

The Brazen Nose

Volume 43

2008-2009



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The Brazen Nose

2008-2009





The object of the Society shall be the advancement of the welfare and interests of Brasenose College by:

- (i) encouraging closer relations between past and present members of the College and fostering interests which they have in common;
- (ii) keeping members of the Society informed of events in the College;
- (iii) any other methods which from time to time appear likely to achieve the Society's object.

(Revised 1999)

Fellow Editor - The Rev'd Graeme Richardson



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BRASENOSE COLLEGE 2008-2009

VISITOR

The Bishop of Lincoln

PRINCIPAL

Cashmore, Roger John, CMG, MA DPhil (MA Cantab), FRS
Professor of Experimental Physics

FELLOWS

Bogdanor, Vernon Bernard, CBE, MA, FBA
Professor of Government, Tutor in Politics

Courakis, Anthony Stylianos, MA (BA Manc)
Tutor in Economics

Haydon, Richard Geoffrey, MA (MA PhD Cantab)
Professor of Mathematics, Tutor in Mathematics

Cooper, Richard Anthony, MA DPhil
Professor of French, Tutor in Modern Languages, Vice Principal

Boyd, Charles Adam Richard, BSc MA DPhil (BM Lond)
P V Curran Tutor in Physiology

Daniel, Ronald William, MA (BSc Brun; PhD Cantab), CEng, MIEE
Professor of Engineering Science, Tutor in Engineering Science

Burd, Harvey John, MA DPhil, CEng, MICE
Tutor in Engineering Science

Ingram, Martin John, MA DPhil
Tutor in Modern History

Chevaska, Maria, MA status
Supernumerary Fellow, Fellow in Fine Art

Houlsby, Guy Tinmouth, MA DSc (PhD Cantab), FEng, FICE
Professor of Civil Engineering

Robertson, Jeremy, MA DPhil
Tutor in Organic Chemistry

Edwards, Anne, MA, MRCP
Adviser to Women Students

Swadling, William John, MA (BA CNA; LLM Lond)
Tutor in Law



Morgan, Llewelyn William Goronwy, MA (PhD Cantab)
Tutor in Classics

Eltis, Sos Ann, MA MPhil DPhil
Tutor in English

Popplewell, David Arthur, MA status Oxf, (PhD Sussex)
Supernumerary Fellow, Fellow in Psychology

Klenerman, Paul, BM BCh DPhil, MRCP
Professor of Immunology, Fellow in Clinical Medicine

Bispham, Edward Henry, MA DPhil
Tutor in Ancient History, Librarian

Green, Abigail Frances Floretta, MA (PhD Cantab)
Tutor in Modern History

McKenna, Christopher Davis, MA (BA Amherst; MA PhD Johns Hopkins)
Tutor in Management Studies

James, William Seward, MA DPhil (BSc Birm)
Professor of Virology, Tutor in Physiological Sciences

Davies, Anne Caroline Lloyd, MA DPhil
Reader in Public Law, Tutor in Law

Knowland, John Sebastian, MA DPhil
Bursar

Groiser, David Simon, MA DPhil (BA Sussex)
Tutor in Modern Languages

Jones, Jonathan Alcwyn, MA DPhil
Professor of Physics, Tutor in Physics

Bowman, Alan Keir, MA (MA PhD Toronto), FBA
Camden Professor of Ancient History

Crook, Joseph Mordaunt, CBE, MA DPhil, Hon DLitt, FBA, FSA
Supernumerary Fellow

Krebs, Thomas, BCL MA DPhil (LLB Kent)
Tutor in Law

Herz, Laura, MA (Dipl Bonn; PhD Cantab)
Tutor in Physics

Vogenauer, Stefan, MA, MJur
Professor of Comparative Law, Tutor in Law

Zisserman, Andrew, MA status (MA PhD Cantab)
Senior Kurti Research Fellow, Professor of Engineering Science



Wiggs, Giles Frederick Salisbury, (BSc PhD Lond)
Tutor in Geography, Dean

Somogyi, Peter, (MSc PhD DSc Hungary), FRS
Senior Kurti Research Fellow

Parrott, Melanie Jane, LLB
Supernumerary Fellow, Domestic Bursar

Sharp, Robin Elisabeth, (BA Denison)
Director of Alumni Relations and Development (to 11/08)

Thun, Eric, (AB PhD Harvard)
Peter Moores Tutor in Chinese Business Studies

Palfrey, Simon David, MA DPhil (BA ANU)
Tutor in English

Stockley, Andrew, MA (BA Canterbury, New Zealand; LLB Victoria University
of Wellington; PhD Cantab)
Senior Tutor, Tutor for Admissions

Lea, Susan Mary, MA DPhil
Reader in Structural Biology, Tutor in Biochemistry, Tutor for Graduates

Higgs, Douglas Roland, MA status (MB BS DSc Lond), FRCP, FRCPath, FRS
Senior Kurti Research Fellow

Robinson, Damian Jason (BSc PhD Brad)
Junior Golding Research Fellow

Dennis, Paul David, BA BCh BM BSc
Supernumerary Fellow

Wills, Abigail Grace, (BA PhD Cantab)
Career Development Fellow in History

Gaffney, Eamonn Andrew, (BA PhD Cantab)
Tutor in Mathematical Biology

Johansen, Thomas Kjeller, (BA PhD Cantab)
Tutor in Ancient Philosophy

Foster, Russell Grant, (BSc PhD Brist), FRS
Senior Kurti Research Fellow

Fries, Steven Michael, MPhil DPhil (BSc Pennsylvania)
Senior Golding Research Fellow

Dawe, Helen Rebecca, (BSc Manc; PhD Lond)
Junior Kurti Research Fellow

Richardson, The Rev'd Graeme, BA MPhil MTh
Supernumerary Fellow, Chaplain



Esteves, Rui Pedro Ferreira da Costa, (BA MA do Porto; PhD Berkeley)
Tutor in Economics

Wilson, Mark, MA DPhil
Tutor in Theoretical Chemistry

Timpson, Christopher Gordon, BA BPhil DPhil
Tutor in Philosophy

Lewis, Owen Thomas, MA (PhD Leeds)
Tutor in Zoology

van der Merwe, Philip Anton, (MB ChB BSc PhD Cape Town)
Senior Kurti Research Fellow

Carbonell, Warren Shawn, (BS Washington; PhD MD Virginia)
Junior Kurti Research Fellow

Farrington, Sinead, (MPhys Edin; PhD Glas)
Junior Kurti Research Fellow

Hinarejos Parga, Alicia, MJur MPhil (BA Valencia)
Junior Golding Research Fellow

Goulder, Philip Jeremy Renshaw, MA DPhil, (BA BChir MB Cantab) MRCP,
 FMGEMS, MRCPC, FRCPC
Professor of Paediatrics, Supernumerary Fellow, Fellow in Clinical Medicine

Skach, Cindy, DPhil (MA MPhil Columbia)
Tutor in Politics

Leal, Dave, (BA PGCE PhD Leeds)
Tutor in Philosophy

Clark, Philip, DPhil (BA South Australia)
Junior Golding Research Fellow

Warner, Jamie, (BSc PhD Queensland)
Junior Kurti Research Fellow

Zarnescu, Arghir, (BSc Romania; MSc PhD Chicago)
Junior Kurti Research Fellow

Archer, Rowena Elizabeth, MA (BA Brist), FRHistS
Supernumerary Fellow, History

Lewis, Jennifer Jane, MA status (BA UCLA)
Supernumerary Fellow, Director of Alumni Relations and Development (from 27/04/09)

Sparks, JoAnne Lynn, (BA MS Cleveland)
Supernumerary Fellow, Assistant Director, Research & Learning, Bodleian Library



EMERITUS FELLOWS

- Barltrop, John Alfred, MA DPhil DSc
 Judge, Harry George, MA (PhD Lond)
 Altmann, Simon Leonardo, MA (PhD Lond)
 Stockton, David Leonard, MA
 Hockaday, Thomas Derek, MA DPhil, FRCP
 Birch, Bryan John, MA (MA PhD Cantab), FRS
 Rudden, Bernard Anthony, DCL (LLD Cantab; PhD Wales), FBA
 Cook, Peter Richard, MA DPhil
 Davies, John Windsor, BCL MA, (LLB, Birm)
 Gasser, Robert Paul Holland, MA DPhil
 Millar, Fergus Graham Bautholme, MA DPhil DLitt, FBA
 Peach, John Vincent, MA DPhil
 Proudfoot, Nicholas Jarvis, MA (PhD Cantab), FRS
 Rowett, John Spencer, MA DPhil
 Richards, William Graham, CBE, MA DSc DPhil
 Richards, Bernard Arthur, BLitt MA DPhil
 Sinclair, Peter James Niven, MA DPhil

HONORARY FELLOWS

- Freeman, the Rt Hon John, PC, MBE, MA
 Brademas, Stephen John, DPhil
 Eveleigh, the Rt Hon Sir Edward Walter, PC, ERD, MA
 Clower, Robert, MA DLitt
 Kornberg, Sir Hans, MA DSc (ScD Cantab; PhD Sheff), FRS, FIBiol
 Totterman, Richard, DPhil
 Judd, Brian Raymond, MA DPhil
 Hahn, Erwin Louis, Hon DSc (BSc Juniata; PhD Illinois), FRS
 Hodgkin, Sir Howard, CBE, Hon DLitt
 Blundell, Sir Thomas Leon, BA DPhil, FRS
 O'Neill, Robert John, AO, MA DPhil (BE Melbourne), FASSA
 Wates, Sir Christopher Stephen, BA, FCA



Smith, Anthony David, CBE, MA

Vallance, Iain David Thomas, Lord Vallance of Tummel, Kt, MA
(MSc Lond School of Business Studies)

Saville, Mark Oliver, the Rt Hon Lord Saville of Newdigate, PC, BA BCL

Janvrin, Robin Berry, the Rt Hon Lord Janvrin, PC, KCVO, CB, MA

Windlesham, David James George Hennessy, the Rt Hon Lord Windlesham,
PC, CVO, MA DLitt Hon LLD, FBA

Mellor, Julie Therese, BA

Baker, Sir Thomas Scott Gillespie, the Rt Hon Lord Justice Scott Baker, Kt, PC, BA

Palin, Michael Edward, CBE, BA

Akers-Jones, Sir David, KBE, CMG, GBM, MA

Gill, Sir Robin Denys, KCVO, MA

Allen, Katherine, MA

Cameron, the Rt Hon David, MP, BA

LECTURERS NOT ON THE FOUNDATION

Harker, Anthony Henry, DPhil (MA Cantab)
Solid State Physics

Wollenberg, Susan Lesley Freda, MA DPhil
Music

Nicholson, Michael Andrew, MA DPhil
Russian

Taylor, Jeremy Simon Hudson, MA (BSc Brist; PhD Lond)
Human Anatomy

Rogers, Alisdair Peter, MA DPhil
Geography

Pazos Alonso, Claudia, BA DPhil (MA Lond)
Portuguese

Zancani, Diego, MA DPhil (PhD Lond)
Italian

Abrams, Lesley Jane, BA (MA PhD Toronto)
Medieval History

Bourne-Taylor, Carole Juliette Angeliqne Marguerite, MA (PhD Grenoble)
French

Moran, Dominic Paul, MA (PhD Cantab)
Spanish



Palano, Silvia, MA (DPhil Florence)
Economics

Middleton, Anthony N, MA
Physics (Mathematics)

Preston, Gail M, (PhD Cornell)
Biological Sciences

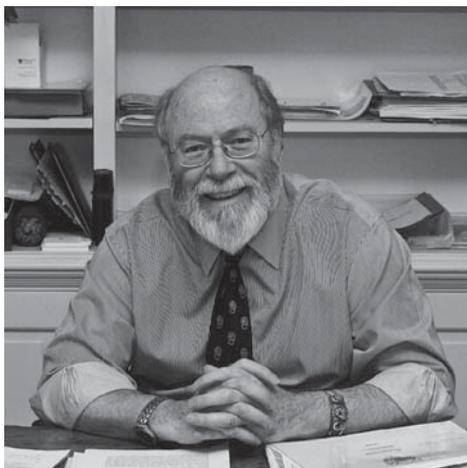
Bowles, Neil, MA DPhil
Physics

Lubbock, Thomas Oliver, BA MPhil
Politics

Bobou, Olympia, DPhil (BA Aristotle)
Classical Art and Archaeology



PRINCIPAL'S NOTES



Welcome to another edition of the Brazen Nose, a publication now one hundred years old! The magazine was a by-product of the Quatercentenary celebrations in 1909 – and it's therefore a good place to reflect on the Quincentenary, a century later.

Truly it has been a privilege to be Principal of Brasenose in its 500th year; exhausting at times, but thoroughly enjoyable. Of course, the celebrations were affected by the financial crisis of autumn 2008.

But with the help of so many, particularly College staff, a revised programme proved to be marvellously successful. The College has looked back at past glories, looked forward to a bright future, and revelled in present company.

The celebrations began in December 2008, at a reception in Goldsmiths Hall, with the launching of our college history. The result of five years' hard labour, and fifty years' acquaintance with Brasenose, Professor Mordaunt Crook's work is a wonderfully personal 'biography' of the College. Without the rich detail of this history, our Quincentenary events would have had a much blander flavour. Joe has surely earned the undying gratitude of the college he loves.

Then in February we had a special series of Tanner lectures for the Quincentenary – two days of seminars on "Meeting the Challenges of the 21st Century". We welcomed back distinguished members of Brasenose – including Sir Nicholas Bratza, Kate Allen, Lord Justice Scott Baker and George Monbiot – and put them together with current Fellows and other experts in the field to discuss the great issues of our time: emerging infection, terrorism and security, human rights, and climate change. The lectures were a reminder of some of our great intellectual traditions in Brasenose – in Law, in Politics, in Medicine.

But of course, the traditions of BNC are not solely intellectual. In March, the College went to tea in the Long Room at Lords; and in June the College played an MCC XI – and earned an historic draw. In May, the students organized a Quincentenary Ball, the most spectacular of occasions, in which the whole of Radcliffe Square was annexed to the College! The Saturday of Eights Week also saw a party for families in College, and it was good to see new, as well as old friends of the College.



The September of 2009 was probably our busiest ever. A month spent usually finishing summer projects and preparing for term-time was this year a whirl of activity. Throughout the year, dinners had been held for alumni in the four corners of the globe: in Hong Kong, Tokyo, Brussels, Athens; in Australia and New Zealand. These were followed in September by a dinner at Sotheby's in New York. And then the celebrations came home to Brasenose: a dinner for alumni on September 5th, and finally our anniversary weekend on September 25th-27th, complete with entertainments, a pageant, a chapel service, speeches in the Sheldonian and great deal of conversation. All in all, these events involved around 2,000 of our alumni and their guests.

But even then, we were not quite finished! As the new academic year began, we looked forward to a visit from David Cameron; and a royal visit from Her Majesty The Queen.

Thanks must go, at the end of such a busy series of events, to those who made them happen. The Development Office staff as a whole should take a bow; and especially we should thank Kerrin Honey, who did such a marvellous job co-ordinating the programme and the catalogue of memorabilia (a few pieces are still available!). We wish Kerrin all the best in her future career. We also welcomed in the middle of this most busy year, a new Director of Development, Jennifer Lewis. Her previous posts were at Merton College, and the Dragon School, and it's a pleasure to welcome her aboard.

The challenge of the coming year will be to maintain the momentum built up in 2009. Fundraising will continue to be a priority throughout the University, as we move into a phase of funding cuts from central government. But the worst of times can also be the best of times: and at Brasenose we've enjoyed generous support from many of you through the Annual Fund. We hope many more will participate in 2010 in this worthwhile venture, on whatever scale you can manage: small gifts put together can make a big difference to the College and its activities. In total, we received £640,400 from 444 members and Friends of Brasenose.

Your support is needed because the College is an ever-changing place. Our history shows a college growing and developing over time to meet the needs of each successive generation, and this continues. Current changes to the College have been made, for the most part, in response to its community needs. 2008–9 was the first year in which our new Graduate accommodation block at Hollybush Row was in full use, once again highlighting the increasing importance of graduate studies at BNC, and its increasing popularity as a place of graduate study. We have also seen the first phase of what is known as 'Project Q' – the Quincentenary Project – a project that ensures we use the limited space in the heart of our college most effectively, and support the people and the activities which define the College as a whole. This first phase has involved the renovation of the underground space along the west side of New Quad including the Bar and 'Gertie's' (the student's



sandwich and coffee bar), and the refurbishment of both the JCR and the HCR. These improvements will help build up their common life. Phase 2 of Project Q will address serious shortcomings in the College kitchens and should also make life safer and more attractive for our staff. It will see a complete reconstruction of the kitchens, and the staff's facilities, renovation of the SCR and the construction of two new dining rooms. There will be some upheaval as a result of this work, and visitors may have to get used to temporary kitchens and a noisy building-site. But in the end, the benefit of Project Q will be felt by staff, students, Fellows, returning members of BNC and our conference trade.

The Fellowship has also seen some changes in 2008–9. We were sad to hear of the death of John Foster, after a long struggle with cancer. John was a Fellow from 1966–2005, and an Emeritus Fellow since his retirement. Many Fellows and members of BNC were present at his Requiem Mass in Headington, where tributes were paid to his unique combination of humour, faith and ferocious philosophical reasoning. The College is currently investigating what form a memorial should take. Amongst our Honorary Fellows, this year also saw the passing of Sir John Mortimer, Mohammed Khattack, Sir John Young, and the Right Honourable Philip Moore (Lord Moore of Wolvercote). But we were also delighted to witness the presentation of an honorary degree to Professor Erwin Hahn in Encaenia. Among Tutorial Fellows, Cindy Skach came to us from Harvard, but unfortunately was only with us for one year. At the beginning of the year, we welcomed Professor Chris Kennard, and Professor Francis Robinson, as Senior Kurti Fellow and Senior Golding Fellow respectively. Ms JoAnne Sparks and Dr Rowena Archer were appointed Supernumerary Fellows (in Dr Archer's case, this was a most felicitous way of marking her long service to the college in the teaching of mediaeval history). At the end of the year, amongst our Golding and Kurti Fellows, we said goodbye to Dr Helen Dawe, Dr Shawn Carbonnel, and Dr Damian Robinson; and welcomed Dr Eliyahu Stern, Dr Matthew Grove, Dr Valeria Nicolosi, Professor Andrew Pettigrew and Professor Elspeth Garman. The excellence of our teaching was recognized this year in teaching awards for Professor Lea, Mr Swadling, Dr Herz and Dr Wiggs; Dr Burd, Dr Potter and Professor Anton van der Merwe. Professor Bogdanor was awarded the Sir Isaiah Berlin prize for a Lifetime Contribution to Political Studies; and Professor Vogenauer was awarded the Preis des Deutschen Rechtshistorikertages from the University of Passau. And in the personal life of our Fellowship, we were delighted to hear of new offspring for Dr Eamonn Gaffney, and also for Dr Abigail Wills. Dr Thomas Krebs was married in the College Chapel to his fiancée Beatrice Dafft of Lincoln College, Dr Laura Herz married Dr Michael Johnston of Corpus Christi (also in BNC chapel), and Dr Alicia Hinarejos, one of our Golding Research Fellows was married by the Chaplain in University College Chapel, to Dr Michael Blome-Tillman, a Research Fellow of Univ. We wish Tom and Bea, Laura and Mike, and Alicia and Michael, all the very best in the years to come.



So what about the future for Brasenose? Academically, the College continues to strive to both raise performance in finals, and broaden access in admissions. Last year, the College slipped in the Norrington Table to 26th position, owing perhaps to a surfeit of 2:1s and not enough 1sts – but the table is so tightly arranged that any one change between those two classes, and a college moves several places up or down. We hope to be higher next year. What gives us hope is that we continue to receive the second highest number of applications of any college in the University, so we will have first pick of talented applicants in December. And for graduates, we remain one of the most popular places to come, with our very active and friendly HCR. In college sport, the rugby team seems to be regaining its rightful position at the top of the table, beaten only by Oriel in the final of Cuppers. I would like to stand on the touchline next year watching them go one stage further.

For members of College now ‘in their several callings’ elsewhere in the country and the wider world, we do hope you’ll continue to visit and support us in the coming year. Do make use of your dining rights, do come and meet the students, and do take part in our programme of Gaudies which now resumes. The Fellows and I are always glad to see alumni in College; and Annie and I are always pleased to welcome you to the Lodgings.

Here’s to the next 100 years of the Brazen Nose – and the next 500 of Brasenose College!



CLASS LISTS

FINAL HONOURS SCHOOL 2009

BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES

II.1	Bentley-Toon	Samuel Jacob
II.1	Rothkopf	Michael Thomas
II.1	Thomas	Carwyn Francis
II.2	Davies	Jacob Guy

CLASSICS & MODERN LANGUAGES

II.1	Ferris	Carrie Victoria
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ECONOMICS & MANAGEMENT

II.1	Afzal	Faeza Basira
II.1	Arora	Aarti
II.1	Fawcett	Camilla
II.1	Jeyakumar	Sanjeev
II.1	Reynolds	Bryn Paul
II.1	Warshaw	Benjamin Michael
II.2	Saeger	Karl

ENGLISH LANGUAGE & LITERATURE

I	Butler	John James
I	Kemp	Christopher
II.1	Creelman	Harriet Rebecca
II.1	Forster	Peter
II.1	Lewis	Hannah
II.1	Southwood	Jessica

EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY

I	Toner	Finn
II.1	Florentine	Julia Buus

GEOGRAPHY

II.1	Burbidge	Antonia Vanessa Sara
II.1	Holland	David
II.1	Martin	Rebecca Mary

HISTORY

I	Cox	Andrea Susannah Vera
I	Kenber	Billy Edmund
I	Macdonald	Timothy Edward
II.1	Maisey	Tom
II.1	Miles	Emily Louise May
II.1	Ruffle	Matilda Arata Ikeuchi



II.1	Smilbert	George Nicholas
II.1	Steel	Sophie
II.1	Sweeney	Michael Gregory

HISTORY & ECONOMICS

I	Bell	Martin
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HISTORY & POLITICS

II.1	Thompson	Ruby
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JURISPRUDENCE

I	Ryan	Michael Charles
II.1	Croft	Rachel
II.1	Fry	Elliot
II.1	Hingley	Laura
II.1	Kennedy	Nic
II.1	Lewis-Hall	David Charles
II.1	Steer	Annabel Lucy
II.2	Desmedt Rudman	Lauretta Emily
II.2	Harker	Simon Francis

JURISPRUDENCE (WITH LAW IN EUROPE)

I	Cullen	James Robert
I	Lochery	Emma Frances Inglis

LITERAE HUMANIORES

I	Owen	Matthew Milik
I	Tudor	Christopher
II.1	Gledhill	Alice Victoria
II.1	Harrison	Charlotte
II.1	Johnstone	Felicity Anne
II.1	Madgett	Stephanie Ann
II.1	Maguire	Hannah
II.1	Wright	Emma Dai'an

MATHEMATICS

I	Parker	Joseph Thomas
II.1	Lambert	George Thomas

MATHEMATICS & STATISTICS

I	Wong	Benjamin Hin-Young
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MODERN LANGUAGES

I	Collinge	Holly Frances
II.1	Bergius	Iona
II.1	Blake	Emma



II.1	Matthews	Jennifer Helen
II.1	Messent	Sussanah Louise
II.1	Reid	Paula Marie
II.2	Garthwaite	Oliver Julian
II.2	O'Brien	Sinead

MUSIC

II.1	Blake	Mark
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PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS & ECONOMICS

I	Wilner	Daniel Joseph
II.1	Bergmann	Jan
II.1	Enoch	Jessica
II.1	Karing	Anne
II.1	Leviseur	James Henry Templer
II.1	Odyseos	Alexander
II.1	Szanto	Elizabeth Amy
II.1	Tsangarides	George Loucas
II.1	Von Bismark	Konstantin Ludwig-Ot
II.2	Waight Hickman	Natalia Rose

PHILOSOPHY & MODERN LANGUAGES

II.1	Da Campos	Dominic Timothy
II.1	Ewan	Rebecca Louise

PHYSICS

II.1	Fendyke	Stephen Michael
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PSYCHOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY & PHYSIOLOGY

II.1	Kemball-Williams	Guy
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FINE ART

I	Yeo	Daniel Ern-Soon
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PRECLINICAL MEDICINE

I	Budhdeo	Sanjay
I	Robbins	Timothy David
II.1	Burke	Rachael Mary
II.1	Davies	John William
II.1	Hutchinson	Charlotte
II.1	Jenkins	Timothy Francis
II.1	Pumphrey	India Victoria
II.1	Zhang	Joe Zhang



MBIOCHEM MOLECULAR & CELL BIOCHEMISTRY

I	Allison	Harriet Claire
I	Angus	Karen Lisa
II.1	Marks	Katherine Siphon

MCHEM CHEMISTRY

I	Miller	James Alastair
II.1	Goule	Catherine Anne
II.1	Theobald	Lucy Elizabeth Ann
II.2	Trevelyan Thomas	William Francis
II.2	Ye	Junju Thomas

MENG ENGINEERING SCIENCE

I	Pope	James Edward
II.1	Coules	Harry
II.1	Sheehan	Mark Christopher
II.1	Weeden	Andrew
II.2	Maitland	Adam Drummond
II.2	Yeoh	Keong Hann
II.2	Sibley	Natasha Jane
Pass	Kwok	Sen Chen Guo

MMATH MATHEMATICS

I	Pope	James Edward
II.1	Weeden	Andrew
II.2	Sibley	Natasha Jane

MPHYS PHYSICS

I	Hey	Andrew Stuart
I	MacAndrew	Robert Douglas
II.1	Bray	Sebastian John
II.1	Warren	Daniel Rosevear



MATRICULATIONS 2008

James Airey *Dr Challoner's Grammar School*, **Said Hamed Al Sarmi**, *Sultan Qaboos University*, **James Alexander Allen**, *King's College School, Wimbledon*, **Adam Sherif Baghdadi**, *St Paul's School*, **Harriet Emilia Baker**, *James Allen's Girls' School*, **Melissa Laura Bennington**, *St Helena School*, **Cicely Berton**, *Howard of Effingham School*, **Amar Bhachoo**, *Perse School*, **Matthew Bittlestone**, *King's College School, Wimbledon*, **Michael Richard Jackson Bonner**, *Toronto University*, **Rachel Boschen**, *St Clare's*, **Oliver Jerome Brady**, *Bristol Grammar School*, **Paul James Brian**, *Ripon Grammar School*, **Margaret Mary Brooks**, *York College for Girls*, **James Michael Buffham**, *Royal Grammar School*, **Peter Burgess**, *St Paul's School*, **Matthew Burrard-Lucas**, *Sevenoaks School*, **Joseph Jeremy Emmanuel Caesar**, *Pembroke College, Oxford*, **Ben Christopher Calverley**, *Greenhead School*, **Katherine Carpenter**, *James Allen's Girls' School*, **Benedict Carroll**, *St Olave's Grammar School*, **Liam Christopher Cattell**, *Stamford School*, **Hee-Won Cho**, *Eton College*, **Gregory Coates**, *Royal Grammar School*, **Harry Cohen**, *Winchester College*, **Scott Coleman**, *King Edward VI College*, **Matthew John Colledge**, *George Abbott School*, **James Alexander Cooke**, *Lenzie Academy*, **Jonathan Cookson**, *City of London School*, **Sophie Alexandra Ann Core**, *Hayesfield School*, **Hannah Elizabeth Cornwell**, *Lady Margaret Hall*, **Tamsin Angelica Joy Crawford**, *Westcliff High School for Girls*, **Joshua Critchlow**, *Watford Grammar School for Boys*, **Norbert Cszimazia**, *Tübingen University, Germany*, **Emma Jane Cussans**, *Royal Holloway College, University of London*, **Hannah Cusworth**, *Brighton and Hove High School*, **Robert David Danby**, *University of Leicester*, **Robert Matthew Dancey**, *Hampton School*, **Mark Duncan Daniels**, *University College London*, **Murray James David**, *Coventry School (King Henry VIII)*, **Alexander Charles Eagle**, *Stafford Grammar School*, **Jessica Sarah Anne Edwards**, *Shrewsbury High School*, **Esteban Ferrer Vaccarezza**, *Imperial College*, **Gavin Peter John Fourie**, *Yarm School*, **Rosanna Fox**, *St Mary's School*, **Marco Francescon**, *South Hunsley School*, **Theodore Max Freedman**, *Haberdashers' Aske's (Boys') School*, **Yizhen Fung**, *Taylor's College*, **Yuan Gao**, *Raffles Junior School*, **Dorita Gilinski**, *American School of London*, **Paul David Gladwell**, *Sir Thomas Rich's School*, **Hannah Grainger Clemson**, *Royal Holloway College, University of London*, **Olga Sergeevna Grinchenko**, *Balliol College*, **Benoit Guerin**, *Sciences Po Paris*, **Thomas Benedict Gunter**, *Magdalen College School*, **Anisha Gupta**, *Raffles Junior School*, **Emily Hawes**, *North London Collegiate School*, **Olivia Hesketh**, *Upton Hall Convent School*, **Jennifer Hill**, *Giggleswick School*, **Rebecca Hill**, *Gresham's School*, **Robert Hinrichsen**, *The Phillips Exeter Academy NH, USA* **David Hughes**, *Sevenoaks School*, **Sophia Hurst**, *King Edward VI College*, **Mohammed Ali Javed**, *Resource Academia, Pakistan*, **Christopher Thomas Jeffs**, *Exmouth Community College*, **Louisa Jones**, *Weald School*, **Oliver Benjamin Jones**, *Lymm High School*, **Charlotte Ann Jug**, *Ffynone House School*, **Balrik Kailey**, *St Olave's Grammar School*, **Faraa Karim**, *Solihull Sixth Form College*, **Brogan Alexandra Kear**, *St John the Baptist C in W School*, **Mahsa Khadem**, *Queen Elizabeth Grammar School*, **Monika**



Johanna Kreitmair, Bromsgrove School, **Sarah Latty**, Cramlington High School, **Qian Li**, Lancing College, **Hannah Kate Lingard**, Churchill College, Cambridge, **Jian Liu**, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne University, **Thomas William Lowe**, Wellington College, **Sarah Gillian Lyall**, George Heriot's School, **Vinothini Manivasagam**, King Edward VI Camp Hill Girls, **Robert Ian McCormick**, Southampton University, **Christopher McCully**, Royal Belfast Academic Institute, **Arpit Mittal**, National Institute of Technology, India, **Christina Mary Moorhouse**, Godolphin and Latymer School, **Matthew Morris**, St Martin's School, **Otto Kit Morris**, Hereford Sixth Form College, **Elena Netsi**, University of Bath, **Richard O'Brien**, Bourne Grammar School, **Peter Bernard O'Driscoll**, Archbishop Ilesley School, **Rory O'Neill**, Tonbridge School, **Matthew Osman**, Eton College, **Jennifer Julie Pestana**, Queensland University, **Hannah Piggott**, Therfield School, **Kate Porcheret**, Imperial College, **Emma Caitlin Preston**, British Columbia University, **Robert Fleming Puckett**, Columbia University, **Samantha Hope Raby**, Northwood High School CA, USA, **Tim Ramsey**, Royal Grammar School, **James Randall**, Radley College, **Philippa Jane Reeve**, Kendrick School, **Jack Rendle**, St John's School, **Mark Daniel Joseph Richardson**, Imperial College, **Henriette Roued Roued-Cunliffe**, University of Southampton, **Rosie Saady-Saunders**, Hereford Sixth Form College, **Johannes Schoedel**, Wuerzburg University, Germany, **James Searle**, Richard Huish College, **Louise Shen**, Fettes College, **Nikhil Sheorey**, King's College School, Wimbledon, **Stuart Sims**, University of Glasgow, **Ally James Smith**, H.W. Blake High School, Tampa FL, USA, **Rebecca Margaret Staw**, Anglo-European School, **Heather Brenda Stone**, St Edmund Hall, Oxford, **Helen Summersgill**, Strathallan School, **Christopher Sykes**, Westminster School, **Sarah Lynn Tai**, Wycombe Abbey School, **Barnaby Luke Taylor**, St Hugh's College, Oxford, **Brandon Douglas Taylor**, University of London, **Duncan Thompson**, King's School, **Reena Virdee**, James Allen's Girls' School, **Francesca Phyllis Mary Wade**, North London Collegiate School, **James Wain**, Leeds Grammar School, **Andrew Patrick Ward**, Royal Grammar School, **Christian Thomas Weisspfennig**, University of Texas at Austin, **Laura West-Wilson**, Collyer's Sixth Form College, **Henrietta Wetherill**, Rugby School, **Hannah Jane White**, Sevenoaks School, **Robert Thomas Williams**, Kingston Grammar School, **Emily Faith Wilson**, Cheltenham Ladies' College, **Oliver Wilson**, Berkhamsted Collegiate School, **Richard Wilson**, Warwick School, **Anthony Robert Woodgate**, King's School, **Ronald Ho Nam Yip**, Clare College, Cambridge, **Di Yu**, Pymbles Ladies' College.

COLLEGE PRIZES

First in Finals: **Harriet Allison** (Molecular and Cellular Biochemistry); **Karen Angus** (Molecular and Cellular Biochemistry); **Martin Bell** (History & Economics); **Sanjay Budhdea** (Medicine); **James Butler** (English); **Holly Collinge** (Modern Languages); **Andrea Cox** (History); **James Cullen** (Law with Law Studies in Europe); **Maxwell de Vere** (M.Math Mathematics Part B); **Andrew Hey** (MPhys Physics); **Christopher Kemp** (English); **Billy Kenber** (History);



Emma Lochery (Law with Law Studies in Europe); **Robert MacAndrew** (MPhys Physics); **Timothy Macdonald** (History); **James Miller** (Chemistry); **Matthew Owen** (Literae Humaniores); **Joseph Parker** (BA Mathematics); **James Pope** (M.Math Mathematics Part C); **Timothy Robbins** (Medicine); **Michael Ryan** (Jurisprudence); **Finn Toner** (Experimental Psychology); **Chris Tudor** (Literae Humaniores); **Daniel Wilner** (PPE); **Lorna Wilson** (M.Math Mathematics Part B); **Benjamin Wong** (BA Mathematics and Statistics); **Daniel Yeo** (Fine Art).

First in Mods: **John Kallauger** (Mathematics).

Distinction in Mods/Prelims: **Adam Baghdadi** (Economics and Management); **Cicley Berton** (English); **Paul Brian** (Chemistry); **Liam Cattell** (Engineering); **Scott Coleman** (Law); **Marco Francescon** (PPE); **Theodore Freedman** (Modern Languages and Claude Beddington Prize); **Olivia Hesketh** (Geography); **Mohammed Javed** (Engineering); **Sarah Lyall** (History); **Matthew Morris** (Fine Art); **Richard O'Brien** (English and Modern Languages); **James Searle** (PPE); **Rebecca Staw** (Modern Languages); **Di Yu** (Law).

Distinctions in Supplementary Subjects: **Tze Siang Chong** (Aromatic and Heterocyclic Pharmaceutical Chemistry); **Joe Ridout** (Aromatic and Heterocyclic Pharmaceutical Chemistry); **James Thomas** (Quantum Chemistry).

Distinction in 1st BM Part II: **Julian Dickerman**, **Arvind Singhal**, **Edmund Watson**.

Distinction in the M.St/MPhil/MSc: **Timothy Giddings** (MSt Greek&/or Latin Languages and Literature); **Victoria Griffiths** (MSt Biology); **Ben Masters** (MSt English 1780-1900); **Byron Spring** (MSt Medieval and Modern Languages); **Heather Stone** (MSt English 1780-1900); **Barnaby Taylor** (MSt Greek&/or Latin Languages and Literature).

Distinction in the BCL/M.Juris: **Jonathan Chew** (BCL); **Thys Elseman** (M.Juris); **Kester Lees** (BCL).

UNIVERSITY PRIZES

Scott Coleman

Prize for best performance in Roman Private Law

Di Yu

Sweet and Maxwell Prize for overall best performance in Law Mods;
Best performance in Constitutional Law



ELECTIONS TO SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS

OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS

Maxwell de Vere, formerly of King Edward VI School (Mathematics); **Julian Dickman**, formerly of Herbart Gymnasium (Medicine); **Rebecca Dyar**, formerly of Oxford High School (Medicine); **Amnon Ferber**, formerly of University College School (Computer Science); **Camilla Gruffydd-Jones**, formerly of Kings of Wessex Upper School (English and Modern Languages); **Alexandra Hedges**, formerly of Haberdashers' Aske's Girls' School (English); **Olivia Hesketh**, formerly of Upton Hall Convent School (Geography); **David Meryon**, formerly of Monkton Combe School (Engineering Science); **Maria New**, formerly of Colyton Grammar School (Biochemistry); **Caitlin Page**, formerly of Alleyn's School (History); **Peter Reader-Harris** formerly of Hutchesons' Grammar School (Physics); **Arvind Singhal** formerly of Cowbridge School (Medicine); **James Thomas**, formerly of Gordano School (Chemistry); **Edmund Watson**, formerly of Queen Elizabeth School (Medicine); **Lorna Wilson**, formerly of Churchill Community School (Mathematics).

OPEN EXHIBITIONS

Adam Baghdadi, formerly of St Paul's School (Economics and Management); **Cicley Berton**, formerly of Howard of Effingham School (English); **Paul Brian**, formerly of Ripon Grammar School (Chemistry); **Liam Cattell**, formerly of Stamford School (Engineering Science); **Elena Chong**, formerly of Parkstone Grammar School (Chemistry); **Scott Coleman**, formerly of King Edward VI College (Law); **Jonathan Cookson**, formerly of City of London School (Medicine); **Tom Gunter** formerly of Magdalen College School (Engineering Science); **Marco Francescon**, formerly of South Hunsley School (PPE); **Ted Freedman**, formerly of Haberdashers' Aske's (Boys') School (Modern Languages); **Philippa Harris**, formerly of City of London School for Girls (Literae Humaniores); **Ali Javed**, formerly of Resource Academia, Pakistan (Engineering Science); **John Kallaughner**, formerly of Dulwich College (Mathematics); **Mahsa Khadem**, formerly Queen Elizabeth Grammar School (English); **Sarah Lyall**, formerly of George Heriot's School (History); **Matthew Morris**, formerly of St Martin's School (Fine Art); **Otto Morris**, formerly of Hereford Sixth Form College (Biochemistry); **Richard O'Brien**, formerly of Bourne Grammar School (English and Modern Languages); **Joe Ridout**, formerly of Royal Grammar School (Chemistry); **Tom Samuel**, formerly of Westminster School (Literae Humaniores); **James Searle**, formerly of Richard Huish College (PPE); **Rebecca Staw**, formerly of Anglo-European School (Modern Languages); **Lucy Taylor**, formerly of Howell's School (Medicine); **Reena Virdee**, formerly of James Allen's Girls' School (Biochemistry); **Anthony Woodgate**, formerly of King's School (Biochemistry); **Di Yu**, formerly of Pymble Ladies' College (Law).



UNIVERSITY PRIZES

Iga Nowicz

The Andrew Colin Prize 2008 and the Mrs Claude Beddington Prize 2008

James Wilson

Gibbs Prize in Zoology

Hann Yeoh

Gibbs Prize for Best Design Project in Engineering Science

Edward Blacker

Gibbs Prize for results in the Honour School of Medical Sciences

Christopher Cant

Gibbs Prize for best Research Project in Psychological Studies

Scott Coleman

University Prize for best performance in Roman Private Law

James Thomas

Distinction in Quantum Chemistry Supplement Subject

Joe Ridout

Distinction in Aromatic & Heterocyclic Pharmaceutical Chemistry

Tze Siang Chong

*Distinction in Aromatic & Heterocyclic Pharmaceutical Chemistry
Supplementary Subject*

Reports



JCR

Reporting on behalf of the JCR is always tricky; I cannot hope to do justice to the undergraduate body in this report. Brasenose students have been involved in activities too numerous to list. Instead I will try to give a taste of what has happened over the year, and let the student reports that follow speak for themselves.

2009 has been a fine year all round for Brasenose students. Standing in Radcliffe Square watching the fireworks from All Souls and a blast of fire from Brasenose's crenulations accompanied by *Carmina Burana* left us all in awe, but of course that was only part of the story of the year. Trinity term also saw the completion of the first phase of the mysterious 'Project Q'. We heard rumours that the project involved a swimming pool on New Quad which opened like on Tracy Island. But in the event, students were more than satisfied with the long awaited re-opening of the College bar and Gertie's, two institutions which we were certainly struggling without. The Fellows, after all, understand where students' priorities lie. Both the Bar and Gertie's have since been an incredible success and are more popular than ever.

In a year of renovation the JCR was next on the list to get a makeover. One of my priorities was to turn our outdated, seldom-used Common Room into the best in Oxford and I hope we have succeeded. It is, as ever, difficult to form a consensus among students, but after long consultation with members of the JCR and staff a plan of action had been agreed. Perhaps one of the more optimistic requests was a solid oak floor which, surprisingly, the Bursar agreed would be a sensible long-term investment. But alas we were not able to get the required planning permission to replace the ancient flooring. Nonetheless the room has been entirely transformed; we have freshly painted walls, new carpets, lights, windows and coffee tables, a varnished wooden floor beneath the pool table but most importantly lots of new comfy sofas. Perhaps one of the most interesting additions is the retractable wooden divider separating the loud games area from the sitting room when required. It may well be cliché but all of this could not have been possible without the help of the College staff, particularly Sabina, Joe and Mel, and the JCR are certainly thankful for their efforts.

Though JCR meetings started off tame and poorly attended with the student body generally apathetic, the year soon was characterised by controversial and hotly debated issues almost every fortnight. For instance the issue of whether students living in college should have to vacate their rooms in order to facilitate the setting up of the ball resulted in a heated exchange of arguments and the following term the issue of whether or not the scholars and exhibitioners should be rewarded in the room ballot was equally controversial.

By now the JCR had found its voice and many issues resulted in a long debate to the consternation of those hoping for a quick meeting. A particular running theme seemed to be mandating our poor domestic rep, Paul, to do various tedious jobs. Not every motion, however, was contentious. We have, as ever through both the Arts'



Fund and the JCR, been proud supporters of student drama with motions proposing financial support to productions by Brasenose students always well received.

Of course meetings are only a fraction of the work done by the JCR and this year the committee have been particularly keen to get the JCR involved as citizens of the wider world. Pub quizzes, cocktails, walks and a Valentine's Day speed date for the British Heart Foundation were all done to raise money for charity whilst on the E&E side of things we raised awareness of global issues with AmnesTEAs, a climate for action campaign and various film screenings such as the Age of Stupid. This doesn't mean that Brasenose students themselves have been forgotten, as our welfare reps have ensured everyone was looked after, particularly in the smoothie and cookie department.

A phenomenal amount of planning went into the annual arts festival and it was organized brilliantly by Juliet and Emma; but as with all the best laid plans the Great British Weather threatened to scupper them. Though the clouds refused to part for the entire week the arts festival showcased Brasenose talent spectacularly and allowed all students to get involved, with Bollywood and dancesport workshops. Similarly the garden party, used to sunny weather, was threatened by the rain but instead we drank our Pimm's in the Hall accompanied by our own jazz musicians Alice and Tom and the Platnauer Quartet.

The annual Sports Dinner, Arts & Societies Dinner, and guest dinners were, as ever, a resounding success but perhaps the most eagerly anticipated dinners of year were Ale Verses and Burns' Supper. For most people a Ceilidh after haggis is novel enough, but in ale verses we have a truly unique and thoroughly Brasenose tradition, and this year's entries were as funny as ever.

Freshers' Week saw another year of students find their feet at Brasenose with Caitlin masterfully coordinating activities such as cocktails, a ghost tour and pub quiz. Though notoriously difficult to organise it was hopefully a great welcome for students to the College. It is, of course, essential to keep the JCR entertained all year round and thanks to Charlotte we've had a series of well-attended bops showing off the best (and most ridiculous) fancy dress Brasenose has to offer. To ensure none of the costume efforts went to waste Rachel introduced the Brasenose fancy dress kit, donating much of her own, allowing students to reuse classic costumes with the proceeds going to charity.

So down comes the curtain on another year at Brasenose, though I'm sure the memory of this one will live on for a while. It has always been a pleasure working with the JCR committee whose efforts cannot be done justice in a short report. I hope that we have humbly served the College as we intended and I hope this year has been as good for you as it has for me. Here's to Brasenose and the next 500 years.

Arvind Singhal (2007), JCR President

If you would like to find out more about the JCR or have any questions please contact any member of our committee through our website or email me at arvind.singhal@bnc.ox.ac.uk



HCR

Sitting to write the HCR Report for 2008–9, I am struck again by the diverse achievements of Brasenose graduates and (perhaps most importantly) by the warmth of the graduate community here. What follows is far from being a full catalogue of our activity for the year, but (hopefully) gives a taste of graduate life at Brasenose.

This Michaelmas began with an impressive Freshers' Week to welcome in a new academic year and a new influx of graduates to the fold. However, the work of a Social Secretary is never done, and friendships formed in Freshers' Week were cemented in the raft of events which followed. Always keen to mix with the wider college, social debutants of the HCR have been spotted paying homage to our 'swarve' new bar; performing reckless 'basket' manoeuvres at Burns' Night; shielding their modesty in the BNC calendar and proving that 'silence is golden' at the Quincentenary Ball's silent disco. Thanks to our Tutor for Graduates, Susan Lee, and our Vice-Principal, Richard Cooper, we have also enjoyed termly Graduate Dinners, with such speakers as Dr Richard Thorpe and Professor Peter Sinclair. Finally, taking full advantage of other colleges' hospitality, the HCR have been on exchange dinners as far afield as OX2, which often serve to emphasise the hub of fantastic graduates that Oxford houses and the (apparently unusually) high calibre of Brasenose dinners.

To counter the adverse effects of Freshers' Week, Michaelmas Term also marked the launch of the HCR's 'can't run to the bus stop?' club. Jogging into the sunrise every Monday, this indefatigable club transformed themselves over the course of two terms from novice joggers to accomplished 5km runners, coming second in the 'College Teams' category of the Teddy Hall Relays. Alongside the jogging club we continued HCR Yoga and Aerobics, dispelling any hope that academic achievement is correlated to basic co-ordination but having great fun in reaching this conclusion. Adding to our ranks, the indomitable HCR Football Team was formed in Hilary, with large thanks to our Social Secretary, Simon Allen.

Individually, HCR members continue to excel in sports at a college and university level. Our rowers formed an integral part of Brasenose's First and Second Eight crews, with the women chalking up their impressive 'Blades' victories in Old Quad. In Rugby, Cricket, Athletics, Cycling and more, HCR sportsmen and women have been representing Brasenose and Oxford with the supportive screams of the HCR's adoring masses behind them.

Academically, our graduates study a wide range of fascinating and exciting topics. Samples of their work are shared in our notorious Blurbs sessions, with the SCR. In these sessions a member from each common room presents their recent work in layman's terms. Armed only with wine and wit, the HCR and SCR audience proceed to give both speakers a grilling before retiring to Blurbs Dinner and the



obligatory Second Desserts. Sessions this year have covered an impressive range of topics: from 'Goth culture' to 'Desertification'; 'Gifts from the Gods' to 'Retirement in Rome'; and 'Politics of Memory in Post-Soviet Russia' to 'Rwandan Community Courts'.

When our Graduate Music Director, Nick Prozzillo, gave his mellifluous Blurb in Hilary term we knew he would showcase some of his impressive musical prowess. Likewise, we've come to expect great things of grad members in the College Choir. However, our 'open mic' HCR Concerts (established by HCR Arts and Culture Reps Hetti Cheung and Michael Bonner) have uncovered a wealth of hidden musical talent, including a resident opera composer in Charlie 'fingers' Furness-Smith and a prolific jazz saxophonist Samir 'Coltrane' Bhatt. Rumour has it that an upstanding HCR member also had a hand in this year's winning Ale Verse. Fortunately, as a lawyer, she is well equipped to fight off such scandalous accusations...Moving from the scores to scripts, the Brasenose Art's Week and the Quincentenary Pageant revealed a thespian side to our Common Room. Special mention must go to Tom Lubbock, who directed *Dogg's Hamlet / Cahoot's Macbeth* and to Hannah Granger-Clemson for managing against all odds – and with the help of suitably large stilts – to fashion herself into the likeness of the famous Childe of Hale.

As the year draws to a close, it only remains for me to thank those who have made it all possible. The committee retiring in Hilary this year and those succeeding them have worked incredibly hard to create the events and atmosphere that make our graduate community so special. Thank you. At a wider level, the HCR this year has been standing on the shoulders of various BNC 'giants' without whom, all this would not be possible. We have constantly appreciated the support of our Principal, Roger Cashmore; Tutor for Graduates, Susan Lea; Senior Tutor, Andrew Stockley; and Vice-Principal, Richard Cooper who are always keen to give their ear and their support to HCR events, programmes and ideas. As always, thanks also go to lynchpins of the College: Wendy Williams our College Secretary; Sabina White in Accommodation; Fiona Gair in Finance; Mel Parrott our Domestic Bursar, and the ever-patient Conference and Events team.

Needless to say, there are many more graduate achievements and 'thank yous' than I have mentioned here, but I hope what I have provided is some evidence of the wonderful graduate community we have in the HCR and a hint of the degree to which our graduates contribute not only to Brasenose, but Oxford University as a whole.

Sarah-Jane Cooper-Knock (2007)
HCR President



PRESENTATIONS TO THE LIBRARY

Presentations by Members of College – own composition

Robin Birley

Vindolanda: A Roman Frontier Fort on Hadrian's Wall, 2009.

Ed Bispham

From Asculum to Actium: The Municipalization of Italy from the Social War to Augustus, 2007.

Roman Europe, 2008.

Vita Vigilia Est: Essays in Honour of Barbara Levick, 2007. (ed.)

Vernon Bogdanor

The New British Constitution, 2009.

Martin Brayne

Harry Packham's Tour, 2008. (ed.)

Jonathan Cole

About Face, 1999.

Still Lives: Narratives of Spinal Cord Injury, 2004.

The Invisible Smile: Living Without Facial Expression, 2009.

Theodor Ebert

Gesammelte Aufsätze Band I Zur Philosophie des Aristoteles
Gesammelte Aufsätze Band II Zur Philosophie und ihrer Geschichte
Platon Werke. Übersetzung und Kommentar Band 14: Phaidon
Aristoteles: Analytica Priora Buchi

David Lawday

Danton: The Gentle Giant of Terror, 2008.

J.S. Milsom

Sumatra: Geology, Resources and Tectonic Evolution, 2005. (ed.)

Francis Neate

The Rule of Law: Perspectives from Around the Globe, 2009. (ed.)

Matthew Pinkser

Lincoln's Sanctuary: Abraham Lincoln and the Soldiers' Home, 2005.

Richard Piper

(author of article p.14–16)

The John Buchan Journal Spring 2009 issue 39. Sons, Fathers and Identity: A Perspective on John Buchan a Memoir.

Jonathan Reuvid

Working Abroad: The Complete Guide to Overseas Employment and Living in a new Country, 30th ed., 2009.

Working for Yourself: An Entrepreneur's Guide to the Basics, 26th ed., 2009.



Morocco: *Emerging Economy of the Mediterranean. An Authoritative Investment Guide*, 2009. (ed.)

Bernard Richards

Cardenio by William Shakespeare and John Fletcher (A Reconstruction of a Lost Play), 2009.

Christopher Salvesen

The Long Gallery, 2008.

Chris Spring

Angaza Afrika: African Art Now, 2008.

Derek Winterbottom

Dynasty: The Polack Family and the Jewish House at Clifton, 2008.

Presentations by Members of College – works not of their own composition

David Bradbury

Septimius Severus; The African Emperor by Anthony R Birley, 2000 (reprint).

Carole Bourne-Taylor

Diderot: Le Matérialisme by Jean-Claude Bourdin, 1998.

Ronald Baines Chapman

(Presented by Terence Neal on his behalf)

The Letters of Dickens, Pilgrim edition, v. 1–8, 1965–95.

Brian Cook

Mechanics in the Universitie: A History of Engineering Science at Oxford by Alastair Howatson, 2008.

Terri Edwards

Diocletian and the Roman Recovery by Stephen Williams, 1985.

Felicity French

Ecology 2nd ed. by Aulay Mackenzie, Andy S Ball & Sonia R Virdee, 2001.

Ecology: Individuals, Populations and Communities 3rd ed. by Michael Begon, John L Harper & C R Townsend, 1996

Essentials of Ecology 2nd ed. by Colin R Townsend, Michael Begon and John L Harper, 2003.

David Groiser

Bertolt Brecht Stücke 6, 1989.

Charles Harrison-Wallace

Bolivia Bajo El Che by Philippe Labreux (m.1958), 1968.

Chile Bajo Las Botas: Crónicas Del Terror by Philippe Labreux (m.1958), 1973.

Bernard Richards

Two Concepts of Allegory: A Study of Shakespeare's Tempest and the Logic of Allegorical Expression with a new preface by the author AD Nuttall, 2007.



Dead from the Waist Down, by AD Nuttall, 2003.
JG Farrell: The Making of a Writer by Livia Greacen, 1999.
James Fletcher-Watson' Watercolour Secrets, 2002.
Jacobean Private Theatre by Keith Sturges, 1987.
Stepping Stones: Interviews with Seamus Heaney by Dennis O'Driscoll, 2008.
British Academy Shakespeare Lectures 1980-89 introduced by EA Honigmann, 1993.
Absent Minds: Intellectuals in Britain by Stefan Collini, 2006.
The Ends of Life: Roads to Fulfillment in Early Modern England by Keith Thomas, 2009.
'The Tempest' and Its Travels edited by Peter Hulme and William H Sherman, 2000.

Bill Swadling

The Change of Position Defence by Elise Bant, 2009.

Susan Treggiari

Curtius Rufus : Histories of Alexander the Great, Book 10, introduction and historical commentary by JE Atkinson , translated by JC Yardley, 2009.

Urbanus Magnus: The Book of the Civilized Man by Daniel of Beccles, 2007.

Michael Whitehead

William Hulme and His Trust by IB Fallows, 2008.

Presentations by others

Chris Ballinger: *Brasenose: The Biography of an Oxford College* by J Mordaunt Crook, 2008.

John Hughes

Thomas Willis 1621-1675: His Life and Work, 2nd ed. by JT Hughes, 2009.

John A Nagl

Counterinsurgency Field Manual with forward by General David H Patraeus, Lt General James Amos & Lt Colonel John A Nagl.

Tyler Jo Smith

Collectanea Antiqua: Essays in Memory of Sonia Chadwick Hawkes edited by Martin Henig and Tyler Jo Smith, 2007.

The History of Greek Vases : Potters, Painters and Pictures by John Boardman, 2001.

Liz Kay, Librarian



CHAPEL

The Rev'd Graeme Richardson, Chaplain

The Chapel continues to be a space well-used for worship, music, prayer, and reflection. Morning Prayer at 8:10 and Evening Prayer at 6:15 are the daily acts of worship in term-time. On occasions of the Chaplain's absence, these were led by our Bible Clerk, Jonathan Edwards. Jonathan has been a great help with so many things in Chapel – in particular, showing a willingness to laugh at the Chaplain's feeble jokes that is well beyond the call of duty. The student preachers at our Tuesday night ecumenical Eucharist allow me an interesting insight into contemporary student spirituality. Many of an evangelical persuasion who preach are more convinced than ever that the external manifestations of Christian devotion are unnecessary: it is difficult to say the Eucharistic prayer immediately afterwards, wearing alb and chasuble, in our beautifully decorated chapel, and not be troubled. Such a challenge is no longer met by an Anglo-Catholic response of much strength: but I am encouraged by the Roman Catholic willingness to cherish the Chapel and the opportunities it affords. Others seem to see the ramshackle diversity of the Chapel as a sign of the kingdom. Compline continued (having been initiated last year) and was surprisingly popular. This old service, in old language ("nightly fears and fantasies") sung throughout, demonstrates that 'making services more accessible' is not necessarily the way to get young people into church.

College Prayers has been better attended than in any time since I became Chaplain. Preachers this year have included Dr Douglas Hedley, of Clare College, Cambridge, who entertained us with his utter opacity on the subject of Giambattista Vico; the Rev'd Harry Potter, Barrister and founder of the 999 club in Deptford; the Rev'd Dr Jane Freeman, Team Vicar in the College Living of East Ham; the Rev'd John Witheridge, Headmaster of Charterhouse, who gave the Runcie Sermon; the Bishop of Chelmsford, John Gladwin; Patrick Irwin, a former chaplain returned to speak in Trinity '09, and Dr Denise Inge, the Thomas Traherne scholar, gave us a fascinating sermon on one of our most famous forebears. The charities supported were the Anthony Nolan Trust, the 999 club (for the homeless); and the Lasallian Developing World Projects in Africa, in which one of our Chapel regulars, Matt Smith, took part.

Brasenose Choir continues to grow from strength to strength. The only enemy is over-enthusiasm, and that's not a bad situation to be in! Nick Prozzillo continues to provide a guiding senior hand as Graduate Director of Music, and Tom Lowe as Organ Scholar had a fine first year in harness. We expanded our programme of singing lessons to include many more members of the choir, and reaped the rewards throughout the year.



Chaplain's Breakfast continued on Sunday mornings in term-time with discussions sometimes riotous, sometimes deadly serious. And Chapel Hikes continued – in freezing conditions, we walked to Binsey before Christmas and Sandford before Easter.

Mention should be made here of special services for the Quincentenary. For at least 450 years of its history, the College was a religious place; and yet religion had little part in the College's official programme of celebrations. Even the Tanner lectures on 'Meeting the Challenge of the 21st Century', neglected to consider religion – not, I think, entirely irrelevant in discussions of medical ethics, terrorism, and the environment. But, of course, times have changed, and I was prepared to accept the secular nature of those celebrations as unavoidable. I was delighted, therefore, that when the Bishop of Lincoln celebrated the Eucharist on Ascension Day, many members of college, including senior members were in attendance. The Bishop spoke briefly but movingly about the place of colleges such as Brasenose in ensuring the future of Christianity. And I was even more delighted at the Eucharist on the Anniversary weekend to have nearly 150 people in Chapel, when I had expected 6. I am grateful to Professor Cooper for his emergency administering of the chalice! The rousing singing, and the great warmth of so many in conversation afterwards, gave me fresh hope for the future; and renewed belief in the centrality of the Chapel in College life. For which, to many members past and present, many thanks.

Marriages in BNC 2008–9:

Sarah-Jane Knock and Jonathan Cooper – December 13th 2008

Jo Leach and Julian Blackshaw – January 10th 2009

Philip Goulder and Sarah Lim – February 14th 2009

Thomas Krebs and Beatrice Dafft – April 18th 2009

Dave Townsend and Lizzie Bush – June 27th 2009

Robert Danby and Lizelle Sander – June 28th 2009

Max Kenworthy and Laura Fergusson – July 18th 2009

Laura Herz and Michael Johnston – September 5th 2009

Nicholas Fawcett and Nicky Kalk – September 5th 2009



MUSIC

The 2008–9 academic year witnessed great musical achievements for Brasenose. Along with other developments in Brasenose arts, music continues to play its part in creating a stimulating and exciting learning environment, something which has not gone unnoticed. In his new biography of Brasenose, J Mordaunt Crook states: ‘The Tanner Lectures, the Platnauer Concerts, the Chapel choir, the annual student Arts Week: all these were evidence of established and continuing vitality.’ The increasingly popular Platnauer Concerts saw the *Coten Ensemble* give a concert of Baroque music, followed by the sublime vocal group, the *Cardinal’s Musick*, and lastly, the ensemble *O Duo (percussion)* with Morgan Szymanski (classical guitar). The last concert, a great tour de force by such wonderful young talent, demonstrated just what percussion instruments can do.

Our celebratory year heralded many more exciting developments. A new concert series, the Principal’s Concerts, was established to demonstrate the talent that lies within Brasenose. Indeed, music flourishes in all common rooms. It was particularly pleasing to see the formation of an SCR ensemble (William James, Susan Lea, Nicholas Proudfoot), supplying links between junior and senior common rooms. A Fellows’ Recorder Consort, which meets informally every week, has proved to be popular activity. Mark Blake (BNC 2006) gave a recital in Hillary Term and through the organisation of Louisa Jones (BNC 2008), Aimée de Gruchy-Lambert (BNC 2004) gave a recital as part of the Arts’ Week festivities. We thank our Music Society Secretary, Charlotte Clemson, for her commitment over the past year, and give our best wishes to Andrew Sillett who takes over from Charlotte.

Visitors to the Chapel will note the presence of a new musical instrument, the Wingfield Organ. The organ is a reconstruction of a Tudor organ and is on loan to us from the Royal College of Organists. It is used to provide voluntaries at College Prayers, and last term was greatly admired by the boys of New College School during a school visit. Further activities will be organised next term.

The College Choir continues to flourish. Every year the choir renews itself with a fresh intake of students (mainly from Brasenose, but with a modest intake from other colleges) and numbers remain high. We said goodbye to our organ scholar, Mark Martinez, in June 2008 and welcomed Thomas Lowe last October. Choral awards were offered to Michael Bonner, Oritsema Ejuoneatse, Matthew Harman, Juliet Hogarth, Charlotte Hutchinson, Joseph Parker, Lara Gouveia Simonetti, and Edmund Watson. I am most grateful to Nicola Harrison and Karri Moffatt for providing the award holders with singing tuition. We all look forward to the exciting year ahead when another intake of choristers will continue to make a lasting contribution to Brasenose music. My special thanks to the Principal, Chaplain, Bible Clerk, Thomas Lowe, Choir Librarian, Joseph Parker, and Social Secretaries, Helena Wilding and Jonathan Edwards, for their constant support.

Nick Prozzillo (2001)



THE BALL

On 9th May 2009 Brasenose opened its doors to guests for the Brasenose Quincentenary Ball. After eighteen months of work, and 500 years of history, it was time for one very special night of Brasenose entertainment. It was also time to prove to every other Oxford ball that we could justify the ticket prices for an event which would never be forgotten.

As the Oxford Brookes clear-up workforce started to clear the knee-deep sea of food cartons and once-full champagne flutes at 8 o'clock on the morning after, consensus was that we had done it. Fireworks were launched from All Souls' to Elgar's *Nimrod*, the Ferris wheel spun in Radcliffe Square, Calvin Harris and Digitalism played in the Quads, and a Billecart-Salmon champagne breakfast was served at 5am. It was a truly Brasenose affair: an evening attended by 96% of the JCR, over 50% of the HCR and a large number from the SCR.

Not everything had gone smoothly in the preceding months. The headline comedian cancelled one week before the ball because of an extended holiday in Australia. The headline band cancelled, sadly due to illness, though leaving the committee with only 2 days to find a new act. Rumours started very early that the BNC Ball had 'secured Radcliffe Square' (the rather concerned Keble Ball President told me this at the Freshers Fair in MT), so the pressure to deliver was enormous. After extensive negotiations our plans started to fall into place. Launching fireworks from All Souls' Quad over the Bodleian Library was certainly ambitious, and I am sure we would never have managed it without the Principal's hand – and natural inclination to trust 'anything that goes bang'.

The night itself saw the use of nearly 20,000 plastic glasses (regrets to the JCR Ethics and Environment Rep), 3800 doughnuts, 2500 canapés, 1300kg of ice, 500 bottles of exclusive champagne, 160kg of hog-roast, 26 different types of alcohol, 40m of red carpet and 22 hours of music. Once underway everything seemed to go smoothly, and the figure of Calvin Harris moving through the crowds to meet Ball-goers in person after his performance caused enormous excitement for certain students.

For those who organised it, the night was particularly satisfying and special. It was only through the hard work, ingenuity and imagination of the 18 members of the ball committee that the night could have happened, and they deserve enormous credit. I would also like to thank Dr Andrew Stockley who was always there to support and defend the Ball: he played an integral role in securing Radcliffe Square, in the fireworks and in the funding. Lastly, without the support of the Governing Body and the financial help which they extended, Brasenose students simply could not have enjoyed the levels of entertainment and the fantastic memories we were able to provide – thank you.

Duncan Turnbull (2007), BNC500 Ball President



STAFF

Mel Parrott, Domestic Bursar

There probably has never been a more demanding year for Brasenose staff than 2009. But one of the unmitigated successes of the Quincentenary Year has been the response from staff to those demands. It's difficult to imagine the college asking more of its staff than it did: but the staff were equal to every task, and should be very proud. The lodge greeted visitors and dealt with an infinite number of enquiries; the kitchens and the buttery fed and served thousands of guests at an unprecedented number of dinners – especially during the BNC 500 celebrations; there were more conference delegates in July than ever before, and with the celebrations, that ensured a very full events diary. There was a great deal of work for maintenance and housekeeping... it was a very busy year!

In the lodge, two new casual porters came to help with the ever-increasing workload: Carol Rix and Billy Beechers.

In the workshop, Barry Dawes reached retirement age but is too young at heart to retire just yet!

In the Finance Bursary there were big changes. Kerry Forbes took maternity leave, the product of which was a baby brother, Dylan, for older sister Phoebe. Ben Halsey has filled her post in the meantime. Neil Gould was delighted to move to a College and has joined us to take over payroll and staff-related matters, as Joanne White moved on, and Divinah Williams started her first role in a finance department. Fiona Gair has continued her sterling work gently charming payment out of our students, and Jan Jordan completed her 10th year of service to Brasenose, continuing to support the Finance Manager, Julia Palejowska in a busy and dynamic department. So – major staff changes, a new finance and student billing system and a new Bursar. Perhaps 2010 will be a more settled time...

Amongst the Kitchen Brigade, there were a number of changes. Two chefs departed, Peter Hills and Alex Piccotin: Peter to go travelling and Alex for pastures new. Julia Jeffery left her position of Served Assistant to take up a position with the Housekeeping team at Frewin. Hugh Austin and Daniel Davies were welcomed to the Kitchen and Marta Kowalska took over the running of the Served. Welcome also should be extended to Moon McLeod, who has taken up a post in 'Gerties'.

Congratulations are due to Adam Owen and Matthew Cooksley, who have been promoted to Third and Fourth Chefs respectively; and also to Peter Greaney who passed his NVQ Level 3 with flying colours. Richard Simmons gained a Distinction in his Pastry Exam.

We should also say congratulations to one of our chefs James Goodwin and his wife Sarah; their daughter Lois-May was born this year, and was baptized in the College



Chapel. And Matthew Ware was engaged to his girlfriend Chrissy: congratulations to them both, and good luck for the future!

Lorraine Watkins, our Head Chef, received many compliments following the BNC 500 weekends in September; and our Executive Chef Steve Peedell would like to extend special thanks to her and her team for their efforts in a wonderful year.

In the Buttery, our College Steward Alan Bennett presided over another year of excellent service. William Hernandez, our Fellows' Butler, reached 65 but still looks 35: the College as a whole was glad to hear that William will stay on for another two years. Alan himself will soon notch up 30 years of service to the College: but like William, Alan clearly has the secret of eternal youth. Matthew Edney, our Assistant Steward, became a father this year. Andrew Seaman, who's been with us for six years, is soon retiring: we wish him well. On a sad note, we were very sorry this year when Carmen Perez became ill: many who live, work or visit College will have been looked after by Carmen, and can attest to what a great asset to the college she is. She is currently undergoing treatment, and all at Brasenose wish her well. We were glad that she was able to come to College and help again towards the end of the year. Alice McCormack, well-trained by Carmen, took on some of her work, and should be thanked for helping to manage the busy conference season and the 500th celebrations.

In the conference and events office it was also a successful year for Diana Perry and her team: Amanda Gooding as Function and Events Co-ordinator, and Denise Rees as Domestic Administrator. They have had the difficult task of trying to prepare College for the building work of 'Project Q' next summer. But as it happens, all but one conference group will be returning in 2010, and this is a huge compliment to Diana's team, and the service provided by staff throughout the College.

Last, but certainly not least, the Alumni Relations & Development team of Tina Hill, Saira Uppal, David Humble-White and Margaret Malloy worked alongside Kerrin Honey, the BNC500 Events Coordinator, to produce a spectacular programme of events for BNC members around the world.

So thanks to all the staff for their help in this very special Brasenose year.



BNC500 WEEKEND HIGHLIGHTS

Speeches from the Sheldonian Theatre, Saturday 26 September 2009

From Michael Palin (1961), Honorary Fellow

I feel greatly honoured to be one of the speakers on this truly epoch-making occasion – of the 500th anniversary of the founding of the Kings Hall and College of Brasenose. Quincentennials don't come along that often and they certainly put into perspective the current uncontrollable and indiscriminate urge to anniversaries that seems to be sweeping the country. Whether it be Darwin's 200th or Dr Johnson's 300th or the founding of the Westfield Shopping Centre or the breakup of the Spice Girls. No, to be five hundred years old is something that a lesser gathering than Nose Men and Nose Women might well feel smug about.

I'm afraid I'm culpable too. For this is the 48th anniversary of that day in 1961 when I first walked through the Porter's Lodge and into Brasenose College. "Where the hell d'you think you're going" shouted the porter. A year later I took the entrance exam and this time there was no problem. Nor was I the first Palin to be associated with Brasenose. Whilst clearing out some of my father's papers about twenty years ago I discovered that our most senior traceable ancestor was George Palyn – a Master Girdler, born in 1540, died in 1610, who provided funds for four exhibitions at Brasenose College, Oxford. Sadly, this revelation came twenty-five years too late for me to try and bribe the Bursar.

Though my time at Brasenose was something that was to have a profound effect on my future, it was not exactly the way it was meant to be. My father's first choice for me had been his old college, Clare at Cambridge. I failed to get a place to read history, but as the admissions tutor soothingly explained in a letter to my father, history had been a very popular subject that year and "if Michael had chosen something less well-subscribed, like Forestry, he might well have got in". An interesting thought – instead of just singing about being a lumberjack, I could have *been* a lumberjack. With a degree!

My industrious history master at Shrewsbury then directed me rapidly, too rapidly as it turned out, towards a scholarship at Magdalen, Oxford. I must confess I was ill-prepared and in attempting the question "A house is a machine for living in, Le Corbusier. Discuss", I, having never heard of Le Corbusier, attempted bluff. "This may well have held true in the fifteenth century when Le Corbusier was alive..." I began.

I didn't hear much more from Magdalen College and a couple of weeks later my history master, never a man easily defeated, suggested Brasenose College for my next attempt.

Many, many years later, I was to make a flippant remark to a journalist in which I likened Brasenose to a railway waiting room – "anyone could get in". I've always greatly regretted saying this, not just because two of my children were Brasenose



graduates, but because, as anyone educated here in the 1960s will remember, Brasenose certainly wasn't an easy college to get into, especially after midnight. Nor was it easy to get out of. Like all under-graduates past and present, I completed most of my essays between four and five o'clock in the morning. This nocturnal creativity was only made possible by a steady consumption of Senior Service cigarettes, and when these ran out the only place to buy more was a slot machine on the High Street. After midnight this necessitated climbing over a ten foot high gate, topped with a row of sharp spikes. In my quest for a history degree I destroyed several perfectly good pairs of trousers and had I not failed part of my prelims and been banished to digs in the Iffley Road in my second year, I might well have needed major surgery.

But from 1962 to 1965 Brasenose took me in and proved a most generous host. The excellent Eric Collieu, my history tutor, instinctively understood that my future was less likely to be determined by the insightfulness of my history essays than by my membership of the Brasenose Players – and later OUDS and the ETC. Along with his unobtrusive but perceptive criticisms of my progress as a historian came warm and appreciative support for my progress as a thespian.

On my first day at Brasenose I met a fellow under-graduate who was to change my life. He was a Londoner, I was a Sheffielder. I made him laugh, he taught me the meaning of words like pizza and endives. More importantly he persuaded me into writing and performing cabaret. Cabaret to me meant high-kicking French ladies with gartered thighs, but Robert Hewison, with his metropolitan tastes, saw it as a way of augmenting our university grant by hiring ourselves out to do jokes and songs at parties and balls.

Our first booking was the Oxford University Psychological Society Christmas party. Our cabaret was received in almost total silence, but there was a huge ovation at the end. This surely says more about psychologists than the cabaret. Working away in Robert's room overlooking the Old Quad we wrote hundreds of jokes and sketches and revelled in the freedom to try them out on unsuspecting audiences all over Oxford. This led to my being selected for the Oxford Revue at the Edinburgh Festival in 1964, which was successful enough to be visited by the great satirist of the (60s?) – David Frost. A year later, after I left Brasenose, David showed his appreciation, and his memory, by asking Terry Jones and myself to write for a new series called The Frost Report. Fellow newcomers on the show were John Cleese, Graham Chapman and Eric Idle. So in a sense, thanks to Eric Collieu's quiet acceptance of the actor/historian dilemma, and the blithely outrageous confidence of my BNC colleague, Robert Hewison, a few of the seeds of Monty Python's Flying Circus could be said to have been sewn here at Oxford.

When I arrived at Brasenose in the autumn of 1962 there was a great sense of opportunity abroad. A feeling that the pace of change in the country was slowly but surely accelerating. Incomes were getting bigger, the Empire was getting smaller, and though the Lord Chamberlain's office could still forbid an actor to carry a



plank across the stage in a “suggestive” position, there was a feeling that if the Establishment was to survive it was going to have to become a little more like the night club of the same name opened in 1962 by Peter Cook. Brasenose itself was changing too. The days when you could row your way into the college, or rugby-tackle your way to a decent third were disappearing.

The college authorities had shown themselves bang up to date by commissioning the highly regarded modern architects Powell and Moya to build two new staircases, for which they won an award. As a freshman I felt enormously privileged, not just to be quartered in one of these rooms of the future, but to have a genuine Henry Moore sculpture “Reclining Figure on a Pedestal” only a few feet from my window. To a lad from Sheffield this was sophistication indeed! Later, I realised there were disadvantages – my room was at the bottom of the new block and so many tourists could peer through at us that we took to sticking notices on the glass – “See live undergraduates drinking tea” later amended to “*Join* live undergraduates drinking tea, two shillings”. And sadly the close proximity of the Henry Moore sculpture to my room was less significant than its close proximity to the college buttery. Beer mugs began to appear in suggestive positions around the recumbent figure until, to my regret, it was finally removed.

When, many years later, my son asked me the advantages of the various colleges he might try at Oxford I was not being altogether flippant when I recommended Brasenose as being handy for the shops. Part of the appeal of the college is its location at the heart of Oxford, something recognized by British Airways who included it in a Beautiful Britain video which they used to play to homesick long-haul passengers on their return from distant parts. It was oddly comforting and quite disorienting to be stuck on the tarmac at Hanoi airport with only pictures of the Old Quad for consolation. I realised then and have realised many times since, that, despite my acting and writing interests making me as much an Oxford man as a Brasenose man, for three years in the 1960s the college was my home; the hall my hall, the library my library, and that once inside that towered gateway the solid walls provided a reassuring feeling of continuity away from the upheavals in the world outside. And we needed that. These were, after all, the days of the Kennedy assassination and the Cuban Missile Crisis when the world seemed dangerously close to the brink.

Brasenose is not a college that flaunts itself, indeed it often seems upstaged by its grand neighbours in Radcliffe Square, yet in Nicolas Pevsner’s architectural guide to the buildings of Oxford it merits three ‘delightfuls’, one ‘unforgettable’ and an ‘exquisite’. Nor does it boast of its great men. Yet any college that can nurture both Walter Pater and Earl Haig cannot be an entirely dull place. Its virtues lie in modesty and constancy. In its entire 500 year history the college has had only 31 Principals. That’s 32 less than the Italians have had governments since the last war. So all in all, I have to thank Clare College Cambridge and Magdalen Oxford for so generously missing the opportunity to educate me. Brasenose has always felt



more like a real home to me. As for the future, well, after 500 years the roots of the college run strong and deep. I see absolutely no reason why there might not be another Brasenose Quincentennial to celebrate in 2509.

From Professor Joe Mordaunt Crook (1955), *Supernumerary Fellow*

What a glorious place this is; quite humbling. But take heart: it's only half as old as Brasenose. When the Sheldonian was opened in 1669 – with, I might say, a near-riot instigated by a BNC man – Brasenose College had already been through the Reformation, and through the Civil War. And Brasenose Hall had been operating on its same, original site since 1381 – and probably before that. Whichever way we count it – 500 years or 700 years – it's an extraordinary story. We have survived.

Over the last six years, I have been researching and writing that story. How did I set about it? I decided that the history of a college is essentially the history of its people. So my book became an essay in collective biography. I tried to relate the college to the university, and the university to the wider world. And I tried to let the participants – hundreds of them, spread over half a millennium – speak for themselves. In telling our story, I tried to explain not only who was here, but what they were doing, and what they thought they were doing. Here are a few clues.

Look above you. Look up at the ceiling. It's covered with a dramatic painting, allegorising a complicated theme: Art and Science in pursuit of Truth; waging terrible war on Envy, Nihilism and Ignorance. That may ring a few bells today. Up there, aspiring to Truth, are all the subjects that a university holds dear: History, Law, Theology, Philosophy, Literature, Medicine, Botany, Chemistry, Mathematics, Physics, Astronomy, Geography, Music and Architecture. Notice, there is no image of Economy: perhaps it is assumed to be included in the images of Envy and Ignorance. Now all those academic subjects are common to all the colleges of Oxford. But what about BNC? Do we have a distinctive ethos of our own?

We are a plain-spoken people, and we're not much given to introspection. Perhaps it takes an outsider – a Scotsman like John Buchan – to speak for us. When Buchan arrived at Brasenose from Glasgow in 1895, he could hardly afford to dine in hall. But he had a talent which transcended class. He worked like a demon. He was known as 'the only sober man in BNC'. He ended up President of the Union, with a First in Greats as well as the Bridgman, Stanhope and Newdigate Prizes. After that he became a publisher and journalist, an MP and a Peer of the Realm, Governor General of Canada, and a best-selling novelist. A prime example of Oxford as an instrument of social mobility. Here he is, speaking at a dinner in his honour, in 1935.

'Brasenose –with all her virtues and her foibles, her surface Philistinism, her very real culture, her physical robustness, her intellectual vitality, her rich generosity ... there is nothing in England more intimately English than Brasenose.'



The index to my book contains over 1500 names. Whom should I single out today? A novelist like Golding, a soldier like Haig, a churchman like Runcie, a benefactor like Hulme, an historian like Syme, an essayist like Pater, an economist like Petty, a physician like Burton, a sportsman like Obolensky, a physicist like Grove ... each one is worthy of a lecture. Should I choose a heroic figure like Principal Radcliffe: he lay dying in the Old Lodgings, in 1648, with Parliamentary soldiers at the door – refusing to hand over the keys to the college treasury. Should I choose one of our fifty Bishops? Perhaps a Bishop like Reginald Heber – ‘From Greenland’s icy mountains’; a figure from BNC’s Golden Age. It was here in the Sheldonian, in 1803, as a prize-winning undergraduate, that he read out his famous poem ‘Palestine’ to tumultuous applause. Later he became Bishop of Calcutta. In those days his diocese included the whole of India, the whole of Australia, and the whole of southern Africa. Not surprisingly, he died young. Or should I choose a secular saint like Principal Heberden, our first non-clerical Principal: he managed to turn BNC from a gymnasium into an academy – quite a feat – and he was awarded an honorary degree, in this theatre, on the occasion of our Quartercentenary in 1909. Perhaps I should speak of William Webb Ellis, inventor of rugby football. Or Elias Ashmole, founder of the Ashmolean Museum. Or should I simply pick one of our vintage eccentrics, like Chaffers or Stocker, like Bussell or Shackleton; or just an out-and-out scoundrel like Principal Shippen? Or should I summon up the spirits of long-dead Vampires, and the ghosts of half-forgotten Jacobites? Well, in the end, I plumped for Principal Stallybrass, always known as ‘Sonnners’.

Sonnners’ original name was Sonnenschein – hence his nickname. On his father’s side he was Moravian and Jewish. On his mother’s side, French Huguenot. The family prospered in England in the later 19th century as academics and publishers, marrying into a Yorkshire family called Stallybrass. So eventually Sonnners emerged – via Westminster, Christ Church, the Inner Temple and BNC – as quintessentially English: an academic lawyer with a passion for sport. As a child, he even touched W.G. Grace. He was himself a classic instance of what he called BNC’s ‘overmastering power of assimilation’. I’ve chosen to speak about him today, not just because some of you will remember him. Not just because he made BNC famous for Law and sport. Not just because his ideas are now rather unfashionable, but because he loved the college; he loved the college, and he set out its ideals in memorable phrases.

Stallybrass believed in the college as a focus for what he called ‘balanced’ education: the interchange between life and learning; the balance between intellectual and personal development. In the darkest days of 1941 he wrote: ‘If Oxford’s greatest lesson is to teach her [children] to live in company, another of her lessons is to give [them] the resources for a self-sufficient life’. How was that to be achieved?

The secret lay in the alchemy of college living, where different sorts of people, all studying different subjects, mix and mingle; bounce off one another; and eventually emerge fully rounded. Or so we hope. Socially, that meant tolerance,



loyalty, integrity. Academically, it meant mental stamina, intellectual curiosity. Ultimately it meant a feeling for life in the round; a code of libertarian values; a sense of interdependence; a sense of the absurd. These values, Stallybrass believed, had to be fostered consciously, then handed down from generation to generation, along with an understanding of the accumulated wisdom – and accumulated folly – of the past. ‘The college’, he wrote in his first year as Principal, 1936, ‘the college is greater than any of its members. The college is [in a legal and even a spiritual sense] perpetual ... [and] death cannot sever the links which bind the members of Brasenose to one another’.

So there it is, BNC is the most collegiate of colleges. That is our ideal – not always achieved, because families often fall out. But that is the ideal: a college academically diverse, culturally pluralist, ideologically tolerant, socially inclusive. Alas, economy is always the problem. Independence, even survival, cannot be taken for granted. It’s worth remembering that on no less than four occasions – between the 1870s and the 1970s – Brasenose came close to merging with Lincoln (a good college – but it’s not BNC). In the hard times after World War II, one miserable Fellow protested at our extravagance: the college was actually serving its students venison. Maurice Platnauer replied: ‘Yes; that is because they have probably never tasted it before’. Well, it looks like hard times are on their way back. But with your help – with your help – we will continue to offer opportunities for talent; new experiences for the ablest people in every generation. What I call in my book the global elite; but an elite without elitism. Despite everything, I finished my book on an optimistic note. Because Oxford never really grows old. It renews itself each October with a fresh infusion of youth. And with supporters like you, we can survive a few more centuries. We have good reason to be optimistic. Today the sun shines upon Brasenose; and tomorrow – with luck – it will shine again.

The Anniversary Weekend Pageant

In three years at Brasenose, Harry Ford has established himself as one of the treasures of the College: a junior member who loves the place as much as any doting ancient; a seeker-out of College trivia and oddities; and a keen contributor to Arts Week and Ale Verses. So he was the natural choice when Professor Cooper thought we should put on some sort of sketch or vignette for the Anniversary Weekend.

What we got was a typically brilliant piece of poetry and pastiche: “Unicornucopia – A Brasenose History Pageant.” The idea was to bring some of the characters from the College’s history to life – especially those whose portraits line the hall. But whatever was done, it should be done lightly, with a good dose of nonsense and no pomposity at all. In a variety of forms, from rhyming couplets to limericks, with song-pastiche in between, Harry managed exactly that.

The pageant begins in the Lodge with Harry taking on the part of John Marston (BNC 1592) who introduces himself as the playwright, against a background of



Pythonesque monks menacingly intoning from the post cibum grace (“Haereses et errors omnes extirpa...”). Marston, a typical Elizabethan fascinated by corruption (allowing the rhyme of “eyeball” with “Bible”), speaks of the bodies beneath his feet. But it’s the corpus of Brasenose that he’s really here to celebrate. And so, leading his audience to the Deer Park, the founder is introduced: Bishop William Smyth (played with panache by Lucy Fyffe) (“I wouldn’t say I’m at all lacking / In any influential backing”). To flesh out this rather pallid figure from the past, we see him hard at work persecuting Lollards – “A lollard is a heretic / And they get on the Bishop’s Wick”. A scene involving Thomas Case (Matthew Harman), who was hanged, allows the victim the line “This is bad noose”. While the tale of the burning of William Tylsworth of Amersham, earns the bishop a sharp rebuke from his victim’s daughter, Joan (Harriet Baker): “No John, don’t take the mick, / Come on let’s leave this Bishoprick.”

Having cheerfully established the fact that the founding of BNC was part of the same Christian mission that countenanced torture and sadistic execution, the action moves to the College itself. Principal Croston “of Brasynose Hall” (Jonathan Edwards) tells of the door-knocker lighting the way to knowledge, leading Bishop Smyth to trill: “Dear Brasenose with your nose so bright / I’ll found a college on this site”: a neat segue into a roistering routine of singing and dancing monks with a trombone and ukulele accompaniment.

Bishop Smyth conducts the audience into the Chapel to introduce them to his friend and co-founder, the knight and lawyer Richard Sutton (Robert Williams) who joins the Bishop to do the heavy-lifting of the foundation-stone. Now all they need is a King to grant the royal charter – and after a false start with King Alfred (Juliet Hogarth and his inevitable cakes, the young Henry VIII (Paul Gladwell) appears on the scene. Historians at this point had to look away, as the Young Henry turns out in 1509 to be already contemplating divorce from Catherine of Aragon (who “of beauty is no paragon”) and the establishment of the Church of England. But the royal charter is given, and benefactors like Elizabeth Morley (Victoria Stephens) and Sir John Port (Matthew Harman) arrive and leave their wealth to the college.

Now, historians who had not already looked away began to regret their decision, as the monarch’s preternaturally prescient minstrels extol the merits of Brasenose’s literary alumni Walter Pater and John Buchan. Henry, sympathizing with historians in the audience, calls his falsetto singers to heel by demanding a Brasenose historian to straighten things out. Cruelly overlooking Professor Mourdant Crook, he declares: “I’ve had enough of this palaver, / What we need is Simon Schama.”

A temporal jolt brought the audience at break-neck speed into the 20th Century, where John Buchan (Hannah Grainger Clemson) comes forth and changes the tone and, indeed, the metre, recounting from the organ loft the grisly story of the ghost of Brasenose Lane. But this is much too scary for the founders who interject,



and instead introduce Arthur Frogley (Juliet Hogarth), the carpenter who did the Hall's oak panelling and the famous unicorn, Jasper (Edward Blacker):

*The unicorn, the unicorn, I made the Brasenose unicorn,
A beast of quite uncommon stock, both uni-bred and uni-born.*

Of all the possible narrators – Marston, Croston, or Buchan – it is of course Jasper, with his unique perspective on the Hall, who best completes the pageant. He introduces Dean Nowell (Richard O'Brien), John Foxe (Sarah Jane Cooper-Knock) with his Book of Martyrs, Joyce Frankland (David Lewis-Hall) and then the Childe of Hale (a be-stilted Hannah Grainger Clemson).

Harry threw himself back into the fray as Marston, who returned to end the pageant with a toast:

*Thanks for the gracious lending of your ears
Let's drink to the next five hundred years.*

Sadly, during the pageant, Harry was taken ill. Subsequently he's had to take a year out of his studies. Everyone at College wishes him well, and we hope he'll rejoin us soon: it's not quite the same place without him. Copies of his pageant, with his own wonderful illustrations of various characters, are available from the Alumni Relations & Development Office.

'LESSONS IN GOVERNMENT' SEMINARS 2009

For many years Vernon Bogdanor (Tutor in Politics) organised guest speaker seminars for students reading and interested in politics. This was succeeded in 2009 by the 'Lessons in Government' seminar series convened by Tom Lubbock (Lecturer in Politics) and Andrew Stockley (Senior Tutor). Sixteen seminars were held during Hilary and Trinity Terms 2009 with a diverse range of speakers.

Each of the seminars took the format of a forty to forty-five minute talk followed by the same amount of time for questions and answers. Large numbers of students attended the seminars, culminating in a capacity audience in the Sheldonian Theatre when John Howard, the former Australian Prime Minister, spoke at the end of the academic year. John Howard stayed in College, talking and mixing with many of the students and Fellows. The seminar series continues next academic year with a good mix of prominent politicians, judges, public officials and political commentators.



ARTS WEEK

Juliet Hogarth (2007), Arts Festival Director

For such a special year, celebrating 500 years of our College, we wanted to produce the most varied and exciting Arts Week Brasenose had ever seen. Despite torrential downpours during the week itself a huge number of people turned up: students from BNC and all over Oxford, as well as staff, alumni and Oxford residents.

Arts Week 2009 was opened with Brasenose's first ever Fashion Show out on New Quad. This was directed by Emily Purser, Becca Dyar and myself along with other students organising smaller sections. It described a day from waking to afternoon tea scenes to a twilight ending. Clothes were sourced from local shops (Aspire, Fresh and Saree) and also included a collection by Georgina Clemson. The Arts Week bar, run by Sophie Core and Charlotte Clemson, also opened on the first night and its classic Pimms combined with classy cocktails style set the mood for the rest of the week.

Four very different plays were performed. Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of His Humour* (directed by Harry Ford and Richard O'Brien) was fantastically funny and a real treat to watch as Jonson is not as well-known as he should be. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (directed by Catherine Hill and Victoria Stephens) was a magical performance to see. Despite being performed regularly in Oxford, it was made to seem fresh in a dramatic outdoor performance on New Quad. Two 20th Century plays contrasted with these Elizabethan works. Harold Pinter's *The Lover* (directed by Maddie Dodd and Emily Purser) was performed in the Antechapel. This mesmerising performance worked really well in the Chapel by drawing the audience into a sense of security and involvement with the raw emotions displayed. And we had the involvement of Dr Andrew Stockley, Senior Tutor, and Tom Lubbock, who directed the intellectual comedy piece *Dogg's Hamlet, Cahoot's Macbeth*. This performance was also seen by many lit up at night in New Quad.

Whilst the Summer Arts Festival is famous for its plays, we managed to pack a wide variety of other aspects of the Arts into the week. Alexa Saller put together a fantastic Arts Exhibition based on the theme of Escapism in the Old HCR. There was a Musical Art workshop run by Louisa Jones, which encouraged those of all musical abilities to respond to the art exhibition. An outdoor film showing of *The Third Man* organised by Maxwell de Vere was greatly appreciated despite the audience cowering under blankets due to the frosty evening. There were also lunchtime music recitals given throughout the week and a dance demonstration from the Oxford Blues team in the Hall.

Other evening events included a Jazz Evening, Sunset Bollywood, a Classical Concert and a Poetry Open Mic Night. The Jazz and Cocktail Evening took a spin on 20s decadence with a Jazz Band fronted by our own Thomas Rees and with members of the Oxford Gargoyles singing including Brasenose's own Alice Gimblett. This was mixed with a variety of delicious cocktails created by the bar staff. Sunset Bollywood, organised by Sarah Lyall and Joanne Ke, involved a Bollywood troupe teaching students a variety of moves before getting a chance to perform them to music. We then watched the troupe perform a really impressive set before having some henna



done. The Classical Concert was co-ordinated by the Music Society and showcased the best of Brasenose classical talent in the Antechapel. Finally, the Poetry Open Mic Night was a chance for a variety of budding poets around Oxford to come and give a taste of their own work.

Following the huge success of the poetry recital the previous year, Richard O'Brien organised for WN Herbert, Adam O'Riordan and Luke Kennard to each give a short recital of their work. All three poets were really different, but were all fantastic and very interesting to listen to. We also were lucky enough to have a Creative Writing workshop run by Mark Haddon (author of *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-time*). This was a really fun, but helpful workshop about how to start composing short stories. It was a huge privilege to hear some of his tips and discuss small pieces of our work with him.

Whilst Alumni often come back to attend the Summer Arts Festival, we wanted to create a special event for them to meet current students and for students to have the chance to ask some burning questions about what the future might hold for them... the Careers Cream Tea was born. Thankfully, the Saturday of Arts Week produced actually quite decent weather and so thirty alumni who had gone into the widest imaginable span of careers in the arts mixed with students who were wondering sort of artistic direction to take after University.

And of course we finished up with the legendary Arts Festival Dinner and Cabaret in the Hall.

Throughout the week Emma Attwood, James Percival, I and our ever more exhausted friends worked on moving staging around and sorting lighting and sound equipment for the specific demands of each event, but this was nothing in comparison to the mammoth technical feat accomplished in setting up the Hall. Thankfully, it was a wonderful evening with a fantastic programme organised by Emma Attwood and Emily Hawes and despite the extreme sound levels we didn't get a single complaint! The dinner was also absolutely delicious.

Every event in Arts Week 2009 contributed to making the Festival a success. All areas of the arts were present from dance and drama to music and poetry to art and film and there was space for all these art forms to be celebrated and cultivated within our College.

Brasenose Summer Arts Festival seems to expand and get better and better each year, and this is only thanks to an ever more dedicated committee. Thank you to the whole committee who all put in so much effort. In particular, thank you to Emma Attwood (Producer) and Emily Hawes (Assistant Producer), as well as to James Percival (Technical Producer) and Sophie Core (Launch, Publicity and Marketing). A huge thank you finally to all the College Staff who worked so hard in both the planning and throughout the week itself.

I'm already really looking forward to next year; I'm sure it'll be even more dramatically different, ambitious and varied...



The King's Hall Trust for the Arts



Registered charity: 1057101

Rikesh Shah (1993), Treasurer

The King's Hall Trust for the Arts was founded some thirteen years ago by a group of Brasenose graduates, keen to find a way to continue investing in the Oxford arts community from which they had each drawn so much. Registered as a charity, the trust seeks out educational arts activity in the university and city, supporting arts events with project backing and grants. Whilst its remit is broad, there remains at heart a stated goal of backing arts activity connected in some way to Brasenose College.

This year we have also broadened the nature of our support for projects. Keen not just to act as a financial backer, we have begun to offer practical support and guidance to back-up our investments. Trustee Paul Burgess, a professional theatre designer and artist, took time out to visit Brasenose and provide guidance to students at an Arts Careers Event during Arts Week in May. Trustee Alex Clifton, professional theatre director and Senior Acting Teacher at RADA, invited OUDS members – including undergraduates at Brasenose – to join him at RADA for a 3-hour acting class. Both sessions were a great success and are being followed up with further such sessions in the coming year. These same Trustees and others including professional designer, Will Reynolds, and Finance Director of The London Symphony Orchestra, Rikesh Shah, have provided written advice to students developing new productions at Oxford.

A new website has come on line this year, also facilitating a greater connection to our supported artists. Students and supported artists can download written articles by trustees, advising them through difficult stages of the theatre making process, and it has been made easier to access the board for further advice or questions.

Over the last year, we more than trebled our support through grants. This extra funding was used to support Oxford Student Music in Schools and the new Puppet Magazine, which showcases student new writing and visual art. We are keen to continue this extra work in the coming year, reflecting the charity's success in its other activity.

The increase in grants was made possible because of the continued success of our core activity – providing underwriting to university theatre projects. We get many more applications than we can back. We have supported Brasenose and Oxford



students in 10 productions over the last year, increasingly seeking out innovative and brave theatre makers. We want to see our investment repaid with artistic development and growth – to see as much learning for those involved as possible. We are acknowledging, in doing this, that sometimes mistakes are the best way to learn, and so we are celebrating and backing risk-takers in the university's arts scene. We have continued to invest in new writing and devised work by students, whilst also supporting revisions of the classics – productions of *Medea*, *The Changeling* and *Tis Pity She's a Whore*.

Oxford and Brasenose remain at the heart of innovation for the next generation of theatre practitioners and artists. The King's Hall Trust for the Arts continues to develop as a charity supporting these artists.

We are growing because of the ongoing support of alumni, whose monthly contributions are invested in the Oxford arts scene. The careful management of their money by the Trustees has seen tangible rewards for students and audiences across the university and the city. We are proud of our work and our ongoing contribution to Brasenose and Oxford.

Please feel free to get in touch for more information about our charity, or if you want to invest in the work of students across the city. We are available at www.khta.org.uk or email info@khta.org.uk.

THE ELLESMERE SOCIETY

Catherine Hill (2007), Ellesmere Society Treasurer

Every past and present law student at Brasenose is a member of the Ellesmere society, which makes the annual dinner a wonderful opportunity for people to revisit the College and old friends, as well as enable current undergraduates to meet past lawyers who are now academics, practicing lawyers, or in a completely different area. We are always pleased at the number of people returning year after year to Brasenose for the annual dinner, this year to hear Sir Jack Beatson speak. Also speaking at the Ellesmere dinner was the president of the society, David Lewis-Hall, who has devoted a huge amount of time and effort to making Ellesmere a success and I wish him all the best for the future.

Rick Hoyle has been incredibly successful as our master of moots for this year, organising a speed moot in Michaelmas with 3-4 South Square chambers, as well as representing Oxford University in the Jessup international moot competition, reaching the finals in Washington DC. He also put together the Brasenose team for moot cuppers, which reached the quarter finals. Mooting success has also come from Jessica Brooke, who represented Oxford in the varsity moot competition. The Ellesmere society aims to support and encourage everyone who wants to try moot, and I am sure this will continue to be the case over the coming years.



The Ellesmere society brings together lawyers from all years; from the Freshers' drinks where we welcome the new first years, to the summer dinner where we say goodbye to the finalists. We are very much looking forward to meeting the new first years, and wish the finalists the best of luck for the coming year.

THE PATER SOCIETY

Lucy Fyffe (2007), Pater Society President

It gives me great pleasure to write this annual review with a copy of the Pater Society's first glossy magazine on my desk. I would like to thank the newly formed Pater Society committee for the hard work they have put in to make it happen. Between them, our subeditors have unearthed a wealth of Brasenose creative talent. I would also like to thank the JCR for funding the magazine's production.

As a committee, our aim has been to build the Pater Society into a vibrant part of college life. The support shown for this in the JCR meeting was heartwarming.

Through the committee's efforts, we have made good progress this year and I am glad that almost all of our members will be returning to build on this year's strong foundations. Ideas for the next PS magazine are flying in, with reviews, interviews and accounts already in the pipeline.

In the past, the termly magazine formed only one part of the Pater Society's enterprise within College. For the coming year, our aim is to broaden the range of our activities. With such talented, committed people as those who study in Brasenose College, the sky's the limit.

MEDICAL SOCIETY

Tim Robbins (2006), President, Brasenose Medical Society

Brasenose is one of Oxford's leading medical colleges. Whilst most would cite the quality and number of tutors, high intake of undergraduate students, or academic successes, many current students would argue one of BNC's greatest strengths is the (often social) interaction among medical students and tutors of all years. A centrepiece of this environment is the medical society. Established by Prof Klenerman and students, the constantly evolving society has remained popular for many years under the excellent guidance of Prof William James; it has of late undergone somewhat of a transformation and it is this transformation and future plans for the society which warrant an article in a publication as illustrious as the *Brazen Nose*.



The society has now moved to having three events per year, one each term. These meetings take the form of a talk followed by dinner, which, although not always medically recommendable, are always excellent. The planned speakers this year were Dr Gill, co-chair of the Climate and Health Council; Professor Weatherall, founder of the Institute of Molecular Medicine and Chancellor of Keele University, and Professor Siegel the visiting professor to BNC from Stanford University. Both Dr Gill and Professor Siegel gave fascinating and insightful talks, blissfully far removed from any medical syllabus! Professor Weatherall was unable to attend this year, however two ever resourceful BNC medics filled the gap seamlessly – Simon Richardson gave his experiences of Timor Lorosae and Rachael Burke an account of her travels in India.

With three sell-out events this year, the society has had a hugely successful year and now with a new president (Jack Ross) and clinical student representative (Martina Dalton) the winning streak is set to continue with the addition of some more informal meetings of the society.

Despite these successes and future plans, the most important change to the medical society has been opening it to alumni. It is of course wonderful to meet and talk to returning alumni who have reached the real world, which to some of us, seems so distant. This article therefore serves not only to provide a piece in this edition of *Brazen Nose* free from the word ‘Quincentenary’ but also to act as an open invitation to medical alumni to return. We have been, and continue to work closely with the alumni office to arrange invitations, particularly to our Hilary Term dinners where the focus will very much be on the participation of returning alumni.

And a final warning to the lawyers of Ellesmere – the medics are catching fast!

THE ADDINGTON SOCIETY

Rick Hoyle (2007), Addington Society President

Looking back on the first anniversary of the Addington Society, it becomes clear that college debating is far from dead. The Addington Society is the present incarnation of the BNC debating club, which has known many names but only a single goal across Brasenose history; to elicit the oratory skills mastered by Cicero, Wilde and Obama from members of our very own student body. Henry Addington, Viscount Sidmouth, was of course the only British Prime Minister to have passed under the hallowed eaves of the King’s Hall and College of Brasenose; a Prime Minister who was not, somewhat ironically, the greatest of speakers, particularly when compared to his predecessor, William Pitt the Younger. Perhaps in an attempt to act as a benchmark rather than an aspiration, the name of that erstwhile lieutenant of the dispatch box was adopted as a fitting title for the reincarnation of a debating society that embraces all levels of rhetorical ability.



The Addington Society attempts to provide a forum for debate that is more relaxed and less intimidating than the Union. We aim to hold two debates each term, one of which is a dinner debate exclusively for members. Membership, however, could not be easier to obtain; participation on the panel, making a floor speech, or asking a good question (at the chair's discretion) are the only prerequisites. Free wine and nibbles are provided at each meeting.

Over the course of the past year we have seen contributions on the stand from Mathew Owen, Harry Ford, Daniel Medawar, Matthew Harman, Sanjay Buhdheo, Elliot Fry, Dr Andrew Stockley, Scott Coleman, Chris Adams, David Lewis-Hall, James Butler, Charis Demetriou and myself. A wide range of motions have been debated, including whether an Oxford education is ultimately worthless, whether Jeremy Clarkson would make a good Prime Minister and whether Oxford drinking societies are outdated and give the University a bad name. The standard has been fairly impressive, with active participation from the floor in terms of both speeches and questions.

This year, attendance has ranged between 20 and 30 people at each meeting. It is my sincere hope that the Society will expand over the years to come; debates take place in a friendly atmosphere and look at a range of topical issues that are potentially interesting to all College members. Next year, we hope to be able to add a little flavour by introducing guest speakers for the first time, keeping in touch and inviting back members who have left for pastures new, and possibly developing a website.

Finally, I must offer thanks to those who have made the Addington Society a viable entity. Sanjay Buhdheo, the first President, (re)established the society and has been instrumental in its progress. Tim Robbins has proved a capable and fair moderator in his role as *de facto* chair. The last vote of thanks, however, must go to Dr Andrew Stockley, who has been a steadfast supporter of the society from the very beginning, a contributor to our debates, and perhaps most importantly, the financier behind the impressive victuals and vintages that are supplied at every meeting. We owe him much.

At that, with my term complete, I am happy to leave the Addington in the very capable hands of Alex Eagle, under whom I am sure the society can only develop and prosper. I wish him well.



THE RUNCIE SERMON

preached by the Rev'd John Witheridge, Headmaster of Charterhouse, at Brasenose College on Sunday 1st March 2009

I'd like first to thank the Principal, Chaplain and fellows for inviting me to give this, the second Robert Runcie Sermon. It's a very great honour, and a very great pleasure.

I hope that to begin with you will allow me to speak personally.

I was a boy at the school next door to the bishop's house in St Albans. I was 16 when in 1970 Robert Runcie arrived as bishop. We used to see him occasionally, a tall figure, in his purple cassock, walking from his house to the cathedral. If he passed a boy he was always friendly and cheerful, and I got to know something about him. And soon he became my hero. Not because he was evidently a man of God, but because he was also a man of the world.

I was impressed that a clergyman, even a bishop, could have gained firsts in mods and greats, joined the Guards in the war, won the military cross for gallantry under fire, and been a Cambridge don. It was even rumoured that he was on the wine committee at the Athenaeum!

Robert took that balance of holiness and worldliness to Lambeth, and it helped make him the influential Archbishop he was. He was relaxed and at ease with royalty; he'd been here at Oxford or in the army with the Prime Minister and members of her cabinet; he was in touch with important people in the universities and the arts and the media. He was neither impressed nor unimpressed – they were simply friends or acquaintances.

This gave Robert an enormous advantage as Archbishop of Canterbury. He could walk as easily in the corridors of power as in the aisles of chapels and churches. He understood the concerns and responsibilities of nation and Government, as much as those of Church and Synod. In this he stood in a long tradition stretching back as far as Thomas à Becket and Stephen Langton, and including, in modern times, Randall Davidson and William Temple.

In this balance of worldliness and holiness Robert Runcie was a very Anglican figure, and, as such, a very Christian man. Christianity at its best takes to heart two essential beliefs. First, that God made the world and all that is in it; and second, that God the Creator entered His world in Jesus Christ to live a human life. Nothing in God's world, and nothing in human existence, lies outside the scope of God's love and grace. There's no hard and fast division between sacred and secular. An established Church, a national Church like the Church of England, is a living embodiment of this fundamental, but often forgotten, Christian truth. The fact that everyone in this country has a parish church; the fact that there are chaplains



in schools and universities, hospitals and regiments; the fact that bishops have seats in the House of Lords – all this puts into practice and bears witness to the Christian gospel that this is God’s world.

So being an Anglican priest, bishop and archbishop suited Robert’s temperament. He genuinely liked people – all people, whoever they were, not just Church people. He enjoyed life – family, wine, history, tennis, swimming, travel, and even pigs! He was interested in the world of work and politics and broadcasting. And here he brought to bear his unique gifts of understanding, sympathy and compassion. He always wanted to affirm and encourage people; he wanted to bring people together; he wanted to smooth ruffled feathers.

Robert was in this an outstanding priest, a brilliant bridge-builder. And though in him it went rather against the grain, and was painful, and therefore took courage, Robert was also willing to be a prophet as well as a priest. He knew that loving the world sometimes meant being critical, and speaking unwelcome truths.

Robert Runcie’s time at Lambeth Palace coincided with Margaret Thatcher’s across the river at No 10. It was a period of politics as strident and controversial as any since the Second World War.

Robert supported the Falklands War in 1982 but he was determined not to strike any triumphalist or jingoistic chords in his sermon at the thanksgiving service at St Paul’s. ‘War’, he said (and he knew from first hand what he was talking about), ‘war is a sign of human failure, and everything we say and do in this service must be in that context.’ The tabloid press fired their first exocets at what was to become a favourite archiepiscopal target.

Four years later, *Faith in the City* was published. It was the report of Robert’s commission on urban priority areas that followed the Brixton riots. It was dismissed by a member of Mrs Thatcher’s cabinet as ‘Marxist’. It was, of course, nothing of the sort. It was a highly professional analysis with clear and cogent recommendations to Church and Government. But Robert was now another turbulent priest whom some in the Conservative Party would gladly have been rid of.

Perhaps the most difficult time for Robert as he stood up for what he believed was right was the miners’ strike 25 years ago, a strike whose bitter harvest of violence and misery has been brought back to life by *Billy Elliot*.

Robert was due anyway to visit the diocese of Derby, and while he was there he insisted on going to one of the collieries threatened with closure. His visit to the diocese started with a service in the cathedral at which he described the task of the Church as ‘not to provide amateur advice from on high, but to stand with all those who are locked into this dispute in their local communities.’ That approach of Robert’s was very similar to William Temple’s. ‘The Church’, he had said, ‘is concerned with principles and not with policy’.



The mining village we visited was Cresswell. It had seen some of the most vicious picketing. The vicar arranged for Robert to meet a cross-section of the village in the church hall. He had to listen to striking miners in one room, and working miners in another. The stories we heard in both rooms of despair and division were awful. One young wife of a working miner whose child had been injured in an accident told Robert how she had telephoned her parents for comfort and help. Her striking father had put the telephone down without saying a word.

Now if this wasn't a human tragedy that demanded the Church to speak out, I don't know what is. Robert called a press conference before we returned to London in which he pleaded for reconciliation, and bravely questioned a Government to which social justice and human well-being seemed less important than a dynamic market economy. RUNCIE LASHES TORIES proclaimed the papers that welcomed an Archbishop who was providing opposition to the Government. RED RUNCIE BACKS SCARGILL proclaimed the tabloids which thought an Archbishop had no business meddling in Tory politics.

Robert often used the phrase 'critical solidarity' to describe his and the Church's role in society. It was a phrase that combined the priestly which came naturally to him, and the prophetic which was at times for him a wounding imperative. His friend Douglas Hurd called him 'a reluctant crusader'. But that both priest and prophet were essential he had no doubt, and I believe that when Robert Runcie's place in history can be judged, it will be this Christ-like mixture of sympathy and truth, love and courage that will merit his inclusion in the list of outstanding, and heroic, Archbishops of Canterbury. Amen.

ALE VERSES

Jonathan Edwards (2006)

The pre-Lenten bacchanalia that is the Brasenose tradition of Ale Verses returned for the Quincentenary Year in as fine form as ever. It was once again another unqualified Brasenose success and sits well with the year's other celebrations, one of which, Burns Night, was recalled in *Hall of Brasenose* to the tune of *Ye Banks and Braes*: 'and celebrate with dance and song the Reader-Harris in us all.' The festal date was not forgotten but celebrated with *Five Hundred Years* after The Proclaimers ('We've been here five hundred years and we'll be here five hundred more'). This jaunty verse with its catchy tune was only one of the many parodies of topical songs of 2009, including two versions each of *I Kissed a Girl* and *Hallelujah*. Of the former 'subjects of inappropriate undergraduate affections' *I kissed my Scout* provided the audience with amusement and, allegedly, inspiration and the authors deserve credit for satirising an event that had yet to happen. *Hallelujah* commemorated 'the way of every Brasenose boozier' and their beer, unthinkably almost absent from this year's festivities: owing to building works the college was unable to provide its own ale



and only a last minute dash by Alan Bennett, suitably commemorated in an ode sung by High Table, rescued the evening from disaster.

Old favourites once again resurfaced, a fact noted in *Brasenose Ale Themes*, often with the Manichaeian subjects of alcohol and study: *O, when will it be finished* bemoaned the temporary lack of a bar and *The Brasenose Ale Drunk in Radcliffe Square* ('There was alcohol think in the air; There was dermatitis in the foam and Brasenose Ale drunk in Radcliffe Square) and *B.N.C.* to the tune of *Let it Be* ('When I am drunk and in some trouble, Sigafoos comes to me) showed that ardent spirits were not hindered by its absence; *Finals* to the tune of *Angels* lent a speciously academic air to proceedings while *Stuck in the Library with You* ('Oafs to the left of me, Bonner to the right) succeeded in lampooning certain noted fauna of the Brasenose library.

As always Ale Verses was well presided over by the Chaplain with typically commanding flair and well provided with exceptionally delicious pancakes. While all of the drinking verses were as well balanced as the drinking students on their benches, the clap-o-meter selected *Roger Cashmore Once Looked Out* to receive the champagne. This serious ballad was penned by the Junior Dean, Jen Sigafoos, and Bible Clerk, Jonathan Edwards; while a plain text reading might consider it ribald, any offence is entirely unintentional and must derive from mistaking naivety for innuendo and absolutely no one should be fired or disciplined because of it, honest.



Sports



BLUES

Full Blues

Badminton	James Buffham
Cross Country	Thomas Samuel
Hockey	George Lambert
Lacrosse	Eleanor Stoneham
Rugby Union	Hannah Grainger Clemson
TaeKwon-Do	Rachel James

Half Blue

Athletics	Gina Hood Tom Samuel
Badminton	James Buffham
Eton Fives	Balrik Kailey
Lacrosse	Tim Jenkins
Modern Pentathlon	Thomas Samuel
Rackets	William Fortune
Real Tennis	William Fortune
Ski and Snowboard	Andre De Haes
Volleyball	Jan Bergmann Grace Vesom

1st Team Colours

Cross Country	Martin Bell Bryn Reynolds
Lacrosse	Melissa Bennington
Pool	Ally Smith



THE BOAT CLUB

Caitlin Page (2007), BNCBC President

It is customary for these rowing reports to begin by discussing, in true boatie fashion, the weather. Thankfully, it seems something of a novelty to report that the weather in 2009 was no impediment to yet another great year of BNCBC rowing. Indeed, the Christchurch Regatta, the very first opportunity for our novice rowers to demoralise other college crews by inflicting soul-crushing defeats, took place for the first time in three years. Similarly, Torpids and Summer Eights ran without any threat from the weather, the latter being accompanied by some of the largest crowds the boathouse has ever seen. It is indicative of the enduring popularity of BNC rowing that on Saturday of Eights, the crowds remained at the BNC boathouse long after all other colleges had vacated the Isis. Along with the famed Torpids Dinner and the plethora of crew dates that punctuate termly life, BNCBC continues to show itself to be not only a thriving sporting institution, but also a bastion of the college social scene.

This year saw BNCBC pushing to compete at an increasingly high level, entering both a men's and women's four in November's Head of the River Fours, for most our first foray onto the Tideway, competing against university and club crews. Of course, one cannot fail to mention the alumni Eight that competed at March's Head of the River Race, notably former President Dan Butler, who accrued the enviable accolade of 'Most Abusive Cox on the Tideway'. The rest of us can but dream.

Before I am tempted, however, to recount the finer details of the various instances of BNCBC domination on the river, which is really the privilege of the captains, I must issue my thanks to last year's outstanding BNCBC Committee. To the outgoing President, Harry Bradwell, who did an admirable job overseeing some of the best results the boat club has ever seen, tirelessly helping to organise BNC boats in London and helping to effect the much-needed revamping of the boathouse. Credit must go to Harry and to his hardworking treasurer, Emily Miles, who did a stellar job of reforming the boat club finances, leaving the next committee with an ample balance book for the next year.

Thanks must of course be issued to our captains, who fulfil the incredibly demanding roles of organising all the many crews, sourcing coaches (often even coaching crews themselves), manoeuvring around the many OURCs rules to find all the crews river time, and of course actually rowing themselves.

Many thanks to the men's captain, James Benson, an incredibly professional leader, who coached, organised and – a seasoned and skilled stroke man, who competed at Henley in 2009 – rowed in several men's crews. Indeed, James was often reduced to stroking and coaching his First VIII simultaneously.



Special mention must go to outgoing women's captain, Jenny Foreman, who was born for the role of boat club captain. She has been an inspiration to the women's boat club, and has truly set the standard by which all subsequent women's captains will be judged. She has taken women's crews to the lofty heights of two sets of blades and to the Tideway, setting the benchmark for a higher standard of women's rowing, to which we hope to keep aspiring.

Finally, I would like to mention that BNCBC is looking to extend and enhance its relationship with boat club alumni. We are delighted to announce the launch at Torpids 2010 of the 1815 Club, so called in recognition of the founding date of the oldest boat club in the world. The club will be a means for old members to keep in touch with Brasenose College Boat Club. If you would be interested in affiliation with the club, please email the Alumni Relations & Development Office, at development.office@bnc.ox.ac.uk, or telephone 01865 287275.

MEN'S ROWING

Oliver Brady (2008), Men's Captain

Michaelmas Term kicked off, once again, with a flood of enthusiastic novice rowers. After a term of early mornings and some gruelling introductions to 'erging', the novice boats were shaping up nicely for the main event of the term; Christchurch Regatta. The novice 'A' boat put in a strong performance at the Nephthys Regatta only losing out to the eventual winners. Both boats were in good form in the early stages of the Christchurch Regatta and powered their way past some good opponents to make it through to the final day of racing. It was only an equipment failure that finally halted the novice 'A' boat from progressing into the later stages of the competition.

While the novices were improving week on week, the senior crews led by example with a series of impressive results. At Wallingford the 1st IV managed a notable performance gaining 3rd in the division over a long race in dismal conditions. The same IV then managed to duplicate this success in the fours Head of the River race where they only very narrowly missed out on the top spot in the Vet's Head. Finally at Nephthys Regatta the senior crew stormed to their first competition win of the season in the IVs category right in front of many of the aspiring novices.

With our initial success at the start of the year everyone was eager to continue our good form in the build up to Torpids. Unfortunately our crews suffered heavily from a lack of water time over a very wet winter. Confined to the Isis, the crews trained hard when they could and put in the effort on the ergs to give us a fighting chance.

At Torpids, the 1st VIII lined up in a fierce battle for position at the top of division 2. On the first day we held our position keeping within a length and a half of the in-form Worcester crew in front of us. The next two days saw less favourable



rowing with bumps from three crews that would go on to dominate rowing in the 2nd division. We succumbed to St Anne's, Teddy Hall and Univ despite a spirited attempt to hold off the repeated onslaught by very strong crews. We came back on the final day with an impressive surge to get an over bump on Queen's right in front of a roaring crowd at the Brasenose boat house.

The 2nd VIII showed the same resilience, strength and misfortune. The competition began well with row-overs on days 1 and 2. With a last minute crew substitution on day 3 the unprepared crew had an off-form race being bumped by Worcester II, Lincoln II and Wadham III to drop them into division five.

Unfortunately just as the crew got back to full strength for the last day, disaster struck as the ageing second "Childe of Hale" suffered a rudder malfunction and ploughed into the bank to be passed by the whole of the fifth division. It was a sad moment for the boat club and really did nothing to reflect the hard work and commitment of the crew.

I took over as captain at the beginning of Trinity term. To make up for the lack of water-time in Hilary we had a rowing camp over the Easter holidays to help bring through the best of the novice rowers. The camp allowed us to put all the hard work done on the ergs in the cold winter months to good use on the water. It is this dedication that I am hoping will ensure that the boat club will progress in the future.

The run up to summer eights proved to be turbulent to say the least. With the loss of boat club president and long time 1st VIII cox Harry Bradwell to finals the 1st VIII was left without a cox for a few key weeks at the start of the term. The ever enthusiastic Eric Chiang stepped up as our Brasenose honorary member to fill the spot after a long standing campaign to allow him to participate despite OURC regulations. Michal Plotkowiak who had so proudly flown the Brasenose flag as part of the Blue boat that was so dominant in 2009 also didn't make it to summer eights following a serious back injury after trying to lift a car. Despite the setbacks a crews were scraped together for both 1st and 2nd VIII crews.

On the first day of summer eights the 1st VIII were ready to take the fight to the St John's crew in front of us, but, with the worst of timings, the rusted-through rudder failed and we lost the place. Disheartened, we continued to lose places over the next two days with Jesus, Lincoln and St Anne's utilising their blues rowers to full effect. On the final day there was a change of spirit in the crew. What resulted was possibly the most exciting race of the entire competition. A strong start saw us creep up on St Anne's until we had an overlap just before the gut. With the St Anne's crew avoiding a hair-raisingly close final push by us LMH rammed our boat into the bank causing a pile up of the three boats behind us. It was a race that none of us will forget, only the final result dampened the memory. The 2nd eight suffered equally frustrating results by being bumped by Lincoln II, Osler House and Wolfson II. They did, however, have a strong race on their final day as they rowed over despite the race between Pembroke III and Magdalen III close behind.



This year our results have not done justice to the potential that lies within our club. Some of the enthusiasm, dedication and talent that so many of the members of the boat club have will undoubtedly be what is needed to go on to face the challenges of the coming year. Even if we have been a victim of circumstance this year, that has only made us more determined than ever to get back out there next year.

Bring on next season.

WOMEN'S ROWING

Rachel Boschen (2008), Women's Captain

Brasenose Women's Boat Club began the 2008–9 academic year with the usual freezing conditions on the river, a new batch of keen novices, and high expectations for another season of rowing.

The main event for the women's 1st boat, captained at the time by Jenny Foreman, was entry to Head of the River Fours. Coxed by the usually flawless talents of Caitlin Page, unfortunately the crew experienced misfortune with a badly placed navigation buoy. Meanwhile, on the Isis the novice crews who were coached by various members of the boat club, including Annabel Steer and Racheal Burke, performed well in Christ Church Regatta. The girl novices were divided into a first boat and a mixed crew, M3. W1 progressed right up to the third round with triumphs on the first day against Corpus and the second against Pembroke. Unfortunately M3 was unable to achieve a place in the second round. Having said that, it was remarkable that our M3, a crew of seven girls and one boy, came extremely close to out-doing eight boys from a graduate college! Boat Club cocktails were another highlight of the term as members horrified everyone by displaying their muscles, or lack thereof, in white togas and then invaded the "Purple Turtle" nightclub (much to the delights of their staff, I'm sure).

New crews for the first and second boats were established for Hilary 2009 with sights set on Torpids. Andrew Wright continued to coach W1 and the girls trained under an impressive schedule for sixth week. Efforts paid off however with outstanding results from the regatta. Bumping every day, the girls won Blades as we scaled the division as high as possible in one regatta. A momentous occasion occurred when the Jesus cox made a massive error by refusing to concede and very nearly ended up in the Thames for his stubbornness. Other colleges to fall before us included Pembroke and St Ann's. W2, coached throughout the term by Rob MacAndrew, also fared well and bumped once moving down one place in the league.

Trinity Term began with a 'mini' training camp for W1, conceived by our coach, which very nearly resulted in fatalities. The dedication from crew members was highly impressive as we squeezed six water training sessions into three days. In



spite of the muscular fatigue, the camp was highly successful in bringing the crew together and improving fitness and performance. W2 swung into action once term began with David Pallot coaching once again. Again, intense training timetables were created for both, with W1 training four times on the water and two erg sessions a week, and W2 having three outings and one erg. A third crew, coached by Rachael Burke, was also set up. Fifth week of the term saw the arrival of the Summer Eights Regatta in which W1 and W2 competed. Although W1 was not as successful as in Torpids, with the exception of one rather appalling race the crew rowed very well. We still managed to bump twice despite being much higher up in the division than in previous years. One exceptional race occurred against Lincoln as Brasenose held off the crew for almost the whole of the gut. In the end the better crew prevailed but to date that was certainly one of my best experiences in competition. W2's performance, in particular, was admirable as at one point they to row over (complete the entire course in the fastest possible time) three times in the space of two days. Despite the fact that only one bump was achieved, their efforts were thwarted more by circumstance than lack of ability. Many of my peers described the day as 'one of the most enjoyable in Oxford', and most of the college came down and contributed to the fantastic atmosphere in the boat house. Brasenose was certainly one of the last clubs to empty that day as students enjoyed racing across the river and supporting their friends on the water. Other social events throughout the year included several, usually ill-advised, crew dates which were enjoyed by rowers across the crews.

With many new rowers participating in the boat club I am sure that the success of women's rowing in Brasenose will continue. Special thanks must go to Jenny Foreman, Caitlin Page, Robyn Mackay, Rachael Burke and all our coaches who have contributed huge amounts of time to making the boat club a success. Needless to say however, the dedication of all rowers who have participated in the last year is imperative to the running of the club and much appreciated by all who are involved. Our currently held positions in both Torpids and Summer Eights is high for such a small college and the Women's Boat Club can be proud of its progress over the last few years. Doubtless we will continue to be impressed by more achievements over the next academic year!

BOAT RACE 2009

The 2009 Boat Race was exceptional in every aspect, for me personally as well as for the whole Oxford University Boat Club squad. Our crew was composed of five different nationalities: American, British, Croatian, Dutch and Polish. Five members of the Blue Boat competed in the Beijing Olympics and two came back with medals. It was a huge challenge for our Coach, Sean Bowden, to bring this mix of guys with different backgrounds together and build an eight in such a short time. Ultimately, it was down to us to come together to beat Cambridge. We decided



to be as united and committed as an Oxford Blue Boat can be and to surpass any normal expectations of great crews. Our mantra was to extinguish Cambridge's hope at every opportunity and become their worst nightmare. And so we did. It is the greatest experience of my life to see nine guys so committed and dedicated to the same goal. We were an undefeated crew that won all the fixture races, the heaviest crew in the history of the race (99.7kg on average) and the speeds we were achieving in training were some of the fastest in the history of Oxford Blue Boats.

But there was something more for me personally. Our stroke, Ante Kusurin, and I lost the 2007 Boat Race. Losing the Boat Race leaves a scar on you forever. As such, Ante and I trained everyday in order to erase that scar from our minds and bodies. We pushed ourselves both for the memory of the 2007 crew and for each individual in the 2009 Blue Boat. This year's victory finally removed the scar Ante and I incurred two years ago. We finally have our revenge.

Michal Plotkowiak (2006)

(Michal rowed bow in the Blue Boat)

CRICKET

Arvind Singhal (2007)

2009 was another 'almost' season for Brasenose; we were unable to escape the depths of the 3rd division as the rain gods continually vexed us. As is the tradition with these reports it is best to start on a high note, and friendlies are always the highlight of the BNCCC calendar. The 2009 fixture card was busier than ever but the standout fixture was undoubtedly the Quincentenary match against the MCC, the most famous club in the world, proprietors of Lord's and guardians of the Laws of Cricket. Though the fixture had been the subject of meticulous preparations for several months, the Great British weather threatened to thwart all of the hard work at the last minute. Persistent rain the week before the match had converted the Brasenose ground into a tributary of the Isis just days before the match. However, the decision late on Saturday was that the match should go ahead on Brasenose ground and the tireless work of the groundsman ensured the pitch was playable.

With their flag fluttering high over the BNC pavilion, the MCC went out to bat in the declaration game. The opening bowling of Carroll and Singhal got off to a good start with Singhal picking up an early wicket and Carroll extremely unfortunate not to do so. From here on in, however, it was one-way traffic as the MCC batsmen punished any wayward bowling. Even wicket keeper Owen had a bowl (and picked up a wicket with a fine jumping catch on the rope by Hoyle) as the team were running out of ideas. Carroll and R Wilson's accurate and penetrating bowling offered a reprieve for Brasenose and the MCC declared on 235 for 6 off 48 overs. Wilson finished with figures of 2/35 off 12, Carroll with 1/41 and Singhal with 2/75.



Chasing 236 in what would be only about two and a half hours of play remaining was always going to be a huge ask, but Brasenose were confident that their batting ran deep. The top order decided to test this theory by capitulating in a manner reminiscent of English test sides of the mid 90's. Openers Dancey and Barclay returned to the pavilion without making a mark on the score sheet whilst number three Hoyle managed just one better. O Wilson was run out for 0 and Singhal soon followed, as the ball bounced low under his sweep shot for the fourth duck of the innings. At this point Brasenose were a woeful 5 for 5 and there was talk of allowing a follow-on. It was an understatement to suggest the cricket club's pride was on the line when Smibert joined Francescon at the crease, yet they defended it spectacularly. Francescon was careful and calculating with his shots whilst Smibert, who hadn't played in a year and was last described as wielding an 'agricultural' technique, was ruthless, dispatching the MCC bowlers to corners of the ground that had been untouched all season. Smibert's devastating onslaught had given new hope to BNC but he eventually succumbed for 68, ending the dazzling partnership of 95. There was still much to do for the Brasenose lower order who found themselves one hour from survival. Owen, normally in the top order, joined the general trend with another duck but importantly blocked out 20 minutes of play. R Wilson and Francescon put Brasenose within touching distance of the draw but with only 5 overs remaining Wilson fell for 20 and Carroll followed shortly after with the sixth duck of the innings. Eagle, who was not renowned for his forward defensive, was thus left with the task of defending the final 4 overs with Francescon as the fields closed in and the MCC tasted victory. Francescon, however, battled on and celebrated manically as he reached his 50. There was still work to do but Eagle and Francescon survived, with BNC finishing on 156 for 9; saving blushes and earning an historic draw. Subsequently, the players from both teams retired to an impressive array of victuals and beverages laid on by the College, accompanied by speeches and toasts that will ensure that the match will be remembered long into the next 500 years.

At their best the team played some fantastic cricket in the league which only further compounded the disappointment of being stuck in a division in which we did not belong. With only four remaining members of last year's squad the team underwent a dramatic overhaul relying heavily on fresher intake. As a consequence the team got off to a shaky start which proved to be costly come the end of the season. The first league match was played against the Saïd business school, traditionally the whipping boys of college cricket but eventual league winners. With Hoyle absent, Ben Carroll and Richard Wilson undiscovered and the team yet to gel, Saïd came out on top. Just a day later we suffered a cuppers defeat to St Hughs in a match only seven of our players could make. The game was not without entertainment as the team ended up in Marston after missing the bus stop in North Oxford. Trying to catch a returning bus back the captain pleaded with the bus driver that the previous bus driver had not stopped where we had wanted (a story which we had thought to be true) only to be told by a disgruntled driver that we were talking about him. It turns out we were mistaken.



With only the league to focus the side strengthened and went on a run of several convincing victories. The team had dramatically improved, particularly in the bowling department. Barclay, who opened against Saïd could no longer even get a bowl with the emergence of Carroll, Wilson, Eagle and Chew who was a man transformed after enduring a difficult start to the season. LMH were first to fall against the new look Brasenose in a rain-reduced 20 over match whilst St John's and St Peter's were beaten mercilessly. In such form Brasenose looked the most fearsome side in the league but Lady Luck did not smile on our fixture card. Key games against Trinity, St Hugh's (who were eventually promoted) and Magdalen were rained off meaning that we needed to win the final game of the season to even have a shot at promotion, and even then results needed to go our way.

On a tricky pitch at Oriel Brasenose batted first only to put a timid 100 on the scoreboard meaning if Brasenose were to have any hope at promotion they would have to produce a phenomenal bowling performance. Though Oriel started well the pace and ferocity of Carroll left the batsmen cowering but Oriel drew close with 6 wickets remaining. Enter Jonathan Chew who bowled the most extraordinary few overs BNC has ever seen. With the match thought to be over Chew bowled a spell of 5 overs, 5 wickets for 2 runs leaving Oriel 100/9 needing 1 run off the last over. Sadly Chew's performance was in vain as Oriel ran a bye to the keeper ending Brasenose's dream of promotion. Our only consolation was that the way results had gone elsewhere it didn't matter. It was never meant to be.

So ended another year for Brasenose cricket in an esteemed subcontinental establishment where awards and positions were passed on. With an exceptional haul of wickets, most of which were bowled, Richard Wilson was the undoubted bowler of the year whilst with his lightning reflexes Marco Francescon won best fielder. The best batsman was split between two of our now senior players, Barclay and Hoyle and the captaincy was duly passed to Robert Dancey, heading a committee of Marco Francescon, Richard Wilson, Oliver Wilson and Matthew Bittlestone, the new 2nd XI captain.

Though promotion eluded us our team played with an unrivalled spirit and sportsmanship. Our batsmen walked when they were out and our umpires, particularly the always professional Chew, were fair as ever, which is more than can be said for some teams. So whilst next year we will once again be in the bottom division, we can play there with our heads held high.



DANCESPORT TEAM

Joanne Ke (2007), Captain

As recently as 2004, dancesport had little popularity amongst the younger and more mainstream crowd, and ballroom dancing was plagued by many misperceptions. In some ways, the current explosion of interest in ballroom dancing can be credited to the BBC TV series *Strictly Come Dancing* and other shows like it around the world. Featuring celebrities such as Kelly Brook, Alesha Dixon and Carol Vorderman in the British version, these programmes - which portray ballroom dancing as glamorous yet highly technical - have reached a wide audience and proved to be a pivotal force in the restoration of dancesport's reputation.

The surge in the popularity of dancesport is evident in the size of the Oxford University Dancesport Club (OUDC), which has grown to become one of the largest sports clubs in the university. The OUDC organises an annual Cuppers Competition, in which novice dancers are strongly encouraged to participate. Recruitment for the Brasenose Dancesport Team began early in Trinity Term, a few weeks before the actual competition, and it quickly generated interest from a diverse group of students within the college, who were looking for a fun way to challenge themselves.

The training was tough at times. With less than three weeks to transform a novice team into confident performers who would outshine their competitors on the dance floor and charm the judges, everybody prepared for the hard work and intensive training. For the following few weeks, muffled music could be heard coming from the Frewin Undercroft every night and, within, one would find many dancers practicing their routine over and over again for hours at a time. Anyone who has tried Viennese Waltz or Jive can attest that, contrary to popular belief, dancesport demands a high level of fitness! Behind the effortlessness of the Waltz or the sensuality of the Rumba are many hours of strenuous practice.

Although feelings of exhaustion, pain and frustration were not uncommon, the Brasenose team bonded over the challenges that we faced and had incredible support from one another. One of the most memorable moments of the training sessions was the showcase of everybody's routines on the evening prior to the competition. The levels of sheer determination and enthusiasm in the room were infectious. The astonishing progress each dancer had made over the past three weeks was evident in the suavety and gracefulness of the ballroom couples and the playfulness and technical accuracy of the Latin couples. We realised that we, as a team, had come a long way.

On Saturday 23rd May 2009, the Brasenose College Dancesport took part in the Dancesport Cuppers competition. Despite facing fierce competition from colleges with larger, more well-established and better financially supported college



dancesport clubs, we fought hard and came away with pleasing results. Many of our couples came in the top 24, with our star Jive couple – Amy Chang and Lucy Taylor – coming in the top 12 in the entire competition. As the result of the team's determination and talent, Brasenose was placed a respectable seventh. I would like to take this opportunity to offer my heartfelt congratulations to all the Brasenose dancers and special thanks to Denise Brocklebank, John Sinclair and my Cuppers dance partner, Jack Ross, for their tireless support throughout the training process.

FOOTBALL

Jack Barrett (2007)

Summarising the 2008–9 season for Brasenose 1st XI is a challenge that – rather more so than the previous year – allows great scope to praise 'the lads' and our achievements as a team. Reeling from a season that saw us relegated from the Premier division and knocked out of Cuppers by none other than Lincoln College FC, our new season began perfectly, with three wins on the trot boosting confidence in the team and our prospects for the forthcoming season. After a couple of hard fought games from which we were unlucky to come away with just one point, we lined up against LMH, away – forecast to be our toughest match of the year. The result, however, was the turning point in our season. A perfect display of patient build up play, communication and dogged determination left us victorious, with the 2-0 scoreline not really doing our domination justice. From that point onwards it was clear to us all that we could, and should gain promotion, and that we could do it by playing the brand of football encouraged by our captain, Colum Elliott Kelly. Regular and constructive use of the pivot, exploitation of the width that our formation thrived upon and a tangible desire to win meant that in the following twelve games, we took 26 points. Enough to gain us promotion to the Premier league, this exceptional form towards the back end of the season is what we will all be hoping to carry forth into '09-'10. Our aim will not simply be to remain in the Premiership, but rather challenge for both the league title and cuppers as we know a team of our calibre should.

This brings me on to the thanks, praise and jibes that a football round-up would be incomplete without. Firstly, I know the whole team would agree that our excellent season was heavily underpinned by some outstanding captaincy. Colum led as any captain should – with pride, determination and a clear head. The success one can directly attribute to his efforts is a clear testament to the way in which he approached all college sports with which he was involved. I hope I can come close to his levels of proficiency! Unlike Col, who will be back next year, this season sadly saw the departure of a number of stalwarts – James Levisieur, he of the devilish cross, miraculously legal diving challenge and occasional wayward clearance, was a valuable member of the XI for his time at BNC – the Cuppers victory in which



he played a direct role illustrates his commendable contributions to the club. His satiric and rather abrasive changing room banter will, at least from my point of view, be sorely missed. Sadly, George Lambert will also be moving on. A stellar goalscoring record in his last year – particularly for a centre back – is indicative of both his skill in the air and all-round commitment to BNCFC. His replacement is one of the biggest challenges I face as the incoming captain, with his combination of speed, height and presence being very tough to replicate. Simon Harker, who also moved on as captain of the 2nd XI, is another player who has stamped his mark on the team, and BNCFC as a whole – for his dedication and reliability he must be thanked. The final farewell is made to Oli Garthwaite. His ego is such that he *knows* I should say he is a goal machine, as he was for our team, and a great player to have in the dressing room. With this in mind, I won't.

It is fortunate for the club that the departure of players of such ilk has been offset by the benefits of the very strong fresher intake we were privy to last season. Balrik Kailey was unfortunately dogged by injury for much of the year – repeatedly turning up to support, whatever the weather, and happily (and often fortuitously) running the line is to his great credit. Beyond that, however, he returned at the very end of last season and demonstrated yet again why I am so looking forward to playing with him in the centre of the park next year. On the wing, Matthew Bittlestone is annoyingly good on the ball, has a great cross and is an extremely useful addition to our attack. To say he knows it would be an understatement.

I must end with congratulations to this year's player of the season. Boyd Gwyther was undoubtedly one of our strongest performers this season, his play illustrating his knowledge of the game, clear head and reliable touch. With Lambo gone, Boyd and Nordby are well placed to form a great defensive partnership next season. I'm very much looking forward to taking up where Colum left up, bringing in some new blood to the team, and hopefully taking the BNC 1st XI back to the footballing success it has been known for in years bygone, and to working with Amreet Kang, our vice captain. His self-professed encyclopaedic knowledge of football should be a real benefit to us all.

HOCKEY

Ingo Wey (2007)

We welcomed Christopher Jeffs to the men's team this year to join the rest of our seasoned college hockey players. Brasenose competed in the second division in Michaelmas term. Although we were not always the stronger side, we were able to make most of the matches relatively competitive. Despite fighting hard, we were not able to convert in the oppositions' half enough and were not able, by the end of the first 'mini-season', to clinch a single victory. We were unable to gather up



the momentum to seize any precious wins. The second ‘mini-season’ saw Brasenose produce more solid results. Although unable to return to the second division, we maintained our position in the third league with 2 wins and 3 losses with a goal difference of zero.

Brasenose had a relatively successful run in the Cuppers tournament which spanned two terms. Expecting to win against St Hugh’s in the first round, we were kept from scoring for the entirety of normal time, despite dominating the game and having most of the possession. Penalty flicks ensued and we were, luckily, able to get the victory that we deserved. The second round was against Osler Green College which we won comfortably 5-2. Our final match saw us pitted against the eventual finalists Jesus College. Despite starting with a 10 man team we were able to get ahead early on and proved to be a tough opposition for them. However, as the game went on they gained steam whilst we lost momentum and they were eventually able to clinch a 3-1 victory.

This year George Smibert made an extremely positive impact for the team in goal for many of the matches in Michaelmas Term, whilst veteran Tim Williams consistently continued to put in commendable performances. In defence we were lucky to be able to field the dependable and ever hard working John Drake and Joe Parker. David Oppenheimer maintained a die-hard attitude with his blistering runs and even more spectacular falls, whilst Robin Malloy was very useful down the wing and our man up front Chris Jeffs was the one to cause trouble in the opposition’s D. We were also lucky to have the skill and experience of Phil Siddorn and George Lambert on the pitch as well. Hee-Won Cho and Adam Maitland’s enthusiasm and strength should not go unmentioned either. Praise must also be given to the ladies for their valuable contribution to our men’s ‘mixed’ side: Emma Attwood, India Pumphrey, Helen Summersgill, Sarah Lyle, Gaby Bishop, Beth Kruszynskij, Matilda Ruffle and Anna Driver.

Thank you to everyone who put in so much effort to the team, often at unsociable hours and out-of-town pitches, including those who agreed to fill in for missing players. Best of luck to the new captain Chris Jeffs and the upcoming 2009-10 team and we look forward to seeing Brasenose back in the upper divisions again.

RUGBY

James Wain (2008), College Captain

At the start of last season Brasenose Rugby Club was lingering in the fifth and bottom division of College Rugby. What had once been one of the finest and proudest Rugby Clubs in Oxford, with two teams and recent league titles to their name, was a shadow of its former dominance.



However, the year that ensued was one of resounding success, both on and off the field. In two different leagues we went undefeated and achieved two successive promotions to the 3rd division. In our first season we didn't concede a single point to any team, through penalty or try - the highlight of which was a 100+ victory against the Graduate Barbarians. This was achieved as a result of an enviable wealth of fresher talent, of both number and quality; not only were we blessed with new pace and skill in the backs from James 'Yam-a-lot' Allen and Jamie 'Drama Comes First' Randall, but also weight in the forwards from Greg 'She's The One' Coates. This new talent was brought together into a cohesive and tightly bonded team under the inspirational and somewhat intense leadership of Colum Elliott-Kelly, the commitment and time he put into the team often went unrecognised, and only now do I fully realize what a fantastic job he did.

With our success in the league we relished the opportunity for tougher opponents in Cuppers. However, after a tight first round we subsequently suffered our first defeat, and were unfortunately knocked out by a much disciplined St Catz team, which paved the way for us to enter the Cuppers Plate. Here, we yet again dominated all opposition we faced and after a narrow victory over Magdalen in the semi-finals, we progressed to the Final and Iffley Road. The preparation for the Final involved serious commitment from all players, as we arrived back early from Easter for 'Boot Camp' and a 'diet'. Equipped with new training tops and honed bodies, in front of a sell-out crowd, we kicked off against Oriel in the Final. It was a very tight and hotly contested match throughout, and although their heavier pack got the better of us, our pace in the backs more than made up for it. We were down at the break, but aided by a late intercepted Try from Richard 'Tricky' Wilson, came out with the mental edge for the uphill struggle we faced. Regardless of darting runs and a try from Dr. Duggelby, their strength in the forwards, however, proved too much for us and it turned out not to be Brasenose's time to lift the trophy. Although it was a devastating result, there were many positives to take from the game for next year - Tricky Wilson was offered a place in the 21s squad for preseason and two freshers: Rory 'Curly' O'Neill and Greg Coates were both awarded man of the match for their excellent back row play. This, combined with existing talented players such as James Coates, James Thomas and Matt Waszak puts our team in good shape for the year ahead.

This season we unfortunately had to say goodbye to some of the senior players who had graduated. James Levisieur will be missed for his cameo appearances and weighty runs down the wing; Finn Toner has left an immense gap in the front row, both from the size of his head and hooking ability; George Smibert who was last year's Rugby League captain is an immense loss and will be sorely missed. However, the intake of Freshers has helped alleviate the loss of such players. In John 'Butty' Butterworth we finally have a seasoned prop, who puts fear into the opposition from both his direct running and bouts of throwing up around the twenty minute mark; Ben 'Silent' Goulding has proved a skilful jumper in the line-out; James



Garnier has put in consistently good performances on the wing and is one of the first names on any team-sheet; John Bremridge is a useful utility player and adds some needed weight to the pack. On top of this it is great to have Olly 'Jolly' Jones and Tom 'Rusticating' Wales back, whose precise line-out throwing and tactical chip and chases were missed last season.

This season the team has got off to another resounding start and we have recently been promoted to the 2nd division, coming top of the league with twenty points. On a mild October afternoon, in what was our first game in months, we kicked off against our age-old rivals Lincoln. Despite the many new faces, we bonded well as a team and ran out narrow winners by five points, courtesy of a Jonny Thomas Try. Preceding this we dominated in a high scoring match against Queens, with great performances from James McKinnel, Pete Forster and James Thomas. Our third match against Worcester was set to be our biggest test so far, with Rugby League Blues lined up on either side. In what turned out to be a very physical and serious affair for a College game we ended up on the wrong side of the score sheet, with their tactical kicking proving too much for us. Despite being pinned back in our own half for much of the game, our stonewall defence stood up to this test for 80 minutes and we lost by a mere four points. The score line was very close to being reversed in the dying seconds, as James Garnier was questionably called in touch when he was only yards away from the line. Following an easy win against Wadham and New in which we sealed both of their relegations, we finished top of the league and climbed to the 2nd division. John Drake is one name that stands out as the player of the season so far, putting in numerous huge performances; furthermore there are up and coming players such as Marco Francescon and Peter 'Army Nut-job' Corcoran, who have given valued contributions in big games.

In our first match of the 2nd division, we faced St Peters, who had narrowly missed promotion and were expected to be our toughest opposition in the league. Starting two men short due to late arrivals and being forced to concede the scrum due to injuries, the omens were not good for a Brasenose win. However, in the first half we played some of the finest rugby I have seen a college side play; dominating at the breakdown and cutting holes in their defence out wide. The second half was again a one sided affair and Brasenose ran out winners by 25 points and now sit top of the 2nd division, eager for a fourth promotion in four seasons – something that has never before been achieved in the history of college rugby.

Cuppers will prove yet another challenge for an ever improving side, and we will welcome back our two resident 21s players, Hee-Won Bitty-Cho and Charlie 19-Marr, to bolster our back line. Our side will be enhanced further by Blues Prop Olly Tomaszczyk and the return of Freddie Briance and Ben Calverley from injury. With a full strength team we will be more than a match for any side and hope to reach the latter stages of the competition. With double promotion on the cards and a promising Cuppers' run ahead, Brasenose Rugby is finally returning to the upper echelons of College Rugby where it belongs.



NETBALL

Rebecca Craig (2007)

Having started this season on the back of a double promotion (yes the most successful team in BNC boys!), the BNC 'A' team had a lot to prove in the Premier League, and we definitely did not disappoint. We were fortunate enough to only lose two players from last year, and so started the season in Michaelmas confident of being able to field a strong team. Despite a disappointing Fresher turn out, with only one, Jen Hill, playing on a regular basis (turning up at all!), we started the season how we meant to continue – beating our arch-rivals Lincoln 11-4. Over the course of the two terms, we rarely lost at full strength, except to St John's (who went on to be league and coppers champions – and with whom we had our most 'spirited' matches), but even this did not daunt us, as they fielded a team half-full of Blues, of which we had none. Throughout the season, the entire team continued to develop, with Lily Shepherd unbeatable in defence, and Jen scoring seemingly more and more every match. Gina Hood and Becca Craig continued their competition for most 'Player of the Match' awards, with Gina just triumphing in the end – a display which later saw Gina, Jen and Becca called for Blues' trials. Coppers did not go as well as previous form might have suggested, but this was partially due to very unfortunate pooling, and our (somewhat foolish) captain playing the whole thing with a broken nose. Despite the disappointment of not reaching the final, we kept our nerve to the end of the season, finishing a very respectable sixth place in the Premier League – a remarkable feat for a team with no University players.

After the heady thrills of double promotion, the college clamoured for even more netball, and so the 'B' team was born. Despite the initial excitement, the 'Bs' struggled to get a full team out most weeks, but matches were greatly enjoyed by all who played, and Becca Dyar and Olivia Christie must be mentioned for their dedication – and Caitlin Page and Beth Kruszynskyj for their claws.

The captaincy this year passes to Jen Hill, who will no doubt lead by example and set the bar high for next year's Freshers. As we only expect to lose two players again, things are looking good for BNC netball! 'Mon the Nose!

ULTIMATE FRISBEE

Hugo Grimmert (2007)

Last year I told a tale of perseverance and courage in the face of all odds. We had trained, struggled, lost, and came back for more. This year the tale is of glory, trophies and (most importantly) beating Lincoln College.

At the start of Michaelmas 2008 I found the team much depleted. Desperately, the remaining few of us commandeered the middle table in the BNC freshers' fair by



means of putting Frisbees everywhere, 25 in total. This seemed to work, since by lunch-time we had eighty email addresses on paper. Nobody seemed to have played before, but there were a few expressing eagerness to continue the rising Brasenose reputation in the world of ultimate.

The beginners' tournament is a one-day event held by the university club. Over-run by Brasenose freshers keen to play, we entered two teams. A couple of experienced Keble players were looking for a team to join, and were welcomed into our ranks. As the day progressed, it seemed clear that both the BNC teams were heading for the title of the competition. Due to an error in tournament management, the final which should have been BNC1 vs. BNC2 instead became a merged BNC team against the next team down: Worcester. A very close game found BNC/Keble (or "Keynose") the winners, a very promising start to what would turn out to be a very strong year for Brasenose ultimate.

Having gained outdoors experience steadily during Hilary term, the battle-hardened 'Nose found itself at the very same pitches as the beginners' tournament, this time playing in Trinity coppers' tournament. Topping the pool by lunch-time, we found ourselves head-to-head with the giants of college-ultimate in the semi-final. Undefeated for the past 2 years, Lincoln stood tall and confident in front of the new Brasenose team. As the whistle blew, BNC began the demolishing of their experienced opponents, taking the game to BNC 7, Lincoln 2 at half-time. Somehow revitalised by their impending doom, Lincoln made an insufficient comeback, with Nose winning the semi-final 9-7. Having put every joule of energy into knocking the returning champions out of the competition, we stepped onto the pitch to play our 6th game of the day, the final against Keble. Marginally outpaced, Keble took the win in a fantastic day of ultimate, but everyone on the fields knew the real winners: those who had beaten the titans.

Having ascended from last to 2nd place in two seasons, there only seems to be one place for Brasenose in the future, and that is on the coppers' trophy!



Travel



A JAZZ MUSICIAN IN CUBA

Thomas Rees (2007)

I sit at my desk looking out at a sterile, grey sky. England. Land of drizzle. Far from the ideal environment in which to conjure up the sticky heat and intense colours of the Caribbean which, to my distress, are beginning to fade in my mind, diluted by absence. But though faces and landscapes are beginning to blur at the edges and run into one another, the rhythms of Cuba, of its cities and its people, remain indelible, defiant.

We stepped from the plane, through a wall of heat and humidity, and onto the tarmac that was molten in patches. We waited in line. Produced documents. Presented ourselves at an immigration desk populated by permanently suspicious women, almost inaudible behind their precautionary face masks. We left the airport to find ourselves amidst taxi-drivers and tour operators clamouring for our attention, tutting and ostentatiously tapping their watches when we announced that we planned to wait for a bus. Prices gradually decreased as they competed with each other until, somewhat exhausted and still not adjusted to the thickly accented Spanish, we accepted and found ourselves on the way to La Habana. The highway followed a boulder strewn coastline before weaving through a verdant landscape of palms and long grasses which lay like fabric over the contours of the rich earth. Vultures rode the thermals, and the occasional skeletal cow grazed by the roadside. As we neared the capital, the way began to be lined with hitchhikers, and solitary cows were replaced by solitary Buicks and Cadillacs which sat wheezing, their bonnets open, while their owners tried to coax them back into life. Spare car parts are impossible to find yet somehow the Cubans manage to keep their vehicles going, year after year, with skill and scrap metal.

We awoke the next morning in Vedado, a district of Habana and ate breakfast while Horacio, our host, played an eclectic mix of traditional Cuban songs and breath-takingly cheesy '80s pop on the piano, before returning to the sonorous minor chords of the *Bolero*, a Cuban blues. We left to explore and, after a cramped and sweaty bus journey, we found ourselves in Habana Vieja, the old quarter and the heart of the city. I have never set foot in such a vibrant place or been so excited to immerse myself in a culture. It was a joy to explore and to get lost in. We drank in its winding streets and dilapidated colonial buildings, the peeling paint work of the balconies hung with washing lines, the tranquil plazas, and the markets hidden down back streets, their rusty tables heaving with silky fleshed mangoes and other fruit. We visited colonial forts and revolutionary museums cluttered with exhibits and adorned with proud plaques, the most gushing attached to the engine of a US spy plane which had been shot down in the 1960s. There is music everywhere, a busker on every corner, a band at every restaurant. In the evenings we often wandered along the Malecon and sat on the storm wall watching wandering *trovadors* singing to tourists and Cubans alike. I played there on a couple



of occasions, my trumpet case sparking immediate enthusiasm. I was encouraged to hurriedly learn Cuban melodies or just to improvise along to a rum-fuelled and energetic rhythm section armed with tres guitars, shakers and *claves*, while the sun set and iron grey waves churned against the concrete. The *clave* simply consists of two cylindrical pieces of wood but its rhythm is the foundation of Cuban music, it gives it a natural syncopation and energy and provides an anchor for musicians and dancers alike. The people live and breathe music, they all dance phenomenally well and everyone, from taxi-drivers to fishermen, is immensely proud of their musicians.

With some reluctance we departed for Trinidad, travelling by bus past groves of mango trees and isolated settlements of wood and corrugated iron huts. We arrived in a town nestled in the mountains, enjoying the tranquility. After an early start we walked along forest tracks to a remote waterfall where many of the locals went to swim. In the evening, as we journeyed back, we watched lizards scurry into the leaf-litter as we approached and patches of earth erupt into sulphur and emerald butterflies. Upon reaching the main road, we gratefully accepted a lift into town in a horse and cart, sitting in the back, either side of a pig on its way to market. The next day was spent wandering the streets, investigating a museum celebrating the struggle against the counterrevolutionaries and finding various churches, some intact and some collapsed and overgrown, the stones slowly being reclaimed by the earth. We visited a public library on the way back to our house. It contained a few novels but mostly books of an 'educational' nature with well stocked sections on communism and socialism. I picked up a brand new volume on the life of Lenin the introduction to which pronounced him a man adored by 'progressive nations'. Libraries are just one arm of a country wide propaganda campaign bolstered by bill-boards, declaring 'We will triumph', and murals proclaiming the injustice of the detainment of the Cuban 5 by the United States on espionage charges or announcing the global crisis of capitalism; bitterly ironic when juxtaposed with the impoverished villages in which such slogans were displayed.

After a gruelling 12 hour bus journey we found ourselves in Santiago de Cuba, the Island's second largest city, more frenetic than anywhere we had been, the air thick with exhaust fumes from the decrepit motor-bikes which plagued its streets. The great illuminated sign which marked the entrance to the city, proclaiming Santiago: 'Rebellious yesterday, hospitable today, always heroic' chafed against a rather unfriendly reality in the first days of our stay during which we were dogged by hustlers. But it was a city of strange beauty, an incongruous mix of the grim and the picturesque. Dirty and sagging residential districts, historical archives housed in an old prison, leafy squares, the conquistador Velasquez de Cuellar's house with its intricate Moorish lattice work balconies, like a black jewel. In the evenings the air grew heavy and the skies stretched their limbs, joints cracking, releasing the pressure. Then the city erupted into carnival and everything changed. We moved in jubilant crowds, talked to musicians as we stood in line at street food stalls, and were lucky enough to make friends by chance with one of the carnival organisers



who tried, not very successfully, to teach me to dance and insisted on taking us right up into the stands, into the heart of the action to allow us to take photos from all angles. The rest of the 'tourist' conglomerate craned their necks in an effort to see from their out-of-the-way pen. We watched garishly costumed figures march and dance to the sound of drum troops, beating out heavily syncopated African rhythms, and the wail of a traditional instrument with a sound like a bag-pipe chanter, then walked home, pushing through masses of people who were dancing, singing and waiting by huge battered metal containers to fill plastic bottles and mugs with beer.

Our next stop could not have been more different, Baracoa on the remote south-eastern tip, until recently only accessible by boat, but now reached by a tortuous road which winds up into the clouds and then descends through banana groves into the sleepy coastal town. We sat in the plazas until the early hours while children played in the dried up fountain and their parents talked, listening to the sounds drifting over from the trova house; energetic son and slow, soulful bolero, its melodie woven by a clarinetist. In the morning we walked through the town and up into the trees, past chickens scratching in the dirt, past a man carrying a squealing pig in a hessian sack over his shoulder, and past a court in session, doors wide open, where bored judges examined their fingernails and a gaggle of spectators stood on the street outside. Our destination was a hillside cave housing artefacts and burials of the Taino Indians, Cuba's indigenous people. Their chief Hatui, who rose up against Spanish oppression, is celebrated as the Island's first revolutionary. His statue stands in front of the cathedral. Afterwards, we returned to our house for plates piled high with rice and black beans and grilled swordfish in spiced coconut sauce, and sat and talked with our host in the evening. He was unusually free in what he was prepared to say about Cuban politics. The streets are safe, the health and education systems are good but taxation is harsh, rations insufficient and wages so low that there is little incentive to work for the state, hassling tourists is more lucrative. He was proof that state propaganda is not obliviously swallowed, "The Cuban 5? For me, they are spies."

After a thought-provoking stay, we braved the mountain roads once more, stopping occasionally when the bus drivers chose to buy fruit at roadside stalls or to pick up hitch hikers or thick boughs heaving with bananas. I spent our stop-over in Santiago in the harshly lit bathroom vomiting with cruel regularity. The journey to Camaguey the next morning was grim and culminated in an encounter with a dishonest taxi driver who had taken us from the bus station, my drawn face emerging periodically from the plastic bag into which I was retching, to tell him I absolutely refused to pay so much for the journey. He eventually backed down and we found our house, where I drank apple tea and rested until the food poisoning finally subsided. Camaguey is a beautiful city, replete with churches and monuments, the most famous being that of Camaguey's local hero and leader of a revolutionary movement against the Spanish, Ignacio Agramonte, resplendent on horseback. He watched over us as we sat in the plaza before we headed out



to the revolutionary square on the outskirts. Camaguey also proved to have the best trova house we had been to in Cuba and we watched 'El Son Entero' play to a packed dance-floor. The horn section was particularly impressive alternating, as most Cuban horn sections do, between playing percussion, improvising, and adding subtle embellishments to the melody, often in response to the vocalist. A city of stark contrasts, in many ways Camaguey seemed the wealthiest place we had visited: more shops, fewer bare shelves in the super-markets. But metres away from colonial villas with well kept gardens were squat shacks brooding on the banks of the river watching the water, thick with rubbish, roll past. I had not been prepared for such widespread disparities in wealth. It was near the river that we talked with a young money-changer, who wanted nothing more than conversation and, despite the dangers, was desperate to tell us of his desire to escape, to travel to America by whatever means. "We have no future here," he told me, "things will never change." He scrapes by selling whatever he can and changing money for a small commission.

From Camaguey we travelled through the night, arriving in Matanzas at midday. A sprawling city looking out over the Straits of Florida, the salty sea air carrying a wisp of refinery gas from the towers that stood in the bay. We planned to relax and to reflect on all that we had seen, tired but exhilarated by the travelling, but our host coughed theatrically when we said we were not planning to visit the Varadero peninsula, she insisted that we should. Getting there was half the fun. We waited seemingly for an age at a junction with a huddle of Cubans, before a great cry went up and everyone was running: men, women, children and gnarled old women who hitched up their skirts before setting off in pursuit. We followed and clambered into the back of the rusting truck. Varadero is a different world, a peninsula saturated by tourism and heaving with hotels jealously guarding their own patches of beach. But on the open beach there was not an all-inclusive wrist band in sight. We swam in the turquoise waters, ate from a beach barbecue and bought mamonsillos; slightly sour tasting little fruits with dull pink flesh and brittle green skin that splits under the pressure of a fingernail, before hitching a lift home.

I cannot thank the Holroyd-Collieu-Stelling-Hall Memorial Trust enough for its generous donation. Without its support this journey would have been impossible. For all its contradictions and flaws I love this country and I did not want to leave. Our travels did not always go as planned, buses were full and bus routes no longer existed. Nor was I able to do as much playing as I had intended, it would have been far easier if I had stayed in one place and had the opportunity to infiltrate its circle of musicians. But I have never listened to so much or such a variety of live music and in such a short space of time or experienced a culture in which it is such a fundamental ingredient of life and of happiness. Cuba bared its soul in creaking old trucks and roadside huddles, in conversations on storm walls with toothless *trovadors* who spoke, in Spanish as thick as treacle, about seafood and the scarcity of guitar strings, but above all in its music the rhythms of which are felt everywhere. Though I am thousands of miles away, far from the heat and the mango trees, I can still feel its pulse.





Photo: Ede and Ravenscroft



Governing Body Fellows at the Quincentenary

Bottom Row – Left to right: Dr Harvey Burd, Prof Guy Houltsby, Dr Chris McKenna, Dr Jeremy Robertson, Mr Anthony Courakis, Prof Roger Cashmore, Dr John Knowland, Dr Martin Ingram, Dr David Groiser, Prof Alan Bowman, Dr Owen Lewis; Second Row: Dr Andrew Stockley, Prof Stefan Vogenauer, Dr David Popplewell, Dr Thomas Krebs, Dr Thomas Johansen, Dr Chris Timpson, Rev'd Graeme Richardson, Dr Ed Bisham, Dr Llewelyn Morgan, Dr Eric Thun, Dr Ron Daniel, Dr Dave Leal; Top Row: Dr Sos Eltis, Dr Anne Davies, Prof Jonathan Jones, Dr Anne Edwards, Dr Laura Herz, Prof Richard Haydon, Dr Abigail Wills, Miss Jennifer Lewis, Prof Susan Lea, Prof William James, Ms Mel Parrott.



Photo: Ede and Ravenscroft

BNC Staff at the Quincentenary

Bottom Row – Left to right: Billy Burnell, Peter Hills, Lorraine Watkins, Malcolm Thomas, Andrew Wiffen, Amanda Gooding, Pamela Gerth, Denise Rees, Peter Bushnell, Julie Sturgess, Andrew Seaman, Peter Smith, Terry Jeakings, Steven Anderson, Adam Owen; Second Row: Mike Taylor, Stephen Peedell, Hilary Jones, Diana Perry, Kerrin Honey, Becky Dolton, Patrycja Sliwinska, Monika Kaczowska, Alicja Palica, Elizabeth Kay, Leanne Smith, Elizabeth Boardman, John Kinsey, Peter Greaney, Richard Simmons, Dave Shaylor; Third Row: John Saunders, Margaret Malloy, Edith Spencer, Janice Jordan, Fiona Palfreeman, Kim Smith, Fiona Gair, Julia Palejowska, Alan Bennett, Bernard Noronho, Martin Wiseman, Leonard Sackey, Heather Flintham, Stephen Heritage, Fakrul Islam; Fourth Row: Moon McLeod, Wendy Williams, Pat Spight, William Hernandez, Melanie James, Kerry Forbes, Kathy Sheehan, Gordon Taylor, Debbie Hall, Gillian Walker, Joe Johnston, Alison O'Brien, Grainger Clemson, Saira Uppal, Tina Hill; Top Row: Veronica Njenga, Sara Fugami, Monika Buszta, Laura Bruzaite, Marta Kowalska, Sabina White, Sandra Hall, Doreen Wright, Eva Lasota.





Part of the BNC500 Celebrations included a presentation in the Sheldonian Theatre





16th Century



Brasenose Hall

Brasenose Hall was one of the many informal places of learning in mediaeval Oxford. Its late fifteenth century kitchen is now our oldest building. We know that one Brasenose man was with rebellious students who moved to Stamford in Lincolnshire in the 1330s. Believing that these students had taken the symbol of their name with them, in 1890 the College purchased a house in Stamford called 'Brasenose', in order to restore its ancient door knocker to Oxford.

First Bursar banned from College

Roland Messenger lost his Fellowship for unnamed offences in 1522. Statutes denying him more than a single night's stay in College remained in force for the next three hundred years.



Foundation

Brasenose Hall was transformed into Brasenose College so smoothly that 'Hall' is retained in the name of the College. The last Principal of Brasenose Hall, Matthew Smyth, was the first Principal of Brasenose College. The founders of the College were Sir Richard Sutton, a lawyer, and William Smyth, Bishop of Lincoln. Both were from the north west, and the College has retained strong links with Cheshire and Lancashire throughout its history. The Bishop paid for the building work and the lawyer acquired the site. Both Founders also gave extensive estates to fund their creation. The foundation stone was laid by Smyth on 1st June 1509, and the Foundation Charter was granted on 15th January 1512. Smyth wrote the first set of Statutes and his executors revised them, but a later set by Sutton prevailed.



- 1509 **Henry VIII of England** crowned and married to **Catherine of Aragon**
- 1525 Henry VIII seeks an annulment of his marriage, which is refused.
- 1529 Henry VIII severs ties with Rome and declares himself head of the English church.
- 1534 **Act of Supremacy** passed by Henry VIII
- 1542 **Mary, Queen of Scots** accedes to the Scottish throne
- 1547 **Edward VI of England** crowned King of England
- 1558 **Queen Elizabeth I of England** accedes to the throne
- 1567 The Catholic **Mary, Queen of Scots** abdicates and flees to France, ending an uprising by Protestant lords
- 1587 **February 8, Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots** at Fotheringhay Castle in Northamptonshire
- 1588 **August 8, Spanish Armada** destroyed
- 1592 **Queen Elizabeth I** visits Brasenose

16th Century Timeline

Curated by the College Archivist and the Librarian the Quincentenary Exhibition included a selection of College treasures and curiosities to mark the five centuries and more of our existence and included an outline of the College's history by century.



THE BRAZEN NOSE



The Exhibition of pictures (including Turner's watercolour of the College on loan from the Ashmolean), archives from the twelfth century onwards, silver, rare books, autograph material (including pieces by John Buchan, Edward VIII and Alice Liddell), original art work by students, and a unique collection of 'Noses', was displayed in College and later at the Oxfordshire Record Office.





Harry Ford as John Marston (BNC 1592), introducing the History Pageant



Bishop William Smyth (Lucy Fyffe) and Sir Richard Sutton (Robert Williams) raise the Foundation Stone



THE BRAZEN NOSE



Michal Plotkowiak on the way to the summit



Mt Belukha



THE BRAZEN NOSE



Ciravassés



CLIMBING THE HIGHEST PEAK OF SIBERIA – MT BELUKHA

Michal Plotkowiak (2006)

The Altai, known as ‘Golden Mountains’, form the major mountain range in Siberia, located at the junction of Russia, Kazakhstan, Mongolia and China. Our goal was to climb Mt Belukha (4,506 m), which is the highest peak in the range. The mountain is considered to be magic and sacred by local people, and the surrounding area attracts many worshippers, although we are not amongst this religious cult.

The team consisted of two more members, Antoine de Weck from Switzerland and Vaclav Potesil from the Czech Republic. We are all reading for the same Oxford degree, the DPhil at Life Sciences Interface Doctoral Training Centre.

After few months of preparation, and spending a fortune on equipment and obtaining hundreds of permits, we finally set out on our journey. We flew from Birmingham to Moscow (6 hrs) and from there to Barnaul (6 hrs). From Barnaul we took a taxi to Ust-Koksa (700 km), the closest town to our destination. We soon realised that all the permits we had weren’t enough and Russian officials were doing all they could to discourage us from travelling in the region. After an unsuccessful approach to the mountain from the south-west side, again we lacked the necessary permits, we took the standard north route from Tyungur. It meant much more walking with our 30 kg backpacks. This additional section of the adventure was not without some positives, however, seeing as we met and befriended many Russians on the way.

The actual approach to the summit takes three days. As expected, three elements were difficult. We had to climb two, about 250 m long, 50 degree ice slopes, using ice axes, ice screws, and wearing crampons. Each climb (and descent on the way back) took a few hours. The second difficulty was crossing the Mensu glacier, with crevasses (according to one Russian climber) so big that you could hide a whole village in some of them. We roped each other and sent Vaclav in front. In case of an accident, in theory, we should be able to stop his fall, since he was the lightest person on the team. Luckily the weather was great and we easily found snow bridges. However, some of them didn’t look secure, were melting and almost collapsed as we crossed. I think falling a few hundred metres into an icy crevasse is still my biggest fear. The last difficult element we faced were rock falls, which we experienced in large quantities. It took a lot of effort to reach the Belukha 4,506 m summit, and we had only a few minutes to enjoy the view from the top, as the weather started to change, forcing us to rush back. The descent was of a similar format but our backpacks were much lighter as by that time we had managed to consume most of our food supplies. After reaching the base camp we still had a few extra days left,



and spent the rest of our 18-day journey with some Russian friends we met during the climb, mostly testing different sorts of vodka. My overall impression of Russia is this: on one hand there are government officials making everyone's life miserable and on the other, Russians are the friendliest and the most hospitable people I've ever encountered.



Articles



GROWING UP

Joe Mordaunt Crook (1955)

Like the Royal society, the British Academy has for more than a century accorded its Fellows the ultimate leaving present: an elaborate obituary. Such rewards add a new terror to death. Every Fellow is urged, on election, to deposit in the Academy's archive some account of his or her career – the earlier years at least – as a guide for future obituarists. For twenty years I shrugged off this obligation. It was only when I finished the history of Brasenose that I realised how helpful and intriguing such private accounts can be. So here – a preview for readers of the *Brazen Nose* – are a few notes on my early life. Trivial, no doubt. But they may have their use: in the end we are all historical documents.

First of all, my curious name. I was called after my uncle, Joseph Mordaunt Crook (1895–1953); and like me he was always known as Joe. A big man, auburn haired, voluble, he did well in insurance and emerged from inner city Liverpool in the early 1930s to settle in a large Victorian villa – Clare House, Grange-over-Sands, Lancashire – overlooking Morecambe Bay. His father – my grandfather – William Crook (1871–1948) was apparently a ship's purser of Irish descent who took to drink and ended up dependent on the charity of nuns. I say "apparently": such things were never mentioned. His mother, however – my grandmother, Hannah Mordaunt (1876–1944) – nursed faint connections with gentility. The Mordaunts had once been a noble family. In the 17th century two of them bore the glorious title Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon. But most of the tribe backed a series of wrong horses in the Reformation. The Protestant branches prospered: they became Baronets and Earls of Peterborough. Their Catholic relatives sank over the years to the obscurity of Liverpool Irish. Hannah Mordaunt brought up several children by herself, taking in lodgers to make ends meet. She sent her sons to St Francis Xavier's College, a Jesuit day school celebrated for knocking the corners off rough-edged Liverpudlians. Her three boys survived the experience – and survived the Great War as well – to go on to careers in teaching, insurance and the civil service. Which brings us back to my uncle. As he rose to the level of Managing Director of his firm – the Provincial Insurance Co. Kendal – he tended to appear in company brochures as 'J. Mordaunt Crook'. Eventually he paid for my early education, and I adopted his form of title as my literary signature. In later years, I suppose, it has proved an encumbrance.

Anyway, my earliest memories are all of Clare House during World War II. Rainy walks along the promenade; random bombing when Grange was mistaken for Barrow; summer picnics on the shingle at Kent's Bank; Fred Astaire at the cinema; the Andrews Sisters on a crackling wireless; trips to Cartmel Priory and Kendal Castle; the sniff of leather in Uncle Joe's Austin Super Six. At Grange we were, in effect, evacuees: my mother and I, and my twinned younger brother and sister. My



father Austin Mordaunt Crook (1900 – 1967) remained in London. He had moved there from Liverpool in 1932, working as a clerk in an Income Tax office near Victoria Station. Later he rose, in civil service terms, to Executive rank; but he never made the Administrative grade. He was more interested in growing apples. During the war years he managed to dodge most of the bombs as he commuted by train from Carshalton in Surrey. His evenings and weekends were much pre-occupied with the local Home Guard. After the previous war – with abbreviated educations and no qualifications – he stayed on in the army until 1925 as an NCO in the Sudan. Now he achieved the dizzy rank of Captain, and revelled in the temporary title of Regimental Sergeant Major.

Back in Grange-over-Sands my mother was not exactly happy. Her adopted household was big, too big. Besides the four of us, there was Uncle Joe's family of six; a prize pair of aunts; half a dozen nephews and nieces, not all there at the same time; plus a gardener, a cook and two housemaids. Here was combustible material a plenty. My mother Florence Irene Woolfenden (1912–84); always known as Rene – was still in here twenties, surrounded by people she scarcely knew. Her father had been a cabinet-maker from Yorkshire who prospered in Liverpool, setting up an early car-hire firm (later Woolfenden Cranes). Her mother was a wiry Scot, who rejoiced in the name of Lottie Macneil. The family did not lack initiative. One of Rene's sisters went out to India as a nurse and married a future Brigadier. Rene herself was pretty and talented; lacking much formal education, but fond of poetry and drama; and known in her teens for concert-party performances: singing, dancing, recitation. Instead of giving us bedtime stories, she tended to recite comic verse. Perhaps I inherited her animation, her instinct for language. Anyway, her sense of theatre seems to have caught the eye of the tall, humorous, ex-soldier, twelve years her senior. But the Woolfendens were Protestant, and this was Liverpool. They married in a Catholic Church in London, in 1933. She was twenty, he was thirty-two. Six years and three children later they were living hundreds of miles apart. Towards the end of the war – just in time for the Flying Bombs – we were all back in Carshalton, on the edge of Banstead Downs. My parents settled down to the long littleness of suburban London. To re-coin a phrase, they lived unhappily ever after. Books became my best friends.

That sets the background. For the next decade or so – 1944 to 1955 – I grappled with the obstacle course of education. Carshalton House Collegiate School incorporated a convent kindergarten set in an early Georgian mansion behind very high red-brick walls. The nuns had starched habits, starched manners, starched minds. We were taught that the greatest sin of all was disobedience. But I was almost the only boy in class, so they made quite a fuss of me. There were advantages too: brown Windsor soup and silver cutlery; lessons in elocution and deportment; Rococo ceilings; armorial gatepiers; avenues of chestnuts and beech; a landscape in the style of Bridgeman; a lakeside Water Tower in the manner of Vanburgh. It was all to be written up in *Country Life*. Already I was responding to the past. The next



step was rather more severe, and it came as a shock. Donhead Lodge was a Jesuit preparatory school in Wimbledon that acted as a feeder for 11 plus (from 1946) and 13 plus (Common Entrance) examinations. From this pedagogic hot-house, at the age of 9, I passed the 11 plus to Wimbledon College. I was now about to be trained – or rather beaten and drilled – as a scholar in the humanities.

The school had been designed in 1859 by S.S. Teulon – sternest of Victorian Goths – to house Brackenbury's Army Tutors. Its brick buildings were taken over and expanded by the Jesuits from 1892 onwards, as a Catholic College with a senior Army class preparing pupils for Woolwich and Sandhurst. On a chimney piece in the hall was carved the ominous legend: 'Fight the Good Fight.' Portraits of three VCs looked down on us as we ate. An aura of military discipline – after all, this was just after the war – persisted in the class-room, chapel and gym. P.T. lessons were conducted by an ex-army sergeant with a rattan cane. Each year the names of 196 boys who died in the two world wars – an extraordinary figure for such a small school – were read out at a solemn requiem in chapel. The food – still rationed of course – was wretched. There were frequent punishments: we lived in dread of the *ferula*. There were daily, often hourly, prayers. And of course compulsory sport. I was never much good at that. But one day, one happy day, I actually caught-and-bowled the school's star athlete: Joe McPartlin. Lessons were run on very traditional lines: daily tests, weekly exercises, twice-termly reports, annual examinations. 'This' announced the headmaster, 'is a grammar school with public school traditions'. It was a world of discipline and chalk-dust, plain-chant and plimsolls. Communication was slow and formal: no television, no internet, no Christian names. The very titles of each year's class – Elements, Figures, Rudiments, Grammerl Syntax, Poetry, and Rhetoric – were imprinted on us like academic passports, stepping stones to worldly success.

But these were the early days of the 1944 Education Act. My year of entry was only the second of the new, Voluntary-Aided system. By it, the social composition of the College was dramatically widened: 60 boys a year – shrinking to 30 at sixteen – selected by written and oral examination from the whole of Surrey. At that time each pupil was given two shots at entrance around the age of eleven, plus a third attempt if necessary at thirteen. The system worked. So did we. Many of us came from far away. I used to travel free of charge, three hours per day, six days per week – eight buses each day – from Carshalton to Wimbledon and back, memorising Latin paradigms as I went. Through the cold and heat of 1946–47; through the dim pea-soupers of the early '50s. And then there was prep: two hours' homework each night. A few boys rebelled. Most were driven on by ambitious parents. Scholastically, it now looks like a veritable racing stable. My closest friend at the age of 12 was a future Nobel Laureate in Physics, Sir Anthony Leggett. Senior to me was the future military historian, Sir John Keegan, as well as a future Whitehall mandarin, Sir Michael Quinlan. Future financial journalists Victor and William Keegan were there as well; they are still good friends. And each year we



sent half-a-dozen successful candidates, mostly in classics and history, to Oxford and Cambridge. There were debates and plays; discussions and declamations; and awkward dances with pupils from the local Ursuline Convent, when boys dressed up in dark new suits and girls wore frocks of shiny taffeta. Quicksteps I could manage, but I failed to master the foxtrot. We had yet to hear about Rock and Roll. Academically, I improved with age. I ended with a clutch of prizes. I even gave my first lecture at the age of seventeen – using an epidiascope – on 18th century houses. But I never imagined that years later I would be Public Orator for London University. Still, I was never perfect. I had other priorities. From the age of thirteen I was travelling miles by Green Line bus to churches and country houses in Kent, Surry and Sussex; recording inscriptions; studying sculpture and stained glass; taking photos with a primitive box-camera; learning the language of architecture. Our very school buildings supplied my first exercises in architectural archaeology. Just a mile away from where I lived were the remnants of a great house: The Oaks, near Woodmansterne, a southern seat of the Earls of Derby. Here was a battlemented castle, by Robert Adam no less; and a landscape in the manner of Capability Brown. Here I could learn, almost by osmosis, the art of the Picturesque. I was even able to study occasionally in the Gladstone Library of my uncle's club, the National Liberal off Whitehall. As I lingered with a guide book in Westminster Abbey, I never guessed that one day I would sit in Jerusalem Chamber chairing the Abbey's Fabric Commission. Looking back, I was incredibly lucky. For all the *ferulas*, I was taught by dedicated and learned men. One inspirational teacher, Richard Milward (1924–2006) tied me irrevocably to history and architecture; another, David Hoy, SJ (1913–97) revealed to me the magic of words.

But by July 1955 I was glad to escape. No more Maths; no more Greek; no more chilblains; no more incense. Just History, and more History. Before going up to Oxford I took a job, to supplement my county grant, in a 'gentleman's outfitters' in Sutton. That summer I laughed each day. The choice of Brasenose, I can now admit, was rather an accident. Although several Wimbledonians had preceded me there – notably George Bull (1949) and Dermot Dunphy (1951) – I had originally set my sights on Balliol. But when I entered Radcliffe Square, when I walked for the first time among the ghosts of Pater and Buchan, Heber and Ashmole, I knew I had found the right place. Unlimited books to read, interesting food – my first taste of venison – and agreeable gossip. There were velvet ties in Hall's shop window; time to stroll in parks and meadows; as well as gala lectures to attend: Wind on Baroque, Hale on Erasmus, Stone *versus* Trevor-Roper on the gentry. My rooms as a freshman – high up on staircase I – had a sensational view towards the Camera and All Souls. And BNC was full of lapsed Lancastrians like me. One of the college's earliest benefactors was none other than John, 2nd Baron Mordaunt (1508–71). His portrait actually hung above me in Hall.

At the start, I was three years younger than many of my fellows: ex-national service officers in cavalry twill and British Warm. I could never share their camaraderie of



rugger-scrum and beer cellar. It took me four years – clothed by that time in corduroy and suede – to become a habitu  of the Jazz Club and the Playhouse Bar. My years as a postgraduate turned out to be a happy awakening, with lodgings in Holywell and friends in other colleges. With lucky scholarships, I visited Rome and Athens, and scoured England and Scotland in search of architectural archives. By my fifth year I was actually giving tutorials in the Old Parlour. That was a striking change of fortune for Commoner. In the early '50s, BNC was still a sporting rather than a reading college. As regards Modern History, there was negligible undergraduate teaching available. 'A gentleman's Special Subject', Eric Colli  explained, 'is his own work'. In effect we had to teach ourselves. Still, by an inspired stroke, I was sent out to be tutored in European history by 'young' Keith Thomas at All Souls. And that in turn led to an introduction to my future supervisor, Sir Howard Colvin, greatest of English architectural historians. Miraculously, in 1958 I scraped a First: BNC's only peace-time First in History in exactly thirty years. Even the sportsmen could not forbear to cheer. I remember particularly one quiet afternoon, just before third year written Collections. A friend of mine, a hockey player from Nairobi – on his way to tea and cinnamon – noticed me reading hard in the library. He called out with a cheery smile: 'Playing a blinder tomorrow, Joe?' Thank you, Eddie Green, wherever you are. I did.

'GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN': NO 1 IN A NEW SERIES

Bernard Richards

In the background of Professor Mordaunt Crook's rich tapestry of Brasenose history there are many interesting figures one would like to investigate further. The following is an attempt to do just that – itself incomplete. Next year, I hope to continue the series...

Which old member of BNC, also an Old Salopian, is the only Brasenose graduate ever to win an Oscar? If such a quiz question came up, most of us – swayed by the Old Salopian clue – would say 'Michael Palin'. But sadly it remains one of the great injustices that the Palin mantelpiece lacks that particular decoration. As the latest (hugely readable) volume of Palin diaries tells us, the only Oscar he has is one of George Harrison's spares, given to him in jest.

The answer, in fact, is Paul Dehn (BNC 1931), who won the 1951 Oscar for Best Story (a category now merged with Best Original Screenplay) for the film *Seven Days to Noon*. Dehn seems to have been a gifted and consistent writer for the screen. He was nominated for Best Adapted Screenplay in 1974 for *Murder on the Orient Express* (losing to Coppola and Puzo for "The Godfather Part II"). But he had more than one string to his bow. I first came across him as the only BNC old boy in Philip Larkin's *Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*. Now, being



selected for such an anthology *and* winning an Oscar is a bit like winning Olympic medals in both shot-put and ski-jump: an extraordinary achievement. So I dug a bit deeper.

At the time of publication in 1973, Larkin's anthology was controversial. His choices were thought too conservative and anti-modern. Perhaps Dehn was included because he had an old-fashioned command of scansion and form. BNC gave him that. We have a copy of his book *Romantic Landscape* sent to Maurice Platnauer with the dedication "For Maurice, who taught me to construe." But the subject matter of Dehn's poems is almost too modern. The poem Larkin chooses - *Armistice* - is a fairly commonplace period piece about a post-Nuclear landscape:

It is finished. The enormous dust-cloud over Europe
Lifts like a million swallows; and a light,
Drifting in craters, touches the quiet dead.

Now, at the bugle's hour, before the blood
Cakes in a clean wind on their marble faces,
Making them monuments; before the sun,

Hung like a medal on the smoky noon,
Whitens the bone that feeds the earth; before
Wheat-ear springs green again, in the green spring

And they are bread in the bodies of the young:
Be strong to remember how the bread died, screaming;
Gangrene was corn, and monuments went mad.

This is a powerful poem. But some of the imagery seems clichéd (blood *cakes*, does it?) and the diction comes straight from Wilfred Owen ("the quiet dead", "the young", "the bugle's hour"). There are plenty of superior examples of the same sort of thing from the 1950s and 60s. No doubt Maurice Platnauer might have found fault with his scansion, but Bob Dylan's *A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall* is a post-nuclear vision more memorable, more modern, more mysterious. *Armistice* is leaden-footed and heavy. However, turning to Dehn's collected poems (*The Fern on the Rock* published in 1965), I felt that Dehn was much better in lighter verse. His real skill was wit.

Here, for example, is a piece of comic verse so good that some have assumed it's a traditional ballad (the American folk-singer Harry Tuft recorded it as an "Old English Rhyme"). Perhaps it emerged out of a parlour-game; but the result has real brio:

Alternative Endings to an Unwritten Ballad

I stole through the dungeons, while everyone slept,
Till I came to the cage where the Monster was kept.



There, locked in the arms of a Giant Baboon,
Rigid and smiling, lay ... MRS RAVOON!

* * *

I climbed the clock-tower in the first morning sun
And 'twas midday at least ere my journey was done;
But the clock never sounded the last stroke of noon,
For there, from the clapper, swung MRS RAVOON.

* * *

I hauled in the line, and I took my first look
At the half-eaten horror that hung from the hook.
I had dragged from the depths of the limpid lagoon
The luminous body of MRS RAVOON.

* * *

I fled in the tempest, through lightning and thunder,
And there, as a flash split the darkness asunder,
Chewing a rat's tail and mumbling a rune,
Mad in the most squatted MRS RAVOON.

* * *

I stood by the waters so green and so thick,
And I stirred at the scum with my old, withered stick;
When there rose through the ooze, like a monstrous balloon,
The bloated cadaver of MRS RAVOON.

* * *

Facing the fens, I looked back from the shore
Where all had been empty a moment before;
And there, by the light of the Lincolnshire moon,
Immense on the marshes, stood ... MRS RAVOON!

It's rather fun to have a go at adding a stanza of one's own. Dehn's friend, Anthony Asquith, suggested a postlude:

"Free at last!" – and I smiled as HER Requiem soared
Through the incense and sank to a soft final chord;
When, harsh and obscene like a bestial bassoon,
From the crypt rose the laughter of ... MRS RAVOON!

What's interesting about "Mrs Ravoon" is that, like the best nonsense verse, there's an eeriness and an uncanny quality to the images, despite the galloping metre and the sense of fun. Mad in the moat, or immense on the marsh, rising up from



the depths ... these have a realistically sinister quality: they're also a Freudian nightmare. With such black comedy, no wonder Edward Gorey was chosen to illustrate Dehn's poems in the 1961 volume *Quake, Quake, Quake*.

The bleakness of *Armistice* could be dressed up in stylish light verse. Here is Dehn writing in the style of John Betjeman, about a game Betjeman loved.

A Game of Consequences

Coffee-cups cool on the Vicar's harmonium,
Clever guests giggle and duffers despond.
Soft as the patter of mouse-feet, the whisper
Of Eversharp Pencil on Basildon Bond.

Separate hands scribble separate phrases –
Innocent, each, as the new-driven snow.
What will they spell, when the paper's unfolded?
Lucifer, only, and Belial know.

'Ready, Miss Montague? Come, Mr Jellaby!
(Peek at your papers and finger your chins)
'Shy, Mr. Pomfret? You'd rather the Vicar ... ?
Oh, good for the Vicar!' The Vicar begins:

'FAT MR. POMFRET met FROWSTY MISS MONTAGUE
Under the BACK SEAT IN JELLABY'S CART.
He said to her: WILL YOU DO WHAT I WANT TO YOU?
She said to him: THERE'S A SONG IN MY HEART.'

What was the Consequence? What did the World say?
Hist, in the silence, to Damocles' sword!
Today Mr Pomfret has left for Karachi
And little Miss Montague screams in her ward.

The screaming here packs an emotional punch that the screaming metaphorical post-nuclear "bread" does not; and the detail is pitch-perfect. In particular, you have to admire the reported speech in the third stanza – realistic, funny, and wonderfully fitted to the metre.

This is where the poet-cum-screenwriter comes better into focus. Dehn was the godson of James Agate, the great theatre-critic. Agate didn't pay much attention to him as a child. But when Dehn was 18 and "nerving himself for Oxford", Agate invited him to act as his secretary for a week. Dehn accompanied his godfather to plays in the West End, and typed up the subsequent reviews. He remembered his excitement in a later newspaper article: 'I was eighteen. I was to be temporary secretary to the greatest dramatic critic in England. I was also, for the first time, to burst unchaperoned on London. My father was very understanding about it. He



lent me a silk dressing-gown, and said: "If this dressing-gown could talk, I shouldn't be lending it to you now." With Agate, Dehn saw "five plays in four days – Edith Evans in Congreve's *Old Bachelor*, Oskar Denes in *Viktoria and Her Hussar*, Robert Speaight in *King John*, Edmund Willard in *Off the Map* and Gertrude Lawrence in *Take Two from One*." From that week onward, Dehn was hooked. He became the Film critic for, successively, the *Sunday Chronicle*, the *News Chronicle* and the *Daily Herald*.

But Dehn believed that critics had to be creative in the medium they criticized. Perhaps this explains the genesis of his first screenplay *Seven Days to Noon*, written in collaboration with a young composer James Bernard. (Bernard's obituaries - he died in 2001 - tell us that Dehn was "both his professional and life partner". Dehn's obituaries in 1976 tell us of a "life-long friend".)

Seven Days to Noon demonstrates that Dehn was not only thinking of Armageddon in his poetry. The film is the story of a scientist who steals a nuclear warhead and threatens to detonate it in London in a week's time at noon, unless the government ceases all stock-piling of nuclear weapons. That concern and interest in Doomsday scenarios probably led to Dehn's involvement in the Planet of the Apes franchise in the early 1970s. But this first film's action largely concerns a chase through London, the police searching for the scientist, the scientist adopting various disguises. Dehn's homosexuality is perhaps not entirely irrelevant to his skill at writing of undercover intrigue. His poem *At the Dark Hour* begins "Our love was conceived in silence and must live silently". Later in his career, Dehn showed an affinity with the tortured secrecy of John Le Carre's novels, and adapted *The Spy Who Came In From The Cold*.

But for all that Dehn seems to have been naturally drawn to tales of catastrophe and double-agents, his wit was to the fore in his most famous commission. In 1963 Harry Saltzman brought Dehn in as a writer for a new James Bond adventure: *Goldfinger*. Dehn seems to have known Ian Fleming through serving in SOE during the war, so maybe that was the connection (they both served in Camp X, a spy training-camp in Canada. Ian Fleming drove there everyday past St James-Bond United Church, Ontario.) But the film historian Adrian Turner tells us that Dehn was hired as a "fresh mind" to write a second draft of the existing screenplay. The subsequent treatment was criticized by the first draft writer Richard Maibaum as being "very Englishy now and then, coy, arch, self-consciously tongue-in-cheek"; and Sean Connery disliked it (in *Goldfinger*, Bond is a pretty ineffective lump). But Dehn's second attempt became the shooting script; and it's arguably Dehn's influence that made *Goldfinger* such an entertaining smash hit, and the template for all future Bond adventures. He provided some of the snappy dialogue and camp quips (why does Bond wear a gun? "I have a slight inferiority complex"). And it was Dehn who wrote one of the most famous exchanges in film history:

"Do you expect me to talk?"



“No, Mr Bond. I expect you to die.”

In later years, Dehn seems to have concentrated on screenplays, and given up his poetry. The vision of Armageddon was still there. But so also was the wit. He wrote the screenplay for Franco Zeffirelli's *Taming of the Shrew* with Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor. A Times Diary from 1967 tells us that he had received backing from Columbia for a film of G.K. Chesterton's *The Man Who Was Thursday*. Under the heading “Gas Kills Lust”, Dehn was quoted as intending to combine “nightmare with farce” by changing Chesterton's plot. In the original, the terrorist plot was to kill all the crowned heads of Europe. In Dehn's adaptation, the terrorists would release a gas which would eliminate the sexual urge. “The gas kills lust, not love,” he explains. “I think it is a rather humane way of killing off the world.”

Paul Dehn died in 1976. At the time of his death, he was hoping to furnish the *Brazen Nose* with some reminiscences of Maurice Platnauer. I would be enormously grateful for any corrections of what I've said here; and to hear any further reminiscences of Dehn, an intriguing and talented man.

THE QUINCENTENARY EXHIBITION

Elizabeth Boardman, College Archivist, with contributions from Liz Kay,
College Librarian

It was Richard Cooper's idea. The Ashmolean had agreed to lend the College J.M.W. Turner's watercolour of Brasenose (1803–04), and in June 2008 Professor Cooper assembled a committee to discuss an exhibition to complement the painting. By this time another Quincentenary exhibition was already under way. Two years before I had been asked to prepare suggestions for displays to be exhibited at the various Quincentenary events, and the content for the resulting five display banners was being devised even as the second exhibition committee went to work. These would eventually form part of the main exhibition.

The sheer range of material in the Library and Archives, and the decision to include silver and pictures, led us to decide on a serendipitous approach to content. By October 2008 Liz Kay (the Librarian) and I had prepared suggestions for exhibits, based on the many enthusiastic suggestions of the committee, especially Richard Cooper and Ed Bispham. Indeed it soon became clear that to accommodate everything proposed we would need to hire somewhere the size of the V&A. So I suggested that I create display banners to cover some of the topics, height being more readily available than floor space. Liz proposed that the various distinguished Brasenose academics and writers, past and present, be represented by a display of their publications; this would also act as a history of the Library stock, from handwritten volumes to internet publications. Her suggestion resulted in one of the most varied sections of the display, with centuries old volumes displayed next to modern paperbacks and complemented



by a few relevant artefacts, including William Golding's Nobel Prize diploma and a bust of John Buchan.

By the end of November, location (the old HCR, now known as the Cloisters) and date (4th–10th Week of Trinity 2009) were agreed. Richard took over the administrative tasks, including calling meetings, negotiating for location and finance, and liaison with staff and departments. All that remained for Liz and me was to research and create the displays. That took five months and an estimated seven hundred hours.

I started the New Year by tearing a calf muscle, a painful experience but one with useful side effects. With my mobility severely restricted I spent long hours with a College laptop in its eponymous position, getting to grips with the complexities of Photoshop. Somewhat to my surprise I managed to create a design for display banners two metres high and one metre wide on a screen only a thirtieth of that size. Unfortunately there was only one way to test whether it worked or not, and that was to have a banner made up. With great trepidation I sent off the file for my first creation, 'College names', and awaited the result. It was the most simple of the displays, with pictures and brief explanations or biographies to explain the various designations of rooms and buildings, from Stamford House to the Platnauer Room. Some, like 'Stallybrass' and 'Shackleton' are familiar to most people, but few now know that the Eckersley Room was named for Nathaniel ffarington Eckersley (1857–1935, matriculated 1875), a mill owner in Wigan who left a bequest used partly to create the room. Or that 'Broadgates' preserves the memory of the mediaeval Broadgates Hall, a place of learning on a site now occupied by the west side of New Quad. To my relief the banner turned out to be both legible and in proportion. Only six more to do.

The question of display cases had occupied the committee since the beginning. The type of material we were planning to display must be protected, but to purchase new cases would be too expensive. However, to borrow old cases could produce an exhibition which looked like a second hand furniture store. A touch of nepotism came to the rescue when my husband, County Archivist and Brasenose alumnus, offered Oxfordshire Record Office's purpose built archival display cases at considerably less than the usual cost. Transportation for them was booked, Library Assistant Lianne Smith made up templates of them for us to work from, and we thought the problem was solved. Until the sudden realization that the doors to the Cloisters were narrower than most of the cases. Billy Burnell from the Workshop went to inspect, and it was agreed that they could be dismantled and reassembled on site. Meanwhile other aspects of security were being covered by Joe Johnston (Clerk of Works), who was arranging quotations for door locks, CCTV and alarms. The Bursar suggested that the closure of the Ashmolean Museum for refurbishment would mean that there were practised invigilators available, and this eventually resulted in the employment of a team of three.

One of the first decisions reached was that the Founders must have a section to themselves. Liz proposed to include the two beautiful books personally associated



with them, the Founder's Missal¹ and the Founder's Bible. The missal belonged to Richard Sutton and includes a prayer for his soul, or for that of one of his heirs. A rare example of a missal printed on vellum (the only other known copy on vellum is in the Bodleian), this beautiful volume is illuminated and has several full-page illustrations and pages of music. However, it suffered somewhat harshly after the Reformation, as some woodcuts have been most crudely coloured by an inexperienced hand, and the word 'Papa' and the service for St Thomas à Becket have been erased. The Founder's Bible² (*Biblia sacra universa, ex versione vulgate*) is a thirteenth century manuscript Bible which belonged to William Smyth, Bishop of Lincoln, Sutton's co-Founder. The first page bears the inscription 'Liber Aule regie & Collegij De Brasenose ex dono Reveredi pris Dni Willmi Smith fudatoris eiusde Collegij'.

To complement these we would display the Foundation Charter³, granted by Henry VIII in 1512 to give legal validity to the new institution. Such a Charter is not a particularly rare object, but the illumination makes it unique to the College. It represents the Trinity: the Father sits above the capital H of 'Henricus' and breathes the dove of the Holy Spirit into an Annunciation scene, with the Crucifixion of Jesus is depicted to the right. Henry VIII's Coat of Arms is in the bottom half of the H. At this early stage of his reign the King used the supporters favoured by his father, Henry VII, whose claim to the throne was through his mother, Lady Margaret Beaufort. On the right is a greyhound, associated with the House of Lancaster and the Beauforts. On the left is the dragon traditionally associated with Cadwalader, the last native king of Britain (from whom the Tudors claimed descent). Henry VIII later favoured the lion and the dragon, so ours is a comparatively unusual depiction of the Royal Arms, which also appears on the Tower above the entrance to Brasenose.

By February the plans were beginning to take shape, and it was becoming increasingly obvious that I would not be able to continue my usual work and still complete the exhibition on time. A large part of my day to day routine is the answering of enquiries about the archives and the history of the College. These range from requests from family historians for biographical details to more esoteric queries; examples of the latter include (recently) the identification of the room in which a somewhat torrid event in James Bond's life was filmed, and (before my time) a request for information about a sixteenth century Brasenose man apparently sending messages to a 1980s computer. Gladly I handed over the routine biographical enquiries to Anna Johnson, one of our graduate students, who took the bulk from my shoulders in the succeeding months. Meanwhile Liz was researching rare books by Brasenose members. The 'Nuremberg Bible' or *Biblia Sacra Latrina cum Apocrypha* was printed by Anton Koberger at Nuremberg in 1477.⁴ The volume was formerly owned by Francis Law Latham (1837–1923, matriculated 1856) and is a very large, heavily bound folio, with several fine miniatures amongst the initial letters which are 'beautifully illuminated with gold and colours'⁵. This edition is said to be very scarce and ours was (questionably) once owned by William Caxton. The College owns many editions of *The Anatomy of Melancholy* by Robert Burton (1577-1640,



matriculated 1593), but the copy chosen for the exhibition was the third edition, which was presented to the College by Burton himself.⁶ First published in 1621, the work went through five editions in his lifetime, in each of which new material was added, and a sixth, containing his final revisions, was published posthumously in 1651. The book has since been hailed both as an extraordinary piece of English prose and as a major early work of cognitive science. It is still published to this day and available in unedited form. The fact that the College owns a marvellous portrait of Burton which could be displayed alongside the book made it an obvious choice for inclusion in the exhibition. The fame of John Foxe (1516-1587, B.A. 1537) rests on *The Actes and Monuments of These Latter and Perilous Dayes*, an account of the persecutions of Protestants, commonly known as the Book of Martyrs. The College owns a complete run of all editions, and the 1570 volume selected for display was chosen because it is an excellent example of a book illustrated throughout with fine woodcuts.⁷

We had decided to include some costume to give visual variety, which led us into the unusual area of purchasing shop dummies. These proved excellent, although the 1920s/1930s staff fire brigade uniform was difficult to fasten, suggesting that current shop models are better nourished than pre war College staff. The exhibition gave me an opportunity to carry out three long held ambitions, the first of which was a map of the acquisition of College estates. Once created, this revealed that at various times Brasenose has owned property in over one hundred different towns and villages. Furthest north were some much disputed lands in County Durham and to the south property on Romney Marsh in Kent; curiously these the most far flung estates both came to Brasenose in 1586. The College acquired the right to appoint the priests in many parishes, including ten in east London and one on the Isle of Wight. College leases of an estate at Skegness in Lincolnshire included provision for rent to be charged if land were recovered which had been lost to the sea two hundred years before Brasenose even came into ownership. The long tradition of links between Brasenose and the north east is often assumed to be estates, but in fact the connections were with students from the area, and little property was owned there (although what there was included a coal mine). Twenty four of the estates on my map were owned by Brasenose for more than four hundred years. And, not surprisingly for the College's convenience, forty two percent of the all the estates were in Oxfordshire. Several of the collection of hand drawn maps were used, including the famous pre-Inclosure maps of Burrough in Leicestershire⁸ and one showing the Thames with Execution Dock⁹ clearly marked. The oldest dateable document is a deed to a piece of land in Ivington, Herefordshire, dating from between 1135 and 1150¹⁰. Brasenose acquired the land in 1531, but in the centuries before the registration of land ownership the best legal proof was to keep all the old deeds and pass them on to new owners. Consequently many of our estate records pre-date the foundation of the College. And one of our hundreds of letters from estate tenants was displayed, sent to the Senior Bursar in 1780 by George Bailey from Great Rollright, Oxfordshire. The phraseology and spelling tell us something about his



accent and the way he spoke, with *Buser* (Bursar), *resayt* (receipt) and *com* (come), and beginning 'Sir I be Sorry as I have trobled you'.¹¹

My second ambition was a display of Nose symbols. An institution with a nose for a totem generates some curious souvenirs. A heavy wooden nose (once attached to an Eight), a nose-shaped menu holder complete with nose-embossed menu, two nose-shaped smoking pipes (with the giant model used by the tobacconist to advertise them) and several other items were laid out on top of the Hornets' Cricket Club's flag, with its huge silk nose (and smaller silk hornet).¹²

On 7th March I met with the College Choir to begin work on my third ambition. Brasenose has spawned a surprising number of writers of music and lyrics in several fields, and I hoped to produce an audio-visual presentation with information about the writers and examples of their music. Some pieces would require us to seek permission to use commercial recordings, but much could be done in house. Hymns were an obvious beginning, with Brasenose men writing the words to, for example, *Holy Holy Holy*, *Thy hand O God has guided* and *See amid the winter's snow*, and the music now most commonly used for *Ye Holy Angels Bright*. A rousing version of the folk song *Widcombe Fair* was recorded, reputed to have been found by Vice Principal F.W. Bussell (1862-1945, Fellow 1886-1917) whilst collecting folk songs with his friend, Sabine Baring Gould: 'we had very pleasant times together, collecting songs all over Devon and Cornwall, the credit of which was annexed by a Mr. Cecil Sharpe who rearranged them to very tame settings indeed'.¹³ We also sang *Danny Boy*, the best known set of words to the *Londonderry Air*, written by F.E. Weatherly (1848-1929, matriculated 1867). He was a teacher, barrister and prolific songwriter, although his undergraduate fame was won on the river in 1868, when he did not row at Henley. The Brasenose Four had practiced without a cox, but the rules obliged them to start with one. Immediately after the start Fred Weatherly jumped overboard. The boat finished first and, although disqualified on that occasion, the Coxless Fours were born.

Brasenose has housed three professional composers, Bernard Rands (born 1934, Visiting Fellow 1972-1973), Theodore Chanler (1902-1961, matriculated 1923) and John Lodge Ellerton (1801-1873, matriculated 1818), of the last of whom Wagner stated that he was 'a poet, a music-lover, and, alas, a composer'. The College also produced a professional lyricist in P.E. Dehn (1912-1976, matriculated 1931). He wrote the libretto for William Walton's *The Bear*, and for operas by Lennox Berkeley. He was a writer of screenplays as well, working on *Goldfinger*, *The spy who came in from the cold* and three of the *Planet of the Apes* films. A change of texture was provided by the sound of Grandsire Doubles ringing out. Richard Duckworth (?1631-1706, Fellow 1651-1681) wrote *Tintinnalogia* or *The Art of Ringing*, published in 1668 and the first book on the art of change ringing.

I was delighted to be able to include music written for the College by undergraduates, including *The Song of the Torpid* (also referred to as *The Togger Song*), which dates



from 1889. I have long wished to hear it performed, with its chorus of 'Then row, boys / Sit up, boys / Waltz the boat along / Swing, swing together, for you're going well and strong / You'll take a lot of catching and there's not a togger on / That can give Brasenose its distance and a beating'.¹⁴

Leaving the technicalities of the recording in the hands of Nicholas Prozzillo (Director of Music) and Mark Martinez (former Organ Scholar), I turned my attention to researching the content for displays on the social life of the College. One pleasure was to reunite the minutes of the literary Crocodile Clubs with the club totem, a stuffed crocodile. There have been two Crocodile Clubs, founded in 1896 and 1921 respectively, and the meetings of both were graced by the presence of stuffed crocodiles. For many years one of these graced the wall of Peter Flexen's office in the Bursary, and when Peter retired Richard Cooper took over custody. The minutes displayed were those of the first club, in the handwriting of John Buchan.¹⁵ These include a lengthy debate as to whether their stuffed crocodile was actually a crocodile or an alligator, and this was re-enacted several times throughout the exhibition, the same doubt existing about our exhibit. We also displayed two well known signatures. In 1866 the Visitors' Book of the Principal's Lodgings, was signed by fourteen year old Alice Liddell (the original 'Alice').¹⁶ And in 1913 the Phoenix entertained the then Prince of Wales, later to become Edward VIII and the Duke of Windsor. This was the era of 'er' nicknames, the faint survivals of which can still be found in 'fresher' and 'rigger'. The Prince signed himself with his student nickname: 'The Pragger Wagger'.¹⁷

April was upon us, and Liz was hard at work researching Brasenose Scientists. She soon realised that this could demonstrate how technology and the communication of scholarly information have progressed over the years. We wanted to show that not only were our Brasenose scientists publishing books, but that a great deal was published in electronic format, a medium which is especially valuable in the sciences. Certain in the knowledge that for such a celebratory exhibition we could not afford to omit the work of our current Principal we enlisted the help of Dr Alan Barr, Fellow of Merton and researcher on the Large Hadron Collider (LHC) near Geneva. To add a different dimension to our exhibition we wished to include some video footage and he identified an excellent film clip about the Principal's project at CERN, the European Council for Nuclear Research (the Principal's research is directed towards the LHC using the Atlas detector), only to be thwarted by copyright issues. Fortunately Dr Barr was able to direct us to the CERN website where a longer piece was freely available. The resulting computer presentation showed some of the famous scientists associated with Brasenose throughout the centuries and ended with interesting footage about the LHC at CERN and Atlas. When thinking about our BNC scientists the inclusion of Nicholas Kurti was a must. Known for his work as low temperature physicist, the inclusion of his book *But the Crackling Was Superb* illustrated Kurti's fun side. We were also able to use some 1970s footage of him cycling along in his bow tie, a familiar sight to those who remember



him.¹⁸ In order to add more visual variety to the science corner and at the same time include a mathematician we had the idea of writing Professor Bryan Birch's highly regarded theorem on a white board. To complete the science corner we borrowed from Professor Susan Lea a canvas of one of her group's structures to display alongside her recently published article in *Nature*.

One minor disappointment was that we were unable to get hold of the *University Challenge* episode featuring W.G. Richards and B.A. Richards which would have been rather entertaining. The episode we required was from the 1970s, but research found that the earliest available was 1982. Although we had alternative video footage of Graham Richards in the 1970s a key role as curators of the exhibition was deciding what to exclude as well as what to include, and so sadly we had to reject the idea of using a clip showing him playing on the Brasenose squash courts, with its fine example of the trend in sportswear for that era.¹⁹

I turned my attention to the display banners still outstanding, and began to look at the history of the Chapel and the Library. We know nothing of the appearance of the first Chapel (in the area now occupied by the SCR), but we do know something of its equipment because early inventories survive. The earliest, of 1519-1520, lists seven sets of vestments and one additional cope. They were made of velvet, satin, silk and damask, mostly in red, white and yellow.²⁰ Work began on the present Chapel in 1655, making it a rare example of ecclesiastical building under the Commonwealth. It was consecrated by the Bishop of Oxford on 17th November 1666, 'utterly separating it from all profane and common uses'; we displayed an extract from the official contemporary record of the consecration.²¹ Until the twentieth century regular attendance at daily Morning and Evening Prayer was compulsory. In the 1770s the duties of the Bible Lecturer (one of the Scholars) included ringing the bell and checking that there was a Fellow available to take these daily services.²² In 1927 the roll call to record daily attendance at services finally ended, and we still have the notice pinned up to announce this.²³

The earliest extant Brasenose Library catalogue is a single roll of parchment dating from about 1556.²⁴ It was fascinating to track down one of the works recorded there, five volumes of the *Works* of Chrysostom published in 1539, and to display the sparse record side by side with the detail of its current electronic catalogue entry.²⁵ The volume still has the marks of the chains with which it was secured for over two hundred years. For centuries responsibility for the Library lay with one of the Fellows, and it was not until the late nineteenth century that staff were employed to carry out day to day duties. One interesting record is a daily diary of work carried out by Library Assistant W. H. Parker in 1900, not so much for the work he did, but on account of his frequent afternoons off for shooting practice. This was not a usual Library occupation; he had just enlisted to serve in the Boer War.

Another banner featured pictures relating to Brasenose sport, including an early watercolour of a Brasenose VIII on the river in 1852 and a photograph of four rackets



made of parchment and labelled 1879, which were found during refurbishment of the Library in the 1980s; they raise some questions about the use of the Library at a time when it was a large rectangular space open only to Fellows. In the centre of a photograph of the 1914 Men's Hockey Eleven is A.N.S. Strode Jackson, pipe in mouth and holding an umbrella on which is inscribed the pathetic legend 'I want my BNC Hockey Club colours'.²⁶ Two years before this he had become (and still is) the youngest ever winner of the Olympic gold medal for the 1500 metres.

I was determined that the College Staff should have a display. Sadly they are almost invisible in the College records until recent years. They are named in the odd account, and there are occasional lists and signatures, but generally they appear under job titles. And only three official group photographs of them have ever been taken, in 1861, 1987 and this year, 2009. But it was possible to display several individual photographs, together with records of early laundresses, a rebuke to the Cook in 1779 and a bill for a servants' celebratory dinner.²⁷ Several pictures recorded remarkable records of long service. The office staff were photographed in 1933 to mark A.A. Aldridge's fiftieth year at the College²⁸; his colleague W.T. Coxhill went on to complete fifty two years. Jack Markham and Ted Allen retired in 1985 after serving fifty six and fifty two years respectively. A.E. Hunt's family were Brasenose servants for several generations. He was born in a College owned cottage where the west side of New Quad now stands, and was employed in Hall and Common Room from 1874 to 1931, fifty seven years. The most amazing record is that of Edmund King, who was appointed Groundsman when the Sports Ground was opened in 1895 and remained in post for sixty four years, retiring (reluctantly) at the age of eighty seven.

The beginning of May signalled a mere three weeks to the opening. Maria Chevska had suggested that an exhibition by current Fine Art students should be incorporated into the displays, and it had been agreed that this would be with the audio visual displays in the small room adjacent to the old HCR. Liz and I met with Lucy Fyffe, the student who was to co-ordinate this, to discuss the details. It was necessary to make the final arrangements for insurance, and this involved a valuation of the more precious items, notably rare books and silver. College Accountant Julia Palejowska arranged this, a time consuming task for her, but one for which she gained considerable enthusiasm; like many of the staff she had never seen some of the treasures close to.

Most of the original items of silver suggested for the display were too large for the cases available, and with the valuer due it fell to Alan Bennett, the Steward, and me to make a new selection. The Chaplain had already promised one of the beautiful pair of silver gilt chalices and patens made in 1498-1499 and in use within these walls since before the Church of England was founded. We retained well known items like the silver dish for toasting cheese made by Paul Storr in 1815-1816 and the steeple cup and cover of 1610-1611 presented by Principal Radcliffe. But we decided to include some of the more modest silver, like two of the tankards presented by groups of eighteenth century students, and a knife and fork carefully engraved with the College arms and the donors' names. Alan suggested a favourite piece of



his, which proved to be one of the most popular exhibits. It is a kovsh, a low silver gilt bowl, inscribed and presented by Catherine the Great to one of her officers in Moscow in 1767. It was given to the College in 1932 by H. N. Spalding (1877-1953), a member of the SCR and generous benefactor to the College. Alan is also the usual custodian of one of our other exhibits, a hand carved chess set presented to the SCR in 1928. It was made by sisters Phyllis and Delphis Gardner, who had studied at the Slade School of Art, and represents the opposing sides in the English Civil War of 1642-1649. Many of the figures were carved from portraits, and the four castles are based on contemporary representations of the cities.

I turned my attention to finishing the visual displays, on which I had started work in 2008. *Raising the roof* showed the development of the site through plans and photographs, and *Unbuilt Brasenose* faded pictures of proposed buildings into views of the same areas today. Nicholas and Mark had run into difficulties with the music editing, and several items had to be re-recorded. As a result the last of the soundtracks arrived with only a week to go, and I tackled another steep learning curve. I had never edited audio recordings before or put audio content into a PowerPoint presentation. I succeeded, only to discover when it came to setting up that I had used a more recent version of PowerPoint than was installed on the machine in the exhibition. IT Officer Peter Bushnell solved the problem, but it added to the difficulties of an already complicated few days.

The remaining banners were ordered, we began to create the display labels, and arrangements were made for cleaning the room. On Friday 15th May the display cases were transported from the Record Office to the College, where the larger ones were dismantled and reassembled as planned. I do not work for Brasenose on Fridays, and I was very grateful for that fact when I heard the stories afterwards. The cases are elegant but heavy, and the Cloister doors narrow and unyielding. I believe the air over the Deer Park was blue, and all those involved have vowed that the experience will never be repeated. At least the weather was dry.

Liz, Lianne and I worked very hard over the following week (on one occasion I did sixty hours in five days). We had allowed three days for putting everything together, and in the event every minute was needed. We had been thinking simply about our displays, and had forgotten the effect of all the other practicalities we had arranged. It took several hours, and considerable help from the Workshop staff, simply to place the cases where we wanted them and to check that their (cold) lighting was working. The Ashmolean staff arrived to put up the Turner, in a position carefully calculated to ensure that no direct light fell upon it at any time of day. The security firm had to install the CCTV and its controls, and that took twelve hours. Richard Cooper had made a list of suggested pictures to adorn the walls, and he collected them together himself, dashing in regularly with frames tucked under his arm. Once the hanging positions had been decided the Workshop staff had to put them up. There were some delightful juxtapositions, most notably that of the seventeenth century portrait of Robert Burton and our stuffed crocodile (or alligator). Around all this activity



we constructed our displays. Several vivid memories stay with me. Lianne crawling inside a narrow case to create Liz's vision of a pile of leather bound volumes. Alan arriving with priceless silver dangling from his fingers. Liz producing one beautifully illuminated tome after another. Me ironing the Hornets' flag and then carrying it through New Quad in the fading evening light, watched by bemused students from their game of croquet. And putting out an SOS to the Chaplain for a cassock and surplice. We were displaying the modern Chapel cope embellished with decoration based on the Chapel's furnishings and design. When I put it on the dummy without any vestments beneath, a most unfortunate impression of a naked celebrant was given.

The exhibition was opened on 21st May. The Bishop of Lincoln visited that morning to celebrate communion for Ascension Day, so appropriately the first signature in the Visitors' Book was that of the College Visitor. The formal opening took place that evening, and over the next five weeks the exhibition was open every day. We had one thousand, nine hundred and sixty eight visitors.

The day to day administration fell to Liz, who unlike me is in College five days a week. She had to solve any problems encountered by the invigilators, like failed light bulbs or the need for telephones. And we had one request for the temporary withdrawal of an exhibit. The Phoenix Common Room had loaned us their silver Phoenix, but then realized that she would be missing from their last dinner of the year. A photograph took her place for the weekend.

In the meantime I was working on plans for the exhibition mark two. After the end of June the College would need the room for conference visitors, so the displays would have to be dismantled. It seemed a pity for so much work to be used for only five weeks, so we had arranged to transfer to the exhibition gallery at Oxfordshire Record Office in Cowley for three months. This would have the added bonus of enabling visitors to the conferences and the Quincentenary Gaudy events to view it, if they were prepared to take a little extra trouble. But full invigilation when open, a building occupied twenty four hours a day and CCTV coverage were not available at the Record Office. So we decided against including the books displayed on tables, and the valuable rare books and silver; we had to find alternatives of less value. I took the opportunity to include one of the Great Western Railway Brasenose jigsaws made by Chad Valley between 1933 and 1939. And Alan came to the rescue with Phoenix and Octagon crockery, and pewter jugs. Another round of insurance checks was necessary, and a complete redesign of the publicity; the original poster featured the Radcliffe cup, which was not to be included.

It took us only one day to dismantle what had taken so long to put together. The following day the cases were transferred back to their home, and the air over the Deer Park changed colour again. And the day after that we moved everything to the Record Office, where Lianne and I set it up once more. It was to prove very popular with Record Office visitors. We do not know whether any of our conference



delegates visited, but about one hundred and fifty visitors to the Quincentenary Gaudy made the effort.

We dismantled the exhibition for the last time on 21st October, although the banners and presentations continue to have a life of their own. We are left with memories of an experience occasionally hard and frustrating, but ultimately immensely satisfying.

- ¹ College Library: UB/S II 97
- ² College Library: Brasenose MS 1
- ³ College Archives: Hurst College: Charter 1
- ⁴ College Library: UB/S I 15A
- ⁵ *The Brazen Nose* vol V no 9, p316
- ⁶ College Library: UB/S III 72
- ⁷ College Library: Lath R.4.1
- ⁸ Ibid. Clennell B13.5
- ⁹ Ibid. Clennell B14.1-44 Wapping
- ¹⁰ Ibid. Hurst Ivington 1
- ¹¹ Ibid. Hurst Bursarial: Estates 89
- ¹² Ibid. Pipes are Accession 29 and MPP 67 A1. Flag is SL 9 C2/1.
- ¹³ Ibid. MPP 51 uncat
- ¹⁴ See *The Brazen Nose* vol I pp115, 196-197
- ¹⁵ College Archives: Clennell B 1a 47
- ¹⁶ Ibid. PRI 1 G1/1
- ¹⁷ Ibid. SL 11 A13/1
- ¹⁸ Ibid. MPP 196 C2/1
- ¹⁹ Ibid.
- ²⁰ Ibid. Clennell B 1d 1
- ²¹ Ibid. Hurst College: Chapel 8
- ²² Ibid. Clennell B 53.14
- ²³ Ibid. B465
- ²⁴ Ibid. LIB 1 A1/1
- ²⁵ College Library: Lath D.1.1
- ²⁶ Ibid. MEM 2 D5-2-4
- ²⁷ Ibid. Laundresses: MPP 8 A1; Cook: GOV 3 A1/6; Dinner: Hurst Bursarial: Tradesmens Bills 53
- ²⁸ Ibid. PRI 25 H1/4/22-29



REVIEWS

Brasenose: The Biography of an Oxford College. Oxford University Press, 2008.
J. Mordaunt Crook (BNC 1955)

Every time Barry Nicholas (1937) gave an after-dinner speech he devoted a part of it to a question which nagged him: ‘What is Brasenose exactly? Is it the buildings? Is it the undergraduates? Is it the dons? Is it something more abstract than that, combining all the entities? And in any case, since these are all in a perpetual state of flux, how is its identity to be pinned down?’ He was never able to the answer the question to his own satisfaction. Joe Crook in his magisterial history of the college worries at the same question, and although he does not necessarily come up with neat conclusions he provides us with more than ample data to attempt an answer, or series of answers. It’s a curious title he has chosen, since one would not normally think of an institution’s history being covered by the word ‘biography’, but he convinces us, finally, of its applicability. This is the moment for such a survey, at the College’s five hundredth anniversary. The four hundredth anniversary was celebrated with a splendid series of 14 Monographs and a hefty Register. Crook’s one-man achievement easily matches that. Buchan’s history of 1898 looks very thin and amateurish beside it. There are many virtues in Crook’s study, but one of the principal ones is that everything is contextualised. It’s not a tunnel-vision treatment, since at every point Brasenose is compared with other colleges, it is considered in relation to the University and, indeed, general conditions in the surrounding society. The latter is particularly strong for the twentieth-century narrative, when Brasenose is seen against the background of the increasing tendency for government to finance and control the universities. Crook has a good understanding of ecclesiastical history, and where Brasenose is placed in the evolving story. The extraordinary changes that have taken place over the centuries are encapsulated on the book jacket: on the front cover members in academic dress are on view in morning light (it’s 1814), and the statue of ‘Cain and Abel’ presides over the scene; on the back cover, inconceivable beyond anything Sutton and Smyth could have imagined (or even an early twentieth-century oar), the women’s First Eight is in full flight (it’s 1992).

The King’s Hall and College of Brasenose was founded in 1509, but it has a pre-history, going back to the thirteenth century, when there was a Brasenose Hall, with its famous totem, carried off to Stamford in the migration, and only retrieved when the College bought the house in 1890 just to get the knocker from its front door. If we could be transported back in time we would recognise some of the buildings (although the attractive dormers in the Front Quad weren’t there then), but we would recognise little else about the College. It’s true it was perhaps the first Oxford College to have undergraduates, but they were more like schoolchildren, and subject to harsh discipline, even including beating. Latin was spoken in Hall (a room with no barrel vault and no fireplace, but sporting a minstrels’ gallery). The



intake was dominated, as it was until the nineteenth century, by North Easterners. There may have been some sport (and there was even a plan in 1608 to build a *sphaeristerium* (court) for *ludo pilae palmariae* (playing hand ball), but there was nothing remotely like the obsession with sport (especially rowing and cricket) which took hold in the nineteenth century, continued well into the twentieth century, and which threatened to occlude the whole purpose of the College. It's not easy to identify a consistent thread running through the history, although any number of senior and junior members have manifested great fondness and loyalty to the institution, have given generously to it, and, in some cases, have taken the long view. Two instances of this are striking: the project to build the chapel in the seventeenth century, and the building of the New Quad and the High Street Front. Jackson's plans could only be realised after successive generations had clung steadfastly to the idea that on no account should the leases be renewed when they fell vacant. Incidentally, I am much less sympathetic than Crook is to Jackson's original plan (Plate 70) to set the High St Lodge back from the street and top it with an entirely meretricious, non-functional and expensive stone crown stolen from St Giles's Cathedral in Edinburgh (not unlike the one being planned at the moment for Westminster Abbey). In any case it would have added too many spires to the High Street. Another respect in which there is continuity is that the College has over the centuries provided opportunities for social betterment, including those from underprivileged sections of society, and continues to do so. Crook does not mention it, but Bishop John Robinson (1670) began his distinguished career as a Servitor, and his patron was another Brasenose man, Sir James Astrey (1671).

There is a certain amount to shake one's head over as one reviews the past. Herbert Hart used to complain about 'lucullan feasts', but they were minor affairs alongside some of the blow-outs from the past, which Crook chronicles in painful detail. No shortage of material there for another episode of Sue Perkins and Giles Coren's *The Supersizers Eat* on BBC Two. It's sad that the longest uninterrupted quotation in the whole work is an account of a fracas after a drinking spree in 1725 (pp. 101-2). Academic work in the past was sometimes lack-lustre, and, by modern standards, operating within a very narrow spectrum. From time to time reform would be suggested, with examination systems put in place to tighten things up, but, paradoxically and perhaps inevitably, such systems, with their concentrated prescriptions, could lead to a decline, when scholars worked out ways to satisfy the basic requirements, but not go the extra mile. The social life of the past does not always bear sympathetic scrutiny, and there is plenty in Crook's book to annoy a politically correct modern reader – the sort of material found *in extenso* in A. Hamilton Gibbes's *Rowlandson's Oxford* (1911). It is a world glimpsed in a Rowlandson print (Plate IV) (based on a preliminary drawing which the College purchased in 1970): 'Bacon Faced Fellows of Brasen Nose Broke Loose'. Crook suggests (although it does not convince me) that there is a sub-text here, referring to the expansionist building programme which would allow the College to break loose from its restricted site. One function must have been particularly lively, a



party in 1666 to celebrate the consecration of Chapel: '14s. 6d for bottles lost and glasses broken up.' I am reminded of Natasha Bell saying to me during drinks in the Deer Park, 'It's not a good party if a few glasses don't get broken.'

A running theme in the book is that certain brief periods in the College's history could be regarded as 'Golden Ages'. But how are they to be identified precisely? By proto-Norrington tables? By the distinction of the dons? By the vigour of building programmes (including the borrowed glory of the newly completed Radcliffe Square)? By the sporting achievements? As Crook recognises, the brilliance of the dons does not necessarily translate into undergraduate achievement. On p.417 he pictures a singing nest of talent in the S.C.R. in the 'seventies, 'a formidably cerebral place'. The Principal (1973-8), Herbert Hart, was universally recognised as an 'intellectual giant'. But *I* don't remember this as a golden age, and the brilliance of the dons did not rub off on the undergraduate body. The early nineteenth century is supposed to have been one of these Golden Ages, and yet Henry Hart Milman (1810) (forgotten now, but a sort of Christian Gibbon) wrote, 'Of our three tutors one can lecture and never does, another cannot and always does, the third neither can nor does.' (p. 170). This alerts us to a general problem in the methodology of history, and the kinds of evidence deployed. Crook makes an interesting observation that often, in the College's past, intellectual brilliance has gone hand in hand with athletic prowess. I blush to mention that I might have been in the cohort which Crook alludes to as a low point in College history when 'They all wear spectacles, they all are weak;/They cannot run, they cannot walk, [indeed] they scarcely speak.' (*Ale Verses*, 1962)

There isn't space here to list all the delights of this book. Almost every page is enlivened with something picturesque and well-expressed by Crook, who has a witty turn of phrase. There's plenty for those who want a restorative bath in nostalgia. We encounter Russy Walker (1860) (p. 270), for instance, who didn't wear gloves or pads – so different from those modern cricketers wearing helmets and coloured pyjamas. There's plenty for those who want to follow up the numerous literary connections – including the fact that Brasenose had its part to play in the evolution of *Brideshead Revisited*. There's even a possibility (p. 38) that the recusant John Cottam (1566) was 'handing on the fruits of Brasenose learning' to William Shakespeare in the so-called 'lost years' in Lancashire. 'And who from Brasenose would dare to doubt it?' asks Crook. Well, I would. It's all written up in E.A.J. Honigmann's *Shakespeare: 'The Lost Years'* (1985), but I don't think the thesis is at all plausible – although it's possible. There is however one interesting Shakespeare connection; poems by Richard Barnfield (1589) appearing in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1599) were attributed to the illustrious bard.

What is a perpetual delight is the sharpness of Crook's ear to the voices of the past. 'Language most shows a man: Speak, that I may see thee...No glass renders a man's form or likeness so true as his speech,' said Ben Jonson in *Discoveries*, and it is the case that history starts to come alive once one can actually *hear* the personages



from the past speaking. Here is Rowland Scudamore (1630) in 1638 on John Houghton (1625): 'In eating he has no fellow. The [greatest] part of his time is spent in ye Hall... not at disputations but at meales; for hee's only verst in that rule of grammar, whose verbes are of filling, emptying, loading, and unloading.' A lot of Brasenose men certainly did not mince words in their insults. There are plenty of juicy anecdotes. My favourite is p. 245 of the chaplain of Exeter College guiding a drunken Thomas Chaffers (1831), who was clinging to the railings of the Camera, back to College: 'Ye – fool, Tommy, can't you see the quad's going round ? Wait till the lodge comes by, and we'll go in'. And there all kinds of delightful little facts. If you want to know when sliding seats appeared in the boats Crook is your man: 1873.

There is so much to praise in Crook. He is very good at brief portraits, and he really makes figures such as Frederick William Robertson (1837) and Samuel Reynolds Hole (1840) come to life. There's a handsome bust of Robertson in the College; Dickens regarded him as one of the greatest orators of the century. Crook is particularly good on the heroes of the two World Wars, including the German who fought on the other side, Carl Von Ruperti (1933). One can imagine other histories simply not dealing with them in detail. Very poignant that these charming young men, so full of life, gave their lives for the country. Sonners captured their insouciant élan very well in his photographs. Sonners was reviled by some, but at gaudies I have often met Old Members who told me that Sonners almost literally 'saved their lives' in the touching letters he wrote to them while they on service abroad, and sometimes in prisons of war. He is an excellent representative example of those personages who have loved the College almost more than anything else. Crook and I were fortunate to have contact with the ethos of the College from a former age, embodied in dons such as Maurice Platnauer, Stanley Cohn, Eric Colliou and Jimmy McKie. Maurice may not have burnt with 'a hard gem-like flame', but the fire in his grate did, because he used to throw blue crystals on it.

There's very little to criticize here. Personally, I should have liked more on literary folk, and they could have eaten into the space devoted to sports. There's nothing about Christopher Harvey (1613), whose *Scola Cordis* (1647) contributes to the story of the emblem tradition in the seventeenth century, and who was a follower of George Herbert. Nothing on John Clavell (1619), the dramatist who wrote *The Soddered Citizen* (not mentioned in the Register) and who was a highwayman. Harold Child (1888) is mentioned on p. 303. That's all. Who he? A literary critic, important in the founding of *The Times Literary Supplement* and with a commendably broad range, writing on Wyatt, Smollett, Wilde, Hardy and others. An extract of his 1922 review of D.H. Lawrence's *Aaron's Rod* was reprinted in *TLS* (July 17 2009), and those who don't have a copy of the back number can read it in full on www.the-tls.co.uk. I'd have liked more on John Marston (1592), say. No one who has written on him has ever pointed out that one of the reasons he could have been commissioned to write the masque at Castle Ashby in 1607 for Alice, Countess of Derby (widow of the famous figure in the history of theatre,



Ferdinando, Lord Strange) was that her son-in-law John Egerton (1589) was a contemporary of Marston's at Brasenose. This John Egerton, incidentally, became 1st earl of Bridgewater; Milton's *Comus* (1634) was written in his honour and his children performed in it. The masque may have played a part in helping the family to get over the spectacular scandal involving his sister-in-law Anne (eldest daughter of Alice, Countess of Derby) and her husband the 2nd Earl of Castlehaven (executed for rape and sodomy in 1631). Thomas Traherne (1653) is there of course (p. 73), our most distinguished poet, but it would have been worth mentioning that although he was 'rediscovered' at the end of the nineteenth century (on a bookseller's barrow in the Farringdon Road), he had not been forgotten in the College, because William Edward Buckley (1835) (an important contributor to the Register, but not mentioned by Crook), who was an extremely assiduous collector of Brasenose Authors, made sure that his *Roman Forgeries* and *Christian Ethics* were purchased. Wladyslaw Lach-Szyrma (1859) is mentioned as a novelist. Yes, but what was he writing? Interestingly, early science-fiction. I suppose you have to stop somewhere, but it would have been nice to have a tiny bit more on William Leigh (1819), whose fabulous neo-Gothic country house near Stroud, Woodchester Park, was abandoned, and where a giant set-square was left behind by the masons. And then there's Alexander Penrose Forbes (1840) (p. 224) and his floating chapel on the Isis. What Crook does not mention is that it was in a neo-Egyptian design, as a tribute to the name of the river. 'Really, universally, relations stop nowhere,' said Henry James, 'and the exquisite problem of the artist [and the historian?] is eternally but to draw, by a geometry of his own, the circle within which they shall happily *appear* to do so.' It's nice, I suppose, to have the name of every known member of the Phoenix, but several pages of expensive paper could have been saved if the list had been in double columns, and perhaps smaller type. I don't quite see how Cézanne (d. 1906) could have been a contributor (a willing contributor at least) to Middleton Murry's *Rhythm* (founded 1911).

Members of staff are recorded, including James Brucker sentenced to death in 1788 for stealing SCR port, and, coming closer to now, Jack Markham and Jock Wallace – both with prodigious memories for names and faces.

What of the future? Crook makes a strong implicit case for the College, although in contemporary conditions, when the faculties are bidding for more and more control, and the government is responsible for more and more funding it is sometimes not easy to see how the colleges are to continue as anything more than dormitories and restaurants with sports facilities. There is much talk of the University and the colleges going independent, but it was estimated at the time of the North Report in 1997 that that would cost £2 billion. It is difficult to see how the science faculties could be independent, but it would be conceivable for the arts faculties. Energy and vision and a sense of purpose are required if the College is to go on existing as a lively intellectual entity, not to mention funding. How much guidance for the future is there to be found in Brasenose's past? A moot question, since as G.C.



Brodrick wrote in 1877 it is often necessary to assert ‘the interests of the living against the posthumous control of the dead.’

A coda. It’s a little bit of Brasenose history not in Crook, so it might as well go here. When Frewin Hall was renovated in the ’seventies a rotten staircase was removed. Norman Leyland said it was only standing because the woodworms were holding hands. I bought it and installed it in a medieval French house I was restoring in Blanc, a hamlet just south of the English bastide Beaumont du Périgord (founded in 1272 by the Lord Mayor of London, Lucas de Thenay). I invited that famous cacophonophobe Brian Miller to help with the pneumatic drilling in the cellar, but he politely declined. The staircase must puzzle the locals, because it has English seventeenth-century Indian club balustrades, and some spindlier Victorian ones. The curious mixture is still to be seen in the remaining staircases in Frewin. I took some of it over to France on the roof-rack, and an official leant out of his kiosk in Portsmouth to say in the weariest of voices, ‘Travelling in firewood are we sir?’

Bernard Richards (1959)

***Renegade: The Making of Barack Obama*, Virgin 2009. Richard Wolffe (BNC 1988)**

Writing about US presidents puts an author in a pond alongside some giant Koi. In assessing a work like Richard Wolffe’s *Renegade* a reader is tempted to reach for Robert Caro’s voluminous biographies of Lyndon Johnson, the last president to have a significant and wholesale impact on the American healthcare system. Although Caro has not yet even chronicled the 1960 election, in which LBJ was a vice presidential candidate, and certainly hasn’t reached Johnson’s 1964 landslide reelection, the comparison does reveal two points of interest about *Renegade*; that it has been written so soon after inauguration and second that *Renegade* is written from as close a range as that secret service codename implies.

The novel substance of *Renegade* ranges from 2006 to inauguration and comes after a staid biography of Obama’s early years (ground already covered by the President in *Dreams of my Father*). By 2006 Wolffe is in his element when he describes the genesis of the Obama campaign, relying on unique one-on-one interviews with Obama and his experiences inside the campaign. We get new insight into the tantalizingly close call over whether or not to run, which is covered in a sensitive and nuanced manner. On page 54, for example, Wolffe outlines the pivotal role of strategist Steve Hildebrand and close Obama friends Valerie Jarrett and Marty Nesbitt in the back and forward debate over whether or not to enter the race at all.

Here *Renegade*’s intimate description of a presidential primary campaign feels like *Spinners and Losers* (Michael Lewis) or *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail 1972* (Hunter Thompson), except that neither Thompson nor Lewis could be on the inside. Both Lewis and Thompson are known outsiders, sceptics, which is why both were allotted their respective assignments. In 1972 when Hughes, a potential VP candidate for McGovern defects, Thompson writes for *Rolling Stone*:



“By chance I found George downstairs in the men’s room hovering into the urinal... Say uh I hate to mention this but what about this thing with Hughes... I guess I shouldn’t say this Hunter, but I honestly don’t know. I’m surprised. We’re all surprised.”

Wolffe’s is an account of a clean-cut candidate (whose VP candidate got into hot water for calling him just that) told in a manner more akin to Schlesinger’s *A Thousand Days in the White House* than other journalistic retellings, but this in part represents the nature of the campaign itself (there is one reference to campaign manager David Axelrod’s flawless conduct of a Meet The Press interview after “drinking late at the hotel bar”). An author’s being embedded in this way tends to worry scholars of the presidency and any reader can see the minor hyperbole this produces. On page 8, for example, Wolffe describes Obama as “the only outsider in a generation” (Reagan?, Clinton?), on page 68 “[Obama] completes the complex ballot easily”, and most alarming of all on page 9, when describing Obama’s ascent to his jet: “there is an unbearable lightness of being”.

Despite this shortcoming, the detail in *Renegade* is delicious for the politics junkie and only at times turns sickly (incessant description of the light industry passed by the motorcade after Obama votes). No one has got under the skin of the Obama machine, which we all recognise from the outside, as well as Wolffe. On page 55 the innovation and enterprise of key Obama consultant Paul Tewes in Iowa is laid bare with insight into his strategy for “steak fry domination” and how, in a ground game which was McGovernesque, the campaign knocked on 363,000 Iowans’ doors. We learn that Obama cancels the fireworks on election night (for fear of triumphalism), about the reluctance of another member of the Chicago inner circle, national finance chair Penny Pritzker, to join the campaign, and of how the origins of Obama’s logo lie in African American mayor Harold Washington’s campaign. Above all, Wolffe puts in front of us the pieces of Senator Tom Daschle’s dramatic election defeat in 2004 and shows how, when put back together, Daschle’s staff provide the Obama campaign with experience and contacts which it so sorely needed in the early days. In Pete Rouse, for example, Obama found someone he could begin to delegate key decisions to.

Renegade gets closer to the president than a Caro or a Schlesinger but trades analysis and political detail beyond the horse-race. Certainly we get none of the analysis for the prospects of power that Richard Neustadt (*Presidential Power and the Modern President*) might have given us. The ample material we are provided with in *Renegade* goes a long way to giving us our first chance to draw our own conclusions about Obama’s probabilities for governing. Anyone reading *Renegade* who does not believe that the president has self-discipline, for example, (a crucial ingredient for a president working within Neustadt’s framework) has not read closely enough.

Tom Lubbock



News and Notes



NEWS AND NOTES

1936

Lionel Lethbridge: Reports that he and his wife Denise celebrated their 60th Wedding Anniversary on 30 July 2008. He was a former organ scholar and remains active in music as a player and teacher.

1937

Frank Thomas Robertson Giles: Frank Giles joined the editorial staff of *The Times* in 1946, was Assistant Correspondent in Paris 1947-49, Chief Correspondent in Rome 1950-53 and Chief Correspondent in Paris 1953-60. He joined the *Sunday Times* as Foreign Editor in 1961, became Deputy Editor in 1967 and was Editor from 1981-83. Publications: *Life of Henri de Blowitz*, 1962; *Sunday Times* (autobiography), 1986; *The Locust Years, History of the 4th French Republic*, 1991; *Napoleon Bonaparte, England's Prisoner*, 2001.

1938

Peter Batterley: Reports "At 87 years old I finally gave up ocean sailing. Between my retirement and my wife's final illness we sailed over 40,000 miles, just the two of us, in our own 38 ft ketch".

Michael Armitage Girling: Is co-editor of *The First Hundred Years – A History of Dean Close School*.

1945

Samuel Peter Truman Houldsworth: Reports that he is still pressing ahead (25 years+) with renovation of his early 16th century, thatched, cob cottage.

Colin Ware Mitchell: Is due to have published in 2009: *Origins: Accident or Design* by Stanborough Press, Grantham, Lincs.

1946

William Joseph Hannay Leckie: Reports that he is retired apart from part-time cattle farming on his property at Delamere, South Australia.

John Angus Macbeth Mitchell: Celebrated his diamond wedding, having married Ann Williamson at the University Church of St Mary the Virgin on 13 December 1948, after completing his war degree.

Richard Edmund Clement Fownes Parsons: Is Chairman of the West Norfolk Music Society.

Peter George Philpott: Reports that he and his wife Joanie (Somerville 1943) celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary on 23 August 2009 at their home in Welwyn Garden City with the help of some 90 family and friends. They became unofficially engaged during the Commem Ball at BNC in June 1947 and married



after Peter's Pt 1 finals in 1949. As a Scholar he needed the permission of the Principal and Fellows and he still has the letter giving their approval 'In view of his age and past military service'!

1947

Charles John Merdinger: Reports that the Local Post of Pearl Harbor Survivors was disbanded in December 2008 - too few left. He was Ensign aboard battleship USS Nevada when it was sunk at Pearl Harbor, 7 December 1941, from Japanese attack. He is still pottering around at the age of 91.

William Rayley Wickham: He was a Circuit Judge from 1975-1997 and a Senior Circuit Judge and the Honorary Recorder of Liverpool from 1992 to 1997.

1952

Jonathan Payn Fellows-Smith: Has retired as Company Secretary of Guinness (now Diageo) plc, and also as Senior Lecturer in Company Law, South Bank University. In 1953, 1954 and 1955 he played for OUCC obtaining a Cricket Blue, and also in 1953 and 1954 he obtained a Rugby Union Blue playing for OURFC. In 1960 he toured Britain as a member of the South African Test Cricket team, playing four test matches.

1953

Ivor Harold Jones: Is retired and was formerly Principal of Wesley House, Jesus Lane, Cambridge. He is a member of Studiorum Novi Testamenti Societas and also a serving member of Colloquium Paulinum (St Paul's Outside the Walls, Rome). His publications include: *Commentary on the Apocrypha* 2004, *Commentary on the Letters to the Thessalonians*, 2006 and *Rhetorical Criticism and the Unity of Corinthians*, NTS 2008.

Michael Radcliffe Lee: Is Emeritus Professor of Therapeutics at the University of Edinburgh. He was elected Fellow of the Linnean Society of London in January 2009 for his work on the history of medicinal and poisonous plants. Publications: *Renin and Hypertension*, 1969; *Stood on the Shoulders of Giants*, 2003.

1954

Jack Bowes Morrell: In 2007 Jack Morrell was awarded the Friedman Medal by the Geological Society of London for his contribution to the history of Geology. Publication: *Research as the Thing: Oxford Chemistry 1912-1939* with R J P Williams et al (eds), *Chemistry at Oxford: A History from 1600 to 2005*, Royal Society of Chemistry, 2009, pp 131-186.

1955

Paul Barker: Reports that he is the former Editor of the social affairs magazine, *New Society*, and is now a writer and broadcaster and a senior research fellow of the Young Foundation in East London. Publications: A new edition (2006) of an essay



collection, *Arts in Society* (Five Leaves, Nottingham); *The Freedoms of Suburbia*, November 2009, (Frances Lincoln, London), The latter is a defence of suburbia against its many enemies. It is a mélange of direct observation and social history with an added critique of architects and planners.

Niranjan Jashbhai Desai: Was former Resident Representative for United Nations Development Programme (UNDP), Resident Co-ordinator for UN Systems, Representative for World Food Programme (WFP) and Representative of UN Fund for Population (UNFPA). He is leading a retired life in Geneva with winters in Kenya. He is also an active member of several golf clubs in Geneva and Nairobi and also a keen bridge player.

1958

Peter Frazer Skinner: Would welcome visits from his contemporaries if they are in New York.

Kenneth Woolhouse: Reports that he has retired as a parish priest and is a volunteer labourer at Surrey Docks City Farm, Rotherhithe, a volunteer at Time & Talents Rotherhithe Association, a befriender at HM Belmarsh Prison and a Visitor and Day Pastoral Chaplain at Southwark Cathedral. He finds time to mind his grandchildren in Bethnal Green, belongs to a Shakespeare play-reading group at The Globe and is a member of Rotherhithe and Bermondsey Local History Club. His publications include: *Otter Memorial Paper (5)*, *The Chichester Reliefs*, 1989, *Otter Memorial Paper (9)*, and *The Chichester Misericords*, 1998.

1959

Peter John Christopher Field: Publication: P J C Field (ed.), Sir Thomas Malory, *Le Morte D'Arthur: The Seventh and Eighth Tales* (Indianapolis: Hackett Publishing, 2008).

1960

David Norman Martindale Andrews: Reports that he is a Fellow of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales. He has retired from Fitch Ratings, previously having worked for Price Waterhouse, Coca-Cola Export Corporation, Joseph Sebag and the Bank of America International.

1963

Peter John Cotton: In February 2009 The Revd Canon Peter Cotton retired from full-time ministry in the Church of England after 39 years.

John David Herson: Publications; *The English, the Irish and the Catholic Church in Stafford, 1815-1923*, Midland Catholic History, No 14 (2007), ISSN 041 840 1, pp 23-46; 'Stirring Spectacles of Cosmopolitan Animation': *Liverpool as a Diasporic City, 1825-1913* in S Haggerty, A Webster & N White (eds); *The Empire in One City? Liverpool Inconvenient Imperial Past* (Manchester UP 2008), ISBN 978 0 7190 7887 3, pp 55-77.



Alexander Pollock: In July 2009 Alexander Pollock retired having spent the last 18 years of his professional life on the Sheriff Court Bench in Scotland, latterly at Inverness.

1964

Daniel Hutchinson: Poems published in 'New Constrast', South Africa, issues September and December 2008: *The Starfruit Catch*; *Landslides on Referendum Day*.

Colin Harold Robertson Niven: He has been appointed Founding Principal of Sherborne Qatar. The school will open in Doha in September 2009.

1966

William Mark Wolstenholme: Is a Consultant to Lambert Smith Hampton - Property Solutions. He is working part-time as a planned run-down to retirement.

1967

Robert George Clinton: Retired as Senior Partner at Farrer & Company in 2008. In the same year he was awarded a CVO in the Birthday Honours list.

Robin David Lamb: Was appointed Director General of the Libyan British Business Council and Director of Trade and Government Relations, Middle East Association, both with effect from 1 May 2009.

Eric Arthur Vallis: Reports that in his retirement from being Treasurer and Fellow of Oriel for 20 years (1973-1993) he continues as Estates Consultant (honorary) to the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral, despite advancing years. He attends various functions in Oxford when he can, staying with his daughter who teaches Classics in Oxford.

1971

Leslie Robert Victor Burwood: Retired in 2000 having taught Philosophy in the small university city of Winchester for 25 years and lives happily with his partner of 38 years, Carol Brady. He now enjoys playing with his model railway! He was 60 in January.

1977

Deborah Mary Jenkins: Was appointed Chairman of South Tees Acute Hospitals NHS Trust in August 2008. She is Chair of Barnard Castle Vision and Chief Executive of TDI (The Derwent Initiative) a national charity working to reduce sexual offending. A bow to Richard Cooper – "We greatly enjoy spending time in our small flat in Nice where I am keeping up my French!".

1981

David Samuel Levene: Married Gabrielle Zaklad in New York in November 2008. They have jointly acquired an apartment on the Upper West Side and a dog.



1984

Geoffrey Hugh Mead: Reports that he has been a Partner at Eversheds LLP, London, since 2006. Marina Daisy Emily Mead was born on 13 October 2007.

Dietrich Fritz Reinhold Pohl: Dietrich Pohl reports – “I was posted to the German Embassy in Tehran in 2006, since 2007 as DCM. Promoted Minister Counsellor March 2009. After three challenging years in Iran, I am being transferred back to Berlin in September 2009. There, I am to serve with a semi-governmental think tank and the Federal Academy for Security Policy for a year. Family is flourishing. Gerda and our three children (together with our Airedale ‘Bodo’) are moving to our stately pile in my hometown Lübeck while I will be commuting”.

1985

Donald Davidson: Reported the birth of his daughter Isabella Rose on 12 June 2009.

1986

Alan Philip Harding: Reports that he was DFID’s (Department for International Development) Economics Advisor for Zambia, based in Lusaka, from 2004-2007. He then joined the Aid Effectiveness Department (AEAD) in London in 2008-2009. In April 2009 he moved to DFID’s Europe Department as Economics Advisor for Kosovo and West Balkans. He is based in London but travels regularly to Kosovo, Serbia and Bosnia-Herzegovina.

1989

Sarah Catherine Ashberry: Qualified as a solicitor in September 2008.

1990

Margaret Alys Goodall: Maggie Goodall (BNC 1990-1993) and Henry Burgess (BNC 1989-1992) are happy to announce the arrival of their daughter, Freyda Audrey Burgess. Born 12 October 2008.

1992

James Edmund Garratt: Has been appointed Senior Lecturer in Music and University Organist at the University of Manchester. His new book *Music Culture and Social Reform in the Age of Wagner* (Cambridge University Press) will be out in March 2010. He married Dr Sinéad Dempsey in September 2006.

Gordon Redvers Wilson: Announced the birth of a second son, Frederick (Freddie) David Wilson on 12 January 2009, a brother for Charles (Charlie).

1993

Kate Bliss: Kate Bliss is an Antiques expert for the BBC (including ‘Bargain Hunt’ and ‘Flog it’), a BBC Presenter and has her own Fine Art Valuation business. She married Jonathan Robert Brookes Bliss in August 2005 and is proud to announce



the arrival of Lily Grace Lloyd Bliss, born 23 July 2006, and Benjamin John Brookes Bliss, born 1 June 2008. She would love to hear from Aaron and Fharat (both medics who matriculated in 1993). Her email address is kate@katebliss.com.

Angus Charles Johnston: Was promoted to University Senior Lecturer in Law, Faculty of Law, University of Cambridge on 1 October 2008.

Edward John Kemp Lee: Reports that he is a Fellow of the Royal College of Ophthalmologists (FRCOphth). In October 2008 he and his wife had their first child, Annabel Elizabeth Kemp Lee.

1994

Andrew Paul Mayer: Is the UK Political Advisor for BP plc. He married Helen Jardine-Brown in July 2008 and daughter Daisy was born in May 2009.

1995

Sarah Denise Holmes (née Porter): Anthony and Sarah are delighted to announce the birth of Caleb Anthony on 24 August 2008, a brother for Bethan (aged 2). Sarah also graduated with a MSc in Mathematical Education in July 2008.

Sophie Alison Sheldon (née Campbell): Sophie and Ian (Univ 1995) are delighted to announce the birth of their first child, Oliver James, on 16 September 2008.

1998

Anthony Marchie: Is a Consultant Surgeon in the Department of Surgery, University of Toronto. He has been appointed a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Canada.

Zosia Alexandra Newman: Married Paul Newman (BNC 1997) in Winchester on 7 February 2009.

Jennie Orit Tabak-Neiding: Jennie Tabak-Neiding and Niv Neiding are delighted to announce the birth of their daughter, Maya, on 8 May 2009.

2001

Tessa Hebb: Was awarded a multi-year Canadian Government Social Sciences and Humanities research grant for her work on institutional investors' responsible investment. She was appointed Director, Carleton Centre for Community Innovation, Carleton University, Ottawa, Canada and has just had a new book published - Tessa Hebb (2008), *No Small Change: Pension Funds and Corporate Engagement*, Cornell University Press, Ithaca, NY.



Obituaries



Editor's note on Obituaries:

Below are some obituaries of BNC members who died in the year October 08 – October 09, covered by this edition of the *Brazen Nose*. The editor is aware that it is unlikely to be a complete set; if there are significant omissions, please do alert the College's Alumni Relations & Development Office. Equally, the reader may notice that this set of obituaries is a mixture of those published in national newspapers, and those composed personally for this edition. We would like in future for the personal compositions to outweigh those bought from national papers, feeling that this may be more in accordance with the intentions of this publication. So, again, I ask that if you are able to, please do send obituaries of BNC friends and contemporaries for October 09 – October 10 to the Alumni Relations & Development Office.

Furthermore, please note that memories of, and a full tribute to, John Foster are being compiled: following a planned lecture in his memory in 2010, these will appear in next year's *Brazen Nose*.

DEATHS NOTIFIED

* denotes full obituary

Charles Nevile Acheson-Gray (1946)	2009
Christopher Hancorn Allen (1961)	2008
Frank Gilman Allen (1952)	2009
The Ven Anthony James Balmforth (1944)*	2009
Gordon John Barrett (1957)	2009
Derek Beard (1950)	2007
Alastair Ian Beaton (1972)	2009
The Hon Charles Edward Lukin Beck (1946)*	2008
Roger Campbell Beetham (1956)*	2009
David Bows (1960)*	2008
Anthony George Browne (1968)	2009
Fergus Donald Cameron (1947)	2009
David Gordon Somers Carter (1941)	2009
His Hon Cyril Donald Chapman (1938)*	2008
Lord Charles Kemp Davidson (1947)*	2009
Robert Humphrey Gordon Edmonds (1938)*	2009
John Bryan Evans (1953)	2009
Michael Hastings Fairbank (1947)	2009
John Andrew Foster (1967)	2009
Prof Nathaniel L Gage (1983)	2008
John Philip Ganner (1956)	2009
David Neil Gregory (1957)*	2009



Colin Andrew Littleton Harris (1951)	2007
Sir David Osborne Hay (1935)*	2009
Wolf Kay (1939)	2009
Frederic Graham Kenber (1946)	2009
Muhammad Aslam Khan Khattak (1929)	2008
Lord Patrick Francis Lauderdale (1929)*	2008
Hugh Wallace Mann (1945)	2009
Dr Henry Joseph Llewellyn Marriott (1936)	2007
The Revd Timothy James Marshall (1946)	2008
Nicky R H Milligan (1975)*	2009
Lord Philip Brian Cecil Moore of Wolvercote (1945)	2009
Sir John Clifford Mortimer (1940)*	2009
Rory Bryan Mario Nicholas (1960)*	2008
Dr George Laurence Thomas McNamara Patey (1936)	2009
Cdr Anthony David Puttick (1974)	2009
Dr Jack Roberts (1939)*	2009
Dr Michael Leslie Anthony Robinson (1959)*	2009
Ian Cruden Rodger (1953)	2008
James Rushton (1936)	2009
Henryk Jan Santocki (1990)	2009
Hector John Sants (1946)	2009
Dr Peter Schofield (1956)	2009
James Edward Silvester (1941)	2009
David John Skipper (1950)	2009
Kenneth Kirk Smith (1960)*	2009
Trevor Southall (1956)	2008
David Stafford Stafford (1964)	2008
Major Peter Francis James Foster Towers-Clark (1938)	2009
John William Walker (1953)	2008
Norman Arthur Ward-Jones (1946)*	2009
Kenneth Whitehead (1973)	2009
Prof John George Woolhouse (1951)*	2008
Bernard Keith Workman (1951)	2009
James Peter Worthen (2007)	2009
Sir John McIntosh Young (1938)*	2008



Balmforth, The Venerable Anthony James

THE Ven. Anthony Balmforth, who died on 20 February, aged 82, was Archdeacon of Bristol from 1979 to 1990.

He was the eldest son of the Revd Joseph and Florence Balmforth. His father's incumbencies included that of St John's, Kidderminster – a position that Tony himself would in due course hold with distinction. He was educated at Sebright's School, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where, for one year, he read Physics. After that first year, he was called up to military service, arriving in Malaya in the autumn of 1945.

At Singapore Cathedral, he met and was deeply influenced by the famous Bishop of that diocese, Leonard Wilson. Tony's military service came to an abrupt end when he was seriously injured in a tank explosion. Later, he used to make light of this experience when he told the story of his extensive plastic surgery, the appalling journey home, and convalescence in Switzerland at taxpayers' expense; but clearly he had come close to losing his life.

During this time, Tony became certain that he should test his vocation to the priesthood. Having been accepted, he returned to Oxford, this time to read Theology at Brasenose, before going to spend two years at Lincoln Theological College.

Ordained in 1952, he served his title at St Peter's, Mansfield. Unusually for those days, after three years and only one curacy, he was appointed to his first living. This was in the nearby mining village of Skegby.

After six years in that parish, he was invited to return to Kidderminster as Vicar of St John's. His abilities as a parish priest were such that he was then invited to respond to the even greater challenge of being Vicar of St Nicolas's, King's Norton, on the southern edge of the city of Birmingham. It was with much hesitation that he eventually responded to this offer, but, in December 1965, his mentor from Singapore, Bishop Wilson, instituted him to the living.

With the building of new housing estates, the parish population had grown to become one of the largest in England, and it was set to grow much more. Gathering a team of assistant clergy was his first priority. Within 18 months, three curates had joined him. The new Pastoral Measure, which came into operation in the early 1970s, led to the possibility of team ministries. Tony immediately realised that this would be the right way forward for King's Norton.

The new estates would have clergy of incumbent status, which would lead to less frequent changes, and, when required, the appointment of clergy of greater experience. In January 1973, King's Norton became one of the very early team parishes. Tony was the ideal leader for such a team: he had a great deal of wisdom and experience, but was willing to step back from the day-to-day life of ministry to



the estates. Much of the responsibility for building one of the first joint Anglican-Methodist church schools was his. It opened on the new Hawkesley estate.

Tony was always generous in his support of the team clergy. The weekly staff meetings and daily offices were greatly appreciated. During the 1970s, King's Norton did not escape the economic difficulties afflicting much of the country, but, thanks to superbly organised Christian-giving campaigns, held at three-year intervals, the finances of the parish were in good shape when he left in 1979. When the office of Rural Dean became vacant, he was the obvious choice. Two years later, he had become an Hon. Canon of Birmingham Cathedral.

In Bristol, Tony was especially concerned to support ecumenical initiatives. He also used every opportunity to promote women's ministry. One of the most difficult tasks, which called for all his skills as diplomat and negotiator, was the reorganisation of the city-centre parishes.

Once again, the other clergy valued his strong support. But, despite 13 years of distinguished archidiaconal ministry, he looked back on his parochial ministry, especially in King's Norton, as the best of times.

After retirement, he and Eileen, to whom he was married for 57 years, moved to Yorkley in the Forest of Dean. There he greatly enjoyed assisting where needed in the churches; and the congregations valued his ministry.

Tony is survived by Eileen and by his three children. His dedication to ministry would get him labelled a workaholic today, and the family often saw him as a somewhat occasional visitor to the Rectory. But, each August, the family would share his love of caravanning for holidays of three – sometimes four – weeks, during which they travelled to many different parts of Europe.

His clergy colleagues had always had to remember that Mondays in summer were sacrosanct: nothing was to stop him turning out for the diocesan clergy cricket team.

Church Times, 13th March 2009

Beck, Charles Edward Lukin

Ted was born on the family farm 'Bayswater' in Bloemfontein. He was an only child but never lonely. The proximity of the farm to the city centre meant there were many visitors and he busied himself playing 'bicycle polo', tennis, shooting, exploring the farm or playing practical jokes on the staff (which often led to a tanned behind!)

Ted had a happy childhood, and from an early age excelled in sport. Whilst at Marist Brothers in Bloemfontein, he captained both the Cricket XI and Rugby XV for many years. Marist Brothers closed and he matriculated from Christian Brothers College, Kimberley, with a first class pass.



In 1939 he enrolled for a BA at UOFS, majoring in Latin and English. In November 1941 he joined the SA Artillery. Deeply concerned about his then widowed mother, he nonetheless felt it his duty to go on active service, and was seconded to the British 52nd Army Field Regiment, assigned to the 8th army in Italy, where he served with the rank of Captain.

After the war he was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship, and graduated with MA Honours Jurisprudence from Oxford in 1948. That same year he married Marion Edley (Mollie). He wasted no time in starting a family, and his first child, Susan Marion, was born 9 months and 3 days later!

In 1949 Ted was admitted to the Free State Bar. In 9 short years since graduating from Oxford, he had built up a very successful practice as an advocate, and with Mollie, had established a family of 4 daughters and a son!

His love for sport continued. Having represented Oxford in cricket and tennis, he later played golf for Free State. He won the Bloemfontein Amateur Golf Championship 4 times. He became President of the Free State Golf Union, and Vice-President of the S.A.G.U. (From which he resigned to go to Rhodesia) and was awarded his Springbok blazer for his involvement with golf in 1970. He was a life member of the Bloemfontein and Royal Harare Golf Clubs.

Ted took silk in 1965, and continued to practise in Bloemfontein. He served as an acting judge on the Free State Supreme Court in 1966 and 1968. Concerned at having to apply the apartheid legislation as a Judge in John Vorster's South Africa, Ted accepted an appointment to the Bench of the Rhodesian High Court.

In 1974 Mollie died. She was diagnosed with a congenital hole in her heart in 1960 and was given only a few years to live. Mollie could not have wished for a more loving, caring, supporting husband, as she battled on courageously in the years ahead. Ted and Mollie enjoyed 25 years of love and happiness in their married life.

In August 1975 Ted married Phyllis Watt. Phylly survives him now, after 33 years of marriage. It too was a marriage full of love and happiness – and Ted welcomed Phyl's 3 children into his family with such love, kindness and empathy as if they were his own.

On turning 65, he retired from the Zimbabwean Bench having served as a Judge of the Zimbabwean Appeal Court from 1982 to 1987. He was then appointed Chief Justice of the Transkei, and later Judge President. He retired at the age of 75.

He then served as a Judge of Appeal in Botswana, Lesotho, and later in Swaziland. He retired – finally – 2005.

From his 8 children and stepchildren, Ted has been blessed with 20 grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren; in each and every one of whom he took great interest.



He was loved and respected by all whose lives he touched and whose lives touched him. His life was spent with

Concern for others; not self

Pity for others; not self

Love for others; not self

and seeking in each their treasured qualities.

In all of this was a man with a wonderful sense of humour and a razor-sharp wit!

Throughout his life Ted has been a devout Christian. In the last 2 to 3 decades particularly, he spent much time reading, researching, further understanding and ministering Christianity. A number of his talks on various aspects of Christianity are recorded. He leaves us (in his words) in “the certain knowledge” that he has gone to Christ our Saviour.

“On Christ the solid rock I stand
All other ground is sinking sand.”

Beetham, Roger

Roger Beetham was, of course, unfailingly diplomatic about his career with the Foreign Office, though he had some cause not to be. Unusually capable of working with journalists and remaining on friendly terms with them, Beetham was also linguistically gifted beyond the diplomatic service norm, and proved himself a better manager than some (perhaps many) who were similarly supposed to be representing and promoting British interests.

Roger had decided he wanted to join the Foreign Office even before he came to Brasenose to read Modern Languages in 1956. From Peter Symonds’ School in Winchester he had written, at his mother’s suggestion, to know what he would have to do to get in, and even the offer of a traineeship with the wine merchants Harvey’s of Bristol did not divert him when the time came.

His interest in, and appreciation of, wine, though, continued, and it was distressing to witness his discovery that the College Buttery, where he had been wont to buy top clarets at low, low prices, was in later years reduced to serving nothing but Stowell’s wine boxes.

A plain-speaking Lancastrian by birth, he found it “relatively easy” as a newly recruited member of the British delegation to the Disarmament Conference in Geneva, to get along with ministers “as long as you treat them as ordinary people, which many diplomats, don’t”.

He was lucky enough to be in Geneva for three years when the Disarmament Conference was actually achieving - through the Partial Test Ban Treaty and the Non-Proliferation Treaty - more progress than it was to make for the next four decades.



After a spell in Washington organising British weeks, which convinced him Britain really was a European country, Roger returned to London to work at the FCO news department as press spokesman on Europe. Some of his superiors felt his full and frank briefings went a bit far. Lord Brimelow upbraided him: "I see the whole of our briefing was on the front page of the Daily Express today". Beetham said: "Yes, but was it accurate?", to which the peer grumpily conceded: "I suppose for the Daily Express it was".

Roger went on to be press spokesman in the UK's entry negotiations with the Common Market, first for an uneasy Antony Barber and later for a more expansive and comfortable Geoffrey Rippon. Afterwards Roger felt the Brits had spent too much time worrying about New Zealand lamb, and too little about North Sea fish, "which was what kept the Norwegians out".

As Head of Chancery in Helsinki Roger learnt Finnish, conducted business in steamy saunas, and helped in consultations which for the first time put human rights on the international agenda.

As press attache to Roy Jenkins during his term as President of the European Commission, he had the task of explaining what Jenkins' job was, not made easier by President Jimmy Carter describing Jenkins fulsomely as "President of Europe". Roger was also frustrated that Jenkins adamantly refused to employ his own fluent French, and insisted on regarding all pressmen as sworn enemies.

And he was not amused when Jenkins's big speech in Florence, launching the idea of a European monetary union, went unreported by the British papers because a single tourist had gone missing somewhere else in Italy on the day the speech was made.

As Deputy High Commissioner in New Delhi from 1981, Roger was particularly proud of the efficiency with which he ran Britain's biggest bilateral aid programme, and his success in ensuring that at least a quarter of the money went direct to alleviate poverty without strings attached.

While head of the FCO's Maritime, Aviation and Environment Department Roger succeeded in getting the Cabinet to go back to consider the case for an international convention on climate change, after Geoffrey Howe had completely neglected to speak up at the right moment.

In 1990 Roger was appointed ambassador to Senegal, Cape Verde, Guinea, Guinea-Bissau and Mali (funny, he thought, that though he had the best German of anyone in the Foreign Office he was never sent where German was needed), and he finished his career in his "favourite posting" as Permanent Representative to the Council of Europe in Strasbourg.

After retirement Roger became chairman of the European Opera Centre Trust, having been a useful singer himself. During his time in Strasbourg he took part in



many performances of the local Opera Society, culminating in a memorable role, singing in German, as the Ghost in Kurt Weill's *Dreigroschenoper*.

Strasbourg was the city to which he returned to live in retirement with his second wife, Christine, and where he sadly died on September 19 2009 after an accident at his patio barbecue.

Robin Young

David Bows

We met David on our first day in College, in October 1960. We had all arrived to read law (in David's case perhaps appropriately as the son of a police sergeant) and, over several glasses of Ron Maudsley's sherry before Hall that evening, a friendship was formed which was to last for almost forty-eight years.

David came to BNC from King Edward VII School, Sheffield, with an Exhibition in Classics. He immediately took to academic law and was, without question, the outstanding lawyer of our year, gaining a widely anticipated First, and being awarded the Winter Williams law prize for 1963.

David's energy and quiet devotion to his interests were apparent from his sporting achievements. He was a formidable footballer, playing regularly for the Centaurs and the college and was an able cricketer, a fine opening bat who could turn his abilities to medium pace bowling.

David served his articles (training contract) with Janson, Cobb, Pearson & Co., said to be the oldest solicitors' firm in the City of London. Such was his academic track record that his Principal chose to interview him at Lord's!

Between 1963 and 1965 David shared a bachelor flat in Crouch End, North London, with Jeffrey Burke and John Dunmall (1960-63). John moved out in 1964 and his place was taken by Lewis Isaacs. David, Jeffrey and others joined (in truth, took over) a North London cricket team for which he played for many years, and, with others from BNC, they formed a football team, "The Exiles", which still exists and for which David played until his joints refused to go on. His concern for his team and team members shone in his sport as it did in his work.

David qualified as a solicitor, having been awarded a Distinction in Law Society Finals, in 1966. Soon afterwards, he joined Clifford Turner & Co and specialised in commercial property. He became a partner with the firm in 1971. Following the merger which brought into being Clifford Chance, the world's largest law firm, David became head of the Real Estate practice from 1986 to 1994.

Shortly after the merger, David led the Clifford Chance team which acted for Olympia & York on the acquisition by that company from the Government, and the subsequent development of, the Canary Wharf site – a transaction which involved several sleepless weeks!



From 1992 to 1995 David was chairman of the Partner Selection Group for the whole firm.

Soon after his retirement David and his first wife, Christina, prepared themselves for a new life pursuing degree-level studies in ecology. They moved to south Devon, where they had bought a 30-hectare wood, which had been inter-planted with conifers and where coppicing had been abandoned. Its restoration, improvement and management was a constant source of pleasure, and much hard work, for them both. David became Chairman of the East Devon Wildlife Trust.

David, Lewis and their families developed a long-standing love of North Cornwall. They shared a holiday home there, originally in Boscastle and later, in Rock, for many years. Much time was spent surfing, wind-surfing, walking and especially bird-watching.

David remarried in 2004. He and Hazel bought and renovated an old farmhouse, along with 50 acres of land in Herefordshire, much of it unimproved hay and grazing meadow which they continued to manage traditionally. They were keen members of the local Wildlife Trust, sharing with them their management experiences with the meadows. David became chairman of the local tennis club and also greatly enjoyed golf. He was an ever-enthusiastic, although increasingly concerned, supporter of Sheffield Wednesday and a regular visitor at their home games.

Three years ago, David was found to have prostate cancer. Unfortunately, it proved to be an aggressive form of the disease, and David dealt with this with great courage. He died on 10th July 2008, with Hazel and his two sons, Stephen and William, with him.

David's brother, John, followed him to BNC in 1963, also to read law.

The bare bones of an outline history do not always reveal the whole person. David was a calm, humorous and sensitive man who never flaunted his enormous and varied abilities, hardly ever displayed anger and was unfailingly warm, courteous, friendly and helpful. He was deeply loved by his family and friends.

Lewis Isaacs and Jeffrey Burke

Chapman, Donald QC

JUDGE Donald Chapman QC, who died this week at the age of 88, may have retired more than 20 years ago but is still remembered by his peers as a "true character" on the North Eastern Circuit.

Barristers and judges who gathered for a eulogy at Leeds Crown Court yesterday heard tales of his life at the Bar and on and off the Bench, which showed the affection in which he was held.

Cyril Donald Chapman was born in Leeds in September 1920 and educated at Roundhay School and Brasenose College, Oxford.



Commissioned in the Royal Navy Volunteer Reserves he served as an observer with the Fleet Air Arm during the Second World War.

He later described to legal colleagues the hazards of life as an observer in Swordfish aircraft escorting convoys to Russia including taking off and landing on aircraft carriers in appalling conditions, assuming they could find them at all.

A Harmsworth scholar who was called to the Bar in 1947 he built a reputation as a forceful advocate in both the criminal and civil courts becoming a QC in 1965.

Sir Christopher Holland, now a retired High Court Judge who was his pupil in 1963 at 37 Park Square Chambers in Leeds, said that year was one of the most exciting of his professional life as he learned first hand from an inspiring advocate known for “thinking on his feet” but also his fast driving before the seat belt era.

Unlike many modern day barristers he was “totally devoid of specialism” covering crime, civil, personal injury cases, divorce, licensing and planning.

“His strength lay in listening to the evidence without pre-conception, applying concentration and intellect.”

Once in the Queen’s Hotel, Barnsley having a sandwich during a court break, Donald Chapman was greeted with a thumb’s up from a regular, who announced: “If you are going to court that’s the fellow you need.”

He was Recorder of Huddersfield between 1965-69 and then became the last old style Recorder of Bradford from 1969 until 1971 when the legal system was changed.

Welcomed as the new Recorder of that city he was told Bradford had its fair share of villains “but they are the nicest of villains.”

He became a circuit judge in 1972 retiring in 1986.

A lifelong Tory, he contested three elections unsuccessfully in 1955 in East Leeds, 1964 at Goole and in 1966 at Brighouse and Spensborough. He described his hobbies at the time as yachting, walking and golf.

Throughout his life his dislike of “nitpicking” officialdom was also renowned whether it was planners, builders or local councils. He took them all on in his personal life if he felt strongly that he should, once taking to appeal and winning a planning inquiry involving his own house at Hill Top, Collingham, Wetherby.

Judge Chapman is survived by his widow Sally, sons Nigel and Christopher, his grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Published in the Yorkshire Post, 14 November 2008



Davidson, Lord Charles Kemp

A man of unfailing courtesy and great charm with a quiet but very real sense of humour, he was an elected office-bearer in the Faculty of Advocates for 11 years, latterly as Dean, before being appointed to the Bench in 1983, where he showed his commitment to achieving justice for all who appeared before him and showed a particularly watchful eye for the needy and the underdog.

It was a cruel blow when, after only five years on the Bench, he contracted Parkinson's disease. He went on, however, to make a huge contribution as chairman of the Scottish Law Commission from 1988 until his retirement in 1996.

Charles Kemp Davidson was born in Edinburgh on April 13 1929 and educated at Edinburgh Academy and Fettes, from where he won an open scholarship to Brasenose College, Oxford. There he read Greats before going to read Law at Edinburgh University. He spent his National Service as a 2nd lieutenant in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, serving in British Guiana and in Berlin, where he guarded Rudolf Hess.

He was called to the Scottish Bar in 1956, soon establishing a large practice, predominantly in civil work. He had an immense capacity for hard work, and was noted for the trouble he would take in helping not just clients but also more junior advocates who sought his advice.

In 1969 Davidson took Silk, and in the ensuing years he would appear in many notable cases. Two of the highlights were *Wills' Trustees v Cairngorm Canoeing and Sailing School* in the 1970s, and what became known as "the Glasgow rape case" (*X v Sweeney*) in 1982. The result in each had a lasting effect beyond the boundaries of the case itself.

Two more different cases could hardly be imagined, and it was typical of Kemp Davidson that he agreed to act in them without any certainty of a fee. In the first, the riparian proprietors of a stretch of the river Spey and its valuable salmon fishing rights brought an action in which they sought to have it declared that they had exclusive right of navigation.

They accordingly sought an interdict to prevent the defenders, who had started up in business only a few months earlier and were in no position to finance a protracted litigation, from canoeing through that stretch of the river.

Davidson agreed to take the case on a speculative basis; in other words, no win no fee. The case turned on what had been decided in a very old case, *Grant v Duke of Gordon* in 1782.

The trouble was that it was difficult to determine what had been decided: the contemporaneous law report was far from clear. The canoeists won by a narrow margin at the first stage, but the decision was appealed.



By this time Davidson had been elected Keeper of the Advocates' Library, and his research among the voluminous private sets of papers in the Library's collection revealed a large amount of contemporary material which in the end proved decisive in securing success in the appeal court and in the House of Lords.

It was a remarkable result, and one which might have eluded someone with lesser knowledge of the law and skill as an advocate. It was also one which he treasured for the rest of his days, not least because David had well and truly defeated Goliath.

By the time of the Glasgow rape case, Davidson was Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. In 1981 a woman alleged that she had been raped and then assaulted, suffering very serious injuries. Three youths were charged. The case was due for trial in the High Court in Glasgow, but did not proceed because the woman was not fit to give evidence. Thereafter the Crown decided to take no further proceedings in the case.

Some months later the matter was taken up by the media, and there was pressure to reopen the case. In view of its previous decision, however, the Crown could not do so.

The only possible means was by way of private prosecution, but private prosecution in Scotland was almost unheard of – the last one had been in 1911 (and there has not been another since 1982).

None the less, Davidson agreed to take the case, despite the fact that he had never prosecuted and that legal aid had not yet been granted (it was later).

The case was brought to trial in the High Court in Edinburgh. The jury acquitted the three accused of rape, but returned guilty verdicts for the assault charges; the one who had inflicted the serious injuries was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

Throughout all this time, from 1972 to 1983, in addition to serving as a Faculty office-bearer during a time of far-reaching changes in which he played a leading role, Davidson also served as Procurator to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The job gave him great satisfaction, as did his membership over many years of the congregation of St Andrew's and St George's Church, where his father had been minister.

After being appointed a Senator of the College of Justice in 1983, Davidson had to take all cases allotted to him, large or small, civil and criminal. As always, he acted with courtesy, fairness, professionalism and a total commitment to achieving a just result.

His enforced departure in 1988 was a great loss to the Bench, but as chairman of the Scottish Law Commission for eight years he presided with energy and enthusiasm over a wide range of projects, making a further substantial and lasting contribution to the Law of Scotland.



Although ill health forced him to retire in 1996, his mind remained as keen as ever, as did his interest in the Law.

Neither did his sense of humour desert him. He bore disability with great courage and stoicism, aided by the devotion of his wife Mary (*née* Mactaggart), whom he married in 1960. She survives him with their son and two daughters.

Published in the Daily Telegraph, July 2 2009

Edmonds, Robin

His *Soviet Foreign Policy* traced, in elegant prose honed by decades of drafting memoranda, the evolution of international security from the Cuban missile crisis, through the lesser tensions of the Vietnam War and the invasion of Czechoslovakia, to the Washington Agreement on the Prevention of Nuclear War in 1973.

Though it was hardly an original work, he drew on primary sources, such as President Brezhnev's speeches; when the second edition came out as a paperback in the early 1980s it was widely used for university courses in Britain and North America.

After he had been freed from official constraint by retirement, his *Setting the Mould* (1986) rehearsed the ups and downs of the immediate postwar British-American relationship. Admitting that he had often written "Consult Washington" on documents in his early days, he showed how the practice led people to avoid thinking a problem right through. Convinced that Britain's future lay with Europe, he mischievously speculated on the acceptability to the Americans of an independent nuclear deterrent in French hands.

Edmonds's study of Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin, *The Big Three* (1991), contained lively sketches of their very different characters – an Englishman inspired by the past, an American confident of the future and a Russian dictator of Georgian origin who saw himself in the tradition of Catherine the Great and Ivan the Terrible. He showed how their initial prejudices against each other gave way to workmanlike dealings and even shared sympathy as each suffered severe setbacks in 1941. If the resulting face-to-face meetings in Tehran and Yalta never allayed suspicions, Edmonds pointed out that the trio remained constant to the aim of defeating Germany. But he faulted them for paying too little attention to a divided Europe and the threat of nuclear weapons.

Finally, in *Pushkin: the Man and his Age* (1994), Edmonds translated the Russian verse into accurate English prose and described how the poet became an international literary icon after being killed in a duel.

Robert Humphrey Gordon Edmonds was born on October 5 1920, the son of Air Vice-Marshal CHK Edmonds, who took part in the first air raid from the sea



in 1914. Robin learned modern Greek when his father was stationed in Greece and was sent to Ampleforth before going up to Brasenose, Oxford, where he was president of the Union and chairman of the Young Conservatives.

On the outbreak of war Edmonds had no doubts about where Britain's duty lay and, after watching Neville Chamberlain declare that Hitler had "missed the bus" in April 1940, was unsurprised when the Tories chose Churchill instead of Lord Halifax to lead the government. Desperate to see action, he started training to be dropped in Azerbaijan if the Germans invaded the Baku oilfields, adding Russian to his fluent French and German. But when Hitler decided to attack Moscow instead he went out to North Africa with the Royal Artillery, where he became an intelligence officer with the Eighth Army.

Among his more gruesome experiences was sitting in a tent listening to radio messages of German and Russian tank commanders at the battle of Kharkov which would break off ominously as the tanks were destroyed.

On returning to Oxford after the war with an MBE, he found the cold, gloomy winter of 1947 so depressing that he soon joined the Foreign Office which, after a spell as an overnight clerk in London, posted him to Cairo, where he was able to hear the singer, Oum Kalthoum.

With periodic spells back in London, he went to Rome, Warsaw and Caracas before driving to Moscow in his red 2.8-litre Jaguar, which became a subject of great pride to his Russian chauffeur, inevitably from the KGB. As minister at the embassy, he arrived as the strategic arms limitation talks gathered pace and the tectonic plates of Russian-German relations were starting to stir again. President Brezhnev was struck by his height, but Edmonds replied he should see his even taller ambassador, Sir Duncan Wilson.

He went on to be High Commissioner in Nicosia, amid tense relations between Greeks and Turks in Cyprus before the Turkish invasion. His final position was as assistant under-secretary in London, where he took a keen interest in Lord Shackleton's report on the future of the Falkland islands.

After retiring in 1978 Edmonds became a fellow at the Woodrow Wilson centre in Washington, then a political adviser to Kleinwort Benson. He continued to travel regularly in old age.

Robin Edmonds was appointed CMG in 1969. His first marriage, to Georgina Combe, with whom he had four sons (one of whom predeceased him), ended in divorce. He then married Enid Balint, the psychotherapist, and, after her death, Gillian Pawley.

Published in the Daily Telegraph, May 20 2009



Gregory, David Neil

Sometime in Michaelmas Term 1957 there was a knock on my door on Staircase XII in BNC, and in came David. ‘That’s very noisy’, he said, ‘you can hear it at the bottom of the staircase’ – I was playing the *Et Resurrexit* from Bach’s B Minor Mass for all it was worth – but he didn’t turn the volume down either and we continued to enjoy it together. That was the beginning of a very close Oxford friendship which became a friendship for life. Though he read physics and I theology, we shared much, especially choirs and College chapel – I remember page-turning for him when he played Bach on the chapel organ. We organised between us a religious drama tour which took about a dozen of us in an old army ambulance and an elderly van through northern England for a whole month with a medieval mystery play and a modern religious drama – I remember the former and have forgotten the latter, but I well recall Lancaster where the company survived a burnt supper, a walkout by the male lead, and a raging thunderstorm. On that tour David and Mary were an important team, running the catering and the vehicles, the sound and the lighting, and making everything work.

I never knew what David saw in me – I had no scientific gifts to respond to his – but I saw and admired in David an outgoing, friendly, practical person who gave himself with extraordinary enthusiasm to whatever projects he took up – whether it was enlisting BNC choir members from the women’s colleges, or recording our performances on his enormous Ferrograph machine (he claimed that carrying that round Oxford had lengthened his arms), or building his own small computer (that was in 1959, 50 years ago; my part was limited to making the wooden box for it); or later on, building his own harpsichord, a church organ, or recording studio, or ringing church bells, or mending watches – and many other projects. These activities all flowed naturally and inevitably from his Oxford apprenticeship; he was ever young in mind, endlessly inquisitive, endlessly creative. And when he met Mary and began to introduce her to his friends – I remember that they celebrated their engagement with a clothes shopping spree! – we all knew that this was it, and so it turned out, so very happily; they were obviously well matched, and deeply in love, and it was a privilege and a joy to be David’s Best Man, as he was later to become mine. But sensitive and creative men need support and love; and it was Mary that gave him the love and support and intellectual companionship and stimulus that encouraged and developed the creativeness in him; and his love for Mary, for Jonathan, and for Frances and her family, was open and visible to all of us. You could not think of David apart from his family; he was emphatically not a loner.

David’s unexpected death is a tragedy for us all; but nothing can diminish a life which radiated such enthusiasm to everyone around him. But for all his boyish enthusiasm, he had a very deep and human care for people, and could be visibly hurt by the uncaring and insensitive of this world. David’s life gave us all so much; we all loved him, and I, one among many, thank God for his friendship.

John Bartlett (1955)



Hay, Sir David

Sir David Hay was one of the last of the prewar recruits to become mandarins in Sir Robert Menzies's administrations in Australia.

As the country's Ambassador to the United Nations, Administrator in Papua New Guinea and Permanent Head of the Department of Aboriginal Affairs, Hay left his mark as an efficient, effective and fair-minded diplomat, viceroy and bureaucrat whose philosophy and approach to life were founded on quietly but firmly held liberal principles.

David Osborne Hay was born in 1916. He was a fourth-generation Australian, the third of four children of Algy and Marjory Hay, and he grew up on one of the properties that his great-grandfather had settled in the Riverina district of New South Wales.

Hay was educated at Geelong Grammar School in the early years of its celebrated headmaster Sir James Darling who would be an abiding influence on him. He was joint dux with matriculation honours in six humanities subjects (including firsts in Greek, Latin and French); school captain in his last term; and an all-round sporting hero who played in the cricket first XI for six seasons from when he was just 13 (his record of 284 in a single innings stood for the next 60 years).

From there he attended Brasenose College, Oxford, emerging with second-class honours in Greats, but much inspired by his principal, William "Sonnars" Stallybrass and his philosophy tutor, Jimmie McKie.

Returning to Australia in 1938, Hay found that he needed an Australian degree to be admitted as a graduate to the Public Service. With the assistance of his old headmaster and Sir John Behan, Warden of Trinity College, Melbourne University, he was set some Greats-type papers and was given a local degree on the strength of his performance.

In March 1939 he joined first the Treasury department and then External (later Foreign) Affairs. He enlisted as a private in January 1940 and ended the war with the rank of major. He was one of three officers awarded the DSO – the highest decoration given in the battalion in the New Guinea campaigns, in his case the Aitape-Wewak campaign of 1944-45 – after his earlier appointment as an MBE (Mil) for service in the Wau-Salamaua campaign of 1943.

After the war he served as a lieutenant-colonel in the Citizen Military Forces, commanding 3rd Infantry Battalion in the late 1940s.

When Sir John Behan died in 1946, Hay, although only 29, was interviewed as a possible successor as Warden of Trinity College. When asked, he expressed his view that the college should be coeducational. He was not chosen for the post.



His rise as a diplomat was steady. From 1950 to 1952 he was Official Secretary at the Australian High Commission in Ottawa, and after a year at the Imperial Defence College in London, he was appointed Ambassador to Thailand in 1955 (as the South East Asian Treaty Organisation came into being). After four years in Canberra as Assistant Secretary to External Affairs, he returned to Canada in 1961 as High Commissioner. Two years later he became Ambassador to the United Nations.

When seeking accommodation in New York he was interviewed by John D. Rockefeller III, chairman of the co-op board of the prestigious Beekman Place, who asked if he would be likely to have “negro guests”. He replied that he would – and he still gained the apartment. He came to know the back entrances of most of New York’s smart hotels so that he could do his duty, meet fellow delegates at official functions, move along the reception line and depart without being noticed. He once managed this dodge six times on a single night.

In 1967 he moved to Port Moresby as the penultimate Administrator of Papua and New Guinea. This was a particularly sensitive time as the territory was moving uncertainly towards independence, and it was made more difficult by constant interference from the Permanent Secretary in Canberra.

Hay and his charismatic, stylish wife proved to be popular hosts, and for the first time the spouses of politicians and officials were invited to functions there.

In 1970 Hay replaced his adversary as Secretary of the Department of External Territories and was able to continue steering Papua New Guinea towards independence until his appointment as Defence Force Ombudsman in 1973.

In 1976 he became Secretary of the Department of Aboriginal Affairs and was responsible for the introduction of land rights legislation into parliament in that year. Although its terms were less sweeping than was first envisaged by the Whitlam Government the previous year, its passing was still significant.

Hay was more a man of action than policy. An inveterate, intrepid traveller, he had been to the North Pole, had flown into the crater of an active volcano near the New Guinea airstrip that bore his name and spent a week on the Sepik River.

He was regarded as a first-class administrator; widely respected by his peers and remembered as considerate and fair by those who worked for him. His example, and Sir James Darling’s encouragement, inspired a generation of Geelong Grammar School boys to enter the Public Service.

He retired in 1979 because of ill health and was unable to accept the job he had cherished, Secretary of Defence. He was knighted that year; having been advanced to CBE in 1963. He reacquired 400 acres of Boomanoomana, his pioneering great-grandfather’s property on the Murray River, and restored the homestead after it had



been in other hands for more than half a century.

In 1990 he wrote a biography of this great-grandfather, William Hay. His history of his battalion, *Nothing over Us: The Story of The 2/6th Australian Infantry Battalion*, was published in 1986.

He continued to engage in public issues but did so unobtrusively. An observant Anglican – he took his pidgin Bible to Church – he wrote to the evangelical Anglican Archbishop of Sydney remonstrating against his views on homosexuality.

Last year, at the age of 91, he joined a protest in favour of euthanasia outside Parliament House in Melbourne; later that evening he attended an official function inside.

His wife, Alison Marion Parker Adams, whom he had married in 1944, died in 2002. He is survived by their two sons.

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Maitland, Patrick Earl of Lauderdale

The 17th Earl of Lauderdale, who died on December 2 aged 97, was Conservative MP for Lanark from 1951 to 1959 and a latter-day imperialist for whom the sun never set on the British empire; he was an inveterate campaigner for Right-wing causes.

The earldom was created in 1624, and the family's roots in the Berwickshire village of Lauder date back to 1205. Lauderdale unexpectedly succeeded to the title in 1968 on the death in a drowning accident of his brother, the Rev Alfred Maitland, one time rector of Catsfield, in Sussex.

This chance enabled him to continue a political life that seemed to have ended with his defeat at Lanark in the 1959 general election and his failure to win Caithness and Sutherland in 1964.

His family did not have much money, and Patrick Maitland (as he then was) had had to fend for himself after leaving Oxford in 1933, a time when it was difficult to embark on the journalistic career in Fleet Street that he sought.

He set about achieving his ambition in a characteristically original and purposeful way. He went to Austria and got a job as an office boy for the Daily Mail's Vienna correspondent.

He soon acquired journalistic skills, and after a few years returned to Fleet Street as a sub-editor at the Mail. He then went to Rome for Reuters before being appointed the Balkans correspondent of *The Times*, based in Berlin.

He had the advantage of being a brilliant linguist with half a dozen languages at his command, and was thus better equipped than most British foreign correspondents.



Maitland secured a memorable scoop for *The Times* when he was able to give an eye-witness account of the Italian invasion of Albania in 1938. He was in Poland in September 1939, and subsequently wrote of his “sense of shame” when he read a leading article in his paper asking: “Is Danzig Worth The Price?”

After the declaration of war in 1939 he moved his base from Berlin to Belgrade and set up a clandestine news service from Germany which provided *The Times* with authoritative accounts of what was going on in the country. He was in Romania when the Nazis invaded in 1940.

Patrick Francis Maitland was born on March 17 (St Patrick’s Day) 1911, the son of the Rev Sydney GW Maitland and Ella Frances Richards. He was educated at Lancing and Brasenose College, Oxford.

In 1941 he left *The Times* for the *News Chronicle* as its Washington correspondent, becoming the only British journalist accredited to the United States forces in the Pacific and covering the US marines’ landing at Guadalcanal. In 1943 he was asked to return to London to work in the political intelligence department of the Foreign Office.

When the war ended he decided against returning to conventional journalism and instead founded what he described as the “exclusive and confidential” Fleet Street Letter, which he circulated on a subscription basis to embassies, businessmen and other opinion-makers.

This, like his subsequent creation, *The Whitehall Letter*, was often well-informed; for Maitland was a determined investigator with a wide range of contacts in the political and diplomatic world. But his commentaries often tended to reflect a view of the world that he wanted to believe in rather than the one that actually existed.

Tall and burly with an owlish bespectacled face, Maitland was a bundle of energy and, after his election for Lanark, soon became a familiar figure in the Commons lobbies.

He set about his crusade to save the empire and organised what were later called the “Suez rebels” with the prime aim of persuading the Conservative government to nip in the bud President Nasser’s ambition to end British control of Egypt and to take over the Suez Canal.

He was a passionate supporter of the abortive Anglo-French invasion of the Canal in 1956, and an equally bitter opponent of the Macmillan government’s decision to withdraw a year later. With a hard core of eight Tory backbenchers he resigned the party Whip in protest, warning: “One day we will have to go back.”

Maitland and the Tory Right shared with Labour’s Left-wingers – albeit for different reasons – a deep suspicion of American motives, and he expressed this in language worthy of any Left-wing Socialist. He described what he called American



expansionism “adorned with the gangsterism of Chicago, with the poker play of elegant diplomacy combined with moral humbug about doing good”.

He saw Britain being turned into the 49th state of America and attacked the insolence of American oil companies, which were “grimly determined to beat us down in the Middle East.” To maintain Britain’s world role and to provide a counter-balance to the growth of American power, Maitland launched the “Expanding Commonwealth Movement”.

The countries he believed ready to join the British Commonwealth ranged from Burma and Greece to the Sudan and Norway. He even called a press conference to announce that the Japanese prime minister had indicated his country’s readiness to join the Commonwealth. A man of great earnestness, he had not seen through what had been an Oriental joke.

Maitland’s more immediate domestic problem was holding on to his Lanark seat as it absorbed an influx of Labour-voting Glaswegians into East Kilbride new town. He spared neither energy nor money. Between 1951 and 1955 he wrote some 9,000 letters to the newcomers. He just hung on in 1955, but lost at the following election.

After succeeding to the earldom Lauderdale set about restoring his ancestral heritage in Berwickshire. He rebuilt the Maitland vault; as Chief of the Clan Maitland, he registered the Maitland tartan; and launched a worldwide appeal for Maitlands to come forward and make themselves known.

Lauderdale revelled in ceremonial functions, never more so than when, as the Hereditary Standard Bearer of Scotland, he carried the St Andrew’s flag on horseback in the Royal procession to St Giles Cathedral on the Queen’s annual visit to Edinburgh.

He joined the Monday Club, and in the House of Lords established himself as a hard-working peer and a considerable authority on oil and energy policy. He was the Director of the UK Division of the French oil company, Elf Petroleum.

Lord Lauderdale was a member of the College of Guardians of the National Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, Norfolk, from 1955 to 1982 and then the Guardian Emeritus. His publications included *Task for Giants* (1957).

He married, in 1936, Stanka Lozanitch, who died in 2003 and with whom he had two sons and two daughters. One, Lady Olga Maitland, is the former journalist and Conservative MP. His elder son Ian, Viscount Maitland, Master of Lauderdale, born in 1937, succeeds to the earldom.

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Milligan, Nicky (née Leech)

Gardening Nauarch, Problem Solver, and Posh Scouser Chef de Cuisine

“Nicky never sought attention. But she had a very positive effect on others”. So wrote her friend Sally Hammond, the day after Nicky died. Nicky was a cheerful extrovert, with a smile for everyone. She loved the world, and the world loved her. Did she have any dislikes? Just six, it appears. One was being pushy or showy; she was ambitious only for others; there was not an ounce of pride or malice in her. Two, she didn’t like celebrity cults, nor three, being left on her own. Four, nuts: not human nuts, to which she was always kind, but the edible variety. The fifth dislike was being cold, and the sixth, the town of Swindon.

The Milligans spent the week of Easter 2009 in Brittany. Nicky was determined to do that. They took oxygen for her with them, in case the breathing got worse, which, alas, it did. Though very gravely ill, she was so happy that they made it. Nicky’s death, eight days after her return, was peaceful. In a slump and a pig flu scare, the world around her was not. The day she died, the sun had the good manners to hide. It rained all day. Hours later, Cumbria, where she grew up, had an earthquake, nearly four on Richter’s scale.

Nicky’s life is peppered with places whose names begin with B or C. C for Chiswick and Cumbria. B for Brittany. Nicky was mostly a westerner. Chiswick lies in West London. Cumbria and Brittany are in the far north west of England and France. Like Gaul, Nicky’s life had three parts. It spanned just fifty two and a half years – short, yet full of achievement, and, in the main, very happy. Had Nicky, ever the optimist, been told she hadn’t matched the biblical three score years and ten, she would have flashed back, “*But fifty two and a half is three quarters of seventy. 75% isn’t a bad mark, is it?*” So what were those three parts?

The first third comprises her childhood and schooldays. Nicola Ruth Harvey Leech was born on October 1st 1956 in Birkenhead, in Cheshire (another B and C), where Joanna, her oldest friend, lived too. Birkenhead (*Port Out* when sailing from Liverpool, and returning, *Starboard Home*) makes Nicky a “Posh Scouser”. Her economics skills were honed early, calculating the mounting interest her sister Annie remembers owing Nicky on pocket money loans. Their father was a barrister in Liverpool, and later made a Judge, based at Carlisle. So the family – Robert, Vivienne, Annie and Nicky - moved to Cumberland, where Nicky’s mother’s family, the Rickerbys, lived. Home for the Leeches was Brackenrigg, near Bassenthwaite: more Bs. In her teens, Nicky went to school in Malvern - like Birkenhead and Bassenthwaite, about as far west as you can go, and still be in England.

Nicky’s father, like her future husband Peter, was a keen sailor. That took the Leech- Rickerby clan for holidays on boats, once to the Norfolk broads, and later, on the Thames. Nicky’s enthusiasm was muted. She felt the cold, and tried to escape cold water splashes by playing patience inside. These episodes convinced



her of the perils of straying too far east. But later, both sailing, and the East of England, would win her round.

At school, Nicky excelled at many things. Especially hockey, where she was utterly fearless. Nicky did well in the classroom. Her favourite subjects were Latin and Maths. She opted to study German. "*It simply had to be better than French*", she said.

The second third of Nicky's life began in 1975 at Brasenose, where her uncle had been. Hers was the second cohort of women to come to BNC, in the golden age of Principal Hart. Philosophy, Politics and Economics were her subjects. I recall her interview. Perhaps she interviewed us! We, her future tutors, must have passed, as she said yes to the offer we gave her. Soon an Exhibitioner, she would sail through her studies with flying colours.

At BNC, Nicky's gift for friendship took full rein. Her friends from those days will tell you of Nicky's many skills, not least in solving problems, writing closely argued essays, and cooking legendary meals (she was a Cordon Bleu alumna). Nicky and another friend, Lizzie Padmore, joined a memorable group of BNC PPEists from adjacent years, many of whom came to her funeral in Suffolk. They might philosophize, politicize or economize. They would argue about anything under the sun. Debates in pubs or the Addington Society; John Wain's happenings; evening talks hosted by Herbert Hart; sport; and cards, too (Nicky was a sharp-witted and forgiving bridge partner). Everyone admired how she buzzed her mini around the clogged up streets of Oxford, applying Annie's lessons on creative parking, Italian-style – always finding a spot, and somehow dodging wardens.

After BNC, Nicky embarks on an Odyssey. First to Clerkenwell, where she works as an economist with the Henley Centre for Forecasting (now part of WPP), then bonhomously directed by Hywel Jones, an expert on economic growth. Then, applying her futurology skills to corporate planning, we see her as a brainy boffin at the bridge of WH Smith, at its Swindon headquarters. Near Lechlade, she finds a most unswindonly Cotswold cottage, where the Thames is just a trickle near her garden. She grows all manner of fruit and vegetables there, and plays with Toby and Sam, her golden retriever and cat. Terry Cudbird and other former colleagues at Smiths remember her wise counsel, and knack of solving any business problem, however complex. Nicky and Lizzie and their then menfolk, Patrick and Giles, went each year to sail, with Nicky mostly at the helm, in Homer's wine-dark deeps, the seas round Turkey. Here, at last, the water was warm. In time, however, Nicky's Cotswold sojourn grew troubled. Lizzie rescued her, bringing her to meet Peter Milligan.

Peter and Nicky hit it off at once. She sets aside her qualms about returning east, and disembarks at Chiswick, her Ithaca, her home port. The last third of Nicky's life begins in 1993 with her marriage to Peter, later crowned with the arrival of first Ben, then Anna. Chiswick provides the happiest home. Their street links busy



roads. Yet all you hear in their garden is birdsong. Their welcoming house is full of much loved possessions, with the Thames, much enlarged, still close by. As the children enter school, Nicky plans to return to work, now part time. For advice, she visits a firm then called Flexecutive, run by Carol Savage. Carol writes "*We liked each other so much, she stayed and worked with us*". Nicky would draw on her art of judging people, and her PPE skills, to work as a much valued senior recruitment consultant there until recently.

Chiswick wasn't all work, though. There was travel, and more sailing trips in still warmer Caribbean waters, round Barts, St Martin and the British Virgin Isles. Latterly travel was mainly to four places: to the Shotley peninsula in Suffolk; to the hills near Albi, where New Zealand friends lent them a house; to Ravenna, to see her beloved sister Annie, Nicky's confidante in chief; and to her parents, by now in Carlisle. These trips meant so much to her. And so, after the sadness of Robert's death, and as Nicky's worsening cancer made journeys harder for her, did her mother's and sister's "*visitations*" to Chiswick.

There was also gardening, at home, and at Chiswick House Kitchen Garden, where she introduced it, firmly but gently, to many local children. Seeing godchildren. More fine culinary feats. Crosswords: Nicky was an ace at unwrapping anagrams. Sudoku, too. She confided to fellow addicts: "*It's the tough ones I like*". From Ben, learning all about computer games, and many sports, especially cricket, where his knowledge is encyclopedic. Delighting at all Anna's talents, and being very touched by her race for life two years ago in Richmond Park, when she raised a four figure sum to help fight breast cancer. And with Peter, the joy of a really fulfilling marriage. They would rarely argue, except about the right temperature to drink tea. Peter liked it tepid. For Nicky, it had to be piping hot.

So, a life of three thirds, but connected by three things. First, Nicky's remarkable gift for balance. Balancing work with leisure, job with home, family with friends. Then there is brightness. Nicky was a little sun. She sparkled, radiating light and warmth in all directions. The third B is bravery. Nicky took knocks stoically. She faced her illness, which began in 1998, and returned in 2006, with extraordinary inner calm and quiet courage. Supported devotedly by Peter, and by her excellent medical team at Charing Cross Hospital, Nicky fought valiantly to prolong her life, and magnify the periods when she felt well enough to spend time enjoying herself with those she loved. Balanced, bright, and brave: these three noble qualities mark a life all too brief, but fondly remembered.

Peter Sinclair



Mortimer, Sir John

The barrister, playwright and author Sir John Mortimer, who has died aged 85, was a man for all the seasons that touched his Chilterns garden, where he lived as profusely as he wrote, in a spirit of unjudgmental generosity. His greatest achievement was to create, in *Rumpole of the Bailey*, a lawyer whom the world would love.

Though born in Hampstead, north London, John grew up in the house at Turville, near Henley, Oxfordshire, that he never really left. His father was an irascible, blind barrister, the Mortimer of Mortimer on Wills, Probate and Divorce. His mother, devoted and stoic, read aloud the sad, true stories of cruelty and passion between the wars contained in his father's briefs for the divorce court.

John, an only child, was sent to the Dragon school at Oxford, in a class with the historian EP Thompson and a "sour-faced boy who wouldn't share his tuck", who grew up to become a severe circuit judge and model for Rumpole's adversary, Judge Bullingdon. Home from Harrow, the teenager wracked his imagination to stage theatricals that his father might "see" – his contribution to the stiff upper-lipped family pretence that Clifford Mortimer was not blind. In Henley, he encountered with interest the bookshop-owning lesbians who had taken opium with Cocteau, and a prim, elderly lady who had, in her youth, urinated regularly upon pioneering sexologist Havelock Ellis.

He determined to be a writer, and on leaving school joined the Crown Film Unit, devising accounts of industrial and military Britain in wartime. But Clifford had other ideas, a clash captured in *A Voyage Round My Father*, the account by John of their relationship that first surfaced on BBC radio in 1963: "Father: ... if you were only a writer, who would you rub shoulders with? (with contempt) Other writers? You'll be far better off in the law. Son: I don't know. Father: No brilliance is needed in the law. Nothing but common sense, and relatively clean fingernails. Another thing, if you were a writer, think of your poor, unfortunate wife... Son: What? Father: She'd have you at home every day! In carpet slippers... Drinking tea and stumped for words! You'd be far better off down the tube each morning, and off to the law courts... the law of husband and wife may seem idiotic at first sight but when you get to know it, you'll find it can exercise a vague, medieval charm. Learn a little law, won't you? Just to please me. Son: It was my father's way to offer the law to me – the great stone column of authority which has been dragged by an adulterous, careless, negligent and half-criminal humanity down the ages – as if it were a small mechanical toy which might occupy half an hour on a rainy afternoon."

When Britain's other 1960s playwrights examined their fathers – Peter Nicholls despairingly in *Forget-Me-Not Lane*, David Mercer bitterly in *After Heggarty* – *A Voyage Round My Father* stood out, not only for its stagecraft and for Alec



Guinness's central performance, but for the unquestioning love distilled in its lines for this man who had refused to show any to his son. Many young people ruin what would otherwise be talented and useful lives by devoting themselves to law, and John at the time felt himself to be one of them (he was always remarking on the irony of leaving the artificial atmosphere of the court at 4.30pm for the real life of theatre rehearsals). Yet practice of law, although it sapped the early development of his writing skills, eventually gave him the experience which produced his greatest character.

After Brasenose College, Oxford, and at war's end, love and law came hand in hand. He was called to the bar in 1948 and in the following year married Penelope Fletcher, taking on her four existing children and adding two of their own. They wrote a travel book together, *With Love and Lizards* (1957) and novels separately, as he struggled to develop a practice. Soon he discovered a real talent for divorcing people (in those barbaric, fault-finding days before divorce reform), and for the arcane Chancery world in which time and talent is expended in deciding the validity of a will written on a duck egg, or the charitable status of a legacy to Trappist nuns.

After the series of half-hour radio plays, John adapted *A Voyage Round My Father* for television (1969, with Mark Dignam and Ian Richardson as father and son), then the stage (1971, with Guinness and Jeremy Brett) and then back into a film for television (1982, with Laurence Olivier and Alan Bates). It returned to the West End stage in 2006 with Derek Jacobi and Dominic Rowan. However, John's first stage success, *A Dock Brief* – set in the cells, where an incompetent barrister counsels himself and his convicted client – was rooted in his own nervousness about failure and his permanent terror at having responsibility for another's fate. For this reason, he avoided the criminal law until reform dried up his contested divorce work, and he had no alternative but to go “down the Bailey”.

By the end of the 1960s he had a considerable reputation as a novelist (his first, *Charade*, drawing on his Crown Film Unit experience, and unrelated to the movie, appeared in 1947) and playwright, and had played an important role in the abolition of the death penalty and the passage of the Theatres Act, which saw off that bane of the British stage, the Lord Chamberlain's power of censorship – not that his own work had ever been in danger from this quarter.

An irony of his leadership of the anti-censorship movement was his profound belief that anything at all should be capable of being said about sex, coupled with his own reluctance to deal in his work with anything other than its consequence. Sex was an amusing but bemusing fact of life: “The whole business has been overestimated by the poets.”

This was not, one feels, an attitude shared by Penelope. Theirs was, in fact, a remarkable marriage, although its final stages were somewhat bitterly reflected by



Penelope in her novel *The Home* (1971). John, typically, celebrated more of the fun and laughter in his play *Collaborators* (1973), in which the couple metamorphosed into characters played by Glenda Jackson and John Wood.

By this time, John was a successful silk – he had become QC in 1966 – having reinvented himself as an advocate in murder trials. He found a macabre fascination in the pattern of bloodstains, and acquired a singular ability to charm expert prosecution witnesses out of their preconceptions. He was the greatest cross-examiner of such experts (“the art of cross-examination is not to examine crossly”) and many alleged murderers owed their liberty to his ability to draw out a doubt in the apparently closed mind.

But nothing in the training of the English bar and bench had equipped it for the underground press, and when, in 1971, a largely unreadable magazine called *Oz* published a cartoon strip featuring Rupert Bear with an erection, its editors were treated as if they had committed treason. QCs, their cab-rank principles forgotten, fled from the proffered defence brief.

A few days before the trial – for conspiracy to corrupt public morals, an offence carrying a maximum of life imprisonment – Richard Neville and I showed John the offending publication while he was lunching a young woman, also named Penelope. They giggled. We begged him to take the case. “Goody,” was his response.

Thus began his second life, as defender of the apparently indefensible, as creator of Rumpole and much else besides, and, from 1972, following his divorce, as husband of Penelope Gollop, Penny the second, and father of Emily and Rosie. His first wife died in 1999. Two autobiographies, *Clinging to the Wreckage* (1982) and *Murderers and Other Friends* (1994) speak of a life anchored in family, yet lived in a daily dramatic jumble of court cases, plays and television series, sharply observing the vanities of the world through the blur of diminishing eyesight.

John retired from the bar in 1981. Rumpole was the barrister he wanted to be, but wasn't. He was too nervous – petrified before a big case, and diffident about his own abilities. However, his final speeches, meticulously handwritten, were minor works of literature. Almost alone at the bar, he could laugh a case out of court (had he stayed, he would have made a fortune in libel defences). His forensic contribution to the *Oz* case was effectively to end censorship for the written word, first for literature, by arguing the appeal which freed *Last Exit to Brooklyn* (the 1964 novel by American author Hubert Selby Jr that was prosecuted under obscenity laws for its treatment of sex, drugs and violence), then by persuading the jury to reject the moral corruption charge, and going on to demolish, at the appeal, Judge Michael Argyle's directions on obscenity.

Of course pornography corrupted – starting with the policemen charged with enforcing the laws against it, many of whom were later jailed for taking bribes.



John put on his wig and took off his glasses, so he could not see some of the trash he was called upon to defend with a success that drew rage from Mary Whitehouse and an extravagant attack from the *Times*, which claimed that no jury was immune to his charm.

The Williams committee on obscenity, reporting in 1980, agreed with Kenneth Tynan in crediting John with achieving a de facto freedom for the written word by his victorious defence of *Inside Linda Lovelace* (1973), a shabby little book that would have gone unnoticed had the DPP's office not decided to dignify it with a prosecution, after which it sold a million copies.

From dawn each day John would be at work on his supreme creation, Rumpole of the Bailey. Horace Rumpole had, like all great fictional characters, been composed from fragments of the real people John had worked with, his father, and James Burge (a mercurial Old Bailey junior who never quite recovered from the professional consequences of defending Stephen Ward during the Profumo scandal in 1963) and Jeremy Hutchinson, a mighty defence silk married at the time to Peggy Ashcroft.

In the hands of Leo McKern and Thames Television from 1978 to 1992 (after an initial appearance on the BBC in 1975), and in novels that continued till 2006, Rumpole achieved international acclaim. There are Rumpole societies of lawyers basking undeservedly in his popularity from Los Angeles to Perth. Rumpole is, perhaps, the first truly Dickensian character to emerge from the medium of television. There remains one great virtue about him – his independence – along with much that has, for good reason, passed away. If Rumpole returned today, he would still not be made a silk. The new appointments board displays a marked bias towards appointing prosecutors rather than defenders to the rank of Queens Counsel.

John worked on, long after leaving the bar, meticulous as ever. He came to the European court of human rights in Strasbourg with us in 1995 to research the law and the restaurants that feature in Rumpole and the Rights of Man, and more recent volumes had the bewildered barrister grappling with Asbos and terrorism control orders. Too full of ideas to sleep, he started work on a new film or novel or play – or all at the same time – at 5am, ending in time for long gossipy lunches with friends and family, followed by theatre and parties in London.

In the capital, he has in recent years served as culture's Queen Mother, gracing the National Theatre, the Royal Opera, the Royal Ivy and the Royal Court with his comfortingly unchanging, beaming presence. It is a sorry reflection on his political friends that he was never made Lord Mortimer of Turville, although he was knighted in 1998. Later works included tales of the opportunist Thatcherite politician Leslie Titmuss, *Paradise Postponed* (1985, televised 1986) and *Titmuss Regained* (1990, televised 1991); *Summer's Lease* (1988, televised 1989), set in Tuscany, and *Dunster* (1992), about an adversarial friendship that culminates in a



court case. For Covent Garden he translated *Die Fledermaus* (1989), for the RSC, adapted *A Christmas Carol* (1994), and for OUP he produced *The Oxford Book of Villains* (1992).

The older he became, the more determined he was to cudgel his mind for any idea that might amuse a reader, while continuing to champion the causes for which he cared – the Howard League for Penal Reform, the Royal Court Theatre, and a holiday home for deprived children that he and Penny helped to establish in Turville.

Politically, his faith in liberal socialism wavered at the end. He had emerged from his one-member Communist cell at Harrow to a postwar Labour party he supported with increasing conviction as the Thatcher years changed Britain for the worse. Once the joker, jotting his contributions to the satirical BBC TV comedy *That Was The Week That Was* during idle afternoons in court in the early 1960s, he and Penny teamed up with Harold Pinter and Antonia Fraser to found the 20 June group in 1987 – reviled almost as viciously in the Tory press as it was by those on the left who were not invited to join. Although saddened by the 1992 election loss, he was increasingly uncertain about Tony Blair and his talent for turning the Labour into the war party. In 2005 he broke the habit of a lifetime, and voted Liberal Democrat.

The previous year an unauthorised biography by Graham Lord produced a delightful result. It stirred some embers, from which emerged, fully-formed, a lost son, the hidden fruit of a 60s affair with the actor Wendy Craig. It was a happy discovery for both men, and later a proper biography, *A Voyage Round John Mortimer* (2007), by Valerie Grove did her subject justice, capturing some of the pleasures of the Mortimer caravanserai: the long Sunday lunches at Turville in winter, the bluebell picnics in Chiltern woods every spring; the summer idylls in that part of Italy he dubbed Chiantishire.

In the last years, age wearied everything except his mind. His rotund face collapsed, his limbs and bladder gave up, bedtime became a ritual of excruciating pain, yet he continued writing and performing, as if for dear life. *Mortimer's Miscellany* ran for a month at the King's Head, Islington, north London, in 2007. A doctor's warning that the run might kill him only excited him at the prospect of dying like Dickens. He strove to keep his jokes up to date, although (like the law) they lagged by a decade. (Judge comes into court confessing he has left the judgment he is meant to read in his country cottage. "Fax it up, m'lord," says counsel. "Yes it does, rather.")

His final years brought reminders of his permanent contribution to the English stage, with the much praised production of *Voyage with Jacobi*, followed in 2007-08 by Edward Fox in the double bill of *Dock Brief* and *Edwin*, first aired as a radio play in 1982, about a retired judge obsessed by the notion that his friend and neighbour may have been the father of his son. The house in Turville Heath had acquired a conservatory, for Olivier to pot earwigs in the television version of *Voyage*. Every



weekend until his death it became a place of laughter and gossip and gumboots and children, with friends who felt privileged (although they were never made to feel privileged) to inspect the garden and walk in the wood and sip tea and champagne and talk of everything except Michelangelo, with the Renaissance man who had been saved from terminal decadence by his Reformation wife.

Much of his work in the last half of his life, and much of his continuing happiness, was inspired by Penny the second, whose enormous strengths of decency and determination creatively challenged his own vacillation and reluctance to make moral judgments. The result may be seen in his work, and in his family: actress Emily and model Rosie (daughters with Penny II); Radio 4 producer Jeremy and social worker Sally (with Penny I) and law/IT consultant Ross Bentley, his long-lost son.

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Nicholas, Rory

It was with great sadness that we heard of the passing of Rory Nicholas, in Hong Kong on 16th December 2008. A Requiem Mass was held for him on 14th January 2009 at St Anne's Church, Stanley and was attended by many of his friends from the China Oxford Scholarship Fund, The Hong Kong Sea School, the Oxford and Cambridge Society of Hong Kong, the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club and from 'his village', Stanley.

Rory played a big part in the setting up in 1992 of the Hong Kong Oxford Scholarship Fund, becoming one of the establishing Trustees. This subsequently became the China Oxford Scholarship Fund, COSF. The other two Trustees were Peter Edwards and Sir David Akers Jones, who particularly remembers his bubbling enthusiasm and his desire to do the right thing. Rory continued to play a role in the Fund, as a Trustee and firm supporter right up to his tragic early death, attending events both in Hong Kong and the Scholars' Summer Lunch at Hailey.

Rory was involved in the first interviews and selection and the first Scholar, Kin Y Tam, now Dr Tam, remembers the selection interview back in 1992 with Rory and Sir David, and says how grateful he was to the Fund which enabled him to study at Oxford from 1993 to 1996. What he wrote will be what the Fund has enabled now more than 100 scholars to enjoy:

"Oxford provided me with a stimulating research environment, and a chance to work under the direction of an internationally recognized professor. I have learnt a lot of useful knowledge in my discipline. Moreover, the training at Oxford taught me the correct attitude to tackle a project/problem, and through the research process to generate new findings and knowledge. These are the skills which influence me deeply over the years."



After school at Beaumont College, Windsor, Rory attended Brasenose College, reading PPE, from 1960 to 1963. He was a popular and active member of College, becoming President of the JCR and Captain of Boats. He was a member of Oxford's oldest dining club, the Phoenix Common Room, founded in Brasenose possibly in 1782. On the University front he was a member of the Oxford University Boat Club Committee and a member of Vincents, another club owing its origins to Brasenose men.

Rory moved to Hong Kong in 1964 with P&O Shipping Lines and continued his interests in rowing through the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club, where he was the Rowing Captain between 1965 and 1967. He competed in many regattas, including the Princess Beatrix Cup, the Far Eastern Amateur Rowing Association Championships, the British Week International Regatta and the Hong Kong Festival of Sport between 1965 and 1971. For many years he was a keen participant and supporter of the Oxford boat in the races against Cambridge at the O&C Soc of HK Boat Race Regatta. In England he had been elected to the Leander Club in Henley and regularly attended and entertained friends during the Henley Regatta weeks.

His business interests included banking and metal trading but he will be remembered mostly for his presence and connections with Stanley, where he ran several popular restaurants. He was a leading light at the Hong Kong Sea School where he was on the Board of Management from 1990 and had been Deputy Chairman since 2005. He was a keen supporter of the Oxford and Cambridge Society of Hong Kong, being President 1988/89. He was also an enthusiastic amateur racing driver and classic car collector. Many friends, particularly those visiting from overseas, will have happy memories of going out with him on his shared junk, the distinctive black "Cam Hong", and of him leading the refrain, "Are we happy? Yes we are".

He will be greatly missed by his sister, Diana, in England, as well as by his many friends in Hong Kong and around the world.

Peter Sunderland.

Peter was with Rory at Brasenose, in Hong Kong, and in COSF.

Roberts, Jack

The death has occurred of Dr Jack Roberts, who throughout his working life was a general practitioner in Bradford. He died in Cheltenham aged 89.

He was a native of Bradford. His family had run an iron and brass foundry on Cutler Heights Lane, which was taken over by Henry Barrett along with some of the housing built for the foundry workers. He was born in one of these company houses in 1920.

He won a scholarship to Bradford Grammar School and from there a scholarship to read medicine at Brasenose College, Oxford. He was a good rugby player and



captained the BGS 1st XV in the 1938-39 season. He captained the BNC team in the 1941-42 season and also played for Oxford University. However, to his lasting regret he missed the match against Cambridge through injury.

He went to university at the outbreak of WW2, studying a subject where he was protected from immediate call-up. He felt acutely that he should be doing something to assist the war effort and he volunteered to be a guinea pig in a series of risky experiments run by Robert Macintosh and Edgar Pask. In these trials he allowed himself to be anaesthetised to the point where his breathing stopped. He was then given artificial respiration by various techniques to test the effectiveness of the different methods. One trial, organised in haste as a demonstration for visiting US Air Force personnel, went badly wrong and he was briefly hospitalised as a result.

In November 1941, he contracted a bad skin infection in the aftermath of chickenpox and was placed in isolation in Headington hospital. Florey was still experimenting with penicillin, although the benefits had been demonstrated the previous February on a policeman who was severely ill. The use and production of penicillin at that time was tightly controlled, but staff at Headington collected some of the residue of Florey's production, mixed it with petroleum jelly and smeared it on Jack's skin. The infection disappeared within a couple of days.

After gaining clinical experience at the Radcliffe Infirmary in Oxford and the Royal Berkshire Hospital in Reading, he was commissioned into the RAMC in late 1944. He married his wife Molly, whom he had met at Oxford, in January 1945 and was immediately posted overseas as a specialist anaesthetist. He spent time in India and Singapore, but his main service was in Burma. He was there at the end of WW2 but was kept on with the forces who were dealing with the insurgency that followed. He was stationed at Akyab (now known as Sittwe) and Ramree. He was medical officer to a Ghurka regiment and he formed a lasting respect for them. He saw little direct action, but was presented with complicated medical problems in rudimentary conditions. One case he remembered proudly was an emergency splenectomy carried out under the light of lorry headlamps. Eight pints of blood were taken from volunteers and carried, pint by pint, for immediate use in the operating room, without cross-matching. The patient survived.

He returned home in early 1947 and set up in general practice in Bradford. A year later the NHS was introduced. He was a firm believer in the NHS and he worked for them until his retirement in 1985, firstly in his practice in Manningham, then on Tong Street and finally in the Vulcan Street Health Centre.

It was while in practice in Manningham that one of the most significant events of his career took place. His area included the Children's Hospital and he was GP to the nurses and staff there. On January 10th 1962 a patient of his, a cook at the Children's Hospital, showed symptoms which he feared might be smallpox, a disease with which he was familiar from his time in the Far East. He had her



admitted to the Leeds Road Fever hospital and strongly suggested that they investigate smallpox. On January 11th a second patient of his, an 18-year old nurse at the Children's Hospital, displayed signs of blistering on her hands. She was also removed to Leeds Road Fever hospital. After a period of deliberation, Jack phoned John Douglas, the Bradford Medical Officer of Health, to express his deep concerns, to find that Douglas had alerted the Ministry an hour beforehand, because of other suspected cases that had arisen. In the period between January 13th and January 17th, Jack along with other NHS workers, principally the GPs in Bradford and some staff drawn in from nearby authorities, vaccinated the entire city of over quarter of a million people. During that time he left for work each day before 7am and returned home exhausted at about 11pm, having spent all day vaccinating people. In later life he often spoke of the courage, self-discipline and high morale of the student nurses at the Children's Hospital, many of whom were just 17- or 18-years old, faced with an anxious period of isolation and quarantine.

In retirement he took up sailing a narrow boat and he became quite a skilled wood-turner. He was a staunch supporter of local organisations, such as the Bradford Mechanics Institute Library and the Bronte Society, and had an article published in their journal about references to typhus and typhoid fever in Bronte literature.

In later life he felt some unease about his wartime experience. It was a difficult, messy and largely unrecorded struggle against the 1946 Rakhine insurrection led by U Seinda. He had had to deal with the body of a Ghurka who had been tortured and killed by having thin slivers of bamboo inserted into his eyes. He had witnessed native villages being burned down and on one occasion had been pressed to certify that the death of a captured insurgent was "consistent with" a set of accidental circumstances. He began to query the point of British involvement in post-war Burma and he followed the political struggle of Aung San Suu Kyi with deep interest. He had found the return from the warmth and colour of the Far East to the cold grey of his native city a difficult transition to make and, as with so many who returned, part of him remained in Burma.

His wife Molly died in 1998. He is survived by his three children, four grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Guy Roberts

Robinson, Michael

Michael Leslie Anthony Robinson came up to Brasenose from Bury Grammar School in 1959 as a Hulme Scholar to read Physics. He took to Oxford as a duck takes to water, getting thoroughly engaged in college and academic life. As a scientist he spent much time in the labs as well as attending the lectures and tutorials of formal academic instruction. But he also participated in the informal education of college life, discussing his own subject and everyone else's, as well as philosophy, theology, psychology, politics, art, music and less serious matters. In consequence



of this extensive range of interests he became attracted to and eventually joined the Roman Catholic Church. He also co-founded the Strasbourg Club, a university society for the promotion of European unity. As far as actual water went it was punting rather than rowing or sailing. Like many north-country men he had an affinity for moorland and fell country. Climbing in and out of college presented no difficulty, nor did climbing down to Angel Meadow using the piers of Magdalen Bridge one night when he and a party of friends camped out on Mesopotamia to avoid the noise of the Eights Week Dance. One day he bought himself a car. It was in his words a Ford V 8 engine mounted on a Morris chassis and wrapped round with tin. He came in to college and dragged out a friend who was quietly reading for a rapid trip round the Oxford Bypass system. Another peculiarity of the car was an irregularity in the oil tank causing the dip stick to read full when the tank was virtually empty. The monster died one day on the Shrewsbury Bypass.

He stayed on for a doctorate doing research under Desmond Bagguley. There was much talk of nuclear magnetic resonance and papers on cyclotron resonance measurement for spin degeneracy. Afterwards he worked for RCA in Zurich and papers on cyclotron resonance measurement for spin degeneracy. Afterwards he worked for RCA in Zurich on semiconductors which work had some input into the development of quantum computing. He returned to England and became a teacher at Worth Abbey School where he was head of department. As well as enthusing the pupils with an interest in Physics he shared with them his hobby of model railways. In 1987 he moved to Ardingley College where he stayed till retirement in 2001. He was Head of Physics and Head of Science. The effect of his teaching and enthusiasm for his subject was that far more pupils chose to take Physics for A level. According to his headmaster James Flecker (1958) he was a formidable member of the Curriculum Committee and Heads of Department meetings. He was not an instant innovator, choosing to think through whether the new was an improvement on the old. However, once he adopted a new idea he went for it with enthusiasm. Together with a member of the English Department he created a Lower School society for the best students in the three years to GCSE, an unashamedly elitist group called 'The Clerks'. They were taken to the British Museum, Greenwich, The Science Museum and Oxford and there their enthusiasm and interest in these institutions was aroused. Mike seemed to be able to answer all the pupils' questions whatever the topic. Consequently the young acquired academic aspirations and attitudes. The number of pupils going to Oxford and Cambridge increased from one or two a year to ten or a dozen during Mike's time at Ardingley.

It was during his time in Sussex that Mike developed an interest and enthusiasm for rhododendrons and magnolias. He had been taken by a colleague Ambrose Bristow to the Valley garden at Windsor. It was on a subsequent visit there that he met Everard Daniel who supplied much of this material. For twenty years he built up a unique collection at his walled garden and woodland in Ashdown Forest with particular emphasis on Rhododendrons and Magnolias. He became South East



Branch Chairman of the Rhododendron, Camellia & Magnolia Group and after retirement national Chairman. He helped reform the position of the group in the RHS and helped ensure continuing research by assisting the establishment of the PhD at Edinburgh Royal Botanic Garden. He would go prospecting for rare species and hybrids in well established and sometimes overgrown gardens. At Exbury he discovered six variants of Rhododendron Leonore an August flowerer with pink trumpets. At Bowood, Lord Lansdowne's estate he found several old Rhododendron hybrids thought lost. Last year he took the group to Yunnan Province in China to see Rhododendrons in the wild. Liz Tirard describes him hanging over precipices and off the sides of mountains to reach a rhododendron not seen before and collect photographs of them and sometimes seed. He had a desire to extend the rhododendron flowering season throughout the summer and had made very good progress to that end. As a plant breeder he has produced *Rhododendron* 'Ambrose Bristow' which has the RHS Award of Merit. He has produced a number of 'Polar Bear' X 'Albatross' seedlings which flower at midsummer, are scented like lilies, and are not surprisingly white. Two have been named 'July Giant' and 'Summer Lightening' (the only rhododendron known to Everard Daniels to be named after a brand of beer). One is called 'Folly' because Mike had climbed the tree to bend the branch down so Everard could get some cuttings when at 10 feet up he stood on a dead branch landing flat on his back on the ground. His remarks on that occasion were fairly robust. Mike had been working with John McQuire on a Guide to Rhododendron Species which will be of immense value of as a reference book. It arrived from the publishers two days before his sudden death.

In 2008 he moved to Honiton to live with Liz Tirard. This involved the loss of his garden in Sussex, so he resurrected his interest in model railways constructing a model of Worthington Station with considerable care for both craftsmanship and accuracy. He acquired a number of pictures of the station and produced the model from materials he chose himself. He also got involved in the life of Honiton, adding an interest in choral music to his already growing love of opera. He spoke on behalf of the town at the Tesco Inquiry at which Tesco's appeal was turned down not least because of Mike's advocacy. He died in hospital at Exeter on the 2nd of August 2009 after a massive stroke. His memorial service at Honiton Parish Church attracted a large congregation with many travelling from Sussex and surprisingly a large number of local people, for a man who had only lived in the town eleven months, and a contingent of Brasenose men. He had the wide ranging interests of an educated man and a series of great enthusiasms which were carried out with a meticulous attention to detail. He was formidably well informed on his chosen interests. He was regarded as one of the country's leading experts on *Rhododendron* and *Magnolia*.

He is survived by two wives, two sons, five grandchildren and his partner Liz Tirard, her seven children and sixteen grandchildren.

David A Jackson (1959)



Smith, Kenneth Kirk

Ken Smith, or KK, as he was often known, died suddenly in France in January 2009. He and his second wife, Elizabeth, were just about to complete the restoration of an old mill cottage in the Auvergne, France, which they had bought two years previously and which had become an absorbing interest to him, a haven of peace he hoped to create for them both.

Ken and I have known each other for at least 55 years. We went to the same secondary school, Denstone, and then after a break, met again at Brasenose in 1960, where he read Law.

My earliest recollections of Ken were of a hugely bright, amusing and quick-witted youngster but he could be extremely annoying because he was always at least one jump ahead of more ponderous people like me! As I got to know him better, I came to know that there was much more to Ken than his quickness and the amusement he caused. That really happened for me when we shared a room at BNC in College for our final year. Then the impression of quick intelligence was fully confirmed: anyone who sat and did Maths problems for fun – and solved them – left me far behind; I am quite sure that a hugely noticeable career in law was waiting for him if he had pursued it. But it was in that year that something happened which changed Ken's life. Ken had a dramatic spiritual experience during a University mission led by Bishop Trevor Huddleston. What it was I don't know, but that it happened I saw. In the days that followed, he rethought his future; he decided not to go into the legal profession but to follow a career that he saw as more useful to humanity.

After a period of Voluntary Service Overseas in India – and there was never any doubt when Ken talked of his time there that it left a good and important impression – he trained for and entered the Probation Service. There he must have met and worked with people with some of the most difficult social problems that still face our society today. I know he found it hard, but I also know from a fellow officer that he had a huge influence both on those in his care as well as on his colleagues. He then became a Social Worker and took further training in psychotherapy and especially family therapy. He practised this career both in local government service, at Barnet and Wandsworth, where he finished up as a Deputy Director, and also in the voluntary sector, with the Family Welfare Association. I believe that in some ways that was the most satisfactory period of his working life, trying to help people, with their families, find solutions to their own problems. Ken was always imaginative and good at bringing people together to explore their feelings towards each other.

He took early retirement from Wandsworth Social Services Department in the mid 1990s, when the social work profession began to be starved of the resources it desperately needed. Since then he worked in a variety of voluntary agencies: some of them virtually fulltime such as the International Network Focussed on Religious



Movements (INFORM) at the LSE, the Church Army, the Mennonites, the United Reform Church in Highgate, some of them such as the Churches Together in Highgate, the Group for the Advancement of Psychotherapy in Social Work, (GAPS) and many others on a more part-time basis. To all of these organisations he brought enormous amounts of energy, humour, commitment and innovation.

Throughout his life, since those days at Oxford, Ken became more and more active in the Churches in which he worshipped, being trained and practising as a Lay Reader, always taking his pastoral and preaching responsibilities extremely seriously. He even went to the extent of recently taking an MA course in Spirituality, in which, as so often in his life, he was probably way ahead of his tutors in innovatory thinking though not always in meticulous scholarship!

His social work interests also continued to the end of his life: at the same time as his absorption with renovating the cottage in France, studying 'A' level French so that he could communicate effectively in his new surrounds, he was working with passion to resurrect and re-invigorate GAPS of which he had been a long-serving member and one-time Chairman and for which he with others helped to launch the Journal of Social Practice, a respected and still flourishing international publication.

Ken had no children of his own. But he was Godfather and favourite Uncle to many, several of whom spoke at his memorial service, a tribute to the love he gave them, and the warm and vivid memories they still hold of him. Two quotations from their tributes are illustrations: "Ken was my godfather so he was always 'Uncle Ken' to me. Actually he was the best godfather ever and I was always so pleased that he was mine," (Sally Pettipher, née Corder) and "Those are just a tiny sample of the reasons why I am, and always have been, deeply proud that I got my middle name Kenneth, from my godfather. Thank you Ken for enriching my life." (Brian Kenneth Dodds).

He will be remembered by all who knew him for his jokes, many of which many of us know almost by heart, the fun we all had with him, his untiring love and caring for us and for many thousands of people whom we don't know. As Richard Tettenborn, a friend and contemporary at BNC, said: "We will all remember him for his boundless enthusiasm, his unfailing kindness and his love of life".

It was a life which affected very large numbers of people, friends, relatives, godchildren, colleagues, congregations and clients, all of whom know that they are richer as a result of their contact with him.

Tony Dodds



Ward-Jones, Norman (Pip)

Norman (Pip) Ward-Jones was a significant figure for the Annals of BNC, as regards both the expansion of the Brasenose Society and also the College's understanding of what a resource the society and its alumni could be.

When Pip became president in 1993, the Brasenose Society amounted to a club that dined once a year in Hall at the College, an event that was preceded by one of the committee's two annual meetings. The other was purely sociable, an informal dinner organised by the current President at a London club. There had been some unsuccessful attempts to enlarge the scope and activity of the Society. One example was when Sir Ralph Gibson approached the College with the suggestion of raising funds for good causes. However the College was uncertain of the practicalities; and coupled with the consideration that the president, held office only for a year, had almost no time to establish anything positive before he was gone, and the fact that the committee meetings were too infrequent to produce results, the obstacles stymied action. So matters might have continued, had it not been for the election to the Presidency of Pip Ward-Jones.

Pip brought an ability first to define problems and then find solutions, along with the charming, iron determination that had already made him a success in other fields. He had been born in Manchester and spent his childhood there, but his heart always belonged to Wales (it was to the house of St Georges in Llwyngrwrl, that his family would bring him on holiday) and now his ashes are there too. His school was Oundle. He went on to the war, aged only 19 and was commissioned into the Marines. He commanded a Royal Marines detachment on board HM LCF 5 – a landing craft fitted with a mass of anti aircraft guns. An account after the raid on Dieppe, 19th August 1942, by Marine Jim Jefford reads: "The Germans lived up to their reputations of atrocity by machine-gunning the helpless men in the water. We sailed in to about 200 yards off the beach and picked up 50 survivors. We were about to pull away when we spotted several more survivors hanging on to a raft, one had a leg blown off and was lying on his face. The Marine OC, Lt Ward-Jones, immediately called for 2 volunteers to go with him in one of the rowing boats and get them out. He was joined by Marine Bradley and A B Fowler and the gallant trio rowed through the boil of enemy fire and bought the survivors back to comparative safety. No mention has been made of this act, but, to us who witnessed it, it was comparable to any we have read of."

His war went on to include the landings in Italy, but after being de-mobilised in 1946 he came up to BNC. He took a law degree a year afterwards under the accelerated arrangements then in place. Always loyal to BNC, as he was to every institution of which he had been part, his commitment to the Marines led him to join the Royal Marine Reserves in 1948. Later, between 1961 and 64, he commanded his unit. Meanwhile, in 1950, he qualified as a solicitor and joined his uncle at Morris Ward-Jones & Co, later to a merge with Lawrence Messer & Co in 1967 where he became



a senior partner in 1981. From 1966 to 1992, he was a JP in Westminster, and in 1960 his career had broadened out and he was made an Honorary Solicitor of the Magistrates Association. His legal colleagues said that he had a fine legal brain.

They also recalled that he was always on the lookout for diversions. He was a sportsman, who loved riding, hunting, and point-to-point racing. He also branched out into becoming Chairman of the East Anglian Real Property Company, farming some 20,000 acres in Norfolk. His success evidently came from charming the company's Dutch owners; he served the finest wines at lunch after board meetings, and this was a way of doing things that he continued throughout his career and which became a notable feature of his board meetings when he was at the Gaming Board which he had joined in 1986.

At the Gaming Board he was responsible for overseeing and legislating the UK gaming industry. He retained the respect of all Home Secretaries during his Chairmanship, and Peter Burleigh, Secretary to the Board, noted that Pip was all you would expect of a good lawyer and Royal Marine: "firm when required, very loyal, with a great sense of duty, as straight as a die and always very concerned that all should be treated fairly in a kindly way." In this role, he instigated the formation of the Gaming Regulators European Forum, and his achievement was marked by his CBE and the dinner hosted by Kenneth Clarke, the then Home Secretary, at his retirement.

This then was the man who came to the Brasenose society as president, and he cut the gordian knot that restricted its initiative by establishing a small subcommittee that would continue to meet under his chairmanship beyond his presidency with the agenda of devising proposals to help the College. This sub-committee could meet as often as necessary, and among other possibilities it considered financial assistance. The College remained sceptical and was hesitant about suggestions, and so Pip made a direct approach to the undergraduates, asking their views about the College's needs and its priorities. His subcommittee learnt from the JCR and its officers about the demise of the Oxford landlady, and how this produced serious problems for students; accommodation was therefore the big priority for them, and this resulted in the Frewin Hall appeal. Pip Ward-Jones refined the idea into something practical, and he provided the impetus for taking it through the main committee of the Brasenose Society and then through the College. He was unobtrusive but unstoppable.

The appeal was a runaway success, raising more than three times its original target, had already struck some as utopian, and took the College rather by surprise. It demonstrated for once and all, that the Brasenose Society could be a significant resource for the College. Furthermore Pip's new style of effectiveness resulted in his successors continuing the pattern, establishing regular committee meetings and initiating the Midsummer parties; within four years the society was transformed into something worthwhile and vitally effective, as well as actually being more fun.



The rest, as they say, is history.

Pip was a very sociable man. He was an excellent raconteur with a particular dry delivery and a drier humour. His personal life was very personal and not generally available. He was married, but asserted in his DeBretts entry that his sole recreation was: 'drinking wine'. He was an extraordinarily sensitive and generous man. After my wife had been gravely ill and had just come out of hospital, it was typical of Pip to send her a dozen half-bottles of exquisite champagne. It was a characteristic insight, this understanding that at that juncture, she badly needed a boost her spirits and exactly this kind of stylish pampering.

One of his last enterprises, still ongoing, was the caravan site at Barnhorne Manor close to the East Sussex Coast. It was there that Pip spent his last years; sadly, he had a difficult and restricting time because of worsening Parkinsonism and he was afflicted with a degree of pain from it that was quite unusual. He endured it all with his customary humour with its gentle, dry quality, and with a stoicism that was mild but obdurate. He finally slipped away one night last June.

Paul Dawson-Bowling

Woolhouse, John

At the commencement of the Michaelmas term 1951, John joined his fellow freshmen at dinner in Hall. Inevitably someone from a pedigree educational establishment enquired of him which school he had attended. John said, "Ardingly College". "Where?", was the response. "Good God, man, have you never heard of Ardingly?", defending his minor public school. After dinner he repaired to the now politically incorrect "Arab Quarter", where he was to share a room with Neil Wates, whose contemporaries had been sure to move in their drinks cases before their clothes trunks in readiness for throwing a staircase cocktail party to set the style. Among John's friends were Stuart Macnair and Michael Ward, with whom he later enjoyed "gaudies". He studied law under the tutorship of Barry Nicholas, whom he held in high regard all his life. John had been a Royal Signals Corps officer during his national service, stationed with the British Army of the Rhine in Herford, Westphalia. At Oxford he joined the University Air Squadron based at Kidlington, learning to fly Chipmunks and graduating to Meteor jets. Daringly he flew low and fast over both Blenheim Palace and his lodgings at the cherry orchard cottage in Old Marston. He fancied himself as a 'flying officer Kite' type, impersonating Jon Pertwee of Eric Barker's BBC radio comedy show, among other favourite comedians of his.

After going down, John, sharing a suit for interviews with an Ardinian, Robin Roach at Oxford, of similar stature, made his own "milk round" in search of an arts graduate apprenticeship, and landed one at the Aero Engine Division of Rolls Royce in Derby. From there he was moved to the Oil Engine Division situated in



Shrewsbury not far from Oswestry, where he had passed his War Office Selection Board ordeal to become an officer. Later he went back to Derby as Company Training and Education Officer. A Londoner (Norbury) by birth, John spent most of his early professional career, eighteen years in fact, in Derbyshire, where he also met and married his wife, Carolyn, and where his offspring, Mark, Hugh and Clare, were born. This was at the time of government initiatives, including the Robbins Report on Higher Education. In 1972 he was appointed an Assistant Director of Kingston Polytechnic until 1978, before becoming Head of the Human Resources Department at W.S. Atkins Consultants. Then, in 1983, he was head-hunted by David Young (later Lord Young) and seconded to the Manpower Services Commission in London to head up as Director the new TVEI (Technical and Vocational Education Initiative). This appointment made it possible for John to bring his experience, his considerable analytic skills, and his life-long commitment to training, education and human development into public policy making. John brought vision and energy to new forms of partnership and collaboration between education and industry, to making education more relevant and connected to work, and to industry making a greater contribution to education – for which he was awarded the CBE for his services to education. In 1988 the Centre for Education and Industry was born at the University of Warwick, and John was appointed its first Director. As the Centre grew, he became increasingly involved on the international stage, forming strong links with colleagues in the United States and the emerging new Europe. Under his leadership an International Partnership Network was established for the sharing of common interests on issues, problems and opportunities at a number of successful conferences.

John's table talk with family, friends and colleagues, with his hand gestures and facial expressions, nearly always reflected his insights into what he called his own 'family condition', his sense of humour about himself and his 'near misses' in life. Even when he was 'winging' an argument a bit, it was very entertaining, and he too was conscious of what Barry Nicholas termed "redundant material", i.e. "flannel". Prue Huddleston, who worked alongside John during his time at CEI, relates how he once said to her, "When you get up of a morning, think about what the day has to offer – is it going to be a fun day? If it's not, don't do it!" He was desperately concerned that his funeral should not be 'a dirge'. After his death on 1st February 2008, he was remembered on 8th February in a celebration of his life by family, friends and colleagues at the University of Warwick chaplaincy.

The Revd Ken Woolhouse (1958) and Prue Huddleston, Director of the Centre for Education and Industry, University of Warwick



Young, Sir John

SIR JOHN YOUNG'S distinguished legal career, which reached its zenith when he became Victoria's ninth chief justice from 1974 to 1991, was moulded by his upbringing and the rigours of World War II.

Mentioned in dispatches after his Scots Guards unit was involved in heavy fighting while pushing into Germany, he was later officer in charge of the guards when Rudolf Hess, Hitler's deputy, attempted to escape or commit suicide, depending on various accounts.

Hess had parachuted into Scotland saying he wanted to negotiate a peace deal. He was detained in the Tower of London for 13 months and then moved to Camp Z, or Mytchett Place, in Surrey. On June 15, 1941, Hess talked a guard into letting him out of his makeshift cell, then jumped from three floors up and broke an ankle. Young "took steps to detain Hess" again.

John McIntosh Young, who has died in Melbourne at 88, was born there to Kathleen and George Young, a shipping agent who arrived in Australia from Scotland in 1912. He was educated at Geelong Grammar, before taking a master's degree at Brasenose College, Oxford University.

When war broke out, Young promptly joined the Horse Cavalry, on September 4, 1939. In 1940 he went to Sandhurst for officer training; he asked for a transfer to the Scots Guards because of his ancestry. During heavy combat he contracted tuberculosis, which affected him to the end. He ended the war as a captain. Back home in 1947, he completed a law degree at Melbourne University.

Young, a traditionalist and brilliant commercial lawyer, was admitted to the bar in 1949. He read with Henry Winneke, who was later governor of Victoria, and whom Young succeeded as chief justice, becoming lieutenant-governor in the same year and retaining that post for 21 years. He had become a QC in 1961 and later practised in Sydney.

As chief justice, he was widely acknowledged as an administrator and reformer who, although reserved and even austere, spoke out against the government of the day when he considered it necessary. He was courageous in dispensing justice.

Richard McGarvie, a former judge and governor of Victoria, said when Young retired in 1991: "More improvements in the judicial arm of government have been accomplished in the 17 years of Sir John Young's leadership of the Victorian judiciary than in any other 70 years ... In my opinion, [he] has made a greater contribution to his community than any other chief justice of Victoria."

The year before he retired, Young attacked the government for threatening the independence of the state's judiciary by putting the courts under increased pressure through a lack of resources.



Showing that he was not without humour, he told a farewell dinner that one young barrister had said that the chief justice was “quite all right when you get to know him, but in court he’s an absolute so and so”.

Young said he would have told the barrister “that I was a completely reformed character and had acquired the virtues of tolerance and kindness, everything one expects from a chief justice”.

Young’s other posts included chairman of the Victoria Police board, president of the Victorian Law Foundation, and president of the Victorian Bar. Attracted to the Scouting movement as an ideal vehicle for young people to gain direction in their life, he was Australia’s chief Scout for seven years.

He had played tennis and loved riding horses. He had loved cricket, too, but his “traditionalist” tag is perhaps best exemplified by the fact that he never watched the game following the 1932-33 “bodyline” series when the English captain Douglas Jardine instructed his fast bowlers to aim their short-pitched deliveries at the bodies (and heads) of the Australian batsmen while setting inordinate leg-side fields. Young thought it “just not cricket any more”.

Young was knighted in 1975 and later made a companion in the Order of Australia (AC). There was speculation in 1977 that he would succeed Sir John Kerr as governor-general, but that he was a virtual “unknown” to the public. He had said in a rare interview: “You’ll find me uncommunicative.”

When *The Age* newspaper asked why his chauffeur-driven limousine was regularly parked in a no-parking zone while he went for a stroll, he said: “I don’t answer questions.”

He had told his family that “funerals are for the living” and will leave his state funeral at St Paul’s Cathedral, Melbourne, today to an old favourite, *The Lambeth Walk*.

Sir John’s Young’s wife, Elisabeth (née Twining), predeceased him. He is survived by his daughters, Jenny and Trish, son Tim, their partners Nick, Gary and Anne, and seven grandchildren.

Published in the Sydney Herald, October 16th 2008



The Brasenose Society





Brasenose Society Minutes

Committee Meeting: 19 January 2009

A meeting of the Committee was held at 6.00pm at the offices of the Bloody Sunday Inquiry, 33 St James' Square SW1

Present: Mark Saville ((President), Roger Cashmore (Principal), John W Davies (Oxford Secretary), Nigel Bird (Treasurer), David Clark, Drusilla Gabbott, Mike Gill, Alexandra Marks (Immediate Past President), Jeremy McMullen (Past President), Mike Rountree, Graeme Richardson (Editor of *The Brazen Nose*), Mike Rountree, Donald Rushton and Barney Smith (Past President)

In attendance: Saira Uppal (Development Office)

Apologies

Apologies for absence had been received from:

Elizabeth Carter, Paul Dawson-Bowling, Alastair Dick, Matt Forbes, David Hills, John Knowland (Bursar), Tina Mavraki (Secretary) and Joe Mordaunt Crook (Vice President).

Approval of minutes of previous meeting

The minutes of the meeting held on 20 September 2008 were approved.

Matters arising

There were no matters arising not otherwise on the agenda.

Report from the Development Office

The Principal reported on progress with recruiting a replacement Director of Development. The Appointment Committee had shortlisted four candidates, all of whom had been interviewed the previous week. He and the Immediate Past President were amongst the seven members of the interviewing panel. He hoped that an appointment would be made within the next two to three weeks but, even then, we could not expect the new appointee to start until April or May. Meanwhile, an interim Director of Development (formerly at Wadham College) had started a week ago.



Saira Uppal had joined the Development Office team in September as Major Gifts Officer. Her presence at the meeting would provide continuity of representation on the Committee.

Update on BNC500

The Principal reported that preparations for the College's Quincentenary celebrations had been reviewed in light of representations from alumni, and the difficult financial environment. Most organisation of events was now to be handled in-house by the College rather than contracted out to event organisers.

Moreover, the principal event in September (25-27th) had been scaled back. It would now comprise dinner in College on Friday or Saturday or lunch on Sunday. With the addition of marquees on Old and New Quad, around 300 could be accommodated at each. Even with the inclusion of a pre-prandial champagne reception, ticket prices would be less than half that originally contemplated. Low cost overnight accommodation and breakfast would also be provided in College, as would the entitlement to attend, free of charge, an early evening event in the Sheldonian Theatre at which prominent BNC alumni would speak.

An important principle was inclusivity, so that as many alumni as possible could participate.

The response to the "intention to attend" cards suggested that around 1200 alumni (including partners) wished to attend the Reunion Weekend. The Principal therefore hoped that most alumni who wished to come would be able to. Booking forms would be distributed very soon, with online booking available from 2 February.

The Committee discussed at length the arrangements for the weekend. In conclusion, it was suggested that Year Reps might contact their peers to see if they would like to arrange groups to attend one of the three dinners/lunch that weekend. Applications would be dealt with on a 'first come, first served' basis, so if groups wished to attend, they should ideally book (and pay!) early. The College would strive to seat together those who had so requested.

Committee members were reminded that matriculation years celebrating special anniversaries in 2009 - whether 10, 20, 25, 30, 40 or 50 years since matriculation - might be particularly responsive to requests to support the College during its 500th anniversary. Mike Rountree mentioned that in celebration of the 60th anniversary of his matriculation year - 1949 - alumni from his year were arranging a get together immediately after the Lord's event in March.

Other BNC500 events are a series of four Tanner lectures on 21/22 February; a champagne tea in the Long Room at Lord's on 19 March; and a family VIIIs week lunch on Saturday 30 May.

A Royal visit is being attempted but if it takes place at all, it will be later in the year.



The Principal reported that sales of BNC500 memorabilia were encouraging. It was agreed that samples should be displayed at BNC500 events where possible.

The Brazen Nose and Brazen Notes

The College Chaplain, Graeme Richardson, had taken over as Editor of *The Brazen Nose* and *Brazen Notes*. He had picked an Assistant Editor from the JCR body in the hope it would improve engagement of student members. In time, he hoped that Assistant Editor would become an elected JCR office.

The copy deadline for *The Brazen Nose* will be around the end of September each year (before the start of Michaelmas Term) to enable distribution by early February the following year. *The Brazen Notes* would be published twice yearly, at the beginning of Michaelmas and Trinity terms. Contributions, and photos, from alumni would be most welcome.

There was a discussion about copyright issues, especially as regards obituaries. It was agreed that it would be desirable for alumni's personal memories of the deceased to be included.

Treasurer's Report

The Treasurer provided accounts for the year 1 August 2007 to 31 July 2008. It was noted that the expenditure item of some £1300 for 'administration' was the Society's contribution to assistance provided by the Development Office for support with Society events.

It was also noted that the Society's reserves of some £12,000 were a little higher than needed as a cushion for loss-making events and other expenses. We should, perhaps, aim to spend a little more on supporting College events. As ever, suggestions were welcome.

Year Reps

In the absence of James Edmiston, the Year Reps co-ordinator, it was reported that Matt Forbes had agreed to take over the role with effect from early spring. James Edmiston was thanked for his contribution over many years.

Mentoring Scheme

Mike Gill reported that, since taking over administration of the scheme, and updating the list of volunteer mentors, there had been a steady trickle of further volunteers. The challenge was to evoke interest amongst current students. The list had been circulated to current HCR and JCR officers but there seemed to have been little take up.

It was suggested that the list be sent to Fellows in College – or at least the Senior Tutor, Andrew Stockley – so that awareness of its existence (and hopefully use) would improve. It was also suggested that it might be productive to arrange an event in College at which mentors could make themselves known to students.



Date of future meetings

The autumn meeting of the Committee, and its AGM, would take place on Saturday 26 September 2009 but, to enable Committee members and others to attend the early evening Sheldonian event that day, the Committee meeting would take place at 11am with the AGM at midday. This would enable alumni attending the Friday evening dinner to attend the meetings without difficulty too.

There would also be a spring meeting, probably during the last week of April, with a similar format to the current meeting (6pm start at the Bloody Sunday Inquiry offices with supper afterwards). The precise date would be circulated separately in due course.

Any other business

The Immediate Past President referred to a nomination form she had received from David Hills, proposing Tristan Elbrick (1989) for election as a Committee member. Since elections take place only at the AGM, the Committee agreed to co-opt him in the meantime.

Committee Meeting: 27 April 2009

A meeting of the Committee was held at 6.00pm at the offices of the Bloody Sunday Inquiry, 33 St James' Square SW1.

Present: Mark Saville (President), Elizabeth Carter, Roger Cashmore (Principal), Nigel Bird (Treasurer), David Clark, Paul Dawson-Bowling, Alastair Dick, Matt Forbes, Alexandra Marks (Immediate Past President), Tina Mavraki (Secretary), Jeremy McMullen (Past President), Joe Mordaunt Crook (Vice President), Mike Rountree, Donald Rushton and Barney Smith (Past President)

In attendance: Jennifer Lewis (Development Office)

Apologies

Apologies for absence had been received from:

David Clark, Richard Cooper (Vice-Principal), John W Davies (Oxford Secretary), Drusilla Gabbott, Mike Gill, David Hills, John Knowland (Bursar), and Graeme Richardson (Editor of *The Brazen Nose*).

Approval of minutes of previous meeting

The minutes of the meeting held on 19 January 2009 were approved.

Matters arising

There were no matters arising not otherwise on the agenda.



Report from the Development Office

The Principal reported that Jennifer Lewis had been appointed Director of Development, and had taken up her post earlier that week. He was delighted that she was able to attend this meeting.

The President welcomed Jennifer to her first meeting.

The Principal reported that there had been various changes in the rest of the Development Office team which now comprised Saira Uppal, who had joined in September as Major Gifts Officer, as well as Tina Hill who had been able to provide much-valued continuity.

Update on BNC500

The Principal reported on progress with preparations for the College's Quincentenary celebrations.

Places for dinner in College on Friday and Saturday (25th and 26th) and lunch on Sunday (27th September) – each accommodating about 300 (thanks to the use of marquees on Old and New Quad in addition to the Hall) – had sold out in just over a week! As many alumni would be disappointed, plans to create another event for them at some other time were therefore being considered.

The Brazen Nose and Brazen Notes

Unfortunately, the College Chaplain, Graeme Richardson, who had taken over as Editor of *The Brazen Nose* and *Brazen Notes* was unable to attend the meeting.

However, as reported at the last meeting, the copy deadline for *The Brazen Nose* will be around the end of September each year (before the start of Michaelmas Term) to enable distribution by early February the following year. *The Brazen Notes* would be published twice yearly, at the beginning of Michaelmas and Trinity terms. Contributions, and photos, from alumni would be most welcome.

Treasurer's Report

There was no Treasurer's report but the full year's accounts would be provided at the Committee's meeting just before the AGM in the usual way.

Year Reps

Matt Forbes had recently taken over from James Edmiston as the Year Reps. co-ordinator. There were only 17 year groups from 1943 to the present year without a Year Rep. This means that the vast majority of year groups are represented, though renewed efforts should be made to find volunteers for the 'missing' years.

College Register

At the Vice-President's request, there was a discussion about creating – or rather recreating – the College Register which records information about all alumni. Most other Colleges in Oxford possess one, and BNC did until 1909.



The Vice-President offered to investigate what information other Colleges collate and publish about their alumni. It would also be useful to discover what steps they take to comply with data protection legislation.

It was agreed that, although ultimately we would hope to collect information about alumni for the missing 100 years since 1909, the first priority was to capture information for College alumni from 2009 onwards. Current students should therefore be approached now. Jennifer Lewis suggested including information in the leaver's pack they each before they graduate. Alumni should also be made aware of the project - perhaps during the course of the Quincentenary weekend when we hope to be able to enthuse them about maintaining contact with the College.

Mentoring Scheme

At the previous meeting, Mike Gill (who was unfortunately unable to attend this time) had reported that there is still a steady trickle of further volunteers. Regrettably, however, there is little take-up from current students.

It was suggested that it would be useful to acquire some statistics about contacts so far made between volunteer (alumni) mentors and (student) mentees. Volunteer mentors could, perhaps, be asked if they had ever been contacted and, if so, with what results. Some 'good news' stories, if publicised in the *Brazen Notes*, perhaps, would surely encourage greater numbers of current students to use this valuable, but under-utilised, resource.

It was also suggested that we could organise a 'mini careers fair' in College, perhaps early in the academic year, aimed principally at final year students who are then focussing on getting jobs and work experience. It was suggested that perhaps Mike Gill make contact with the current JCR and HCR Presidents with a view to arranging something for Michaelmas Term 2009.

Nominations for election at the AGM, including the appointment of Vice-President

The Committee discussed various possible nominees for election at the AGM as Vice-President and other members of the committee.

Date of future meetings

The autumn meeting of the Committee, and its AGM, would take place on Saturday 26 September 2009. To enable Committee members and others to attend the early evening Sheldonian event that day, the Committee meeting would take place at 11am with the AGM at midday. This would enable alumni attending the Friday evening dinner to attend the meetings without difficulty too.

Future meetings would take place at times, and on dates, to be fixed.

Any other business

There was no other business.



Committee Meeting: 26 September 2009

A meeting of the Committee was held at 11:00am in the Eckersley Room.

Present: Mark Saville (President), Joe Mordaunt Crook (Vice President), Alexandra Marks (Immediate Past President), Roger Cashmore (Principal), Nigel Bird (Treasurer), Elizabeth Carter, David Clark, Mike Gill, David Hills, Jeremy McMullen (Past President), Mike Rountree and Donald Rushton.

In attendance: Jennifer Lewis (Director of Development), Paula Carter and Charlie Furness-Smith

Apologies and welcome

Apologies for absence had been received from:

John W Davies, Paul Dawson-Bowling, Alastair Dick, John Knowland (Bursar), Matt Forbes, Drusilla Gabbott, Tina Mavraki, Graeme Richardson (Editor of *The Brazen Nose*) and Barney Smith (Past President).

The President welcomed as observers to the meeting Paula Carter and Charlie Furness-Smith, both of whom hoped to be elected at the subsequent AGM (as Vice President and Committee member respectively). Tristan Elbrick had also hoped to attend (likewise in anticipation of election at the AGM as a Committee member) but an ankle injury prevented him from doing so.

Approval of minutes of previous meeting

The minutes of the meeting held on 27 April 2009 were approved.

Matters arising

As indicated in Minute 5, another event had been created for those alumni disappointed by the rapid sell-out of tickets for the BNC500 weekend. A dinner for them in Hall had taken place on Saturday 5 September 2009. It had been well-attended, and a great success.

Report from the Development Office

Jennifer Lewis had arrived as the new Director of Development & Alumni Relations in May. David Humble-White and Anthony Bagshaw had also joined the team.

The alumni website should be ready to launch in October. Once up and running, alumni would be able to search for other members using a secure area, accessible by personal log-in and password.

The Brazen Notes would soon be available electronically too.

The Development Office is working with the Mentoring Scheme coordinator, Mike Gill, to rejuvenate the scheme.



There had been visits by the Principal and Director of Development to alumni in New York and Hong Kong, which had been warmly received.

The previous evening had been the first of the BNC500 dinners. It had been widely regarded as 'a triumph', with enormous credit due to Kerrin Honey who had done an outstanding job in organising the whole weekend. Pleasingly, the event had brought back in touch with the College many old members, even if they had been unable to attend any of the events themselves.

Overall, fundraising had got off to a promising start, with around 700 gifts in total.

In future, the Development Office might be able to provide some secretarial assistance for the Society to provide a degree of continuity. In the meantime, Alexandra Marks expressed her willingness to act *pro tem* as Secretary since Tina Mavraki's studying commitments and frequent overseas travel had made it difficult for her to fulfil the role.

Report from the Principal

The Principal reported that the Development Office was getting back into its stride with Jennifer Lewis's arrival, and the recruitment of additional staff. The remaining staff had done an excellent job in the interim, and deserved huge thanks for all their hard work on the BNC500 events.

As regards fundraising, there had been a couple of very large gifts (one seven figure sum!) and many more modest donations, all of which had been most gratefully received. Everyone's contribution, no matter how small, is a welcome participation in the College's future. The aspiration is to achieve the level of the Ivy League universities' rates of participation by alumni (of around 70%). At the moment, Brasenose attracts ongoing support from around 6-7% of its alumni, while the best performing colleges in Oxford (Balliol, and University College) attract around 30%.

The Principal agreed that the attendance of so many alumni and their guests at the BNC500 weekend was a terrific achievement, and a focal point for future involvement. The College hoped that everyone would so enjoy the BNC500 events that they would wish to participate in future. The College is doing more and more to attract and engage alumni with a variety of opportunities and events.

Treasurer's Report

The Treasurer presented the Society's accounts for the year ended 31 July 2009. Because of the quincentenary events organised by the College, there had been none arranged by the Society itself apart from the Annual Dinner. Overall, there was a small surplus for the year (just under £300) with total cash reserves of around £12,500.



Recommendations for the AGM:

Election of Officers and other Committee Members

For the forthcoming year, the Committee proposed to recommend to the AGM Joe Mordaunt Crook for election as President.

Ex officio officers of the Committee were: the Principal (Roger Cashmore), the Editor of *The Brazen Nose* (Graeme Richardson) and the three most recent former Presidents (Jeremy McMullen, Alexandra Marks and Mark Saville).

Other officers were: John W Davies (Oxford Secretary), Nigel Bird (Treasurer) and Acting Secretary (Alexandra Marks).

The following members of the Committee wished to stand for re-election: Elizabeth Carter, David Clark, Paul Dawson-Bowling, Matt Forbes, Drusilla Gabbott, Mike Gill, David Hills, Michael Rountree and Donald Rushton.

New members standing for election were Tristan Elbrick and Charlie Furness-Smith.

Nomination of future Vice President

For the forthcoming year, the Committee would recommend for election as Vice President Paula Carter.

Membership fee

In accordance with the Rules of the Society, the membership fee fell to be fixed by the Committee. With the generous agreement of the College to continue to publish and distribute *The Brazen Nose* without charge to all members of the Society, the Committee would again be able to fix the membership fee at nil for the next year.

There was discussion about the possibility of members making voluntary contributions towards the cost of the magazine – perhaps by inserting a slip or tear-out page – but such contributions would actually be more valuable to both donor and donee if made to the College (which is a charity) rather than the Society (which is not). Moreover, the Society does not need to generate income since all its events are self-financing, it has no other expenditure and it has relatively sizeable reserves.

Year Reps

In the absence of Matt Forbes, the Year Reps co-ordinator, there was a brief discussion about year reps, especially filling any vacancies e.g. for 1970, for which David Clark volunteered. It was suggested that a list of vacancies be published in the *Brazen Nose* with an invitation for interested members to come forward.

Charlie Furness-Smith pointed out that former HCR members might merit their own year reps. since there is, in practice, relatively little cross-over between HCR and JCR yet an increasing number of graduate students.



It was agreed that it would be timely to review and renew the current cadre of year reps and refine the job description. It was suggested that the Development Office might work with the Society to devise a guide for year reps and outline the expectations of them. It was acknowledged that the Development Office and the Society have complementary roles, and in that context the Development Office could become more involved with the year reps without taking over the Society's function.

The Annual Dinner and other Society Events

Next year's annual dinner would take place on Saturday 25 September 2010 to coincide with the University-wide 'Reunion weekend'.

Apart from the dinner, it was proposed to hold another spring drinks event, aimed at recent matriculees (say 10 years or less). These had been very successful in the past, and had attracted a different group of alumni. Matt Forbes had kindly agreed to take this forward, with Charlie Furness-Smith. Date and venue would be confirmed in due course.

As in previous years, there would be a "family lunch" event in Hall on the Saturday of VIIIs week (date since confirmed as Saturday 29th May 2010).

Grant making

Although the Society had sizeable reserves from which it was prepared to make grants to deserving activities within the College, no applications had been received. It was agreed that the availability of grants, and the types of purpose which the Society would be willing to support, should be publicised more widely within College. In this way, the Society hoped to associate itself with worthwhile College activities such as the Arts Festival, and raise current students' awareness of the Society.

Mentoring Scheme

Mike Gill reported that the updated the list of volunteer mentors had been circulated to current HCR and JCR officers. He had discussed with them data protection issues. Again, increased publicity for the scheme would be greatly welcome. He was working with Charlie Furness-Smith in an attempt to achieve this within both the JCR and HCR communities.

Mike Gill said that stories of successful mentor/mentee pairings would be particularly useful in that respect.

College Register

Jennifer Lewis distributed a specimen extract of the proposed College register, containing details for each Committee member. Comments were welcome.

Unless there were any objections, similar entries would be collated for as many as possible current members of the Society (some 6,500). There was some discussion of the appropriate means of disseminating the register. As a minimum, it should



be available online within the secure area of the alumni website. It might also be published in hard copy every, say, 50 years as a historical record.

Assembling data for each member would be a most worthwhile and purposeful task for year reps.

Date of future meetings

Dates of future meetings of the Committee would be Tuesday 1 December 2009 (at the British Academy, Carlton Gardens) at 6pm and on the Saturday of VIII's week in College (later confirmed as Saturday 29th May 2010) at 11am.

Any other business

It was noted that Barney Smith would be leaving the Committee, due to expiry of his *ex officio* term as Past President. Alastair Dick was also stepping down from the Committee after many years' service. They were both thanked warmly for their respective contributions to the Society and for their enthusiastic commitment to the College.





PRESIDENTS

Unknown	Sir Robert Pearson	1985–86	R K Ingram
Unknown	Sir Arthur Salter	1986–87	D A Emms
1948–50	Sir Alan Ellis	1987–88	J R Moss
1950–51	R H Peck	1988–89	Sir Robert Reid
1951–52	H M Last	1989–90	Sir Ralph Gibson
1952–54	Sir Guy Nott-Bower	1990–91	D L Stockton
1954–55	D Drysdale	1991–92	N A Ward-Jones
1955–57	M Platnauer	1992–93	Sir Colin Cole
1957–59	C H M Waldock	1993–94	G A Wilson
1959–60	A D Grant	1994–95	P R Dawson-Bowling
1960–61	M Platnauer	1995–96	R D Gill
1963–64	P R Frere	1996–97	Professor Graham Richards
1964–66	Sir George Baker	1997–98	Lord Cowdrey of Tonbridge
1966–68	Sir Ronald Bodley Scott	1998–99	Sir Rodger Bell
1968–70	A J F Doulton	1999–2000	Alan Smith
1970–72	Sir Reginald Verdon-Smith	2000–01	Francis Neate
1972–74	Sir Leslie Scarman	2001–02	Christopher Penn
1974–76	Sir Val Duncan	2002–03	Sir Scott Baker
1976–77	Sir Colin Thornley	2003–04	Sir Iain Vallance
1977–78	J S O Haslewood	2004–05	Sir Robin Janvrin
1978–79	Sir Edward Eveleigh	2005–06	Barney Smith
1979–80	R A K Runcie	2006–07	Judge Jeremy McMullen
1980–81	G Rippon	2007–08	Alexandra Marks
1981–82	Sir Lindsay Alexander	2008–9	The Right Hon Lord Saville of Newdigate
1982–83	R F Brown		
1983–84	Professor J K B M Nicholas	2009–10	Professor Joe Mordaunt Crook
1984–85	A T Whitehead		



Donors to Brasenose



Donors to Brasenose 2008–9

Brasenose is grateful for all the gifts it receives – large and small – which contribute to and enhance the life of the community today. The following list recognises all those who made a gift to Brasenose in Financial Year 2009 (i.e. 1st August 2008 – 31st July 2009). Great effort has been made to ensure that this list is accurate, but if there are any mistakes or omissions, please accept our apologies and let us know. We will be happy to print corrections in the next issue of the *Brazen Nose*. An asterisk indicates that the donor is deceased.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1933 <i>An anonymous donation
was received</i> | Canon C J Studdert-Kennedy
<i>Two anonymous donations</i> |
| 1935 Mr H A B Eccles-Williams
<i>Two anonymous donations</i> | 1947 Mr L L Allen
Right Hon Sir Roy Beldam
Mr J M Button
Mr R P Gordon
Captain C J Merdinger
Mr J N W Musson
Dr J M H Pearson
Mr J W S Walton
Mr J V Webdale
<i>An anonymous donation</i> |
| 1936 The Rt Hon Sir Edward Eveleigh
<i>An anonymous donation</i> | 1948 Mr W P Cass
Mr M D Jory
Mr K Paver
Mr F G Till
Mr M B Walters |
| 1937 Professor V P Whittaker | 1949 Mr A B Davidson
Professor B R Judd
Mr D E Marquardt
Mr J C Marshall
<i>Two anonymous donations</i> |
| 1938 Mr P Batterley
Revd R Drown | 1950 Professor S J Brademas
Mr J B Cook
Professor A P R L Crepin
Mr A D Gidlow-Jackson
Mr E B Palmer
Mr K I Thomson
<i>An anonymous donation</i> |
| 1939 <i>Two anonymous donations</i> | 1951 Mr M N Karmel
Mr C Laycock
Mr P G Lowe |
| 1940 Mr J B Browning
Mr G Hood
<i>An anonymous donation</i> | |
| 1941 <i>Two anonymous donations</i> | |
| 1942 Dr W H D Fairbank
Mr C R Hipwell | |
| 1943 Mr J H Gracey
Mr G M A Harrison
Mr D W Hills
Mr J B E Say
<i>An anonymous donation</i> | |
| 1944 Dr B S Freeman
Mr A C Johnstone
<i>Three anonymous donations</i> | |
| 1945 Mr S P T Houldsworth
Mr H W Mann *
Mr H H S Von Der Heyde
Mr G Wilkinson | |
| 1946 Mr C B Hubbard
Sir Richard Parsons
Mr D C H Simpson | |



- Mr B J Moughton
Mr J A C Spokes
Professor D R P Wiggins
Three anonymous donations
- 1952 Mr D G Blakeley
Mr W P Higman
Sir Michael Pike
Mr B Rudd
Mr T J Rutter
Four anonymous donations
- 1953 Dr J M H Buckler
Mr P Dinnage
Professor R Loudon
Mr J S Mason
Mr B Norman
Mr D G Robertson
Mr R J A Sharp
Mr P B Walker
Two anonymous donations
- 1954 Mr M A Brunt
Mr G H Jones
Mr C P Lloyd
Mr A I F MacKenzie
Dr J B Morrell
Mr P F Owen
Mr G M Thomas
Dr J B Wood
Three anonymous donations
- 1955 Mr P T C Croker
Revd P A Jepps
Mr E F Kulick
Mr P J C Murray
Professor W A Seed
Mr K H Spaeth
Professor P J Wedge
Four anonymous donations
- 1956 Colonel B C Anderson
Mr R C Beetham *
Mr J H Buxton
Professor Emeritus P A Furley
Mr I P Sinnott
Mr A C L Sturge
- Five anonymous donations*
- 1957 Mr P N Acheson
The Rt Hon Lord Justice
Scott Baker
Mr G J Barrett *
Mr B J Capon
Mr A B P Clasen
Mr C W Corlett
Revd P R Gant
Mr D W Gill
Mr M C Greenstock
Mr M J Landry
Brigadier R G Long
Mr C F Penn
Mr J W Perry
Mr A C Smith
Mr J M Whiteley
Mr G R Whittle
Mr J Wilcock
An anonymous donation
- 1958 Mr A S Everest
Mr P F Heaton-Ward
Mr J V Hutchinson
Mr J F Kent
Mr D C Lawday
Mr F W Neate
Professor J D Stasheff
Mr D R F Walker
Four anonymous donations
- 1959 Dr E S Albone
Sir Rodger Bell
Mr R R Bourne
Revd Dr D A Jackson
Mr C D Jones
Mr J C Marlas
The Revd D R Mulliner
Mr M R F Noel-Clarke
Mr J C H Tate
Mr D J Youngman
Three anonymous donations
- 1960 Mr R Bradbury
Mr C M R Campbell
Mr C N Hedderwick



- Mr J N Marshall
Mr J J Penn
Dr P J Plant
His Honour Alan Taylor
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Two anonymous donations
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We take this opportunity to remember the following alumni and friends who were kind enough to make provision for Brasenose in their wills.

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 1952 Mr M F Smith
 1958 Mr R H Thomas
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Like all Oxford's 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 500 years. The Circle is named for Alexander Nowell, a Fellow, then Principal, of Brasenose, and one of the most energetic and committed supporters of the College. As well as his many personal benefactions, he persuaded Elizabeth I to join him in granting funds for 'the poor Scholars from the School of Queen Elizabeth in the Royal Hall and College of Brasenose'. His books, willed to the College, are still in the Library. 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 here. If you would like information about leaving a legacy to Brasenose, please contact the Alumni Relations & Development Office.

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and a number who wish to remain anonymous.



