Around the chapel walls. This presence solves
No problems but our own, though keeping still
May prove the best recourse of all.
So having heard his Word
We offer blessings to our Lord
Who thus affords us all respite
From what we feared was endless night.

C.J.Driver

AN INTERVIEW WITH PROFESSOR ELSPETH GARMAN

by Josephine Pepper (Biochemistry, 2015)

X-ray crystallography is a scientific technique that screams success. Its application in the chemical and biological sciences has led to 28 Nobel Prizes, while the protein structures it elucidates underpin nearly all meaningful biochemical research today. Yet perhaps the true heroes are not the scientists parading their discoveries in the limelight, but those working behind the scenes, those pioneering the technology, machines, and methodology needed to maintain the pace of scientific progression we have become accustomed to.

Professor Elspeth Garman, a Senior Kurti Research Fellow in Molecular Biophysics at Brasenose College and in her fourth and last year as Tutor for Graduates, seems to be comfortable avoiding attention: “Prizes are very, very nice but I don’t need them. I don’t think I’ve ever been very ambitious. I’ve surpassed what I ever dreamed I would do.” What she has done, however, has shaped the face of modern science. This has been recognised with a number of awards, recently the 2015 Hamburg Mildred Dresselhaus Senior Award and Guest Professorship, “I’m going next week as the after-dinner speaker to address female physicists from all over Germany. It has also provided funds to take graduate students over there so I can do some experiments [with them], talk with people, and generally be an old woman chatting over coffee!” She has also won the 2016 Fankuchen Award from the American Crystallographic Association, awarded every three years “to recognise contributions to crystallographic research by one who is known to be an effective teacher of crystallography.”

The award that Professor Garman least expected, “the most extraordinary,” was her 2014 Women’s International Film and Television Showcase Humanitarian Award, after her BBC Radio 4 *Life Scientific* interview with Jim Al-Khalili was put on the BBC World Service and National Public Radio in the USA. “I’ve never been on film or owned a TV in my life, and I deleted the first few emails, thinking they were spam. That was very unexpected.”

Elsbeth works at the interface of all three core sciences, developing physical techniques to improve the study of the chemical properties of biological molecules. “The way I explain what I do to people I meet on buses is that I find the three-dimensional shape of big [by molecular standards], biologically important molecules. These are proteins, which are like strings of beads that wrap up like wet spaghetti.” Knowing the shape of these proteins can help biochemists to understand the mechanisms underlying their cellular function, allowing use of this knowledge for therapeutic benefit. “For example, from knowledge of the 3D shape of insulin it has been possible to make a synthetic insulin which is absorbed more slowly by diabetics, so they benefit by not having to inject themselves with it so often.”

However, finding the structure of these tiny, sub-microscopic proteins is very challenging. “The method we use sounds ridiculous: we grow crystals. These are the biological molecules lined up like soldiers, but three-dimensionally, so upwards as well. It’s not like a diamond crystal, which is hard and only has carbon in it, because we have gaps between our blobby molecules which have liquid in. It’s like these soldiers are in a swimming pool. If they are removed they tend to bend and not to stand to attention in same way; [to find their structure] we rely on the fact that all the soldiers are standing to attention in the same way to get our [X-ray] scattering. We hit them with ‘cannon balls’—X-rays—and get piles of cannon balls back, and from that we can deduce back the shape of the soldier—the biological molecule.”

Growing the crystal is by far the greatest challenge of the technique. Scientists still cannot predict the conditions that will best allow it to grow and mostly rely on luck. “It’s trial and error. In a recent project we tackled, an enzyme from the tuberculosis bacterium, we set up seven thousand crystallisation conditions and we only ever grew one crystal. It was only 23 microns [one fiftieth of a millimetre] in size.”

Since obtaining these protein samples is so difficult, it is crucial to be able to get as much information out of each crystal as possible. This is where Elspeth comes in. “The things I’m known for are development of cryo-crystallographic techniques where we plunge-cool the protein crystals, having treated them so that they don’t get too damaged [by ice crystals that form with slow-cooling], into liquid nitrogen. Why do we do that? Because we get on average seventy times more data at cryo-temperatures than we get at room temperature, which means you can sometimes get an entire data set from one crystal, whereas at room temp you need tens of crystals because the radiation damage is so intense.”

This technique has been so successful that almost 90 percent of the X-ray structures of proteins in the Protein Data Bank, the primary reference database of protein structures, are found in this way. Yet most scientists that find and use these structures might be surprised to hear of the “gizmos” that Professor Garman came up with to use in the high-tech machinery. “We loop the crystal up in a fibre loop. We tried tooth floss and fishing wire, but the best was fibres from [Professor Dame] Louise Johnson’s mohair jumper. I also found that my baby’s hair was very fine and had low X-ray scattering from it, so we could make very nice loops from it. And it was much easier to tie under the microscope if I had the root! She used to cover her head with her hands when she saw me coming!”

The cryo-crytallography technique was Elspeth’s first major success, establishing her status in the crystallographic community and allowing her to teach at 75 summer schools worldwide over the past twenty years, “a fantastic ticket!” Next she turned her hand to improving the method further by minimising the damage done to the sample by the X-ray radiation with which it is bombarded. In the same way that human tissue is damaged when exposed to too much X-ray radiation, even when held at 100K (-173°C) the delicate protein crystals can be degraded when subjected to the high intensity beam, producing misleading structural information. “This is what my group now look at, trying to quantitate it and correct the data to try to give people an idea of how many X-rays they can put on their biological sample before the information yielded is compromised.”

“It turns out that it doesn’t damage uniformly through the whole structure, but particular amino acids [the building-block subunits of

proteins; the ‘beads’ on the necklace] are susceptible. So we have had to learn some radiation chemistry as well as some biology.” Professor Garman, a nuclear physicist by training, has adapted her skills as a physicist to be of use to biology, but—eager as ever to point out her own limitations—she claims to understand very little of the information it yields. “My guts are a physicist’s. I can’t remember the biology; it doesn’t stay in my brain. I changed field in 1987 and my biochemistry is dreadful which is very embarrassing!”

The evidence would suggest that she does herself an injustice. In 2006 she and her student published a seminal paper giving the experimental X-ray dose limit, which is known as the Garman limit. And here, thankfully, Elspeth allows herself a little glory: “It is great to have something named after you. It was the best experiment I’ve ever thought of and I’m very proud of the way we did it.”

The techniques Professor Garman has been, and is, developing and adapting are not only pushing biochemical research forward, but also highlighting errors in established science. Using microPIXE, a technique for characterising metal atoms (which can occur in some proteins known as metalloproteins) that “came from my nuclear physics roots”, Elspeth and her team have found that nine of the 29 metalloproteins they looked at had been logged in the Protein Data Bank with incorrect metals. “A third [of the metalloproteins we tested] had the wrong metal recorded, so possibly up to 30 percent [in the Data Bank] have the wrong metal.” This has significant implications for biochemistry, since metals found in proteins are usually implicated in the protein’s cellular and metabolic function. Identifying which proteins are incorrect is a long-term project for Elspeth and some of her students.

It is clear that curiosity, intrigue, and a steadfast will to constantly tweak, refine, and push the boundaries of what biochemistry can achieve are far greater driving forces for Elspeth than any wish for personal recognition or validation. And more than that, her main motivation lies with her graduate students. “The greatest fun I have is with my graduate students. Now I push publications to get our results out there and so my students have publications.”

“Graduate students give you three years of their life to study something you’re interested in. It’s an amazing gift. I feel a responsibility to make sure they network, do something positive, enjoy what they’re doing, get publications, can get a good job afterwards, and learn respect

for the human race. In my view I owe them. All my research has been made possible by graduate students.”

It's easy to wonder how the study of science has changed since Elspeth's own time as a graduate student, especially since she was the first female graduate student in Oxford in her field for fifteen years. Sexism in science clearly has left an impression. “You bore the flag for all womankind. If you did something stupid it was because women were stupid, not because Elspeth made a mistake. I found that difficult. Also when I was younger, collaborators and people who wanted to talk science with me got teased by the other men. I tended to just plough on.”

Yet she also highlights that attempts to narrow the gender gap can be just as humiliating as being trapped by it. “When, as post-doc, I went to my first international meeting in Berkley, San Francisco there were 992 men and eight women. The Equal Rights Amendment had just come in the States and the physics departments in the USA had been told they had to recruit a female nuclear physicist. In five days I was offered twelve jobs, only one of which was a genuine fit for my experience, research interest, and papers. It was the most demeaning, degrading experience; job offers just because I was female. Unfortunately in the States a few women were taken on in nuclear physics who shouldn't have been, filling quotas rather than selecting the best candidate. Subsequently more women weren't welcomed as the earlier one had been no good. This back-lash was quite serious and makes me very hesitant about positive discrimination. All my life I've been asked to give talks about being a female scientist. My answer is I am a scientist who happens to be female, I am not a female scientist.”

It seems that a quiet but steely determination has helped her climb to where she is now. Early in her career, wanting to work part-time, she proffered “The best line of my life” to the professor who was reluctant to allow this: “You'll have part of my time, but all of my brain.” Thoughtful, measured responses to all challenges, be they scientific, personal, or career-related, are clearly Elspeth's speciality.

OXFORD CHITRAL EXPEDITION 1958

*(an article from his forthcoming book, originally published in
The Alpine Journal)*

by Ted Norrish (Classics, 1953)

When I was aged ten my grandfather gave me as a Christmas present, *The Times Atlas of the World*. I spent many hours studying every map on every page, especially the maps of the main mountain ranges. From as early as the age of five, I remember that I loved beautiful country and hills, and I decided that one day I would be a mountaineer.

In my atlas I noticed the small independent states of Chitral and Swat (now part of Pakistan), and in Chitral I counted the Hindu Kush peaks of Tirich Mir, Noshaq, Istor Nal and Sad Istragh. For some reason I decided that, if it was still unclimbed, I would one day organise an expedition to Sad Istragh.

It was, in fact, my first ambition to climb Mt Everest. However, on June the second, 1953, I was standing in the Mall with my father watching the Coronation, and on a newspaper hoarding I saw the news that the mountain had been climbed. I was delighted that after all those years it was a British success, but secretly disappointed for myself – foolish, because I was not a good enough mountaineer to have had a chance (even when older) of selection for an Everest team, and I comforted myself that one day I would organise, and part-lead, my *own* expedition to a major peak. I was delighted also that two members of the successful team, Tom Bordillon and Mike Westmacott, were OUMC climbers who had graduated a few years previously, and I had met them both at lectures and dinners. Bordillon, who reached the south summit, was in fact, a member of the first pair before Hilary and Tensing, and almost made it before them.

At Oxford I began to plan my expedition from 1956. I became a member of the Royal Geographical Society, and I enjoyed visiting their map room and library. I discovered that the correct name of our mountain was, in fact, Saraghrar, not Sad Istragh, that the height was 24,110ft, and, most importantly, that no attempt had yet been made on the mountain, although Tirich Mir, Noshaq and Istor Nal had all been climbed. I read all I could find about Chitral, its history, local conditions and mountaineering there up to that time. I intended from the start that our expedition should be small-scale, following the sound advice of Eric

Shipton, but have the experience, the equipment and supplies to be able to make a serious attempt. We did not have the experience to climb “alpine style”.

My first requirement was to form a team. I invited Peter Nelson, a graduate of Saint John’s College and a fine climber with much good alpine and other experience, to be our climbing leader. He readily agreed; a great compliment, because he had been invited to join an expedition in Nepal to a higher and better known peak, Ama Dablam, but he preferred to come with us. I asked three other Oxford friends and good climbers – Eric Plumpton, studying medicine at Christ Church College and college goal keeper, Bill Roberts, of Exeter College, studying English and a college rugby player, and Nigel Rogers, achieving a first class degree in Chemistry at my own college, BNC. Eric agreed to be our doctor, and Bill took charge of equipment and food supplies.

I asked David Cox, a Don and a fine mountaineer, and senior member of our university mountaineering club, for advice on funding; with his help I applied to the Mount Everest Foundation and the Royal Geographical Society. After the Everest success of 1953 and the income from books, newspapers, and films, funds were available for approved expeditions. At interviews I outlined our plans and won their approval. It is good that they trusted us, although, with the exception of Peter, we were young and inexperienced. This was the Oxford tradition, and long may it continue! We were awarded a grant of one thousand pounds from the Mount Everest Foundation, and a good grant from the RGS; we each paid just £100, which proved to be enough.

Bill saved us hundreds of pounds by writing to numerous companies and firms for equipment and food supplies at reduced or even no cost, and I helped him. For our packing we obtained huge brown fibre boxes, which had won the approval of other expeditions, strong enough to survive the probability of been dropped into the raging rivers we knew we would have to cross.

Despite studying for my Diploma in Education, I spent much of my time in expedition organisation, visiting the Foreign Office and the Pakistani Embassy. In 1865, in the Afghani wars, the British fort in Chitral was besieged by Afghanis and relieved finally after three months of great hunger, thirst and deprivation for the British and loyal Chitralis. Since those times, the area has been dangerous for the British, and permission for us to enter was only granted after much correspondence and many

interviews. I was informed, as expected, that we would be provided, for our safety, with a Pakistani liaison officer, and I had to give assurance that we would not cross the mountain border into Afghanistan.

As the time for our baggage packing at Tilbury Docks, and also my Dip. Ed. exam, approached (alarming, at the same time!) I received a phone call from the shipping company that our packing had to be brought forward by one week, and I had to be at Tilbury on the very day of my exam. In the morning I went to the Exam Hall, and signed my name on the first sheet; after five minutes I gave it in to the chief invigilator and left, to everyone's surprise. I became a qualified teacher because of the excellent reports I received from my teaching practice and from my BNC tutors. I went directly to Paddington and then Tilbury, and ensured that all our boxes were duly checked and put on board. We were, as we had planned, a light-weight expedition, but I was a little alarmed at the weight and number of our heavy boxes. I saw them loaded on board with a feeling of confidence and hope, and the first part of our plan completed – but sadly no Diploma in Education! However, I have always thought that teaching is a matter of good common sense, and that little of it can be taught.

Our plan was that I should travel by ship from Liverpool to Karachi and by air with our baggage to Peshawar. At Karachi I would find our baggage, and check it from the docks to the plane. My four friends would have an unusual journey – by the ship “Baltica”, from Harwich through the Baltic Sea to St. Petersburg, and then by rail to Moscow. There I arranged for them to stay with academic friends of my Uncle Ronald where they were entertained most generously. The next day they travelled by air to Kabul and spent one night at the British Embassy. We met appropriately on the summit of the Khyber Pass in true Colonial style.

My father drove me to Liverpool, and I boarded the magnificent Anchor Line ship, RMS “Cilicia”. I enjoyed the journey to Karachi immensely, through conditions both calm and rough, and it became wonderfully hot towards the end. Every day I ran about ten miles in a circuit of the top deck, it was a little tedious, but very necessary, and I was able to work up a good thirst and appetite. The dinners were memorable, and on the final night I was privileged to be at the Captain's table.

After a week of luxury we reached Karachi, and there I found all our baggage safely at the dock. It was quite a difficult task to arrange for the necessary porters to carry the baggage to the airport, but it was completed in good time. I enjoyed the flight to Peshawar – below us the ground was mostly quite flat; but after Islamabad and nearing Peshawar I caught my first sight of the Hindu Kush – this really stirred my blood!

In Peshawar I went to St. Edwarde's Catholic College. I had written in advance to the Principal, and he had most kindly agreed to take us. The College is situated in the green and pleasant military 'cantonment area'. The streets were crowded and packed with rickshaws and small bicycle-carts. Our baggage was safely unloaded, and I was able to see some of the fine city that has become so infamous in today's troubled times. After two days I travelled to the Khyber Pass, celebrated in history, and right on time I met my friends beside the old fort. Back at the College we spent four days checking all our equipment, and repacking everything into loads suitable for porters, mules and donkeys. We enjoyed the friendship of the Principal, meeting most interesting students, and a little sight-seeing, especially the fine Cathedral and a huge fascinating bazaar.

With the help and advice of the Principal we arranged for ourselves and all our baggage to be carried on a huge wooden painted lorry, which started from the Peshawar caravansarai. Our route lay first over the Malakand Pass, where Winston Churchill had served as young officer. Then, passing the ordinary villages of Dir and Drosh, we reached the summit of the Lowari Pass (10,500ft), the gateway to the State of Chitral. We sat on top of the lorry with at least 20 other passengers, and two guards with rifles to protect us from bandits. The view of the North-West Frontier Mountains from our lorry top was superb.

The lorry finished its journey at the summit of the pass, because the descent to Chitral and the valley of the river Mastuj was too steep and rough, and only possible at that time for Jeeps. At the pass we were met by a detachment of the Chitrali Scouts, and their captain presented me with a ceremonial dagger, and in Chitrali tradition they all fired their rifles in the air to greet us. It was clear now how pleased they felt to greet and welcome us, and a few who spoke English told us how much they respected all the old British traditions and remembered them with pleasure. After a welcoming meal of delicious lamb we all transferred to Jeeps, and descended by endless zig-zags the rough road down to the

Mastuj valley. On the way down we passed camels, mules and porters hauling huge baulks of timber. This area was well forested, but further into Chitral there were few trees.

We arrived at length at the head-quarters of the Chitrali Scouts, about twelve miles short of the small town of Chitral. Here our Colonel Ibrahim Khan from Peshawar welcomed us warmly. In the evening we enjoyed a fine dinner served in regimental style by Chitrali Scouts in uniforms. In the head-quarters there were many photos and mementos of the past, and books and maps in a special room. We found a map, drawn by the British, which showed the way almost to our intended base camp in the Rosh Gol; but no maps could give us any help on our unsurveyed mountain. In the morning we enjoyed breakfast on their beautiful terrace 200ft above the Mastuj river, and then we chose to walk (although offered Jeeps) to Chitral, a small town distinguished by its situation, and the astounding palace. Chitral, at the time of our visit, was ruled by hereditary princes known as 'Mehtars'.

We went directly to the fairy-tale palace, where the Mehtar, a self-reliant 14 year-old boy, who had inherited his title aged four in 1954, and his uncle welcomed us, with two well-armed bodyguards in attendance. They invited us to a specially arranged polo match the next afternoon, and we discussed our plans. The game, in fact, originates from Persia, but was played as true Chitrali sport from early time, perfect for their tough little horses. As a gift for the young Mehtar we brought with us a box of eight polo balls, which we had purchased from a shop in Bond Street. The Mehtar was genuinely delighted.

We sat for the match, as guests of honour, in the front of a small wooden pavilion beside the Mehtar, with his two bodyguards behind. He wore a smart cowboy-suit presented to him recently by the visiting American ambassador to Pakistan! The match was furious and certainly looked dangerous, with riders falling from their horses at speed, and thick clouds of dust kicked up by the horses' hooves; the playing area did not seem to have any bounds. Riders came to compete from villages as far as a hundred miles from Chitral – a journey on their horses of several days. After the polo match we were served with tea, cake and fruit, there was a wind band with dancing and singing, and an atmosphere of great celebration.

The 150 years history of the Chitrali Mehtars was a blood-thirsty period, and no single Mehtar except for the one we came to know

died peacefully of old age in his bed! It is a long story of treachery and torture. The young Mehtar (his father died in an accidental air crash on the Lowari Pass), who entertained us, lost his kingdom when Chitral was formally incorporated into Pakistan in 1976. He went to Islamabad, and achieved a first class degree in Psychology, and became a diplomat.

The next day we met Mulai Jan, highly regarded by his clan and their religious leader; he was indispensable for many of our needs, and had influence in Chitral. However, he was the only Chitrali we met through the length of our expedition who was not by nature kind – he was arrogant and dishonest. Nevertheless, it was only through him that we could obtain the mules, donkeys and porters. He lined up about four hundred hopeful men, and it was our task to select about 80 of the strongest and fittest. I paid our porters in cash and much valued cigarettes. They did not become rich from our expedition, but they longed for the adventure. None of them had been anywhere near our mountain, nor had Mulai Jan. It is to be admitted that he was handsome with an aristocratic bearing, and he accompanied us riding a fine white horse.

While making our preparations we met a skilled, kind and intelligent man, who asked if he could be our cook and became our friend. His name was Ali Murad Khan, and he owned a small tailor's shop in Chitral. We immediately agreed – he was first class, and on our long walk to base camp he purchased and cooked chickens and vegetables for us, made naan and all manner of delicacies, and in particular his speciality, apricot omelettes. On our walk he chose our campsites for us, always in a grassy patch beside the river Mustaj on a side stream and shaded usually by apricot trees. He was so attentive and willing that we became a little lazy, but he was more than happy to do everything for us.

After the polo match the Mehtar's uncle showed us his wonderful orchard, full of apricot, mulberry, peach, pear and apple trees. He invited us to help ourselves, and on the next day, when we started on our walk to base camp, we had a good supply of fresh fruit with us. We finally left Chitral camp with our porters, 20 mules and some donkeys. As we departed we passed the beautiful, well-constructed Chui Bridge; climbing to the top we had a superb view of Tirich Mir, at a distance of about 30 miles. The Bridge was at our time in good condition. However, winter storms and the foaming river sweep away the hand rails and some of the planks, and often bridges are rebuilt.

As we walked along the Mastuj there were several bridges crossing the river in very poor condition; but the Chitralis were used to them, and young mothers carried babies across planks without a care in the world. This year we did not have to cross a difficult bridge, but I remember that 21 years later in Afghanistan it took me and my friend considerable nerve to do it.

Our mule train started first, we followed and the porters came behind us. In the early evening, when the mules arrived at our camp, they were unloaded, and their drivers made them walk in a circle for a whole hour. We were sorry for the tired animals, but we were told that this exercise avoided stiffness on the next day.

The stages of our walk, following the Mastuj river for about 80 miles, were quite short, each of about 12 miles, the weather was hot – which suited me, and we had time to take photographs or talk to villagers. The several villages we passed had small mosques, and the houses, usually of one room with a hole in the roof for smoke to escape, were well constructed of blocks of stone, and surrounded by beautiful gardens with lovely roses and many other flowers. The people, although poor, seemed to us happy and well content with life. All those with us were as interested to see this new world as we were. Often our track lay hundreds of feet sheer above the raging Mastuj river – it was a spectacular walk which we greatly enjoyed, and soon I came to feel very fit.

The Hindu Kush is a rough, boulder-strewn range, with vast amounts of bare rock and scree. It is not forested, like the lower slopes of the Himalayas, and perhaps a little less beautiful – but I was thrilled and well satisfied. In Chitral, wherever small streams flow down to join the Mastuj, or other rivers, small green alluvial deltas of fertile land formed, and in these areas the villagers, with great skill, had built narrow irrigation channels, often cutting them into the steep cliffs above. Here they build their houses and cultivate the land, usually covered with wild flowers.

At length, after ten good days, we crossed the river Mastuj by a reasonable bridge, and began the ascent of the 14,000ft Sath An Pass. I remember the most beautiful blue irises on the lowest slopes. Feeling strong by this time I raced to the summit, and I arrived there eager to see our mountain. There it was, at the head of the twenty mile-long Rosh Gol – steep and formidable, as we expected. I think I was the first in our world to have the close sight of the hidden mountain – Saraghrar. Peter, who was to be the first on our climb, was more mature and often last on

our walk! It was not only ourselves, but the Colonel, Murad, Mulai Jan on his white horse and all the porters, who were intrigued and thrilled to view country new to them.

We descended steeply to the small village of Zundrangam, at a height of about 10,000ft, the last village below our planned base camp, at the confluence of the Rosh Gol and a larger river. Here Murad arranged for our mail-runners and our welcome supply of apricots. From Zundrangam, following the Rosh Gol uphill, the going was completely pathless and very rough at times, with wide areas of boulders to cross. Our mules and donkeys could go no further than Zundrangam, and our porters now carried heavy loads of about 60 pounds without complaint. A few of them developed huge painful blisters on their backs, which Eric did his best to treat. After a few miles we passed a high waterfall on our right. Another day brought us to a small green oasis called Duru, and here we enjoyed our last sight of trees and wild flowers.

After three days of hard going we reached the snout of a great glacier, below the precipitous 10,000ft west wall of our mountain. At the foot of the glacier, on a small area of green grass, known as Totoruz Noku, we pitched our tents for our base at a height of about 13,800 ft. All around us were huge mountains, none of them as yet climbed. At night there was the roar of avalanches. Murad, our cook, organised everything; he even cut our hair on request, and arranged for our cards and letters to reach Peshawar and home. He made us feel at home in this vast and wild place.

Our next task was to select four porters to help us to carry our loads to the higher camps, although these Chitralis, courageous and cheerful, had no previous experience of high mountaineering. It was a difficult selection, but finally we chose Khalid, Abdul Karim, Neap and Sher, to the disappointment of the others who returned home; before they left we took a large group photograph. We gave our mountain porters extra warm clothing, strong boots and sleeping bags, with which they were delighted. The Colonel, a charming man, but quite unsuited to mountaineering, wished us all the best, and returned to the comforts of Peshawar, Mulai Jan stayed with us for a time.

To this point all had gone well, and I had enjoyed being organiser, and so far the leader, although young. From now on, however, Peter was in charge, and it was in his hands to plan the reconnaissance, and eventually to make an assault plan and to choose the team.

There then followed four weeks of reconnaissance. I remember especially two wonderful expeditions shared with our cheerful porters. On the first we climbed and walked about twelve miles, and ascended a small side glacier and an icy ridge to a narrow pass looking into Afghanistan, from where we had a wonderful view of range upon range of mostly unknown mountains, in Afghanistan and in the further Pamirs. On the second we enjoyed a climb up another steep, crevassed glacier and along a narrow rocky ridge, from where we looked down vertically about 2,000ft to the most amazing glacier I have ever seen – brilliantly blue and green, and riddled with a thousand crevasses; we immediately knew that this was no route for us to the summit. In our reconnaissance we had the pleasure of training our porters in rope management and the use of crampons. We finally decided that we would attempt our ascent by what we called the ‘Northern Cwm’, climbing a huge glacier at least ten miles in length, and then try to find a route up the steep west face.

We began the slow process of establishing three camps; now we all carried heavy loads. It was quite exhausting in ever changing conditions, but enjoyable as we started to make progress. I suffered only a little altitude sickness, for which I was thankful. There were many wide crevasses to be crossed – to stride or to jump, always roped. We had brought with us a 12ft aluminium ladder, which proved invaluable on several occasions. Finally, our camp three was established, and eventually fully stocked, at about 18,500ft.

The weather on Saraghrar was perfect throughout our time, and very cold at night, although our excellent sleeping bags and thick duvet clothing served us well, and we were not too uncomfortable. Murad was not with us here, but Bill made a fine job as chief cook. At night there was always the roar of avalanches, and on one occasion heaps of rocks, ice and snow reached within 400 meters of our tents. While building up our camps we returned for further loads and refreshment to base camp. Eric helped villagers who trekked many miles for possible cures, and he really did help some. We all played cricket on the grass, and Peter enjoyed reading a paper-back novel sitting on a high rock. We greatly enjoyed being in such an inspiring place.

Above our tents at camp three, there rose an ice and snow couloir very steeply of about 1,000ft, leading directly to what we thought was the summit plateau. Peter made the final decision that this would be our

chosen route, and he asked Eric to join him on our first attempt. We were a happy small group and I think there was no jealousy between us and although Nigel must have been disappointed, he never showed it. The plan was that he, Bill and I would follow later as a three-man team; my dream was now at last within reach.

Shortly before our assault began Bill and I returned to base camp, and we were amazed to see Mulai Jan making off with one of our good tents and a sleeping bag. We caught him in the nick of time. He left on his white horse without a word or an apology. I wonder what his tribe might have thought of this if they had known.

Finally the day arrived for our attempt; August the 27th; as Virgil wrote "Expectata dies aderat!" We shook hands and wished Peter and Eric good luck. They spent a day carefully cutting steps and climbing up the steep route, and established camp four on a narrow ledge at about the half way point, and rested there for the remaining day.

Early next morning we saw them leave, climb slowly and safely up the rest of the couloir, of about 50 degrees in steepness, and disappear from our sight to the right. We waited nervously and in hope for about six hours. Eric told me later that they nearly reached the summit on the high plateau, but the climbing continued steep and difficult. Finally, they made the decision to return to camp four, hopeful that they would succeed the following day.

We were glad to see them again at last re-entering the couloir and climbing slowly down. Then, after about half an hour, we saw a figure fall the full thousand foot length of the couloir. Eric explained to us later that Peter had decided to climb unroped here because secure belays were impossible. As he was passing his ice axe from his right hand to his left, he slipped. Eric now faced the severe task of climbing down on his own, which he achieved without mishap. He stopped briefly at camp four, which sadly we had to abandon. Our four porters were as dismayed at the accident as we were. They carried Peter down to base camp, and then to Zundrangam, and we cleared our base camp. They built a grave and made a small cross out of apricot wood, and we buried our friend beneath an apricot tree outside the village. I recited the Lord's Prayer and then said, "God rest his soul in peace". It was a sad occasion, but we did not regret our expedition. Peter had accepted the risks, and we were proud to have him as our climbing leader.

There followed the long walk back in the same fine weather. On the second day I fell and sprained my knee, and found out I could not walk safely. Murad obtained a black horse from a village, and for a day I rode. I had little previous experience of horse-riding and the horse insisted on trotting on the very edge of the narrow track, hundreds of feet sheer above the river; I was glad that the next day I was able to walk again.

Back in Peshawar we stayed again with the kind Principal at St. Edwarde's College. He was most sympathetic, and through him I was able to phone our Oxford friend and home agent Miles Rucklidge; he had the sad task of contacting Peter's parents and brother in the Isle of Man, and our Alpine Club. The Principal also contacted the Peshawar News, and at their office I gave a short interview, and a small article was published in the paper.

We decided that Bill and Eric would return home by plane, and that Nigel and I would travel a long distance by train from Peshawar to Karachi, and south to Bombay, where we had managed to book two passages to Marseille. Our trains were crowded, and had no restaurant cars; but I always enjoy long journeys seeing new country from the train window. To while the time away we tried to remember and write down all 92 teams which then made up our Football League. Tantalisingly, when we at long last reached Bombay, after a journey of more than 2,000 miles, we had achieved 91. On arriving home I bought a newspaper and found the 92nd team was COVENTRY CITY! At that time I had never visited the city, and little did I know what a major part it would play in my future life. We hitch-hiked home through France.

In 1959 an Italian team, led by Fosco Maraini, succeeded in climbing the mountain by a different route from the North-East. Fosco wrote a superb book on their successful expedition, *Where Four Worlds Meet*. In the inside cover of his book he wrote, "To the memory of Peter Nelson from his Italian colleagues". In his book he gives an account first of our expedition, and wrote appreciatively, "we used much helpful information from Ted Norrish, and we wish to thank him here". Fosco considered himself too old for the ascent, but on August the 24th two pairs reached the summit - first Franco Alletto and Paulo Consiglio, and half an hour later, Giancarlo Castelli and Carlo Pinelli. I feel in a way that I partly share their exaltation, and from my atlas at the age of ten I had led the way.

In 1975 and 1977 a Spanish team from Barcelona organised by Jordi Colomer and Ramon Bramona attempted to climb the 10,000ft South-West buttress of the mountain, one of the hardest and most severe climbs in the world. They failed, but in 1982 another Spanish team finally succeeded. It was remarkable after more than a half century (in 2014 and 2016) to meet in Rome and Barcelona some of the Saraghrar climbing fellows.

Travel



INTRODUCTION

Through travel awards established over the years and your generous contributions to the Annual Fund, we are able to support undergraduate and postgraduate students in a range of extra-curricular activities, especially over the summer vacation. The deal is always that the recipients then write reports on whatever it is that this money has allowed them to do. The range of activities is such that it is quite impossible for me to capture it, but I have attempted to give something of a flavour of it in the reports that follow. Alongside those we publish here were reports from James Nugent, a Biochemistry undergraduate who was able to follow a lab placement with Professor John Varonakis' group in Oxford, studying centriole assembly at the atomic level. What precisely James did as part of this group I am not qualified to paraphrase, but it was clearly inspirational, perfect preparation for his fourth-year Part II project. A highlight of Ryan Ammar's birdwatching trip to the Scottish Highlands was getting upgraded to First Class on the Edinburgh-London sleeper, and Kartika Saraswati, investigating the antidiabetic medicine, often counterfeit, available to patients in Vientiane, Laos, was also in a position to investigate Lao cuisine, a delicious meeting of Thai, Vietnamese and Chinese. Ryan Berg worked at a micro-finance bank in Peru, witnessing the transformational impact of securing (what might seem to us very modest) finance for a yogurt business; Johanne Nedergaard experienced the ambiguities of contemporary Iran; and Thomas Christiansen, a Mormon, travelled to the Vatican at Easter to experience the Catholic Liturgy. Someone who failed to provide their name experienced some rather revolting-sounding exhibits at the Manifesta Biennial art festival in Zurich, while Tianhao Xu enjoyed an internship at Simon Preston Gallery in New York. Edward Lavender's vivid description on a Biological Sciences field trip to the Danum Valley, Borneo, would be printed in full below if only we hadn't printed an equally compelling report by him last year.

I am merely scratching the surface: languages were learned, instructive experience of conferences was had, rock pools were delved, ancient ruins gazed at in awe. In a word, these awards allow students to pursue those diverse enthusiasms that make them excel at their studies, and often also start to find the shape of their future lives. This is education of another, but equally formative, kind, and it is not provided by the tutors at Brasenose but by you, its former students.

LIFE AT THE LAB

by Victoria Cox (Biochemistry, 2014)

As part of the Biochemistry undergraduate course, there is an 18-week lab placement in the fourth year (which can be an absolutely terrifying prospect to those who have little real-life lab experience under their belts beforehand). What are proper labs even like? Cold environments full of scary equipment and even scarier researchers? (As a spoiler for the rest of this report, let me here point out how unbelievably wrong this view was). But this concern was one of the main reasons I wanted to get some experience before my fourth year project and our tutors strongly suggest finding a lab placement for over the second year summer.

I am extremely grateful for my tutor's help in finding my placement. He introduced me to the researcher who then became my placement supervisor at the Dunn School of Pathology, working in the DNA Damage Response Lab. I was there for six weeks at the end of the summer vacation, studying proteins that are involved in repairing DNA after damage, and their interactions and modification functions.

On a day-to-day basis I was mainly using PCR to mutate sequences of DNA in the genes for the proteins that my supervisor is studying, then transforming into bacterial cells and the next day purifying the DNA and sending it for sequencing. These sequences then needed to be cloned into tagged vectors so they could be used in different experimental set-ups. For example one construct was cloned to have a Yellow Fluorescent Protein tag so it could be visualised using fluorescence microscopy in live cell imaging. This was really cool; you could see in real-time the protein we were studying being recruited to DNA damage sites after laser treatment of the cells. Carrying out this placement also meant I got to use techniques such as Western Blotting; which we learnt about in first and second year lectures, and give them real-life context, which should help my understanding with the rest of my degree.

Applying to the Annual Fund meant that my accommodation costs were covered by the grant. This was the reason I was able to carry out this placement at all, as I needed the funding to live in Oxford over the summer (the daily commute from my tiny village in rural Leicestershire would have been laughable).

Not only did I find the lab experience immensely useful and fun, I enjoyed living independently in Oxford too. But most importantly of

all I guess, is that after carrying out this placement I have completely reversed my thinking about not wanting to be a scientific researcher after university, and now this is my career aim. Having a specific Biochemistry end-goal in mind is exciting, and really good for motivating me into my third year at Brasenose.

INVESTIGATING THE REFUGEE SITUATION IN DENMARK

by Benjamin Davies (English, 2015)

and Rachel Dunne (Physics & Philosophy, 2015)

One of the first things we decided while planning our trip was that we would travel by train. This was both to reduce our environmental impact and enable us to see more of the countryside along the way. We made our way from London to Brussels, then to Cologne. We stayed overnight in Cologne, then travelled from there to Hamburg, and then to Aalborg, in the north of Denmark. From Aalborg we travelled west to Thisted, where Johanne, our friend and fellow Brasenostriil who lives in the region, picked us up.

The following day she took us on a windy trip to a local lighthouse, and then back into Thisted. The widely reported perfect Danish work culture seemed to be in place, as most shops in the town centre had shut by early afternoon. After our first night with Johanne, we stayed in a local youth hostel which had only just been converted from hosting refugees. We found a beautiful walk from the hostel, and enjoyed the surrounding fields and pines forests, dotted with windmills and red brick farms.

After two nights at the hostel, we took the bus northward to a tiny village called Ræhr. A school there has been converted into a learning centre for asylum seekers and Pia, the lead teacher, had kindly said we could stay there during our visit. During our stay we joined a class for those who had recently been granted refugee status by the government. This means that they are allowed to live and work in Denmark for two years. The asylum seekers refer to this as 'getting positive'. The 'positive' class involves lessons in the Danish language and the country's culture, as well as practical tips for everyday bureaucracy and getting employment.

This was the first time we were able to talk directly to asylum seekers. The class comprised several Syrians, one Afghan and a Sri Lankan. They all had stories of escaping from violence, and it was surprising to hear what Ruben, the man from Sri Lanka, had been through. They all had the same response to our question of how they arrived in Denmark: by any means possible. And they answered with similar uniformity to the question “why Denmark?” They simply wanted to go anywhere that would have them, and allow them to live without violence.

During our stay we visited the various camps in which the people we met lived. One camp in Vesløs was a pleasant converted nursing home, with large rooms and good natural light. A Syrian couple proudly showed us where they lived with their children in Vigsø, a family camp of converted holiday homes. There was a happy, safe atmosphere with children playing games and cycling around on donated bikes. It was clear that having a little house of their own meant a lot to the families there, making it especially sad that the camp was scheduled for closure by the beginning of September 2016.

Pia managed to organise for us to meet Lars, the director of all the camps in the Thisted area. Lars was happy to talk and gave us a really good sense of the wider context of the camps. We discussed the recent election that brought an anti-immigration party into the ruling coalition in Denmark. Lars felt that people were being encouraged to see the asylum seekers as a problem rather than a challenge. He also disagreed with government measures to try and dissuade asylum seekers from coming to Denmark, particularly the shutting down of permanent camps and leaving the more expensive and ineffective tent camps open.

In our last days we visited the tent camp in Thisted, which was an eye-opening experience. Life in the camp, which housed single men almost exclusively, looked more materially tolerable than might be expected: the tents had Wi-Fi and heating, and there were activities run throughout the week for the asylum seekers, including swimming and kayaking. It seems to be the mental struggles that affect life there the most. Despite the efforts of camp staff, there’s little to do most of the time, and there are no facilities for the residents to prepare and cook their own food. Without anything to pass the time, many of the residents told us that they simply lie in their beds all day and feel severely depressed.

Our trip to Denmark was unforgettable for more than just sightseeing. Meeting the individual refugees, usually presented as a mass crowd on TV news, gave us a lot of perspective on the crisis as a whole. The lengths they had gone to in the hope of one day having lives even a fraction as comfortable as our own was astonishing, and something we shouldn't forget.

MY TRIP TO RHODES; CASTLES, KNIGHTS AND HISTORY

by Clio Takas (Englsh & Mod Lang, 2014)

This August, I had the privilege of being able to visit the largest island of the Dodecanese islands: Rhodes. Rhodes is one of the most culturally rich islands Greece has to offer. And this is because of its fascinating history, each period of which has left its own individual mark on the island. The island has been part of the Roman, Byzantine and Ottoman Empires, and has existed not only under Greek rule but also under Italian rule, the German occupation, and a brief British occupation before being handed back to the Greeks in 1947. So I knew from day one that Rhodes is an extremely special island, and I was fully prepped for extreme museum visitation – the beach would have to wait.

Envision a Greco-Venetian Oxford, that's what the Old City of Rhodes is like. I cannot stress the beauty of this city enough. Every single building, whether you're looking at the Archaeological Museum or the local beauty parlour, looks like a tourist attraction. All around me, sandy coloured stone buildings dating back to the 15th Century, all preserved with meticulous care; cobbled streets leading to squares hidden by masses of palm trees; and best of all, the Old City's boundaries are defined by actual Byzantine castle walls complete with towers, bridges and moats; a truly magnificent sight. And this was where I was going to be living for a week. Bliss.

The first site I visited caused me immense glee as I went through a moment of castle-ception, entering the walls of a Byzantine Palace within the Byzantine castle walls of the city: the Palace of the Grand Master of the Knights. It first served as the headquarters of the Hospitaller Knights, and went on to eventually, (alarmingly) become

Mussolini's holiday home during WWII. But moving onto a more likeable historical figure, the minute I bought my ticket to the museum I was hurriedly ushered in to an exhibition the Palace was hosting on Nelson. So, here I was in Greece ready to take in Byzantine icons and statues from antiquity, learning about Admiral Lord Nelson. I went up the large marble staircase of the museum and saw replicas of Nelson's ships made of bones, his furniture, his letters to his friends and wife, and most interestingly, I learnt of his rather taboo relationship with Emma Hart. She was a woman with no education that went on to be mistress to various rich men. She then married Sir William Hamilton and started an art movement as George Romney's muse. After meeting Nelson, she entered into a *ménage-a-trois* deal with him AND Hamilton and eventually she gave birth to Nelson's daughter. All this in the late 1700s and early 1800s! Despite Nelson's wishes for her and his daughter to be cared for after his death, she was shunned by English high-society and died a destitute alcoholic in France. It's not really the sort of knowledge you expect to walk out of a Greek palace knowing, but I very much enjoyed myself.

However, the enjoyment didn't stop when I moved on to viewing what I'd come to see – I found an exhibition of Byzantine icons dating back to the 12th Century, saw incredible views from the palace windows, not to mention the things people of the highest status in Rhodes had used over the years to bathe and clothe themselves, their jewellery and their children's toys – it was wonderful. They even had a fully functioning drainage system dating back to about 5BC, which makes me concerned about the fact that up until the Victorian era, British people were still throwing their faeces out of windows!

Having ticked off one of the two most important sites on the island that I'd planned to visit, I made my way over to the next, emotionally preparing myself for a museum dedicated to a much sadder period of history: the Jewish Museum of Rhodes. Let me give you some context: most of 20th century Greek prose is written in a realistic style, with a pessimistic, bitter outlook, sometimes peppered with humour to make it an easier read, as these novels describe a century which brought national schisms, dictatorships, and wars to Greece. Some of the most devastating subject-matter in these novels is that which addresses the total eradication of the Jewish population of Greece following the Holocaust. Novels mostly deal with the Jews of Thessaloniki, which is why I was honoured

to be in Rhodes, and to learn about a community of Jews that lived for centuries on the island, whom I, along with most other Greeks, knew hardly anything about. In fact, I was shocked and saddened to find that when asking for directions to the museum, most of the local people I asked had no idea such a place even existed. But I eventually got there, and entered the Synagogue of Kahal Shalom. This is the oldest synagogue in Greece, built in 1577, and it has an understated but simultaneously overwhelming beauty, sure to move believers and non-believers alike. The museum is an extension of the synagogue, attached to its side, built much more recently in 1997.

Upon entering, I don't know what I was expecting to see, but I was surprised to hear love songs being played – these turned out to be traditional love songs performed in Judaeo-Spanish. Walking around, I saw plates with poems written on them, exercise books belonging to school children, wedding dresses, marriage contracts, “tallit” bags (decorated prayer shawls), and a “Kucharera” (a silver dessert spoon and fork holder used on special occasions) – all things of joy! I read of an Italian Rabbi that travelled to Rhodes in 1467 and visited the Jewish community there, who said “[I have] never encountered a [...] community in which everyone, from the eldest to the youngest, is so intelligent [...] [They all] have long hair and look like princes. The Knights Hospitallers of Rhodes visit the Jewish homes regularly in order to admire their beautiful embroideries.” These items and the Rabbi's statement really struck a chord with me. We're often exposed to the suffering and discrimination these people underwent through film and history books, as we should be. But actually seeing things that demonstrated how much celebration, happiness, and vivacity existed in this community, for me, is the most humane testament that could be made to them. It highlights how similar we all are as people in what we do to enjoy and better ourselves. The museum clearly demonstrates how important it is that these people should be remembered not only through how they died, but also through how they *lived*. At the exit, there is a list of names of all the Jewish families (surviving and deceased) that had lived and currently live in Rhodes, warning us to not allow each and every person to become a number. And this makes the statistics even harder to swallow when you think of every number as a human life connected to so many others: In 1941 there were 1,800 Jews living in Rhodes. Today, there are only 40.

I got a taste of Ancient Greece in Rhodes as well, as I visited the grand Acropolis at Lindos and the phenomenal Archaeological Museum. The Archaeological Museum in particular was mind-blowing. It is housed in a huge Gothic building built in the 15th century that functioned as a hospital for the Knights of St. John. Its artefacts date from the Prehistoric to the early Christian period and include burial finds, funeral slabs, floor and wall mosaics of a Roman style, and plenty of good old Greek white marble statues of the gods. My favourite of them all was the marble statuette of Aphrodite bathing. It was found in the sea just off Lindos, (where she was bathing I guess) and it was amazing to see how perfectly it had been preserved in the sea (minus the statue's facial features). Not to mention, how close it stayed to home all these years and how experts were able to find it and move it to the museum. Equally impressive were the huge painted clay vases, standing over 2m tall. They would usually be kept on their sides as opposed to vertically as they were displayed, and in these vases people would keep anything from herbs to the ashes of their loved ones, to the corpses of their deceased children!

There's so much more I could write about my trip – I went to the butterfly park, a “touch and feel” aquarium, amazing beaches, many, many more museums and met some wonderful local people. But this report has to end someplace and I think the best way I could end it is with a thank you to the College and to Michael Woods for setting up this travel grant. It's an amazing feeling to know that because one generous person studied where I do, I got to live for a week in the living museum that is the Old City of Rhodes. I was given the gift of experience, and I felt so happy and so grateful to be part of such a weird chain of events, all this history occurred, the Knights, the Romans, the Ottomans, WWII, and then on the other side of Europe, Michael Woods, and now me, just taking it all in.

FRINGE

by Sophie Tang (Economics & Management, 2015)

There's something about that moment when the lights hit you. When you walk out in front of an audience, and for a split second your heart skips, your brain stutters, but then suddenly everything falls into place. I had come up to the Edinburgh Fringe Festival to perform in an acapella

show called *Blame it on the Belles*. After one year of singing together as a group, and a 4-day holiday training “boot-camp” (most of which was spent watching *Love Island*), we were ready to showcase some all-female vocal talent. Think *Pitch Perfect*: bright lights, team bonding sessions, sickeningly sweet heart-to-hearts, and socials with other groups; minus the Hollywood glamour.

During our time at the Fringe, we developed a routine: we’d come back to our flat around midnight, and inevitably end up talking for another four hours before going to sleep! We’d then rise at 8am, walk down to the Royal Mile, and flyer until 3pm, when we would walk down to our venue (right in the centre of town), and rehearse before going on stage.

I had been up to the Edinburgh Fringe once before as a tourist, yet flyering was a completely new experience. After a couple of days, each of us had developed an individual tag-line that we’d say to every passer-by we encountered (“Oxford University all-female acapella, anyone?”). Over time we also got to know the other acapella groups and performers who were flyering around us, and would help flyer for them when they were on the street stages.

Sure, there were rainy days where people were generally less enthusiastic about being handed a flyer. But there was nothing better than seeing little kids bopping around to your songs on the street, or feeling the thrill and pride as you watched your combined group effort materialise into an exceedingly energetic performance.

On the afternoon of our penultimate show, we were given an award for being the “best acapella show at the Fringe” (chosen by 26 independent judges), which was especially heartening to us, as all-female acapella is often given less attention than its male counterpart.

I owe my experience to the Annual Fund, which allowed me to travel up to Edinburgh. A year ago, I would never have imagined that I would end up performing at the world’s largest arts festival alongside nine of the most talented girls I’ve ever met. Yet sometimes it’s possible for someone to go from singing in the shower to singing on a stage.

MANDARIN LESSONS

by Benjamin Davies (English, 2015)

Very soon into my first year at Oxford, I realised that one of my big fears about university was coming true: my Chinese was nosediving. I'd spent the year before coming to Oxford living and working in China, and it left me with a deep and genuine affection for the culture, and obsession with the language. But adapting to the new environment, and increased workload, meant that by the end of the year I could barely construct a sentence where previously I'd been working in the language.

I was determined that the same wouldn't happen in second year, and knew, having worked as a telephone fundraiser, that the Brasenose Annual Fund could help. The Fund paid towards language classes at the University Language Centre. The classes are as frequent and high-quality as could possibly be hoped for. Every week I can't wait for the two hours of Thursday evening that I'll spend in a small class with a great teacher, switching off from my degree, and focussing on improving my Mandarin. At the beginning of this summer, it had deteriorated to the extent that I was mixing up the words for "city" and "colour" – now we're having conversations in class about the formations of sandstorm and ecological preservation projects.

The activities involve translation, reading and writing. Our teacher knows a lot about Chinese history, and the lessons are really enriched by her insights into the origins of words or phrases, drawing even on her own experience of having lived in the fascinating world of 20th Century China.

If I could have changed one thing about my upbringing, it would be to have been brought up in a bilingual household. The lack of language-learning culture in the UK is so dismaying, and it seems to hold us back from better engagement with the world. These classes have helped me learn that it's of course not true that everybody here is disengaged from learning languages – there are lots who want to give it a shot. But the expense and commitment can be barriers to entry, and the Annual Fund helped me overcome them. Brasenose and Oxford have always been about prioritising education for its own sake, about enriching the knowledge and skills of students here – I have no doubt that the money that comes from donors towards these language classes is in line with that goal.

ARCHIVING WORK IN THE BODLEIAN

by Emily Boseley (*History*, 2014)

This summer I was lucky enough to have been offered work experience with the archiving department of the Bodleian library, through the University's career service internship programme. The position really appealed to me because, finishing the second year of my History degree, I wanted to learn more about how I could use my studies once I come to the end of my time here at Oxford – plus, it was a great excuse to spend another month here in the city I have come to regard as home. I was working under the supervision of Michael Hughes, a senior archivist in the Western Manuscripts department, based in the (newly re-opened and rather beautiful!) Weston Library, on the Shiela Sokolov Grant project.

Shiela Sokolov Grant, perhaps better known by her maiden name Shiela Grant Duff, was a student at Lady Margaret Hall in the early 1930s. She went on to become a foreign correspondent in the years leading up to the outbreak of war in 1939, based primarily in Paris and Prague. Shiela's life, in many ways, serves as a microcosm for the experiences of her generation, who grew up as part of the aristocratic class of the inter-war era. It was marked by the tragic loss of her father and brother in successive World Wars, and her attempts to navigate the social fragmentation of a country stretched to its limits by the demands of war time, but also the opportunism of increasing freedom for young females, and the excitement of her involvement with the political elite, both at Oxford and afterwards. She became a staunch and vocal opponent of Chamberlain's appeasement policy, and the Munich Agreement in particular, as her passionate pacifism was replaced by a fear of Nazi expansionism and the horrors that accompanied it. This was best demonstrated in her monograph in defence of the territorial integrity of Czechoslovakia, *Europe and the Czechs* – the initial royalties of which she relinquished in return for her publishers at Penguin sending a copy to all British MPs. In a somewhat poignant piece of historical irony, it hit the shelves on the same day Chamberlain flew home from Munich.

After Shiela passed away in 2004, her papers were passed to the Bodleian library to be archived, a project that so far has been worked on largely by Michael, and Shiela's daughter Penelope – so I was lucky to have very experienced hands to show me the ropes! My role on the project had two main functions: to help sort, date and order the

contents of the files, and to catalogue them on a digital system which will eventually be opened for researchers to access. One of the real perks of the job was being able to handle all of these original historical documents, something you don't always get to do as an undergraduate - although having tried to decipher some of the hand writing, I can perhaps see why... The Sokolov Grant collection is particularly interesting because Shiela maintained correspondence with a number of noted personalities of the time, including Isaiah Berlin, Christopher Hill, David Astor, and the German Rhodes Scholar, Adam von Trott, later killed for his involvement in the Stauffenberg bomb plot of 1944. I found the letters of Shiela and Adam fascinating, as the two friends sought to understand the increasing discord between their countries from both sides of the national divide. Indeed, this correspondence has gone on to form the basis for my thesis research, which I hope to build around the theme of youth, gender and national identity in the 1930s.

Although I could go on talking about the history behind these letters and the thrill of getting to hold them for myself for ages, I would really just like to express my gratitude for the generosity of the Annual Fund which enabled me to undertake this internship position. Without the financial grant which helped cover the costs of my daily commute, I simply wouldn't have been able to afford to accept the offer. I feel really privileged that I have been able to make the most of the opportunities offered by Oxford, and that the Brasenose community has been so supportive. I have finished my internship with both an idea for my undergraduate thesis, and a much better idea of the careers open to History graduates - both things which I am sure will be very helpful as I contemplate going into my final year, so thank you!

POETRY TRIP TO ICELAND

by Annie Hayter (English, 2014)

I am incredibly grateful for the assistance of the Michael Woods travel grant. It funded my whole trip to Iceland this summer, which could not have happened otherwise. In the four days I was in Iceland, I had a wonderful time. Though I was mainly staying in Reykjavik, I spent a day travelling through the South Coast via coach. Most of the writing I have included here describes the natural landscape I saw on that

trip. It had such an impact on me- I'm still dreaming of glaciers and mountains, those stretches of ice and sea and sky. I am now familiar with the work of Einar Jonsson (think William Blake melded with Hieronymus Bosch and then turned to stone) whose sculpture garden in the city centre was exquisite. Happily, the Icelandic Culture Festival was taking place on the third day of my trip, which meant I was able to attend a series of free concerts at the Harpa hall (including the Icelandic symphonic orchestra). My favourite was a free jazz performance by the Skarkali trio at the Kjarvalsstaðir modern art museum – I was one of only five audience members, and enjoyed this exclusivity greatly. Refreshments were also provided, so I indulged in free muffins (chocolate chip with puce icing- initially off-putting but once tasted, addictive), doughnuts and hot chocolate. There were fireworks that evening, and I left for my flight the next morning with the smell of gunpowder on my hair, and a blissful mood. In lieu of a strict travel report, I have written some poems about things and places I saw, with some rambling commentary. Some of them are self-explanatory, and some of them are a bit weird. Essentially, I was trying to capture the sense of being a stranger in a new land, that feeling of taking a bus along a queerly beautiful shore line that is so alien, and yet familiar all at once, from pictures and films.

Reverend Jon Steingrímsson spends the winter of 1755 in a cave at Gardar
in the cave, like the rock belly of a whale,
this living waste land, a stone womb,
sunken in into the land from heat,
split into piano keys of grey along its side,
silver slithers that look like psalms come to life
or stars that have fallen and cooled into long fingers
of spikes and juts and edges.

he's been storing jars of pickles in the
nooks and crannies of its sloping walls,
some skyr in a furrow here, black cabbage stewing
in a ridge there, whale fat, stolid and cool on the ledge,
some knives, blunted from the damp, nestling in a pocket,
rock blister on the wall, his german text books,
propped up on a ledge.

years ago they believed this cave was a gateway
to hell. some, of a spiritual bent, could hear the screaming
of condemned souls. scientific investigation
later proved that this was merely,
the howling of wind echoing, but the suspicion
still lingered, quavering of those burnt in the volcanos
whose ash still settles on the beaches, mixed in with the sand-
he blessed the place all the same.

here, boulders shoulder into curves, dappled with moss
rivulets of drip drip running down into tiny pools
traced thousands of times by the fingers,
tongues of ice and glaciers, rippling
turning to branches, straining, reaching
to touch the sea.

This poem came to mind when I visited the Reynisfara beach. It has a strange basalt formation (which I have attempted to describe), which forms part of a cliff named Gardar. There, I read a small information board which spoke of the legendary Reverend, who is referenced above. He was a very holy man, who apparently stopped a lava flow with a fearsome sermon in the late 1700s (which is another poem waiting to be written, it's gestating slowly in the back of my mind). When I read about his stint in the cave, I knew I had to write about him in some way.

at the lighthouse, Grotta

the first figure on the promontory looks pained
her tights are blue, and a scarf, coloured tangerine,
is tossed over her right shoulder, has shards of sequins,
which catch the light and flicker. she folds her arms.
the second, looks down, for what seems like minutes.
observes the gradations of the rock from grey to dark grey
to an even darker grey. sees a gull's feather, floating in the sheen
of a sea only feet away.

clouds hang over them, soft, loose, it looks like rain- although it doesn't-
it's the time of day where most people are half asleep, half waking
cataract of a dream gilding the minutes before the alarm clock

begins the shake, and the phone starts tingling.
they decided to meet early, get it over with. she has never felt so
lonely, even though he is right beside her. she notes that his
left big toe has a slightly ragged edge to it, like he's been biting
them again. she always has that fear of slipping on the rocks,
falling down, cracking her head on the jut. all she wishes is to be huddled
and be held, and not worry about all of this,
these stupid, boring, mundane details.

The night that I arrived, after a long bus journey from the airport, I
decided to walk along the shoreline of Reykjavik, up to the Grotta
lighthouse. This walk took about four hours, there and back, but it was
worth the time and effort. During the summer months, the sun only sets
for three hours a day, so it's essentially light all day and night. If the tide
is low, you can walk along the sandy bank and visit the inner buildings.
It was high when I came, so I only went along the rock wall, and then
got scared and tripped back. I wanted to test out a miniature hot spring,
situated close by, but there was a rather nude middle-aged couple who
was occupying it for what seemed like an hour. I did however, on
my way back see a curious sort of tableau- this pair, perhaps a couple,
perhaps not, standing at odds, at the edge of the rock wall. I wondered
what they were thinking. I worried at them being so close to the edge.

along the south coast

a sign, that said GOD

a white sign, with black letters.

was it to mark the wind of the
tarmacked road?

to signal that communication was
available via the stretch of telegraph
pole upon pole, across the horizon,
dug into the rock and the velvet moss.

this land is barren, hardly anything grows
here except the moss,

the knobbls and throbs and spears and lumps
of dark bellied, jutting landscape.

make a bed on the heat set, wrought rock
lay on a living wasteland

a taint of grey hues the tips of the boulders
crackle splits the low land, arcs into the sky
buries itself in the Atlantic ocean,
black sand scuttling, skittering across the beach,
caught in my eyes and my cheeks

On the second day, I took a coach which drove around the south shore for ten hours. This excursion included waterfalls, (one of which I walked behind, the Seljalandsfoss !), the black sand beach at Vik, and a beautiful glacier. Unfortunately, this particular bus was occupied by warring factions. Every time we got off the coach to look at a picturesque site, there would be a scuffle when we returned. One set of tourists would squabble with another over seating arrangements, one group having laid claim to one particular spot, which another lot had plonked themselves down upon. I avoided this conflict, by sitting in one of the less desired seats right at the back. I instead engaged in conversation with a nice lady from North Carolina, who gave me half of her chocolate bar, which was quite delicious, but at the equivalent cost of six pounds, seemed ostentatious. I was thankful for having packed numerous supplies of mini cheddars and raisins, as the tourist trap restaurant which we stopped at served only a variety of overpriced fried goods. We also visited the Skogar Folk Museum, a tiny building which held lots of artefacts and objects from Icelandic rural life. It was a fascinating insight into Icelandic history- for example, learning that until recent years, trees were very scarce in Iceland, and thus practically every wooden object in the museum was made from driftwood.

if god exists, and if god was a glacier, she would be Mýrdalsjökull
tracks, furrowing, ridging up
the glacier
like the green veins of a giant
who'd eaten too much spinach and it
had coloured his blood emerald
smokes of water streaming down from
the hit of the hot sun on the ice
criss-cross of the tourists toeing
their way to the site
big blobs and specks in the way, of
sight, to see this view

of absolute beauty,
to delimit a landscape
that is holy in its bounds.

Earlier on that second day, I visited Mýrdalsjökull, a vast, sprawling glacier. I got a few dirty looks from fellow tourists who did not appreciate my choice of footwear, some of whom gleefully informed me of my naivety. I didn't realise sandals were so controversial. I proved them all wrong by maintaining a sturdy grip on the ground, and by happily striding up and down the little flinty beach, sans accident. A lot of the tourists there were taking photos, rather than looking at the glacier directly. There is nothing wrong with this, but I wondered about the efficacy of viewing through a lens all the time, and the seemingly omnipresent desire by all involved to record, record, record everything. I suppose that a physical memory is a lovely thing to have though, even if it is on a screen or on paper. I am so glad though that I could look, and to engage with such beauty in the moment. It was wonderful to have the freedom to write, and to be in such an extraordinary place, without any financial pressure. I am so thankful for the memories I have of this journey, and for the support of the Michael Woods grant.

News & Notes





As part of the ongoing library renovations, the paintwork on the main library barrel vault ceiling was cleaned and restored.

The completed library is scheduled to be reopened in Michaelmas Term 2017.





The Brasenose Strollers 2016: Tottenborn Trophy champions!



Principal, John Bowers QC (centre) with the family of H.L.A Hart, leading legal philosopher and Brasenose Principal (1972-78), at an event held in his honour called, "Great Brasenose Lawyers".



*Ted Maslen Jones (Agriculture, 1946) meeting former Prime Minister, David Cameron
at the 2016 VJ70 celebrations.*



Ted Maslen-Jones photographed at BNC in 1946 by Principal W.T.S Stallybrass (Sonnars) on his return from fighting in the Far East. This photo is one of 2,000 that Sonnars took during WWII.



A cricket match at the Basecamp of Saraghnar on an expedition led by Ted Norrish (Classics, 1953) in 1958.



A guide delivering post to Norrish's crew at basecamp on their 1958 expedition.

NEWS & NOTES

We are always delighted to hear and share news from our Old Members and keep up to date with your achievements, marriages, births, publications, opinions and more! Below are some of the notices we were sent during the 2015–2016 academic year, we hope that you will enjoy reading about your friends and contemporaries. If you would like your announcement to appear next year, please email it to: development.office@bnc.ox.ac.uk

Entries are organised by matriculation year:

Richard Dove (1957) writes: “I am still alive and living in London. I am in fairly good health, even though I was unable to come to the Gaudy earlier this year and therefore missed seeing several old friends. Although now long retired from lecturing, I am still an active translator and author and my engagement with Germany persists. My last book, published in 2012, was an investigation of MI5 surveillance of anti-Nazi refugees from Germany, under the title *A Matter of Intelligence*. I have just finished a further book (perhaps my last) called *Foreign Parts. German and Austrian actors on the British Stage*.

I am very disappointed at the result of the referendum, even more since responsibility lies ultimately with a Brasenose man in David Cameron. Perhaps people will have a rethink.”

Richard Phillips (1960) is Leamington Music Festival Director, and was awarded an MBE for services to Music and the Arts in the 2016 New Year Honours.

Charles Linfield (1961) “is astonished to find himself Chairman of Swindon Conservatives, supporting two MPs (one the Solicitor General) and a successful Council. Having been surprised by joy at the Referendum result, he gave the MPs advice on the leadership election when asked, and got the answer right first time. Pity about DC, but at least Oxford still rules.”

John Hardman (1963) had *The Life of Louis XVI* published in April 2016.

The Revd Malcolm Acheson (1966) retired in 2014 after nearly twenty years as Rector of Storrington in West Sussex. Two crowded congregations (morning and evening) attended on his final day to bid

him farewell, and also to thank his wife Pauline and their son Joseph for notable musical contributions to the life of the Church.

After reading Mods and Greats at BNC Malcolm managed the family fruit farm in Much Birch, Herefordshire, and then trained for the ministry at Salisbury. He served in North London as Curate of St. Michael's, Highgate (1985-8) before moving to Wiltshire to look after Chilmark, Hindon and associated parishes, and thence to Storrington. Malcolm and Pauline now live in Eastbourne.

Simon Mawer (1967) writes: "My tenth novel, *Tightrope* was Waterstones Novel of the Month for March 2016 and went on to win the 2016 Walter Scott Prize for Historical Fiction."

David Stephenson (1967) is now Honorary Research Fellow in the school of History, Welsh History and Archaeology at Bangor University. His most recent book, *Medieval Powys: Kingdom, Principality and Lordships 1132-1293*, was published in September 2016. His *Governance of Gwynedd* was re-issued in second edition in 2014 as *Political Power in Medieval Gwynedd*. His next book, *On Wales from the Eleventh to Fourteenth Centuries*, is due to hand over in January 2018.

Thomas Corns (1968) was, in 2015, elected to a Fellowship of the British Academy.

Jonathan Cole (1971) has published his fifth book, *Losing Touch; a man without his body* (2016). He was Executive Editor on Narinder Kapur's *The Paradoxical Brain* (2012).

George Garlick (1974) was awarded the Society of Homeopaths' highest award, a Fellowship, at a ceremony at the Manchester Museum of Science & Industry on 19 March 2016.

Dominik Wujastyk (1974), after six years at the University of Vienna, last year took up a new professorial position at the University of Alberta, in Edmonton, Canada, where he and his family have moved for the foreseeable future.

Matthew Baynham (1975) was awarded his PhD in English Literature from the University of Aberystwyth.

Mark Rolfe (1978) has been working in biotech in the US for many years. His company, Cleave Biosciences recently raised \$37MM in a series B venture round.

Harry Papatotiriou (1980) has been elected head of the Department of International, European and Area Studies at Panteion University, Athens, Greece.

Jeannie Holstein (1981) was awarded her PhD in Business and Management from the University of Nottingham in 2015, and is currently employed as an Assistant Professor of Strategic and Public Sector Management at Nottingham University Business School.

Stevie Zimmerman née Loshak (1982) is living and working in the Washington DC area. Stevie is a professional theatre director and audiobook narrator. She has just been accepted to the Studio Theatre Directors' programme with Joy Zinoman and will be leading a production of "Doubt" in early 2017. Stevie has two offspring, Kit and Maya, both at university, with her husband Christopher, who is a conductor and music director of two professional regional orchestras and the premiere DC area-wide youth orchestra. By the time this is published the nightmare election should be over. Hoping there's a woman in that White House!

Peter King (1983) writes: "my latest poetry collection, *Adding Colours to the Chameleon* was published in July. My next collection, *All What Larkin*, is due out later this year from Albion Beatnik Press."

Peter Aylott (1984) The Strollers had a successful tour of North Devon this year winning the Richard Tettenborn Memorial Trophy. Additionally we had 2 BNC undergraduates playing for us, Nick Hooper and Richard Sykes, which means our push for links with the undergraduates has had some success at last.

Peter Lawlor (1984) has been appointed as The Principal Economic Advisor to the Deutsche Börse Group.

Katrin Schumann (1985) is completing work on her 5th book, *Aging Healthy Wealthy & Wise*. She has also written: *Mothers Need Time Outs Too*, *The Secret Power of Middle Children*, *The Kingsley School* and *Raised Healthy Wealthy & Wise*.

Tim Benbow (1987) writes: "A couple of pieces of news seem worth passing on: first, I have been promoted to Reader in Strategic Studies, in the Defence Studies Department of King's College London. Second, I won the 2015 Sir Julian S. Corbett Prize in Modern Naval History,

awarded by the Institute of Historical Research. On the home front, I am married, and have two daughters, aged 4 and 18 months.

Brian Jenner (1987) self-published a book called, *Eloquence, A Treasury of Speechwriting Advice*, which was reviewed in the Financial Times. He organised the 12th Conference of the European Speechwriter Network at Lady Margaret Hall in Oxford in April, 2016 and also promoted the 5th UK Good Funeral Awards in London in September, 2016.

Tom Hinchliffe (1991) “I thought I would let you know I was appointed a QC this February.”

Alex Diment (1996) writes: “I am now living and working in Yangon, Myanmar (formerly Rangoon, Burma) - still working for the Wildlife Conservation Society. It’s an exciting time to be here with the recent political changes, a positive atmosphere, and huge potential (and also huge challenges) for environmental conservation. I expect to be based here for many years, though with plenty of travel around the country and in the region. I am also in touch with the Cambridge and Oxford Alumni in Myanmar group, run by former BNC alumnus Suriya Rudarakanchana.”

Rosenna East (1997) writes: “I have been running Nevill Holt Opera, a country house opera festival in Leicestershire, for two years now. We just announced that we will build the first new opera house in the UK for ten years. a very exciting project, built into a historic estate and listed building.”

Anna Brunskill (1998) has taken the position of Secondary Principal at the International School of Havana, Cuba.

Nat Hansen (2000) is lecturer in Philosophy at the University of Reading, and is taking a break from Britain and spending the year as an external faculty Fellow at Stanford University.

Iain Griffiths (2002) was, in summer 2016, appointed Private Secretary to the Minister for Asia and the Pacific at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office. Previously he served overseas as 2nd Secretary (Political), at the UK Mission to the UN in New York (2011-2015) and then as Private Secretary to the Minister for Africa, the Overseas Territories and the Caribbean (2015-2016).

Katherine Rock (2004) was recently awarded the Institute of Patent and Trade Mark Attorneys of Australia (IPTA) Institute Prize 2015. The prize is awarded, at most, once per year and recognises the most outstanding new patent attorney admitted to the profession in Australia.

Leen Van Broeck (2004) was awarded the Marjorie Shaw Scholarship by the British Federation of Women Graduates (BFWG) after being shortlisted in July 2016 and presenting to the awards committee in London. She writes, “I’d encourage any female doctoral researchers at Brasenose to keep an eye out for the call for applicants early next year, as I found the whole experience very painless and worthwhile. You can only ever apply once at one particular time (when you are about to go into third year), so it’s an opportunity that’s easy to miss, but shouldn’t be missed!”

Thomas Papadopoulos (2006) writes: “In 2014, I was awarded the “Cyprus Research Award-Young Researcher” of the Research Promotion Foundation of the Republic of Cyprus in the category of “Social Sciences & Humanities”. The award was given in a special ceremony, under the auspices of the President of the Republic of Cyprus. This distinction was awarded on the basis of my research on Takeovers and Mergers in European and Cypriot Company Law.

Scott Gabrielson (2014) has founded an online-only luxury fashion brand called Oliver Cabell.

Douglas Vernimmen (HCR Member) had his photography book, *Oxford Through the Lens* published in October 2016. The foreword is by J. Mordant Crook (History, 1955) who wrote *Brasenose: The Biography of an Oxford College* some years ago.

Alumni Field Trip

as part of the alumni travellers programme, Brasenose Fellow and Medieval History Lecturer, Dr Rowena Archer, is leading a tour in September 2017, focusing on Medieval Alsace Lorraine. You can find information about the trip here: <https://www.alumni.ox.ac.uk/travel/medieval-alsace-lorraine-barge-cruise-along-marne-rhine-canal>.

The Brasenose Society





BRASENOSE SOCIETY REPORT

by Penny Andrews Née Scott (Mathematics, 1979)

This report covers the period from March 2015 to the Society's AGM in September 2016.

The Brasenose Society

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

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 Development Office to offer appropriate help where it can. It also represents an 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.

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

The Committee meets 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 Development Office:

- The President's Summer Party, held in June in London
- The Society Dinner held in Oxford during the University's annual Alumni Weekend in September.

We also hold regular informal drinks at the Oxford & Cambridge Club in Pall Mall, on the first Tuesday of the month (except over the summer and at Christmas/New Year) at 6.30pm.

Report on 2015-2016 events

The President's Summer Party

The 2015-16 Society President, Penny Andrews (1979) hosted the Summer Drinks Party at London's Capital Club in June. Around 100 alumni attended.

September AGM

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

- President: Harry Nicholson (1982)
- Vice President: Penny Gilbert (1978)
- Secretary: Alexandra Marks (1977)
- Treasurer: Nigel Bird (1969)

Annual Society Dinner

The evening, the first for John Bowers as Principal, was attended by over 100 alumni and their guests ranging in matriculation dates from 1938 to the present day.

Unfortunately, the oldest member present, Mr Peter Batteley (1938), was taken ill just before dinner. As a result, dinner service was disrupted but the Buttery staff rose magnificently to the occasion, providing everyone with a selection of cheeses – and they were, as usual, unstinting in their generosity with the wine. Consequently, the evening was quite lively and continued late in the bar where a number of pizzas were ordered in by the hungry, and shared generously.

Sadly Mr Batterley passed away in hospital, a few days later.

Monthly Oxford and Cambridge Club Drinks

These drinks are well attended both by older alumni and very recent graduates.

The Society is keen to encourage alumni who have only just graduated to get together frequently. More senior alumni have occasionally been able to help more recent ones with career insight or contacts.

We ask people to let us know on the College website or Facebook site if they plan to come – but do feel free to just drop in.

THE YEAR REP SCHEME

Each Matriculation Year is allocated a Year Rep who is responsible for communication with those individuals. If you would like to get in touch with your rep please contact David Clark or Drusilla Gabbott, the Co-Year Rep Coordinators, through the Development Office (development.office@bnc.ox.ac.uk).

Matriculation	Year Rep	Email Address
1943 VACANT	c/o Mike Rountree	
1944 VACANT	c/o Mike Rountree	
1945 VACANT	c/o Mike Rountree	
1946 VACANT	c/o Mike Rountree	
1947 VACANT	c/o Mike Rountree	
1948 VACANT	c/o Mike Rountree	
1949	Mike Rountree	mike@rountree.net
1950 VACANT		
1951	Patrick Lowe	bangupfam@btinternet.com
1952	Donald Blakeley	

1952		Bill Higman	billhigman@btinternet.com
1953		John Buckler	john.buckler@gmail.com
1954		Lawrence Kenworthy-Browne	lakenworthy@hotmail.co.uk
1955	VACANT		
1956	VACANT		
1957	VACANT		
1958	VACANT		
1959		Robert Hawes	robert-hawes@tiscali.co.uk
1960		Robin Barron	robin.barron@sky.com
1961		Richard East	richardqeast@gmail.com
1961		Bill Roberts	kroberts@gmx.net
1962		Nicholas Kennedy	nixtek@gmail.com
1963		James Edmiston	james.edmiston@btinternet.com
1964		Clive Evans	cpeevans@gmail.com
1965		John East	east.family@btinternet.com
1966		Duncan Greenland	dtguk@aol.com
1967		William Verdon-Smith	wg.verdonsmith@gmail.com
1968		Christopher Moss	cjwmoss@christophermoss.com
1969		Vivian Huxley	robert@huxley15.plus.com
1970		David Clark	dclark@pt.lu
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UPCOMING GAUDIES

Brasenose is delighted to invite each year group back to College around every seven years after matriculation for their Gaudy. This involves a free dinner in Hall and subsidised accommodation in student rooms in College.

‘Save the Date’ emails and postal Invitations will be sent out in advance of your Gaudy. If you think we may not have your current email or postal address, please get in touch on development.office@bnc.ox.ac.uk.

Year Groups	Date of Gaudy
1963-1966	17 March, 2017
1977-1979	23 June, 2017
1988-1989	22 September, 2017
1967-1969	16 March, 2018
1986-1987	22 June, 2018
2010-2011	21 September, 2018

ALUMNI RELATIONS AND DEVELOPMENT REPORT

by Dr Liz Miller, Fellow, Development Director

I am pleased to report that the 2015–2016 academic year has been very successful for Alumni Relations and Development at Brasenose College. You have attended more events, mentored more students and given more generously than ever before. Thank you for your continued support of Brasenose and commitment to our goal of providing a world-class education and experience to the brightest minds in society. You help give them the platform on which they can seek to answer the world's most pertinent questions, a gift that is immeasurably impactful.

In the last edition of the *Brazen Nose*, I reported that the library extension and refurbishment, made possible by the generosity of a small group of alumni, was going full steam ahead. Since then, dozens of you have put your own stamp on the project by naming chairs, desks and bookcases (some opportunities are still available!). Your donations covered the cost of the redevelopment of the Deer Park into a space designed to hold receptions and welcome back alumni and friends. The project is reaching its final stages, and we look forward to welcoming you to a celebration in its honour soon. We have been overwhelmed by your interest and support in this once-in-a-generation project, thank you so much for your wonderful contributions. This project came about at the request of our students, and the Brasenose community should be proud to have delivered a space in which they can enquire, learn and discover in a twenty-first century context. Once again, thank you to all those who have made this project possible, who know who you are.

At June's 1509 Society's Summer Party in Middle Temple, Principal Bowers announced that we had completed the campaign to fund an Ellesmere Law Endowment to underpin the teaching of Law at BNC. Many of its supporters were the students of Emeritus Fellow John Davies and it was in his honour that many gave so generously. The endowment's return will be used to fund the Brasenose post of Professor Tom Krebs, Tutorial Fellow in Commercial Law. Thank you to all those who supported this very special campaign and special thanks are owed to Stephen Rubin QC (1973) and Stephen Moriarty QC (1974) who hosted the second summer party of the 1509 Society in the beautiful

Parliament Chamber of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple. Thanks to the aforementioned library campaign, we saw new faces at the party and we hope to see many more next year.

Aside from donor events, we welcomed back hundreds of you to BNC this year and saw even more of you around the UK and the rest of the world. In College, we held Gaudies and Jubilee celebrations for 1956–59, 1960–66, 2000–01 and 2008–09 matriculands. The Principal hosted a number of ‘Principal’s Conversations’ and ‘Breakfast with Brasenose’ events. Special notes of thanks are owed to Alex Hoare (1992) who hosted, and Professor Peter Sinclair who spoke, at a breakfast session at the beautiful C. Hoare & Co. branch on Fleet Street. Peter Folkman (1964) also kindly threw open his doors to gather alumni from the North-West of England in September 2016 (we’re very keen to stay in touch with our own Northern Powerhouse!) Outside of the UK, we saw many of you in Hong Kong, Malaysia, the U.S, the Channel Islands and Switzerland. My team and I owe you all a tremendous debt of gratitude for making us so welcome and, indeed, helping us organise our trips abroad, thank you.

In a recent call for news and stories for the *Brazen Nose*, we were inundated with dozens of marvellous responses. Indeed, we received so many that we were able to produce a special ‘BNC Voices’ edition of our magazine, the *Brazen Notes*. We are always delighted to hear reminisces and memories about Brasenose – do feel free to keep them coming even when unsolicited!

This year, you supported BNC financially more generously than ever. You gave £2.7 million in support of the library, fellowships, scholarships and our Annual Fund. Those who give regularly to our Annual Fund donated over £474,000 – a record. Your financial support makes such a difference to Brasenose and all those who live and study here. Brasenose could not hope to be a competitive world-leading institution without your contributions. Whatever and however you donate financially to BNC, you should be proud that you are making a big difference to our students and wider society. Not a penny of your donation is wasted and not a penny goes unnoticed.

To those of you who contact my office regularly, you would have noticed a few changes. We have said goodbye to Francesca Hewitt, who has moved to the Ashmolean Museum as its Head of Development. Julia Diamantis and James Fletcher have both taken on some of her

responsibilities as Senior Development Officers and are driving the charge to get more of you involved with BNC than ever. Julia, James and I will also be joining the Principal as he visits you around the UK, Europe and the wider world. Jenny Wood has taken on the new role of Development Officer and now organises all of our events, produces the *Brazen Notes* and works with the Editor to produce the *Brazen Nose*. Finally we welcome Lucas Bunnetât from the University's Department of Continuing Education. Lucas will answer all of your initial enquires when you contact the office, as well as making sure we update your contact details correctly and process your donations efficiently.

We have had a fantastic year while introducing you all to John Bowers QC, our new Principal. He has asked me to extend his heartfelt thanks for your warm welcome and sage advice. You have all been very keen to meet him (despite his Lincoln College education!) and we hope to carry on introducing you through the coming year.

Please do not underestimate the impact that your involvement and support can have at Brasenose. It is all of our duty to preserve what is most valuable about the College while changing aspects so it best serves the community's changing needs. You will always be instrumental in that endeavour; my team and I look forward to involving you over the coming months and years. Thank you for all that you do to make Brasenose a world-class place to research, work, study and live.

Donors to Brasenose



DONOR LIST 2015 -2016

Brasenose College wishes to record its gratitude to the following who kindly donated to the College between 1 October 2015 and 30 September 2016. 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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Miss S Steel
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Dr H Casey *née McKinnon*
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Ms A Saller
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- Mr W T W Seto
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1944	Mr D Anderton
1949	Mr R M Charlesworth
1953	Mr J W Walker
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1964	Mr D and Mrs B M Stafford
1966	Dr S J Cunningham
1988	Dr C Burt

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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.

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1955	John Raymond Bartlett
1955	John Coates Edwards
1955	Elliott Frederick Kulick
1955	William Kevin McInerney
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1956	Anthony David Smith
1956	John Anthony Spalding
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1962	Stephen Adrian Craven
1962	Stephen Edgar Alexander Green
1962	David Roy Witcher
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1963	Jeffrey Howard Archer
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
1963	Anthony John Garratt-Reed
1964	Stuart Mark Saint
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1965	Robert Aron Chick
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1965	Frederick William Jr Meier
1966	Stuart Murray Boldt
1966	Gerald Michael Clifton
1966	David Rupert Fenwick Cox
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
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
1978	Lionel Gary Jackson
1981	Peter Stuart Andrew Bladen
1981	David Savile Bradbury
1981	Richard Michael Hughes
1982	Ian Michael Jauncey
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
1996	Nicholas Andrew Alexander Donovan
1998	Joseph Adam Goldsmith
2001	Stephen Jarrod Bernard
2008	Anthony John Ring

and a number who wish to remain anonymous

Obituaries



DEATHS NOTIFIED

October 2015 – September 2016

The editor welcomes correspondence concerning any members of Brasenose who have passed away; personal reminiscences of all lengths are welcome. Please do let us know if you would like to provide an obituary by contacting: development.office@bnc.ox.ac.uk, or call +44 (0) 01865 287275.

** denotes full obituary*

Name	Matriculated
Nelson William Bainbridge	1949
Helmy Hamdollah Baligh	1951
Peter Batterley	1938
Stephen John Brademas *	1950
Oliver Richard Silvester Bull *	1951
Reeves Michael Charlesworth *	1949
Albert Hopkins Chatterley	1950
Michael Clark *	1973
Patrick Thomas Crofton Croker	1955
Antony Bryan Davidson	1949
Hugh Edryd Joshua Davies	1955
Kenneth John Durham *	1971
David Acfield Emms *	1947
Ivor Evans-Thomas	1942
Gordon Russell Gardner	1948
David Michael Green *	1958
Erwin L Hahn *	
Peter Gavin Hall	1974
Richard William Henniker-Gotley	1979
Michael Hope Homer	1963
Eric Guy Jarvis	1958
Catherine Rachel Jones *	1982
Alastair Ian Follitt Mackenzie *	1954
Ivor Harold Jones	1953
John Roy Main *	1950

Brian D H Miller (died 2001) *	
Dudley John Moore	2003
Edwin Thomas Moore *	1946
Philip John Thornborrow Moore	1947
Barbara Mosse	
Frederick McNeill Noad	1950
David Keith Oriel	1947
Richard Edmund Clement Fownes Parsons *	1946
Kenneth Paver	1948
Hugh Pearson	1951
Deborah Ann Peatman	1983
Denys Champion Potts *	1942
Phillip James Robinson *	1989
Peter Robson (died 2002) *	
Colin Neal Rose	1955
John Kendall Rowlands	1961
Hubert Ian Scoins *	1945
John Russell Selmon	1953
Michael Hasluck Shaw *	1949
Douglas Miyoshi Shinozaki	1968
Michael Lewis Somen	1956
William Hugh Stalker	1946
Brian Irving Straton-Ferrier	1945
Jeremy Glegg Strong	1959
Christopher John Studdert-Kennedy	1946
John Frederick Tomblin *	1957
Eric Arthur Vallis *	1967
Philip Walker *	1942
John Watkins *	
Graham Whittaker *	1961
Stephen Paul Whitten *	1988
Richard Cellan Williams *	1943
Ted Wilson *	

John Brademas (1950)

From the New York Times (11 July, 2016)

John Brademas, a political, financial and academic dynamo who served 22 years in Congress and more than a decade as president of New York University in an all-but-seamless quest to promote education, the arts and a liberal agenda, died on Monday in Manhattan. He was 89. His death was announced by N.Y.U.

Mr. Brademas liked to say that being a University President was not much different from being a congressman: You shake hands, make speeches, remember names and faces, stump for a cause and raise money relentlessly. The difference, he said, is that you do not have to depend on voters to renew your contract every two years.

As a Democratic representative from Indiana from 1959 to 1981, Mr. Brademas became known as Mr. Education and Mr. Arts. He sponsored bills that nearly doubled federal aid for elementary and secondary education in the mid-1960s and that created the National Endowment for the Arts and Humanities. He was also instrumental in annual financing of the arts and humanities and in the passage of Project Head Start, the National Teachers Corps and college tuition aid and loan programs.

He opposed the Vietnam War and many defence measures, rebuked President Richard M. Nixon in the Watergate scandal and voted for civil rights legislation, environmental protections, day care programs and services for the elderly and people with disabilities. He became majority whip, the House's third-ranking official, and was re-elected 10 times in a mostly conservative district, winning up to 79 percent of the vote.

But he was swept out of office in the 1980 Republican landslide that elected Ronald Reagan president. Mr. Brademas lobbied hard for the N.Y.U. job and, as president from 1981 to 1992, transformed the nation's largest private university from a commuter school into one of the world's premier residential research and teaching institutions.

When he took over, Mr. Brademas had no experience running a large organization. The university had seven undergraduate colleges, 10 graduate and professional schools, 13,000 employees and a \$500 million annual budget. There were 45,000 students and housing for only a few thousand, in crowded Greenwich Village and scattered sites around New York City.

But he was a gregarious leader with voluminous contacts in government and corporate life. His skills as a politician and fundraiser

had been honed in a whirlwind of congressional and civic responsibilities. And, as his admirers came to believe, he was – if there is such a thing – a natural University President.

“No one hit the ground running as well as Brademas,” said L. Jay Oliva, N.Y.U.’s vice president for academic affairs, who became chancellor and succeeded his boss 11 years later, and who died in April 2014. “All his instincts were university presidential.”

Looking collegiate in tweeds and sweaters, displaying boundless energy, Mr. Brademas plunged into meetings with deans, trustees, students and faculty members to learn N.Y.U.’s strengths and weaknesses. He joined the boards of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York (he later became chairman), the New York Stock Exchange, the Rockefeller Foundation, RCA and the Loews Corporation. He courted investment bankers, foundation executives, real estate moguls and private philanthropists, and reached out to N.Y.U. alumni across the country and around the world.

He also cultivated relationships with Mayor Edward I. Koch, Gov. Mario M. Cuomo, leaders of the State Legislature and the City Council, newspaper publishers and other media V.I.P.s, union officials, leaders in the arts and the heads of museums, cultural institutions and other colleges and universities. He was often in Washington, conferring with education officials and members of Congress. He stoutly opposed the Reagan administration’s education cutbacks and attempts to abolish the National Endowment for the Arts.

By the end of his tenure – he stepped down in late 1991 but retired as President Emeritus in 1992 after a sabbatical – he had raised \$800 million for N.Y.U. and nearly doubled its endowment, to \$540 million. He had recruited top scholars from around the country to join the faculty; added new fields of study, like the Onassis Center for Hellenic Studies and the Skirball Department of Hebrew and Judaic Studies; enlarged the campus; and added 11 residence halls, providing housing for half of the undergraduates. He also had established N.Y.U. study programs in Cyprus, Egypt, France, Israel and Japan.

“I find in Washington Square a tremendous sense of diversity, vitality and excitement, products of the enlivening mixture of New York University and New York City,” Mr. Brademas said in his farewell address to 6,500 graduates. “With all its troubles, New York City is still the place to be. And N.Y.U. is still the place to get an education.”

John Brademas was born on March 2, 1927, in Mishawaka, Ind., the son of Stephen and Beatrice Goble Brademas. His father, a Greek immigrant, ran a restaurant and quoted Socrates to him: "Things of value come only after hard work." His mother was an elementary-school teacher, and one grandfather was a college professor. In 1945, he graduated from Central High School in nearby South Bend, where he was valedictorian and the star quarterback on the football team.

He enrolled at the University of Mississippi, where he joined a Navy officer training program. After his freshman year, he won a scholarship and transferred to Harvard, a change he called head-spinning.

He became a top student and president of the Wesley Foundation, the campus Methodist student group. In successive summers, he worked at an auto plant in South Bend, lived among Indians in Mexico and was an intern at the United Nations temporary headquarters in Lake Success, N.Y.

After graduating from Harvard with high honors in 1949, he attended Oxford University as a Rhodes Scholar and in 1954 earned a social studies doctorate.

Back home in Northern Indiana, he resolved to run for Congress in a largely Republican district with diverse demographics: farmers, small-town retailers, auto-industry workers, members of East European ethnic groups, affluent and blue-collar voters, and college communities that included the University of Notre Dame.

It took three tries. After losing races in 1954 and 1956, he gained political experience as an aide to two members of Congress and in Adlai E. Stevenson's 1956 presidential campaign. He taught political science at St. Mary's College for a year, was active in civic affairs and in 1958 finally won the seat for Indiana's Third Congressional District.

Mr. Brademas was unmarried for most of his political career, but in 1977 he married Mary Ellen Briggs, a third-year medical student at Georgetown University and the mother of four children by a former marriage. After the couple moved to New York, she became a dermatologist at N.Y.U. Medical Center.

She survives him, as do three stepchildren, John Briggs, Katherine Goldberg and Jane Murray; a sister, Eleanor Brazeau; and six step-grandchildren. His stepson Basil Briggs Jr. died in 2003.

Mr. Brademas was the author of *Washington, D.C., to Washington Square* (1986) and, with Lynne P. Brown, *The Politics of Education*:

Conflict and Consensus on Capitol Hill (1987). From 1994 to 2001 he was chairman of the President's Committee on the Arts and the Humanities, and from 2004 to 2007 he was a member of the New York State Board of Regents.

In 2005, N.Y.U. established the John Brademas Center for the Study of Congress, a research and teaching facility. He was the recipient of more than 50 honorary degrees and scores of awards, many of them conferred by European governments or cultural organizations, particularly those of Greece and Spain, whose histories and politics had been among his lifelong interests.

John Brademas (1950)

*Eulogy by Andrew Hamilton, President of New York University
and former Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford*

“Good Morning. On behalf of everyone at N.Y.U., so many of whom worked alongside John and respected and admired him, I offer my condolences to Mary Ellen; to John and Cameron, who so beautifully shared readings with us today; and to all of John's family and friends and colleagues from his days in Congress.

Unlike all of you, I did not have the honor of knowing John personally. But, although I am only an observer and not an intimate, my admiration for him is great, and his influence on me is significant.

Like many people who care deeply about education, the arts, and the humanities, I first became aware of John through his tremendous work in Congress.

Later, after I took the helm at Oxford, I saw that his affection for that University – at which he had spent three years as a Rhodes Scholar, a time that he described as one of the great experiences of his life – that affection was heartily reciprocated.

You may not be surprised to hear that Oxford is not overly eager to bestow honors upon Americans. Yet the university has recognized John repeatedly. The Oxford college where he studied, Brasenose College, named him an Honorary Fellow. The University awarded him an honorary doctorate in 2003 – the only American so recognized that year during ceremonies marking the one-hundredth anniversary of the Rhodes Trust. Brasenose even named a room in the college for him: the

Brademas Room, which serves as a gathering place for graduate students at Brasenose. A copy of his N.Y.U. presidential portrait hangs there.

Like so many, Oxford also sought John's counsel. While he was president of N.Y.U., Oxford leaders reached out to him for advice, and he told them bluntly – and quite correctly – “You better start fundraising.” Up to that point, the University had relied on a 900-year tradition of never asking for money! It was advice that they followed, and that was a major priority for me during my time as Vice-Chancellor two decades later.

An Oxonian to the end, John chose a fitting way to acknowledge his deep connection to Oxford – he asked to be buried wearing his Brasenose tie, which is emblazoned with the school symbol, the knocker in the Hall at Brasenose College.

Over the past two years, as I was considering coming to N.Y.U. and since my arrival as president in January, I have come to know John's legacy well. One of the things that attracted me most to N.Y.U. was its remarkable trajectory over the past several decades, from a primarily regional university to one the world recognizes today as an indisputably great and influential institution of higher learning.

Much of that trajectory is due to John. At a time when N.Y.U., and New York City, were still struggling with the challenges of the 1970s, he moved from Washington D.C. to Washington Square and, with a group of far-sighted trustees, set N.Y.U. on its course to becoming a research university of international prominence.

Today, his legacy influences every part of N.Y.U. It is reflected in the university's meteoric rise in rankings. It is felt when U.S. Presidents, members of Congress, and foreign heads of state choose to visit N.Y.U. It is felt during Welcome Week, when freshmen move into the nearly dozen residence halls that were created during John's presidency. It is seen in N.Y.U.'s network of global sites, which began to take shape with the gift of Villa La Pietra that John secured. It is seen in the improvements in faculty and academic programs that were made possible by the record-breaking fundraising achieved during his Presidency.

And I am told by those who worked with him that in addition to this amazing record of achievement, he was a man who epitomized the phrase “a scholar and a gentleman.”

In short, John was a transformational President even as he transformed the lives of many people in this room. How fortunate we are that he

shared his talents with us, and how fitting and good that his legacy will continue to shape N.Y.U. for generations to come.”

Richard Bull (1951)

By kind permission of the Telegraph Media Group (17 September, 2015)

Richard Bull, who has died aged 85, taught Latin and Greek at Eton and was a notably humane and liberal housemaster at the school, before becoming Headmaster of Oakham, where he flourished, and then of Rugby, where the strain of dealing with common-room intrigue took its toll.

Tall, with a luxuriant head of hair and bushy eyebrows, Bull had an imposing physical presence, but he was also a man of sensitivity and even vulnerability. He was kind to pupils, especially to those who were struggling, without being meek and mild.

Arriving at Eton as a junior master in 1955, he became part of a group of restive young Turks, including David Cornwell (the novelist John le Carré), who were not Old Etonians and showed reforming tendencies. They rejected those of the school's traditions which they regarded as reactionary, cruel or absurd – such as the wearing of the traditional school tails, or the march into School Chapel. Cornwell was friendly with Bull and his wife Anne, and a few years later dissected the public-school mind-set in his novel *A Murder of Quality* (1962).

Upon becoming housemaster of Waynelete in 1968, Bull immediately abolished the practice of boys caning other boys, and he himself never used corporal punishment. He won affection for his calm, approachable style. A colleague described him as “an ideal housemaster” who “never showed off”.

It was typical of Bull's approach that for one Christmas supper he entertained the house by performing a calypso song, accompanying himself on a ukulele (or possibly a banjo), in which he sang a verse about every boy in the house, so that each boy felt recognised.

Bull himself later confided in a friend that he had not felt that he fitted in at Eton. He was a free thinker, though studiously neutral in public, and this was encouraged by his wife Anne, his constant supporter, who was on the Left politically.

A former pupil remembered watching the television coverage of the October 1974 general election in the house, and when all the boys

cheered as the Conservatives won a seat, Anne Bull was heard to ask: "Isn't there anyone with a contrary voice?"

The Bulls were genuine enthusiasts for causes such as social justice and international development, and adopted two black boys, one of whom died in a motor accident. As the father of four daughters, Bull was also passionately interested in girls' schooling; but he tried in vain to bring full co-education to Rugby.

The son of a civil servant, Oliver Richard Silvester Bull (it was rumoured that he was related to the bandleader Victor Silvester) was born on June 30, 1930 in Gerrards Cross. After Gayhurst, a local prep school, and Rugby, he served his National Service (1949-51) in the 1st Battalion, Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment, then went up to Brasenose College, Oxford, where he took a First in Greats and gained a golf Blue.

It was at Oxford that he met Anne Fife, a beautiful and intellectually sparkling fellow undergraduate who was awarded a starred First, and in 1956 they married.

He spent 22 years at Eton and in many ways these were his happiest times professionally. He loved teaching, and taught classes in Divinity and English as well as Classics; he was also free to explore his other interests, mainly music. He could handle any instrument, played viola in the school orchestra, and was a fine clarinetist. He played in jazz and classical groups with other members of staff and generously encouraged "duffers".

Moving to take on the headship of Oakham School in Rutland in 1977, Bull managed to bring harmony to an institution that was undergoing a radical change of identity. He arrived just it was starting to admit girls all the way through and under his leadership the arrangements settled down and the ratio of girls to boys gradually balanced. Having made a success of Oakham, he was appointed to Rugby in 1985, at an unsettled period in the school's history which had seen the previous Head Master, the brilliant but troubled Brian Rees, being brutally forced to resign in mysterious circumstances. (Rees had taught at Eton, and was the son-in-law of its Head Master from the 1950s, Robert Birley.)

Rugby had admitted girls in the sixth form since the 1970s but Bull wanted to go further and have a 50/50 ratio in all years. He put it to the governors in 1986 but they turned the plan down. He had succeeded in

laying the groundwork, however, and the governors came round to the idea six years later, by which time he had stepped down.

He stayed at Rugby for just five years, at the end of which he seemed to have been demoralised by the battles he had fought, the resistance to change and the occasionally caustic backbiting of the common room.

Bull's abiding characteristic was modesty. He once told a friend that when he was summoned for interview by the Rugby governors for the job of Head Master he did not expect to be offered the post, so at interview he let fly, telling them exactly what he thought about Headmastering and what Rugby needed. He was then amazed to be offered the job.

Once installed at Rugby, he was heard to say on one occasion: "I looked the other day at the coats of arms of Rugby Head Masters [displayed in School House] and decided that I am easily the least distinguished person ever to have been Head Master."

Richard Bull retired to Presteigne in Radnorshire, where he liked to go for long walks. The Bulls sang in choirs, participating in the Three Choirs Festival, and were closely attached to the Quaker community at Almeley, which suited Richard's questioning, open approach to faith. He continued to play the clarinet until he fell ill about two years ago.

He is survived by his wife, four daughters and a son.

R. Michael Charlesworth (1949)

By Professor Sir Christopher Frayling (An address given at the Memorial Service at Repton School Chapel on 6 June, 2015)

It is famously difficult to put into words what happens during close encounters with the arts without sounding either sentimental or pretentious. To give an example, a few years ago, at the Royal College of Art in London, a famous Professor from Oxford tried to put the experience into words by giving a series of four lectures to the Painting students about the appreciation of art. He arrived, with a typescript from which he read, including quotations in several languages and no pictures, and gave what can only be described as a very dense lecture. There were twenty students present; the whole year group. At his second lecture there were ten, at his third, five, and at his final lecture there was one solitary student. The philosopher from Oxford turned to the young

painter and said, "There's not much point in going on with my lecture, is there? Why don't we just have a cup of tea and talk about it." To which the student replied, "I do wish you would go on with the lecture: I've been trying to draw you for four weeks."

There demonstrated: the great difficulty of putting experiences of the arts into words. It's also famously difficult to sustain students' attention while trying to do so; encouraging them to see as well as look, to listen as well as hear. There was a celebrated cartoon in the *New Yorker* a while back, which showed a pair of harassed tourists rushing up the steps of the old entrance to the Louvre in Paris and saying to the uniformed security guard: "Where's the Mona Lisa, we're double-parked." How do you put over what those tourists were missing, in persuasive and engaging ways?

Well, when I was Chairman of Arts Council England in 2004, the *New Statesman* asked me, as part of a survey, to name the individual who had most inspired the direction my life and career had subsequently taken. I wasn't allowed to select someone I didn't know in person so I couldn't, for example, say "a mixture of St Francis of Assisi and Joseph Stalin", though they were roughly the character traits the chairmanship of the Arts Council usually required. But the moment the question was put, I knew exactly who it had to be: it had to be someone who combined the talents of a great teacher, a scholar, a director of plays, an actor, a writer, and, as if those weren't enough, a village cricketer. It had to be Michael Charlesworth.

Why? Lots of reasons. For successfully communicating his own love of the arts and of language; for making the arts of the past come alive in the present; for introducing us to Chaucer, Marlowe and Shakespeare, Webster and the Jacobean, Milton and Dryden, modern literature and poetry in ways which, so far from being off-putting, planted a seed which encouraged us to revisit them and be nourished by them long afterwards. For showing me and countless others that texts were not dead things, but could live through performance (his play-acting and his teaching were all of a piece and in the fullness of time he'd acted most of the key parts he was explaining). For his evident affection for the school and the village, this helped us all through some of the darker moments. As he said about Repton: "I so much enjoyed the teaching, the plays, the genial, often eccentric teaching staff, the usually cheerful high spirits of the young, and everything else at Repton that I've never really left... and I've certainly not regretted it." He'd first arrived as the youngest

boy in the school, in 1941 at the age of 12, and had returned in 1953 at the age of 25 to stand in for the Head of English. He had himself been appointed to that role, as well as to Head of Drama, a year later; and the course of his entire professional life was set. He helped us to discover our self-confidence, and a sense of achievement, by finding gifts we never even knew we had, in the classroom and on the stage.

He achieved all this with a mix of boyish enthusiasm, generosity of spirit, fair-mindedness, a deep knowledge of the arts, and with secure moral values – in a word, he did it with humanity. If the original meaning of the word ‘education’ was *e-ducare*, ‘to lead out’, Michael was for me the leader-out in chief. In the trade, this is known as, ‘the illuminative experience’ or, ‘the intelligence of feeling’. I prefer to call it great teaching; the kind that changes attitudes to other subjects on the curriculum as well.

I first met Michael properly on the third day of the autumn term 1960, in the classroom at the top of Jacob’s Ladder, next to the Art School, then in the Tithe Barn. Since arriving at Repton three days earlier, I’d been busily learning the contents of the Blue Book, committing to memory the nicknames of members of staff I hadn’t met including ‘*Sworth*’ (one of the more affectionate ones), I’d had the punishment regime explained to me by the house prefects, and was getting used to calling myself a *Bim Fag*: all were parts of the elaborate initiation rituals at the Priory. And I was beginning to get the impression that the school might turn out to be rather a cruel environment, nearer in those days to Tom Brown’s *Schooldays* than to the modern world. And then, in that classroom, after awkward introductions, Michael began to read to us a short story as if it was a piece of performance poetry. It was *The Pearl* by John Steinbeck, based on a rather sad folk tale about the pearl divers in Mexico. And I somehow knew as I listened to his voice, and saw him sitting informally at his raised desk, that everything was going to be fine after all. I’d come to the right place. What I didn’t realise at the time, was that many of the others in the class felt exactly the same way.

Now for some brief snapshots of Michael, this time from *outside* the classroom.

SNAPSHOT NUMBER ONE:

I am in his chaotic room in the Old Mitre, books and notes strewn everywhere, after Sunday morning chapel, having tea and biscuits,

discussing current events and listening to music from Michael's record-player. I still can't hear William Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast*, or the main theme from *Mon Oncle* come to that, without recalling those mornings. Michael seemed to have time for everyone and went well above and beyond the call of duty. He taught us how to toast marshmallows on a gas-fire as well.

SNAPSHOT NUMBER TWO:

Rehearsals in summer 1961 in the then-new 400 Hall, it had opened only two years before, for the home-made musical Michael wrote with the gifted musician William Agnew, who was then assistant Director of Music. It was called *Bite Your Thumb* and was a comic Victorian version of *Romeo and Juliet*, one of several musicals they created together in the 1960s with large casts to give opportunities to as many boys as possible. The plays were done on a three-year cycle: a musical, then a Shakespeare and finally a modern play. Hard to believe now, but I was playing Juliet, or rather Julia Shuttleforth, which made it all the more alarming when I broke my ankle falling down a fire-escape about a fortnight before the show started and had one leg encased in heavy plaster. Even though the part involved dancing as well as singing in a treble voice, Michael visited me in hospital, encouraged me to keep going, and on the recorded version you can still distinctly hear the dull thud of my footfall during a romantic ballad. 'I'm keeping watch over you'—thud! Unforgettable. After the last night, Michael wrote a personal handwritten thank-you letter to every single member of the cast and crew.

The 400 Hall building was still having a number of teething problems, and some of the productions in which I was involved (not Michael's, I hasten to add) remind me of the schoolboy who wrote home to his parents about a student production of *Hamlet*. The parents couldn't come to the opening night, so he described it to them in a letter home:

"The audience enjoyed *Hamlet* a lot,' said the letter. 'They knew the story already, of course—but it didn't seem to matter. They laughed uproariously just the same..."

SNAPSHOT NUMBER THREE:

The performance a year later by the staff, of the four-yearly revue called *Sir John Port's Pedants* was co-directed, on this occasion, by Michael and David Wilkinson. In this show, Stuart Andrews with a camera round

his neck played Anthony Armstrong-Jones very convincingly. Peter Toynbee, as the Princess Dronehilda, memorably danced *The Dying Swan* for the “Bolshie Ballet”. There were selections from *Pick of the Slops* and Michael, dressed for some forgotten reason from head to foot in a lion-skin costume, performed *The Monster Mask*, a novelty hit of the day. Michael could allow himself a bit more bite in the satirical house reviews he wrote and produced for The Priory, where he was House Tutor, put on after supper at the end of the Christmas term. There were jokes about the fierce rivalry between The Priory and Brook House and between Sale and Eggar (irresistible force meets immovable object), and a few digs at the Combined Cadet Force, of which Michael did *not* approve, through the character of Sgt Major Bullimore. When John Thorn wrote his autobiography *The Road to Winchester*, he listed Michael Charlesworth as one of his staunchest allies in trying to change some of the cobwebby, traditional, unquestioned ways of doing things at the school, some of which were well beyond their sell-by date in the era of President Kennedy, *Honest to God* and the decline of deference; that era “between the Chatterley ban and the Beatles’ first L.P....”

SNAPSHOT NUMBER FOUR:

Meeting Michael again after a long gap, shortly before he retired from teaching at Repton, at a dinner following a talk I gave. He dashed into the dinner late, breathless and beaming with his open, actorly smile, after playing Falstaff at Derby Playhouse, and although he’d put on a bit of weight since last we’d met, to me he still looked just as I remembered him when I was a schoolboy of fourteen and he must have been about thirty. Did he really have the secret of eternal youth, or was it just a trick of memory? After all, to a fourteen-year-old, all teachers seem to be middle-aged, even if they are only a few years out of Oxford. The answer is, of course, that such youthfulness comes from the inside, and for all those years he was teaching, Michael had never lost it.

The last page of the album: SNAPSHOT NUMBER FIVE goes right back to an outing with Michael to Stratford-upon-Avon, which took place in 1962. He also took us at one time or another to Birmingham Rep, the new Nottingham Playhouse, the De Montfort Hall, outings which inspired a lifetime of theatregoing. In the Easter holidays, he’d accompany some of us abroad to double-bills of a Western European city (Venice and

Munich) and a capital in the Eastern bloc (Prague and Belgrade), an idea which was well ahead of its time at the height of the Cold War. On this occasion, we were all going to see a *matinée* of *Cymbeline*, starring the up-and-coming Vanessa Redgrave. Before we piled into the coach, Michael gave us a characteristically zestful introductory talk; telling us about the play, what the newspaper critics had written, how they disagreed with one another, and wondering what on earth Stratford would do with the celebrated stage direction: “Jupiter descends, in thunder and lightning, sitting on an eagle”. But the thing I remember most about that play, and the reason I want to finish on it, is the funeral poem in Act IV, after the interval, spoken by two down-to-earth shepherds in the remote Welsh mountains. They are mourning a dead warrior-prince. It goes in part like this:

*Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
Fear no more the frown of the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this—and come to dust.
{Pause}*

So, on behalf of 36 years' worth of his students, from 1953 to 1989, I'd like to thank you, Michael, for everything you gave us.

Dust, yes, but if you seek a monument to Michael Charlesworth, just look around you.

Michael Clark (1973)

By kind permission of the Teesside Gazette (9 June, 2016)

Tributes have been paid to popular councillor and former journalist, Mike Clark, who has died after a short battle with cancer.

He was elected to Stockton Council, representing Labour, in 2011 and had served the Grangefield ward for five years.

His move into local politics followed a distinguished career in journalism and public relations, ranging from a reporter with the Evening Gazette during the 1980s and early 1990s to head of communications for Middlesbrough Council.

He was a member of the National Union of Journalists and was FoC at the Evening Gazette.

A chair, vice-chair and member of several Stockton Council committees, Cllr Clark encouraged a vast range of community activity in Grangefield, including an over 50s drop-in at the Grays Road Institute, The Green Project for environmental services and the Grangefield Community Council.

Most recently, along with his wife, Councillor Carol Clark, he supported the creation of a running track in Grangefield Park.

Stockton Mayor, Councillor Ken Dixon, said: “My thoughts are with Carol and their family at this very sad time. I have had the pleasure of working with Michael for many years. He was a lovely man who always had the best interests of residents at heart.”

Leader of Stockton Council and Labour Group Leader, Councillor Bob Cook, said: “Our deepest condolences are with Carol and the rest of Michael’s family.

“He was a kind, warm hearted friend and colleague who was held in the highest regard by fellow councillors and council officers alike.

“Michael was devoted to public service and was 100% committed to serving the Grangefield community. He will be enormously missed.”

Kenneth Durham (1971)

By kind permission of the Times Newspapers Ltd. (26 September, 2016)

Religion was “tosh”, Ken Durham often declared. A Headmaster with trenchant views, he had a pet hate for Plato, detested Richard Dawkins

and had zero tolerance for humbug. Any teacher speaking smugly in his presence of “my” results would be firmly told, “They are not *your* results, they are the bloody boys’ results!”

His physical attributes were ideal for a Headmaster. Tall and imposing at 6ft 1in, he possessed such a booming voice that, despite being a robust atheist, he was once cast as the Voice of God in a mystery play.

He was not fazed when, early in September 2011 as the newly appointed chairman of the Headmasters’ and Headmistresses’ Conference (HMC), he was summoned to No 10 Downing Street. David Cameron wanted to find out what precisely the 282 independent schools Durham represented could do to help state-sponsored academies. At the time a judicial review was exploring the charitable status of independent schools. In his response to the Prime Minister, Durham was typically forthright. The HMC had discussed the matter, he said, and Mr Cameron need not expect a uniform response from their schools. For most, if not all, their main charitable endeavour would be funding bursaries for families unable to afford full school fees. Each school, Durham emphasised, was individual.

Independence was a value Durham nurtured at University College School (UCS) in Hampstead, London, during his 17 years as Headmaster. Exam results shot up to 90 per cent A-star grades at both GCSE and A-level. The sweeping changes he oversaw included the smooth introduction of co-education in the Sixth Form, the acquisition of a pre-prep school, and cutting edge buildings for art, technology and sport. Yet his greatest legacy was grounding UCS in the Benthamite ethos central to its founding in 1830, as part of University College London. Although it had no religious assemblies, the school’s liberal identity had faded by 1996 when Durham took the reins as Headmaster. A man of strong principles, he reversed this, insisting pupils devote a term each year to fundraising for a community project. For one such charity scheme, he agreed to his face being printed on a batch of T-shirts. Underneath the image ran the words “Mr Durham, Follically Endowed since ‘53”. Indeed his beard had a cult following.

Each pupil was always invited to his office for a chat on their birthday. Should this fall during the school holidays, they would be sent a card signed “Love, Ken”.

His charges, who referred to him as “Kenny D”, were often surprised by his assemblies: one day he might admonish racism and the next

segue from the spectrum of ice-cream flavours available to the modern schoolboy into a masterclass on the workings of the market.

Durham, an economist taught at Oxford by Vernon Bogdanor and Peter Sinclair, had an exceptionally quick mind. He devoured biographies of Sir Ernest Shackleton, had an encyclopaedic knowledge of film, and could complete *The Times* crossword in nine minutes flat, ten on a bad day. Blessed with a photographic memory, he never used notes to teach. He was admired for his ability to make speedy but sound judgments on difficult pupils.

Whatever the circumstances, he never appeared to be in a hurry. “I remember Ken Durham bowling into meetings slightly late and slightly loud, looking like Henry VIII in his prime and making everyone present feel better about the world, and about themselves,” recalled Sir Anthony Seldon, former Master of Wellington College.

Kenneth John Durham was born in 1953 and brought up in Kingston upon Thames. Educated at St John’s School in Leatherhead, he studied PPE at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he was a keen actor. Later in life he would reserve high-octane news until the last five minutes of a school meeting. This penchant for drama ran in the family. His older brother, the actor Geoffrey Durham, was married to the comedian Victoria Wood. At his last UCS prize day, Wood performed a sketch that left pupils howling while their teachers, disquieted by raw jokes, gave fixed grins.

Durham often traded jokes on the foibles of educationists with his brother and Wood at their holiday getaway in Morecambe Bay, along with his wife Vivienne (née Johnson). They met when he was head of economics at St Albans School in Hertfordshire. She was on day four of her teaching practice; fixing her with his piercing gaze, Durham elicited a shared interest in theatre. He had already found out that she had the lead role in a production of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. “Ken was a master of detail,” Vivienne recalled.

In 1984 they married, becoming one of the few double acts in headteaching. While he led UCS, after teaching at King’s College School Wimbledon, she was Headteacher of Francis Holland School, North London. After Durham’s death she received letters from his ex-pupils saying, “I was going off the rails as a teenager and he saved me.”

At a congress for “aspiring” headteachers, Durham could be found at the bar at night, cigar in hand, and Hampstead-dapper in ebony velvet suit, pink shirt and tasselled loafers.

Diagnosed with cancer four months before he was due to retire from UCS, he accepted his illness philosophically. "Life is what it is," he remarked.

He left no instructions for his funeral, but asked his wife to contact the celebrant at the service for Victoria Wood. As his days grew dim he took delight in the simplest of pleasures, waxing eloquent about the taste of iced water.

Kenneth Durham, Headmaster, was born on October 23, 1953. He died of colon cancer on August 6, 2016, aged 62

Kenneth John Durham (1971)

By Professor Peter Sinclair

Education was Ken Durham's world. He consumed it avidly in youth. In his maturity he rose to adorn two of its main pinnacles, and with great distinction.

Ken read PPE at Brasenose from 1971 to 1974. In attitudes, character and interests, he might have been a modern reincarnation of David Hume. Intellectually, Ken was a sceptical empiricist. A mildly epicurean extravert, much given to laughter, he read widely, and argued vigorously but always amicably. Then and later, he would expound his independent, well-honed and essentially liberal ideas with humour, crispness and forceful lucidity. He loved history and literature as well as politics and philosophy; and economics would become his profession. No prisoner to either asceticism or pomp of any kind, Ken was a stranger to the sports field, the chapel, and - in those days - the barber; yet he loved music of all kinds, followed test match cricket devotedly, and acted in dramas enthusiastically with a memorably carrying voice.

Ken and his elder brother Geoffrey grew up in Thames Ditton. Their father and uncle ran a family dry cleaning business. Forbears had founded it in 1859; a major employer in Kingston-on-Thames, the firm had kept West End theatres' huge curtains and wardrobes of actors' vestments spick and spruce for decades. Unlike Geoffrey, Ken eschewed every chance of working there in holidays, cheerfully passing up earnings that might have taken him abroad. Ken was deep into his 20s before he crossed the Channel; indeed, almost all his life was spent within at most two hours of London, and long haul travel to the Far East, South Africa

and the US, was always work-related. The Durham boys boarded near their home at St John's School, Leatherhead. The teaching there, back then, had only a few high spots. The school emphasized sport, which he found less than congenial. But Ken, when later a governor at St John's, was very pleased at how much its overall teaching standards had improved since his time.

Run in the mid-1970s by the brilliant scholar Jim Henderson, and sporting a galaxy of talented researchers and teachers, the Institute of Education (IOE) in London was rigorous, and outstandingly good. Ken learnt a great deal in his year there (1974-5). This contrasted with the disappointing experience of many of Brasenose's aspiring schoolteachers, who would complain bitterly at the sheer vacuity and fluffiness of the PGCE or Dip Ed courses they underwent elsewhere.

Ken's hugely successful seventeen years of headship at UCS is richly reported above. Between IOE and UCS, Ken had two happy decades of teaching economics, first at St Albans, and then King's College School, Wimbledon, where he was Director of Studies. Many years later, Ken was overjoyed to see the British Macro-economy entrusted to the very able hands of his ex-student Sir Dave Ramsden (St Albans and Brasenose) at the Treasury. It was at St Albans, in 1982, that Ken first met Vivienne Johnson, the school's newly appointed and very youthful star English teacher. They were wed in the Cathedral in 1984. They provided great support for each other, and would go on to become easily the country's most distinguished head-magisterial couple: Ken at UCS, and Vivienne at Frances Holland School, Clarence Gate Gardens. After 1996, the couple lived mostly in Hampstead, but they bought a beautiful old cottage in Thornage. Thornage, which played a cameo role as venue for the cricket match in the film *The Go-Between*, lies near the Glaven valley, safely south of the posh sailing centre of Blakeney, and a mile or two from the crumbling remains of Norfolk's little rustic answer to Crewe, at Melton Constable. Later they swapped Thornage for a dwelling in another Roman-cum-Norman cathedral city to rival St Albans, Chichester. Ken loved driving from London to Norfolk or Sussex, and, when needed, further afield. Privately, his attitude to public transport, rather less common in this century than the last, was one of profound sympathy for the poor souls who had no alternative but to use it! Unlike his sister-in-law Victoria Wood, who would tragically predecease him after a courageous battle with similar cancer by four

months, Ken was no vegetarian, but the two of them shared an infectious gift for humorous repartee.

After St Albans, while at Wimbledon, Ken managed to find time to write his book *The New City* (Macmillan, 1992). This described the evolving economy of London, and its square mile, with real wit, and penetrating (and only semi-sympathetic) analysis. But teaching and Headmastering was his main occupation, which he felt greatly privileged to do, and did with real gusto. Most teachers who are liked tend to be figures of fun; most who gain some respect, are also feared. So to be both loved and respected is a truly rare achievement. Ken managed this, in spades. He demonstrated that at all his schools, and just as much in 2011-2, as head of the Headmasters' and Headmistresses' Conference of Independent Schools.

His funeral on August 24 at Golders Green Crematorium was not widely publicized, and "private". But this did not stop a huge crowd attending. Many had to stand. Simon Lewis, Nigel Wightman and your obituarist were there too. A very much larger group of Brasenose friends will lament his passing deeply, but also recollect a delightful and inspiring friend.

Kenneth Durham (1971)

by Chris Reynolds and Andrew Wilkes

(Deputy Heads of University College School)

Kenneth [Ken] Durham's vision for education was a perfect example of the need to look beyond the easily measurable to see the genuinely important.

He took over as Headmaster of UCS from Giles Slaughter in September 1996, joining from King's College, Wimbledon where he was Director of Studies, having previously taught Economics at St Albans School. His own education had seen him first at St John's Leatherhead, before studying PPE at Brasenose College, Oxford.

UCS changed beyond recognition during Ken's headship. He oversaw the building of state-of-the-art facilities for indoor sport, design technology, art and modern foreign languages. He ensured that the introduction of coeducation to the Senior School was also a genuine success; coeducation was introduced seamlessly, without in any

way altering the atmosphere of the school. The Phoenix School, now the UCS Pre-Prep, was acquired during his headship, and the UCS Foundation now comprises three schools and UCS Active.

The physical changes that took place during Ken's tenure were striking. However, a school is far more than a collection of buildings. Ken believed passionately in a school as a community, and this perhaps is his greatest legacy. He took the UCS ethos from something that was notionally referred to, and made it central to everything the school is and does. He developed an ethos that made the UCS Foundation more popular with prospective parents than at any time in its history.

Unfortunately, the history books will never quite be able to capture the atmosphere Ken created at UCS; for example, what it means to a pupil always to be seen on their birthday. The written word will never quite be able to capture the smiles on the pupils' faces each day, or the fact that everyone genuinely looks forward to returning to school after each holiday. This is one of his greatest legacies as Headmaster. His genuine concern for all members of the school community was shown through sad and difficult times as well as happier times, and all members of the school community were grateful for his sensitivity and his extraordinary talent to say the right thing at the right time.

Ken's judgement of character was his key strength. He very quickly formed a detailed opinion of others, whether they were pupils, teachers or parents. It is this astute awareness of the ability of others that allowed him to make such sound judgements over the seventeen years he was Headmaster. Those that worked most closely with him valued his advice and enjoyed his trust.

During Ken's time at UCS both GCSE and A Level results rose steadily. At A Level, for example, the School moved from 79% A and B grades and 50% A grades in 1996, to regularly achieving over 90% A* to B and over 70% A grades. Ken should have been very proud of the significant improvement in academic standards during his time as Headmaster. And, whilst we talk about pride in achievements, we must remember that Ken is the only UCS Headmaster to have been elected as the Chairman of the Headmasters' and Headmistresses' Conference.

As many may know, UCS has no religious observance, and this extends to School assemblies. Staff and pupils all take a share in giving 'cultural' assemblies. Ken was a wonderfully accomplished assembly-giver. Some assemblies were serious, ranging from the unacceptability of racism,

sexism and homophobia to his great passion for polar exploration. Others were more tongue-in-cheek, on topics ranging from the restrictions placed on haircut styles in North Korea, to Maurice Bennett's portrait of Elvis made entirely of toast, to the derisory quality of ice-cream in his childhood. Ken had the ability to hold the attention of any audience due to his encyclopaedic knowledge, his love of educating and his sense of humour.

As well as talking the talk (which Ken did extremely well, if rather loudly) he always walked the walk. He contributed over the years to both music and drama at UCS. He worked with the music department, narrating Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* brilliantly, and demonstrated his acting prowess on several occasions, for instance in Frayn's *Noises Off*, directed by one of the Sixth Form students. Ken was almost certainly unique amongst Headmasters in being the only one to have pulled a gun on one of his pupils. Before you recoil in horror at the thought, it should be noted that this took place in a mini film written and directed by a UCS student. Ken's innocent victim was, in fact, a Year 7 pupil who eventually went on to be the Captain of Monitors (Head of School). During his time at UCS, Benjamin's Britten's *Noye's Fludde* was performed twice. Kenneth let on that he secretly believed he has been snubbed on both occasions by the casting directors; the one role he never played was that of God.

Again, unlike many Headmasters, Ken was a regular on school trips and expeditions at UCS, as he was throughout his teaching career. It was his initiative, for example, that lay behind two hugely successful expeditions to China and a further one to Vietnam and Cambodia. Never one afraid to be taken out of his comfort zone, the sight of Ken cycling around the cobbled walls of Xi'an before enjoying a traditional foot massage was one that amused the students he was travelling with.

Ken was an extraordinarily kind man of the sharpest intellect, with a great sense of humour, and this was reflected in the school he led for seventeen years. Ken's clear vision was for a top academic school where kindness, tolerance and respect amongst the pupils and teachers, was central. There is no doubt that UCS is a kinder and gentler school now, than when he took over as Headmaster, but also intellectually sassier and more ambitious. Notwithstanding his achievements in re-shaping the school physically this is Ken's genuine legacy at UCS.

It feels deeply unfair that Ken was never quite able to make the most of his well-deserved retirement. His last few months at Froggnal were beset with illness and, sadly, this would remain the case over the next three years. He is survived by his wife, Vivienne, herself a well-known figure in the educational world of NW3.

David Emms (1947)

by kind permission of the Times Newspapers Ltd. (13 February, 2016)

A man of towering intellect, and boundless enthusiasm, David Emms was an outstanding Headmaster who reversed the fortunes of two public schools: Cranleigh and Dulwich College. He enjoyed the dubious distinction of educating Nigel Farage, whom he made (in the face of calls to expel him) a school prefect.

At the age of 35, Emms made his mark as the Headmaster of Cranleigh, which, in 1960, was deeply troubled and had slipped into the “also-ran” category of minor public schools. Under Emms, it was catapulted into the senior league, as he introduced a programme of reform, abolishing corporal punishment and fagging, and introducing high academic standards and co-education. Not all his changes were a success. Traditionalists complained when he allowed a school production of *West Side Story*.

Ten years later, Emms arrived at Sherborne in Dorset, full of plans to work another transformation. These failed in the face of entrenched opposition from staff, and poor support from the school’s governors. By 1975, he had resigned to take on a new, far more successful Headmastership at Dulwich College, then a school of 1,400 pupils. His “scrum down and heel it” approach to management ruffled feathers, but the school began to flourish. Emms steered Dulwich through a crucial moment of change: the end, in 1975, of the “Dulwich experiment”, in which local education authorities had paid the fees of many pupils.

His charges remember him as a fine teacher of Modern Languages, who blended authority with charisma. He was rarely thrown by the unexpected.

Once, at Cranleigh, Emms, whom the boys called “Acker” in reference to his middle name, Acfield, lost his footing stepping off the teacher’s platform while in full flow during a French lesson. “He

fell straight onto, and completely through, a cabinet, smashing it to smithereens,” recalled one former pupil. “We boys were absolutely aghast and frozen in overwhelming expectation of some hideous, godlike reaction. However, he just picked himself up and out of the ruins with a bit of a chuckle, dusted himself off, and continued with the lesson as if it were a mere interlude. What poise!”

No mere showman, he possessed the insight to understand boys others might dismiss as hopeless cases. He offered, for example, a place at Cranleigh to a boy with a woeful school record, who had lost an eye at the age of two, and was subsequently bullied in prep school. Given a chance “to learn how to learn”, the boy benefitted from what he describes today as a “life-changing experience”.

More controversial was a decision to make Nigel Farage, a trouble-making pupil at Dulwich and an alleged purveyor of racist remarks, a prefect. Farage was adept at winding up left-wing members of staff, and, when Emms suggested making the future UKIP leader a prefect, he was lobbied by aghast members of staff. Emms, nonetheless, stuck to his guns. “It was naughtiness, not racism,” Emms said when the story was reported by Channel 4 in 2013. “I didn’t probe too closely into that naughtiness, but the staff were fed up with his cheekiness and rudeness. They wanted me to expel him, but I saw his potential, made him a prefect and I was proved right.” He admitted to finding Farage, “bloody-minded” as a teenager, but admitted he had voted for him in the 2009 European election. “That meant a lot,” noted Farage.

David Acfield Emms was born at Lowestoft in 1925, the son on Archibald, a bank manager, and Winnie Emms. As a child in East Anglia, he developed a lifelong enjoyment of sailing. He won a bursary to Tonbridge School, where he was captain of cricket and rugby and head boy. After school he served in the Royal Artillery from 1943 to 1947.

On leaving the army, Ems studied Modern languages at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he won a rugby Blue, two years in succession. He played for Northampton from 1951 to 1956 and Eastern Counties from 1951 to 1957. He was selected for the Barbarians in 1953.

After obtaining a diploma in education from Oxford, Emms joined Uppingham School as an Assistant Master, but was quickly promoted to head of Modern Languages. Nine years later, he was appointed Headmaster of Cranleigh, where he later spent the happiest chapter of

his career, after a rocky start. He equally adored his last school, Dulwich. During his time as Master, the school built a theatre and added a library named after its former pupil, PG Wodehouse. Emms fostered a new sense of community by building up relations with parents, who had previously been kept at arm's length. Emms liked to speak of the Dulwich "family".

With his track record, he was in great demand on educational boards: he was chairman of the Joint Educational Trust, which pays school fees for vulnerable children. Unusually, he also enjoyed such good relations with Head Teachers in the state sector, that they invited him to become Chairman of the Secondary Heads Association.

He is survived by his wife, Pamela Baker Speed, whom he married in 1950. She was an economist working for J&P Coates textile manufacturers, when Emms bumped into her at Newcastle railway station while he was based at Catterick army camp. He immediately asked her out to dinner. Impressed by his cheek, she accepted at once. She survived him along with three children: John, who works in container leasing; Richard, who is a Housemaster at the King's School; and Vicki, who worked for the Industrial Society and had a career in social services. Another son, Christopher, who designed golf courses, died in 2008.

Emms relished family holidays in Provence, where, long after family friends had upgraded to caravans or villas, he insisted on camping in a former eight-man army tent. He also enjoyed rugby, his dogs and his beer, as well as what he termed "radical gardening". Above all, he had time for people and especially for his pupils. Former colleagues recall Emms as "filling rooms with his presence".

As a Headmaster, his door was always open. Terry Walsh, who, until Emms' retirement in 1986, was his deputy, said: "In the days before the school councillor, he was the man [the boys] could go and talk to - even as a Headmaster."

His mind buzzed continually with ideas for improvements. He did not take himself seriously, telling colleagues that for every ten of his brain-waves, roughly seven were likely to be nonsense, two were worth thinking about and one might be quite good. A believer in God, he would pray every bedtime, and sought divine guidance on tricky issues, but he did not foist this on his charges. At Cranleigh, he made attendance at the act of daily worship voluntary.

In retirement, Emms was an outstanding after-dinner speaker. A favourite story was from his time in India: as a young soldier, he was

nervously preparing to make his first parachute jump, using notoriously unreliable parachutes, when there was a knock on his door. A smartly dressed Indian entered. "Sir I believe you are about to make your first parachute jump?" "Yes." "Well, I sell life insurance." The "horrible little man" was sent packing while Emms sat down, wrote a farewell note to his parents and then went off to his plane. He was appointed OBE in 1995. Perhaps his most cherished accolade came in 2009 when he was invited to open the Emms Centre, a £10 million Mathematics block at Cranleigh. This amused him: numbers were one of his weak points.

David Green (1958)

by kind permission of the Telegraph Media Group (21 March, 2016)

David Green, who has died aged 76, was a talented, forthright batsman for Oxford University, Lancashire and Gloucestershire with a personality to match. Some years after leaving professional cricket he started writing about the game, mainly for The Daily Telegraph, and became a rumbustious presence in county press boxes.

With a deep love for cricket, he was astute in his writing, though his somewhat anodyne style did not reflect his wit in company.

Green was 42 when he applied to The Daily Telegraph for a chance in journalism with little experience, at the suggestion of Tony Lewis, Sunday Telegraph cricket correspondent and a former England captain. Kingsley Wright, the sports editor, tried Green out for a few games, a rarity for a non-international player.

Green found his feet in his new environment and delighted his colleagues over the years as a press box raconteur, entertaining in rapier-like repartee with the freelance journalist Martin Searby, which would continue in drinking sessions after play. Amusing anecdotes, classical quotations or poetry recitals might give way to earthy jokes; his conversations with the newspaper sports desk, in contrast, were unfailingly decorous.

As a player, Green made his mark on cricket history in 1965 by scoring 2,037 runs for Lancashire in 63 innings, with a highest score of 85, unique on the circuit as the highest season aggregate without reaching a century. It was said that in that year he also drank 2,000 pints.

His form dipped the next year and he was sacked in 1967. Injury was cited, but calling the club's distinguished chairman Cedric Rhoades a "prat" no doubt hastened his departure.

In a grand gesture, Green burnt his Lancashire blazer. Many years later the committee decided to present him with a new one as an honour, but by the time the jacket arrived it was far too small for the recipient's fuller figure. "It wouldn't fit a ventriloquist's dummy," said Green, while appreciating the gesture.

David Michael Green was born on 10 November, 1939 in Llanengan, Caernarvonshire, but brought up at Timperley in Cheshire. At Manchester Grammar School he enjoyed an outstanding academic and sporting career before going up to Brasenose College, Oxford, to read History. He was a good enough at rugby to play in the back row for Sale, Bristol and Cheshire, but at cricket he was regarded as a prodigy, strongly built and distinctive with crunching stroke play as an opener. He was signed by Lancashire as a schoolboy and at Oxford, gained three Blues. As an undergraduate he faced for the first time the mighty Fred Trueman.

Green made his championship debut for Lancashire while at Oxford, establishing a reputation for rapid scoring in an era of sluggish tempo on uncovered pitches. Newly married to a German wife, Gina, he was not sure about a full-time career in county cricket, but he was tempted back after a two-year break. He became vice-captain under Brian Statham during a time of political turmoil at the club, but the runs dried up in 1966. He always felt his sacking from his beloved Old Trafford was unjust.

To prove his point, in his first season with Gloucestershire in 1968 he hit 2,137 runs at an average of 40.32, with a top score of 233. As a Wisden player of the year he seemed to have no problem with spin that season, no doubt benefiting from the advice of Arthur Milton as his opening partner. He enjoyed his new county, forming a friendship with the great South African all-rounder, Mike Procter when bar-room conviviality was a part of life for most players. "He had an old-fashioned attitude to new-fangled things such as training and fitness programmes," Procter noted. "He didn't believe in them."

Green gave up county cricket at the age of 30. He tried to pick up a career with a catering firm in Bristol, but by his own admission "real work" did not suit him, and his life drifted for a decade before Lewis

contacted him about journalism. Green found a new home in county press boxes, once again enjoying the peripatetic lifestyle familiar to a county cricketer.

Green's personality was complicated but he earned respect among his peers for his irreverence and generosity of spirit, contributing (on rugby as well as cricket) to both Telegraph titles for 27 years, as well as Wisden and various magazines. He published his memoirs, *A Handful of Confetti*, in 2013 during retirement in Devon, and his second book, *Summer of '65*, appeared last year.

His marriage was dissolved, and one son, Daniel, predeceased him. He is survived by his other son, Adam.

Professor Erwin Louis Hahn (Honorary Fellow, 1984–2016)

by Katherine Hahn Halbheer and Deborah Hahn Persson

Erwin Hahn was the discoverer of spin echoes, a breakthrough in physics which led ultimately to the development of MRI technology, which continues to improve medical diagnostics and change the lives of millions of people around the world today.

The seventh child of Hungarian/German Jewish immigrants, Erwin was born in Farrell (near Sharon), Pennsylvania on 9 June, 1921 and grew up in Sewickley. Interested in science from an early age, his oldest brother bought him a chemistry set when he was six years old. "It was a great plague to my mother," he recalled. He received a scholarship to Juniata College, where, although he was slowly becoming "impressed by the fundamental concepts of physics", he took a degree in Chemistry in 1943. Following a year of graduate studies in Physics at Purdue University, Erwin was invited to work on the Manhattan Project in Los Alamos, but his recent marriage and a lack of married housing meant that he was unable to take up the post. He was then drafted into the Navy, where he taught sonar and radar for nearly two years and thereby (decisively for his career) gained an insight into electronic pulses. When the war ended, Erwin continued his graduate studies at the University of Illinois, receiving his Ph.D in June 1949. A month later, having continued as a postdoc, he noticed what he first thought was "an irritating glitch" on the screen of his oscilloscope. When it recurred he took a closer look, and what he found was seminal.

The research area was initially called Nuclear Magnetic Resonance (NMR). In an early article, Erwin Hahn wrote: “the spin echo is displayed by atomic nuclei which behave like spinning bar magnets [in a magnetic field]. An applied radiofrequency pulse [...] causes the nuclei to tip in unison, and after the pulse is removed, the nuclei emit a coherent radio signal. The signal gradually disappears as the nuclei get out of phase [...] and misalign. The nuclei can be caused to realign and produce a spontaneous echo radio signal following the action of a second radiofrequency pulse, or subsidiary echoes after more than two pulses.” A decade after the 1949 discovery, Erwin showed how two pulsed magnetic field gradients switched in polarity also refocused echoes, a phenomenon now called “gradient echo”. Essentially all MRI imaging pulse sequences today incorporate spin and gradient echoes. Erwin Hahn has been quoted by a colleague as saying, “There is nothing that nuclear spins will not do for you, as long as you treat them as human beings.”

NMR had no concrete application in those early years, and Erwin went on to make significant contributions in other areas, such as optics. From Illinois he progressed to Stanford on a National Research Council Fellowship, and worked at IBM’s Watson Lab in New York, where he was also an associate in the Physics Department at Columbia University. In 1955 he became an Assistant Professor at UC Berkeley, in 1961 a Full Professor, and finally Professor Emeritus in 1991. A popular and sought-after teacher, Erwin supervised numerous Ph.D students, many of whom have achieved great professional success themselves.

Erwin’s death is a blow to the physics community both nationally and internationally. He will be remembered as an extraordinarily gifted scientist, ranked among the greats of the 20th Century, with many of whom he interacted. A Nobel Prize eluded him, but he received countless other awards and distinctions, among them the Wolf Prize in 1984, and memberships of the American and Russian Academies of Science and the British Royal Society. Several honorary doctorates, including one from Oxford University in 2009, also recognized his lifetime achievement. The Erwin L. Hahn Institute for Magnetic Resonance Imaging in Essen, Germany, bears his name, as will UC Berkeley’s personal tribute, an Erwin Hahn Graduate Fellowship. In May 2016 he received his final award, the highest honor from the International Society for Magnetic Resonance in Medicine (ISMRM): the Gold Medal.

The support which Erwin received from his spouses during his two long marriages was incalculable. He was married twice, to Marian Ethel Failing in 1944 and, after her death in 1978, to Natalie Woodford Hodgson in 1980. Erwin's children and stepchildren will remember their father and stepfather as a great character, distracted, idiosyncratic, self-absorbed and often hard to live with, but also deeply entertaining and loveable.

Erwin's colleagues and the wider scientific community, too, will remember him not only as a brilliant scientist but as a witty, funny, charming and gregarious personality. His extraordinary sense of humor and collection of anecdotes and limericks, both decorous and otherwise, were legendary. He told the most off-color jokes it is possible to imagine. He juggled, going onstage in the Navy to entertain his fellows. He was a keen violinist, playing chamber music and in various orchestras. He enjoyed camping and the outdoors, taking many hiking trips in the Sierras with family and friends. He was a great traveller, combining his many sabbaticals abroad with forays to interesting places, many of them off the beaten track. In his later years, together with Natalie, he took up amateur acting.

Erwin was one of a kind: capable both of eliciting shrieks of hilarity from undergraduates by playing tunes on his head to demonstrate resonance in his Physics of Music class, and of talking seriously before august bodies such as the British Royal Society and the Russian Academy of Sciences. Scientist and teacher, father and husband, beloved friend to many:

Erwin Hahn will be much missed.

Erwin Hahn is survived by his widow Natalie Hahn, his children David, Deborah and Katherine, his stepchildren Welles and Elisabeth, his grandchildren Andrew and Christopher Hahn and Cecilia Caruso, and his great-grandchildren Owen, Hudson and Ethan Hahn.

Katy Jones (1982)

by kind permission of the Guardian (6 May, 2016)

The investigative journalist and TV producer Katy Jones, who has died suddenly following a brain haemorrhage, aged 51, helped to expose institutional injustice and human rights abuses, always focusing on the lives and experiences of those rendered powerless by their circumstances.

She was also recognised as the driving force behind the BBC's Ten Pieces project, committed to broadening the education of children and young people through music.

Katy was well known for her contribution to Jimmy McGovern's drama-documentary, *Hillsborough* (Granada, 1996). At an FA Cup semi-final between Liverpool and Nottingham Forest held at Hillsborough stadium, Sheffield, on 15 April 1989, severe crushing in two overcrowded pens led to the deaths of 96 men, women and children. Told primarily through the experiences of three families, and informed by Katy's meticulous research, the film increased public understanding of the context and consequences of the disaster, won major awards and achieved international recognition.

In 2010, the Labour government acceded to the Hillsborough families' demands for a full review of all existing documents relating to the disaster. Katy was appointed to the Hillsborough Independent Panel and, throughout its first months, worked closely with its research team. The panel's report was presented to the families on 12 September 2012 at the Anglican Cathedral, Liverpool. The 96 inquest verdicts were subsequently quashed and new inquests initiated, as were fresh police and Independent Police Complaints Commission investigations.

The daughter of Anne Pickard, an educationist, and Gareth Jones, a management consultant, Katy was born and grew up in Dulwich, South London. With her older brother, Christopher, and younger sister, Becky, she shared a love of her father's home country, Wales, taking many summer holidays in the Black Mountains.

She was educated at Mary Datchelor Grammar School, Alleyn's School, Dulwich, and Brasenose College, Oxford. At university she wrote for *Isis*, the Oxford student magazine. Craving a more radical alternative, Katy founded and edited *The Twist*, an highly successful arts and cultural magazine that in 1984 was named the Guardian's student magazine of the year. It was the first of Katy's many awards.

Following graduation, she joined Granada TV in Manchester as a researcher, soon moving to its flagship investigative programme, *World in Action*. She worked on 25 programmes, including *Pindown*, exposing systemic child abuse in Staffordshire's residential homes and prompting an inquiry into the authority's institutional childcare system. Through her experience at *World in Action* she became convinced that broadcasting could be a positive force for change.

Appointed factual producer researching Hillsborough in 1995, she drew on the research of the Hillsborough Project, which had analysed the public inquiry and inquests, alongside interviews with bereaved families and survivors. Katy further examined key documents, and interviewed senior police officers and officials, establishing long-lasting, trusting relationships with those families whose stories were central to the production.

In 1994 Katy married Mike Spencer, then head of Granada's regional programmes. They went on to have two children, Huw and Sarah. While parenting and volunteering as a school governor, Katy continued her investigative work. Her research and production credits were extensive, and included *McGovern's Sunday* (2002), which focused on the killing of 14 civilians by soldiers of the 1st Battalion, Parachute Regiment, in Derry's Bogside in January 1972. *Yasmin* (2004), written by Simon Beaufoy, explored the intergenerational impact of 9/11 on the British Pakistani Muslim community in West Yorkshire. *The Mark of Cain* (2007), written by Tony Marchant, exposed the realities of the "war on terror" through the testimonies of young soldiers in Iraq. *Neil McKay's RIP Boy* (2010) for BBC Radio recounted the appalling death of Zahid Mubarek at the hands of his racist cellmate in Feltham Young Offenders' Institution. These outstanding productions were hallmarked by Katy's commitment to factual accuracy, passion for social justice and calm intelligence.

In 2011, while serving on the Hillsborough Independent Panel, she was appointed executive producer for the BBC's Learning Zone, commissioning 130 educational dramas, documentaries and animations over four years. These programmes won more than 50 nominations and awards including six Baftas. Recently she devised and produced the BBC's *Ten Pieces*. Introducing schoolchildren throughout Britain to classical music, *Ten Pieces* is an inclusive and innovative initiative encouraging children to experiment with music.

Launching the project with Katy in 2014, the BBC's Director General, Tony Hall, expressed immense pride in embarking on the corporation's "biggest commitment we've ever made to music education". As *Ten Pieces* develops it will form the most recent exemplar of Katy's diverse legacy in broadcasting. She, says Hall, "stood for everything I love about the BBC – its ability to reach everyone, to bring communities and generations together, and to make a difference in people's lives".

Katy was a vibrant, intuitive, strong woman who challenged injustice and was an inspiration to many. Her boundless, infectious energy and her ability to understand and expose personal struggles within their defining political and institutional contexts will be profoundly missed.

She is survived by Mike, Sarah and Huw.

Alastair MacKenzie (1954)

by Richard East (1961)

Alastair Mackenzie, who died in June 2015, aged 82, was a towering and much loved figure in the world of Rugby Fives. He was well known as a first class player, and legendary for what he termed “après fives”, which comprised great enjoyment of good food, convivial company, and alcoholic refreshment.

He played for Oxford University from 1955–1957, was captain of a winning side in 1957, and was for many years President of the OU Rugby Fives Club.

He moved to St Paul’s School to teach English and Latin in 1958, took over the role as coach for the Rugby Fives teams, and proceeded to produce a series of national events winners.

When St Paul’s moved from Hammersmith to Barnes in the mid ‘60s, he persuaded the school planners to build six full sized, and three cut down, Fives courts in the new sports complex. This had the effect of turning St Paul’s School into a Rugby Fives power house as a producer of top quality players, but also made the school into the national centre for the sport.

What he achieved for St Paul’s, he repeated for Oxford University in 1989, linking with John East (BNC 1965–69; one of his protégées, and sometime National champion) to build two Rugby Fives Courts on the Iffley Road Sports complex, to replace the demolished earlier courts at Worcester and Keble.

Alastair was a devotee of tennis, cricket, ballet and opera, but wine was his abiding passion. Once he had achieved his qualifications from the Wine and Spirit Education Trust, he burst forth with three books on wine, all well received, including, *Mas de Daumas Gassac – The Birth of a Grand Cru*.

He found the time to join and support many clubs, including Vincent’s, Jesters, Fletchers, Old Paulines, MCC, Travellers, and was unbelievably

knowledgeable about cricket from his early years in Lancashire in the 1940s on to the great tests of the 2000s. He was regularly to be found in Dead Man's row at Lords for ALL five days of any Lords test match once he passed 70. He also toured for the Brasenose Strollers in Devon, and on one occasion at Exmouth caused huge consternation to the umpire by declaring, after bowling three deliveries with his right hand, that he now planned to continue the over with his left. This duly transpired. Sadly no wicket fell to reward his ruse.

Finally, he had an encyclopaedic memory for poetry, and even wrote some of his own. Here is a clerihew he wrote:

*P Virgilius Maro
Was not educated at Harrow
But at home
i.e. Rome*

He leaves his widow Pauline, who did a stunning job looking after him for four long years as Parkinson's disease gradually crippled him, and two sons, Bruce and Stuart, both more than competent Rugby Fives players.

John Roy Main (1950)

by Angela Main

John Roy Main was born on 21 June, 1930 to Alfred Charles and Minnie Main. His father was a member of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers and he was seconded to the Navy to work in their Underwater Detection Unit, based near Portsmouth. Both John and his older brother Bill attended The Portsmouth Grammar School. John was a pupil from 1938 to 1948 and was able to sing in the Cathedral Choir for a short time until his voice broke. This was the beginning of a lifelong love of classical music.

Having taken Higher School Certificate a year early, the school suggested he should apply for an English Speaking Union exchange scholarship to a school in America. John was successful and spent a year at Hotchkiss School in Connecticut, studying Latin and Greek.

He returned to Portsmouth in 1948 and sat his Oxford entrance exams, resulting in a scholarship to Brasenose College, which was offered to the Classical Scholar thought most likely to make a good

lawyer. Whilst at BNC, John was a member of the OU Law Society as well as the college Ellesmere Society. He was also a member of the OU Boat Club and coxed a college Eight in the Head of the River race in 1951. He always took a keen interest in the Boat Race and never forgot how to punt, demonstrating this to his family many years later. He had many happy memories of his time at the college and, after graduation, he returned to take tutorials for Law students.

He graduated from Oxford with a law degree in 1953 and was called to the Bar in 1954 by Inner Temple. As a young barrister he met and married his wife Angela, who qualified as a Doctor the following year. He had a wide ranging criminal and civil practice as well as doing a lot of work before the Traffic Commissioners. He was a careful and persuasive advocate and could always recall the appropriate case to support a point of law. He became a Queen's Counsel in 1974, and was appointed to the Western Circuit bench in 1976. At first, he sat in both Criminal and Civil courts in Bristol, however he began to prefer the Civil and Family cases. Having transferred to Guildford, Surrey he continued to specialise in the civil and family work, eventually becoming Designated Family Judge until his retirement in 1995. He derived great professional satisfaction from these cases, taking care to listen patiently to all that was put before him, and arriving at a solution that would be workable as well as fair. He had the ability to keep the trial moving, combined with a fine sense of humour.

John was a governor of The Portsmouth Grammar School for many years and he and Angela were members of their local church, where he sang in the choir.

In retirement he and Angela enjoyed many years of travel abroad. They also explored the UK, walking many coastal paths and the famous Coast to Coast walk, as well as spending many holidays in Europe, especially France.

Although his health was failing, he was delighted to celebrate his Diamond Wedding Anniversary in June 2015. He is survived by his wife, three children, nine grandchildren and four great grandchildren. He was very proud of them all and their diverse achievements and enjoyed spending time with them all in his later years.

Brian Miller 1924–2001

by Malcolm Kelsall (1958)

Brian Donald Hewens Miller was Hulme lecturer in English Philology at Brasenose College, 1953–1957, University lecturer in English Language 1959–1992, Emeritus Fellow 1979–1992, and Jahore Professor of English, Malaya University 1957–1959.

I have been meaning to write about the late Brian Miller ever since Bernard Richards wrote an obituary in *The Brazen Nose*. Conversation with my contemporaries at the Gaudy for 1958 matriculands has spurred me to action.

I realise that my wife, Mary, and I knew Brian better than anyone at BNC, and the Brian we knew was, in many ways, different from the common image. I suppose it all began when Brian was astonished to find himself with a tutorial student who was as excited by Old and Middle English as an astronaut just landed on a fascinating alien planet. I just wanted to find someone with whom to talk about the extraordinary experience. Although Brian was the most conscientious of tutors (his reading lists were a model of good sense) my impression was that he expected undergraduates to view OE and ME as household chores: a necessary but tedious activity. Forty minutes of heartfelt outpouring about *Patience* and *Purity* was not part of the regular order of things. I think that phase of our relationship reached a culmination after one such forty minute rodomontade from me (on *The Owl and the Nightingale*). Brian folded his hands in what might have been a gesture of benediction, or a prayer for his merciful release, and observed, “I don’t think *I* have anything to say.”

This may have remained merely a minor anecdote among many associated with Brian. But some years later I gave up what was a comparatively well-paid job in the newsroom of *The Guardian* to return to what Brian’s favourite, Dr. Johnson, called the “toil, envy, want” of the scholar’s life. Fortunately my ‘patron’ was not Lord Chesterfield but Brian himself, who helped facilitate the transfer with exquisite tact, courtesy and kindness (up until now I have avoided ‘the jail’). This was the beginning of our friendship. I wonder how many other of Brian’s colleagues have enjoyed tea at home with him, or rather what might be described as ‘the tea ceremony’ as tasteful in the presentation as in the eating? Home was another world away from the austerity of a

book-lined tutorial room in College. Brian had a passionate love for the Aesthetic Movement and all the associated Chinoiserie (he might well have enjoyed Wilde's rooms in Magdalen). Moreover, his taste for the house and garden beautiful made him a particularly charming host when in female company. Finally, when relaxed among congenial friends, his sense of the humour and absurdity of things would flower. How many members of the SCR have been so doubled up with laughter in Brian's company that their stomach muscles ached?

Brian's aesthetic tastes extended to National Trust houses and gardens and from teas (and then lunch) together our companionship developed to trips out in the Thames Valley and the Cotswolds. It is untrue (despite rumours to the contrary) that Brian never learnt to drive, on the contrary he owned a large and very powerful car. I don't know whether it was Brian or the car itself which perceived a red light as a challenge, but I remember trips up St Giles to Bradmore road only surpassed in excitement by former late night taxi rides in Soviet Leningrad.

After we moved to Cardiff, Mary and I saw Brian less often but conversation was replaced by a witty epistolary correspondence from Oxford, which would have delighted Pope or Horace Walpole, but totally without their malice. We still parked the car on Brian's drive when visiting Oxford to work in 'Bodley', and now were as likely to meet him working behind the scenes at Oxfam as over a meal. Meantime, his scrupulous proof reading saved me from many an egregious error, and his unfailing kindness secured me dining rights in the SCR. Mary and I were devastated to learn, by way of a returned letter, of his death.

It is difficult to tell what elements cement a friendship. Perhaps it was a common sense of alienation, although arising from very different causes. I often thought that Brian's true milieu would have been a medieval monastery which would have satisfied his ascetic and aesthetic sensibility and would also have fulfilled his heartfelt charitable instincts. My own alienation, as a scholarship lad from the mean streets of a big city, made even Old English more immediately accessible than Oxford, as it then was. I could empathise with the need for 'street cred' among the thugs of Hrothgar's court (in *Beowulf*) more readily than with the Mandarin intricacies of a Michelin orientated High Table. It was Brian who first inspired me with the ideals of integrity (*integer vitae*) and of severe but always companionable scholarship. I shall not look upon his like again.

Edwin Thomas Moore (1946)*From His Family*

Edwin Thomas Moore II was born in Coatsville, PA in 1922 to Lewis Raymond and Grace Binton Moore. He had two sisters; Trudy, now deceased, and Ester who lives in Cincinnati. He graduated from Winchester High School in 1939 and started at Swarthmore College. Later he transferred into accelerated program at RPI and graduated with a BSME in 1942.

Ed started his career as a service representative for Pratt and Whitney Aircraft working, on P and W engines at air force bases. Between 1944 and '46, Ed joined the US Maritime Services working on oil tankers delivering fuel to military bases in Europe and the Pacific during WWII. For the next two years he studied at Brasenose College, Oxford and enjoyed living with families in France during the interim terms.

He returned to the States and started working again at Pratt and Whitney and enjoyed weekend retreats and vacations in Vermont. It was during this time that he met Betty Weichel, his future wife, while skiing at Stowe. He re-joined the Merchant Marines in 1951 and made trips to Europe to 'court' Betty, who was studying in Europe. They were engaged in Capri and married in Belmont, MA during the month of December. They recently celebrated their 64th wedding anniversary.

For several years, Ed worked for GE and he and Betty were busy raising their two sons, Tom and John. During this time Ed also furthered his education, studying philosophy at NYU from 1958-60 and was called by the navy during the summer of '59 to serve as an engineer on a troop ship carrying Turkish troops to and from the DMZ in Korea. Following this, Ed worked for several years in marketing high tech products.

In 1967, the Moore family decided to move from NY to VT. In 1969, E. T Moore Builder was established to service friends and neighbours in the Underhill area. Sons, Tom and John and their young friends and neighbours served as summer work crews. The business was taken on by his son, Tom, when Ed established E. T Moore Computer Services.

Ed has been involved in countless projects in the Jericho-Underhill community serving as Selectman, coordinating major renovations to the Town Hall and United Church of Underhill and also complicated mapping projects. Most recently the park in Underhill Center was

named in his honor. Ed also was a talented musician and enjoyed playing the clarinet in a musical group with his sons and friends.

Sir Richard Parsons (1946)

by kind permission of the Telegraph Media Group (20 May, 2016)

Sir Richard Parsons, who has died aged 88, was a respected career diplomat who had a side-line as an author of crime fiction.

“I think being an ambassador is like piloting an aircraft,” Parsons said in 2005. “You are only paid for what you do in an emergency. Most of the time it is routine.” Through the 1970s and 1980s he was successively British ambassador to Hungary, Spain and Sweden, in which posts he experienced both the drama and the routine of ambassadorial life, and witnessed the shifting structures of power within Europe.

In Budapest in the mid-1970s he noticed the first signs that Russia was loosening its grip. “By this time [...] they weren’t executing people any more or anything like that,” he recalled. The communists were “wily bargainers, but once you agreed something, it happened”.

Then, in Madrid, he saw Spain emerge from the hangover left by the Franco regime and embrace democracy, and during the Falklands War he personally intervened to stop a shipment of Exocet missiles being sent from the Canary Islands to Argentina. And he was in Stockholm, his final posting, when Sweden’s Prime Minister, Olof Palme, was assassinated while walking home from the cinema. Aside from that shocking event, Parsons admitted to finding the country “a bit boring”. “When I used to come back from Stockholm to London,” he remembered, “I would fly back and perhaps go to a pub and it was like going straight back into Hogarth’s London: all the vitality, the evil, the wickedness.”

While executing his diplomatic duties, Parsons wrote fiction in his spare time and in 1968 – when he was working at the Foreign Office in London as assistant private secretary to the foreign secretary – he published his first novel, *None of Us Cared for Kate*, under the nom de plume of John Haythorne.

“Overly provocative Kate is dead,” announced the jacket blurb, “and although nobody was particularly crazy about her, she had been the personal assistant of the British Ambassador to a South-East Asian Kingdom, and the Foreign Office should try to find out who killed her, and why.”

The novel introduced readers to Hawthorne's hapless protagonist, Oliver Mandrake, a "corpulent, easy-going, sedentary" diplomat who is sent into various danger zones as an unlikely troubleshooter. Hawthorne produced several further Mandrake novels, in which his bungler is confronted with snakes, lizards, Cold War villains and the bewitching wife of a military attaché.

Richard Edmund Clement Fownes Parsons was born on March 14, 1928 to Richard Parsons, a GP, and his wife Winifred. His father was the doctor to the Royal Horse Artillery barracks in St John's Wood.

Richard attended Arnold House School in St John's Wood and Bembridge School on the Isle of Wight. His mother told him that he would not be able to join the Diplomatic Service since at that time a private income was required.

This had changed, he noted, by the time he had completed his degree in Modern History at Brasenose College, Oxford, and two years' National Service in the Royal Army Educational Corps. He joined the Foreign Service (later the Diplomatic Service) in 1951, aged 23, initially in its African department, then run "by two men and a boy, and I was the boy". His first taste of dealing with a crisis came in 1952 with the Turf Club riots in Cairo, when Egyptian nationalists killed a number of Britons.

In the mid-1950s Parsons was posted to Washington and Vientiane. In Washington, he met Senator Joe McCarthy at an embassy party to mark the Queen's birthday. "Like many really wicked people," Parsons observed later, "he was completely charming. I took him out on the terrace and there was a tremendous intake of breath and it was rather like arriving at the christening of the sleeping beauty, and bringing in the bad fairy."

He then returned to London as a resident clerk, while in the American department of the FO, living in a flat above his office, before joining the British embassy in Buenos Aires as its commercial secretary. "Even then the Argentines were trying to get back the Falkland Islands, the Malvinas, and indeed our office was actually situated on the street called The Reconquest," he remembered. A colleague advised him that in South America it was wise not to stand on a balcony behind a head of state.

Through the late 1960s and early 1970s he had further postings to Ankara and Lagos, as well as periods in London. In 1976 he was appointed ambassador to Hungary.

As ambassador to Spain (1980–84) one of his duties was to bestow a CBE on Gerald Brenan, the British author and Hispanist, at his home at Alhaurin el Grande in the hills above Malaga. Parsons arrived with two bottles of champagne and read Browning to Brenan, who by then was in his late eighties and blind. Not realising that Parsons had a book in his hand, Brenan declared that “the range of culture in general and especially the knowledge of poetry now thought necessary for senior diplomatic posts was quite amazing”.

Parsons continued to write and in *The Strelsau Dimension* (1981) – worked on while Parsons was in Hungary – he sent Mandrake behind the Iron Curtain. The title, a nod to *The Prisoner of Zenda*, hinted at Parsons’ debt to Anthony Hope’s tongue-in-cheek tales of derring-do, along with the Flashman adventures of George MacDonald Fraser.

He was the ambassador to Sweden from 1984 to 1987, after which he left the Diplomatic Service and settled in King’s Lynn. In his retirement he focused on his writing and at the town’s literary festival gave talks about his diplomatic adventures.

His other books, under his own name, included *The Moon Pool* (1988), *Mortmain and Other Plays* (a selection of his dramatic work, 1993), *The Den of the Basilisk* (2012), *Howling at the Moon* (2013) and the short story collection *Rode He on Barbary?* (2014); and, as John Haythorne, *Mandrake in Granada* (1984) and *Mandrake in the Monastery* (1985). In 2005 he was interviewed by his contemporary, Malcolm McBain, for the Diplomatic History Oral History Programme at Churchill College, Cambridge, and he published his memoirs, *Lying Abroad*, last year.

A member of the Garrick Club, Parsons enjoyed amateur dramatics in his younger days and was a keen theatre-goer; his own plays were produced in various small venues.

In 1960 he married Jenifer Jane Mathews, who predeceased him. He is survived by their three sons.

Sir Richard Parsons (1946)

by kind permission of the Times Newspapers Ltd. (13 June, 2016)

Ambassador successively to Hungary, Spain and Sweden, Sir Richard Parsons saw enough turbulence and incidents in a long diplomatic career to test his sangfroid, provoke imaginative responses and provide material for the rollicking escapades of Oliver Mandrake, his accident-prone

fictional diplomat whose adventures he chronicled in a succession of critically acclaimed novels.

Diplomacy, Parsons found, tended to be a comfortable round of formal exchanges and predictable contacts punctuated by sudden political crises, violence and the need for quick thinking. "I think being an ambassador is like piloting an aircraft," he said. "You are only paid for what you do in an emergency. Most of the time it is routine."

In various postings around the world – including Laos, Turkey, Nigeria and Argentina – he found plots, characters and intrigue a plenty, many of which found their way into the novels he wrote under the pen name John Haythorne. When there was no further need to conceal his identity, he wrote a series of books under his own name, including *The Moon Pool*, *The Den of the Basilisk* and *Howling at the Moon*.

The challenges he faced in each country changed. In the 1970s, Parsons was one of the first to note the weakening of Soviet control in Hungary, as the country's leader, Janos Kadar and his liberalising brand of "goulash Communism" took advantage of the ideological stagnation in Moscow. Later, during the Falklands war, when Parsons was ambassador to Spain, he found out that Argentina was trying to beat the French embargo on its exports of Exocet missiles by smuggling the deadly weapon acquired from a third party via the Canary Islands. He intervened and used his private contacts to telephone the Spanish prime minister. Leopoldo Calvo-Sotelo, late at night and persuade him to impound the missile, which was already loaded into the hold of an aircraft at Las Palmas airport. His actions likely saved the lives of British servicemen who were fighting to liberate the Islands in 1982.

There was more bilateral diplomacy required in Spain. Gibraltar was a constant irritant. Spain wavered between nationalist demands, accompanied by confrontational measures at the border crossing, and the need to show a friendly face to Britain. Parsons, always ready to go to the top, sought a meeting with King Juan Carlos. They met in July 1983, at a time when Britain was threatening to block Spain's application to the European Economic Community (EEC) if it did not lift the border restrictions.

It was only 30 years later that the explosive nature of their talks was revealed. The king admitted that Spain did not really want Gibraltar handed back at that time. Parsons reported to London: "The King emphasised, as he has done with me before, that the requirement was to

take some step over Gibraltar which would keep public opinion quiet for the time being.”

King Juan Carlos told the ambassador that both governments should clearly understand that Spain was not really seeking an early solution to the sovereignty question. “If she recovered Gibraltar, King Hassan of Morocco would immediately activate his claim to Ceuta and Melilla” – Spanish enclaves in North Africa held by Spain since the 15th Century.

Two months later, the Spanish Prime Minister met Sir Geoffrey Howe, the foreign secretary. Spain opened the border with Gibraltar in 1985, paving the way for Spain’s accession to the EEC.

For Parsons, his time in Spain was a period of personal sadness. In 1981 his wife, Jennifer Matthews, died. They had three sons: Julian, who worked for the Church commissioners; Nicholas, who went into financial journalism in the Far East; and Timothy, who works on social housing. Parsons never remarried.

He was ambassador to Sweden during one of the biggest political crises to rock the prosperous nation – the 1986 assassination of Prime Minister, Olof Palme, in a Stockholm street in broad daylight. Parsons has known and liked him. The motive was unknown and the killer was never discovered. That incident aside, Parsons admitted to finding Sweden, “a bit boring”. He remembered that “when I used to come back from Stockholm to London, I would fly back and perhaps go to a pub and it was like going straight back into Hogarth’s London – all the vitality, the evil, the wickedness.”

Born in 1928, Richard Edward Clement Fownes Parsons was educated at Bembridge School on the Isle of Wight, but evacuated to the Lake District during the war. From an early age he wanted to be an actor. His younger brother, Adrian, recalled that as a boy Parsons wrote a play about Vesuvius and made his brother play the part of the volcano by throwing a bucket of earth all over the lawn. The interest in drama never left him: in retirement he wrote plays, many of them finding audiences in small theatres. He also had keen egalitarian instincts, even as a child. Asked by his nanny to doff his hat in Regent’s Park when a carriage went past with Princess Elizabeth and her sister Princess Margaret, he retorted: “I don’t take my hat off to little girls.”

After graduating from Brasenose College, Parsons did his National Service from 1949-51. He sat the exams for the diplomatic service – a

career his mother did her best to discourage, saying he would never receive a steady income.

One of his first jobs was to produce a paper on the possibility of Gamal Abdel Nasser nationalising the Suez Canal; he concluded there was little Britain could do about it, having already nationalised many of its own industries. As Parsons recalled, when Anthony Eden became Prime Minister, “He looked at the paper and said, ‘This is no damn good’, and threw it across the room. Of course with the knowledge of hindsight you might say that the Foreign Office legal advisers were right and Eden was wrong.”

Parsons was posted to Washington in 1953, where he met Senator McCarthy at an embassy party for the Queen’s birthday. “Like many really wicked people, he was completely charming,” Parsons recalled. “I took him out on the terrace and there was a tremendous intake of breath, and it was rather like arriving at the christening of the sleeping beauty and bringing in the bad fairy.” He was sent next to Vientiane, Capital of Laos and newly independent from France. The embassy was in the middle of a field, surrounded by water buffalo, and could only be reached by walking on slimy duckboards. When the American ambassador fell off into the water, the Foreign Office agreed to construct a more substantial building.

A stint in Buenos Aires followed. Even then the Falklands were a popular nationalist cause. “Our office was situated on the street called The Reconquest”, Parsons recalled. He was warned by an embassy colleague that in Latin America it was not sensible to stand on a balcony behind a head of state.

In 1965 he caught the attention of Michael Stewart, then the Labour Foreign Secretary, who offered him the role of being his own private secretary. By the time Parsons arrived to take up the position, however, George Brown had replaced Stewart. “George was a very strange man really,” Parsons recalled. “I became quite fond of him but he wanted to emulate Ernie Bevin. He wanted to be the boy from the East End who would be loved by the Foreign Office [...] and he didn’t pull it off somehow. He was very thin-skinned. He thought that we were all sneering and laughing at him.”

Parsons worked with Sir Murray MacLehose, later the Governor of Hong Kong, but at that time, the Principal Private Secretary. He recalled

MacLehose, a plain speaking lowland Scot, one reproving Brown: “George, you’re drunk. We’re going home.”

Such incidents were grist to his novels. The hero of his four early books was a bumbling diplomat, an amateur detective – “corpulent, easy going and sedentary”. In *None of Us Cared for Kate*, described by one reviewer as a narrative of “portly good humour”, Oliver Mandrake solves the mystery of the murder, somewhere in South-East Asia, of an ambassador’s secretary, while in *The Strelsau Dimension*, he is taken behind the Iron Curtain.

After retiring, Parsons settled in King’s Lynn and spent much of his time writing, helping with the town’s literary festival and giving talks on his diplomatic adventures. He was also an affable and agreeable member of the Garrick Club. Yet he was frank in criticising what he saw as the elitism of the Foreign Office in the 1950s, and equally caustic about the recent politicisation of the diplomatic and civil service in Britain.

“Mrs Thatcher was always talking about one of us, ‘Is he one of us?’ And of course Mr Blair too has got his clique. They are surrounding themselves with their gang. It is linked up with the fact that they are more inaccessible now than they ever were.

The old diplomatic service was more of a family unit. My ambassador in Washington wouldn’t hesitate to instruct me, as he did, to go and hang his coat up at a party, but equally I could have borrowed money from him. When I left he gave a dinner for me. You couldn’t imagine an ambassador giving a dinner for the 3rd Secretary when he left Washington now.”

Denys Potts (1942)

kindly provided by Doraine Potts

Denys was born on the 17 of March, 1923 in Salford, Manchester, the only son of an Anglican vicar. In 1934 he became a pupil at St. John’s School, Leatherhead, where his maths Master introduced him to classical music. This became a life-long passion. As a very promising mathematician he went up to BNC in 1942, on a Junior Hulme Scholarship. This being war-time, one of his more enjoyable activities as an undergraduate was giving talks on classical music to servicemen.

Having achieved a degree in Mathematics, he was drafted in 1944 for war service to Rolls-Royce where, in the design office, he helped

with the work on some of the earliest jet-engines and where he was once introduced to Frank Whittle as “our tame mathematician.” He served as a union official and started a gramophone society. He soon realized, however, that neither mathematics nor industry offered him a satisfying career, and that his real love was French literature, so he took a correspondence course to bring his French up to scratch, and in 1947, returned to BNC as a modern linguist. Completing the course within two years, he graduated with First Class Honours in 1949, and began post-graduate studies on Saint Evremond as a Senior Hulme Scholar. This period at Oxford was a very happy time for him: he joined the Oxford Gramophone Society, later becoming its President, went to many concerts, and cultivated friendships with Oxford’s many talented musicians.

1949-1950 found him as *lecteur* at the *École Normale Supérieure*, in Paris, where he once more was able to indulge his passion for music. He was a member of the *Jeunesses Musicales de France*, became friendly with John Hanson, CEO of the record company, *L’Oiseau Lyre*, and thus met and became friends with the composer, Joseph Canteloube. Denys was privileged to be present at early rehearsals of the *Songs of the Auvergne* and in later correspondence to be privy to Canteloube’s own ideas about how they should be sung.

Back in Oxford, he continued with his research while applying for academic posts and, in 1952, he was elected to a fellowship in Modern languages at Keble. Here, he served the college till his retirement in 1989.

During his years as a Fellow he variously held the offices of Dean, Fellow Librarian, Pro-Proctor, and Sub-Warden. He also represented the Fellows against the students on University Challenge one Christmas. He completed his research and was awarded a D.Phil for his thesis on Saint Evremond. Although his teaching and publications were mainly in 17th and 18th Century French Literature, he also wrote on 20th Century poets and was the first Fellow in Oxford to lecture on the *nouveau roman*. He continued to enjoy a rich musical life and was pleased to be invited to write the programme notes for an ENO production of Dargomyzhsky’s, *The Stone Guest*, notes later borrowed with permission by the RSC for one of their productions.

During his time at Keble he was invited to teach for a semester at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, a mind-broadening experience which he and his family thoroughly enjoyed.

Retirement from Keble was not immediately a rest from academic life, as he was invited to lecture on Pascal and Descartes at Warwick University, after which he settled down to enjoy a happy period, spent in Oxford and later in Cheltenham, travelling widely with his wife Doraine (largely to visit European and American opera houses), enjoying family visits and gatherings with his four children and four grandchildren, and continuing to publish books and articles. These included some hitherto unpublished letters of Saint Evremond, a history of French Thought since 1600, and articles which often challenged the received wisdom on their subjects. He embraced new technology with pleasure and learned, at the age of 90, how to download music from the computer, burn his own CDs and make beautiful labels and inserts for them.

Denys spent his last year in an excellent nursing home, where he was much loved by the staff and where he finally slipped peacefully and painlessly away on 11 May 2016.

Denys Potts (1942)

by kind permission of the Telegraph Media Group (27 May, 2016)

Denys Potts, who has died aged 93, was a mathematician turned scholar of French Literature, who made his career at Oxford.

The only son of an Anglican vicar, Denys Campion Potts was born on March 17, 1923 at Salford, Manchester. As a schoolboy at St John's School, Leatherhead, he excelled at mathematics, and in 1942 he gained a Junior Hulme Scholarship to read that subject at Brasenose College, Oxford.

After graduating in 1944, he was drafted on war service to work for Rolls-Royce. Placed in the design office of a team working on the development of some of the earliest jet engines, young Denys was introduced to Frank Whittle as "our tame mathematician".

Only later did he learn that the person who had first recommended him for work at Rolls-Royce was C.P. Snow, who would become famous for his theory of the Two Cultures. This was fitting, since no one better bridged the supposed divide between those cultures than Denys Potts himself.

Realising that neither mathematics nor industry offered him a satisfying career, and that his real love was French Literature, he took

a correspondence course to bring his French up to scratch, and applied to his old college at Oxford for a place to read Modern Languages. The French tutor at Brasenose at the time was Robert Shackleton, the scholar of Montesquieu, and in those more relaxed times he summoned Potts for interview on the terrace of a Paris café.

Completing the course in two years, Potts graduated with a First in 1949, and immediately embarked on doctoral research as a Senior Hulme Scholar, spending the academic year 1949–1950 as *lecteur* at the *École Normale Supérieure* in Paris, in which post he was a successor of Samuel Beckett.

Influenced perhaps by his tutor Shackleton, he was attracted to the history of ideas of the French Enlightenment, and his pioneering doctoral research was concerned with Charles de Saint-Evremond, the Epicurean thinker and essayist of the second half of the 17th Century who lived much of his life in exile in Britain, ending up in Poets' Corner.

In 1952 Denys Potts became the Besse Fellow and Tutor in French at Keble College, and apart from a spell as Visiting Professor at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, he would remain at Keble for the rest of his career, retiring in 1989.

A highly respected figure in college, he served variously as Dean, Fellow Librarian, President of the Senior Common Room, and Sub-Warden. College tutors in Oxford in the early 1950s were often famous for their eccentricities, but not all were famed for their teaching. Potts enjoyed the anecdotes about his more wayward colleagues, but was himself a supremely committed and conscientious teacher. As a tutor and graduate supervisor he was unfailingly kind and perceptive; as a lecturer he was clear and thought-provoking.

Insights first explored in lectures – concerning the neglected importance of neoplatonism in French classicism, for example, or the folkloric origins of Don Juan – often ended up as important articles. It is not often that a modest opera programme article is quoted in scholarly literature, but that is the case with his contribution to the English National Opera programme for Dargomyzhsky's *The Stone Guest*.

He lectured widely on French writers of the 17th and 18th Centuries, and with D. G. Charlton wrote *French Thought Since 1600* (1974).

His interests were wide-ranging, however, and he also wrote on 20th Century poetry and was the first member of the Oxford French

faculty to give a course of lectures on the nouveau roman. With two of his graduate students he founded Oxford's Early Modern Research Seminar, which flourishes to this day.

Aside from his love of literature, Potts had a lifelong passion for classical music, to which he was first introduced by his maths master at school. As an undergraduate in wartime he gave talks on classical music to servicemen, and he had a talent for befriending musicians: in Paris in 1950 he got to know the composer Joseph Canteloube and was present at the first recording of the *Songs of the Auvergne*.

In Oxford, he presided for many years over the Gramophone Society, and although he seemed very much a man of vinyl, in his nineties he was learning how to download music and burn his own CDs.

In retirement he travelled widely with his wife, often to opera houses in Europe and North America. He also returned to his earliest research interest: *Saint-Evremond, A Voice from Exile: Newly Discovered Letters to Madame de Gouville and the Abbé de Hautefeuille* (2002) contained the largest single discovery of Saint-Evremond letters, as well as a magisterial overview of the writer.

Denys Potts was a generous and tolerant man, whose shrewdness of judgment was much appreciated by his colleagues. He shared with the authors he studied, their belief in reason as well as their penchant for irony, and in his difficult final years, when he was mentally alert but physically incapacitated, he exhibited an Epicurean ability to enjoy life that was worthy of Saint-Evremond.

He is survived by his wife Doraine (née Truscott), herself an Oxford French scholar, and their two sons and two daughters.

Phillip James Robinson (1989)

by James Nicholson (1989)

Phillip – universally, Phil – came up to Brasenose from Westcliff High School for Boys to read PPE in October, 1989.

Unusually for an 18 year old in 1989, Phil knew exactly what he wanted. He wanted a good degree with enough economics in it to get a good job in the City. He wanted to work out each day, whether in the gym at Iffley Road or on his own equipment in his room. And, like many undergraduates, he wanted to have fun.

Phil set about achieving his goals with an enviable amount of focus. He worked steadily with a high degree of organisation, and his academic achievements, culminating in a strong result in Finals, were never in doubt – although along the way he dropped philosophy, which he found intriguing but ultimately rather impractical and hence, pointless.

The gym was Phil's main enthusiasm, outside work and family, for his entire adult life. When an accident at Iffley Road caused his temporary inability to train, his frustration was palpable. At Oxford, this enthusiasm for health and fitness was combined with the mental and physical challenge of eating well – in (generally successful) pursuit of this goal, over time he tried various combinations of toppings to his late night kebab or baked potato, supplemented with large helpings of pasta and tuna to keep his carbohydrate levels up – more sophisticated cooking was not his strong suit. In his first and second years, Phil also combined his training with rowing, at which he showed promise.

Phil's disciplined approach to ensuring a healthy mind and healthy body left room for his third goal at Oxford: enjoying the student life. Phil was a regular in the college bar – ruling the table football table with his smart reflexes and geometrically perfect shots from defence. This was disrupted by a traumatic period in 1990 when the bar was closed, reputedly for food hygiene reasons; the nearest cheap beer was in the Union Bar, an adequate but not exceptional substitute, and the King's Arms did very well out of Brasenose clientele in this period. Phil also enjoyed the various college 'Bops', and late nights debating the world in friends' rooms, when he would defend with gusto his Thatcherite views against all-comers.

He was a loyal and protective friend. For those close to him, he was on their side. When a girl from another college went missing in mysterious circumstances, Phil made sure his female friends had an escort around town until concerns that a predator was at large had subsided.

Phil combined those Thatcherite views with a love for animals that manifested itself at Oxford in 'hunt sabbing' – disrupting fox hunts. Later, Phil would support various animal charities, including the World Wildlife Fund and The Brooke, an international animal charity providing medical care, food and shelter for abused working animals, headquartered in London.

On graduating, and with typical perseverance, Phil found the job in the City he had wanted – no mean feat in recession-blighted 1992.

Starting at James Capel, Phil developed his capabilities first in equity and derivatives sales. When James Capel was bought by HSBC, Phil started a business collaboration with Darren Jordan that lasted 20 years, their role evolving over time from sales to trading.

Career success allowed Phil to trade up from his one-bedroom flat in Tower Hill to a converted warehouse in Clerkenwell, and ultimately a three-bed penthouse nearby. The underground garages in these buildings housed the succession of TVRs that were the pride of Phil's bachelor days.

In his late 20s, Phil fell deeply in love with, and married, Carmen. Carmen shared his love for animals – they would go on animal rights marches together – and they brought into their lives Summer, a much-doted upon Cocker Spaniel. Not long after they were married, Phil sold his TVR Griffith: “I don't need it anymore,” he explained, half-jokingly. Phil and Carmen's devotion to each other was strong, through thick and thin, until the end.

Phil died in January 2016, aged 44, leaving behind Carmen and Summer, his parents Christine and Graham, brother Jeremy, and young nephew Liam.

In memory of Phil, a group of his college friends installed a new table football table in the College Bar, and endowed the new Phillip Robinson Memorial Cup with silverware and funds for an annual cash prize. This table was dedicated on the evening of the BNC Society Annual Dinner in September, and was attended by many of the donors, others from Phil's year, and Phil's immediate family.

Phil had seen less of his college friends as the years went by, but many who knew him from their shared time at Brasenose are saddened by the thought that we will never again reunite with Phil over a beer and a game of table football. We will always think of him when we play together at future reunions.

Peter Robson (1944) Chaplain of Brasenose College 1973-1976

by Peter Massey (1974)

I was sorry to be informed by the college of Peter Robson's death. I hope you won't mind me sharing with you a story about him and how he changed my life. I hope it brings a smile to you at this sad time.

At 17, I had no idea which university to choose, but was lucky enough to be considering Oxford and Imperial in London. My mate, Steve l'Anson and I decided to hitch hike down from Manchester to see them both. I had even less idea about the college system, but my French teacher knew of Brasenose and suggested finding it when we got there.

So off we went one warm September day. The first hitch took us out to the M6, the second to Scratchwood services and then the third into London where we got a train to Woking to stay with a remote relative. We thought Woking was London - that's how much we knew!

The next day I remember vividly. We got the train into London and made our way to Imperial. I'm not sure what we were expecting to happen, but it was a series of grey buildings with strangers wandering about. We wandered about too, but didn't find any focus, life or anything to engage with. By about lunch time we decided to head off. We went cross country to High Wycombe by our first hitch and the kind gentleman dropped us on the A40. Unfortunately the M40 had opened that week bypassing that point and our luck was out. We walked through a very warm afternoon, the ten miles or so to the M40, Stokenchurch junction, where we promptly got a lift into Oxford. Again a very kind gentleman, in a Ford Capri, went out of his way to drop us. Our only knowledge of the place being BNC, and that's where he dropped us. We were, pardon me, knackered.

We wandered into Radcliffe Square, somewhat in awe of the buildings around us, of course, I still am! We knocked timidly on the porter's window and asked what we could see. He took one look at us and brought us into the Lodge. He must have called Peter Robson as a "vicar", who promptly turned up to contradict the Porter's opinion of us. "They need a cuppa tea", announced the Porter, "Nonsense, they need a beer! Come with me!" We were rapidly toured around the quads, and then over to the Bear to hear about the ties and to be gently questioned. Once slightly oiled, a bunch of American tourists were drawn into the conversation and conviviality reigned. I remember we

all went back to rooms on the ground floor in, I think, New Quad for tea and toast. Eventually, wobbling back to a B&B in Pembroke Street, we listened to the many church bells ring out the hour.

Fate had nothing to do with an instant decision that this was the place for me. Peter Robson did.

I've told this story many times. Particularly because it explains something our friends know about me and my wife, Siobhan: all invites and correspondence about our parties, dinners or drinks are titled "Practise Hospitality". It was a phrase well chosen from Romans 12. That evening was the origins of my waking from childhood, growing into who I am and learning what hospitality means. All in the way that Brasenose still displays to this day.

As Betjeman said in his autobiography, *Summoned by bells*: "Childhood is measured out by sounds and smells and sights, before the dark hour of reason grows."

Peter's hospitality was the most Christian of things.

Romans 12, verses 9 to 13

Love must be sincere. Hate what is evil; cling to what is good. Be devoted to one another in love. Honour one another above yourselves. Never be lacking in zeal, but keep your spiritual fervour, serving the Lord. Be joyful in hope, patient in affliction, faithful in prayer. Share with the Lord's people who are in need. Practice hospitality.

Hubert Ian Scoins (1945)

By David Scoins (1971)

Hubert Ian Scoins was born to Lena Margaret and Arthur George in or near to Wallasey in 1927 and lived much of his childhood on the Wirral, in West Kirby and Moreton. I asked Ian why he used HIS middle name and he pointed to the consequences of the reordered initials; the vicar wouldn't accept them. Somehow Ian went to Wallasey Grammar - his father was a solicitor's clerk so I imagine he won a scholarship - and he excelled in Maths and Sciences. He won a scholarship to Brasenose, doing seventh term entry, but also already a year ahead at school. While at Oxford he played a little rugby and did quite a lot of sailing. It was while Ian was doing his DPhil that he met Barbara, and they married in 1951. Neither of them were quite old enough to be in the war, but

Ian sometimes described his war service as being afterwards, working at Farnborough on what we might call the jet propulsion project. His doctorate – attempting a theoretical model predicting the bond angle of water – was done outside Oxford and supervised by George Stanley Rushbrooke, known within the family as Uncle Stan. To quote the obituary of Rushbrooke in *The Times* (Jan 1996), “In his study of 1951 to 1953 Rushbrooke, helped by one of his students H. I. Scoins, made a decisive break with pre-war tradition by the reintroduction into statistical mechanics of the concept of the direct correlation function – a function that had been devised in 1914 by two Dutch physicists and then ignored for forty years. This function was to prove the key in creating a genuine continuum theory of liquids, free from the artificial constraint of a solid-like lattice.”

It was in preparing this obituary that I discovered just how little he had shared over the years. I didn't think of him as being in any way a private man, but he rarely, if ever, shared anecdotes from his early life. I expect he discussed all that with Barbara; which makes this effort unlikely to be error-free.

His time at Brasenose overlapped with that of many war veterans, which must have been interesting. Having fulfilled his national service demands, he took a position at King's College Durham, now Newcastle University. He started under Prof. Rushbrooke in theoretical physics and, between them, they published a widely quoted theoretical description of the structure of fluids, particularly at the critical temperature. When Stan moved on, Ian joined the computing lab and produced a small list of papers throughout the next ten years or so. I found one on trees written with Bert Bolton, last seen in Melbourne. Ian did very little traveling; I remember him applying for a job at Southampton and returning home with the brief comment, “too far” by which we all took him to mean moving was not going to be considered. He had a brief posting in Munich and a slightly longer one in Brazil, to which he took the younger end of the family.

So much for the thumbnail sketch, what of the man; what is his legacy? Well, a large part of any legacy of Ian's belongs also to Barbara and their relationship, it was enviable. Thanks to her, the family entertained frequently, hosting many of the foreign visitors to the computing department. When asked, at university functions, “And what do you do?” Barbara would often reply, “I raise mathematicians”, sometimes

including Ian in the set. So part of their joint legacy might be seen in the spread of nationalities within the family.

As a father, Ian has left his mark. Though we don't look particularly alike, the four of us have often been identified as siblings because of the way we speak. His many little mannerisms are I'm glad to say, shared *among* his children. No doubt one of us snores horribly; one of us has that signature double cough, more than one of us has his huge sneeze, his lack of hair. Though none of us has his waistline, we do seem to have inherited his good health. At least one of us is cultivating that delightful pause while one hunts for just the right word. This one habit allowed us, and no doubt many others, to not only keep up with his thought process but to learn to helpfully fill in the missing chunk of sentence, which made Ian a great straight man. I'll give you an example: the parental wedding anniversary had reached, I think, 40 and a lunch was thrown. Held, eaten. At an appropriate moment, Ian indicates he wants to speak and, eventually, gets to, "As it's been 40 years, I've got you a ...", and does the pause thing while revealing a small box in his hand, allowing the insertion, "long service medal!"

Outside family and work Ian was an active Freemason, and for extended periods, he was a member of several lodges at once; rising, over forty years, to Knight Templar. He didn't discuss it, but he took his role seriously and a forthcoming ceremony would find him ensconced in his little red book of words to learn, so that he could perform his role without support. There wasn't much visible difference between his learning style and his sleep. Except there was no snoring when learning.

More than anything, Ian cared *how* people thought; not what, particularly, but *how*. Oh, he had opinions, but he'd never force them on you; they'd be voiced (often rather loudly) and that would be the topic finished. The oracle had delivered, and few dared argue. He caused you to articulate your thinking. I'm sure that interest in thinking affected his students; he gave the appearance of being brusque and intolerant, possibly even a round peg in a square hole, but in no way did that mean he was uncaring. Many were the occasions he'd come home and discuss what we'd now call a pastoral issue and what he might do about that.

His impatience with bad thinking meant he did not suffer incompetence at all. He stood up for standards and for what he considered to be right, which must have often brought him into conflict with authority figures. I remember him talking about degree classification meetings, where he'd

find himself pointing out year after year that Firsts were supposed to be exceptional, so awarding two in any subject was unusual, and proposing that there be three was clearly not right. He had no time for politically-motivated decisions at all.

One minor legacy is reflected in birthday cakes. Our family records birthdays in binary, using candles for one and candle holders for zero. In consequence directly and indirectly, there are literally thousands of people who have learned to count on their fingers in binary. Another occasion of Ian playing the straight man, was at one of his greater age birthdays, where the number of candles was low and he hadn't worked out the mix in advance. By chance the cake was turned around so that the least significant digit was on the left, so he asked if this was in some other base. Far too quick for conscious thought he was given the answer "it's in base 7 and a bit", which not only got a good laugh, was correct; Ian spent some time with a pen and napkin, happy.

He did love his maths. Yes, he worked in computing, but his heart was in the manipulation of symbols. Post retirement, and his health steadily waning, he spent many hours exploring the geometry of triangles on a spherical surface. All my life he used the phone to talk about the current esoteric problem, mostly in geometry, something we rarely study any longer. So that'd be a round peg, a square hole and a spherical triangle with three right angles drawn on the top surface of the peg.

Ian taught us all not to be embarrassed, such as one can be when struggling to communicate in a foreign country. He did that by being embarrassing in public, so that going for a walk in the high street (any town) practically guaranteed there'd be a moment, always issued loud enough to defeat the traffic noise and fit to be heard the other side of the street, questions, such as "Tell me, <insert name, pause to worry what comes next>, has that itch in your nether regions continued?"

He taught many to look after their health and diet. Again, he did that by demonstration. His girth was significant and, while he looked good when all dressed up - he filled a three piece suit splendidly - all that extra weight left him short aerobically but surprisingly strong.

Considering how little he enjoyed travelling, he encouraged it in others. He was interested in your experience and he'd ask about it. However, very rapidly you'd find yourself asked a question that took the conversation away from the specific to the general, so as an example any cultural description would have its implications pounced on and would

cause you to question your own cultural assumptions. This I think is one of his lasting legacies and it emphasises that he was interested in the form more than substance, pattern rather than content. I have an example: in early retirement he was given a collection of sudoku puzzles as a present, resulting in the nicest thank you after three weeks of exploration. He wasn't much interested in the puzzle *answers*, but in how the sudoku were constructed, and just how few numbers went into the pattern to guarantee a unique solution. Similarly with Rubik's cube.

Ian was, for many, a difficult person to know; think of the peremptory phone response: "Scoins", or his direct 'It's a spade, stupid' style of commentary. He told the truth as he saw it and he didn't dress those words up. Not someone of whom you ask whether these clothes looked good. He didn't make friends easily but he was always consistent and as a consequence, dependable. His word was indeed his bond. He didn't do chatter, he did thinking. In conversation with him, he caused you to think about what you'd said, what that implied in other situations, how the same thinking might be applied elsewhere. This, I suspect, is his greatest legacy.

Michael Hasluck Shaw (1949)

by Clyde Sanger (1949)

I was fortunate, more than his many friends at Brasenose, to know Mike Shaw by sharing digs with him in Wellington Square, sharing adventures around England, and later by living for five years on his wonderful home turf of Kenya. Let me speak of both periods.

Mike came to Brasenose as a Rhodes Scholar, but he wore his scholarship lightly. At the breakfast table each morning of that final year, the four of us from Brasenose would quieten any college chitchat when George Steiner came downstairs, took the chair at its head, and told us his conclusions on the world's condition. Even the Boxer dog, owned by our two New Zealand landladies, would cock an ear to the word from Balliol. My memory is that Bruce Kent, then a law student heading for the priesthood, alone would tiptoe into debate with the literary giant; although he credits me in his memoirs with some wit. Certainly Alan O'Hea and Mike, as well as three habitually silent dormice at the far end, were crouching (let's not say 'hiding') behind their teacups and porridge bowls.

But, once the breakfasters dispersed, Mike was all action: throwing legal precedents back and forth with Bruce; readying for a game of field hockey under Nat Micklem's captaincy; organizing an evening of Scottish dancing with a group of occupational therapists who were the only amenable maidens in sight. It was exhausting keeping up with him. It became frenetic as the final exams loomed in 1952 and, to relieve tension, Mike plunged into a series of unlikely pranks and scams. With therapist Fanny Barnes as assistant and hoisting an antique camera, he persuaded the Principal of Lady Margaret Hall to climb to a balcony and arrange her students for a group photograph in the quadrangle below. Amused at hearing of a convention of Pearly Kings and Queens, he cranked up his Royal Enfield and, with myself as pillion, roared down to London in search; we found the Cockney royalty somewhere in the East End and joined in the feasting. Then in the vacation he borrowed a sailboat for a cross-Channel flip and skillfully steered through the high tide into harbor at Jersey.

Quite another world awaited him back in Kenya, where the Governor Sir Evelyn Baring had declared an emergency in 1952 because of *Mau Mau* - tribal oathing that bound Africans to kill white settlers and government chiefs. Young Kikuyu were vanishing into the forests and killings began. Mike was in the thick of it, as he enlisted in the Black Watch regiment. His formidable mother Agnes Shaw was a Legislative Council member with Michael Blundell's mildly progressive group, as well as running a tea processing unit on a Sotik farm. In four years 32 white farmers died, and the Swynnerton Plan consolidated the scattered Kikuyu land holdings into profitable coffee-growing units.

By 1960 Mike was launched on a career in a tea and coffee firm, and moved into a law practice as an Advocate of the High Court of Kenya only a decade later. He became a senior partner with Daly and Figgis, and among other duties was dealing with the estates of the settlers who, after independence, had left the country for such places as Texas and Western Australia. But Mike with his wife, Diana Kingsford, was loyal to the new Kenya to the end. They lived on a hilltop near Limuru above a Brooke Bond tea estate, and had many acres of their own, diminished only a little when their son Chris began a computerized alstromeria export business to the Amsterdam flower market. He retired as a lawyer in 1993, and put his energy into building a dam - and loving life.

The hilltop was near to paradise for a casual visitor, most prominent was a velvet croquet lawn (Diana was ladies' champion) and tennis courts among tall bushes ("sledge-hammer forehands", his opponents bewailed). And the Jack Russell dogs. My wife Penny and I were once asked to house-sit, and a week of taking Jasper for walks along the glorious skyline determined that our Ottawa house would be home thereafter to other Jacks, all with Swahili names. Diana and Mike were key in creating the Fairseat Foundation, the core of a collection of cottagers for retirees, they were also long-time members of the Muthaiga Country Club, whose magazine gave tribute to Mike after his death this year as "a kind and highly principled man of extraordinary energy and purpose, whose keen sense of humour ensured fun and friendship among all who were fortunate to know him". Brasenose friends would recognise that man.

More memories of Mike Shaw (1949)

by Ted Palmer (1950)

I first met Mike in 1950, when he, as a Rhodes Scholar, was working in the Law Library/ beer cellar at Brasenose College, Oxford. He was a bit of a menace – he would scout the law reports for juicy bits; I remember *Donoghue v Stevenson* 1932 and the snail in the ginger beer bottle. I was in college and he was in digs in Wellington Square with Bruce Kent. He played hockey and I rugger. We got to know each other better in the long summer vacation when he did not return to Kenya – he was always proud of his Congoni tie.

In the summer I did athletics and sailing. I discovered he was a bit of a menace anywhere near a boat. We chartered a gaff cutter and sailed with my sister, June, and Clyde Sanger and others. We set sail for Alderney, in the Channel Islands, and got there 54 ½ hours later – a slow record in a flat clam. There were no marinas in those days so we had to land by dinghy to go ashore – of course Mike jumped down into the dinghy and capsized it. We lost the rowlocks until the tide went out (tides fall over 40 feet in that part of the world) and we retrieved them.

When the engine wouldn't go, he insisted on cooking the plugs in the oven. He never learnt to say 'luff up' – it was always 'fluff up'.

We sailed round the corner to Ormonville – a nice anchorage off a little customs shed. There were a few other yachts at anchor flying the

red Ensign, so Mike had an idea for fun. We wrote out a citation from Madame Défarge to meet for a dinner at the Customs House at 6pm. There was no one about but we delivered the citation to the other boats and then we watched. The Customs Shed was shut – we saw a string of dinghies rowing ashore and standing around. After a time, we went ashore and owned up. Madame Défarge was not about. We all had a good laugh in true Mike fashion and a chat as all sailors do.

He was fond of ‘Commem Balls’, which went on in most colleges at the end of the year. They were very expensive summer term events.

One of us (David Wright) didn’t get a partner so we hatched out an advertisement to meet at Carfax at eleven the next Saturday morning. A girl turned up – and she and David have just had their diamond wedding anniversary. Girls were hot matter supplied by trainee physiotherapists from Dorset House. Mike had a nice one (Frances Barnes) for punting up the Cherwell and under the weeping willows. There was a bathing place called ‘Parson’s Pleasure’ where men could bathe *puris naturalibus*. The girls were supposed to get out and walk round behind a hedge, but some of the swimmers would still put towels over their heads.

There are no locks on the Cherwell so to get up a weir; you have to get out of the punt and push it up some rollers. Of course Mike, in his enthusiasm, would push up too far and end up in the water – fun for all spectators.

Mike didn’t like paying vast sums for Commem Balls so we parked our bikes by the wall of Pembroke College, and climb over in our dinner jackets to avoid paying. I met my sister Celia, who was there with John Groves.

To get into Lady Margaret Hall, Mike (not me) got a big camera and a tripod and reported to the entry gate saying he was the professional photographer as ordered – he got in and surprised all the smooching couples in the bushes in the lovely garden. He suggested that all 600 dancers line up while he sat on the balcony, set off his flashes, then had to escape as he had no film in his camera. He played cricket and tennis in summers, mostly for the ‘Hornets’; a scratch lot of beer drinkers who toured Oxford villages.

At the end of 1953, when we both went down, there was the Coronation so he took me to London on the back of his trusty motor bike. We got there at dawn and met my sister, June, who had stayed with cousins. We walked down the Mall to select a spot to sit on the

ground, all sorts of parties were there, some with tables and chairs and candelabras on the tables, and there were flags everywhere. We all tried to get comfortable for the long wait but had lots of fun and chatter. At about 7am there was more chatter and people gathering at the Palace gates.

There were lots of coming and goings along the Mall to watch. The crowds were buying the first editions of the daily papers, “Everest has been conquered”, Hilary and Tensing gazing out of the front pages. Then it came on to rain; of all of the carriages going by, the bravest was Queen Salote of Tonga – she beamed at all of us and got a cheer.

The sound was relayed by loud-speakers and after a rainy day, we got back to BNC safely with wonderful memories.

On another cruise in the Solent in an old German 50 square meter I borrowed from a master at school, we anchored off the Isle of Wight at Seaview, where my parents were staying, and we rowed ashore – me, my sister June, and Mike in a tiny dinghy.

After a good meal we came out and got in the dinghy. It very nearly sank and the tide was right up so the sea was quite choppy. Halfway out to the boat we started shipping water. As we were getting low in the water, we decided to jettison crew. Mike volunteered to get in the water and swim alongside the dinghy but, instead of getting over the gunwale carefully, he stood up and ended in capsizing the dinghy so we all had to swim. June had a full skirt on which floated around her like a lily pad and made it difficult to swim. We got back on board and of course we had lost the oars which had floated away. We tried to dry out and get some sleep – and separate our pound notes so they didn’t stick to each other. Next day we had to hitchhike ashore. We found some oars so all was well.

Mike always insisted on fishing with no success except that his line got tangled up with our logline so we had no ‘distance run’ for navigation.

Alan and Gill O’Hea, and Hugh and Audrey Jago have lots of similar memories of Mike the Menace! We were trying to water ski down at Kalifi but the propeller fell off, but if Mike broke something he would always bodge it together again.

The Daily Mail had a strip cartoon of ‘Dan Dare’ (a sort of superman). So Mike was recruited to dress up as Dan Dare to promote the newspaper at seaside resorts. He had a lot of fun.

Before Mike went back to Kenya, he had to join up for national service in the Black Watch (we teased him in his kilt!) so he was able to chase the Mau Mau off his family's estate. In his professional life he got by very successfully as a solicitor and advocate in Nairobi. He and his lovely wife Diana raised a family of tennis players and sailors. His health deteriorated and he died at home in December 2015.

John Tomblin (1957)

*by kind permission of The Seismic Research Centre of the
University of the West Indies (27 April, 2016)*

It is with a deep sense of sadness that we mark the passing of the second Head of the Seismic Research Unit, Dr John Frederick Tomblin. A British national, he was appointed geologist in 1964 and became an integral part of growing the fledgling Unit. He assumed the Headship in 1968, upon the resignation of the original Head, Dr Geoffrey Robson, who was moving on to the United Nations Development Programme.

John was hard-working, energetic and very committed to meeting the problems presented to the Eastern Caribbean region by earthquakes and volcanoes. His was not mainly a theoretical or academic attitude, but a more applied and very active approach to the challenges of making scientific observations and establishing routine monitoring. During his time as Head, major strides were made in instrumenting the volcanoes of the Eastern Caribbean and in upgrading the seismograph network, and his hallmark was tirelessly getting things done during an eruption or earthquake crisis. At such times, heads of government relied upon his scientific advice.

In his efforts, John was always constructively looking for collaborations with the wider scientific and engineering communities, and used his modern languages skills to great effect with our French-speaking neighbours and in the wider Spanish-speaking world of South and Central America. The range of his involvements was wide: from basic geological and petrological research on volcanoes, to practical geothermal exploration in Saint Lucia and engineering seismology for structural response. He also found time to serve on various international agency missions, and outreach initiatives.

Within Trinidad and Tobago, John struck up close working relations with the engineers, in pursuit of improvements in seismic building codes

and standards, and this is a particular legacy of his time at St Augustine. Another important legacy was his encouragement of local and regional students and his help in facilitating their research ambitions: the Hon. Prime Minister, Dr Keith Rowley, was the first West Indian to obtain a PhD in volcanology, and the present SRC Director, Dr Richard Robertson, is another whose career started with his involvement as a school-boy assisting the SRC in the 1979 eruption of the volcano in St Vincent. It was also under John's Headship that current seismologist, Dr. Joan Latchman, as one of the seismology technicians, was allowed flexi-time to continue working full time and pursue an undergraduate degree full time. He so identified with the region and its geological challenges that he became a citizen of Trinidad and Tobago in the late 1970's.

In many ways, John Tomblin's tenure marked the transition of SRC from a former colonial Unit, staffed predominantly by expatriates, into the present Centre with a staff of regional and international specialists, some of whom overlapped with him before he left to join UNDRO in 1980. This included the ground-breaking appointment in 1974 of a female volcanologist, Dr Marion Michael-Leiba, at the start of what turned, worldwide, into a major gender balance change in the profession. From his position at UNDRO, John encouraged volcanic risk assessments at Eastern Caribbean volcanoes and provided funding support for SRC to undertake the Wadge and Isaacs study of Soufrière Hills Volcano, Montserrat, in 1986 and continued to use his influence to assist the post-graduate efforts of students associated with the SRC.

Many years later, in 1995, while living in semi-retirement in Antigua, he went across to the MVO in Montserrat to offer his assistance with the escalating volcanic unrest. Undeterred by the physical challenge and exhibiting the same attitude he had in younger days, he climbed on foot into the active crater with a local "Mountain Man" to fix an EDM reflector on Castle Peak dome for monitoring purposes – an undertaking younger members of the team would not even contemplate!

John was married to Judy, and to them were born two sons, Marcus and Ben; he had four grandchildren. For several years after his official retirement from UNDRO he lived in both Antigua and in France, so maintaining ties with the region he loved, but then moved to France in 2008. He passed away at his home in France on 17th April. He was 77 years old. His was a life well-lived, with a rich legacy of service

regionally and internationally. We extend sincere condolences to his wife, family and many friends and colleagues. May his soul rest in peace.

Eric Arthur Vallis OBE (1967)

by Christine Hamand

My father, who died in January 2016 at the age of 92, was born in Headington Quarry to a family of Master Bakers, and he often used to tell stories of getting into the bread oven. In 1940, after he left Southfield School (now The Oxford Academy) in Glanville Road, he went up to Brasenose to read Law, but remembered that he only completed one or two terms because of the war. He joined the army, and after being commissioned, he was part of the Normandy landings, going into France a few months after D-Day. He met my mother in Germany and they were married after the war. At that time, he had difficulty returning to Oxford to complete his degree, so he decided to train as a Chartered Surveyor while working in London. His career was long and varied and he was able to fulfil his ambition to study at Brasenose by completing an M.Litt in 1970, for which he wrote a thesis on Land Values. As well as working for professional firms and doing some lecturing in and around London, he was later asked to take up a Fellowship at Oriel College as Treasurer. During the last thirty years of his life he combined his work at Oriel with that of Estates Consultant to the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral in Canterbury, where he and my mother had decided to live in their retirement. Throughout his life he always spoke of Brasenose with very great affection and frequently returned for dinners and other college occasions. He certainly seemed to regard Brasenose more as 'his College' than Oriel!

Eric Arthur Vallis OBE (1967)

*an address given by the Dean of Canterbury at Mr Vallis' funeral
(18 January, 2016).*

In the old baptism service, which many of us were baptised by, there was a sentence just after the sign of the cross had been placed on the forehead, when the priest would pray that the one just baptised would continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant until their life's end. If ever

someone continued Christ's faithful servant till his life's end it was Eric and we witnessed that, we who were his other family here in Canterbury. For almost 50 years, he and Lucy, and then Eric alone, lived here as a member of this community. And I thank God, and I know his family do too, that he was able to remain within the rhythms of this place, both the working rhythms and also the worshipping rhythms until the end of his life. And of course you will know why I chose that sentence to begin with, because whenever anyone said to him 'How are you?' or 'How's it going Eric?' two words would come back 'Soldiering on.' And you realised as you saw him, walking with difficulty at the end, but still part of the rhythm of this place that that is exactly what he meant.

His childhood and schooldays had been in Oxford. He was born in 1923 into a Methodist family and joined the Church of England at Southfield School, a place he enjoyed hugely. His grandfather was Surveyor to Thame Urban District Council, and in those early war years, was given the most valuable thing of all because he was a Surveyor - a petrol allowance. But he cycled everywhere and saved the petrol allowance to take his family on outings and excursions at the weekend, and both the surveying and outings and excursions were to become very much part of Eric's life. When he left school he went to Brasenose College to read Law, but only had one term there before joining the Army. It wasn't his first taste of military service because at the end of his school days he'd been in the Home Guard and used to liken himself to Private Pike as the youngest man amongst all the other Home Guards. 'Boy Vallis' he called himself and James and Penny say that he would still allude to himself as Boy Vallis even in recent years. But then he really did join the Army in 1942 and was away until '48, joining the invasion forces shortly after D-Day and taking various postings in 30 Corps in France, Belgium and finally Germany. He met Lucy during those years. She was a Staff Sergeant in the ATS and PA to that exalted officer, the Army Director of Movements, with whom she travelled to South Africa, East Africa, France and Germany, where she met Eric. But they stayed on in the Army in the Headquarters of the Army of the Rhine until 1948: Eric's task was to help to find work for those displaced by the war; and there were multitudes of them. Then in 1948, after they were married, he went to the College of Estate Management and became a Chartered Surveyor. Those were words he was very proud of: 'Chartered Surveyor.' Appointed Surveyor first to the Spicer group of

companies in Blackfriars House, and then to various positions in London as a Valuation Surveyor, Nathan Brown Estates, Land Securities.

When I looked at all the jobs that Eric had done, I thought actually there are too many here to fit into one lifetime, and then I had to be shown that in fact he did most of them at the same time. So that when he became the Treasurer of Oriel College, Oxford, and the Estates Bursar and an Honorary Fellow there, he would spend some days in the week there and other days as a Trustee or Director, Partner of Thurgood & Martin, Partner in Daniel Smith, Partner in Smith, Woolley & Perry and work for the Duchy of Cornwall. His work with Smith, Woolley & Perry brought him to Folkestone, therefore to Kent, therefore to Canterbury. His daughter Christine was born in 1951, and he, Lucy and Christine moved into the Burgate and became part of this community. Later, Eric, having been noticed by Hedley Sparks, who was at that time Vice-Provost of Oriel, was brought to be the Estates Surveyor of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury in the early 1970s, again not a full-time job. He juggled many jobs at the same time in the most admirable way and was proud of saying that in family life, from 1948 (when he married) to 2016, he had 17 different addresses but even some of those were lived in at the same time; rooms at Oriel College, a property given to him by the Duchy of Cornwall to live in and 66 Burgate, which really was his home.

He gave himself totally to the life of this place, despite the other jobs and we have much to thank him for. His time here is represented not only by me for the last 15 years but also by my friend Dean de Waal, who is here and by the good wishes of Dean John Simpson who is in Bangkok this afternoon, which would please Eric, for he himself was an inveterate traveller. When I came here first he was an indispensable member of the Finance and Estates Committee, imaginative and quite often radical in his proposals. As a Trustee of St Augustine's and a Governor of the King's School, Canterbury, he was very much part of that group responsible for the securing of the St Augustine site for our Cathedral School and now that seems the most natural twinning of two different sites. He was a Trustee of Eastbridge Hospital and many, many other worthy places in this city. Eric enjoyed the High Table at Oriel and also his links with several London Clubs for there was an essential clubbability about him. Before ever I came here, in the literature of the Oxford & Cambridge Club I would read the names of the four Patrons;

the Queen of Denmark, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Prince of Wales and Mr Eric Vallis, and when I arrived I received a letter from Mr Eric Vallis inviting me to dinner at another of his Clubs. I learnt the story of why he was a Patron and the way in which he had actually facilitated the amalgamation of the United Universities Club and the Oxford and Cambridge Club. He was quiet and humble about all these things. He was quintessentially the English gentleman as he went about his life and his work. He loved giving hospitality. In Starrs House it would be hospitality within the parameters of a small cocktail party or a drink with little canapés before Sunday lunch with Eric as the host. It was one of the features of these Precincts for he loved society with civilised parameters and parties which he knew were small enough and were going to end at the right time, for there was an essential shyness about Eric as well.

Then again, the outings and excursions were a constant feature of his life. He was infinitely curious about other areas of the world and it was nothing to receive a postcard from him in some Syrian monastery where Aramaic was still spoken because he was off on some Cox & Kings adventure. All those things continued till very recently but at the same time the rhythm of coming to Choral Evensong, serving as a Steward for 29 years in this holy place which he loved so much and even going to find choral music at places like the Edington Festival were also part of his life. How he celebrated the fact that James became a Chartered Surveyor and the marriage of James and Penny, and then what pride he had in his little granddaughter Jessica, here with us this afternoon!

The Christian hope is very much lived out on two completely different planes. First of all there is hope for this life, hope which means you can add something good to it and in many ways both evident and hidden Eric did that for this community, believing in people, encouraging people quietly and often in hidden ways making life better for them as he himself went quietly about his business. But the other plane has an eternal dimension. In his heart, as he said his prayers, quite often in the Memorial Garden near to where Lucy's ashes were interred, he had that hope of eternity in the kingdom of heaven which gave everyone a kind of hopefulness when they saw him sitting there praying or in the same seat in the Quire at Choral Evensong. He lived out both hopes and we shall miss him in his place at Choral Evensong. Eric chose as a psalm for Lucy's funeral, Psalm 91 and we have heard it sung again today. It speaks of the angels who have charge over us, to keep us in all our ways and I

have no doubt that if we could have a glimpse of the infinite landscapes of the Kingdom of Heaven, Eric would be there reunited with Lucy and happily working under the direction of the Archangel in charge of Estates, Boy Vallis – still soldiering on.

Peter Berg (1956) writes: Eric's daughter spotted my Nose tie at the funeral and told me that he had chosen to make his final journey wearing the same tie – what greater token of respect and love for his old College could be imagined?

Eric told me that he went up to BNC twice: first for just one term of Law before being called up for military service during the War, and then much later to read Land Management.

Eric was appointed OBE in 1992.

Philip R. Walker (1942)

by Dr Walker's daughters, Jane Best and Jill Kilby

Dr Philip Roy Walker, a highly respected and well-remembered Kettering GP, died peacefully in his sleep on 31st January 2015 after a very short illness.

Dr Walker worked in Kettering from 1954 until the early 1990s. He trained at Oxford University and the Radcliffe Infirmary and started his first job at the GP practice in Lower Street which many years later became Weavers Medical Centre in Prospect House.

He worked long hours, as GPs did in those days, often through the night and with many house calls. Back then GPs delivered many babies and he worked for so long in Kettering that eventually he was caring for the children of mothers that he had delivered many years before. Through hard work, long hours and dedication to his profession, he rose to become the practice's senior partner.

He earned a reputation as a very good diagnostician. One example was a local leather worker who presented with a very mysterious illness. He was extremely poorly and had seen a number of doctors. When Dr Walker saw him, he alone realised that it might be anthrax – very rare and very serious. This diagnosis proved to be correct and saved the man's life.

With a special interest in eye health, he also found time to work alongside Dr Robert Ingram at the weekly eye clinic at KGH.

Dr Walker had a marvellously retentive memory and in his work built up a detailed knowledge of Kettering. Until his death he could remember streets, the houses he visited, and the patients who lived in them and their ailments too!

In his private life, Dr Walker loved his garden and supplied the family and many friends with vegetables all year. He had a great interest in steam trains and many weekend family trips out were to watch steam locos thunder past.

Many families in Kettering remember Dr Walker, their family doctor, with respect and affection.

John Watkins, Sometime Head Porter at BNC

by Gerard Churchhouse (1974)

John was a very proud Wiltshire man who came to BNC in 1969 after a decade in the Royal Navy and a few years trying thereafter to find contentedness in "Civvy Street". Immediately before his arrival at BNC, he had been working as a Constable with Wiltshire Constabulary, but he did not enjoy the paperwork, and whilst in very few years he had discharged half the loan on the family home, he was not at all comfortable with large financial obligations and certainly not if it involved a daily grind to service them. Fortunately for him (and BNC), his father-in-law was on the domestic staff at Christ Church. When he heard of an opening in the Lodge at BNC he submitted an application upon his behalf in the knowledge that the post brought with it rent-free College accommodation (untaxed then) and that College pay depended then upon the size of one's family, with two and six pence per week per child, which would see John, with a growing family, do better. Thus commenced a notable and happy BNC career lasting 30 years, with John rising very rapidly indeed to Head Porter in 1976 in succession to Ron Lygo, who had moved on to St John's.

John Alistair Bryan Watkins was born the sixth of nine children to a family in Lower Stratton, in the parish of Stratton St Margaret, near Swindon. In his teens he was a committed member of St John's Ambulance Brigade and it was on an annual training day for ambulance men and women run by a consultant at Salisbury Hospital that, aged sixteen, he met Aileen his wife-to-be, then aged just fifteen and from Oxford. Friendship and then loved blossomed over roller skating and

swimming before John dropped the bombshell “I am thinking of joining up! What do you think?” If she thought differently Aileen hid it well and she told him nonchalantly to do what he wanted. Thus John joined up, on 19 June 1956, training at Devonport (HMS Raleigh) before joining HMS Eagle, an aircraft carrier and sister ship of HMS Ark Royal, just in time for the Suez crisis where Eagle was in theatre providing air support to ground troops.

A poor correspondent at the best of times, the added issue of security meant that it was never obvious, when John went to sea, where in the world he was going, or quite when he would be back. Indeed, he could be gone for well over a year, and his arrival home would be unannounced. Nevertheless in 1960, as Elvis Presley sang “It’s now or never”, John came home and he and Aileen married at Christ Church, Swindon. By good fortune, Eagle was not ready to return to sea and John secured a precious extra 48 hours to enjoy a honeymoon in London.

At the time John was a stoker. The Royal Navy had by the Battle of Jutland in 1916 largely converted to heavy oil as a fuel and this remained the case during John’s service. Stokers no longer shovelled coal, but instead brought into operation burners, which ignited a fine mist of pre-heated heavy oil. This in turn heated water to create steam for propulsion and power. The Boiler Room was a very hot, busy place: pressure was above atmospheric, and there were high-pressure pipes lagged with asbestos which, wherever the lagging was missing, were apt to glow when the Bridge called for more power. On Eagle there would have been a complement of some 200 Stokers working shifts. It was very much a team effort in unpleasant conditions requiring resolve and a sense of humour, both of which John possessed. He rose to become a Leading Mechanical Engineer, serving on HMS Belfast, a Light Cruiser, and finally HMS Carysfort, a Destroyer, before leaving the service in 1966, having seen a very large part of the world, in order to join his growing family at home and within four years to join the domestic staff at BNC.

John was not a bowler-hatted porter ready with a pleasant but impersonal “Sir”, in the then current but fading tradition. As a young man, and he was still young at 30 when he came to BNC, he naturally called undergraduates by their first names, or their nicknames if their contemporaries had given them one. Upon becoming Head Porter he rapidly established himself as a much respected constant in College life.

He had the great gift of understanding young people of the age group from which BNC drew its students; likely due to his service in the Royal Navy. He knew all about exuberance and overdoing it because as a stoker he had been exuberant across the world, but as a leading stoker (renamed Mechanical Engineer) he had had to ensure that the job was done and so gently regulated the conduct of those in his charge. Very rapidly it became apparent that when John said no he meant no, and it also became known that those who ignored him became unstuck, such as happened to the individual who persisted in riding his bicycle around the Old Quad at speed despite ample warning. He should have noticed John emerging from the Lodge with an iron bar which, when jammed into the spokes of the front wheel, administered Head Porter's summary justice.

Whilst John became the friend of many junior members of College an unfortunate incident in the Dyson Perrins Laboratory in Michaelmas 1973 led to a special friendship and lifelong collaboration. Tony Marchington (1973) had come up very young to read Chemistry at BNC and was preparing an organic preparation that necessitated the presence of a bumping compound to maintain control. For whatever reason the bumping compound was not present and the preparation boiled over, creating a vapour which ignited due to a naked flame on the bench. Tony, as he attempted to clear the spillage up, was caught in a flashback, and badly burned – his arms, in particular, losing him use of his hands. The Blue in football was gone, but the question on the mind of his tutor was whether there was any way Tony could be fed and washed and otherwise assisted so that he might stay up and not have to repeat the year. Tony was thus adopted by the Lodge, they fed and washed him and did all that required the use of hands, led by John Watkins, for whom it was simply what one did for an injured shipmate. John's kindness knew no bounds. When months later Tony's father's car broke down on the M1 on its way to deliver Tony to College, John jumped in his own car and went to pick him up.

John's friendship with Tony lasted for the rest of Tony's life, and yet to his great credit he is the only man who ever successfully counselled Tony not to buy something that he had his heart set on. Sometime after Tony's purchase of the Iron Maiden Fowler Showman's Road Locomotive and Flying Scotsman Steam Locomotive complete with 12 carriages including Hadrian's Bar, Tony had his heart set on a steam

powered ship lying at the Port of Bristol. It was to pay for itself by carrying passengers and John, Tony explained, was to be its Master. So to Bristol, where John, horrified by the ship's condition, and knowing a thing or two about maritime steam, told Tony in no uncertain terms not to touch it. Tony took the advice.

As Tony had found, John could be very blunt. He never missed anyone passing the Lodge. He knew who was booked for the guest rooms. He did not hesitate to offer advice as appropriate. "Nice looking girl indeed. Just be careful you don't give her a belly full of arms and legs." At the time John smoked Players no. 6 cigarettes. "Look. See this [*Holding up his packet of cigarettes*] you'll get half of that!" And so the Watkins 'black spot', which predicted, a third was indelibly applied and he was invariably correct.

In 1988 John exchanged the role of Head Porter for residence as caretaker in Frewin. On his retirement in October 1999, after thirty years with the College, the *Brazen Nose* claimed that he "had a better record at predicting the future behaviour of entrance candidates and degree classes of undergraduates than their tutors," adding that he would not be missed by illegal parkers, "however important they think themselves to be." College Deans, in particular, had lost an invaluable ally, "as his intelligence service is second to none."

In 1979 John took to caravanning and the family greatly enjoyed it. At his heart he was a gregarious man but he needed freedom. The Caravan Club gave him that. His other great passion was growing vegetables and he liked nothing more than sitting amongst his vegetables drinking homemade beer and chatting.

In retirement John's health began to fail and he found mobility increasingly difficult. For those who saw him at Tony Marchington's funeral in 2011 he was walking on sticks, but the truth is that he really needed a buggy, and the sticks he chose to use caused him a lot of pain. In 2014 he attended the inquest of Steve Moore (1971) at Oxford Coroner's Court in his buggy, but when the Coroner's Officer greeted him with Steve's brother and suggested that they open another entrance to the courtroom, John declined, called for his sticks from his wife, and with pain evidenced by his gritted teeth (he would lose a leg within the year) insisted on walking. It was explained to the Coroner's Officer that Mr Watkins was the sometime Head Porter of Brasenose College, and that he always attended his former charges' funerals, if notified, and their

inquests without fail. If he hadn't joined the elite before, he had by the end of that day become the stuff that Oxford legends are made from.

John Watkins leaves his widow Aileen, four children, eleven grandchildren and at the time of his death four great grandchildren: a number likely to grow considerably. At his very well attended funeral his coffin was carried in surmounted by a basket of vegetables and his body was cremated to the song *Barbados* by Typically Tropical. John passed on to a much better place with a chuckle as ever.

The author is very grateful to Mrs Aileen Watkins, Mr Frank Marchington (father of Tony, 1973), Captain Brian Harvey (Retired) RN Engineering Branch (for technical advice), Mr Robin Lane (1972), Dr John Bagshaw (1973), and Dr David Birkett (1973) GMC.

Graham Whittaker (1961)

from his Family

It's with great sadness that we announce the passing of Brasenose College alumnus and scholar, Graham Whittaker.

Graham was first and foremost a very gentle and devoted husband to Lisa, loving father to David, Daryn, Julie and Fiona, and a much loved Grandpa to seven grandchildren.

He was one of seven mathematicians who matriculated in 1961 and went on to graduate with an MA (Applied Mathematics). He talked very proudly about his experience and achievements at BNC and Oxford University. He was keen rower; a part of the Torpid Eight and the Summer Eight, and he took part in Cambridge Head of the River and Hereford Regatta. He often talked about the 'hidden painting' located behind a swinging panel in his room on the ground floor of Old Quad.

After graduating, Graham undertook further studies and qualified as an Actuary. He enjoyed a long and successful career in the life insurance industry, first in London and then in Australia, where he lived the rest of his life. He contributed to several papers on topics such as early population modelling following the outbreak of the AIDS epidemic, and then later on genetic testing, associated risk factors, and the ethical issues surrounding disclosure.

After retiring he took on voluntary roles and made a substantial contribution to local causes at his home in Safety Beach, Victoria. The

local Mayor and community groups paid tribute to his work at a large event held in his honour.

Graham kept in touch with his friends at Oxford and travelled from Australia to attend a number of alumni events.

In an interview conducted with Graham only months before his passing, he gave the following advice:

“I think one of the most important things in anyone’s life is to be prepared to take risks and manage change. Some risks don’t come off, but you learn by experience. With risks come opportunities, so be prepared to take those you think are the best for you.

As far as your career is concerned, it’s important to get a job that you enjoy. There’s no point being miserable in a highly paid job...Your family, in the end, is more important than your career.

Lastly, during your life, travel as much as you can. The world is a wonderful place.”

Graham made an impact on many lives, and will be very much missed by his family and friends.

Stephen Whitten (1988)

Stephen Whitten, who read Mathematics at BNC from 1988-1991, passed away in December 2015. He was 45.

Richard Cellan Williams (1943)

by Simon Williams

Richard Cellan Williams died on 28 September 2015. Cellan (never Richard) came up to BNC from Neath Grammar School to read French and Spanish. He taught at Downside School then became head of Modern Languages at Taunton’s School in Southampton. He was appointed to HM Inspectorate of Schools where he reached the rank of Staff Inspector for Modern Languages. When he retired in 1986, he and my mother moved to Wheatley, near Oxford, where he spent the rest of his life.

Ted Wilson

by Alexander and Martin Wilson

Ted Wilson was born on 18 March 1938 in Liverpool, the son of school teacher, John Wesley Wilson and nurse, Anna. His passion for Mathematics and physics was quickly recognized by his teachers at the Liverpool Institute High School for Boys, leading him to be accepted at Oxford University, where he graduated with a degree in Physics in 1959. Ted first worked in experimental particle dynamics at the Rutherford Laboratory, but soon became interested in the theory of particle accelerators. He moved to Switzerland in 1967 to become right-hand man to Sir John Adams, the ‘father’ of the giant particle accelerators, preparing the design of the Super Proton Synchrotron (SPS), which was CERN’s first underground accelerator. It was seven kilometres in circumference and stretched across the border between Switzerland and France. During the construction of SPS, he spent a sabbatical at Fermilab near Chicago, where, together with Rae Stiening, he brought his experience to bear in coaxing Fermilab’s new 500 GeV Synchrotron into life.

Ted returned to CERN to lead the commissioning of SPS before joining CERN’s ground-breaking Antiproton Accumulator team which converted the SPS into a proton-antiproton collider. It was while working in this ground that Ted established a strong friendship with Fang Shouxian – the director of China’s Institute of High Energy Physics, who had been seconded by the Chinese government to work with the physicists at CERN on the antiproton accumulator project. That friendship led Ted to travel to China in 1982 as a guest of the government in a period when there were few links of any kind between China and the West. It is difficult to appreciate today just how unusual such collaboration was at that time. Ted achieved this, in part, through force of personality and natural diplomacy, but also his underlying belief, gained through his work at CERN, in the value of international scientific collaboration.

Throughout his career he worked with laboratories across the globe, including Germany, Russia, the US and Japan. He was a true internationalist in his private life too; he met his German wife Monika while working in Switzerland and took Swiss nationality after around 45 years of residence. In the later stages of his career and in retirement

Ted turned his attention to inspiring international groups of young mathematicians and physicists in the design and use of particle accelerators in a variety of applications including medical science. He spent twelve years as head of the CERN Accelerator School and then rekindled his connection with Oxford University, becoming Visiting Professor in Oxford's John Adams Institute for Accelerator Science where he taught post-graduate students, and was Member of the Senior Common Room at Brasenose College. Ted believed the language of mathematics to be deeply intertwined with the language of music and this showed in his lifelong passion for classical music and opera. He was a keen and talented amateur pianist and singer and never happier than on his frequent visits to the opera. He was the author of two works on accelerators: *Engines of Discovery* (2007) and *An Introduction to Particle Accelerators* (2001). Ted is survived by his wife Monika; three sons, Martin, Alexander and Nicholas and five grandchildren.