

Pembroke College · Record · Part II



2000



2003



Pembroke College
Record

2000–2003

Part II



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Front cover photograph: Chapel Quad

Obituary

The deaths of the following Members have been notified since the last issue of the *Record*.

T. G. Allan	1954	A. L. Johnson	1948
D. M. Allen	1934	E. O. Jones	1941
J. A. Banks	1959	D. B. Jones	1957
P. W. Bennett	1949	J. A. Kenchington	1946
S. Bradbury	Emeritus Fellow	J. R. Laine	1935
F. Buckley	Foundation Fellow	B. P. Le Geyt	1955
F. Cooper	1946 (and Honorary Fellow)	R. G. Lewis	1955
K. L. Cope	1972	J. S. Lightbody	1938
W. M. Cowan	1961	S. Linton	1926
L. W. Cowie	1938	A. J. Llosa	1969
C. Cox	1933	M. W. Lomax	1983
R. B. Crail	1934	K. W. Lovel	1937
J. D. Culverwell	1937	N. A. MacGregor	1932
J. T. M. Davies	1932	A. D. MacLennan	1951
C. Davison	1951	H. Madoc-Jones	1957
G. R. I. Dees	1946	C. de C. Mellor	1928
D. I. Donne	1938	R. W. Neath	1947
M. M. C. Eccles	Honorary Fellow	S. J. D. Nowson	1946
H. G. Epstein	1952	O. P. Outhwaite	1947
D. A. N. Evans	1932	J. T. Packett	1945
J. D. Farmer	1953	G. R. Pate	1946
E. G. Fowler	1927	H. D. Peacock	1919
B. S. Frere	1938	C. Penfold	1925
C. H. Frewer	1939	M. J. Petry	1952
I. B. Gillies	1957	B. M. Senior	1966
S. S. Globe	1934	W. I. E. Shaw	1938
J. R. P. Groser	1961	D. J. Shorey	1955
A. R. Hands	1947	M. G. Simmons	1933
C. C. Hood	1940	C. T. Solberg	1936
R. Hunt	1956	I. R. Stanbrook	1948
R. W. Hurst	1946	A. D. St. Clair	1938
M. B. St. L. Hurst-Bannister	1938	M. B. Strubell	1937
J. Y. Huws-Davies	1938	R. W. Sykes	1935
		E. Taylor	1946
		D. V. Taylor	1955
		F. C. E. Telfer	1951
		P. J. Triffitt	1951
		P. B. Turner	1947
		R. H. Wagstaff	1940
		J. Wardell	1968
		C. de V. Wellesley	1949

W. W. Wells	1948	1934
D. N. Wheeler	1941	1935
E. F. Whitehead	1927	1934
H. F. S. Wicksteed	1916	1931
D. S. Williams	1935	1930
C. F. V. Williams	1925	1919
T. N. Young	1925	1962

1938	J. S. Lightbody
1928	S. Linton
1909	A. J. Lloz
1983	M. W. Lomas
1937	K. W. Lovel
1932	N. A. MacGregor
1921	A. D. MacLennan
1927	H. Madoc-Jones
1928	C. de C. Mellor
1947	R. W. Neath
1946	S. J. D. Newson
1947	O. R. Outwain
1945	J. T. Packer
1946	G. R. Pate
1919	H. D. Pascock
1925	C. Penfold
1922	M. J. Perry
1966	B. M. Senior
1938	W. I. E. Shaw
1925	D. J. Shorpe
1933	M. G. Simmons
1936	C. T. Solberg
1948	I. R. Stanbrook
1938	A. D. St. Clair
1937	M. R. Strubell
1932	R. W. Sykes
1946	E. Taylor
1925	D. V. Taylor
1921	R. C. E. Teller
1921	P. J. Tiffin
1947	R. B. Turner
1940	R. H. Wainfall
1968	J. Wardell
1949	C. de V. Wellsted

A. L. Johnson
E. O. Jones
D. B. Jones
J. A. Kechington
J. R. Laine
B. R. Le Cevy
R. G. Lewis

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1929	J. A. Banks
1949	P. W. Bennett
Emeritus Fellow	S. Bradbury
Foundation Fellow	E. Buckley
1946 (and Honorary Fellow)	R. Cooper
1972	K. E. Cope
1961	W. M. Cowan
1938	F. W. Cowan
1933	C. Cox
1934	R. B. Coad
1937	E. D. Cusack
1925	P. T. M. Davies
1921	C. Davison
1946	G. R. E. Dees
1938	D. E. Doman
Honorary Fellow	M. M. C. Eades
1925	H. G. Egan
1922	D. A. N. Evans
1923	J. D. Farmer
1927	E. G. Fowler
1938	B. G. France
1939	G. H. Fraser
1927	I. B. Gillies
1924	S. S. Globe
1961	J. R. H. Groom
1947	A. R. Hand
1940	G. H. Hand
1926	R. Hand
1946	R. W. Hart
1928	M. R. St. J. Hunt
1928	J. Y. Howe

Obituary

Obituaries

SAVILE BRADBURY (*Emeritus Fellow*)

6 February 1931 - 29 November 2001

The following address was given by the Chaplain (Revd. Dr. John Platt) at the funeral service in the Damon Wells Chapel, Pembroke College, on 7 December 2001



We have come here to Chapel today to say farewell to an outstanding member of our College community, Savile Bradbury. And, as we do so, to join with his family, Sheila, David and Michael in mourning our loss, in giving thanks for all that Savile meant and still means to us all, and in

committing him into God's care and keeping.

If ever there was an example of how deceptive appearances can be it was Savile Bradbury. His cheerily robust, North Country, no-nonsense approach to life in general and people in particular gave little clue as to the astonishingly multi-faceted nature of his outstanding abilities. The common feature in all of which was boundless enthusiasm combined with formidable powers of organisation and concentration.

Thus Savile the scientist took a First in Zoology from Brasenose in 1954 and then switched to Human Anatomy emerging with a D.Phil just three years later. This is neither the time nor place to trace his subsequent career in detail. This, together with much else await the occasion of his Memorial Service next term.

Suffice it now to note that his first appointment in the Department of Human Anatomy was in 1958 and that, eleven years after his retirement, he was still conducting

occasional histology classes there.

Two brief quotations from an obituary notice by his friend Brian Bracegirdle must serve to give some notion of his prowess. "His lectures on embryology and histology in the Department were legendary in their time, conveying detailed information in a memorable manner" and "His skill in the dissecting room was extraordinary – a nerve plexus or the like would appear in the body as if by magic."

The list of Savile's publications runs to thirteen books and close on a hundred articles and a glance at it reveals another area in which he was a leading expert – microscopy. This interest began as a schoolboy and flourished mightily – Life Fellow and former Secretary of the Royal Microscopical Society, Honorary Member, Past President of the Quekett Microscopical Club and Editor of its *Bulletin* until his death – his achievements in this field were only last year acknowledged by the award of the Kohler Medal by the State Microscopical Society of Illinois.

Then there was Savile the photographer – once again an expert, not only in the scientific area but elsewhere. His distinction here was marked by the award of the Associateship of the Royal Photographic Society in 1985.

Or again there was Savile the musician – as player of the piccolo and flute – a member successively of the National Youth Orchestra, as a National Serviceman of the Central Band of the Royal Air Force, for more than two decades of the Oxford University Orchestra and for so many years of the Bury St Edmunds Choral Society. I have more than once been told by those who know that he could have been a professional concert flautist had he so wished!

What a marvellous array of talents, all carried with such self-effacing modesty that most people never remotely recognized the polymath they had in their midst.

Yet, even as I rehearse all these achievements, I know that I am failing utterly to convey the essence of our friend that so endeared him to us. Seen from afar all these might give the impression of a single-minded pursuer of

perfection but, whilst this is true enough in its way, it is only half the picture.

Thus Savile's genius as an anatomist and microscopist lay as much in his ability to communicate his enthusiastic expertise to others as it did in the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake. We have already referred to his legendary lecturing in embryology and histology. He was equally renowned as a teacher of microscopy. He acted as such on the Royal Microscopical Society summer courses from their beginning in the 1960s until the one held in Leeds last year.

This gift, of course, made Savile a wonderful College Tutor, beloved as such by generations of his pupils here. One of them writes: "He was one of my greatest inspirations and was among the first to give me confidence in my academic abilities."

No cold detached scientist he – the warmth of his humanity constantly shone forth as he followed his varied pursuits.

Who can forget the sight of Savile, his footplate-man's peaked cap perched on his head, astride one of his steam locomotives as he gave rides to a host of delighted children at the Cuttleslowe Park model railway track?

Or again, at a College Music Society concert, to witness his amazing "The Carnival of Venice", played with as much a sense of fun as the virtuosity required for its performance?

It was, in fact, Pembroke that encouraged this side of Savile to blossom so. In later years he would often say, "The College has been my life". On his election as a Fellow here in 1966, he immediately threw himself into the social life of the place. The entries in the Senior Common Room betting book for the late 60s and early 70s abound in his wagers on a diversity of topics. Thus, "Dr Bradbury bets the Acting Chaplain that he will not deliver a sermon on the subject 'Who was James Bond?' in the College Chapel". A note in Savile's handwriting adds, "Won brilliantly by the Acting Chaplain." He was on sounder ground when he bet the same gentlemen that "on the 19th December 1967 the M1 extended as far north as Sheffield"!

Savile loved the rituals and traditions of the Senior Common Room and woe betide any young don who failed to pass the decanters in the proper manner! But in this, as in every other such respect, Savile's bark was infinitely worse than his bite. In fact, he was the most genial of hosts, who invariably went out of his way to put every guest at their ease. Fittingly, he served successively as Secretary and Steward of the Senior Common Room.

In the wider life of the College also Savile delighted to take his full part. The immense capacities as an administrator, which served him well in the University sphere as Vice- and then Chairman of the Physiological Sciences Board, were also apparent in his six years of office as Tutor of Admissions from 1987-89. He was, moreover, at all times, a concerned and forthright contributor to Governing Body meetings.

At first sight, Savile appeared to be the arch-conservative, ever ready to die in the last ditch in the face of any threat of change. In reality, he was far more complex a character. I well remember his trenchant opposition to the admission of women to the College. Yet, when, in 1978, the decision went against him he immediately became an enthusiast for their cause at Pembroke. Or again, in the late 60s, and early 70s, he would rage over the beards and long hair of the scruffy student population of the day. Yet before the end of the latter decade, following a bet with a departmental colleague, he returned from sabbatical leave in Australia with the full set of whiskers that he retained to the end.

True to his stiff-upper lip, Northern upbringing, Savile was not a demonstrative man; a fact that only recently I heard him regret. However, married for over forty-four years to Sheila, whom he met when they were studying Zoology together as undergraduates, and the proud father of David and Michael, his love of family extended yet farther to embrace us all in Pembroke.

And so, following open-heart surgery and his early retirement, he continued to join us at Friday lunch for his favoured fish and chips and, this last year or so, came daily to the Development Office to serve in a host of ways.

“It’s all go,” he’d say as he bustled in, eager as ever to organise in matters great or small.

As he went about the College that essential kindness which he carried reached out instinctively to everyone he encountered – casual visitors, old members, staff, students, one and all. Small wonder we all loved him so.

There was one place above all others which, for Savile, lay at the heart of his love and concern for Pembroke – this Chapel.

He and Sheila were ever present at Sunday evening services, where he delighted in reading the Old Testament lesson – “Give me plenty of warning, Chaplain”, he would say, “just in case there are any awkward names in it”. Just over a week ago, as was his custom, he read the fourth lesson at our Carol Service.

Savile was a generous man and here today there are two examples of this on display. One you have already heard – the trumpet stop which he donated on the building of the new organ seven years ago and which he would often urge the Organ Scholar to play.

The other I can show you now. Normally for a funeral I would be wearing a black stole, but today I wear the beautiful new green one which Sheila and Savile recently gave and which was dedicated by the Bishop just three weeks ago.

We shall miss you sorely Savile, “O man greatly beloved”.

May the God of love receive you to Himself,
Amen

The following addresses were given at the Memorial Service for Savile Bradbury in the University Church on 26 January 2002; the first by Dr Brian Bracegirdle.

Savile and I met over thirty years ago through our mutual interest in microscopy. He had first been fired with enthusiasm for the microscope in the 1940s by Mr. Sanders, his biology master at Derby Grammar School. His enthusiasm was heightened by taking his zoology degree in the Oxford department run by Alistair Hardy, and then by having John Baker as his DPhil supervisor – no less! He kept until his dying day his first microscope, a

Watson Edinburgh H, bought for him by his parents with John Baker’s advice.

I soon discovered that Savile Bradbury was, above all, a do-er. While he was still developing his teaching of histology and embryology in the University, he joined the RMS in 1959. He was a member of its Council by 1961, and stayed on it more or less continuously for over thirty years. He edited its Journal, and later its Proceedings, and later still its series of Handbooks. He was its Hon. Secretary, its curator of instruments, and a vice-president [more than once]. Above all he was a teacher of microscopy for the Society – teaching its annual courses from their beginning in the late 1960s until the year he died. When the RMS instituted a postgraduate Diploma in Microscopy, Savile was one of the first to receive one, with his examination being waived by order of the Council. In 1997 he was elected an Honorary Fellow of the RMS, a signal honour of which he was very proud, but which the rest of us thought was simple recognition of all that he had done for the RMS, and for microscopy, for well over thirty years.

We have already heard today of his contributions to the work of the Department of Human Anatomy, and of the brilliance of his teaching there. He was a valued member of the University, and he was delighted to be elected a Fellow of Pembroke College in 1966. He was a do-er there also, of course, taking a full share in College offices, some of them rather demanding of his time, with his usual active enthusiasm. He continued to serve after his [nominal] retirement in 1990, and had been into the office there the week he died, for his help and experience were always useful, in recording College artefacts as well as in contacting old members, among other inputs.

His energy was available also to amateur workers with the microscope – such as those using it for intelligent recreation in the Quekett Microscopical Club. He joined this body in 1965, was always in demand as a lecturer and adviser, was President 1991-1994, and later Archivist-Librarian and editor of its Bulletin. In 1999 he was awarded Honorary membership – one of the few to gain such recognition from both major microscopical bodies.

Further, in 2000 the State Microscopical Society of Illinois awarded him its Köhler medal, making him the only man ever to be given three such prestigious marks of microscopical merit!

He was always entirely ready to put himself out to give microscopical advice and encouragement in person as well as through lectures. Savile had worked with a large range of both light and electron microscopes, and in recording images digitally when most had scarcely heard of such a possibility. In those distant days, thirty years ago, personal intervention in the works at the back of the large cabinets then needed to house the software and memory was quite often a necessity – and who better than Savile to get in among it all. He was not a man for reading instruction manuals, believing that if a device could not be operated at first sight from its principles, then it had no part to play in any science he was concerned with: I was privileged to see this approach in action on quite a few occasions, quite often with gratifying results! All this gave him a fund of knowledge which he was always glad to share with those who sought his help, whoever they were. His teaching in such cases was as complete as in any College tutorial or Department demonstration, and he will long be remembered for it. I have heard him lecture to many kinds of audience, and he could always adapt to their response, although I have to admit that he was more at home with the listener who could concentrate on the topic in hand. As I said to him on occasion, he was used to teaching the very cream of undergraduates, while some of us taught the rather less gifted!

Of course, he had his little ways, and those unkind enough to want to wind him up could do so very easily indeed by comparing the standards [in anything at all] of twenty years ago with those then current. The sound volume rose as he denounced whatever. He wasn't old fashioned, exactly, but he was fully cognisant of what "progress" could actually mean!

It was the same in his more private life – in his engineering and his music. He discovered a natural aptitude for the flute in his school days, and when the time came for National Service he chose to go into the

RAF before going up to Brasenose College on a State Scholarship. He took a trade test for the flute and piccolo, passed of course, and spent eighteen quite happy months in the Central Band. He continued to play for several orchestras throughout his life, and it was an occasional privilege for me to hear him practice in his dining room at home. Unfortunately, I am no musician myself, but the sheer fluidity of his playing and his evident enjoyment at it were quite intoxicating, and I shall never forget those occasions.

In one way I was delighted to find that I could actually help Savile, turning the tables for once. He had developed a great interest in photography over the years, and in the 1980s wished to formalise his increasing knowledge and expertise, by working for the Associateship of the Royal Photographic Society. I had worked similarly myself, and I hope and believe that my advice assisted him in gaining this distinction.

Similarly in his garden shed – some shed. I do a little modelling myself, so I could appreciate his fine array of machinery and hand-tools, and I was certainly impressed with the way he handled them all. Perhaps the most heroic procedure to witness was to see him welding a boiler – to work at perhaps 80lb/sq.in. pressure, for he was a live steam man. This process was always done on a fine day, for it was definitely best accomplished outdoors. To observe his feel for materials and processes when operating lathe or milling machine, or using a file on a piece of steel or brass, was to understand how he could be so successful in small-scale engineering. He made stationary steam engines, and road-going traction engines, but above all he made five-inch gauge railway locomotives, and drove them. Originally at Blenheim Palace, then in Cuttleslowe Park, he made a fine sight going round the circuit in his [authentic] driver's cap, soaked with steam oil, of course. He was a well-established member of the City of Oxford Society of Model Engineers, and edited its Newsletter for some years [naturally] as well as giving unstinted hands-on assistance when new track was needed.

So what else did he do? He wrote more than eighty

papers, for two dozen journals, the first published in 1955, and the last in press for publication this next June. He wrote thirteen books, some alone, some jointly, some as editor, and all of them clear and helpful: he was not one for padding, but he did retain a certain elegance of phrase.

Much of his later published work in microscopy had some historical bias. Perhaps his 1960s work with Gerard Turner slanted him thus, for they showed together that certain rulings on glass, intended to test the microscope to its limits, actually surpassed even its theoretical capacity, and could be resolved only with an electron microscope. His last paper, already referred to, had returned to a consideration of test objects: he completed it the day before he died. Much of what he wrote is still standard material for all who have an interest in the subjects he covered, and is likely to be so for a long time to come.

None of all this gets close to the man himself. It does not distill his essence. He had quite exceptional personality – my wife always thought of him as being somewhat ‘Tiggerish’, and that does come close to describing a man who was larger than life in so many ways.

In 1957 he married Sheila Macpherson: they had met as undergraduates and married while both were still working for their doctorates. They had two fine sons, David and Michael, in a happy marriage which lasted for so many fruitful years. There is no doubt in my mind that Sheila’s exceptional, unstinting, and self-effacing support of Savile in all of his many endeavours was a key factor in allowing him to work as hard and as variously as he did. In retirement they found time for some foreign travel together, being especially captivated by the splendours of ancient Egypt when they realised a long-time ambition to get to see them.

Savile Bradbury was a one-off. His unexpected death last November leaves many holes empty, as well as a sense of wonderment at his many-faceted achievements. We all of us have an enormous sense of personal loss, we grieve with his family, and we shall miss him for a long time to come.

The second address was given by Dr Harry Charlton.

I knew Savile for 42 years, first as a student receiving tutorials, next as a research colleague getting help and advice and finally as a colleague within the department, so I can represent three out of the many constituencies in his varied and productive life.

Savile was an excellent tutor never seeking to score points nor to giving direct answers to questions but rather leading the students through a process of thinking and deduction to a better synthesis of the problems being studied.

He was not a tutorial fellow when he taught me and could have allowed students like me to drift into his life for a few tutorials and out again. This was not in Savile’s nature, if you took on a student you got to know him or her and sought to make contact outside the tutorial atmosphere. He invited me up to the flat in Hilltop where Sheila provided an excellent afternoon tea and we chatted and listened to music which emanated from 6-foot high column speakers built, of course, by Savile.

Generations of students at Brasenose and Pembroke will tell you what a stimulating tutor he was and how they valued the friendship extended by both Savile and Sheila. Many of them are here today.

Savile as a research colleague: when I was well into my DPhil I needed help on histochemical techniques and naturally I went to Savile for advice which was freely given without thought of anything in return. Savile took all the electron micrographs for me on the then, new Siemens microscope again willingly and without complaint, and performed this service for many other colleagues.

Later I got a job in the Anatomy Department and became a close colleague of Savile’s seeing him on a daily basis. He was always looking for innovation and one day called me along to his room to show me his Hewlett Packard computer. He had written a programme for the machine and asked me to press a button and up lit the words “would you like to play noughts and crosses with me?” He loved playing with machines and fiddling with equipment.

With that early computer he set up a new style for our departmental assessments and for several years we had a simple multiple-choice system, easily marked, that gave us a good indication of how students were progressing.

Another innovation Savile brought to the department was up to date image analysis. He and Ann Stanmore were involved in well over a hundred research collaborations over the years, from porosity of soil for the Engineering Department, through cattle grazing areas for the Grassland Research Institute to bird song analysis for John Krebs. He collaborated with Julia Polack in London, and Brian Follett in Bristol and, with George Wernick, set up the analysis of cervical smears here in Oxford. Savile used to say "I don't need to know what it does or how it works, but give me an image and we can analyse it for you".

The involvement of closed circuit television for our teaching led to the production of videotapes still in use today, so Savile's involvement will continue well into the future. He showed the way classroom teaching should be undertaken, never giving a direct answer to "what is this?" - but drawing out the information from the student. He was in the process of digitising all our histology images just before he died and was looking forward to one final year in the new teaching block.

His lectures were a model of clarity. Savile also acted as Chairman of the Physiological Sciences Board and Acting Head of Department. In both cases meetings were chaired efficiently and within the Department, for the first time for years, we got an agenda before-hand.

Savile exported his skills to Australia during sabbatical leave, going down very well over there and returning with a bush hat with corks around the brim and a beard (due to a bet with Anne Grocock) that he kept for the rest of his life.

At one of the student's Christmas pantomimes there was a spoof lecture on the cell in which colour slides of the staff were used to denote intracellular organelles, Professor Weddell was the DNA sending out instructions. Arthur Dent was the messenger RNA and Terry Richards and Roger White the ribosomes but there could only be

one person fitting the bill of mitochondrion or powerhouse of the cell and that was Savile. The 2 x 2 slide showed him astride one of his steam engines at Blenheim Palace wearing his peaked cap.

His contributions to teaching allied to his research output of published books and papers were an integral part in the high rating achieved by the department in the first RAE.

I don't think members of his department really appreciated how remarkable Savile was and how distinguished he was outside Oxford.

He may have learnt to play the flute beautifully but what he never learned was how to blow his own trumpet.

He was a lovely man and will be sorely missed.

SIR FRANK COOPER (1946 and Honorary Fellow)

Sir Frank Cooper, GCB, CMB, PC, Permanent Under Secretary at the Ministry of Defence, (1976-82), was born on December 2, 1922. He died on January 26, 2002, aged 79.

When the conflict over the Falklands broke out in 1982, Frank Cooper had been in charge of the Ministry of Defence for nearly six years. The engine that drove Britain's fighting machine at a distance of 8,000 miles had been overhauled and tuned under his influence. The MoD was Cooper's plc.

The metaphor is apt because that was how he ran the Ministry: like a buccaneering industrial tycoon. "Administration by outrage" was how one contemporary described it. Cooper was honest and down-to-earth enough to acknowledge that it was "inexcusable" that the Army's boots had let in water on the 50-mile tramp from San Carlos to Port Stanley. Nonetheless, the Falklands campaign was the climax of his career, and when he retired shortly afterwards it was not into the rarified world of academia, but into the world of manufacturing and finance.

Cooper was not the type of intellectual to enjoy

abstruse debate or to indulge himself with bursts of flowing prose; his memos were famously short and to the point, rarely filling a side of A4 paper. Nor was he the archetypal civil servant or a bureaucrat in the mould of Sir Humphrey Appleby. Short, stocky and slightly pugnacious in appearance, his took an approach that was direct, practical and brisk. He was, in his own words, more of a “perhaps, Minister” man than a “yes, Minister” man.

Among the achievements in which he took most pride were the reduction (by 55,000) of the defence establishment’s workforce during his tenure and a shift in the pattern of spending which freed 10 per cent more of the budget for buying equipment. He also campaigned vigorously (and with eventual success) for a Whitehall reform that allowed underspending in one year to be carried forward as credit to the next.

His frustrations included the failure of successive governments to tackle what he saw as the chief underlying defence issue: the need for a new policy to take account of what Britain could afford. Sir John Nott made a valiant attempt in 1981, but was defeated by the Naval lobby and Argentina – whose invasion of the Falklands made his proposed cuts seem inappropriate. Cooper shared Nott’s conviction that resources were too thinly spread.

He was no less enraged by the way in which governments move ministers in and out of defence jobs for reasons of political expediency, with little regard for expertise or continuity. He pointed out in a book written after he had left (*Science and Mythology in the Making of Defence Policy*, 1989) that there had been 22 secretaries of state between 1945 and 1986, and six ministers for procurement in seven years. Such treatment of a department requiring a high level of knowledge and understanding was, he said, “beyond disgrace”. Having spent most of his career in the same building, he was well qualified to comment.

Frank Cooper was born in Manchester, the son of an area manager for Terry’s chocolate, and was educated at Manchester Grammar School and Pembroke College,

Oxford (where he took a third in history). His education and career were interrupted by the war. He served as a Spitfire pilot, and was shot down over enemy territory in Italy but managed to escape back across allied lines. At one point his fitter was Merlyn Rees, the future Labour minister with whom Cooper was later to work in the Northern Ireland Office.

After the war he joined a firm of accountants, but he found this too dull and soon left. His first civil service post, in 1948, was as an assistant principal at the Air Ministry, where he remained for 16 years, steadily climbing the ladder until the ministry joined the War Office and the Admiralty in the comprehensive new Ministry of Defence.

During the troubles in Cyprus in the 1950s he was drafted in to negotiate with Archbishop Makarios over the future of British bases in the country at the time of independence. The negotiations were tough going – Cooper estimated that he had 109 meetings with the Archbishop before a settlement was reached.

He moved as a deputy secretary to the Civil Service Department in 1970, then as permanent secretary to the Northern Ireland Office in 1973. There he remained for three years, at one stage setting up abortive talks with the IRA – although this was officially referred to as “clarifying British policy” rather than negotiating. Cooper himself was a wily and rather unorthodox negotiator, and something of a lone operator. When William Whitelaw was getting the Ulster power-sharing executive together, it was Cooper who got into a car, drove to Gerry Fitt’s house, knocked on the door and invited himself in for a chat to canvass support.

In 1976 he returned to the Defence Ministry following the sudden death of his predecessor, Sir Michael Cary. The appointment was questioned only by those who thought his tough managerial style was more sorely needed elsewhere – at the health or environment departments for example. But the unwieldy Ministry of Defence organisation also needed a strong personality at the top.

One of the most important committees he set up was

the financial planning and management group, a mechanism for getting a tighter grip on spending and planning. Presenting himself to the Commons public accounts committee as the squaddies' friend, he insisted that if Treasury control allowed him to budget two to three years ahead on capital projects, he could achieve enough savings to demolish the Second World War huts in which the bulk of the Army still lived in 1982, putting them in brick buildings like the rest of the population. He also chaired a review of the D-notice system, the practice of voluntary self-censorship by the press on defence and intelligence subjects.

He did not always spare the feelings of subordinates whose performance fell below his expectations, and in consequence he made enemies downstairs. On the other hand he had a great sense of fun. Among those with whom he enjoyed good relations were journalists, who responded well to his unstuffy informality. He ran into criticism during and after the Falklands campaign for allegedly misleading the media in order to deceive the enemy, but the accusations were not entirely fair: he was simply economical with the facts and did not always take the opportunity to deny untrue reports when they were to Britain's advantage. He thought the lobby system a disgrace, and publicly embraced open government.

Frank Cooper saw himself as a Manchester radical, but "radical" was perhaps not the right word. He was a pragmatist who understood politics and the art of the possible, while chafing beneath the restrictions of his job. He became a distinguished mandarin, who at one point was a candidate to head the Civil Service, and in retirement he was a strong contender to run the prime ministerial office that Margaret Thatcher was then considering. But he remained a very unofficial official who would have found – and in retirement did find – freer expression outside Whitehall. He was bold enough in 1984 to speak publicly about the unilateral nuclear disarmament views being espoused by Neil Kinnock, then the leader of the Labour Party, claiming the

issues could not be resolved by Kinnock's "trite and off-the-cuff remarks".

He flew into more flak after leaving the ministry than he ever did while there, by accepting a number of lucrative directorships, including one at Westland, the helicopter manufacturers, just ten months after retiring. Exasperated by the criticism, he retorted: "What the bloody hell am I supposed to do? Put on carpet slippers?" But he had taken on too much, and in 1989 he resigned as chairman of United Scientific Holdings – the post which had aroused most opposition.

Nevertheless, he kept busy to the end, and was always willing to meet students interested in the mechanics of government and politics. He was a lively and active chairman of the Institute of Contemporary British History, 1986-92, and a member of the councils of King's College London (1981-89) and Imperial College, London (1983-96). He was appointed CMG in 1961 and CB in 1970 (advanced to KCB in 1974 and GCB in 1979). He was also a Privy Counsellor.

In 1948 he married Peggie Claxton, whom he had met at Oxford. She survives him, as do two sons and a daughter. Another son died in infancy.

MARY, VISCOUNTESS ECCLES (*Honorary Fellow*)

8 July 1912 – 26 August 2003

Mary Viscountess Eccles, an Honorary Fellow of Pembroke College, world-class bibliophile, and the American widow of Viscount Eccles, a British politician, businessman, and bibliophile, died on August 26 at the age of 91 at her home in New Jersey.

Together with her first husband, Donald Frizell Hyde, a New York lawyer, Viscountess Eccles acquired thousands of books and manuscripts, in particular those relating to Samuel Johnson, James Boswell and Oscar Wilde. The collection is widely considered the world's finest and includes 800 letters from Johnson – about 80 percent of all those known to have survived. Hyde died in 1966. She married Viscount Eccles in 1984.

Lady Eccles was drawn to Pembroke because of her interest in Johnson and was a very loyal Honorary

Fellow. She attended the American alumni reunion at Pembroke in 2000.

Under the name Mary Hyde, she wrote a number of books or literary criticism beginning with her doctoral thesis, "*Playwriting for Elizabethans, 1600-1605*," published by Columbia University Press. In 1976, she published *The Thrales Of Streatham Park*, her most significant scholarly achievement.

She was the first woman elected to the Roxburghe Club, an exclusive English association of bibliophiles, and one of the first to join the Grolier Club, a distinguished New York bibliophile group of which she was vice president from 1982 to 1992. Her collecting was financed largely from her own family fortune.

She was a generous benefactor to many institutions, both in America and Britain. In 1992, she and Viscount Eccles, who had been chairman of the British Library, founded the David and Mary Eccles Centre for American Studies at that library.

Born Mary Ellen Crapo in Detroit, she attended Vassar College and did her graduate studies in English at Columbia University.

"*She was an extraordinary individual, charming, intelligent, and powerful in the pursuit of her scholarly interests,*" recalled Jim Hester, '47.

She is survived by her stepdaughter and two stepsons.

FRANK WILLIAM BUCKLEY (*Foundation Fellow*)

23 July 1928 – 2 September 2003

The following is the address given by Revd. Dr John Platt at Frank Buckley's Memorial Service in the Damon Wells Chapel, 28th November 2003.

The Frank whose life we celebrate today was a man of great character and achievement. Born in that most distinctive of northern environments, Saddleworth Moor, and educated in nearby Manchester at William Hulme Road Grammar School, he joined the RAF in 1945 at the age of 17. He served for 4 years, qualifying as

a pilot and taking his part in that amazing episode – the Berlin Air Lift, in which he regularly flew DC10 aircraft in and out of that beleaguered city.

On leaving the Air Force, Frank returned to Germany, where he spent four years studying Industrial Chemistry at the University of Gottingham, achieving the diploma in that subject in 1953. He then joined the major American company Allied Chemical Corporation, initially based in Dagenham but in a role which took him all over Europe. Eventually he became the company Director of Commercial Development and Marketing based in Holland, where he lived for seven years with his first wife Margaret. Throughout this period he commuted weekly between that country and the USA.

He joined BTP (British Tar Products) in 1968 as Managing Director, to which post he added the Chairmanship in 1979, continuing in that dual capacity until his retirement in 1994. Patrick has given us the account of Frank's immense achievements at BTP – when he joined the company it had a market capital value of £125,000, by the time he left it was worth £450 million.

Little did I realise what was to come from my first visit to St. Bede's College, Manchester in April 1985. I went there in my role as Schools Liaison Officer invited by the newly appointed Head Master, John Byrne, whom I had already met on a similar visit to the Midlands School where he had been a Deputy Head.

All went well and the following year I was invited again – this time in company with the Tutor for Admissions, the late Savile Bradbury.

At that time Frank had already given 8 of the 10 years he was to serve as a Governor there where his wise advice, especially in financial matters, was invaluable.

Our introduction to him was typical and a foretaste of much that was to follow.

"They've come all the way from Oxford. We should entertain them properly". And so he did. Savile and I, together with John Byrne and other senior staff and governors were his guests at what he termed one of his favourite watering holes – the Lymm Hotel in nearby Cheshire where Savile and I were also put up for the

night. I can best describe this first experience of Frank's generous hospitality by quoting John Byrne's own reminiscences of a similar occasion when Frank first entertained him there, just before John took up his new post.

"Inevitably, a stiff politeness pervaded the early skirmishes but quickly dissipated in the face of Frank's magnificent hospitality. Grand Premier Cru Chablis and the finest claret loosened our tongues and diminished our earlier caution. The headwaiter and his minions scurried hither and thither. The chef waddle to our table proffering beef Wellington for Frank's inspection. Pungent cigar smoke spiralled from the table – and I fought a vain battle to keep my head clear."

"The Lymm dinner scenario was revisited on many occasions. I remember in October 1983 the governors bid farewell to my predecessor. Frank organised a magnificent feast and ensured that the Bishop returned to Salford Cathedral in a stretch limousine at 2.30am! ... [These dinners] saw Frank in his element: A sparkling host, cigar clasped loosely between fingers."

Later that same year, 1986, I was a little surprised but highly honoured and intrigued to be invited by Frank to the splendid lunches following BTP's Annual Meeting in London – held at another of his favourite restaurants, the Café Royale. When this was repeated the following year and extended also to the Master, Sir Roger Bannister, it became clear that Frank intended his generosity to move to a much grander scale.

Frank had, of course, created the means to be this generous. He was a real creator of wealth and himself became wealthy but in his essential generosity this was never a selfish pursuit and he consistently sought ways to benefit others. Typically, as a Governor of St. Bede's he was the member responsible for the Allocation of Bursary Funds.

I will recall his very decided response to me when on congratulating him on the birth of his first grandchild, Edward, I came out with the trite remark that grandchildren bring pleasure without responsibility. "Nonsense," he said, "I am replanning my finances to

make proper provision for the boy."

If that was an instance of 'charity beginning at home', it certainly never ended there as Pembroke has profound cause to be grateful.

By 1987 it was apparent that Frank wanted to make a major contribution to support scientific research in the College and University. Under the aegis of the Master, Sir Roger Bannister, the Fellow in Biochemistry, John Knowland, together with the University Professor of Microbiology, Paul Nurse, worked out proposals for the BTP Research Fellowship which Frank and his board duly approved.

The scheme was especially innovative in that the generous endowment, to be built up over several years, went to the College to provide – not the stipend for a fellow which would have swallowed up a considerable sum – but instead to make available immediate research grants to a young Oxford scientist whose basic funding was already established. In addition, the person elected received the allowances of a College Fellow including full dining and lunching rights.

The first such Fellow, Lynne MaCaskie, came to us at the beginning of 1989 and from that time on a succession of young scientists have benefited from the scheme. By the mid-1990s the endowment had grown sufficiently to add support for one of our Tutorial Fellowships in Chemistry, which now bears Frank's name.

In recognition of Frank's generosity, Pembroke created a new category of Fellow – the Foundation Fellowship – to which he was the first to be elected in 1994.

Frank hugely enjoyed the involvement that this brought in the life of the College and that enjoyment was mutual.

Himself the dispenser of great hospitality it was a delight to see Frank so much at home enjoying the rituals of High Table and the SCR. A real connoisseur of fine food and wine, he appreciated everything that this involved – making the later stages of such evenings fragrant with his cigars.

He was always excellent company, interested in and well informed upon a whole range of topics and blessed

with an excellent memory. I recall once being treated to a fascinating account and analysis of the demise of the cotton industry of my native Lancashire.

Frank had a considerable capacity to out drink all comers and I remember one night when two very much younger Fellows tried to match him. The next morning Frank was his usual composed self whilst it took the better part of a week before his companions recovered fully from their monumental hangovers.

Of course, there was a tough side to Frank who was a quite frighteningly shrewd judge of character but as one of his former colleagues, David Maddox, has written "Frank could be a hard driver, especially being restless in pursuit of great achievements for the business but I remember him for his tremendous (sometimes surprising) support during recessions in tougher times."

Twelve years ago, Frank nearly died of Legionnaire's Disease. Thank God he made a full recovery. In consequence he was able to enjoy the great happiness of marriage with Alice and of seeing his son, Patrick, whom he loved dearly and of whom he was so proud, marry Genny, with the subsequent joy of his grandchildren, Edward and Millie. He was also delighted to acquire an extended family in the persons of Alice's daughter Julie and grandchildren Andrew and Robert.

Alice and Frank shared a love of gardening and once he was properly retired he devoted himself to that pursuit with characteristic energy and thoroughness, reading assiduously and planning every aspect with enormous care. He took particular pleasure in enlisting the aid of Edward as a willing helper.

The large and beautiful garden Alice and Frank created at the rear of their lovely home in Woodtop Avenue is a precious part of the legacy to his family.

A cradle Catholic, Frank was very happy to join Alice in the worship and Fellowship of Oldham Parish Church whose Vicar, John Sykes, is taking part in this service today.

Frank was a very special person. It always came as a surprise to me to realise that he was actually comparatively small in physical stature. The impression

he made was on a much larger scale. Such was the force of his personality that you knew you were in the presence of a big man.

We thank God for him.

Walt Whitman's words provide a fitting epitaph. "And I am glad that you were here, that the powerful play goes on and you were willing to contribute a line."

CHRISTOPHER COX (1933)

19 May 1914 - 23 January 2002

Funeral service given for Christopher Cox, written by his eldest daughter, Alicia Guild.

Today we are here to commit the body of Christopher Cox – to acknowledge his death, and very briefly his life. It is intended that today be a brief, contemplative time for his close family and friends.

Christopher was not religious but he could enter into great and learned discussion about religion and The Bible – which he claimed to have read through twice cover to cover – and we therefore feel it is appropriate to include hymns at the beginning and end of this service. Besides, he did after all enjoy singing and was a staunch supporter of the local church choir (St Michaels) in Battersea.

Christopher grew up in Gloucestershire with his brothers Phillip and Martin, enjoying being part of a large extended family and circle of friends.

In September 1939 he married Christine (Bluebell) Cleverly, whom he had known for many years. They remained married for 62 years – quite an achievement these days!

After serving in the war during which he suffered 2 or 3 bouts of malaria and saw things he would rather forget – both of which had an impact on his future emotional wellbeing, he became a teacher. He continued to study and got a second degree with London University which he passed with flying colours and later went on to study for his PhD which he finally obtained when he was in his seventies.

Beverley Munday was one of his pupils at Holland

Park Comprehensive School in Kensington. She and her husband – also a pupil during this period – kept in touch with Chris and Blue over the years and has this to say about him –

Since the age of 11, there has not been a time that Christopher has not informed my life both as teacher and as friend.

He was in that special category of schoolmaster whose academic excellence was enriched with a love of learning, generosity of spirit, and a touching humility. I remember him saying to me – “I’m not clever than you, I just know more...”.

Christopher’s knowledge encompassed not only his main subject but extended to others, connecting History with Geography, with Environmental Sciences, which enriched our learning experiences. These were deepened on the many field trips he took us on for ‘O’ and ‘A’ levels, staying at YHA hostels in Marlborough and Winchester City Mill to study Neolithic bronze age sites. He herded us over the Wiltshire Downs, marched us up Silbury Hill, expounded the mysteries of Avebury’s stone avenues and West Kennet’s longbarrows. We picnicked on Uffington’s Hill, whose chalk horse etched in the hillside Christopher adopted as logo for the History Society he founded at the school.

Then there was the memorable weeklong field trip for ‘A’ levels to his beloved home area of Stroud, illuminated by his scholarship ranging from – the ancient craft of mosaic laying at Chedworth Roman villa; the mediaeval brasses and monuments of assorted parish churches in the Stroud area; the glorious architecture of Gloucester Cathedral; the impact of the Industrial revolution on the Slad valley; turnpike roads and canals in Gloucestershire, the iniquities of town-planning in ancient cities etc, etc, etc ... and all in one week! Not forgetting nursery tea with his parents at their beautiful cottage near Stroud where we ate curds and whey, and raspberries from the garden.

Christopher was dedicated too, in ensuring his class got through the course – he visited me during my 3 week stay in hospital to ensure I kept up! He was an imposing figure in his academic gown and bow tie, sweeping energetically along the corridors of Holland Park. He loved music, and I remember him in our excellent school choir leading the basses

projecting mightily in many performances – “Dark the Night Lay” in St Mary Abbott’s Church in Kensington springs to mind – partly because he recently recited the verse of the carol to Blue and me before Christmas.

Christopher never lost that habit and instinct to teach. In recent months, despite his condition, shafts of learning would sometimes occur and demand responses, for example, fragments of poetry saying “Ah, life’s a terrible thing...” and he would perfectly time his pointing finger for the answer, which was “Thank God!” and demand to know the context. His wit never failed him. He did not lose that aura – his personality, way and tone remained, his humour was undiminished. He continued – on receiving the right prompt - to hold forth on the geography of the River Severn and Stroud.

His humanity and love of animals he demonstrated in his dislike of the cruel and gratuitous. He spoke often of his Malayan war time experience, and of his cats and repeated most often his solicitude for current animals in his and Blue’s household. His influence extends far beyond the immediate compass of his loving family; fragments of him lodge in all those he taught.

I celebrate Christopher; I’ve carried him about inside my head for most of my life, and I know that every time I look at the landscape, see a wonderful historic building or site, hear music, learn new things, his unchanging voice will continue.

It is good to be reminded of what our father was and continues to mean to so many people as sadly, we – his family, mostly remember what he has become over the past few years, an old man with a very faulty short term memory and an annoying habit of repeating (sometimes constantly) stories about the cat in Malaya and similar. Dementia and other health problems made life quite hard for him, particularly when it came to him having to do something he didn’t see why he should have to. Looked after devotedly by his wife, he finally had the stroke from which he never recovered and died on January 23rd, 2002, aged 87.

ROBERT BROWNFIELD CRAIL (1934)

25 November 1915 - 5 September 2002

Dr Robert Brownfield Crail, who was an undergraduate at Pembroke College between 1933-1936 reading medicine, passed away on 5th September 2002 at the Nuffield Hospital in Woking. Dr Crail practiced as a general practitioner in Weybridge for over 30 years and towards the end of his practising days helped to create a hospice in the local area. He was a contributor to the College funds for many years and leaves a widow, four children and two grandchildren.

DOUGLAS JOHN CULVERWELL (1937)

21 May 1919 - 8 January 2002

Doug was born and brought up in Croydon and attended Whitgift School where he excelled as an all-rounder both in the classroom and on the sports field: he was captain of school and of rugby and fives, a talented cricketer as well as being, in the words of a school friend, 'one of those gifted classicists that Whitgift was so good at producing'. He came to the College in 1937 as an open classics scholar and the holder of a Kitchener scholarship - his father had been badly wounded in the First World War - and spent two years at Oxford before being called up. He evidently threw himself fully into College life - though probably more on the sports and social side than the academic one: his tutor, Herbert Drake, declared him to be 'a man of sound character and more ability than his class in Moderations would suggest'. Indeed this result prompted a change to PPE! He was secretary of the JCR and captain elect of the College cricket club, played rugby for the Oxford Greyhounds and was the proud possessor till the end of his days of a rowing tankard for the 1939 Pembroke College Scratch Fours - it's not clear what, if anything, they won but it does faithfully record the weights of the crew: 'J D Culverwell 13-7'. The opportunity to live a little under the shadow of inevitable war made these years a golden time for him. 'Pemmy' gave Doug space to grow and he always retained a special

affection for the College - the rowing tankard was accompanied on the mantelpiece in later years by the Dr. Johnson replica tea mug - and he returned for periodic reunions.

When he entered the war in 1939, Doug was keen to fly but with pilot losses mounting in the Battle of Britain he made a promise to his mother that he would not join the RAF. Instead he entered the Royal Artillery and later became a pilot in the Air Observation Post. History does not relate how he explained to his parents the safety advantages of flying low over the battlefield in a small unarmed observation plane with no parachute. Doug saw continuous front line service from 1942 to the end of the war as a pilot and flight commander with squadrons of the Air OP in North Africa, Italy and North West Europe and was mentioned in despatches. The work was difficult and often dangerous (observing artillery fire from small planes) and he and his men saw their fair share of war's misfortunes: to the unit he commanded he was, in the words of one of them, 'a father to us all'. He also had a modicum of luck: travelling through France, he and his driver became hopelessly lost and only arrived at Arnhem after the battle was over. As the war came to a close he found himself an eyewitness to its final acts: he managed to borrow a plane to fly up to Berlin days after the fall; walking through the gutted Reichstag made a deep impression on him, as did a subsequent visit to the Nuremberg trials.

After the war Doug settled into a solid working life that was surprisingly varied. He was successively a management trainee in the railways, an university administrator in Hull and Manchester, a personnel officer in Bristol and a senior civil servant briefing ministers in Whitehall. Throughout the many twists and turns of a working life one comes repeatedly on the accolades of those who knew and worked with him. To Herbert Drake, Doug was 'alert, methodical, painstaking, possessed of initiative and good judgement'. To the Registrar of Hull University Douglas was not only an excellent administrator but also outstanding in his sympathy and close relations with the students.

In 1948 Doug married Dorothy Kenny, who was at that time the youngest HMI in the country. Theirs was a long and happy marriage that was only broken by Dorothy's death in 1987, which grieved him more than he would show. Their two children, Jan and Alison, and grandchildren were sources of constant delight to him - the retired civil servant was fully prepared to give detailed lessons in crawling and to teach the rudiments of the off-drive to a new generation of sports-mad boys.

Douglas was modest, tactful, dependable, humble, dignified, determined to the point of stubbornness - and apologetic: Doug was one of the world's great apologisers, largely from an old-fashioned courtesy to others. He was also intelligent, capable and quietly convivial. Beneath a deceptive exterior, Doug loved and enjoyed life a great deal. He had a great passion for the simple things: his garden in Worplesdon (soft fruit and roses, and particularly making bonfires), watching sport, learning languages, foreign holidays, a pint of beer in a country pub, an hour with the Times and especially the crossword. He could be equally delighted by a sunny day and a walk with his friends from the University of the Third Age. He had a teasing sense of humour which was delightful once you had tuned in to it, and a deep sense of his own good fortune - he had fought in a world war and survived to have a wonderful marriage and a happy family. He lived a good life and was in the full sense of the word, a gentleman.

COLIN DAVISON (1951)

11 May 1931 – 3 April 2003

His brother, Ian Davison, writes:-

“Colin was born in Bishop Auckland, from whence we moved as a family to Sutton Coldfield in 1939, where he attended Bishop Vesey's Grammar School and was Captain of Cricket in 1948.

During his National Service, he was commissioned into the Royal Army Education Corps and then went up to Pembroke College, Oxford to read Modern Greats. His

eventual place in the Third Class of the Honour School was due more, I suspect, to his enjoyment of the social pleasures of Oxford than to any lack of intellect. Indeed, he had a remarkable breadth of knowledge, which he used to telling effect in later years doing crosswords and postal quizzes. While at Oxford he represented the University at Real Tennis, but without getting close to a Blue. He continued to play at Hampton Court and Moreton Morrell until comparatively recent years. Squash, too, was a long-standing enthusiasm, whilst he was a very strong table tennis player in earlier days.

Most of his working life was spent with Tube Investments, British Aluminum and British Alcan as his firm became successively known as a result of takeovers. Ultimately he would go out from a base in Buckinghamshire as a Senior Systems Analyst to the group's outposts in most parts of the United Kingdom. He lived in London for over thirty years, during which time, he took the greatest pleasure in his annual holidays in France, initially in Sanary-sur-Mer and the, more recently, in Burgundy or the Loire valley. During this time he became ever more appreciative of the delights of French wine and cheese (just as earlier visits to Scotland had made him aware of the charms of malt whiskey). These were all pleasures I was able to share with him when he eventually returned to Sutton Coldfield in 1994.”

DAVID DONNE (1938)

9 January 1919 – 26 May 2001

David Iltyd Donne was born in January 1919 in Llantarnam Monmouthshire, the youngest son of the Rev John and Mrs Mabel Donne. The Rev John Donne was for many years Mayor of Cwmbran and Vicar of Llantarnam and Cwmbran. David was a schoolboy boarder at Worksop College before becoming an undergraduate at Pembroke College, Oxford in 1938.

At the outbreak of the Second World War he joined the South Wales Borderers Regiment and, after initially being posted to Northern Ireland, served with distinction

during the Italian campaign.

During his posting to Northern Ireland he met and married Bertha Agnes Adair.

Shortly after the war he returned to Northern Ireland to rejoin his wife, son John and daughter Janet in Armagh. He joined the Moygashel Company in Dungannon Co Tyrone, and later became Managing Director, where he served until his retirement in the late 1980's.

After his retirement he dedicated many years to the care of his beloved wife Bertha until her death in 1994.

David's abiding passion for many years was his garden at Fir Tree Cottage, from which he derived much satisfaction. He was also a keen motorist, partaking in many vintage car rallies and shows throughout Northern Ireland in the 1980's and 90's. In his latter years he enjoyed the company of many good friends in the Dungannon area, but he never really recovered from the untimely death of his wife.

David was pre-deceased by his brothers John and Peter and survived by his sister Christine Mason (now deceased).

He is remembered fondly by his son John, wife Kathleen in Vancouver, Canada, daughter Janet, husband Dr David Clifton in Kansas, USA, and by his several grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

HANS GEORG EPSTEIN (1952)

25 June 1909 – 1 August 2002

Dr. Hans Epstein, scholar, physicist and designer of anaesthetic equipment was born on April 25, 1909. He died in Oxford on August 1, 2000, aged 93.

A pioneer in the field of physics applied to Anaesthetics, Hans Epstein ("Ep") was born in Berlin, Germany in 1909. He was educated at schools in Switzerland and Bavaria, passed Staatsexamen and obtained his PhD in physics in Berlin in 1934, which was accorded the highest possible commendation (*summa cum laude*). This theoretical foundation proved to be the basis for practical

applications of immense importance. He left Germany before the outbreak of the Second World War and found employment in England as personal assistant to Lord Cherwell, the director of the Clarendon Laboratory in Oxford. The work in which he became involved in Oxford, and which brought him to the Nuffield Department of Anaesthetics, was the introduction of a safe form of anaesthesia to much of the world. His laboratory was a small wooden hut in the grounds of the Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford.

Robert Macintosh, the then Nuffield Professor of Anaesthetics at Oxford, was convinced that war conditions required easily portable anaesthetic machines that did not depend on heavy cylinders of compressed gases. During 1940 several prototypes of the Oxford anaesthetic vaporizer were constructed. The latent heat of crystallization of calcium chloride, itself heated by hot water, was used to maintain a constant temperature and hence a constant vapour pressure and concentration of ether. Lord Nuffield supplied experienced production engineers at nearby Morris Motors to make the equipment and by the end of 1942 production was in full swing. Epstein assembled various designs of optical analysers and respiratory simulators in the laboratory in order to check the accuracy of the vaporizer settings. These vaporizers were delivered to the British Army and various branches of the Allied Medical services except for the airborne troops who were not allowed to carry flammable liquids including ether. The importance of weight of an anaesthetic device was extremely vital to the parachutist; Epstein and his colleagues later devised the ESO inhaler that was designed to be carried in a knapsack.

In the early days of the Second World War, Ep had become involved in a project in testing lifebelts. It had become apparent that many aircrew having successfully baled out of their aircraft were drowning when landing in the sea. Research showed that the life belts were turning them onto their faces and so if unconscious contributing to their death. Eventually a design was found where the lifebelt actually aided unconscious airmen by turning

them onto their backs.

Life was not easy for Ep as a young man. His father, an eminent lawyer, was arrested by the Nazis in the 1930s and was never to be seen again. However, it was during mountain walks during his childhood with his father that Ep had learnt Latin and Greek. In later life he talked about his participation in seminars in Berlin with Einstein, Nernst and others. It came across as one of the last links with a great European academic tradition. A tradition in which precision, meticulousness and probity in thought were expected as the norm. These standards provide a rigorous example to the various people who worked in the department under his guidance and they drove at least one co-author of his almost to distraction! His book "Physics for the Anaesthetist" was used as a reference for many thousands of anaesthetists. In person Epstein could be an excellent lecturer and he was much in demand: no one will forget his explosions demonstration, presented with all the panache of the Royal Institution and ending with a stupendous detonation of cyclopropane and oxygen.

Prof. James Parkhouse recalls that there was much travelling abroad or lectures, conferences and committees, which sometimes provide excitement as well as enlightenment. The two of them crossed the infamous Berlin wall, during the height of the "cold war", to seek out Dr Popplebaum (an East German anaesthetist) in a gloomy East Berlin street. Later they gave a demonstration anaesthetic in a theatre filled with spectators trying to get their hands on everything! On another trip to Iceland Ep visited the local hospital in Akureyri and listened patiently while the local anaesthetist explained the mechanism of his inhaler, and extolled its virtues, without revealing that he knew anything about it! The apparatus was in fact an EMO (Epstein, Macintosh, Oxford) inhaler and in the early 1950s these were produced in large quantities by a company in Abingdon. These continue to be produced today, 50 years after being invented.

They were exported all round the world. Interestingly, the Russians imported a small number and then copied

them in vast quantities without regard to any patent law! Its simplicity, reliability and portability and use of room air as the carrier gas, commended it for use in developing countries. These vaporisers remain the mainstay of safe anaesthesia throughout Africa and in many parts of the developing world.

In 1953 he was the first non-medical person to be made a Fellow of the Faculty of Anaesthetics. In 1965 he became a Founding Fellow of St. Cross College, where his presence was much appreciated.

His retirement in 1976 allowed him time to pursue his interests of walking in the mountains, cycling and studying nature. He was a connoisseur of food and wines, as many of us found to our delight. He spoke several languages and had literary interests over a very wide range. He was a collector of scientific instruments, with as usual a vast knowledge of his subject. As a family man his generosity and gentle considerateness will be hugely missed but long remembered.

He is survived by his wife, Vera and two sons.

DAVID ALEXANDER NOBLE EVANS (1932)

14 October 1913 - 26 June 2001

"Good God! Here's a leg!" This was the greeting from the doctor (who was only expecting a single birth) that welcomed David into the world, the second of two identical twins, and the latest arrivals in a family with a long history of connections with Pembroke College. His father, Canon Lewis H. Evans, was, at the time, the Vicar of Eton, a living into which David was to be installed thirty-seven years later. David's grandfather was Dr. Evan Evans, Master of Pembroke from 1864 to 1891 and Vice-Chancellor from 1878 to 1882. He had succeeded Dr. Francis Jeune, and there had been a close contest for the Mastership between David's grandfather and Dr. Bartholomew Price which led a wit to write the tag: "We won't have Evans at any Price, And as for Price, Oh 'eavens!" Ultimately Dr. Evans was elected unanimously after Dr. Price withdrew. The latter eventually became

Master in 1892 when Dr. Evans died twenty-eight years later.

At the age of fifty, in 1865, Evan Evans married Mary Sophia Luxmoore. Her brother was H. E. Luxmoore, who had been a King's Scholar at Eton, then in 1859, a Rous Scholar at Pembroke (taking a first in Lit. Hum.) before returning to Eton in 1864, where he became a renowned Housemaster, and remained for the rest of his life. He died in 1926 and, as a retired 'elder statesman', David knew him well, particularly as his grandmother had moved from Pembroke on the death of the Master to share her brother's home in Eton College. H.E. Luxmoore had been tutor to M.R. James, who was later to be Vice-Provost of Eton, and became famous for his ghost stories, which are still read and shown on TV today. They had their origin in annual Christmas fireside meetings of M.R. James, H.E. Luxmoore and other bachelor academics who would entertain each other with these seasonal tales!

Perhaps it could be said that story writing ran in the family. David's father had a children's book published called *Stories from Fancyland*, and David himself wrote several series of exciting tales which he used during Lent in his Family Services in his parishes to bring home the Christian message. Many now-fifty-year-olds and their parents wrote when David died that they still remembered these adventures which were also vividly illustrated by David, because, like many of his forbears, he was a very accomplished artist.

This family interest in art is well illustrated by the handsome painting that hangs in Broadgates Hall entitled "The Inner Quad of Pembroke College, Oxford, Before Rebuilding." On the back David's father, Lewis, had written, "This picture was painted for my father Rev. Evan Evans, D.D., Master of the College, when he first went up (1832), and is, so far as I know, the only extant painting of that part of the College as it was. Lewis H. Evans."

David and his twin brother, William, were educated first at their uncle's private school in Sussex, then at Haileybury College before going up to Pembroke in 1932, managing to overcome the weight of ancestral

associations. David read Classics then switched to History in which he gained a second. William read Classics throughout, also finishing with a second and went on to take the Oxford Teaching Diploma. Both were keen on games, playing in College teams in hockey, squash and cricket.

With the intention of becoming an architect, David had completed the first year of architectural studies while still at Oxford, then spent two years studying at the Architectural Association in London; but by then realised that the Church was his true vocation.

In 1938, it was to Wells Theological College he went for his training for the Ministry. Here he delighted in the beauty of the cathedral and in the picturesque Vicar's close, a street of historic cottages each with their own landlady, where he lodged alongside his fellow students. At the end of his training in 1940, he was appointed a curate of Leeds Parish Church, so was ordained Deacon in Ripon Cathedral, then priested in 1941. Thus, before he died, he was able to celebrate sixty years in the priesthood. For four years he worked in Leeds, alongside about eight other curates and under two successive vicars, W.M. Askwith and A.S. Reeve. Both became bishops, the former of Gloucester, in which cathedral there is a memorial plaque to Evan Evans, whose position at Pembroke entitled him to be an honorary Canon of Gloucester. Working in wartime Leeds was challenging and hectic, but there was great camaraderie and David made many lasting friendships there.

By 1944, David had been ordained the requisite four years, which meant he was eligible to serve in the Forces. He volunteered to become an Army Chaplain just as, very sadly, his beloved twin was killed. He was a navigator in the RAF, flying in Beaufighters. His name is carved on the RAF memorial at Runnymede, with the many others with no known grave.

David's army service was first in this country, at the Guards Depot at Caterham, then in India, where he was attached to the Gunners' Parachute Regiment. He did the Para training, so earning his wings and red beret. Then, fortunately for him, on the point of expecting to be

dropped into the Burmese jungle, the war with Japan came to an abrupt end. Demob was not to come through until December 1946 and return to England coincided with one of the coldest winters on record. His leave was spent staying with his widowed mother on (not *in*) Dartmoor, to where he would retire thirty-four years later.

Spring came and, with it, a thaw and new job as a Demewarden ('housemaster') at University College School in London, where before the war his brother had taught Classics. That summer, he married Pauline and, during the next three years, their two sons were born. The school post was non-residential and accommodation at that time was difficult to find, but the death of an aunt (David's father's sister) enabled them to move into her house in Bushey. She had trained as an artist under Herkomer at his school there and, among many other works, she made a copy for the family to own of a portrait of her father that had been painted by Mr Oules R.A. that hangs in the Pembroke College Senior Common Room to this day.

It might be appropriate here to include an interesting digression. This same aunt, who was born in 1868, when a girl, and living of course with her family in the Master's Lodgings, was among the children to whom Charles Dogson told enchanting stories just as he had with an earlier generation. (It was in 1862 that he told the story of Alice in Wonderland to Alice Liddell and her sisters when their father was Dean of Christ Church.) The friendship led to the Evans family acquiring a signed copy of the first edition of *Alice*. It is no longer in the family but it was put to good use. When David's father was Vicar of Eton there was a boy in the town from a poor home who longed to be ordained. *Alice* was sent for auction and the proceeds were sufficient to see the boy through his training – magnanimity the new priest never forgot and a typical Evans' response to need.

In 1950, David received an invitation from Eton College, the Patron, to become the Vicar of Eton. His father who had died in 1942 had moved from Eton to another parish in 1930, so there was a twenty-year gap.

After considerable heart-searching, David accepted. So began a happy seventeen-year spell and the family moved in. As a 'son of the Vicarage', *his* two sons were likewise, and of the same vicarage in which he himself had been born. At that time much had to be done. The church spire was in a dangerous condition, the vestry had to be replaced, the Vicarage was dilapidated and hardly fit to live in – neglect largely due to the war. The Provost, however, when introducing David to the parishioners, spoke with confidence that all would be accomplished. After five years and much hard work, it was.

In the years that followed, there was always more to do – the introduction of Christian Stewardship was just one example – and throughout all these years of change he always managed to win the loyal support of the parish and its people. But, but 1967, he felt ready for a change and was duly instituted Vicar of Sunningdale, still in the Oxford Diocese. Then, of course, he had to live down the good-natured teasing of his fellow clergy that it was the golf course that had lured him. In fact, though very competent on the course and a member of the Oxford Diocesan golf team, he hardly ever found the time to play. He carried on with all the 'extra' parochial duties like producing nativity plays, founding an Art Society and running a youth club as he had at Eton, some of the young becoming youth workers themselves and others becoming ordinands. Music flourished, with an annual festival, greatly facilitated by a keen organist and church choir in which David also sang as a bass.

An interesting duty that came David's way was to act as Chaplain to the High Sheriff of Surrey for a year. This involved him in ancient Crown Court ceremonial at the start of the terms including a church service at which he had to preach with the judges in the congregation. It was made clear that no sermon was to last more than ten minutes, but the Judiciary need not have worried: David's sermons seldom exceeded ten minutes and were always much admired, interesting, helpful and to the point. By coincidence, years before in the 'thirties', David's father was asked to fulfil the same duty as chaplain to the High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire. Fortunately the obligatory

silk gown has been stored away so was there ready to war by the next generation. Nowadays though, it is no longer required for the Chaplain to be ready to place the black cap on the Judge's head as the sentence of death is pronounced!

On several occasions David received offers, which he declined, which would have led to 'preferment' (to use a Trollopian term). David always felt, however, that his true calling was to work in a parish amongst people.

Among David's strengths was his skill with people of all ages and backgrounds, be it from College or Council Estate, as commuter or celebrity. Backed by his strong Christian faith, his kindness and sense of humour ran through all he did, and it was not surprising that, when he died, many of the letters of sympathy described him as 'the perfect parish priest', a description that would have given him much quiet pleasure.

He retired in 1980 at the age of sixty-seven to live in Manaton on Dartmoor, where he spent the last twenty years of his life. Here too the spirit of his family was all around, though this time on his mother's side, including one vital link, and again, Pembroke comes into the story. His mother's eldest brother, James Kitson, was a contemporary, fellow alumnus and friend of David's father, Lewis. In 1890 Lewis was invited to stay with the Kitsons where he met David's mother, then only nine years old, and the rest, as they say, is history. They married in 1907, by which time David's father was Vicar of Eton. So, we can thank Pembroke for making David who he was, in more ways than one. Another Kitson brother, also a cleric, had been left an estate in Manaton, and it was here much later that David's mother came to live when she was first widowed. This property was sold in 1947. Quite unconnected with this, David and his wife bought a small house for retirement in 1980, the first in his life to have central heating!

It was not long before he was given the bishop's permission to officiate, and, like many retired clergy, was pleased to help with service most Sundays. Also, he was now able to spend more time on his many hobbies, particularly painting. In due course he was made

President of the Exeter Arts Society, which has an amateur and professional membership. He also took up wood carving with great success until he was unable to carry on owing to the onset of Parkinson's Disease in the last few years of his life. The work that remains unfinished happens to be a plaque, a small replica of one of the panels of the sculpture over the entrance of the Examination Schools in Oxford. It is of the Vice-Chancellor conferring a degree and is of none other than Dr. Evan Evans, David's grandfather.

David may not have his likeness carved in stone, but the impression he made on all he met means that he will be remembered with great affection and admiration by his many friends, and most of all by his widow, his two sons, their wives and his three grandsons, so surely more than living up to the motto on his family's coat of arms, *Fide Constanti*.

JAMES DAVID FARMER (1953)

10 September 1932 – 7 January 2003

David came up to read History in 1953 after National Service. Tall and always well-turned out, in many ways he already displayed the characteristics of what he was later to become – a senior public servant. Unfailingly courteous, he had an analytical mind and was very cool and persuasive in any discussion. David took his work in his stride and always had time to study the odds on the day's horses or a quick trip to the Scala. His talent was quite formidable when it came to any kind of board game and he was near impossible to beat at anything from Scrabble to bridge. David loved football and was a good player. He had an abiding love for his struggling local side, Torquay United, whose chequered record he defended with characteristic aplomb. A generous host and kind personality he remained a good friend and will be much missed.

Terry Hughes

David Farmer was born in Newton Abbott, Devon, the eldest brother of three children. He was a scholar at

King's College Worcester and, after leaving school, did his National Service as a Second Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery based at Plymouth.

In 1953 he was awarded a county scholarship to read Modern History at Oxford. On leaving Oxford he joined British American Tobacco and, after a period of training in Amsterdam, Jersey and Southampton, was posted to India.

Over the next seven years he worked in Calcutta, Bangalore, Madras and Visakhapatnam. Unfortunately he was forced to return to Britain in 1964 due to ill health. On recovering he joined the Civil Service and then worked for a year in the Cabinet Office of Ted Heath's government. In 1972 he became an Assistant Secretary for Customs and Excise where he was responsible for preparing policies and budgets over a period of nine years.

In 1983 he moved to the Inland Revenue where he was responsible for policy advice on employee share schemes and profit related pay. Whenever Ministers of the Crown wanted to use tax measures to encourage employee financial participation in their employer's businesses the chances were that their first source of advice would be David Farmer's office at Somerset House. He had a large hand in directing the drafting of legislation for PRP and approved share schemes and in introducing the initiatives being practiced.

Working within the Inland Revenue's Business Profits Division, his responsibility for providing advice to Ministers necessarily involved him in a variety of related issues: from involvement in the drafting of legislation to supporting Ministers in its enactment; from publicity for new developments to the explanation of the various tax-assisted schemes available; from interest in the administration of legislation by his colleagues in the Division, in tax districts and in the specialist PRP Office to keeping abreast of the views of employers, consultants and representative bodies in the whole area of employee financial participation.

After "retiring" in 1992 he had a very successful career as an Independent Consultant advising many companies

in the UK and abroad on employee share ownership schemes. This work took him to Bulgaria, Slovenia, Zimbabwe and Ghana, amongst other places, where they were hugely enthusiastic about his ideas.

He was diagnosed with lung cancer in 2000. He decided against orthodox cancer treatment preferring instead to enjoy life to the full, rediscovering his love of classical music and astounding his doctors by surviving two and a half years. He had a passion for cricket and was a life long supporter of Torquay United football club. He bore his illness with great courage and good humour, ever the gentleman. He died 7 January 2003.

David married Maria in 1972 and leaves two daughter, Nicky and Ani. He was predeceased by his younger brother Robert and sister Barbara.

Maria Farmer

EDWARD GIRLING FOWLER (1927)

24 January 1909 – 3 March 2002

His son Bill Fowler writes

It is with great sadness that we record the death of E G Fowler, better known as "Bill", at the age of 93 in the John Radcliffe Hospital, Oxford, on 3rd March 2002.

Bill entered Pembroke, from King William's College, Isle of Man, in 1927 to read English. He rowed in the Second eight and the First Torpid and developed his love of acting. Together with fellow Oxford thespians in a company called "The Oxford Strollers", he toured the Cotswolds performing in various village halls. After graduation, he spent a year at London University undertaking the Diploma of Journalism. This year included some job training placements on the *Oxford Mail*. In 1931, after a short spell on the Birkenhead Advertiser, he joined the staff of The Worthing Herald, eventually becoming their Chief Reporter. Marriage and the necessity of a steady income brought an end to his journalistic career for the duration and he returned to the family business in Liverpool. The war brought another change and, although in a reserved occupation, he

volunteered first for the Fire Service and eventually for the Navy. After gaining his commission, Bill served in Minesweepers off the East Coast. Returning to civilian life, he continued to run the family business until retiring at the age of 59 to live in the Vale of Clwyd, North Wales. In his autobiography, Bill described the next 30 years as his "Golden Years" in which he and his wife Kate lived contentedly in the countryside which they both loved so much.

Bill took the opportunity to go back to academia (University of Wales, Aberystwyth) to study Welsh in order to be able to take a more active part in the local community. He also wrote both prose and poetry and became involved in the local history society undertaking research on subjects of local interest. He became something of an expert on beekeeping and a host of other rural activities plus some local journalism. This time came to an end in 1998 when the difficulty of coping with the increasing frailty of his wife Kate, made it necessary to move to Oxford to be near their daughter Gill. Kate went into a nursing home and Bill into sheltered accommodation nearby. Kate died peacefully in August 2000 just after their 66th wedding anniversary. Bill continued to write profusely and at the age of 90, he moved into the technological age by acquiring a word processor, which helped him overcome the increasing disability to his hands caused by arthritis.

Bill was above all a family man and took great pride and interest in the lives and progress of his six grandchildren and was particularly delighted by his six great grandchildren. It is a measure of the love and respect the family felt for him that every single member of his family attended the funeral, coming back from all corners of the globe – Switzerland, Rwanda and Australia, for the occasion.

His journalistic talents have lived on through his grandson Jonathan Fowler who is a journalist with The Associated Press in Geneva. Bill would read his copy emailed to the UK, with a critical journalist's eye!

On 21st February 2002 Bill had a fall which resulted in him being hospitalised. He was making good progress

but had a relapse on 3rd March and died peacefully at 8.15 p.m, surrounded by many of his family. He is survived by his two daughters, Jane and Gill, and by his son, Bill.

Untitled

Lord grant that in my ending days
I may have pride in work well done
And boldly face the unknown ways
To which my destiny may run
With gaiety and gladness too
For life's revival, fresh and fair
Which I was privileged to share.

From E G Fowler's collected poems; December 1998 – read at his funeral service by his eldest grandson Gerard Howe.

BARTLE SUNDERLAND FRERE (1938)

1 December 1919 - 10 January 2002

Information from an obituary in the Lancing Club Magazine, by Colin Macgregor, and an obituary for Stamford School by John Craddock.

Bartle Frere came to Pembroke from Lancing College with an Exhibition, having got a Distinction in History in the Higher School Certificate. After just four terms, the war started and Bartle registered as a CO. He left Oxford in December 1939 to work on the land. In October 1941 he joined RAF ground staff, later saying "I gradually realised that pacifism was too idealistic to suit me, and that, at any rate in this war, to turn the other cheek was to result in tyranny, enslavement and death" (from the Lancing Club Magazine and an obituary by Colin Macgregor). He soon became a corporal and served in Northern Ireland, Canada and India.

After being demobbed in 1946 Bartle began his career as a schoolmaster. In 1948 he got a job at Stamford School, where he continued until he retired in 1979. He taught Latin, English and Divinity in the Junior School as well as History to the Seniors. He began as house tutor in Northfields, moving to School House in 1950, in charge

of The Hostel, where boys spent a year between junior house and School House proper.

When School House was divided into Browne and Byard, in 1954, Bartle became Housemaster of Byard. This continued until 1961, when he moved into a house of his own to look after his aged mother, until her death aged 102, with the help of a cousin. Outside his teaching commitments, he was also assistant scoutmaster and, later, group scoutmaster, to the large scout troop, the first secretary of the school's Re-endowment Fund and responsible (with help from the boys) for the line of trees which edge the main field at Stamford School, planted to hide the bare Sports Hall.

Retiring in the summer of 1979, he spent much of his time researching and writing a family history of the Freres. He moved to Abingdon to be nearer his brother and sister-in-law, moving into a home near Wallingford in 1998, when his health began to fail. He remained mentally alert, enjoying reading a wide selection of books, but suffered from breathing problems for some months. He died on 10th January 2002, aged 82. His funeral was held quietly in the village church near his retirement home. He is survived by his brother, sister-in-law, nephew and niece.

CHARLES HENRY FREWER (1939)

23 May 1919 – 30 September 2002

A personal tribute given at his funeral in Lancing College Chapel, 11th October 2002, by Alan Bownas, fellow teacher and travelling friend.

For many years I travelled down to Sussex, being met at Pulborough Station by Charles Frewer, always dressed in his threadbare bottle-green anorak, old grey flannel trousers and heavy brown Weltschuh-type shoes. "Good to see you," he would bellow, and you always knew that he really meant it. He would squeeze into his small 20 year old Renault, quickly reaching Burgate, where he would grill a steak, pour out a quality Claret into family heirloom glasses and grind beans to brew

what he always claimed to be the best coffee in Storrington. Charles' individual but genuinely warm hospitality formed the ideal milieu for a lively conversation on music, politics, history, travel.

You quickly learned that Charles valued a new stamp much more than a new shirt, a crate of good wine more than a new carpet, a set of silver coins more than a new car. He was not one for the Ritz or the Savoy, the Danielli of Read's, preferring to stay on a dusty camp site or in a simple 'B & B' providing it was near a walled town, a cathedral or castle, some good portraits or, better still, a famous battlefield. I and some of his History pupils have spent hours exploring Bosworth Field and Marston Moor, or, abroad, Poitiers, Agincourt, Vimy Ridge, Blenheim, Waterloo.

We are here today to thank God for the life of this very gentlemanly gentleman and to reflect briefly on its quality.

Charles was born on 23rd May 1919, son of the Reverend Lancelot and Valentine Frewer, at Ashington where his father was Rector for many years. He grew up there with his sisters, the late Audrey and Mary, who now lives in Victoria, Canada. In their early years Charles and his sisters were brought up under the strict discipline of a Governess. Charles was educated at The Gables and Seafield in Bexhill, and then at Lancing College for which he had the greatest affection and loyalty. He particularly held most appreciative memories of his Housemaster who fired that interest and enjoyment for life by taking him and others on cultural car tours of Europe. He also learned to play the organ here in this fine Chapel, leading to his building up a collection of LPs of works played on the great organs of the world and by the greatest organists. Charles in turn took his students abroad for many years introducing them to the magnificent instruments at Lubeck, Rouen, Paris, Weingarten, Ottoburen and Chartres. In retirement Charles returned to his old school as a Chapel Guide which gave him great pleasure and it is therefore most fitting that this funeral service for him should be held in this Chapel.

Charles left Lancing in 1938, going up to Pembroke

College, Oxford, but his University studies were interrupted by the outbreak of the Second World War. He spoke little of his experiences of the latter but he was wounded in London when he was buried for a day under a building that collapsed during a bombing raid and, three years later, he did land in Normandy on D Day plus 4. When holidaying in northern France we often tried to find the villages where his unit had encamped and once, when visiting a small Landing Museum (I think it was at Ver-sur-Mer), he was presented with a Freedom of the Town Certificate upon furnishing details of his liberation presence there. He later built up a fine collection of books and videos relating to the Allied advance and loved to give his verdicts on our War leaders, Monty topping his list, Eisenhower scoring very badly.

Pembroke College clearly nourished his enthusiasm for the 17th Century and led to his especially detailed knowledge of the colourful Prince Rupert, cousin of Charles II. He traced and had photographed virtually every known portrait of Rupert, ultimately publishing his recognised iconography. Charles rowed for Pembroke and this later led to him keeping his own meticulous records of all Oxford and Cambridge Boat Races. When the Oxford Club's records of this event were lost in a fire a few years ago, Charles was able to provide them with a complete replacement, including press commentaries, photographs and videos. Continental holidays rekindled his own readiness to row and I have vivid memories of us skimming on lakes in Switzerland and Austria as well as testing the waters of the Tiber, the Rhine and the Neckar.

After a number of teaching appointments Charles took up a permanent post at Culford School, Bury St. Edmunds, retiring after 33 years of service there. Recent comments from old pupils stress that he made Latin fun and History colourful and interesting. He was passionate about the latter and to the end was able to recollect and quote facts and dates with amazing accuracy. Perhaps it was his historical sense that led him never to throw anything away. His rooms at school and home choked with umbrellas, newspaper cuttings, postcards, meths stoves, theatre programmes, old tennis rackets and

cricket bats, catalogues, maps and guide books – wonderful materials for museums waiting to be sorted. He coached Rugby, Hockey and Cricket; he gave many boys their first insight into classical music; he sportingly took on roles in staff plays, his repertoire ranging from a woman police officer to a Cornish fisherman. All will remember his legendary classroom saying: “Don’t lecture me, boy.” He was a human and kindly teacher who took great and genuine interest in the activities of his pupils past and present, later deriving great pleasure from attending reunions and visiting Culford regularly.

Over 18 years ago Charles returned to his family home in Storrington. As though to confirm his total identification with his home village, he would always answer any incoming phone call with the abrupt and emphatic reply: “STORRINGTON”. He became an active and competitive Bridge player, as fond of his ‘Bridge ladies’ as, I think, of the actual game, treating them to bottles of quality wine at Christmas, “decimating” (as he would jokingly say) his bank balance in the process. Daily he sorted and catalogued his ever increasing collection of stamps with tweezers beneath a powerful anglepoise lamp. Did this daily preoccupation gradually become a daily worry? He also added to his collection of crown coins – sad, I think, that they had to be kept in the Bank for security reasons. Annually revisiting Normandy, Brittany and the Loire; serving Lancing Chapel as a guide; living pretty sensibly but occasionally enjoying a fine gourmet meal with good wine with family and friends – could any retirement ever have been better?

Charles possibly felt that he had a surfeit of church-going in his early years. He once said “I spent enough time on my knees as a boy to last one a life-time”. But he was quietly religious and the support and kindness he always extended to neighbours, friends and family will be greatly missed – along with his dry sense of humour. He never spoke badly of people. I rarely saw him ruffled. Charles never married but he derived great pleasure from being with his nephews and nieces, his great nephews and great nieces and indeed with his great, great nephews and

great, great nieces. It was, therefore, a somehow fitting end that Charles had attended the christening of a great, great niece just a few hours before his death. He was a real character, a delightful man, a loyal friend to colleagues, relatives and the people and institutions he was involved in. Charles was, indeed, 'one of the best'. I'm sure he would be touched by this gathering of us all here today.

We thank God for his very full life and for the privilege we have all had, in our many different ways, in sharing in that life.

SAMUEL STANLEY GLOBE (1932)

12 February 1915 – 31 July 2003

Written by Rabbi Dr Malcolm H Malits (also published in the Jewish Telegraph, 8th August 2003)

Merseyside Jewish community has lost one of its most colourful and beloved members, Stanley Globe, aged 88.

Senior past president of the Greenbank Drive Hebrew Congregation, he was a highly respected solicitor in Liverpool for over 60 years in practice and a wonderful ambassador for the Jewish people.

The Globe dynasty in Liverpool was founded by his father, Baron Tobias Globe, who laid foundation and example of communal service followed by his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

The very large attendance at the funeral – including distinguished non-Jewish masons in tribute to his outstanding career, in which he practised true brotherhood – bore witness to the universal love and respect for a gentleman of wit and great charm, whose kindness and generosity knew no bounds, gallant, old-worldly and courteous to a degree.

Pre-deceased by his wife Ella, he leaves two sons – Gordon, a past president of Greenbank Synagogue, and Richard – grandchildren, brothers and sisters.

His double legacy is a Shem Tov – a good name – both professionally and among Merseyside Jewry.

He will be sorely missed and leaves a vacuum in the community.

His like will not be seen again.

JOHN REGINALD GROSER (1961)

John Groser, former Times journalist, was born on September 23 1942. He died of heart failure on July 13 2002 aged 59.

John Groser, who was born in Calcutta and passed his early years in India, moved with his family to England in 1953. He was educated at St Benedict's School, Ealing and went up to Pembroke College in October 1961 to read jurisprudence. He played hockey and cricket, made many friends, enjoyed the poetry of Hopkins, Eliot and Betjeman and published a collection of poems, *Apoleymenon*, in 1962. John continued the practice of his catholic faith, occasionally going on retreat at Quarr Abbey and regularly attending Sunday Mass at the Old Palace, where Father Michael Hollings was then the Chaplain.

In those days, John was tall and slim. He was strongly drawn to the style and glamour of the Oxford of the 20s – the Oxford of Waugh, Acton and Betjeman. He spoke with a booming voice and perfect diction. In his tailored jackets and trousers, ironed shirts and tie or cravat, he cut a striking and provocative figure among his contemporaries. With so much to engage his interest, John found little time for academic work. After a very happy time at Oxford, he failed his first year exams and came down in June 1962. He took articles with a firm of solicitors but within a year he had joined the *Financial Times*. He was there for only a short time before joining the Benedictine community at Downside Abbey to try his vocation as a monk but after a year he decided he was not suited to the religious life. He rejoined the *Financial Times* where he was to remain until 1967 when he moved to the *Observer* as its Deputy Sports Editor. He covered the 3rd of the Singlehanded TransAtlantic Races sponsored by the paper and published *Atlantic Venture*, an account of the race, in 1968. Robert Piper and he co authored *Decimalisation – a Guide for the Retailer* – the 3rd of his 4 books, in 1969.

In the same year, John joined the Times as a subeditor on business news and then moved to the home newsroom as a political reporter. He was to spend the next 7 years there, enjoying his association with the House of Commons and the late night conviviality that went with it. It was at this time that he had his first serious encounter with ill health – a stroke when he was still in his early thirties – and a warning which he characteristically chose to ignore. He had kept up his links with Downside and spent some weeks recuperating there. In 1977, he moved to the Times Diary, and this was followed by a stint as a reporter in the newsroom after which he served as assistant news editor until April 1981.

John had been a close acquaintance of Bob Mellish from his House of Commons days. Mellish, by then Chairman of the Docklands Development Corporation, invited him to become head of corporate relations. John edited the Corporation's letter, Docklands News, for several years. From 1989, after periods in public relations with Hill and Knowlton and Citicorp/Citibank, he set up his own consultancy company, PR Counsel. By now his health was deteriorating with the onset of diabetes and heart disease, and he had not been able to work effectively for some years prior to his death.

John's interests outside journalism included offshore and ocean sailing, good wines and fine food. He made occasional appearances on television and radio, including the News Quiz on Radio 4. His friends and colleagues will remember him not only for his exuberance, his lavish spending, and his talent for excess but also for his keen intelligence, his generosity, his tremendous sense of humour, his gift for making life seem fabulous and exciting – and for the stoicism with which he faced the difficulties of his last years. At his Memorial Service, a requiem mass at St Etheldreda's Church, Ely Place, he would have been especially pleased to know that a representative from Pembroke was in the congregation, and that the celebrant was Dom Edward Crouzet, monk of Downside, and one of his friends from the community.

John Groser was an ebullient and controversial personality with a prodigious appetite for living, and he

could inspire great affection among his many friends. He achieved much in his 59 years and with better health would undoubtedly have achieved more. His death while still comparatively young was a great loss, and it is sad that he was unable to fulfil his early promise. He will be greatly missed.

Michael Fowke

ROBIN HEWITT-JONES (1948)

21 December 1927- 16 March 2001

Robin was educated at Lancing College from 1941–1945 and became head of his house. In 1946, as a National Serviceman, he joined the Royal Navy as a signaller on board the minesweeper H.M.S. Spanker. After demobilisation, he went up to Pembroke to study history and was President of the Junior Common Room from 1949–1950. During his year he strongly supported the J.C.R.'s collection of art, which was then in its comparatively early stages, organising the purchase of a modern work of art.

He was a member of the Bach Choir and sang in productions of *Dido and Aeneas* and *The Trojans*. Music was always very important to him during his life and he was a talented amateur flautist and piccolo player. He also served regularly in the College Chapel.

Qualifying as a teacher in 1951, he taught history at Bishop Vesey's Grammar School, Sutton Coldfield, later becoming Head of History at Hayward Grammar School, Bolton. From there he went to St. Katharine's College, Liverpool, as a Lecturer in History, where he remained for twenty-four years, finally becoming Head of the Postgraduate Department. During this time he had study leave and was attached to the School of History at Liverpool University. He obtained an M.A. in 1974 with a thesis on the history of the Bluecoat Schools of Liverpool and Chester.

As a lecturer he was very much in demand for in-service courses at teachers' centres both in Liverpool and farther afield. He became an authority on the teaching of history and his enthusiasm for fieldwork, especially, inspired

children and teachers alike. He also became director of a job creation project employing twelve young people as field workers to research and publish packs for schools and colleges. During this time he was still able to give service to the lovely Pearson church of St. Agnes, where he not only served, but for twelve years worked hard as the Parochial Church Council treasurer to keep the church solvent.

After retirement, he and his wife Jenny came to live in Kendal. His interests now ranged from writing programme notes for concerts and playing the flute in the Westmoreland Orchestra to painting, carpentry, gardening, sailing a mirror dinghy on Windermere and walking the hills. He served Kendal Parish Church as a member of the Ministry team and his interest in ecumenism caused him to be instrumental in setting up the 102 Ecumenical Centre in Kendal. As a member of a fact-finding team for Christian Aid, he went to South Africa and, having spent a night with a family in Soweto, he was deeply moved by the living conditions in the townships. This and his meeting with Nelson Mandela stimulated his growing interest in the World Development Movement. At home, he continued his interest in Liverpool by keeping links that he had already formed with a church and its primary school in the Toxteth area, whose families came for a yearly outing to Grasmere.

Robin was also instrumental in setting up the Cumbria Development Education Centre in St Martin's College, Ambleside, and was chairman for several years. It was his vision that the 102 Centre in Kendal should also have a branch of C.D.E.C., and he was delighted to see its recent opening.

Towards the end of his life, Robin remained resilient through a period of ill health. His death was sudden and came as a great loss to so many whose lives he had enriched. He was a gentle man who lived his strong Christian faith.

He leaves behind a wife, two daughters and five grandchildren.

ROGER HUNT (1956)

15 January 1935 - 26 April 1999

Roger Hunt died at his home in Bardsey, West Yorkshire aged 64 years.

Born in Leeds, he was educated at Giggleswick, where he was Head of Norwell House, following which he read jurisprudence at Pembroke College; a keen sportsman, he rowed both for the College and boxed for the University.

In 1955 Roger was appointed to a National Service Commission into the Royal Signals as a 2nd Lieutenant. In 1956 he was stationed in Germany, HG 4th Guards Brigade. In 1958 he transferred from National Service to voluntary service in the Territorial Army, 49th Infantry Division, Signals Regiment, retaining his seniority and became a Lieutenant. In 1965 he was promoted to the rank of Captain.

Roger had a long and distinguished legal career spanning nearly forty years. In 1960 he was called to the Bar by Lincoln's Inn. The following year, he joined the North Eastern Circuit as pupil to the late Alistair Sharp Q.C. at 6 Park Square, Leeds; he was a member of these chambers until his appointment to the Bench in 1986. Roger was actively involved in Circuit life becoming Junior of the North Eastern Circuit. In 1978 he was appointed a Recorder. In April 1986 he was appointed a Circuit Judge and was the Family Judge for both Scarborough and York crown courts. For some eleven years Roger sat at the Sheffield Crown court and in 1997 transferred to the Leeds Combined Courts.

In 1970 he was involved in the formation of the Wetherby Wharfedale Round Table of which he became Founder Chairman and contributed much to its success.

He was a dedicated Mason for some 20 years; he was Master of his Lodge and shortly before his death received Provincial Honours.

At a tribute to Roger held at the Leeds Combined Courts on 28 April 1999, the late Brian Walsh Q.C. remembered Roger; "ample in his abilities and talents; ample in his generosity of spirit and good humour; ample in his sense of humanity...". These sentiments were

echoed by Malcolm Swift Q.C., who said: "His Honour Judge Roger Hunt was in every way every man's ideal judge. He showed humanity, fairness, compassion, unflinching courtesy and unerring judgement. Everyone – Counsel, solicitors, litigants, witnesses and court staff – left his court knowing that, whatever the outcome, there would be no complaint that there had not been a completely fair hearing.

In recent months despite his obvious ill health, he worked on with fortitude and without complaint, unchanged in all the judicial qualities I have mentioned. And he always heeded the words of Francis Bacon, "To be more learned than witty, more reverend than plausible, and more advised than confident." Even at the Bar he displayed those same qualities. He was a man of principle and of values to aspire to, and we would all wish to emulate those qualities.

Throughout his life, Roger was an enthusiastic golfer and a member of Moortown Golf Club, where he became Captain in 1985. Such was his fondness for the Club that, at his request, his ashes were scattered by the 18th tee.

Roger is survived by his wife, Barbara, and two daughters, Amanda and Angela.

MICHAEL HURST-BANNISTER (1938)

18 June 1919 - 13 January 2002

The following obituary notice was published in The Salisbury Journal on 24 January 2002.

The funeral has taken place of the Rev Michael Hurst-Bannister, who died at his home in Barford St Martin on January 13, at the age of 82.

Michael's name will be familiar to theatregoers because he was Salisbury Playhouse Chaplain for many years and was a member of the board.

He loved the theatre, although he was not a performer himself, and this enthusiasm led to his being Senior Chaplain to the Actors' Church Union for 14 years.

He was also Priest-in-Charge at St Anne's Church, Soho, between 1978 and his retirement in 1984.

Michael was Rector of Bemerton from 1956 until appointed Rector of Wishford in 1963. Four years later, he gave up working as a Wiltshire parish priest and was employed by the Church of England Children's Society between 1967 and 1978 in a post that involved a lot of travelling.

A tall man who smoked a pipe, Michael had a dry sense of humour that endeared him to many.

Following his retirement, he helped the Tisbury team ministry, conducting services at Ansty and other churches in the district.

He was born in Cusop, near Hay-on-Wye, the son of a pianist and organ player.

Ordination in 1945 was followed by marriage to Phoebe Alcock, whose father owned Wessex Motors in New Street, Salisbury, and whose cousin was Walter Alcock, a former organist at Salisbury Cathedral.

Michael and Phoebe were married for 55 years, living in the rectories of Bemerton and Wishford before they moved to West Wellow in 1967, to Wylve in 1971 and to their final home in Barford in 1982.

Both were fond of donkeys and they kept a succession of them, including a particularly memorable one called Zadok.

Phoebe died last year and Michael is survived by his daughter, Lucy, son, Barnabas, and three granddaughters.

JAMES YORKE HUWS-DAVIES (1938)

15 August 1919 – 11 June 2003

Based on an obituary written by Tim Benbow for the OUP house magazine:

Jimmy Huws-Davies died in June 2003 at the age of 84. He read history at Pembroke but his undergraduate studies were cut short by the Second World War and he joined the Royal Artillery. Serving in India and Burma, he rose to the rank of major. It was during the war that he met and married Pat, who was his companion for 60 years.

In 1953 he joined the London Business, within Oxford University Press, with responsibility for the Neasden Distribution Centre and what was known then as EDP (electronic data processing). It was doubtless both his business abilities and his personal qualities that, in 1972, led to his appointment as President of OUP USA. Jimmy understood how the various aspects of such a complex business worked and interrelated. He also was approachable, fair-minded and fundamentally good-natured. He used all these qualities to great effect during his four years in New York.

In 1976, he returned to the UK as head of the International Division, at a time when the Press had never been more financially dependent on the support of the Branches. That the Branches did not feel that they were being unfairly exploited at this time was attributable in no small part to Jimmy's direct and unprejudiced attitude. In tune with the times and conscious of the need for business planning, Jimmy introduced the idea of triennial reviews for the Branches and in his piece for the OUP Record in 1980, David Cunningham (the manager of OUP Australia at the time) wrote:

. . . a Triennial Review is to be dreaded like the Spanish Inquisition. Forget Torquemada, Ximenes, and Deza (or whatever Azed's real name was): in future the words Huws-Davies, Mitchell and Andrewes will conjure up your visions of subtle cross-examination, ruthless probing, exquisite torture, sudden execution . . .

As Deputy Secretary one of his key tasks was to manage the replacement of the Press' main computer system in the early 1980s. This he did with notable success, his swan song before retiring in 1984.

Jimmy was a colourful character – both in the flamboyance of his dress and in the gusto of his management style. Not only did he make an important contribution to the development of the Press, he was also immense fun to work with and is remembered with great affection by those who were fortunate enough to work with him.

He is survived by his wife Patricia and two daughters.

ROBERT HENRY ION (1937)

19 April 1918 - 20 February, 2001

Robert Ion never lost his passion for learning. From his boyhood he was always eager to increase his knowledge, be it through history, language, mathematics or any avenue that would improve his understanding of the world around him.

Robert was brought up in Liverpool and was always proud to be associated with the city and its people and was an enthusiastic lifelong supporter of Liverpool Football Club. He attended the Liverpool Institute and gained a scholarship to read Classics at Pembroke College, completing his BA in 1941, MA in 1944 and BD in 1947. During his time at Pembroke he took advantage of the rich learning environment as well as enjoying several sports and activities, including playing for the college's hockey and chess teams. Here also he developed his love of Classical music and particularly Beethoven, whose music provided many hours of solace and inspiration throughout his life.

His calling to the Anglican ministry led to ordination in 1942 after spending a year at Ripon Hall Theological College. A curacy at All Hallows, Allerton in Liverpool followed but his early career was fragmented by two lengthy spells in Llanbedr sanatorium to combat tuberculosis. Such was the disruption, at one stage he even took up the position of chauffeur and part-time amanuensis to Mr Cadbury: doubtless Robert's love of chocolate sprang from this brief interlude!

Testing times though these were, it was during his second stay at the sanatorium that he met his future wife, Beryl with whom he spent over 52 happily married years.

A few years spent teaching in schools convinced Robert that this was not the life for him but he didn't give up on education completely, spending 17 years in later life as a senior lecturer in R.E. at Crewe Teacher Training College. The long holidays did however afford him the opportunity to indulge in his favourite pastime of

travelling throughout Britain, especially in the Highland and Islands of Scotland, the area he loved most of all: there can be few standing stones that have escaped his attention!

Most of his working life was spent in the Anglican ministry: curate of Bromborough then incumbent of the parishes of Tintwhistle, Crewe Green and Church Lawton, all in the Chester Diocese.

Robert was never destined for high office, he was too unwilling to conform and his trusting nature, always trying to see the good in people, lead to many disappointments and he despaired at the duplicity and greed so rife in society. His ministry revolved around bringing comfort and hope to those for whom life was full of grief, fear or sorrow. He was a huge advocate of The Book of Common Prayer, both in the beauty of its language and its theology but he was no conservative, believing in change where needed: he supported the ordination of women and would argue passionately against over-literal interpretations of the Bible.

When his eyesight forced him into early retirement Robert and Beryl stayed in Cheshire for several years before moving to Lancaster in 1985. Whenever possible, Robert would continue to read and tackle crosswords with relish, entering endless crossword competitions with spectacular lack of success, much to his amused annoyance! Indeed, his sense of humour will be remembered by all those who knew him; he had a keen wit (a fact he put down to his Liverpoolian upbringing) and would laugh uncontrollably at the craft of Laurel and Hardy!

Robert died shortly after finally losing his long battle with glaucoma, he could no longer read his beloved books or see the people and things he loved so dearly. With unerring perspicacity, so characteristic of him, it was the week preceding Quinquagesima: "Receive thy sight: thy faith has saved thee".

Robert is survived by his wife, Beryl, his two sons, Toby and Richard and his sister Marjorie.

DAVID BRIAN JONES (1957)

11 January 1937 – 11 January 2003

David Jones died unexpectedly of meningitis, after a short illness, on his birthday. He was born 66 years before, in Woodford, South London, then was evacuated during the war to Oxfordshire. David was brought up in the country and was a natural countryman. He had a knack of noticing things which other people did not - birds, animals, fungi.

As a boy, David became a keen scout, and was a founder member of the Longworth Scout Troop. He gained a scholarship to Magdalen College School, Oxford. Thereafter he served two years' national service in the RAF, much it spent at Kinross, where his love of Scotland began. He won a place at Pembroke to read chemistry and thus began six happy years of study from 1957 to 1963, during which time he became an avid bridge player and enjoyed the outdoor pursuits of mountaineering and beagling.

After completing research into silicones he was awarded his doctorate in 1963 and joined ICI's Nobel division at Stevenston in Ayrshire, first as a research chemist then as a production plant manager. During this time he led a venture scout troop and also took up sailing, another outdoor pursuit which became a lifelong passion. He helped the scouts to build a small dinghy and he co-owned a yacht, Argee, with an ICI friend, racing it around the Clyde.

In Scotland, David met and married Elizabeth, in 1965, and they shared 37 years of contented family life. After the birth of his two daughters Heather and Hazel, David's work with ICI took the family to Cheshire where he worked until his retirement in 1993. He had an important role, co-ordinating production of chemicals for ICI across Europe and later handling the worldwide transport logistics of specialty chemicals.

Throughout his retirement David pursued his wide range of interests as an accomplished bridge player and an assiduous crossword puzzle solver. But his main interests were outdoor. He did much voluntary work for

the British Trust for Ornithology, co-ordinating annual bird migration surveys for the northwest of England, being an active member of the Royal Forestry Society, husbanding a wood on the Welsh-English border for some years, as well as developing an expertise in bonsai trees and fungi.

David maintained a keen interest in his college, and throughout his life developed many of the hobbies he first took up whilst at Oxford. He remained lifelong friends with people he had met at school and university. John Dempster, his best man and long-time fellow sailor, recounted a story of David at the funeral service. "When you are sailing and there is not much wind you sometimes can't decide which way to sail the boat. David had a saying which he loved to repeat: 'choose the tack with the sun on your back'. This summed up his approach to life. He was always cheerful and good humoured, always made the best of things and made the most of his life. That is what I will most remember him for."

David is survived by his wife, two daughters, sister and mother. Donations in his memory to the Meningitis Research Foundation would be welcome.

ELWYN OWAIN JONES (1941)

16 December 1923- 24 December 2001

The following was sent to the College by his wife, Pamela Jones.

Elwyn was born in London in 1923. He joined Abingdon School from Steventon Village School in 1931 and received the Classics Prize in 1940. He left at the end of 1941 to take up an Abingdon scholarship at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he read Classics. Presumably because of the War he was awarded Second Class Honours in Classical Moderations in 1942, when he joined the RAF. He was a navigator in Halifaxes before transferring to Liberators, serving with SOE in Southern Italy operating over the Balkans.

After War service he returned to Pembroke, this time to read PPE. He joined Esso Petroleum where he rose to be

Chief Economist. He was seconded to NEDC and was a founder member of the Business Economists Group, now the Society of Business Economists. On retirement from Esso in 1981 he was a consultant for the International Energy Bank until 1983. He was awarded the OBE in 1982.

He is survived by his wife Pamela and their daughter Hannah.

JOHN (JACK) ROWSLEY LAINÉ (1935)

10 June 1916 – 28 September 2002

Jack's funeral affirmed that in current society, in which image and celebrity tend disproportionately to be highlighted, there are those who – though eccentric – are steadfast, valuable and incorruptible citizens.

John (Jack) Rowsley Lainé was a reclusive man in later years. He had no very close family, being single and without siblings. Of his maternal cousins, the eldest, Dr Anne Booth, died a few months before him. His cousin David (my brother) was out of the country and he asked me to make decisions about a funeral for Jack. Jack left no instructions other than he wished to be cremated. He had a dear friend, Ena Gale, who continued to visit him regularly when he moved into special accommodation for the blind at the New Wycliffe Home at Leicester several years ago.

Too often, death is treated with well-ordered, often impersonal, detachment unless the deceased person is surrounded by a loving close family. I believe that each individual's death should occasion an opportunity for those who knew them to share stories and knowledge of that person. Not only is a funeral gathering an important rite of passage for believers, it is also an occasion when remembrances and insights about a person can be shared.

After Jack's funeral on October 10th 2002 at Christchurch, Clarendon Park, Leicester, many people said they had discovered things about Jack not known before. For example, Julie Wright, Manager of the New Wycliffe Home, said she had no idea that Jack was such a learned man. People also mentioned the warm sense of

fellowship that pervaded Christchurch that morning. In a well-modernised building, Christchurch plays an important faith and social role in the inner-city. Some fifty people were made welcome for Jack's funeral.

Christchurch was formerly Clarendon Park Wesleyan Methodist Church. My paternal grandparents and Jack's parents worshipped there until they died. Now, Christchurch is a joint Methodist and Baptist Church, sharing two Ministers who conducted the service, the Revd Martin Mitchell and the Revd Samuel McBratney.

Jack continued to occupy his family home at 46, Kimberley Road, Leicester, in school vacations, and some years after retiring from teaching. He continued to worship at Christchurch. The fact that, over the years, his neighbours became mostly Asian did not worry him.

Nobody was allowed to visit him at Kimberley Road because, apart from his books, there was domestic chaos. He met you away from home! Until his sight failed, he continued to walk everywhere: many, many miles each week. For some weeks before he died, he was ill and nursed in hospital, which he hated because of the lack of privacy.

Alan Stead, Vice Principal of the Wyggeston School, Leicester, attends Christchurch and gave the Eulogy at Jack's funeral. His tribute was moving.

He said Jack attended Wyggeston Grammar School for Boys, Leicester, from 1924 to 1935, from the age of eight (in the Junior School) until almost 19. His father, J.A.Lainé was a French teacher at the Wyggeston School for many years. His Uncle Gilbert [my father] was a pupil there. And in the congregation was Roy Winter who was taught by Jack's father in the 1940s.

Jack was never out of the top ten in his form apart from one year when he was 15 ('that must have been a rebellious year!'). His conduct was always very good or excellent and his progress was always good, very good, or excellent. He was awarded the Headmaster's form prize in 1926, 1928 and 1929 and won various subject prizes in Literature, History, French and Classics at different stages. In 1932, he matriculated with distinctions in Latin, French and Maths, and in 1934 achieved the

Higher School Certificate in Classics. He gained entry to Pembroke College in 1935, a college where his father, uncle and a cousin were all students at various times. He received honours degrees in Mods (now Classics) in 1937 and in Jurisprudence (Law) in 1939. . . .

Alan continued: "As a Pacifist he served time during the Second World War alongside a Methodist Minister. The Minister recalls that they were taken from prison to work on the railways but Jack probably frustrated his taskmasters as he was not used to manual work and found the heavy lifting jobs very demanding. He always carried a Greek book in one pocket and a Latin book in the other, so whenever there was a break, Jack would get in some serious study. Whenever one met Jack, he always had a newspaper tucked under his arm.

"After the War, Jack took up teaching posts in Scotland, first at Clyde College, Largs, where he taught Classics and RE and then, for 28 years, in Melrose at St Mary's Boys School. To honour Jack's loyal and devoted service to that school, we are pleased to welcome Iain Sproat here. Iain, the son of Jack's headmaster, was a pupil at the school and corresponded with Jack for many years. Iain relates that Jack wasn't a sporting person but was determined to get involved in the life of the school so offered his services to run swimming."

It was at a Church of Scotland in Largs where Jack first met Ena: "who was to become a devoted friend and companion to Jack in his later years back in Leicester".

"Jack loved railways (as long as he didn't have to repair them!) and would know or research timetables very carefully. As a younger man, he travelled around the continent as well as in this country, sometimes getting lost but never worrying about doing so. I guess he was a pioneer of what is now called inter-railing. His cousin Ruth recalls that during the years she was raising her children in Rochdale, Birmingham, Oxford, Nottingham, London and finally Warwick, Jack would turn up unannounced having travelled by train, share a meal with her family, enjoy jokes with the children and then leave, knowing the exact time of the train to catch.

"Jack spent summer holidays at Ruth's family home in

Teignmouth where he would go off train watching along the walkway between the railway and the sea. This is a superb spot to watch trains as they emerge from a tunnel under the cliffs almost on to the beach.”

Alan read the following poem by Jack’s Uncle Gilbert. It depicts an experience both men loved.

On a Railway Station (South Devon Coast 1957) by Gilbert Thomas¹

Here, I will sit a quiet hour: in mood
Serenely happy as the prospect beams
This summer afternoon. Here restful dreams
Find focus. Let no marring thought obtrude
Upon the tempered sun’s beatitude;
Soft tints of sea and cliff; a little stream’s
Merging with wider waters; inland gleams
From the hills’ chequerboard of field and wood.
And – perfect foil for such tranquillity,
Disturbing but to emphasise the spell –
My heart yet warms at tinging of a bell;
The thudding signal-arm; a low far burr
That nears and rises to shrill apogee:
Leaving a calm now even mellower.

Alan continued: “You may recall those pensioners’ days on British Rail in the early 1980s when one could travel anywhere for £3 in a day. Too good a chance to miss for Jack! He dragged Ena off with the intention of getting to Freshwater, I.O.W. and back in a day. They made it and Jack went for a swim when he got there (in November!). Unfortunately, they had to walk from Yarmouth to Freshwater and back because road works had stopped the buses. This meant that they staggered back into Leicester at one o’clock in the morning! The Rev. Michael Skinner was much amused to hear this tale in church the next day . . .

“Jack would never accept lifts when he could walk. Margaret and Norman Curry recall that Jack would attend the annual meeting of Leicester’s Oxford Society (a walk in Bradgate Park followed by a meal at the Bradgate Arms) but would always walk there and back. On one occasion he turned up for a church ramble starting at

Staunton Harold, having got there by train to Derby, bus to Melbourne and then several miles walk along the road just to get to the start of the walk. Having completed the walk, he refused any offer of a lift and retraced his journey back to Leicester . . .

“Jack was stoical and could be very stubborn.” Alan told the story of when Jack joined church members on an adventure holiday on the Welsh coast in 1985, stretching the age range of the party to 70. One evening when the younger ones decided to go for a swim in the dark and rain, Jack rushed off with them, only to return to announce he had ‘a slight accident’ falling over the sea wall. He had clearly broken his wrist but didn’t complain of the pain and refused to allow me to call for medical assistance. He did agree to have his wrist in a table tennis bat splint which he carried around on the end of his arm for a couple of days.

“The only thing I could persuade him to do was to let us take one of his suitcases back to Leicester in a car.”

Ena, said Alan, described Jack as a person of great humility and integrity, a friend and brother to those who understood his quiet but strong character. “On one occasion, he was with Ena at her brother’s house in Aberdeenshire. He is a Minister in the Church of Scotland. They were listening to Sunday half hour. Jack was challenged to name his favourite hymn and replied rather typically: ‘How can one answer a question like that immediately?’ About a year later, Jack and Ena were leaving Nicholson Square Methodist Church in Edinburgh having just sung *Dear Lord and Father of Mankind* when Jack turned to Ena and said: ‘That could be my favourite hymn’ – a hymn we shall sing in a moment . . .”

Among those attending Jack’s funeral were paternal cousins Tim Lainé with his wife Beatrix and Penny Lainé, representing other Lainé cousins; Ena Gale; John Barlow representing Pembroke College; Julie Wright, Manager of the New Wycliffe Home and Jack’s keyworker, Mrs Drake; Iain Sproat representing St Mary’s School, Melrose; and many members and friends from Christchurch; my husband Walter Block and myself. Basil

Northover, a good friend to Jack, was unable to be present.

After the funeral, we all went to Glenroes Crematorium and then many of the group chatted over tea at Field Head Hotel.

When he went into the New Wycliffe Home, Jack's library was dismantled and volumes placed appropriately. For example, his collection of railway books went to a railway archive in Newton Abbot. Of the modest number of volumes he took with him, the majority were leather bound book prizes awarded to his father when a schoolboy attending Elizabeth College, Guernsey.

I knew his father well in his later years but – until I saw Jack's remaining books and papers – I had no idea that his father, J.A. Lainé (Pembroke College 1900) played an important role for the Channel Island refugees who came to Britain in 1940 until the Islands were liberated. Neither he nor Jack ever spoke of this, because it would be 'boasting.' Glimpses of this role come through in the bound volume Jack kept of the monthly *Journal of Channel Islands refugees in Great Britain*. For example, his father was the Leicester Registrar, in 1943, when the Channel Islands Refugee Committee prepared a census. He would keep local refugees in touch with news received from the Islands.

And I had no idea from either Jack or his father, that Jack's uncle, Sir Abraham Lainé, (Pembroke College 1896-1899) returned to Guernsey after distinguished service overseas, retiring when he was Acting Governor of Assam. Back in Guernsey, he was elected a Jurat of the Royal Court in 1938. He remained in Guernsey in World War Two playing a vital role as President of the States Committee for the Control of Essential Commodities.

"His wisdom and wide experience proved invaluable in both capacities. The Germans regarded him as a man to be reckoned with and on two notable occasions he showed that no fear of the occupying power would deter him if he felt that a vital principle was at stake."²

There was undoubtedly fearless character in the Lainé family. In his Autobiography³, my father refers to his

sister Sibyl marrying John Arthur Lainé (Jack's father), who had come to join the staff of the Wyggeston School, and who 'was a Guernseyman of strong character and marked individuality'. From his well-educated mother, Jack gained a warm sense of delight and humour (shown only to those he knew very well). He did not discover how to integrate these characteristics comfortably within his wider life, which explains the 'lack of humour' and 'awkwardness' described below.

Iain Sproat told me that Jack arrived at St Mary's School, Melrose, in 1950. His specialist subjects were Latin, Greek and Divinity in which he succeeded another Oxford man, the Revd Philip Hobson. Iain Sproat's career has included many years in Parliament, including being Minister of State, Department of National Heritage.

Iain writes: "It was immediately apparent, Jack was no ordinary schoolmaster.

"At first, a certain gruffness of voice and manner, his lack of personal interest in rugby and cricket, and a certain, if not a complete, lack of humour made the boys – in those days there were no girl pupils – wary of him. He was also a firm disciplinarian. He was not aloof, but he was reserved. There was a certain awkwardness about him. He did not chatter to the boys, or to anyone else. Indeed, the word 'chatter' is one which contains much that is the very opposite of Mr Lainé: he spoke slowly and deliberately, in a measured manner, after having clearly given thought to what his interlocutor – of whatever age or position in the school – had just said. He nearly always spoke seriously.

"But gradually the school came to realise that much of great value lay behind the reserved and slightly awkward manner. I have written above that he was a disciplinarian. So he was. There was never any rowdiness or noise in his classroom. But he never had to shout at the boys. Indeed, I cannot remember him even so much as cuffing a boy, in days when cuffing a boy on the head was a regular and accepted informal method of reinforcing discipline. He was always fair and just . . .

"He could be relied upon for thoroughness, method

and accuracy in all he did. Much more than in most men, the moral underpinning of his everyday actions was clearly apparent. The boys recognised this and responded to it. They also divined that beneath the gruff and awkward manner there lay true kindness . . .

“As the years went by, to the respect which Mr Lainé’s scholarship and uprightness commanded, there was added affection. He and all his eccentricities became, as it were, a character, an institution. People talk about so-and-so being a ‘national treasure’: Mr Lainé became a St Mary’s ‘treasure’.

“He retired in 1957 but continued to live in Melrose. He took on the task of writing, for the annual School magazine, the section called Greater St Mary’s, which chronicled the news of St Mary’s Old Boys around the world. In his last years, he returned to his home town, Leicester.

“Mr Lainé was a true scholar, a man of serious learning, a man of high principle, whose example influenced greatly for the better a generation of schoolboys.”

Trevor Mildred – for the Funeral Directors – went to considerable personal trouble, including finding out where Jack’s loving parents, Sibyl and John were buried so that his ashes could be laid to rest there. None of us knew where this was. Jack did not discuss these things, neither did his dad. His mother died when I was a young woman, before I realised the importance of noting family history.

Trevor looked through available records and found no leads. Then he remembered A. C. James, an independent Leicester funeral director in the area where John and Sibyl once lived. They had no record of burial for Sibyl who died 15.4.57, but there was for John Lainé who died 24.9.64. He was cremated and his ashes scattered at Sutton in the Elms, south of Leicester. No site was mentioned. Trevor researched the possibilities.

So a few days after Jack’s funeral, Trevor, Ena, Walter and myself laid Jack’s ashes to rest in the Baptist graveyard at Sutton in the Elms. The Baptist Church is the only church in that very small place. It was the first non-

conformist church to be built [1650] in Leicestershire, and this was proof to me that this was the place his father – a staunch Methodist lay preacher – had chosen to place his wife’s ashes and later his own. Sybil also had family connections in that part of Leicestershire.

Ena said Jack spoke of visiting an ‘aunt’ there when he was a child. This was the Aunt Emma I remember my father referring to. In his *Autobiography* he mentions visits to his maternal Grandpa Riley and Aunt Emma at Peatling Parva (nearby Sutton in the Elms).

The occasion of Jack’s funeral, as is clear above, provided his extended family and his friends with better understanding of the whole man. I cherish the thought that there are many adults for whom, as a teacher in their younger years, Jack gave not only knowledge of subjects and conduct, but also important insights about relating to and valuing all sorts of people, even if they have unfashionable eccentric characteristics. Jack himself never spoke to me of the experience of teaching.

Ruth I. Johns

References

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RONALD GEOFFREY LEWIS (1955)

13 May 1937 – 14 July 2001

The lamentably early death of Geoff Lewis last July has deprived his family, friends and colleagues of a brilliant and lively presence and the world of Classics of a first-rate scholar and teacher. A native of Staffordshire, he came up to Pembroke from Wolverhampton Grammar School in 1955 with an Open Scholarship and achieved Firsts in both Mods and Greats, gaining election to a Pelham studentship, which enabled him to pursue research both in Oxford and at the British School in Rome after his

graduation in 1959. In 1960 he was appointed to a teaching position in Humanity and Ancient History in the University of Edinburgh and, newly married to his beloved Sheila, he moved to the Scottish capital where he remained for his entire teaching career (he took early retirement from the combined Department of Classics in 1995) and, indeed, for the rest of his life. This is worth mentioning because Geoff was a quintessential Englishman—his enthusiasms included cricket, cycling, photography, and, especially, railway modelling (not “model railways”, as his friends were always firmly told)—but his place of work and residence for over forty years had no discernible effect on his vocabulary, speech or attitudes: even his two sons, Philip and Anthony, grew up in Edinburgh with English accents.

Geoff will always be remembered both as scholar and teacher. His main research interests lay in the history of the later Roman Republic and the development of biography and autobiography in the ancient world: his knowledge of ancient sources was unrivalled and his ability to see in them things that others had overlooked enabled him to construct hypotheses and to reconstruct events in such a way that, frequently, further argument became superfluous. As a teacher he demanded much of his students, as he did of himself, but he was always deeply concerned about the well-being of those who were prepared to work and learn, and, if they had serious problems or had been treated badly by “authority” (he had very little time for politicians or bureaucrats), they could always rely on his support and assistance.

I enjoyed Geoff’s friendship for over thirty years: like many academics, he was intensely private and rather shy — not the easiest person to get to know, but underneath a somewhat gruff exterior, one of the kindest and warmest-hearted people I have ever met. As a fellow classicist I owe him an immense debt for help, advice and encouragement unstintingly given on numerous occasions. His work was always impressive but, for me, three items stand out as indicators of his talents—and range: a lengthy and authoritative essay on the development of Roman imperial autobiography, one of his contributions to a vast

collaborative project on the state of knowledge of ancient Rome in the late 20th century; a brilliant and persuasive discussion of the *imperium* of Octavian/Augustus; and, an offshoot of his collaboration with Don Taylor in the presentation of Sophocles’ Theban plays on television a few years ago, a paper demonstrating in great and convincing detail that in *Oedipus the King* Sophocles used Athenian legal procedure as a framework for the play, in order to make the dramatic action readily comprehensible to the original audience.

In addition, Geoff had a robust and imaginative sense of humour (which included, not unusually for a classicist, an addiction to awful puns): this, most movingly, he displayed during his last illness when, in numerous e-mails, he would refer to the place where he received treatment and check-ups as “Onc. Inc.”

In an address at his funeral, his son Philip said of him: “Most certainly he would want to be remembered for his hospitality and bonhomie, his fierce loyalty to those for whom he cared and his attachments to the values of scholarship and principle”. Amen to that!

Leslie Murison, University of Western Ontario, London, Canada

I met Geoff Lewis on my first day in Oxford, probably on the scholars’ staircase, next to the old library, and he soon became one of that small group of people with whom you meet, talk, consume whiskey, make toast, drink coffee and discuss religion, politics and sex till the early hours, during your first term. The cliché says you drop such people in your second term, but my friendship with Geoff was life-long. We were based at opposite ends of the country from the time he left Oxford, and there were long periods when we didn’t meet, but Geoff was one of those people with whom you resume a conversation, interrupted by ten years, as though you had spoken only yesterday. He was a thoughtful, at times even pedantic man, who had a great generosity of spirit, a great laugh, a lover of good food and wine, but even more of the intellectual pleasures of the table, the kind of man whose conversation and company you value even if you disagree

profoundly with him on this or that issue. He had the mind-set of the scholar he was, but preserved some of the spontaneity and sense of fun of the schoolboy. His jokes could be excruciating, but the warmth of his personality always carried him through. He got his laugh, even if you groaned as you uttered it.

Looking back on his life, and what I lose as his friend now he is gone, I preserve in my head a series of vivid images. Glorious late October afternoons in our first weeks in Oxford, half a dozen of us on the college football ground, indulging in a kick-about and hoping to play for the college, which we both did in our first year, till other matters took precedence. Are everybody's first weeks at Oxford coloured by Indian Summer afternoons, blue skies veiled with a thin scrim of cloud, and the descending sun shining as though through muslin? Or were we just lucky? Or does everyone's memory palette colour significant days like that?

By the middle of our second term I was beginning to get involved with Oxford Theatre, and Geoff too was expressing some interest, not as a performer, but as a technician. He had worked backstage at the Wolverhampton Grand in school holidays as a stagehand, and was a man of practical as well as organisational skills. The hardworking classical scholar and future ancient historian knew how to handle a screwdriver and a drill, what flying bars were, and how to carry a flat across the stage without braining somebody with it, or, more importantly, putting someone's head through the canvas: so when I took my first uncertain steps towards directing plays, he was the obvious man to ask to be stage director.

I directed my first play in the autumn of 1956, when I had failed to get a part in anybody else's production. I couldn't face a whole term without theatre, so I arranged with the committee of the Experimental Theatre Club that I should do a one-night stand of a play in the Morden Hall, St Hugh's. The play was a French piece, newly translated by Vernon Dobtcheff, of the school of 'Les Mains Sales.' On a cold war frontier, people were being smuggled out from a totalitarian country, and one of the

smugglers, a secret party man, had a crisis of conscience, to betray them or not, for the good of the cause. Such plays, with their intellectuals debating the moral rights and wrongs of political murder from an existential viewpoint, seem charmingly old fashioned now, when we know that terrorists tend not to involve themselves in philosophical discussions at the point of action. Geoff freely agreed to work with me on this play, which meant begging, borrowing or stealing all the required furniture and props, ransacking the ETC lighting store for a few lights, some cables and a board, transporting all the former through the streets of Oxford on a handcart, and rigging up the latter in St Hugh's. Geoff had told me he knew all about electrics, and so I assumed he did: correctly as it turned out. We didn't put all the lights out, or burn that illustrious college to the ground, though for all I knew, we could have done. I have a clear image of Geoff trundling the loaded handcart up the Banbury road on a biting November day, with that grumblingly serious expression you knew you didn't have to take at face value, saying, 'I could be reading the *Agamemmon*, you know.'

Readers with a sense of history will have noted the date of this first theatrical venture. Three weeks before we were to open, the Hungarians rose in revolt against Communism, and a week after that the Suez adventure, that last gasp of British gunboatism, got under way. It is impossible to over-estimate the effect of these events in Oxford, or the sense of terrified gloom that lay over the undergraduate population, and a good many senior members too. We were convinced something catastrophic was about to happen within days, a nuclear war, or at least a European conventional war. No one did any work, for the whole two weeks, as we huddled round radios in the JCR or in people's rooms, listening to the desperate messages from Hungary, and the increasingly unconvincing lies from the Government, and indulged in the most violent, gut-wrenching arguments. The country was split in two politically, and Pembroke JCR, like every other college, and indeed the very streets of Oxford, was regularly full of red-faced shouting people. I was even

involved in a scuffle – I won't dignify it with the name of a fight - over breakfast in Hall, with a shiny faced public school lawyer, whose glasses, to my great satisfaction, I broke: at which point one of the Scouts reminded us, with The Manciple's compliments, to consider how gentlemen behaved in Hall. It was that sort of time, when all normal behaviour was suspended. To be rehearsing a play in such circumstances seemed verging on the frivolous, but the opening night was approaching, and though we all considered the possibility that we might not be alive to open it, while we were, there seemed nothing for it but to carry on. The situation became even more grotesquely farcical when my leading actor, who had done national service, received a rail pass and an order that he might be recalled to his unit anywhere in England at twenty-four hour's notice. So my image of Geoff at that time is of his serious face, with two or three other serious faces, by evening lamp light, in his own room, or George Rigg's, or mine, going over again and again the meaning of what was happening, and what was likely to happen the next day. Geoff was a religious man, but I don't think that was much more of a comfort to him than to the rest of us, confronting the possibility of imminent annihilation. Historians have subsequently shown that the danger was real, particularly over what we all came to call Suez weekend, and our fear not entirely a matter of young men's hysteria. But the leaders drew back their hands, the Hungarians were sold out, Britain accepted its humiliation, and Europe stayed at peace. By the time the play opened, the crisis had passed, and we were all still alive. It seemed rather odd, when the performance turned out to be a great success. I couldn't help brooding upon the contrast between the literary political debate in the play, and the terrifyingly real political debate that had been carried out in action around us, as I thought about actors' motivations, and Geoff thought about where he could get the chairs and tables from, whether they would all fit onto the handcart, and how he would wire up St Hugh's.

After Oxford, Geoff took up a post in the Ancient History department at Edinburgh University, where he

stayed for the rest of his life. I was a television drama director and young playwright, working in London, so our lives thrust us apart while we were making our way. I was doing up to seven plays a year, some of them live, and had no chance to get to Edinburgh, and he was busy establishing his teaching career and undertaking a schedule that was always punishing. We had shared one further theatrical collaboration before leaving Oxford, a major ETC production in the Oxford Playhouse in the autumn of 1957, where Geoff was again stage director, and revealed that running a large scale Tennessee Williams play in a professional theatre for a week held no terrors for him. After the Wolverhampton Grand, The Playhouse was not much more than a studio theatre! That seemed likely to be our last theatrical collaboration. When we did work together again, it was to be on something neither of us could have imagined at the time and something at which Geoff in particular would have snorted in contemptuous disbelief.

We met again towards the end of the sixties, when I was filming in Edinburgh, and after that time we went to Edinburgh for the Festival as often as we could, usually professionally. I directed a play at the old Traverse Theatre, my own first play was premiered there, as was my wife Ellen Dryden's first piece, and Geoff and Sheila always laid on the sort of welcome, in both physical and intellectual hospitality, that made you want to return.

Then, in 1983, when we had seen each other no more than sporadically through the years, we were brought together for the closest co-operation of our lives. I had been working on classic plays of various kinds with the television producer Louis Marks, and we had concocted a scheme to do the whole Sophoclean Oedipus trilogy on BBC 2. It was clear that none of the existing translations were remotely suitable for presentation on television, or probably anywhere else. The Watling translations had educated whole generations of non-Greek readers, including me, but they had been in circulation for many years and their dramatic language was out of date. I'd had a good many of my own plays performed by that time, on television and in the theatre, including one written in

verse, so it was decided I should do the new translations myself, in spite of my lack of Greek. That wasn't such a controversial decision as it would have been even ten years earlier. It had been established by then that plays were usually better translated by working playwrights than by scholars or poets. What matters in a translation for the theatre is the dramatic quality of the language translated into, rather than its strict accuracy to the original. If the translation is meticulously accurate but un compelling in performance, the play will die and the point of reviving it will be lost. I was nervous indeed, confronting such a mighty task, but I felt I had a perfect right to attempt it.

Even before the project was given the go ahead, Geoff was a crucial part of the plan. I needed someone to give me a meticulous literal translation of the three plays, and if he couldn't do it, I had no idea whom I might approach. I had decided not to speak to him till the package had been agreed, knowing how many TV projects never get beyond the enthusiasm stage. When I rang him one evening in Edinburgh, quite out of the blue and with the whole scheme ready to go, he must have been mentally gobsmacked, however cool he sounded. It was a phone call that would throw a long shadow through our subsequent lives, though we could scarcely guess that at the time.

I was asking an enormous favour. He had always loved Greek drama. I remembered clearly his enthusiasm during his early terms at Pembroke, freely shared with the rest of us, for the great texts he was reading for the first time for Mods. But by 1983 he had been an Ancient Historian for twenty years, specialising in the Roman Republic and its fall, and probably hadn't touched the plays in any serious way since Schools. Of course he would be paid for his work, but anyone who has worked for the BBC, and particularly anyone who has written original drama for them and felt they were being chronically underpaid – all of us – will readily imagine that a fee for providing a literal translation would not be the path to riches, and would certainly not be an adequate recompense for the time spent. Geoff was ferociously

busy with his students and his own research into Roman Biography, but, to my great relief, he agreed to take up the project, and all the wheels were set in motion.

When I received my first package from him, his work on 'Antigone,' only a few months later, I could scarcely believe my eyes. The size of the parcel had mystified me. Inside it I found not merely a literal translation, but an enormous volume of footnotes, much longer than the text. The notes contained not only alternative readings of words, textual and dramatic cruces, and short essays on the overtones and associations of certain words in their contexts, but in addition, various lines or metaphors within the play were the subject of long paragraphs of explication of religious, historical or dramatic implications. There was also a substantial section on Greek metres, and particularly the lyric metres used in the choruses and choral dialogues. This was an amazing piece of work, in effect a fully edited edition of the play done in a few months, and it gave me just the kind of kick of extra enthusiasm I needed to pick up my pen – yes, my pen, then and now – and begin to write.

This work Geoff repeated five further times, for 'Oedipus the King' and 'Oedipus at Colonus,' and for the three Euripides plays I was commissioned to translate in 1987, 'Iphigenia at Aulis,' 'The Women of Troy' and 'Helen.' Each time we began a new play, he grumbled that he couldn't possibly do it, he was too busy, it wasn't possible. And each time he got started and sent me his package on time. As a body of work, which no one beyond me would ever see, it was extraordinary. Financially, it wasn't worth it. It was done out of love, which is how everything half-decent is done in the arts.

But the project didn't end there, and the next stage was the most crucial. When I had done my first draft of 'Antigone,' the dramatic episodes in Eliot's four beat line, all the lyrics into tightly rhyming stanzas, I sent it off to Geoff for his approval. We had already agreed this as our mode of work, but I hadn't really imagined how vital a part of the process it would be. What I received back was, in effect, my essay, fiercely marked. All through the script there were heavy underlinings in red ink, some of them

three line whips, with comments like. 'No, impossible, you must change this,' or the ultimate damnation, 'Not in the Greek!!!' He didn't actually write 'See me!' but he might just as well have done. The feeling was clear. I was on the carpet.

I had never let anyone touch any of my plays, if I could help it. I didn't write drafts, I wrote finished works and usually told Script editors or Dramaturgs I didn't need their services. I don't think anyone but Geoff could have performed this crucial service for me, because I wouldn't have taken it from anyone but a close friend, and one whose rigorously scholarly character I had known over many years. Of course, his criticisms, pungently expressed, forced me to go back to the texts I was consulting, principally his own, and to re-examine what I had written. The resulting rewrites were always better than the drafts, and I guess that my versions were something like twenty or thirty percent improved by being put through Geoff's remorseless scholarly grinder. The pay off was extraordinary. Some years later, when all the texts were published, I was talking to a distinguished scholar of Greek tragedy at an American conference. I was making my ritual apology for not having Greek, when the Scholar said, 'well, it doesn't matter, your versions are closer to the Greek than any others I know.' I hadn't written them for that purpose. My aim was to write the finest theatrical and poetic versions I could, but the compliment pleased me greatly. And I knew perfectly well it was a compliment paid not to me, but to Geoff.

The relevance of Geoff's rigorous criticism was proved in the most startling way in rehearsal of 'Oedipus the King.' In the scene between Oedipus and Jocasta, when he gets the first suspicions of his own crime, my Oedipus, Michael Pennington, was having trouble with the scene. He couldn't find the line through it, the mental progress that starts at the beginning of a scene and comes to a point of exit to the next. All good English actors work this way, and though it might be thought unlikely that ancient Greek actors did, the plays do stand up to this sort of rigorous analysis. But try as he might, Michael could not find the link between one particular speech and the next,

and he had to if he was to play the character convincingly. We let the problem lie for the evening, and back at home I returned to Geoff's notes. There I saw that my translation was just slightly off-centre, not wrong exactly, but suggesting ideas that led out of the play, not on into the scene. If I had looked at the precise meaning of his literal version and the range of associations it suggested, I would have seen that the link to the next speech in my version wasn't quite there. I rewrote half a line, and the next day the problem was solved in ten minutes. I can think of no better illustration of the profound value of Geoff's work.

It was fun seeing him chatting at rehearsal with Sir John Gielgud and Claire Bloom, Juliet Stevenson and Sir Anthony Quayle. He got on very well with all the great people, who rapidly became friendly with him, as they always do with people they sense have something genuine to offer.

The versions are in regular performance now all over the English speaking world, particularly 'Antigone,' 'Oedipus the King' and 'The Women of Troy.' They are mostly done by colleges, schools, youth groups and amateurs – professional productions usually commission a new version, though the Dublin Abbey did 'Iphigenia at Aulis' last spring. The three Sophocles plays are the version of choice for most schools and colleges, and the Methuen edition outsells all their other Greek Tragedies. Yes, it was wonderful to see the great stars perform the great parts, but it is even more satisfying to think that several generations of non-Greek speakers are going to learn these immortal plays from our joint work. All the words are mine, but Geoff's work stands behind every syllable, the foundation upon which my texts are built.

Last week I went to a performance of 'Oedipus the King' at a sixth form College in Essex, given by their performing arts department. They had a large full cast, a speaking chorus, a singing chorus and a dancing chorus. Fifty or sixty young people between sixteen and eighteen were involved, and their love for what they were doing was obvious, and confirmed to me by their director afterwards. They had shaken hands with Sophocles

across nearly two and a half thousand years, and they will never forget that evening, or the play that inspired it. It is an honour to be able to give the Athenian fathers of tragedy to such people.

When you were with Geoff, laughter was never far away. On one of our trips to the Edinburgh Festival in the later nineties, staying with Geoff and Sheila for several days, we decided to go together to have a look at Fringe Sunday. On Fringe Sunday, a large number of the fringe companies perform excerpts from their productions on the green space between the foot of Arthur's Seat and Holyrood House. With its fire eaters, unicyclists, performers of every conceivable kind from white faced clowns to dirty realists, hot dog stands and drinks tents, it is perhaps the nearest to a medieval fair we are likely to get. Strolling together through the gallimaufry, we suddenly noticed a group of school children, thirteen to fifteen, performing a section from 'Oedipus the King,' costumes, no scenery, just the flat grass. Listening for a few minutes, and finding it all rather familiar, I realised they were using my translation. I beckoned Geoff and Sheila over and we listened for a few moments. I get a certain amount of pleasure introducing myself at such times, so I wandered over to the teacher who was handing out her handbills for the show, and said, 'excuse me, I'm Don Taylor, it's my version of the play you're performing.' 'Oh no it isn't,' she said, rather offended, 'it's the real Sophocles.' So I slunk away.

Geoff and I laughed together for several minutes at that, at the concept of the 'real' Sophocles, still alive at the end of the twentieth century, and singing his old song in a language that wouldn't exist till more than a thousand years after he was dead. What was 'real' about him in ancient Greek, my version, or anybody else's, we didn't know, but it was an idea that made us laugh together a good many times more than on that first occasion at Fringe Sunday.

Geoff to me is irreplaceable. He was not only a good friend, but he enabled me to do work, for which I have got some honour, which would not have been possible without him, work which I cannot conceive doing again

with any other collaborator. I credited him in the introductions of course, but that is little compensation for so much insight and effort. No one will ever know how much he contributed to my six Greek translations. Except me, and now, anyone who reads this.

Don Taylor

JOHN SYDNEY LIGHTBODY (1938)

15th May 1919 - 10th March 2002

John was the third child born to The Revd. Leonard and Margaret Lightbody. His birth took place at Saunton Court, Braunton, in Devon. He had an older brother Robert (Bob) and a younger sister Margaret. The second child, a son, died while young.

His father went out as a District Commissioner for the Colonial Service to Machachos, Kenya in the 1890s and met his future wife Margaret out there. He went back to England to be ordained and returned to serve within the Province of Kenya until 1952 when he and Margaret returned to England due to the outbreak of the Mau Mau uprising.

John's education culminated at Pembroke College, Oxford where he read Forestry. He was in Finland on a field trip at the outbreak of the war in 1939 and his ignoring his Father's advice to return home caused much consternation. He did, however, eventually return. He completed his degree after the war.

He served in the King's African Rifles in Kenya, a Devonshire Regiment, and ended the war in Burma. Amongst his medals was the Burma Star.

He met his wife Margaret on board ship to East Africa, she to join her brother Claud in Dar-es-Salaam and he to join his parents in Kenya, 'Ship board romances are not supposed to last', he said. Theirs did for 42 years, following their marriage in Bamenda, West Cameroon, in 1952. She supported John throughout his colonial service, sometimes living in sparse accommodation and isolated from other westerners. She was an artist and he was immensely proud of her work. He adored her, nursing her unflinchingly for two years prior to her death

even though by then he was himself in the early stages of osteoporosis. He felt her loss greatly when she died on 12th March 1995.

Following his time in the Cameroon's Forestry Service he asked for a transfer to the Kenya Forestry Department. Once agreed, he and Margaret set out to drive across central Africa from West to East in '52/53. His notes show meticulous detail of the journey, as was his style with everything. He served as a Forest Officer at Thompson's Falls, with much of the Northern Frontier District under his care. This meant many safaris to map and traverse new areas which bordered onto Ethiopia and Lake Rudolf. He had great interest in playing Polo, training championship gun-dogs (always a black Labrador at his heels), walking, music, books and the Church.

On retirement in 1963 he and Margaret returned to their cottage in Beckley, Oxford which they had owned for some time. It had given them much interest over the years, to plan its alterations for their impending return. The garden was a joint effort of her artistic flair and his horticultural knowledge. He was able to start his own Tree Nursery and imported seeds from around the world and nurtured them before passing on his knowledge to those who were keen to grow exotic trees in our climate.

It was during this time that his interest in the Christian faith grew deeper. He became involved with the Vacation Term for Bible Study which met at St. Anne's College for a fortnight each summer and served on the Executive committee for several years. In his 70's he studied Hebrew. He trained as a Reader and served in the Oxford Diocese and was for a time their Honorary Treasurer. He was attached to the United Oxford Hospitals Group taking many services for the patients and visiting them in Headington. His commitment was also to his 'spiritual' home church of All Saints Church, Highfield in Headington where he officiated at the early morning service.

The Albany, Headington, was his home after Margaret's death, where he continued to serve others by organising and taking a weekly service for the residents.

Despite his deteriorating back condition he continued to entertain with tea parties - making several of the cakes himself. Eventually it became too painful for him to stand for any length of time and his service to others may have ceased in a physical sense but he continued to live by his Christian faith until the end by supporting numerous charities. 'Their need is always greater than mine', a saying that echoes an ancestor Sir Philip Sidney. He was a truly Christian gentleman.

MICHAEL WILLIAM LOMAX (1983)

16 January 1964 – 11 September 2001

Obituary written by Julian Lowe, a close friend of Michael's and fellow Oxford graduate, which appeared in the December 2001 issue of "The Actuary" (published in London by the Staple Inn Actuarial

Mike was killed in the terrorist attack on the World Trade Centre. His life was remembered in a beautiful memorial service on 13 October at the First Unitarian Church in Brooklyn Heights, near his home. The service was a mixture of readings from the Qur'an and the Bible, and words of remembrance from friends and family. I have taken the same approach for this article, with quotes from the service and extracts from tributes that friends have sent me.

*Where there is discord, may we bring harmony,
Where there is error may we bring truth,
Where there is doubt, may we bring faith,
Where there is despair, may we bring hope.*

(St Francis of Assisi, read on behalf of Mike's parents, Ron and Brenda, at the service by former CU colleague, Stavros Christofides.)

A Stockport lad, Mike went to college at Oxford where he met his first wife, Alison. He started his working life at Tillinghast in London, left to dabble with employee benefits at New Bridge Street Consultants, then returned to general insurance. He worked for Commercial Union in London, Toronto, and Boston before moving to work

for Aon Re in New York.

At CU: 'He was always generous to those around him and freely and willingly shared his knowledge with them. He was able to explain and present his ideas so clearly that his first drafts rarely needed any changes. There were no limits to what Michael could achieve.' (Stavros Christofides). In his time in the UK, Mike took part in a number of GIRO working parties and provocative workshops, including one on shareholder value analysis: 'Insurance is not risky, capital allocation is irrelevant, your performance measures are meaningless'. Still thought-provoking today -as is the sessional paper *Valuation and Corporate Management in a Non-Life Insurance Company* that he wrote with Martin Bride, which won an Institute prize for the best paper in the 1993/94 session.

His enthusiasm for life and actuarial work continued in North America: 'Michael redefined what it means to be an actuary for an entire company. He was more than just proud and determined. He was happy and excited about the opportunities that life as an actuary set before him. For those who worked with him, and for him, and for the clients of our firm that he served, Michael was a constant source of inspiration. ...' (John Aquino, Aon colleague, read at the memorial service). 'Many of us here were consumed by his personality and wit and were able to capture part of that spirit... Great people were attracted to the firm, motivated, respected by our clients... [what Mike brought to Aon].' (Byron Ehrhart, boss and friend from Aon, who was stranded in Bermuda by Hurricane Karen and couldn't make the service.)

Not surprisingly, Mike made quite an impression on wife Erica at their first meeting, as she described at the service: 'When I first met Mike... I just thought he was the handsomest, smartest, sexiest, best-dressed man I have ever met with this adorable English accent that just bowled me over. I have finally found my true soul mate.' Mike and Erica were married in August 1997. At their wedding they exchanged poems - love sonnets by Pablo Neruda. The inspiration for this was the movie *Il Postino* which was about the Chilean poet and love itself. Erica's

brother, Endro, read one of Neruda's poems, dedicated from Mike to Erica at the memorial service. It seems fitting that Mike has the last, moving and inspiring, word:

*When I die, I want your hands on my eyes,
I want the light and wheat of your beloved hands
To pass their freshness over me once more;
I want to feel the softness that changed my destiny.
I want you to live while I wait for you, asleep,
I want your ears still to hear the wind, I want you
To sniff the sea's aroma that we loved together,
To continue to walk on the sand we walk on.
I want what I love to continue to live
And you whom I love and sang above everything else
To continue to flourish, full-flowered;
So that you can reach everything my love directs you to
So that my shadow can travel along in your hair
So that everything can learn the reason for my song.*

Mike died on 11 September 2001, aged 37.

The following eulogy was read for Michael Lomax at the October 13, 2001 Memorial Service, Brooklyn Heights, New York, USA, by Erica Partosoedarso Lomax.

So many people have shown me tremendous kindness and generosity when they tell me how strong I have been throughout all this. They also say they simply cannot imagine the pain I must be going through in losing not just a husband, but a husband who happens to be Michael Lomax who I now know has deeply touched a lot of people in his life.

Believe it or not, there was actually a time when I have felt pain that was a thousand times worse, and that -ladies and gentlemen - was when I first met Michael. When I first met Mike, it was as if I got hit by a Mack truck over and over again - yes, very painful - because I just thought he was the handsomest, smartest, sexiest, best-dressed man I have ever met with this adorable English accent that just bowled me over. I have finally found my true soul mate. But he was married and so was I. We both had - at least on the surface - perfectly good marriages to perfectly

good decent people. Since “divorce” was not part of my vocabulary nor - I believe - his, the thought of living the rest of my life from then on without Mike was so unimaginably unbearable and the entire experience so intense - because as you know, Mike IS intense and persistent - that I would cry copious tears every single day for eight straight months while listening over and over to this particular album called - funnily enough - October Project, while Mike would listen to Frank Sinatra and Barry White whenever he was thinking of me.

After much drama, angst, heartache, and serious weight loss on my part - the only good thing to come out of this period - we finally made the break and got together in April of '95. We got married on a perfect August evening in '97 at the River cafe under the Brooklyn Bridge with the lovely downtown Manhattan skyline in the background attended by 50 of our closest and dearest friends and family. It was perfect. We spent our honeymoon driving down the Pacific Coast highway in California in a black Mustang convertible which I thought made us the coolest people in the world until I discovered that every other car on the road was also a convertible. Four months later we had a second honeymoon in Bali and Mike loved it so much that he wanted to buy a place there. Over the six years we were together, we made many hiking trips to various national parks such as Yosemite, Glacier Nat'l Park in Montana, different ones in Utah, Acadia Nat'l Park in Maine. However, we didn't make these trips just to enjoy the great outdoors; for Mike they were also quite serious photographic expeditions. You have to judge for yourselves - but I do think his B&W photos rival the great Ansel Adams'; I also think Mike's photographs simply have more artistry and “soul”.

One of the most memorable trips was driving through the south of France on the way to Claude's and Martin's wedding in Carcassonne in August of '96; and we drove through acres and acres of glorious sunflower fields - hence the sunflowers that you see in this church today. Our life together wasn't just about going on these big trips; we were equally comfortable and happy staying

home. A typical scene would be of me cooking in the kitchen trying to beat my previous record of producing dinner fast - it's a personal best thing, I guess - while Mike is in the living room playing his blues riffs on his Gibson Les Paul Classic for hours on end. After only playing for 1 1/2 years, at his last lesson that he has every Sunday morning - his guitar teacher Yves told him he was good enough to play lead in a band - you should see how happy that made him. He was like a little kid!

So you see, although I am of course sad and sometimes angry, I don't feel bitter nor lonely, since I feel blessed and honoured to have known and loved Mike - it's like a gift - and not only am I literally surrounded by many many happy memories of our times together, but I also have many things that remind me of Mike: his electric guitars and accompanying paraphernalia, a short but sweet recording of his voice that I saved on my cell phone, his B&W photographs that he himself printed in Boston, and the numerous elephants which he happens to love strewn around the house. I also feel truly safe and happy living in New York - the greatest city in the world - in our beautiful sunny Brooklyn Heights apartment and garden, because this is the place he loves, and this is where we have been really really happy together.

Lastly, I just want to say: “I love you, Mikey. I miss you, I really miss you, but I'll be OK and I'll never ever forget you as long as I live. May your soul rest in peace. Amen.”

KEITH WILLERBY LOVEL (1937)

30 June 1919 - 19th March 2002

Memoirs: *The Essence of my “British Uncle”*, Dr. Keith Lovel

By Terry Slesinski-Wykowski Pembroke College '82

I first met Dr. Keith Lovel in the “winter of his life” at the North American Pembroke College Reunion in June of 1996. I couldn't help but notice the distinguished and handsome man on the shuttle bus from the Geoffrey Arthur Building to The Hall for the Gaudy dinner and proceeded to introduce my husband, Jim, my parents,

Toni and Tony Slesinski, and myself to Keith. That night we sat next to each other in the Damon Wells Chapel where I enjoyed for the first time, among several times to come, Keith's robust, beautiful baritone voice and his deep spirituality emanated from his voice in song and in prayer that evening. A week later, Keith hosted my parents and me for my birthday dinner at the Royal Society of Medicine in London. This was a prelude to several years of being the recipient of Keith's thoughtfulness, kindness and giving spirit.

Pembroke College was the center of our friendship. We both shared our love of Pembroke that crossed several generations. We made it a point to meet at all the Pembroke College Society Dinners in September for the next years to come. When Keith was asked with whom he wanted to be seated, much to my delight as a relatively junior member of Pembroke College, he was adamant that I should be his dinner partner. I was thus honored to be at High Table, meeting and immensely enjoying the company and most stimulating conversations of my talented fellow Pembrokiens. Keith would speak of all of you in the highest, most praiseworthy terms of admiration and collegiality. He even invited me to accompany him into the inner most sanctums of the Senior Common Room afterwards for port where I reeled in the glow of history and basked in the intimacy of the present lives and interests of the earlier classes of Pembroke gentlemen. I always left with a memento of the College with which Keith generously presented me. In my office, I daily enjoy and am inspired by the Pembroke shield and a framed print of the Quad and think of him each time we dine on the Pembroke placemats and coasters. Before the Master, Giles Henderson and his wife, Dr. Lynne Henderson, were entertained in our home when they made their visit to us North American Pembrokiens in March, I called Keith and asked if I could use this gift for this occasion since I had promised Keith that I would save them for his visit to our home. Of course, he agreed and I only wish that he were able to accept my invitation to be here also.

Keith was renowned for his hospitality and friendship,

which he generously extended to all with whom he was introduced or met. When I was on business in London, Keith treated my business partner, Neil Douglas, and me to a wonderful lunch at the English Speaking Union. Keith was so supportive and interested in our work and even bought us books that he thought would help us in our consulting projects. He always cut out articles that he knew were relevant to our work and sent them regularly to me along with letters of encouragement and news of Pembroke. I shall always fondly remember when Keith was invited to my British friends' dinner party near Oxford for a prominent doctor with whom I worked. Keith escorted me to the dinner party from London, and we arrived early to find the couple rather harried and behind in preparation and stressed out over the birth of a litter of kittens the day before and discovered that the honored guest was allergic to cats. Rather than wanting to be entertained, Keith rolled up his sleeves and helped out with the dinner preparations, tended to the kittens and the hostess with his superb bedside manner and followed up with a cat magazine subscription hostess gift!

Even when Keith was recuperating from his cancer surgery in May, he insisted that my parents, husband and I stay at his lovely home in Wallington before the North American Pembroke College Reunion in August of 2000. He treated us like royalty, spoiling us, entertaining us, wining and dining us all. He even stayed at home with my Mum (since she could not walk far) while his best friend, Daniel Cases-Tevar, took us to Hever Castle. We all shared a wonderful Sunday at the Dome. Keith thought of everything, including a wheelchair to help my Mum get around easier. A highpoint was meeting Keith's niece, Jane Lovel. Just like he, Jane works serving humanity (working on a sustainable development programme in the Brazilian Amazon rain forest) and it was evident that they were related. I was so impressed with Keith as an uncle that I asked if he would "adopt" me, which he graciously did. For the last two years of his life, I was also his niece!

Keith was a loving and very much loved family man.

Although never having married, he had rich, intimate relationships with his brother, sister-in-law, nieces, nephew and cousins. His large extended family included his special Godson, Dr. Nick Mann and his wife, Dr. Susan Mann, and their children. He introduced us to Sue when we were working on a hospital project and she described Keith as "one of the kindest men she had ever met". Keith devoted his life to his medical profession. He likened himself to a priest who chose to devote his life to his profession. I was privy to a story about a young woman he was courting when he was an intern. All was going well until, after great insistence on the part of the young woman, Keith acquiesced in allowing her to witness the birth of a child. After this event, as the story goes, the romance dwindled! Keith deeply loved his younger brother who had preceded him in death. I don't think he ever got over this grief and was so saddened that the family lost such a special man. Keith became closer than ever to his sister-in-law, Dr. Joan Lovel, his nieces, Mary, Jane and Ruth and his nephew, Paul. He was just thrilled when his first great nephew, David, was born last year to Ruth and her husband, Jeremy. Keith described David as "the hope for this new generation" and proudly sent me photos of him and his parents. Despite increased problems with mobility and pain (having to use a cane to get around), he nonetheless would let nothing keep him from David's Baptism in December. Keith was in attendance with the help of his best and most devoted friend, Daniel Cases Tevar, who returned to England prematurely from Spain after back surgery to take Keith to this special family gathering. Daniel and Keith's family gave him unceasing support and love right up to his last breath.

Keith was totally selfless and giving to others. I don't ever recall him ever saying anything unkind about anyone. He showed the greatest interest and support to all whom he had met. His niece, Jane, told me how she introduced her young friends and their children to Keith whom he continued to remember, sending birthday cards and gifts of all sorts. Even before Keith passed away, our last conversation was about how he was worried about

Jane and the mosquitoes in the Amazon and could he send me my birthday gift early, which was Pembroke's Samuel Johnson mug. After he passed, I wanted Jane to accept the gifts that I had given to Keith. When she returned to England, she discovered that Keith had generously given them away to people who "needed them more than he". For Christmas I had sent him an attaché case, complete with umbrella and diary. He loved it and shortly after receiving it found a greater need for it, giving the gifts to a priest friend who was diagnosed with cancer so that he could carry his accumulating medical records to the hospital and his doctors.

Keith never complained about his progressive pain and lack of mobility as the months passed. He was always focused on others, and how he could serve whether as a doctor, an uncle, a brother, a Godfather, a cousin and a friend to all. Keith and I had planned his visit to us in Texas for years. Mercifully for him, he was taken quickly and painlessly in his home from a heart attack. The night after the sad news of his passing, Keith did indeed visit me, his "adopted niece", in a dream and true to his kindness and generosity, he was, as always, loving, comforting, reassuring and peaceful. Keith enhanced my life as he did for so many other people and for this I shall be always be grateful to him and thankful for his life and to God and to Pembroke for bringing him to me.

The following obituary was published in the British Medical Journal

Medical Officer, Ministry of Health, London 1962 – 1979 (b Sutton Coldfield 1919; q Pembroke College, Oxford 1942; MA, BM, BCh MRDP, MFOM, DIH), died on 19th March 2002.

Keith Lovel obtained a scholarship to Pembroke College at the age of seventeen years; an exceptional achievement so had to wait a year before being allowed to start his medical studies. Soon after qualification he went into the RAF (1943-6) and was posted to Holland. After an initial paediatric post at the Hammersmith Hospital he continued his paediatric career to become Registrar at

Great Ormond Street (1949-53) then Tutor in Child Health, Oxford from 1954-8. He never lost his paediatric interest and undertook occasional paediatric locum consultant work for another twenty-six years!

A career change for health and personal reasons took him into the civil service initially as a Medical Officer at the Treasury then Ministry of Health until sixty years of age. As can be seen Keith Lovel was never keen on the concept of retirement and became Occupational Health Adviser to the Mayday Hospital, Croydon until 1984. He then worked as locum consultant in geriatrics in Croydon for 4 years. At the age of seventy two Keith had a change of career moving to part-time Medical Officer for the Committee on Safety of Medicines for a further four years. Finally he worked in the Lipid Clinic at Mayday Hospital; an interest acquired ten years earlier whilst working for BUPA, until reluctantly stopping work in 2000 at the age of eighty one!

Keith was a member of the Royal Society of Medicine, uniquely active in three sections – Paediatrics, Occupational Medicine and Geriatrics / Gerontology demonstrating his breadth of medical knowledge.

He was widely read with many interests outside medicine including history, chess, the river Thames, traveling, skiing – thirty or forty years ago before the sport became popular – and he loved a good party. He always maintained contact with friends from undergraduate days through the Oxford Society. Keith was always good company and had a wide circle of medical and non-medical friends. He leaves three nieces and one nephew – Mary, Paul, Jane and Ruth.

Nick Mann

NORMAN ALBERT MCGREGOR (1932)

28 December 1911 – 26 January 2003

Norman was born at Wyck Rissington, Gloucestershire. His father, Albert, was a decorator and had a smallholding in the village. Norman attended the local village school and won a scholarship to Westwoods Grammar School at Northleach. From there he won a

scholarship to Pembroke College at Oxford (1932 – French). After College he took a teaching post in Truro until the outbreak of war when he joined the Army Intelligence Corps. He was based in Portsmouth where he met Claudine Downes and they married December 21st 1940. Norman rose to Captain in the Intelligence Corps and after the war he joined the teaching staff at Dauntsey's School at West Lavington, Devizes where he became Head of the French language department and stayed at the school until his retirement. He and Claudine had no children, Claudine passing away April 28th 1988. For several years Norman travelled the country meeting former pupils of Dauntsey's and raising funds for the enlargement of the school. In his final years he was content to stay in his bungalow at Pottern tending his garden but kept in contact with friends at Dauntsey's school. (Brian Hayward)

Many Old Dauntseians will probably have read in the recent Dauntsey Newsletter of the death of Norman Macgregor shortly after his 90th birthday and a few days after a small lunch party given at the Manor House by the Head Master in his honour. His death ended a 50 year association with the school, starting from 1946 when he was appointed as Head of the Modern Language Department.

Throughout these many years he showed a conscientious determination to carry out his responsibilities in a professional way and as a teacher he demanded of himself and his pupils a thoroughness which was apparent in all else that he achieved for the school. In the Combined Cadet Corps with which he was associated for nearly twenty years, ten of them as the Commanding Officer, his approach was consistently efficient and without fuss. Not everyone wanted to be in the C.C.F but he made it seem worthwhile, with a marked lack of the less attractive side of militarism. Likewise, when called upon to start a major appeal in 1963, he successfully raised a considerable sum of money over the years which contributed towards the building of the Memorial Hall and the building which is now

Fitzmaurice House. As in all things it was his quiet, sincere manner which achieved the necessary results. He used to say that in all his "visits" to Old Dauntseians he only once encountered hostility, and the success of the response that he achieved resulted from the absence on his part of the usual salesman techniques. He also continued as the Local Secretary of the O.D.A until 1982 and remained as a member of the O.D. Committee until shortly before his death.

The school owes him a great debt of gratitude – and this was made clear at his funeral when so many of his past colleagues were in attendance.

ANGUS DONALD MACLENNAN (1951)

31 October 1930 – 26 March 2003

As written by Mary MacLennan and Peter Stokoe (1951)

Angus was the youngest son of Kenneth MacLennan M.C. of the Black Isle, Ross-shire, and Swanland, East Yorkshire. He moved from Barnston with his family, when his father left Lever Bros, to become Managing Director of the British Cod Liver Oil co. in 1939. He attended Lisvane Prep. School in Scarborough, before going to Oundle School in 1943. After National Service in the Royal Artillery, he came to Pembroke College to read chemistry. Following graduation he worked for a short period as a trainee manager for Tate & Lyle, before joining the Zina Development Association in Berkeley Square, and was a consultant on galvanising for many years, highly respected and attending international conferences, in Interlaken, Paris, London and Dusseldorf. He worked also for the Galvanising Association until his retirement in 1995.

Angus had a lifelong interest in sport. He rowed for the Pembroke VIII, captained the Rugby XV in 1954/5 and continued to play rugby after going down. He belonged to Vesta Rowing Club and was a member of the MCC for many years. Declining health forced him to forego visits to his beloved Lords and transfer his interest to the Oval, which was almost on his doorstep. In another field, he

was an enthusiastic member of the Honorary Artillery Company. He was a connoisseur of food and wine and enjoyed cooking. In his leisure time, he was a diligent pursuer of the Daily Telegraph crossword.

Angus was unmarried but maintained strong contacts with his brothers, Ramsey and Gregor, and their families and took great interest in his nieces, godchildren and three great nephews, encouraging them in their school work and careers and always with his very own dry wit and a great sense of humour.

JAMES GREELEY MCGOWIN II (1948)

28 March 1927 – 18 February 2000

James Greeley McGowin II died on February 18, 2000, at his home in Chapman, Alabama after a brief illness. As the fifth member of the McGowin family to attend Pembroke, Greeley joined his father, N. Floyd McGowin, and uncles Earl, Julian and Nicholas, in gifts to the college to build the McGowin Library in 1972.

Brought up in the Deep South in a family owned sawmill town, J. Greeley McGowin II was named for his grandfather, who revered education and wished the best for his sons and daughter. When his son Earl won a Rhodes scholarship to Pembroke, the elder Greeley sent the others as well (the daughter graduated from Vassar but married a Rhodes scholar, keeping the Oxford tie.) Three sons and young Greeley returned from England to Alabama to run the mill and manage the forests after the patriarch's death, creating a farsighted company and a small enlightened community. (There was even a family string quartet.)

Greeley McGowin II went to Chapman elementary school (three rooms for eight grades, subsidized by the lumber company); then to Episcopal High School in Alexandria, Virginia, a private boarding school for boys. In 1948, after graduation from Princeton, Greeley sailed to England and spent a year and a half at Pembroke. At Princeton and Oxford his major studies were History, Politics and Economics. He came back to Alabama most summers to work in the mill, becoming Assistant Mill

Superintendent once he returned in earnest.

Upon finishing at Pembroke in the summer of 1950, Greeley spent four months in Sweden learning about Swedish sawmills. There he discovered a newly invented machine, the Andersson debarker, that stripped bark from logs and turned sawmill waste into chips for paper mills. His contacts with Soderhamn, the Swedish manufacturer, and Southern sawmills helped spread the news of this invention throughout American mills, eliminating all waste from the cut log.

This early contribution illuminates the curiosity, intelligence, and high-spirited energy that marked Greeley's life and work.

While working for the family lumber company, his jobs were in plant operations, sales and retail yards in Alabama and northwest Florida, and a nearby Glu-Lam factory (called "Blue Lamb" by some) that made custom glue laminated beams, arches and wood pieces of all sizes and shapes.

The family company was sold in 1966 to Union Camp (later International Paper). Now an employee of a big corporation, Greeley became resident manager in Chapman before moving to Savannah to oversee Union Camp's building products and 1.7 million acres of woodlands. Even after retiring in 1991, he stayed active in the forest business as member or chairman of boards and committees such as the American Lumber Standards Committee, the Southern Pine Inspection Bureau, the Forest Industrial Council on Taxation, and Larson & McGowin, forest managers.

Greeley always took a strong interest in everyone around him - prodding, teasing, challenging. The force of his enthusiasm gave his world a heightened shine. Pine trees and Alabama red dirt, family, friends and a community bound by work were his pride and loyal concern. One of his last projects was a book chronicling the history of the family lumber company, a tribute to a special place and its people, and, in retrospect, to Greeley. Among his ongoing projects were land purchase and land-swapping deals, ponds, trips, and research into family history, all with the ultimate goal of bringing his

family closer and more happily together. Tracking down ancestors, he was delighted to discover that his house outside Savannah was very near where his great, great, great, great grandfather's place had been in the 1780s.

With movie star good looks that hardly aged, Greeley seemed more parent than grandfather in photographs with his grandchildren. The grandchildren, especially the two eldest boys, remember him as a mischievous tease and prankster, one of their own Three Musketeers. He carved their names on a special tree, gave an eleven year old secret driving lessons in the woods, tickled and prodded another grandson out of jet lag in an Oxford hotel. He took his family on walking tours in Ireland and France, and up into the wild Mogollon mountains of New Mexico where his grandmother had escaped a band of Geronimo's Apaches in 1885.

A Union Camp friend from Savannah imagines Greeley hectoring him still: "Roberts! Why don't you use that brain of yours - take a trip and make some memories before it's too late." Now he vows to follow Greeley's example and pay more attention to the people he loves around him. "Make some memories!" - which Greeley did, in spades.

Greeley married True Echols in the early 50s, with whom he had three children. After True's death in 1988, he married Ninette Sturgis. Survivors include two daughters, Mary Alice Beck of Richmond, Virginia and True Nicolson of Mobile, Alabama; six grandchildren (two named Greeley); his wife, Ninette S. McGowin, of Savannah, Georgia and Chapman, Alabama; two stepchildren; and a brother, Norman Floyd McGowin, Jr.

Greeley's spirit survives in good works, the McGowin Library being one, and in the hearts of all those whose lives he brightened on both sides of the Atlantic.

Eleanor Adams

James Greeley McGowin, II (Pembroke, '50) died February 18, 2000 at his home in Chapman, Alabama after a brief illness. As the fifth member of the McGowin family to attend Pembroke, Greeley joined his father, N. Floyd McGowin, and uncles Earl, Julian and Nicholas, in

gifts to the college to build the McGowin Library in 1972.

CLAUDE DE CLEGG MELLOR (1928)

28 March 1910 - 30 November 2001

Claude de Clegg Mellor was born at Stourbridge on 28th March 1910. He was the second son of Percy Bernulf de Clegg Mellor, a solicitor. Claude Mellor was educated at The Wells House School in Malvern Wells, and afterwards at Cheltenham College. He became interested in rowing, and stroked the College IV in 1928. He was also a member of the College Gym pair.

From Cheltenham he went up to Pembroke College, Oxford, where he spent four happy years. He continued his rowing activities, and stroked the College Eight. He was also awarded his University Trials Eight Cap.

After leaving University, Mellor took up a teaching career, becoming an assistant master at Maiden Erlegh School, a small public school near to Reading. He taught mainly English and History. He joined the T. A. as a Private Soldier in the 4th Battalion, The Royal Berkshire Regiment. He was called up in September 1939, and the Battalion was moved to France in January 1940, when Mellor was a Lance Corporal in the Signal Platoon. He was interviewed by General Montgomery, who recommended that he should return to England for OCTU training. Before this was possible, Germany invaded the Low Countries, and the Battalion was involved in heavy fighting. Greatly outnumbered and surrounded, he was forced to surrender at Poperinge on 29th May 1940. A demoralising forced march followed, and he eventually reached Stalag V111 B at Karlsthal in Upper Silesia on 22nd June 1940. At different times, he worked in a cement factory, loaded sugar beet into wagons and helped repair river banks. At one stage it was rumoured that the prisoners were being sent to work in coal mines. Having no wish to do this, Mellor feigned epilepsy by swallowing soap which made him foam at the mouth. The ruse worked, and the elderly German doctor who examined him issued a certificate excusing him from working underground.

Always interested in the theatre, Mellor took part in amateur theatricals in the camp. Another fellow prisoner was the actor Denholm Elliott. In 1944 Mellor was moved to another camp, Stalag 344, near to Lamsdorf, where he was able to teach the other prisoners in many subjects, including Greek and Latin. With the rapid approach of the Soviet forces, the camps were evacuated, and the prisoners were loaded into crowded cattle trucks, and spent several days travelling to Bavaria, with the Allied Forces bombing the railway lines en route. He was then interned in a POW camp near to Memingen, from which he was eventually released by US forces. As a result of this train journey, he suffered from severe claustrophobia, from which he never fully recovered. He returned to England on VE day.

In 1946 he went as an assistant master to the Dragon School, Oxford, under the Headmastership of Joc Lynam. Another master there, a Rhodesian, named Frank Cary, decided that there was an urgent need for an English style of preparatory school in Southern Rhodesia, and he invited Mellor to join him there. Cary left to start his school, called the Eagle School, which was situated near to Umtali, in the Vumba Mountains, very healthy and with magnificent scenery, and Mellor went out in 1948 to visit the school. He decided that he would like to join Cary there, but he would not go as long as his father was alive.

Percy Mellor died in 1949, and Claude left for Southern Rhodesia in January 1950, assuming the post of Second Master. Cary left some 3½ years later, and Mellor became Headmaster. The School prospered over the years, and the number of pupils doubled to over 120, some coming from Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The School achieved the reputation of being on a level with the best preparatory schools in England. During his time at the School he made many friends, and was held in great affection by a large number of pupils and parents, many of whom kept in touch with him for the rest of his life.

On his return to England he found that the British Government had imposed severe financial sanctions on

Southern Rhodesia, as a result of the Unilateral Declaration of Independence introduced by Ian Smith in 1965. As a result, Mellor could get no money out of Rhodesia, and his Bank Account in England was frozen, apart from a small amount of "pocket money" which the Bank of England allowed him. He decided to emigrate, and in 1970 he went to live in Tenerife, where he rented a flat in Santa Cruz, the capital. Even then, he could only get his income, and a small allowance of capital, out of Rhodesia, as the country was very short of money.

Most of the British people living in Santa Cruz were ex-employees of Fyffes, who at one time owned most of the banana plantations on the island, until they were taken over by the Spanish. Always interested in church matters, Mellor joined the congregation of the English Church of St George in Santa Cruz, which had been built with money provided by Fyffes. With a dwindling congregation, the parishioners were no longer able to afford a vicar, and in 1974 Mellor was granted a Certificate as a Lay Reader, and he organised the church services until he left the island.

After ten years in Santa Cruz, he decided to leave, and he took up residence in Ramsey in the Isle of Man in 1981, where he bought a flat. Unfortunately, his mental health began to deteriorate in 1995, and he was no longer able to live alone. In October he was admitted into a Nursing Home in England, where he was able to be near his family and friends. He was afflicted with Alzheimer's Disease, which resulted in an almost complete loss of memory.

JOHN MCKAY (IAN) MURDOCH (1937)

9 October 1918 – 4 November 2000

John McKay Murdoch (known as Ian) was born in 1918, son of a doctor who won an MC in the 1914-18 War. Educated at Epsom College from where he won a Kitchener Scholarship in 1937 to read Modern History at Pembroke, he was a member of the Army Cadet Force and played Rugby for the College.

In September 1939, he was on vacation in Switzerland

and caught one of the last trains out to volunteer. He was sent to Catterick for officer training and was posted to South-East England, where he helped establish defences against German invasion. In early 1942 he was posted to the 8th Army in North Africa and commanded a gun battery at the Battle of El Alamein. This was followed by the Sicily landing beaches and mainland Italy, where he always maintained that he unintentionally took the surrender of Brindisi just before the Americans arrived. He was sent to Staff College in the Lebanon.

After the war he decided against returning to Oxford; he was posted to the War Office in London until he left the Services to study Law. He became a solicitor in Brighton and a successful career led him to be President of the Sussex Law Society.

He was happily married for 46 years and had 5 children. In his retirement in a Sussex village, he was a keen amateur gardener and did voluntary work in the community, particularly for the British Legion. He died suddenly aged 82 on November 4th 2000 and is survived by his wife, Hilary.

RONALD WILLIAM NEATH (1947)

19 March 1921 – 4 May 2002

Ronald Neath was educated at the Royal Grammar School, Worcester from where he went to Bristol University to read Modern Languages. His time there was interrupted by war service in the Royal Navy from 1941-46. He served as a rating on Atlantic and Russian convoys and was then commissioned as a gunnery officer in 1943. He served in the Mediterranean before returning to Plymouth to take part in the D-Day landings. In late 1944 he joined HMS Duke of York, the flagship of Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, C-in-C Pacific Fleet. He witnessed the signing of the Japanese surrender in Tokyo Bay and in early 1946 returned to the UK to take up his place at Bristol where he gained First Class honours in French and German.

After being accepted in the Colonial Service he went up to Pembroke on the First Devonshire Course, where

cadets for the service followed a graduate studies course, before taking up an appointment as a District Officer in Tanganyika in 1949. Here he served up-country for twelve of his fourteen years, spending the last two years in Dar es Salaam in the Office of Julius Nyerere – Prime Minister and later President of the newly amalgamated state of Tanganyika and Zanzibar.

After leaving East Africa not long after Independence he began a second career when he joined the United Nation in 1963 – first in the UN Economic Commission for Africa in Addis Ababa until 1965 when he transferred to UN Headquarters in New York in the Division of Public Administration and later in the Office of Personnel where he headed up the Training and Language Division until he left for Geneva in 1978. There he spent his last working years as Secretary of the UN Economic Commission for Europe, which at that time was the only international body where East and West Europe worked together in many projects such as Natural Resources, Highways, Trade and Industry. In 1986 after a spell of retirement as a consultant he returned permanently to the UK and settled in Southsea, where from his apartment he had a spectacular view of the Solent and the open sea beyond, which he loved so much.

It was fitting that his funeral was held at the Church in HM Naval Base in Portsmouth where he had worshipped and his ashes were committed to the sea as he had wished.

He is survived by his wife Jill, his son Gavin and daughter Julia.

Funeral Speech for R W Neath: 15 May 2002 – by his son Gavin.

My father's life was long and well lived. It was happy and it was fulfilled.

Ten days ago when he died in his sleep he was as emotionally and intellectually prepared for death as anyone can be. With his usual thoroughness he had studied carefully what the impact of motor neurone disease would be for a man in his early eighties. He had made up his mind that the discomfort and the disability brought about by the illness were not worth fighting. His

belief in God gave him the conviction that there was a spiritual future which was infinitely preferable to the pain of the present.

I say this because I feel certain that my father would not want too many tears shed today. He himself had very few regrets about his life.

It was a life that spanned over eight decades. He was born in 1921 in a little village outside Worcester. His mother, my Grandma Neath, was fiercely ambitious for him. She was determined that he should go to the grammar school. So to maximise his chances she entered him for not one, but two, scholarship exams – the country one (which was legitimate since they lived outside the town) and the municipal one (which could only be done by providing a false address – that of a distant aunt who lived in Worcester). Inconveniently Dad won both scholarships. An outcome which even Grandma Neath had difficulty in explaining to the educational authorities.

From the Royal Grammar School Worcester he went on to Bristol University where he took a First in Modern Languages, but probably more importantly, met my mother.

As I look back at my father's life from the vantage point of the second year of the 21st century I can only be impressed by its richness and variety. He experienced at first hand some of the great events of the last century.

As a student of German at both school and university he witnessed the rise of Nazism during language exchange trips that he made to the Rhineland in the 1930s.

As a young Naval Officer during the war he was part of the Atlantic convoys which did so much to keep supply lines to Britain open when the country was cut off from the rest of Europe in 1941. Later on in the War he endured the hardships and mountainous seas of the Arctic convoys to Murmansk which kept Stalin's armies equipped.

His ship – the Duke of York – was in Tokyo Bay when General McArthur signed the Japanese surrender in 1945. Indeed the hymn that we have just sung – “The Day Thou gavest Lord is ended” – was belted out by my father

and hundreds of his shipmates at the moment of the surrender – signalling the end of that terrible conflict.

Like so many people of that wartime generation my father was an ordinary man required to show extraordinary courage.

(Pembroke 1947/48 – Devonshire Course)

After the War as a District Officer in Tanganyika during the 1950s he helped administer large swathes of the old British Empire. It is inconceivable today to imagine that a young man in his late twenties would be given that kind of responsibility. As a DO he was directly responsible for the welfare and order of 100s of thousands of people spread out across vast areas of sub-Saharan Africa.

In the early 1960s Dad participated in the process of decolonisation. Indeed he played an active part in organising the Independence Day celebrations in Dar es Salaam in 1961 when the Duke of Edinburgh lowered the Union Flag over Government House for the last time. He stayed on for a couple of years afterwards to help Julius Nyerere get his first government on a sound footing.

In 1963 Dad started a new career with the United Nations. It began with a two-year stint in Ethiopia and then in 1965 he was posted to the UN Headquarters in New York. There he and my mother spent the second half of the 1960s and the first half of the 1970s. They lived through one of the most exciting decades of the century in one of the most vibrant and exciting cities in the world.

In 1976 my father was transferred to Geneva, where he spent the last years of his working life in the UN Economic Commission for Europe – an unsung UN agency that did much to build a climate of trust and co-operation between East and West that helped pave the way for Glasnost and Détente.

On his retirement in 1981, my parents stayed on in Switzerland before finally coming home to live in England in 1986 – some forty years after they had first left the country.

But if that is the broad chronology of my father's life, what about the man who lived it?

My father was a person of great energy and curiosity.

He was an intrepid traveller and tourist – visiting during his long life almost every country in the world: from Iceland to Antarctica, from Chile to Kazakhstan. He was a fine linguist – mastering French, German, Spanish and Swahili and teaching himself a working knowledge of Italian and Russian. Every bathroom in the house would have a pile of vocabulary books on the floor so that time spent on the loo could be put to good use.

Pa was also an accomplished photographer – taking literally thousands of colour slides on his travels around the world. These were then proudly shown to more or less willing children and grandchildren.

Ideologically my father was an internationalist and a multi-culturalist. He was critical of the “little Englander” thinking which characterises so much of British political life. He was also vehemently anti-racist. Indeed one of the few little pleasures that he had in his last weeks was the fact that one of the nurses looking after him was from Zimbabwe and spoke to him in Swahili. With typical thoroughness he asked Mum to bring the Swahili dictionaries to the nursing home to ensure that he was using the mot juste.

Dad was also a great activist. He loved to be involved. During his retirement in Southsea he was not content to sit at home watching television. So he became an active member of amongst others: The British German Society, the Britain Tanzania Society, the Royal Overseas League, the Portsmouth Hispanic Society, the British Association of Former UN Civil Servants, the Friends of Southsea Common, the Naval Club, the Duke of York Association, the Salisbury Road Patients Association and Amnesty International. It was always a matter of some amusement to myself and Julia that whenever we rang him up to invite him somewhere he had to consult his diary to see whether he could fit us in – when you are in the eighth decade of your life, you are supposed to have lots of free time.

However my father's greatest passion in the second half of his life was his family. He was chuffed that Julia inherited his gift for languages and like him spent time in Spain and Latin America. As for me, he found my chosen

calling somewhat alien. He had a healthy suspicion of large multi-national corporations – but he carefully followed the fortunes of Unilever and its fluctuating share price (for which he seemed to hold me personally responsible).

His grandchildren gave him immense pleasure. He delighted in the organisation and planning of little trips for them – to Legoland in Denmark, to Amsterdam, Rome, Paris, Vienna, Venice and many other places. He loved their visits to Southsea and the outings to the aquarium, the model village, the beach. He took immense satisfaction that the three eldest had found places at University and was tickled pink that two of them – Bruce and Gemma seemed to have inherited his travel bug. He was particularly excited by the fact that both of them got to some of the few places on the planet that he had never visited – Bruce to Laos and Gemma to Vietnam. He was thrilled to bits also to learn in the week before he died that Laura – his eldest grandchild – had landed herself a brilliant job in the fashion industry.

However, my father's greatest passion was reserved for my mother. She was the rock on which his life was built. Coming from a generation that was prepared to pack and follow their husbands around the world my Mum gave my Dad the domestic stability that he needed. He himself was hopeless in the house whether in the kitchen or with the DIY tool kit. So together they formed a union of complementary talents which lasted over 50 years and gave them both great happiness. Never was this interdependence better illustrated than in the last few weeks of his life when my mother showed great strength, devotion and love in nursing my father through his illness.

So let's remember dad for what he was – a conscientious public servant, a kind and tolerant father, a generous and doting grandfather and a loyal and loving husband.

He has found his peace and we should remember him with fondness and pleasure and not with sadness.

As Christina Rossetti said in the poem that Georgia has just read: "Better by far that you should smile than that you should remember and be sad."

SIDNEY JAMES DUNCAN NOWSON (1946)

30 August 1919 – 28 August 2003

Duncan Nowson was elected President of the JCR in 1947. Having just spent six years as a gunnery officer in battleships, he would sometimes refer to it as the Ward Room but, as there were no Midshipmen to flog, his reign was popular and social. His main concern was to restore to the college as many comforts as possible in those austere days. During his Presidency the college collection of paintings was begun and the Teasel Dining Club started to eat and drink again. He was something of a demon on the base line at tennis and together with Frank Cooper (later Sir), they won tennis cups for the college.

After Pembroke he went into industrial sales, first with I.C.I. and then with Union Carbide. In mid-career he used his commercial experience for the benefit of others by becoming a Director of the London Chamber of Commerce where his social and commercial skills created opportunities for member firms, which they gratefully exploited.

One of his adventures in the navy is worth repeating. He was in the battleship Queen Elizabeth in Alexandria in 1940 when the Italian Navy penetrated the harbour defences with their one-man submarines. They were spotted and captured but not before they had planted timed limpet mines on several ships. Duncan was ordered to interrogate the captured Italian Officer, being the only man on board who spoke Italian. This was in the early gentlemanly days of the war and the result of the interrogation seems to have been inconclusive except that a certain rapport was established between Duncan and the Italian Lieutenant. Pretty soon the Army Intelligence people ordered him to be brought ashore for some heavier treatment. Duncan escorted him and, as they parted, the Italian said "If you've got any shore leave I should take it tonight". "Thank you," said Duncan and belted back to the ship to warn them. Too late; they were unable to track it down and the mine went off, with no

loss of life but a long period of inaction for the Queen Elizabeth.

The fifty year sequel to the story is that in 1990 Duncan and his wife were invited to a celebration dinner in Rome by the NATO Admiral who had been the one-man submariner. Thus you have proof of Duncan's memorable geniality.

His love of Pembroke never diminished, as his regular attendance at the college dinners asserted. He endured his final illness with the same fortitude that had characterised his whole life and we who knew him will remember him with admiration and affection. He is survived by his wife "Tibby", whom he met while at Oxford, his son and two daughters.

Michael Godley (1946)

OSWALD PETER OUTHWAITE (1947)

7 March 1925 – 26 June 2003

At the funeral service the following eulogy was given by Keith Gledhill:

When Barbara asked me if I would say a few words at this Service of Thanksgiving for the life of Peter Outhwaite I was very pleased, a little apprehensive perhaps that I wouldn't be able to find the right words to exactly express my feelings for Peter but pleased that I have been given the opportunity to pay this tribute to a true friend. I think I can use the very words that Lord Tebbit used about Sir Dennis Thatcher only last week in that Peter, too, was unflappable, reluctant to cause any inconvenience to others, hospitable and always the epitome of a traditional English gentleman. The attendance at this service today is evidence of the love and esteem in which Peter was held by so many and we share a great sadness with Barbara, with Paul and daughter-in-law Liz and with Susan, David and the twins Amy and Hannah, a family of which Peter was truly proud.

Peter was born in Yorkshire when his father was Vicar of Glasshoughton and attended Worksop College. He left to go into the RAF towards the end of WWII and served

in Coastal Command as the rear gunner, or 'tailend Charlie' as they called them, in a Liberator. After demob, he went to Pembroke College Oxford where he read History and obtained his MA, taking up his first teaching post at Chethams in Manchester which was just in the process of changing to an independent grammar school. In that first post he had responsibility for close liaison with Manchester Cathedral as Chethams was a Blue-Coat school in those days. When a young lady called Barbara joined the staff in January 1955 he fell hook, line and sinker and they married in April 1956. Peter then moved to Dean Close Junior School in Cheltenham where he was a House Master and it was there that both Paul and Susan were born. Paul followed his father's footsteps going to Kent University where he read English and American Literature and Susan likewise went to Reading University when her specialism was PE.

Our paths start to converge when he was appointed Master in Charge of Arnold Junior School by Oliver Wigmore in the winter of 1967 and the Outhwaites descended on Blackpool! It wasn't long before Peter's enthusiasm and drive persuaded the then Chairman of Governors, Bert Newby and Vice Chairman, Roger Almond, that Horncliffe Road was definitely not adequate for a person of Peter's entrepreneurial flair and so very shortly we had a new Arnold Junior School being created on the Westover site with the subsequent closure of Horncliffe Road.

I was invited to join the Governing Body of Arnold in 1972 and suffice it to say that I found Barbara formidable. A teacher herself though, she was incredibly supportive of her husband and his efforts to build a junior school worthy of the name Arnold. That junior school which he created with the help of a loyal and dedicated staff will remain for the foreseeable future, a memorial to the first Headmaster of that school, Peter Outhwaite. As he said in his final Speech Day report, he served Arnold Junior School for 24 years and for him it was a truly exciting time. He acknowledged that it was not given for anybody the opportunity to create and develop and for that he was grateful. Before he sat down on that final

Speech Day, I well remember he expressed the hope that we would all go on seeking excellence and retain what had been achieved to use as a foundation for an even more exciting future and, as we see the Junior School still growing, I think the present Governing Body is fulfilling Peter's wish.

In my time as Chairman I found he wasn't a person who had any time for rules and regulations, in fact Barbara showed me earlier this week two small cards from Pembroke College back in 1949 which read "The Dean presents his compliments to Mr Outhwaite and has to remind him that he has failed to observe the College rule of attendance at the Statutory Services in the Chapel". When questioned about that Peter said that he didn't agree with the views of the College Chaplain so what was the point of going? Well, he didn't agree with a lot of my views but over the years we developed a very strong rapport on the understanding that we would agree to disagree! For example, he never paid any heed to budgets; he decided that Arnold Junior School needed a full time teacher on his staff for children who had a dyslexia problem and when I learned of that appointment and questioned him as to where we were going to find the money for that, he dryly retorted, "That's what the Governing Council is there for". He wanted to take children at the age of four, almost unheard of in those days, and when Richard Rhodes asked him how on earth did he interview children of four, Peter said "I don't, I look at the mother". Pearls of wisdom came very readily to Peter.

He had a complete understanding of young children and related to them in so many ways. When Margaret Foster used to write her wonderful musicals, he was very involved – in fact in one called "Incrediblania" Peter was dressed like an Indian Raj and took the role of the Iffican of Prapso. He wore a red nose for the first of the 'red nose days', he was loved by the children and respected by his staff.

Peter was also an opera buff. On one occasion Margaret Foster recalls him taking a party of staff to Manchester warning them that it was a particularly long

show; as he drove into the car park and everyone got out, the minibus roof lodged on the concrete ceiling becoming stuck and Margaret tells me it was a much longer performance than he anticipated!

Outside Arnold he was the same caring, involved and committed person. He joined Blackpool South Rotary in 1969 and was our President in 1977 making a significant contribution to that organisation in his role as secretary to the major fundraising event each year. Then, through Canon Neil Pritchard and Alec Barker, he became involved with the Abbeyfield Society, firstly in his role as Chairman of the Blackpool Homes before going on to take up the appointment of Regional Chairman and eventually becoming National Vice Chairman. In that role he was instrumental in providing the first extra care home in this region at Low Moor in Clitheroe. His love of music and the Church were paramount and on his retirement he studied to be licensed as a reader in the Church of England.

Having given his working life to the education of young children even in his retirement he became Chairman of Governors of the Ribby with Wrea endowed school here in Wrea Green and, as Barbara well knows, his retirement was equally as full as his working life. After I retired from the Chairmanship of Arnold, he and I spent a great many Rotary lunches putting education and the Church of England on the right tracks but we both quietly realised and accepted that nobody was listening to us!

I have lost a very dear friend and I can conclude in no better way than reading a short extract from a letter that Barbara received this week from the Rt Rev John Goddard the Bishop of Burnley. It reads:

"Peter was a man of faith who, by his actions, demonstrated throughout his life his care for the young, the vulnerable and the marginalized. May Peter know the gift of glory at the Good Shepherd's hands. He trusted in God, may God now receive him into eternal life".

Barbara and family – son Paul and wife Liz, daughter Susan and husband David, grandchildren Amy and Hannah (twins) and a new arrival on October 19th, Jason Peter, miss Peter more than words can ever express – a

loving, understanding man, devoted to his family. He will always be dearly loved.

One of his last wishes was that he would see the new arrival – it wasn't to be but he asked that it be called Jason if it was a little boy.

GEORGE ROBERTS PATE (1946)

12 November 1916 – 28 February 2002

Born in Stirling, Scotland, the first of four children. The family moved to Oxford when he was five, his father setting up in medical practice. Some summer holidays were spent with his grandfather George Pate, who was awarded the OBE for services rendered as Manager of the Carron Company during WWI and lived in the company residence Carron Grange, Falkirk, Scotland.

George was educated at The Dragon School (1925-29), King William's College (Isle of Man) (1929-31), Magdalen College School (1931-33) and later at Oxford University – Pembroke College (1946-57). He was a naturally talented sportsman who enjoyed playing cricket, rugby, tennis, hockey and athletics winning the 4 mile race at King William's College.

George then worked for seven years at the Westminster Bank, Oxford. His mother died in 1937 of a brain tumour when he was 20. In 1940 he married Margaret Wigmore.

George volunteered for service in the Army on 15 November 1939. He was posted to Parkhill, Salisbury Plain for basic training followed by five months at the Officer Cadet Training Unit at Catterick Camp, Yorkshire. His unit moved to the East Coast of England to defend against possible German invasion. His brother Alexander was killed in action on 30 October 1940, at the age of 22 whilst flying a Wellington bomber and was posthumously awarded the DFC. George's first son was born in 1942 and named Alexander after his uncle.

In 1942 he was accepted in the No 1 Combined Operations Bombardment Unit. His role was as Forward Observation Officer, rank of Captain, directing naval guns to support landings on enemy coasts. George saw active service in North Africa, Italy and the invasion of

Normandy in 1944.

On discharge in 1946 his superior officer wrote of him, "He is an outstanding officer. He knows his job very well both as an artillery officer and as an Army officer. He is very conscientious and painstaking. His intelligence is well above average officer standard. He has a strong personality and power of leadership. He is tactful and well mannered and has a good sense of humour. He is honest and sober". After the War he spent some time nursing his wife who had contracted tuberculosis during the War, contracting the disease himself in the process. Sadly she died in 1947.

In the same year he was accepted into Pembroke College to study medicine while continuing to be hospitalised for tuberculosis. In 1952 he married Joan Knott, who had nursed him at The Royal Free Hospital. With her support and despite the delay caused by war and debilitating illness he graduated in medicine in 1957.

After a short period in private practice in Headington, George migrated to Tasmania, Australia in 1958. Joan followed in 1959, after he had assessed the suitability of the position. George and Joan's son Adrian was born later that year. The initial appointment was as District Medical Officer for the Tasman Peninsula based at Premaydena. He enjoyed the environment and the work although he had to be contactable nearly all the time without the help of pagers or mobile phones. After several years he was transferred to Cygnet in southern Tasmania again as DMO. Their daughter Bronwyn Jane was born while based here in 1963.

Since arriving in Tasmania George had developed an interest in ornithology and while at Cygnet met Dr John Weatherly the then Superintendent of Lachlan Park Mental Hospital who had the same mutual interest. Mental health became the field he remained in until retirement, accepting a position at this hospital (later renamed Royal Derwent Hospital) in 1963. He was responsible for the general well being of the patients including the prescription of all medicines. In 1970 he became senior Medical Officer, in 1979 the Director of Intellectually Handicapped Services and subsequently the

Chairman of the Guardianship Board from 1979 until retirement in 1982. During this time he had a particular rapport with the mentally handicapped children including those with Down's syndrome.

George and Joan retired to Nubeena, a small fishing town on the Tasman Peninsula, only a few miles from where they originally lived at Premaydena, in 1982. He was very active in retirement in the garden and played golf and tennis as long as he was physically able. He was patron of the Tasman Golf Club and also assisted at the local school providing extra tuition for students. He remained a British citizen all his life.

George was able to remain at home until November 2001 displaying a lot of courage recovering from major illness and surgery later in retirement. Then he moved to the Ningana Home at Sorell. He died in hospital after developing an infection following a fall in February 2002. He is succeeded by his wife of almost 50 years, two sons, a daughter and grandchildren.

Adrian Pate

MICHAEL JOHN PETRY (1952)

9 May 1933 – 27 March 2003

Michael Petry, who came up as an open scholar to Pembroke to read modern history in 1952 and went on to pursue a distinguished university career in the history of philosophy, died of cancer in Rotterdam on 27 March 2003. Although he was born in London – on 9 May 1933 – his family moved to Reading in 1940, and he was educated there at the Blue Coat School and later at Reading School. He was a man of enormous vigour and many enthusiasms – for Berkshire, for Pembroke and Oxford, for philosophy and its history, for his family, for cricket, for life itself – and these never deserted him, even in the throes of his final illness. At the very end, he left his desk prepared for another day's work, not merely out of habit but out of an optimism by which all who knew him will remember him. It was highly infectious. I once saw it swing a committee round completely to his views. As one of its members said to me afterwards, he won the day not

by reason but by persuading them that they must have missed some important point which he alone had seen. He had the same enthusiastic way of presenting his arguments when I met him in Oxford for the first time, in seminars in the history of science, in 1955. His flame was burning just as intensely half a century later, when he pronounced a valediction at my own retirement – both of us then being in post in the Netherlands.

He was Professor of the History of Philosophy at the Erasmus University, Rotterdam, from 1974 until his retirement in 1998, but the path by which he reached Rotterdam had been circuitous, to say the least. After a Diploma in Education at Oxford, and National Service in the Scots Guards, he first found employment with the British Council in Stockholm, where he lectured and pursued his own researches into the life and works of the famous fifteenth-century bishop Thomas of Strängnäs. An interest in Danish history took him in 1960 to a lectureship in the International People's College at Elsinore. It was there that he renewed an acquaintance with Hegel's natural science, and so began a mammoth project of editing and translating the philosopher's writings. It was in Denmark that he met and married his wife Helga, who with their three children and four grandchildren survives him. (His son Andrew and daughter-in-law Clare Tinworth are both Pembroke alumni.) Returning to Oxford in 1967 to complete a D.Phil. on Hegel's 'philosophy of nature', with special references to Hegel's often strange ideas about mechanics, Michael began to prepare an edition and translation of the texts, which were so well received that he was offered a post at the Hegel Archive at the University of Bochum, Germany. He remained as lecturer there until he was invited to the chair at Rotterdam in 1974.

His interest in Hegel stayed with him for the rest of his life, and resulted in editions and translations into English of Hegel's *Philosophy of Nature* (1970 and 2002), the *Philosophy of Subjective Spirit* (1978), *The Berlin Phenomenology* (1981), standard German editions of these works (1986-7), and many scholarly surveys in

article form. In Rotterdam, while he clearly did not abandon Hegel, he threw himself body and soul into the history of Dutch philosophy, a subject that had been strangely neglected by the Dutch themselves in the post-war period. One of the secrets of his success in this enterprise was his ability to get the loyalty of his young research assistants, and once again, the result was a stream of valuable publications which continued after his retirement. His publications were mainly text-based, and will be of lasting value. They included some criticism of Spinoza by the much undervalued philosopher Bernard Nieuwentijt (1979), some scientific writings by Spinoza himself (1985), acts of piety relating to the history of the Erasmus University (1982), and editions of works by Frans Hemsterhuis (translated from the French into Dutch, 1990; parallel texts in the two languages, 2001), as well as a number of editions done jointly with his assistants.

It goes without saying that much of his work was in Dutch – a language which he spoke at a speed suggesting that he was anxious to get back to editing yet another text. He stimulated enormous interest in Dutch philosophy throughout the universities of the Netherlands and brought Dutch philosophy and culture to the notice of a large international audience, not only in the Netherlands, Germany and Scandinavia but even in Italy. In 2001 he was made knight in the Order of Oranje-Nassau for his considerable contributions to Dutch philosophy. During the last eight years of his life he returned to his old love of Swedish history and in 2001 published an edition and translation of the *Nemesis divina* by Carl von Linné (Linnaeus).

Michael Petry was a man of strong opinions but of great magnanimity. He exhibited a certain other-worldliness: perhaps it was immersion in his texts that made him incapable of understanding the pettiness of the academic world around him. He was a wanderer but where he went he was truly a cultural ambassador for all things British. An old school friend recalls how, searching for Michael's lecture room at Elsinore, he knew that he was on the right track when he heard the students

singing the Pirates of Penzance. In Rotterdam he played cricket – indeed he played his last game at the age of 68. Like most wanderers, however, he needed a vision of home and, for Michael Petry, home meant Berkshire. His final resting place is the churchyard at Sonning. One of his earliest books was *Herne the Hunter* (1972), which he dignified with the subtitle *A Berkshire Legend*. After Berkshire and his family, however, it was clear from his conversation that his time at Pembroke was the source of his most treasured memories.

John North

ARTHUR PORTRAIT (1930)

18 January 1912 – 13 September 2000

Just before printing the last issue we learned of the death of Arthur Portrait. A charismatic personality whose bark was far worse than his bite as all young clerks realised – always ready to help the young 'uns'. In the course of an interview for the Oral Archive four years ago he traced his early years back to his father taking him from his home in North London to the nearby Arsenal FC ground, an experience which led to him becoming a life-long supporter. He could still recall the names of players more than seventy years later. After an untypical initial failure at Scholarship level he won a Foundation Scholarship to a grammar school followed by a Scholarship in 1930 to Pembroke College, Oxford to read Philosophy, Politics and Economics. Graduating in 1933 with an Upper Second he spent a further year in post-graduate research at the London School of Economics and searching for a job which was difficult at the time. Fortunately, his father was a tailor's cutter in the City and, as Arthur related, City men talked to two men outside their work – their barber and their tailor. Thus A E Kimpton was instrumental in securing Arthur a post in NMR starting in Bullion. Later he spent a few months at RMR learning the mysteries of refining and observing the mountains of Chinese silver coins.

Although regarding himself as essentially English with four grandparents from Russian-occupied Poland he was

troubled by the situation developing in Europe and, after Munich, joined the 12th Finsbury Rifles in the autumn of 1938 later transferring to the Anti-Aircraft Regiment of the HAC. He served throughout the War and was wounded in NW Europe after D-Day. Returning to NMR he did seriously consider emigrating to Palestine (his wife, Dina, had left there in 1937 to marry him) but with the Mandate being ended he was advised that he might become a target.

For a number of years he worked in Correspondence under Leon Nathan who, he said, had a First Class mind whilst he only had an Upper Second mind! A former Director who spent some time with them recalls that it was like a Jewish vaudeville act with insults and wisecracks flying across the room yet going off at the end of the day the best of friends. Later Arthur specialised in the workings of the Exchange Control Act with the stream of amendments that accompanied it. Boring beyond belief to read Arthur had the patience to absorb them to the extent that, in later years, legend has it that the Old Lady would ring to ask what was the meaning of various rules since their staff had changed so much!

Concluding his service as an Assistant Director he then took on the job of organising the office of the West Deutsche Landesbank just round the corner. To those who expressed surprise at him working for a German firm he said: "We can't go on being enemies for ever." He died on 13 September 2000 after a severe stroke. Sadly, Dina, his wife of sixty-two years, died two months later. Their two daughters, Ruth and Judith, survive them.

FREDERICK WILLIAM REW (1931)

12 March 1913 – 16 December 1999

Frederick Rew was born in Liverpool in 1913. He lived in London for nearly all his adult life but was always proud of his Liverpool beginnings as he was of his father's Ulster roots.

From the crowded classrooms of 60 or more at St Michael's in the Hamlet school he got a scholarship to the Liverpool Institute. He started there at the same time as

the new charismatic head, the Rev H H Symonds, whose introduction of a School Camp at Borrowdale was particularly appreciated. Fred's love of walking and cycling was encouraged – he and his friends would on occasion cycle from Liverpool to the Lake District. One of his favourite stories in later life was of his cycle ride round England at the age of 14 at a total expense of 14s 6d. This was when he first visited Oxford and was surprised when asking a workman for directions that he spoke with the long 'a' which, in Liverpool, was an indication of someone from a higher social class than his own. He kept in touch with the school after going up to Oxford in 1931 and it was with the support of the Rev Symonds that he got funding in 1934 to spend six weeks in Germany with the aim of learning German.

Fred enjoyed his years at Pembroke College, continuing his interest from school in Latin, Greek and Ancient History, developing a new interest in philosophy and making friends with whom he kept in contact for the rest of his, or their, life. He was involved in a number of societies including the Mermaid Club, the Johnson and Beaumont Societies and the Labour Club. He loved the city of Oxford itself and returned to college events in later years. His active social life may, perhaps, have had an effect on his academic achievements as his examination results slipped slightly between the early first in Honour Moderations and the degree with which he left Oxford.

He returned home to Liverpool for his first job with Unilever at Port Sunlight but soon moved to their London offices, meeting up with Oxford friends who had also moved to London, as he pursued his desire to be a copywriter and perhaps, eventually a writer. He was with Unilever, in the market research department, in 1939 when the war started and he was called up to the Auxiliary Fire Service, which he had joined earlier that year. He was based in the City of London and involved in many of the dramatic fights to save historic buildings from being destroyed by fire. In 1940, in the early weeks of the London Blitz, he married Kitty Smith.

He returned to Unilever in 1945, by then the father of one daughter, but was looking for something slightly

different when, in 1947 and with another daughter on the way, he applied for and got a post with the newly formed firm Research Services. His interest was very much in social rather than commercial research and he particularly enjoyed his involvement with surveys commissioned in the late 1940s and early 1950s by the government, by the BBC and Lord Beveridge and by businesses such as Cadbury's, Frys and Rowntree's. This was all at a time when market research was still a relatively new field. He was a director at Research Services until 1974 and saw many changes in the way market research was used and in the techniques for analysing data though he did not experience the benefits of analysis using computers.

He was always involved in family life, making the most of his limited time away from work to enjoy family holidays in Northern Ireland, wider family gatherings at Christmas and walks and excursions at weekends into Kent and Sussex. His daughters may have protested at the time about yet another visit to a historic site but can recognise his influence on their later careers in museums and libraries respectively.

He spent his retirement years with Kitty in Blackheath, appreciating the time he could spend on his own interests, which included local history, and with his grandchildren and eventually his great grandchildren.

Catharine Rew

BRENDAN MICHAEL SENIOR (1966)

14 October 1947 - 17 September 2001

The following obituary notice by Michael W Carrigan appeared in The Glenstal Newsletter in December 2001.

Michael Senior was one of those people who always make you feel better when you meet them. To be in his company was to be stimulated and enthused. Intelligent, entertaining, he made you laugh and he laughed with you. In Glenstal he made friends easily. He also shone academically.

He left Glenstal in 1964 and spent a year, first at Ettal

Abbey in Bavaria, then at the Sorbonne in Paris learning German and French. After a further year studying economics in University College Dublin, he was awarded a Prendergast Scholarship to Oxford. Michael took to Oxford like a duck to water, reading philosophy, politics and economics at Pembroke College, and becoming involved in a wide range of sporting and social activities.

His enthusiasm for learning, his love of Oxford and a non-acquisitive nature which he maintained throughout life suggested that he might continue on an academic path. To the surprise of some he became a banker, joining Chase Manhattan Bank in 1970. He remained with them until 1988, rising to the rank of Vice-President and serving in New York, Dublin and London. He returned to Dublin for two years as General Manager of TSB but rejoined Chase in 1990 as Vice-President Corporate Finance in their London office. Always keen to come back to Ireland, he returned to Dublin in 1994, joining Pfizer International Bank Europe where he soon became Managing Director.

There was nothing that Michael liked more than a challenge and his competitive spirit and zest for life were as apparent on the golf course as in the boardroom, on the tennis court too, at the snooker table, sailing on the high seas, or just messing about in boats on Lough Corrib.

Throughout his life Michael's family was very much his anchor: his parents, Brendan and Freddie, his sisters Marcella and Sunniva, and his brother, Frank. He was married to Elizabeth Ryan in 1974 and they had two children, Edgar who was in Glenstal from 1987 to 1993, and Lizanne. Of both his children Michael was exceptionally and justifiably proud.

Last May, when we were fixing a date for an annual lunch, which seven of us who were in Glenstal together have arranged for the last twenty-five years, Michael wasn't sure if he would be able to join us. He hadn't been well and was going into hospital for tests. When the test disclosed that he had leukaemia he was extraordinarily positive and resolute. He researched the illness fully, knew what the treatment entailed and was confident that

all would be well. Sadly, it was not to be.

After a display of exemplary courage and typical good humour, he died suddenly on 17 September 2001. He was only 53. Since Michael's death the world has laughed a little less. His many, many friends are going to miss him.

WILLIAM IAN EWING SHAW (1938)

24 October 1919 – 13 October 2001

Ian would have been 82 in just 11 days time. His father was Scottish and his mother was Armenian. In his early years Ian moved about considerably. He was actually born in London, he moved to Scotland as a young boy then to Alexandria, to Paris, and from there to Barcelona. He had been educated whilst in Paris at a school run by Jesuits and it was here that he was brought up by his mother and a governess. His education continued in a French Lycée in Barcelona until the Spanish Civil War broke out. It was the British Navy who sent a frigate to pick up all British subjects. And so Ian was on the move once more, this time he was taken to Brittany to Dinard. He lived here in a beautiful house that had been won by his father gambling. He took the baccalaureate at the age of 17 and then having spent a year learning English, he came here to Oxford to study at Pembroke College. At Pembroke he excelled at boxing and rowing. I remember Ian telling us that whilst he was still a fresher he was invited to tea by Master of Pembroke. The Master told Ian that he had somebody else coming to tea who was keen to brush up on her French. (Ian was invited because he spoke fluent French). When he arrived he was surprised to see that the other guest was, in fact, Queen Mary. As many of you know Ian met Audrey at a Commemoration Ball in Oxford. By this time Ian was 19 and Audrey just 17. They courted each other for a further 2 years and it was Audrey who finally proposed to Ian saying, "If you don't marry me I know somebody who will!" Typical Audrey! Ian immediately agreed. They were married during the war, much against the wishes of both sets of parents.

Ian was in the Royal Artillery and he spent part of the

war fighting in Burma. Once the war was over he joined Morris Motors as a trainee development engineer. Then in 1952 Ian and Audrey moved to New York City where Ian worked with his uncle in a fishing tackle business for 5 years. In 1957 Ian began working for the British Motor Corporation, North America. Then the family moved to Spain and Ian worked as part of British Leyland Europe. It was in 1972 that they moved back to England settling one year later in Warborough, in Green Lanes and Ian retired 3 years later in 1976. Ian and Audrey subsequently spent the winter months in their house in Tenerife where they enjoyed the sunshine and the company of many friends. Family life and family occasions to Audrey and Ian were very important. Sonia, George and Tessa enjoyed a very cosmopolitan and colourful upbringing, moving around with their father's employment. They themselves described him as a loving and caring man, he worked hard at being a father and enjoyed giving and receiving affection. He was endearingly referred to by his family as "The Ancient Mariner". This was simply because he had a great love for the sea, for boats, for fishing and like all good sea dogs, he also loved to predict the weather forecast, often announcing "It's going to rain!" To those of us in Warborough and Shillingford Ian was true 'gentleman', although a shy man, he was a very good neighbour and real friend to many of us and to our animals, he loved them too. He enjoyed sharing his family history and was always willing to give his advice and support.

There is no doubt that Ian missed Audrey very much after her death, he often talked with great affection about her and in some aspects of his life he found it difficult to move on without her by his side. She had very much been the sunshine in his life. And so we keep in mind today those words from St John's gospel. 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world gives do I give you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid.' Our faith assures us that it was by dying our Lord Jesus Christ brought death to nothing, death became swallowed up on victory. Our Lord rose from the dead that we too might rise with him. And so today we

rejoice that Ian is at peace, at peace with God. We thank God that his struggle in this world is now over and above all we rejoice that he is now re-united with Audrey. Ian, may you rest in peace and rise in glory. Amen.

DONALD JOHN SHOREY (1955)

14 June 1934 – 18 February 2002

Donald John Shorey (Don) who died on 18 February 2002 was a peripatetic 'jack of all trades' who would fix anything. He delighted, when in desert or swamp, in being able to improvise when machinery failed and spare parts were unavailable. He was born in Bromley, Kent on 14 June 1934. He attended Bromley Grammar School for Boys and did his National Service in the R.A.F. before going up to Pembroke in 1955. At School and in the R.A.F. he had much success as a swimmer. He represented his school, country and the R.A.F. in swimming and water polo (despite being short-sighted). He joined the O.U. Swimming Club gaining his half blue and he became President in his final year 1958 when he was part of the team that beat Cambridge soundly. He took a post-graduate diploma in geophysics at Imperial College and in 1959 joined S.S.L. (Seismograph Service Limited), a British Company which specialized in oil exploration on land and sea. From then until his retirement he worked mainly overseas with only very short postings in the U.K. He left S.S.L. in 1968 and joined Phillips Petroleum Company in Oklahoma and stayed with them, apart from a short break (1970-72), until his retirement in 1988.

His work took him to the Oman, Spain, Nigeria, Australia, the USA, Italy, Egypt, Canada and Italy. He loved deserts and worked close to the Empty Quarter in Oman, crossed the Maralinga atomic testing site in Australia and followed the cleared tracks through the minefields of the Western Desert to the Qattara Depression. He was inadvertently caught up in the Civil War in Cyprus in 1963, the Biafran war in Nigeria in 1968 and the Israeli Egyptian wars in 1974. His final posting in Egypt in 1986 found him as Managing

Director of Phillips Petroleum Egypt and of Wepco, a joint venture company.

When in Canada and the US he was a very active Masters swimmer, competing in meets and winning medals. He received a special award from the Canadian Minister for Sport for his services to swimming in Canada.

Dan retired in 1988 to Aldernay in the Channel Islands, there he involved himself with the Rotary, the St John's Ambulance service and the parish church of St Anne. The final years of his life were marred by serious ill health. He is survived by his wife Anna (Rupp) who he married in 1959 and by their two sons, Mark and Stephen.

CARL THEODORE SOLBERG (1936)

20 March 1915 – 9 August 2003

The following was written by son Carl Tobias Solberg, at the time of the memorial service:

Carl Theodore Solberg, of Mt. Vernon, New York and Chetek, Wisconsin, died on August 9th 2003 at his home in Mt. Vernon, New York. He was 88 and had been in failing health since suffering a broken hip in July.

He was born on March 20, 1915 in Minneapolis, MN, the elder son of the Rev. Carl K. Solberg, a Lutheran pastor, and his wife, Sina Varland Solberg. The family moved to Madison, SD in 1918, where Carl began his schooling. In 1922 the family returned to Minneapolis and Carl completed his elementary education in the Minneapolis public schools. In 1929 he entered the Augsburg Academy, a private school in Minneapolis, completed the high school requirements in two years and continued in Augsburg College, with some additional coursework at the neighbouring University of Minnesota, through his sophomore year. During these years, under the tutelage of able scholars in both institutions, he launched a broad reading program that continued throughout his lifetime. A parallel lifetime interest in politics was ignited by the election in 1932 of

President Franklin D. Roosevelt and the commencement of the New Deal. In the fall of 1933 he transferred to St. Olaf College and graduated with honours two years later, at the height of the Great Depression. As jobs were scarce, Carl and a college friend answered an advertisement in a farm journal and took a lease on a weekly newspaper called the Pierce County Press, in Rugby, North Dakota, a small northern prairie farming community. In a thorough introduction to journalism, the two young men sold newspapers and advertisements; collected, wrote and edited the news; set the type; operated the printing press; and delivered the papers.

A year later, Carl won a Rhodes Scholarship. In the three-year course of study that followed at Pembroke College, Oxford University, he read Political Science and History, earning three graduate degrees. Returning to the United States in 1939, he joined the staff of the fledgling Time Magazine, a group which included future literary luminaries John Hersey, James Agee, Archibald Macleish and Theodore H. White. Living and working in New York City, Carl met and began to court Barbara Selmer (St. Olaf 1938), a native of Eau Clair, Wisconsin, who had come to New York to study piano at the Manhattan School of Music.

Following the outbreak of World War II, Carl enlisted in the U.S. Navy and was commissioned as an Ensign. He eventually served as an air intelligence officer on the staff of Adm. William F. "Bull" Halsey, commander of the Third Fleet. Sailing abroad Halsey's flagships, the U.S.S. New Jersey and later the U.S.S. Missouri, Carl served through such engagements as the Battle of Leyte Gulf, the largest naval engagement ever fought. He later estimated, with the aid of a map, that his wartime service had taken him through more than 45,000 sea miles. He was present aboard the Missouri at the Japanese surrender in Tokyo Bay in August 1945.

By war's end, Carl and Barbara were married; they moved to New York City, where Carl rejoined Time Magazine. Eventually they bought a house in Port Chester, NY, and there raised their four children. During this period Carl covered international affairs for the

magazine, authoring cover stories on such Cold War figures as Nikita Khrushchev, David Ben-Gurion, Gamal Abdel Nasser, Harold Macmillan and Ludwig Erhard.

Carl left Time, Inc. in 1967 and began to write on his own. Five books were the result: *Riding High: America in the Cold War* (Mason & Lipscomb, 1973); *Oil Power: The Rise and Imminent Fall of an American Empire* (Mason / Charter, 1976); *Conquest of the Skies: A History of Commercial Aviation in America* (Little, Brown, 1979); *Hubert Humphrey: A Biography* (W. W. Norton, 1984), a study of his fellow Minnesotan, Hubert Humphrey, which is scheduled for republication by the Minnesota Historical Society as a paperback in the fall of 2003; and *Decision and Dissent: With Halsey at Leyte Gulf* (Naval Institute Press 1995), a personal memoir of Carl's service with Adm. Halsey and the battle of Leyte Gulf. He continued to write until a month before his death, concentrating on family histories and a private history of the Wartburg, the 150-year old Lutheran community in Mt. Vernon, NY where he and his wife lived for the last few years of their lives. Barbara died in 2002.

Carl served throughout his adult life as president of the Roothbert Fund, a private source of financial assistance for graduate students pursuing a spiritual life. Carl is survived by his brother, Rev. Richard W., of Thousand Oaks, CA; four children, Carl Tobias of Pound Ridge, NY, Richard S. of Ft. Plain, NY, Sara M. of Jersey City, NJ, and Andrew V. of Attleboro, MA; and seven grandchildren. A memorial service was held at the Wartburg Chapel on August 27th 2003 at 11am.

MICHAEL BRUNNING STRUBELL (1937)

28 November 1918 – 2 November 2001

History exhibitioner at Pembroke (1937-1945)

Some memories that he wrote shortly before his death last November 2nd. Also included at the end of the text is a short note about his academic activity after retirement as a businessman, an experience that permitted him, in his

seventies, to get back to his old interest in history and which also led to the publication of a fine translation into Catalan of British political tracts on the situation in Catalonia - his country of adoption - in the early 18th Century.

* * *

“After two unsuccessful Oxbridge scholarship “sorties”, I had finally been awarded an Open Exhibition to Pembroke College, Oxford, and took up residence there in October, 1937. Settling in was no hardship as there were other Paulines already in residence there whom I had known at school. I say “no hardship”, but that was not quite the case. I had to be “initiated”, and, as far as I remember, (which in most cases is practically impossible) this involved having to imbibe an excessive quantity of the excellent, but deceptively potent, College beer. If Pembroke beer was widely appreciated, the reputation of its port in discriminating university circles was legendary, thanks to the unerring selective prowess of the college’s Senior Tutor, Mr Drake, who was in charge of the stocking and re-stocking of the College’s cellars (at least insofar as the items reserved for the Senior Common Room were concerned).

If the primary object of a young man’s university education is to enhance his prospects of success in whatever career he is deemed to be fitted for, prowess in one or more sports can play an important part in the process. It is understandable therefore that the captains and committees of the various university sporting teams keep themselves briefed regarding promising secondary school athletes and players scheduled to “come up” in the first term of a new university year. Unfortunately, I had been inadequately “briefed” as to how to conduct myself when I was chosen to play in the initial matches. To go from public school rugby football and find oneself within weeks in physical contact with international “stars” was, for me at least, an incredible experience. My automatic reaction therefore, after the final whistle of the Final Trial in which I had been selected to play, was to have my shower as quickly as possible and betake myself

unobtrusively back to my college. It was not for some weeks that I was to find out what a gross error I had made. The fact that I had not “had a beer” after the game with the rest of the players stamped me as being rather a “strange type” and it was only after I had had several matches in the Richmond 1st XV and knocked back the odd “noggin” afterwards that my sociability was recognized. Thereafter all was well and I had my fair share of representative games, at least as a “Greyhound” (the Oxford equivalent of the Cambridge University “LX” Rugby Football club). The process was vastly assisted by the fact that one of the friends of the family was Hylton Cleaver, a renowned London press sports correspondent, who was kind enough to write favourably about me in matches covered by him in which I had played creditably. I shall always be grateful too to the late Paul Cooke (the current University and England scrum-half), for “headhunting” me for membership of the Richmond Rugby Football Club, of which he was the representative at Oxford. As fine a person as one could hope to meet in a lifetime, Paul was tragically killed at Dunkirk in World War II.

Primarily, one attends university to take a degree and thereby qualify for a good opportunity in whatever field of activity one chooses thereafter. At Oxford, in my time, before World War II – the system may well be somewhat different nowadays – an undergraduate had to pass a preliminary examination before getting down to serious study of the subject in which he or she aspired to take a degree. In any case, an intending student of Modern History, the exam was known as “Pass Mods”. For my first two terms I was too busy enjoying myself to devote time to studying, with the result that I failed lamentably on the first two occasions I sat the exam. Not surprisingly therefore, I was warned by my college tutor that if I was unsuccessful a third time I would certainly be “rusticated”. (To be “rusticated” meant that, in the circumstances, further studying to pass this particular examination would have to be undertaken off university premises).

Fortunately, I had a friend in the college who took me

in hand and “kept my nose to the grindstone” in no uncertain manner. I never studied so hard, before or after, as I did my third term at university. Thanks to this friend, Freddy Philips – also sadly killed at Dunkirk – I therefore finally passed the exam and could then proceed to get down to studying for my degree while indulging my passion for Rugby football.

Apart from lectures, which could be at one or more colleges from one end of Oxford to the other, an undergraduate would be required to attend “tutorials” in the rooms of the don in one’s college who specialized in the subject in which one hoped to get a degree. He would set the topic on which one had to write an essay to be read before him at a prescribed date and time each week. It was a relaxed occasion, unless one had neglected to do one’s “homework” – and generally very instructive. There were some dons, though, who had a set routine which they followed year after year without any modification or “update”.

But not all the hoary anecdotes were about the eccentricities of dons as lecturers. There was at least one don, tradition has it, who was prepared to counter-attack. He was a misogynist, for a start, and had noted that his women students were assiduous “note-takers”. Tradition has it that one day he entered the lecture-room, looked around at his mixed class, said “Good morning!” and followed this up by saying: “Have you got that down, ladies?”.

Two years went by and in the summer “Vac” (vacation) of 1939 I was spending a fortnight in Pembrokeshire (South Wales) at the country house of a Welsh solicitor who stood “in loco parentis” to the former schoolfriend of mine who had so kindly invited me to accompany him. We were there then when Britain declared war on Adolf Hitler’s Nazi Germany on September 3rd that year. It seemed the natural thing to do for us to make our way, the two of us, to the nearest recruiting office or Army unit. I believe we enlisted in Cardigan, but our ways parted there because, having trained as a potential artillery officer during the two years I had already spent at Oxford, I was posted straightway to the nearest

Territorial Army artillery unit, in Haverfordwest; my friend, not being a “gunner”¹, went elsewhere, and I regret that after this parting of the ways there, Peter Wetherall and I lost touch.

Michael B. Strubell’s History-orientated contribution to Anglo-Catalan relations. A factor significant on Jack Straw’s recent visit to Barcelona (November 2001).

In 1992, after several years of retirement, Michael B. Strubell -Pembroke History exhibitor in 1937- was finally able to develop one of his life’s most fond activities: historical research. His father-in-law, former Emeritus Professor of Orthopaedics at Worcester -Catalan Josep Trueta- had years before spoken to Michael about interesting historical documents he had come across in the Bodleian. These documents were pamphlets written by Whig pamphleteers in the early 18th Century at a time when the Tories had come back into power in Queen Anne’s England. These documents spoke of the plight of the Catalan people who had been left on their own to face the repression of Bourbon Spain after the War of Spanish Succession had fizzled out. Despite having signed the Treaty of Genova with Catalonia, the British Government had not held its word and left Catalonia to face the combined French and Spanish armies on its own. The fact that this small nation held out from approximately 1707 to 1714 was a source of wonder to Europe, and embarrassment to England. Several political pamphlets of sound historical reasoning and literary standard were published and, indeed, widely distributed throughout England in the 1713-1715 period. Michael Strubell chose two of these pamphlets, the more famous of which was “The deplorable case of the Catalans”, and translated them from English into Catalan, a language that he had mastered thanks to the fact that his wife, Somerville Historian Amelia Trueta, had taught him over the years. The prestigious Catalan publishers “Curial” published the book which was to be something of a revelation, causing much debate and interest in Catalonia. The fact is that to this day many Catalans fail to comprehend the full international implications of their

historical cause, and that the fortunes of Gibraltar and their own country are paradoxically interwoven. The fact is that the Treaty of Utrecht (1713) was to deliver Catalonia into the strict rule of Bourbon Spain, with the suppression of her national rights, universities and institutions, while Gibraltar came under British rule. Indeed the Catalan soldiery were key in the capture of the "Rock", the principle bay of which is significantly called "Catalan Bay". In a recent visit to Barcelona, Catalan politicians handed Jack Straw an official report remembering these antecedents. It contained extracts of Michael Strubell's important historical discoveries. Today Catalonia has regained only part of her national rights, and is by no means a sovereign country. Her language is taught in schools (it is calculated that there are 7 million Catalan speakers today) though her Parliament is unable to decide on key matters (economy, industry etc.).

Reference

¹ Nevertheless, Michael Strubell was to end up serving as an R.A.F. Spitfire and Hurricane reconnaissance pilot and not in the artillery.

RONALD WILLIAM SYKES (1935)

31 December 1914 – 27 July 2002

Ron Sykes came up to Pembroke in 1935, from Doncaster Grammar School, to read law.

The college in the thirties was a small, close-knit, friendly community, still in many ways clinging to the nineteenth century. Ron's time in Oxford was devoted to the College Boat Club, the Union Society and student politics. Tutorials, lectures and exams were not a major cause of stress in those days.

His first job after Oxford was with the Imperial Tobacco Company in Bristol, where he met and married his first wife, Vicky.

He subsequently practised at Bar for a number of years in Leeds, before spending most of his career teaching Law in Colleges of Further Education in Basingstoke, Rugby,

Worcester and Crawley.

In politics, Ron was a lifelong Liberal and fought two General Elections in the 1950s as a Liberal Candidate, in Hull and Scarborough.

He was also a loyal member of the Church of England, serving as a Lay Reader for more than fifty years.

After a difficult period as a widower following Vicky's sudden death in 1970, he married his second wife, Gwan, and they had twenty happy years of retirement together in their cottage at Saxton in Yorkshire, dispensing hospitality to a regular stream of visitors.

Ron felt a great affection for Pembroke and attended the annual College Society dinner regularly until the end of his life. It gave him great pleasure to see his son Martin follow him to Pembroke in 1965.

EWART TAYLOR (1946)

17 December 1927 - 18 February 2002

Duncan Taylor (1978) writes:

Ewart Taylor, who died on 18 February 2002, was born and brought up in a Staffordshire mining village, a background which coloured his moral and political beliefs throughout his life. He came up to Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1946 from Wolstanton County Grammar School as a scholar to read Greats.

Twice a parliamentary candidate in the Labour and Co-operative cause, his working life was spent in education. He was Borough Education Officer in Chesterfield in the 1960s and subsequently Director of Studies at Matlock College. He moved to become Assistant Director of Further Education for Derbyshire County Council and then became Principal of South East Derbyshire College, the post that he held when he retired.

During his time at Pembroke, he was active in the University Labour Club and captained the College at football. He always remembered his time at Pembroke with affection and pride and relished his friendships made there with, among others, Tubby Green, Dickie Craven, Alan Hunter and John Fielding. It was a source

of great joy to him that I followed him to Pembroke; we attended a number of college dinners together and he much enjoyed the company of my own contemporaries.

He loved books, friends, music, France, food, wine and argument – he was never happier than engaged in a debate over the debris of a good meal – and he loved to have his family around him.

A lifelong democratic socialist, he gave of his time to such disparate causes – apart from the Labour movement – as Amnesty International, the Chesterfield Civic Society, the Derbyshire branch of the Oxford Society and “Talking Newspapers” for the blind, as well as supporting Sheila, my mother, in her roles as President of the Derbyshire NUT and Vice-President of the Chesterfield Trades Council. The affection in which he was held was demonstrated by the numbers of friends and colleagues who attended his funeral and who shared anecdotes and reminiscences over a glass of wine afterwards.

And apart from all of that, he was my dad, and I loved him beyond all conscience.

Mr Ewart Taylor of Avondale Road, Newbold, died on February 18, after a sudden heart attack. He was 74.

Born in Knutton, Staffordshire, he was educated at Wolstanton County Grammar School and Pembroke College, Oxford.

He was Chesterfield Borough Education Officer in the early 1960s and subsequently Director of Studies and Academic Registrar at Matlock College of Education.

He moved to become Assistant Director of Education (FE) for Derbyshire County Council and then became Principal of South East Derbyshire College.

A lifelong democratic socialist who contested two parliamentary elections for the Labour and Cooperative Parties, he also gave his time to Amnesty International, the Chesterfield Civic Society and the Derbyshire Oxford Society.

Following his retirement he was, for some years, involved with Talking Newspapers. He loved family, friends, France and good wine.

FREDERICK CHARLES EDMUND TELFER (1951)

10 November 1931 – 27 December 2001

The following address was given by Charles Telfer's godson, the Revd. Peter Ingrams, at the Thanksgiving Service on 8 February 2002 at Frensham Parish Church.

When Charles Telfer popped into the world in November 1931, I am certain it was with a grin and inimitable chuckle, saying perhaps ‘Hello, hello, hello’.

I invite you to accompany me, so with your memories, snapshots and undeciphered thoughts we might share the love and fascination of the man who brings us here. I speak as biased godson. You will all have your own excuses! For today is a time to remind ourselves how much bigger Charles is than his tragic ending which cannot overshadow the fullness of his three score ten, and the unique way in which he approached it.

It began in London. Mother Vera, father Edmund, and later sister Elizabeth. Pangbourne School was to fulfil his childhood dream to join the Navy, short lived because Charles hated it, and Milfield at 16 from which Charles left as head Boy before he went to Pembroke College, Oxford. Education for Charles, amongst other things, meant sport – a lifelong delight – boxing, rowing, sailing, rugby, even...county sprinter – all these he did well and supported later. Boxing gloves and shoes sit in Spreakfield House to prove it, as well as the knowledge that his last fight, and he never went down in one, was against a former UK heavyweight champion! He never forgot it. He even made one of his longest friendships by first punching said Oxford girlfriend thief, and sending him down the stairs.

Charles left Oxford after his father's death in 1952 preferring to work than play geography. 35 years of the Stock Exchange and the world of finance first at Joseph Seabag where he worked his way to be the dealing partner, then Laurie Millbank finishing at Chase Manhattan. If working for the Americans at Chase Manhattan wasn't bad enough, the ‘big bang’

computerising of the Exchange was the last straw. For him it symbolised a transition from face-to-face to monitor-to-monitor and he felt that much integrity and good will went out of the window. For him the world of blue buttons, jobbers, brokers and price boards accompanied the trust of a man and his word. A code of conduct Charles would fiercely defend to any errant clerk or senior partner! Work for Charles engaged his tremendous capacity for retaining information, reading a stack of newspapers per day and keeping in touch with hundreds of people. For me as a lad, walking through the Exchange when he was on its council was an education in the art of communication – waves, grunts, shouts, winks, whistles, witticisms, bass greetings ‘Hello, hello, hello’, all without breaking his stride – Charles could talk to anyone and usually did, especially as he believed it his inalienable human right to make a comment on everything – everything. And even if he wasn’t listened to, he could at least be heard above everyone else. He had a marvellous way of getting people’s attention – ‘Hey cock’ on the telephone could be none other than Charles.

Family mode gave Charles a reason for settling down – as if such a thing could be imagined – maybe settling into a higher gear! Pride and delight in his daughter Amanda. A marriage to Pat in 1965, which sprang from dancing during Cowes Week and a woman’s assumption that a phone number given on the dance floor would be forgotten. Never underestimate a stockbroker’s capacity for numbers! And Pat’s number was up! Thirty-six years. The beaming husband standing beside his lovely Pat. Jamie, Richard, Edward – Fred, Dick and ... mole. Why use proper names? The sort of father who knew what he needed to do and was grateful for his chief strategist – Mrs Telfer – to make sure it got done. The sort of father teenagers would die for. As if Charles and his flat cap and sheepskin coat might sit quietly on the sidelines during rugby, rowing or hockey match! I remember my first rugby match as a rather shy 13-year-old American thinking that during this strange game without protective covering one would sit quietly and cheer when someone scored a touch-down. To my irrepensible

embarrassment, Charles yelled at the top of his voice from the moment the game began until its conclusion. Never a shrinking violet!

In the hustle and bustle of family life Charles had his way of doing things. Attention to detail. There might have been grey between the black and white but it never got mentioned. Home was a weekend bustle. The art of debate and sticking up for yourself were characteristic features of family life – ‘Don’t shout, only idiots shout’ was integral to family banter. Charles was the Master of Ceremonies, King of the Castle, proud as hell, of each of his four children, their partners and grandchildren. Concerned for their welfare with a very deep and abiding sense of responsibility. Amazed and intrigued as their paths unfolded.

His 32 years at West End with Pat will provide many of our place memories, a house, a home, garden and well – the sheep. For most of us this was the HQ from which forays were made – to work, to Cowes for sailing where as one time Commodore for the Royal Yacht Club, Charles enjoyed the buzz of the Cowes regatta and probably remembered from time to time that he was asked to be part of the English Olympic sailing team, but work wouldn’t allow for it.

Forays to Port Grimaud, basking and power boating, to ski or not to ski, to safari, to the Saints and Sinners club, to Benedicts where he was a very valued member, to RNLI fund raising affairs, to Scribes proudly checking up on Amanda’s management, to the boys’ homes and families, to family and friends near and far, to the places and people that excited and energised his capacity for living. In each of these forays from West End and beyond, Charles made a mark with his larger than life character and unquenchable appetite for life. A man who never did things by half. A friend said ‘he tried to live his whole life as if he was 16’.

His medical history proves it. How many wives carry their husband’s medical history ready to hand it in to the next casualty department. Like all the stories we could tell, Charles aimed for and often achieved the art of the impossible.

But of course West End meant Frensham. Holly Bush Inn, the post office campaigns, and subsequent dubbing as the Quartermaster General, cricket club on a summers afternoon, local shoots, lethal stirrup cups at the hunt, the pounding in of political party posters. I think they were blue? At various times a member of the local council, Church council, Deanery Synod, the sidesman who always arrived in plenty of time, huffing and puffing, dishing out smiles with the books and, when necessary, confronted 'the peace' and responded with a slide of hands into his pockets. At least when I told him years back that I was going to be ordained the expletive he responded with was a quasi religious one!

A traditional traditionalist, not by default but by conviction, Charles could never understand why, at the end of a film, the national anthem was no longer sung. Passionate about flags, in particular, Scottish, Union Jack, St. George – proud of belonging to a way of life, the best way in his opinion. This did lead to 'generalisations' about nationalities and people. Let's face it, for Charles there was only one grade of human being, maybe two, and a pity if you're not Scottish or British even – fortunately for many of us he made exceptions. No one could always agree with Charles, he made sure of it, but at least you knew where you were. He could tell you your fortune while handing you a drink. A man who ignored jargon like PC, particularly when it referred to computers and especially when it referred to political correctness. And yet, his magnanimity and understanding often embraced more than even he sometimes realised!

For all his ebullience and bravado Charles, I believe, particularly in these last years, would have been truly incredulous at the size of this gathering and the 300+ letters received by Pat and the children over the past weeks. Phrases included, 'magnificent friend and colleague', 'a man whose opinions, company and judgement will always be valued', popular and respected for his honesty, fairness and good humour, and as one wrote 'the end of an era'.

The end, the manner of his death shocked us. That a man who so enriched our lives and gave such delight to be

alive should struggle so and should struggle so much behind the scenes is hard to understand. To close friends and family who bore with his battle against alcohol dependency, ill health and depression, and did more than could possibly be ever imagined or comprehend, the old Charles is sometimes hard to remember. The costs of their love and endurance are deep. How do we interpret this discordant ending with a life whose characteristic exuberance, caring, energy and zest showed so clearly, without recognising the complexity of a character that had inner strains we can only imagine?

The challenge, as we celebrate Charles' life, is that his absence and presence must now be understood in different ways. We can only express our unmade goodbyes through each other, our tears, our toasts and our prayers, holding on to our pictures and unfolding memories as gifts. Each will need to be unwrapped as needful. And yes, as we confront death, resurrection, and being alive in the mystery of God, our unanswered and yet unasked questions that we hold, are worth asking. In believing isn't it the Spirit of Jesus Christ within, who asks then with us? Belief can be an enquiry in the world as it is, and being prepared for surprises of a God more present than we can imagine. In our commending of Charles to God are we not both saying thank you for Charles and seeking that wholeness and healing only God's grace can give; a fulfilment in Jesus Christ's creative compassion and transforming love. A love so close and present, a love that somehow links us together and affirms us in our celebration of Charles' life.

Peter Ingrams

PETER JOHN TRIFFITT (1951)

9 April 1933 - 19 April 2002

Peter has fought a brave and valiant battle with death. We have supported and admired his determination to manage a painful, degenerative disease, and to retain a sense of dignity throughout.

His faith in the future of science and medical research for the benefit of future generations never failed him. A

pity it could not catch up with him.

A graduate of Oxford University, he went on to gain his commission in the R.A.F., and to managerial positions with International Companies, before taking on the challenge of the Chy an Dour hotel, in St Ives, Cornwall.

He will be keenly remembered by friends and colleagues for his sharp wit and humour, his zest for life, and fighting spirit. He held as sacred the integrity of one's own mind. He had a rather paradoxical presence, able to calmly hold his own in the most awesome confrontation and yet, always vulnerable.

He loved his home and family above all and would indulge a talent as raconteur and story writer to give us unforgettable moments of entertainment. A wise and tolerant father, always available to break down inevitable problems into solvable parts, he was not one to advocate easy options, or look for certainties.

“Not the full lecture, dad, please.”

His Christian spirit and his love remain with us always. For the life of our dear husband and father, we give thanks to God!

A Tribute to Peter Triffitt, from John Richards

Of all the many things that upset me about getting old, the most upsetting is the loss of dear friends who have (in one way or another) played a significant role in my life.

One such was Peter Triffitt, who I had known since 1960. I met him in rather extraordinary circumstances. I had just left the regular army, having served Queen and country as an infantry officer for ten years. I had decided on a new career in business but understood little about what this involved. I therefore arranged to meet (via a mutual friend) the Marketing Director of Hudson Knight, then one of Unilever's successful soap companies. His role was to brief me on the delights (and perils) of a career with Unilever so he promptly introduced me to one of his best and brightest brand managers – who turned out of course to be Peter Triffitt. What this highly intelligent, articulate man thought of me I have no idea but I was greatly impressed by him. I never went to university, let alone Oxford, and he certainly never

entered the gates of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, but for some strange reason we clicked. I joined Unilever as a Management Trainee and was posted to Batchelors in Sheffield – one of their food companies.

Two years later and after a spell with a London advertising agency, Peter returned to Unilever and accepted a position as Brand Manager for packet soups with Batchelors. Thus, by remarkable co-incidence, we met again – this time on the same side of the fence because I was offered the job of joining the marketing team as his assistant.

Peter was not at heart a 'team' man. He was a highly individualistic, creative innovator, endowed with a brilliant, original mind. He did not suffer fools gladly but showed great patience to those who were prepared to learn from him. He sometimes gleefully enjoyed baiting the pompous and the opinionated. Thus, whilst respected, he did not always endear himself to those in authority who held what he regarded as 'establishment views'. Our relationship then was simply one of 'master and pupil', as Peter was a superb teacher and I had much to learn.

Thus I would like to say that first and foremost perhaps, I believe that he was blessed with an absolutely first-class brain, coupled with an astonishing ability to impart knowledge to others. This is a rare and precious gift, as I think you will all agree.

Let no one think though that Peter's abilities were restricted to academic theorising. Within a few months of taking over as brand manager for packet soups, he had introduced several key changes in marketing strategy which propelled that brand from bottom of the league to top – overtaking Knorr Swiss as brand leader. The benefits to Batchelors in terms of profits were spectacular.

Not everyone knows that, in later years, when his career in conventional marketing with large, international companies came to an end he struck out on his own and bought a chain of ailing street stalls in the Manchester area, transforming them into profit too. Then, to everyone's astonishment, he took over his parents' hostel down here in the West Country and, after

a lot of hard work and anxious times, successfully turned that around as well! No-one who knew him, myself included, ever imagined that Peter, of all people, could make a success of running an hotel! But he did, and when it came to the crunch, I think he even enjoyed the experience!

So that's the next thing I want to say about my friend – his amazing versatility, his resourcefulness and his courage in adversity.

I do believe, however, that his greatest satisfaction (apart from his splendid and rewarding relationship with his wife Mariette) was to indulge his undoubted analytical skills. Whilst still with Unilever, he was never happier in his work than when engrossed with the development of abstract market models, designed to solve what had hitherto been seen as the insoluble. This often engaged him in debate with other high-flying academics, all of which he thoroughly enjoyed whilst the rest of us looked on in wonder, amazement, and no little awe. Even towards the end, as Mariette knows only too well, he would spend hours in front of his computer, researching stock-market data and forecasting winners and losers – often reaping significant financial rewards as a result.

To his loyal and devoted wife Mariette, to his daughters and to the rest of his family, may I offer my deepest sympathy on the loss of this extraordinary, talented husband and father. As his friend of so many years, my great sadness is that I believe his talents, and the contribution he could have made in many different fields of human endeavour, were never properly recognised or rewarded.

The maverick in Peter will probably object in principle to this or any other form of tribute but I think it is well-deserved insofar as one can ever find the right words to express one's feelings on such a sad occasion.

For the life of Peter Triffitt, thanks be to God.

PATRICK BERNARD TURNER (1947)

21 February 1929 – 29 October 2002

Patrick Bernard Turner was born in India on 21st February 1929. He went on to be educated at Cheltenham College where he was Head of House. As well as being academic, he won the cup for the most outstanding gymnast. With his stepfather away at war, Patrick developed a deep sense of responsibility that never left him, helping his mother run the house and control his two younger brothers. As toys and model kits were unobtainable during the war, Patrick showed some of his many talents by teaching his brothers how to carve the most exquisite wooden warships and dug clay from his garden to make moulds for lead soldiers, just as good as any dinky toys. This creative gift led him to restore numerous houses and gardens he lived in, building beautifully dove-tailed bookcases to hold his extensive library.

In 1947 Patrick won the Wightwick Scholarship to Pembroke College, Oxford, where he rowed in his college eight. After leaving Oxford in 1950, he went on to do his National Service in Korea as an Officer in the Gunners. Some years later his Commanding Officer met his stepfather and told him, "Patrick was far the most perceptive and intelligent of all his contemporaries".

In 1968 Patrick became the Secretary of the British Veterinary Association, a position he held for nineteen years. As one of his ex-Presidents wrote about him "Pat was not only the Secretary of the BVA, he was the BVA – always courteous, meticulous, professional, extensively loyal and extremely hard-working". On his retirement in 1987, the prolonged standing ovation he received at the Brighton Congress reflected the great affection Patrick was held in by the members and the high regard for his services.

In his lighter moments, Patrick was great fun. At the BVA Congresses he would enliven whatever bar was the centre of activity by doing impossible handstands on rickety tables. He also sang ballads of varying style and vintage.

In Patrick's retirement, with his love of gardening, he started a small gardening business, looking after a few select gardens. Among these was the garden of Dame

Ninette de Valois, who always referred to Patrick as “the Major my Gardener”. Patrick had a beautiful garden of his own, where he would like to sit drinking his wine after tending it.

Patrick died on 29th September 2002, after a short illness, bravely born. Much loved by his family, he was indeed “steel true and blade straight”. He is survived by his wife, Anne, and his three children.

STOJAN VELJKOVIC (1928)

4 December 1906 - 15 July 1998

Another of the old Belgraders, one of the last scions of pre-Kumanovo Serbia, who belonged to that ancien *milieu* of our bourgeois middle class that was mercilessly destroyed by the Communist *régime* in the second half of the 20th century, has died far from his homeland. Stojan Veljkovic – a descendant of Veljko, a leader of the Uprising who, after the battle at Ivankovac, was given the title of *knez* (prince) by Karadorde – died in Cambridge, in an old peoples’ home, on July 15th 1998.

Stojan Veljkovic was born on December 4th 1906 in his ancestral home on the corner of Bircaninov and Kralj Milutin streets in Belgrade. This house, as he used to say with pride, was built in 1820. His father Jovan was a colonel who, in 1883, graduated in fourth place from the 13th class of the Lower School of the Military Academy, and in 1887 finished the 1st class of the Higher Military Academy in second place. His mother was Kosara, the daughter of Milan Petronijevic and grand-daughter of Avram Petronijevic (1791-1852), one of the most eminent political figures of the Serbia of that time, together with Toma Vucic, one of the leaders of the Defenders of the Constitution, who was later Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, in which position he died, being buried beside the church of St Paraskeva on the Golden Horn in Constantinople.

Stojan received the name of his grandfather, Dr Stoja Veljkovic (1830-1925), a lawyer and professor of Roman law and later a judge of the Supreme Court, who was twice Minister of Justice, from 1871-2 and 1879-80. The

Veljkovics were very wealthy and eminent people. Colonel Jovan Veljkovic was, in his time, the commandant of the Royal Guard and an adjutant of King Aleksandar Obrenovic, retiring after the fall of the Obrenovic dynasty in 1903 as a relatively young man, and then worked in the bank of the Vracar Guild with his brother Vojislav, who was an eminent financial expert who had been a professor at Belgrade university and then secretary to King Aleksandar Obrenovic and Finance Minister in 1903, becoming a member of the Democratic Party in 1919 and one of its leaders, Minister of Trade and Industry in Stojan Protic’s government from 1918 to 1919, Finance Minister in Ljuba Davidovic’s government from 1919 to 1920 and one of the founders of the Serbian Literary Herald. Stojan grew up in a milieu in which the earliest education was given by foreign governesses, and so he learned French and German as a child. He left Serbia during the First World War in 1915, with his mother, brother and sister, on the last train taking bullion to the National Bank, and went to Athens via Salonica, continuing by ship to Marseilles. He was entered in the Bourbon College in Aix-en-Provence, but he returned to Belgrade at the end of the war, as a 12-year-old boy. As he had lung trouble, he parents sent him to Switzerland where, encountering English contemporaries, he studied music and made some firm friends. He returned to Belgrade to matriculate and then began his university studies in Oxford in 1929. An economic crisis had gripped all the industrial nations, including Serbia, and his parents were no longer able to support Stojan and pay for his education in England, and so he was constrained to return home, where his father entrusted him with the running of the *Srpski kralj* (Serbian King), a hotel owned by the Vracar Guild. Julian Amery, in his memoirs, *Approach March*, mentions him as a ‘young, swarthy Serb who had studied at Oxford and was the hotel manager’, who had driven him to Avala to see the grave of the Unknown Soldier (Julian Amery [1919-1996], one of the leaders of the Conservative Party in Britain, was the son of Leo Amery, a well-known Conservative politician who was at one time British Ambassador in Belgrade).

The Second World War saw Stojan a young reserve officer, with an excellent knowledge of foreign languages, at Pale, where Yugoslavia capitulated to Hitler's mighty armies. He succeeded in escaping capture but, after the bombing of Belgrade and the destruction of the greater part of its one-time riches on the arrival of the Communist *régime* after the German occupation, Stojan was left with no alternative but to leave his land and go to England. He had managed somehow, under the Communists, to keep himself by giving lessons in foreign languages. In England, at Cambridge, he married in 1984. Elisabeth Hill was the first tutor in Slavonic Studies in the university and who, as a professor, kept her chair until her retirement in 1968. Her marriage to Stojan lasted twelve years, and ended in divorce in 1996. Elisabeth was a tireless intellectual worker and devoted the last decade of her life to research for a biography of the Russian Tsar Alexander I, showing that he did not die in 1825 at the age of 47, as the official version of the Russian history asserts, but that he withdrew to become a monk under the name of Fyodor Kuzmich and lived privately till his death in 1864. Unfortunately, her work, that was based on abundant material and numerous proofs, remained unfinished, although folk-legends about Fyodor Kuzmich were extant from the time of Tsar Alexander's death. Elisabeth Hill, accustomed herself to living a lone life, took for her motto the Latin tag: *Labor omnes vincit* (Work conquers all). Stojan Veljkovic, it is said, held to a different Latin tag: *Amor omnes vincit* (Love conquers all). It is probable that here is where the root of their separation in the twilight of their lives is to be found.

The older he got, the more Stojan Veljkovic returned to the past, and he became almost obsessed with history, with his forebears. Deprived of his former wealth, he desired at least to leave what he still had to the Patriarchate of the Serbian Orthodox Church, for its use and that of Hilandar monastery. Among other things, he was one of the inheritors of the Veljkovic Pavilion' in Belgrade, which his father built with the intention of collecting there copies of the statues of Italian sculptors

from Michelangelo onwards. When the Communist authorities came to power, however, the statues were removed and the area was turned into a studio for the painter Moce Pijada, although he never used it. Stojan Veljkovic desired that the pavilion should at all costs, after its return by the state, be used by the Patriarchate and, the longer he lived outside the country, the greater and more decisive became his longing to pay his debt to his fatherland by leaving his remaining land to the Church.

His last wish was that, after his death, his body should be buried in Serbia. Although he was born in Belgrade, and his parents were Belgraders and were buried in the New Cemetery, he wished to be buried in Holy Trinity church at Paracin, where his Veljkovic ancestors were buried. To the end of his life, he held to the practice that he had, he said, inherited from his father. This was that, as soon as he met a Serb, he asked him from which region of Serbia he came, believing that each part of our country, and every region in which our people live has its own particular characteristics. He spent the greater part of his life away from his own country, in foreign lands and among foreigners, but this only increased his love for his motherland.

Stojan Veljkovic was an aristocrat through and through. Tall, slim, beautifully-mannered and gentle of face, he was in the full sense a representative of that old Serbian *intelligensia* who were the first victims of the Communist *régime*, which hoped, by means of the confiscation of these lands, to safeguard their own power and create its own new class of so-called proletarians and representatives of the working class. But this illusion, and all the evildoing that followed through the cruelty of the *régime's* deluded propagandists against the so-called *bourgeoisie*, did not transform Stojan Veljkovic into a bitter hater of the Communists but still further strengthened his love for his people and all their positive qualities, for his traditions and, above all, for his Church, in which he saw the last refuge in the face of the combustible passions that have accompanied these tragic days of our history.

Nenad V. Petrovic

ROBERT JOHN WARDELL (1968)

17 February 1949 – 31 August 2003

John was born in Driffield in 1949. He was educated at Driffield and Bridlington schools, and attended Pembroke College, Oxford University (1968 – 1972) where he read Classics known as ‘Greats’ at Oxford. He retained an interest in Roman and Greek history and culture all his life.

After a year as a Community Service Volunteer and a supply teacher, John trained (1973 – 75) as a Probation Officer at Hull University, attracted by the Home Office campaign to change the character of the Probation Service and attract ‘First career graduates’. He therefore obtained a certificate of Qualification in Social Work, and his first job in Probation was in Scunthorpe. It was here where he met his dear wife, Pat, whom he married in 1978. He also lived and worked as a Probation Officer in Lowestoft, Senior Probation Officer in Grimsby and for the latter part of career as Assistant Chief Probation Officer in Beverley. He lived in Driffield again and then moved to Scarborough in 1995. John never regretted his choice of profession, he was always proud of the Probation Service, as he saw it as the humane and constructive side of the Criminal Justice System. After gaining an MA in 1982 at Pembroke College, Oxford, John was to be successful in obtaining a Diploma in Criminal Justice Management at Hull University in 1999.

During his career John developed a wide-ranging knowledge and experience of probation work and at different times held responsibility for partnerships, community service, hostels, prison probation teams and the former Family Court Welfare Service. He was also an active member of the Association of Chief Officers for many years, both regionally and nationally, and undertook a teaching role on the Regional Staff Development course.

Humberside Area’s Chief Officer, Jane Geraghty, said:
“John was a much appreciated, highly respected and

dedicated colleague and we will miss him. His commitment to the work of the Humberside Service over many years, together with his intelligence, presence and wit, gave him credibility among all those he came into contact with. Despite being first diagnosed with cancer in September 1999, John continued to make a positive contribution to the work of the Service during a time of unprecedented change and innovation.”

John was also a freemason for twenty years, a member of the Technical Lodge in Hull. He was a strong believer in freemasonry as a force for good in the world, and he not only enjoyed the comradeship, but also valued highly its moral and spiritual teachings. John was a trained singer with a beautiful voice, and he sang in choirs and light opera companies in both Grimsby and Driffield. He was also a keen cricket follower and devotee of Yorkshire Cricket. It was a great joy to him in 2001 to watch the match in Scarborough where Yorkshire became County Champions once more after a gap of many years.

Far the most important part of John’s life was his family, his wife Pat, children Darren, Kaye and Chloe and son-in-law Mike, - a close, loving and supportive unit of which John was the head. John was an inspiringly positive man, and he never, ever complained even when facing life’s hardest challenges, always putting the feelings of others before his own. He saw good in everyone and had a great sense of humour, which he maintained until the end of his life. John was not a materialistic man, finding enrichment more in the simple and spiritual things in life, and because of his love of nature and appreciation of beauty he was a keen and gifted gardener, spending many happy hours working in his garden. John was a good, kind and loving man and he is greatly missed.

COLLEY DE VERE WELLESLEY (1949)

15 April 1926 – 30 November 2001

Words spoken at the Cremation of Colley Wellesley by his brother, Robin, 13 December 2001

On the day after Colley died, I was going through the pile of books and papers which were all around his chair when I noticed an old Bible in which I found an embroidered bookmark which simply said, "Remember Me".

What shall or should we remember about Colley or Colin, as he was known to some? My brother, my children's uncle and your friend.

The bare details are that he was born in Dublin on 15 April 1926 and lived in County Wicklow until he came across to Shrewsbury School in 1939. In 1944 he left to join the Army and ended his service as a lieutenant in the VIII King's Royal Irish Hussars in Germany. He spent a year at Trinity College Dublin before transferring to Pembroke College Oxford where we overlapped for a year and to-day I am wearing the College Tie. He read English - not too energetically but lovingly and enjoyed much good fellowship.

After Oxford he went out to Calcutta where he served with the great old British firm of Birds being mainly occupied in the Jute and Coal industries. There he met someone who might have been his lifelong companion but it was not to be. It was just after the end of the Raj and she was Anglo-Indian. It was the wrong time and the wrong place, and pressure was brought to bear from both home and the company. It left him very vulnerable and I think he was determined to be never in a position again where he could be hurt.

On his return he found his true niche as Schoolmaster serving for many years until retirement at the Old Hall. He was, I suspect, an enthusiastic teacher and an enthusiast of his pupils, be it in idiosyncratic cricket, Literature or Drama. But perhaps most important of all in an interest in vintage cars. However I dare say he was a thorn in the flesh at times of both Headmasters and Bursars!

He had an absorbing interest in literature and had an extensive library ranging from poetry to books on India and 'who dun it's. He loved travel and walking and in recent years when I came up after he could no longer drive he loved to be taken out to the Long Mynd. Motoring, however, had been a consuming passion since childhood.

He had learned to drive at the age of ten on the roads of Ireland in a Bull-nosed Morris without benefit of synchromesh and later, I think, conducted some relationships without synchromesh as well.

His first car was a Ford 8, the result of a Ten Shilling Raffle ticket bought at the Chelsea Arts Ball in 1946 or 7. From there he progressed to more than one 12/50 Alvis, a Hyper Lea Francis, Rileys and later more mundane makes. Like many of the cars upon which he worked he was a "Special".

But what of the man? He was very private, shy, uncertain with strangers. An enigma perhaps which is partly why you will hear an extract from Elgar's Enigma Variations - Nimrod the Hunter - played after the Committal and before we leave. While a true friend he could be a trifle intolerant; a mite obstinate; he had a long memory; could even on the odd occasion be irritating or irritable but he was also very witty and even charming; he was a repository of great and wide knowledge on a whole range of subjects. To a privileged few he drew aside the curtain a little and let them into his private thoughts.

Disability in his final years was becoming intolerable for him. He hated hospitals and for him the only sensible use of a stethoscope was to determine the cause of noises within an engine. The loss of his cars was mitigated in the last year or two by his buggy which he drove - I am told - with the panache of a Nuvalari or a Fangio.

As I conclude I should like to make special mention of a number of people who were very special to him. Margaret and Josie and the Bronte Close Gang; Alison who had the daunting task of being a Carer but who gave as good as she got to their growing mutual amusement, enjoyment and friendship. Osman who opened the curtain wider than most; Gavin and all at the Falcon; To Victoria and the Last of the Summer Wine at the Smithfield; The Wickets in former years and of course the Old Hall.

Remember then Colley in his prime. Chuckle and smile. That is his immortality here. What we are saying goodbye to today is just a tired old body in urgent need of a chassis up restoration which, please God, has already

been undertaken in the Celestial workshops.

WILLIAM WILLEROY WELLS (1934)

13 October 1911 – 2 July 2003

Willerooy Wells came to Pembroke for three years as a Rhodes Scholar, after graduating from Tulane University and a year of graduate study at Union Theological Seminary. More study followed, with a year at the University of Chicago School of Social Work, before he became Director of Research and Statistics for the Virginia Department of Public Welfare.

In World War II, Willerooy joined the Navy and served as Chief Welfare Officer at the Pensacola, FL, Naval Base. Sent to the Civil Affairs Training School at Stanford University, he studied Japanese language and culture, in preparation for the anticipated occupation of Japan. Immediately as Japan surrendered and the war ended, in August 1945, he was sent to Tokyo, serving on loan from the Navy to General McArthur's headquarters and responsible for preparing the General's daily report to Congress.

After completing his Navy service, Willerooy became head of the Publications Branch of the U.S. Department of State. He then joined Design and Production Inc., focusing principally on the creation of historical museums and serving as Vice President and Creative Director until his retirement in 1982.

Willerooy passed away in July 2003, aged 91, after several years of declining health. His wife of 58 years, Leora, passed away towards the end of last year. They are survived by their son, daughter, and three grandchildren.

DONALD NIVEN WHEELER (1935)

23 October 1913 – 8 November 2002

Don Wheeler, Oregon and Pembroke 1935, died on November 8, 2002, following a heart attack at the age of eighty-nine. Don was one of five Rhodes Scholars from Reed College in the mid-to-late 1930's; the others were Oscar Gass, Bob Barnard, Sam Van Hyning and Grant

McConnell. When one considers that Reed was a small liberal arts college in Portland, Oregon, its success in sending outstanding candidates to Oxford five years in a row is remarkable.

I first met Don upon arriving in Oxford in early October 1937. Sam Van Hying and I took the train from Paddington to Oxford and then a taxi to our colleges, Sam to Pembroke, where Don was waiting at the Porter's lodge to greet Sam, and I to Corpus. Don had completed his two years as a Rhodes Scholar with a First in PPE and had secured approval from the Trustees for a third year at the University of Paris.

My last visit with Don was at his home on Bainbridge Island, Washington, on September 29, 2002. For sixty-five years I was privileged to regard Don as a good friend, whose extraordinary mind and learning and good nature and warmth as a human being I greatly respected. Unfortunately, despite his superb qualifications, he suffered for his well-known, plain-spoken left-wing views and his activism. Because of what he called the "Great Depression", he was denied opportunities for which his abilities admirably suited him. Like many a prominent Hollywood figure, he was "black-listed". The full range of his multi-faceted talents and his love of teaching were not put to their full use, even though our country, and particularly our country's young people, needed them. Happily, the Canadians had better sense.

Don Wheeler was born on October 23, 1913, in White Bluffs, Washington, a small town in the Priest Rapids Valley on the banks of the Columbia River. He was the fifth child of Francis Marion Wheeler, a stonemason, bricklayer and fruit-grower, who at one time had worked in the smelters in Jerome, Arizona, and Jeanie Shaw Wheeler, a school-teacher. The farm on which Don grew up became part of a huge area taken by the Army in 1943 for the wartime Hanford nuclear facility – an integral part of the Manhattan Project. Don attended high schools in White Bluffs and Woodland for three years and graduated from Queen Anne High School in Seattle. An elder sister who had attended Reed College was influential in persuading Don to study there.

As a boy on the family farm, Don learned at first-hand the joys and satisfactions, as well as the hard work and hazards, of life on the land. He rode horseback over the Priest Rapids Valley (he did not learn to ride a bike until he reached Oxford), navigated rafts over the Priest rapids transporting lumber down river, and took part in rabbit and coyote drives to rid the farms of pests. With other boys he enjoyed a favourite river swimming hole. When it came time to attend Reed, he and a friend travelled the Columbia toward Portland in a small boat, braving dangerous rapids. Don played football and wrestled in high school, called square dances, and excelled in his studies. His teachers at Queen Anne spoke of him as that "genius in overalls". Don demonstrated at a young age skill and imagination as a writer. On one occasion, no doubt calling to mind an actual experience, he described the ultimately unsuccessful efforts of two boys to save a fruit crop from a severe freeze by placing heaters between the rows of trees, and the anguish they felt at the loss of the cherries, apricots and apples, including the Carman peaches, which were a Wheeler speciality. The article, "Carman Blossoms", was published in the Atlantic Monthly. Since it shows Don's descriptive powers, its conclusion is worth quoting: Peter (and surely Peter is Don in real life) "wondered if it must always be that the frost would come and bring with it deepened poverty, but he was young, fourteen years and...a man as the country reckons, and life seemed wide to him, not closed in by winterkill...Still the valley glowed with ten thousand fire points, and...the remote stars burned cold in a cloudless sky above him...This was smudging to protect the frozen blossoms from the direct rays of the sun, and to allow them to thaw in the shade...Over all the valley hung a level pall of black smoke through which the sun poured a murky warmth, but it did not take all the chill from Peter's bones, nor from the men of the valley. For the blossoms drooped, blackened and withered on every branch, and there was not to be a peach, or cherry, or apricot, or apple that year."

Officially, Don's third Rhodes year was intended to permit him to pursue a degree in law at the University of

Paris. But 1937 and 1938 were tense years in Europe, and the Spanish Civil War and the likelihood of a wider war affected student attitudes and dominated the news. Don devoted much of his time working for the International Brigades at their Paris office, assisting veterans and others coming out of Spain, work which took him repeatedly to the south of France to make travel and other arrangements. For Don, efforts to assist the Spanish Republicans in resisting Franco and his Italian and German allies were far more important than any studies he might undertake in France.

Returning to the United States in 1938, Don married Mary Vause, the widow of a good Reed friend, and spent a year teaching Government at Yale. Finding, however, that he and the political science department at Yale were not compatible, Don took a position as an economist in the Division of Monetary Research of the Treasury Department in Washington, where Oscar Gass had preceded him. A year later, he joined the staff of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee chaired by Senator Robert Wagner. Don was hired to conduct a broad survey of the country's monetary system, but that project was shelved in 1941 because of the impending war. Don wanted a more relevant position.

In the summer of 1941, Don became a section chief in the Research and Analysis Branch of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS). His section sought to determine the best way to defeat Germany and, among other tasks, to estimate the extent of German casualties. Don devised and implemented an ingenious method based upon securing and analysing obituary notices of German officers in the German newspapers, which were obtained through Sweden and Switzerland. Tabulating these notices in a large area of known population and assuming ten soldiers for each officer killed, Don calculated the total losses suffered by the German military, estimates which proved to be remarkably accurate.

With the war ending, the priorities of the United States changed and Don found himself more and more at odds with the Cold War direction the government was taking. Finally, in the summer of 1946, having risen to the

position of Principal Economist at OSS, Don was forced out and after some months as an economic consultant, he realised that there probably were no further career opportunities for him in government. What Don truly wanted to do was to return to teaching but there too, as a leftist and self-styled maverick, he was not welcome.

Thus began eighteen years of exile from his true calling. Back in the state of Washington, Don and Mary decided to undertake life as farmers. They bought a small dairy farm in Sequim, a beautiful spot in Clallam County, Washington, on the Olympic peninsula a short distance from the Straits of Juan de Fuca. Don's and Mary's hard work and skill, together with the help of their children, developed a small eighteen-head dairy into one of the most successful farms in the county. But the hundred cows they eventually were milking were hardly a match for the huge dairies with which they competed. Like small farmers throughout the country, they were confronted by falling milk prices, constantly rising costs, and the banks, large grain operators and insurance companies.

Their older son Steve Vause and his wife had begun teaching at Franconia College, a small experimental school in New Hampshire. Undoubtedly impressed by Don's educational background and practical experience, Franconia was willing to take a chance and hired Don to teach economics. Don enjoyed the opportunity and regarded his time at Franconia as "great fun" – for at last he was in a position to use his talents as a teacher. Unfortunately, after three years, a bitter row over marijuana led to the firing of some young teachers and many of the faculty, including Don, resigned in protest.

In 1968, at the age of fifty-five, Don returned to Oxford to work on a D.Phil. His thesis was on Soviet agriculture and more particularly on the problem of the optimum size for a collective farm. Many years ago Don loaned me a copy to read and although lacking the qualifications to judge its merits as a study in agricultural economics in the particular circumstances of Soviet collective farming, it was obvious to me that Don knew a great deal about the subject. He was disappointed, though, by the fact that he had little success in getting Soviet and other agricultural

experts to take seriously what he had written. His Oxford examiners acknowledged the worth of Don's work, however, and the University awarded Don his degree in 1975.

More good fortune came Don's way. A Canadian friend he met at Oxford, John Tyman, Chairman of the Geography Department at Brandon University in Manitoba, recommended Don to Brandon and in 1970 Don began ten years as an Associate Professor, and later a full Professor, of economics. He described these years as "an improbably glorious ending" to his career. He enjoyed his good relationships with other faculty members and the enthusiasm of the students. In fact, when there was a question about the renewal of his contract for an additional, post-65 year – perhaps because Don had helped turn the Faculty Association into a certified faculty union and perhaps because of the interest of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police – when the administration refused to renew, faculty and student protests forced the administration to back down. Returning in triumph, Don spent "the happiest year of his life". Students and faculty members who worked with Don described their experiences as "being immersed in a history book". In 1986 Don became Professor Emeritus.

In 1980, Don retired to Bainbridge Island, Washington, where he continued to study, write and take an active part in local community and political life at all levels – from school boards to election politics to international concerns. During campaigns, he did a lot of what he called "doorbelling". Because of his wide-ranging interests, Don made regular use of the library at the University of Washington, even though to commute to the University from Bainbridge involved about two hours of travel each way by ferry and bus. He continued to study and write on subjects that intrigued him and the variety was impressive: reminiscences about his boyhood years and life on the farm; essays on Afghanistan, Poland and Czechoslovakia; ruminations on music, dance and art; critiques of agricultural subsidies; impressions of Oxford after thirty years; train travel in Canada; gardening and the care of fruit trees.

One can do no more than mention some of the myriad subjects which interested Don and about which he made himself an expert. He studied and collected oriental carpets and vintage cars, including, as I recall, a 1924 Silver Cloud Rolls and a couple of 1930s Lincolns, on which he performed all the necessary repairs and maintenance. He became lovingly well versed in both classical music and jazz, he was fascinated by trains, steam engines and glass blowing. He could repair almost anything connected with a house and when he visited his sons and daughters he took with him tools and hardware supplies to fix whatever needed fixing. In 1965 he purchased a Chevy II, which was dubbed "Old Blue" and which he kept in running order for over twenty-five years and 400,000 miles. Long before Old Blue came along, Don's love of travel took him and a Lincoln on cross-country tours to visit members of his spread-out family and to explore Baja California and other intriguing sites. Such trips earned Old Blue many miles.

Finally, I want to say something about Don the radical and activist. He expressed his views and took part in political activities wherever he was and no doubt he became a thorn in the side of administrations from Reed College to Yale to Brandon University and of his government employers. With well-developed convictions, Don was wholly unafraid to act on them. When he returned to Oxford in the late 1960s, he participated in anti-Vietnam war demonstrations. He supported the Soviet Union, at least in some measure I believe, because the USSR had resisted the rise of fascism in the 1930s and because, when war came, it was the Red Army which chewed up the best of Hitler's armies on the Eastern front. But Don was not a slavish admirer of the regime. Having become an expert on Soviet farming, he attributed the mounting agricultural troubles to the abysmal neglect of good transport and particularly to the failure to develop an adequate road system, with the result that vast quantities of produce spoiled before it could get to the cities. And he was critical of the needless impositions of rigid bureaucracies. While at Brandon, he travelled with a Canadian group to Cuba, where Don

naturally wanted to see for himself the state of Cuban agriculture. He was frustrated by the refusal of the authorities to permit him freely to visit farms and agricultural stations.

Don was an authentic American home grown radical. He was not a doctrinaire Marxist. In fact, for much of his life Don thought that Marx was all but impossible to read. Don arrived at his radicalism out of his and his family's experience and out of the depression and the threat of fascism, which characterised his formative years. The Wheeler family, well educated and hard working, lived on the economic edge. A close friend of his father, a Scandinavian socialist and a member of the IWW (the Wobblies), was an early influence on Don. There were more books in the Wheeler house than elsewhere in White Bluffs and the Wheelers were the only family to subscribe to the New York Times. Family members supported William Jennings Bryan, Eugene Debs, and Bob La Follette and their thinking reflected the populism which was strong in the state of Washington. As a youth, Don rode the rails to California and the East and thus saw close up the scandalous nation-wide joblessness. During my own high-school and college years in the 1930s my family was relatively well off but I remember vividly the acres of make-shift shacks in Hooverville, on the southern edge of Seattle, and the homeless men who came almost daily to our house seeking a meal. Don experienced all that and more. He worked at odd jobs to pay his way through college and in order to send some of his scholarship money to his family in White Bluffs. During the bitter longshoremen's strike on the Pacific Coast in 1934, Don organised Reed students to support the strikers.

Many years ago I read an article by Pearl Buck or Margaret Mead (I cannot remember which) posing the question: "Where are the young radicals?" Don answered that query with his ideas and activities. It is all too easy in this time of a kind of radical conservatism without compassion and after the Cold War and the collapse of the USSR to regard as naïve and mistaken those who believed in socialism and who looked to the

Soviet Union as possibly a more just way of organising a society and who were not afraid to be known as leftists. Don knew that he paid a price for his beliefs but he remained true to himself and his ideals.

Don's and Mary's youngest son, Nat, died in 1985; Mary died in 1992. Don leaves a large and loyal family of two sons and two daughters, twelve grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. His occasional papers and articles have been accepted for archiving at the University of Washington.

Not long before his death, Don quoted to his daughter Honeybee the epitaph of the Earl of Devon and his wife in 1419:

What we gave we have.
What we spent, we had.
What we kept, we lost.

Don Wheeler deserves that epitaph. He had a lot to give but times were out of joint and would not receive.

Dick Watt, Washington and Corpus Christi, 1937

JACK CRESSEY WHITE (1950)

20 March 1930 - 16 January 1997

Jack Cressey White OBE MA read English at Pembroke from 1950. After Pembroke he joined the British Council in Madrid, where he taught English as a foreign language, and, later, was also a lecturer in Philology at the University of Madrid. He developed an inoperable neoplasm of the intestine shortly after retiring, in 1996, and died on 16 January 1997.

A Tribute by Peter Rutherford

In the many long years Jack spent in Spain he became far more than another foreigner settled in this country: he became an institution to himself. But there are plenty of other people to testify to his contribution to Anglo-Spanish relations: I prefer to think of him as just a person, someone we all knew so well and loved.

It always seemed to me that there was something vital, something permanent about Jack, which makes it all the

harder to accept his death. He was in the Institute when I joined it, and had been there for a long time already, and I took it for granted that he always would be there. I think, you know, he believed that too: even after retirement he wanted so much to stay part of it, to be in touch with everyone and to take part in everything that went on. After all, it was only just over a year ago that he was proposing the toast at my retirement party...

In my early days I thought of him as older and wiser than I was and I looked up to him for guidance, much as one would to an elder brother. Even when I found out that he and I were more or less of the same age, my feelings remained unchanged and indeed they were well founded. In fact, I believe that all of us felt much the same thing and for very sound reasons: he had the special quality of arousing respect and admiration in everyone who knew him. Not that he did anything deliberately to foment that; on the contrary, he was always absolutely natural: friendly and cheerful to everyone and eager to help, or at least to offer suggestions – that were so often sensible and useful.

And that's just how I want to remember Jack – a most cooperative colleague, a staunch friend, the kind of person one can never forget.

From a speech by Christopher Pratt (1965)

It was on my birthday, 20th November (still a much-remembered date in recent Spanish history), that Lola phoned me, at Jack's insistence, to wish me a happy birthday and to tell me that Jack would be unable to attend the November Oxford luncheon club owing to major surgery he had just undergone. Less than two months later, Jack was no longer with us. This anecdote, of no importance in itself, is a symbol, or even a microcosm, of Jack in the three facets I would briefly like to mention this evening: Jack the Complutense Colleague, Jack the Pembroke College friend and, above all, Jack the man. Having said that, the fact that a dying man asked his wife to phone me up on my birthday because he was too weak to do so is something that I shall treasure always.

You have already heard Barry tell us of Jack's many virtues and talents as a teacher at the British Institute. What may or may not surprise you is that Jack treated his University pupils in just the same way. I blanch every year at never-ending student lists and invariably never learn the name of one pupil from one year to the next – our groups can be up to 140 strong, please note. Jack had the ability and facility – and most importantly, the desire and the will – to get to know all his University students by name. And Jack loved nothing more than finding out that one of his new charges was the son or daughter, nephew or niece of a pupil he had had twenty years before at Council or Complutense.

In the piece which appeared in *El País* on the occasion of Jack's retirement, it said that some students felt he was a little old-fashioned. Jack did not object to this one little bit. As most of you here know, the 70s and 80s saw enormous changes in the theory and practice of teaching; students sitting around in circles; brainstorming in grunts; suggestopedia, phonics, and teacher in desperate need of gin and tonics.

Jack would have none of this. He was not your modern university lecturer, pumping out papers like papadoms in the Punjab. Jack was a teacher and he never referred to himself as a lecturer. Neither a luddite nor a retrograde, he knew what his task was: to instil in his students the same love of the English language he felt so passionately about. Chalk (all over the board – and his fingers) and Talk (his and his pupils') were not aspects of teaching to be derided – or "Derridaed"; chalk and talk were, he felt, more relevant than Chomsky and Todorov. If contemporary teaching theory in Britain is talking about getting children to write and spell and talk properly, Jack would have told you he, for one, never abandoned them. Incidentally, many people thought and said he would have been a superb housemaster in an English public school.

Secondly, a facet unknown to many of you here tonight, I will remember Jack as a fellow Pembroke College man – this perhaps made both me and Darrell that little bit closer to him – and an Oxonian of his

generation. He was enormously proud of having studied at Pembroke College, Oxford. Jack only started to attend the lunches of the Oxford Society, Madrid branch, once he was retired, since his schedule at the Institute made attendance impossible. When I was asked to take over running the lunches last March, I immediately enlisted Jack's services as Local Oxford Society secretary. Jack was happy and proud to do so. Such was his impact in so short a space of time that one close friend was so upset about Jack's death that he had refused to attend our last lunch. Fortunately, I was able to persuade him.

But the person we are remembering today is Jack the Man. He had just got round to his third generation of pupils at the Complutense and at the British Institute; he was proud of that. He had been chosen to teach English to the children of the then Primer Minister, Adolfo Suárez; he was proud of that just as I'm sure he would have been delighted that Suárez himself wanted to thank Jack personally by paying homage to him at the first memorial service. Jack had been given a track-suit by a German athlete who had taken part in the Berlin Olympics; he was proud of that. He put it on when he finished a marathon aged 50; he was proud of that. He had organised the carol concert which the British Institute School choir and orchestra had given at the Complutense for the last 16 years; he was proud of that. Articles appeared in the national press pleading for him to be allowed to serve a full final academic year despite reaching retiring age; he was proud of that. He had justly been awarded the OBE for services to education in Spain; he was very proud of that.

Yet Jack White was not a proud man. He loved words, as Barry said, and if we had to search for those which most characterised him, we might say he was quiet (but not docile), gentle (but not soft), learned (but not pedantic), modest almost to the point of self-effacing.

He had an extraordinary gift for the sense of the correct, the appropriate, which, in most others, would be mere pedantry. He was fascinated by names and protocol and must have known by heart more people's birthdays and saint's days than anyone else alive. If you had to write

a joint letter to a Cardinal, Lord Mayor and Privvy Councillor, Jack would tell you how to begin.

EDMUND FRANK WHITEHEAD (1934)

16 November 1915 - 1 April 2003

Edmund Whitehead was the only son of Colonel Edmund L'Estrange Whitehead (1870-1945) and Eva Marie Le Maistre Gruchy (1873-1949).

It was only with the outbreak of World War One that Eva finally consented to marry Teddy, who had proposed regularly for many years but always been rebuffed on the grounds that doctors had told her that her poor circulation would prevent her having babies. The marriage ceremony took place in Aden where the groom was in command of a regiment of artillery, engaging the Turks in battle a few days later (for which he later received the first of his two DSOs). He was however severely wounded and went off to India to recover. Eva returned home to Jersey and Edmund was born there, being looked after by elderly female relatives until the end of the war, when his father retired and they went to live in Kent.

In 1920 they inherited the family estate, Barnjet, near Maidstone, where they were to live until 1939 in grand Victorian dilapidated state, being regarded as a curiosity by their more modern neighbours. Edmund's father had refused to reduce the organisation of the pre-14 household, and although their numerous gardeners had the theoretical function of producing exotic fruits for the London market in their huge heated greenhouses this activity never succeeded in turning a profit. Still, Teddy found relief from the memory of the horrors of war and reality in gardening and in the creation of beautiful illuminated manuscripts, while Eva endeavoured to stem the haemorrhage of the family fortune by betting on horse races, not without some success.

It was this old-fashioned atmosphere which was to form the traditionalist outlook that characterised Edmund to the end of his life. This manifested itself in

both practical and emotional ways. Having been used to such uncomfortable things as the absence of electricity or effective heating until 1939, and then during the war, he was always unworried about it in later years, but careful to point out that the appropriate remedy was the ability to be able to employ sufficient domesticity, which of course the modern socialist labour laws had made impossible.

Edmund went to Stone House preparatory school in Broadstairs, but aged 12 was laid low by a serious bout of infantile paralysis which left his spine and lungs badly damaged. His parents then sent him briefly to Aston Clinton School near Aylesbury but he was to remember this with some dismay, claiming later that Evelyn Waugh had taught there during his time and had immortalised it in *Decline and Fall*.

Eventually he was sent to Canford School in Dorset, and then came to Pembroke College. His interest in his subject there, history, although it continued unabated thereafter, was always to be secondary to other pursuits; at Oxford he particularly enjoyed going out with the House Beagles, and the company of a variety of friends he was to keep for the rest of his life, exchanging a regular correspondence and travelling to visit them in England after his departure for France.

O'Brien Hamilton, Reginald Hillman

After Oxford he went on briefly to Ashridge political college, but devoted much of his time to helping his parents, who found themselves forced to sell up and move, first to a rented house in Tunbridge Wells, and then to an elegant Queen Anne former rectory at Buckland Newton near Dorchester in Dorset, purchased largely through his inheritance from an aunt and his mother's earnings on the Turf.

At the outbreak of war his attempts to join up were thwarted because of his physical condition. This was to be a double blow, both personal and on account of the large number of his friends who died; he always said how guilty he felt to have been denied the opportunity to join them. But he made the best of what he was left with and

helped run the Home Guard in Dorset, working with the retired general Sir Henry Jackson at setting up the Mounted Home Guard, a unit composed largely of retired farmers on cart horses, which, as he judiciously said, enabled rations to be provided for the horses so that hunting could continue, and, in a more serious mode, that horseback was the best way of getting to know the country. He was somewhat relieved that the suggested German invasion via Chesil Beach never took place.

He told many splendid stories of this time, including the one of the German pilot who came down by parachute near where the South Dorset hunt was cubbing. Someone was hastily despatched to a local farm for a shotgun, Home Guard armbands were put on, and the hounds surrounded the pilot who had taken refuge in a tree and pointed his revolver at the pack, an action which convinced the party that he could not be a gentleman. Eventually he was coaxed down, held on to a stirrup for the remainder of the day's hunting, and was finally handed over to the local constable.

When the role of the Home Guard ceased to be so important he worked for the Red Cross, helping with the resettlement of Polish and other refugees. This involved among other things taking on a Pole as a chef; Stanislaw's imagination provided a welcome if somewhat exotic change from the rigours of rationing.

At the end of the war his father died, and he continued to live in Dorset with his mother until her death in 1949. He then moved back to his native Jersey, where he went into farming. He channelled his considerable energy into new potatoes and Jersey cows, winning a number of prizes at the Island's regular cattle shows.

But he soon got bored with this and a chance meeting with an American over a drink in the Royal Jersey Yacht Club was to change his life. Henry Hirst was intending to sail to Paris and live on his yacht at the Port des Champs-Élysées just below the Place de la Concorde. Edmund lived between Jersey and the yacht for several years thereafter, returning to Jersey for potato harvest and cattle show time only. Life on the yacht was exceedingly convivial; oysters and champagne were the main diet, as

the shells and bottles could be discarded overboard.

It was while in Paris that Edmund met Thérèse, widow of the Marquis de Vassoigne, and they were married in 1956. At first they lived partly in Jersey but soon he gave up farming and settled completely at his wife's house in Normandy. At Le Pin his interest in forestry and gardening became his absorbing passion. He planted thousands of trees and cared for them himself, both forestry ones including the South American beech, *Nothofagus*, which he may perhaps be credited for introducing into France, and other decorative exotic species of which he enjoyed collecting seeds on his travels. He was particularly proud of the seedlings he raised himself, such as the *Sophora Japonica* from the tree in Kew Gardens planted at the time of George III, the seed of which was (so he said) given by Louis XV. Inevitable disappointments included the non-germination of the acorns he had surreptitiously collected in the Pope's garden at Castel Gandolfo.

Of course this passion extended into the garden. His favourites were the California tree poppy, *Rumnia Culteri*, Japanese maples, and any species discovered and named by the French Jesuit missionary Père Armand David. On a recent visit to China with forestry as a poor pretext his proudest moment was being photographed in front of the herd of Père David deer.

Their son John was born in 1957. Sadly in the late 60's Thérèse fell ill with cancer and died in 1971. While she was in hospital Edmund would not let her eat institutional food and every mealtime was a flurry of preparation in the kitchen, hot food wrapped in silver paper, antiquated thermoses of coffee, bottles of claret, proper china and silver in baskets, followed by a 20 minute race to get to the bedside before it all got cold.

With John at boarding school, then university and work in London, the 70's and 80's were a difficult and often lonely time for Edmund. But he travelled, mostly to visit his old friends in England or in the South of France, and found consolation in his garden and his forest, where he was active until the end. His old subject of history never left him and he became somewhat of an expert in

the letters of Horace Walpole.

As a storyteller he was unstoppable. Fact and fiction were never clinically separated but this often didn't matter as he had retained (some said deliberately) a heavy English accent when speaking French, and many found him hard to understand.

As he lived for about 50 years away from Britain and his accent and way of speaking never ceased to match his upbringing, he came to be regarded as somewhat of a curiosity by English-speaking visitors, a fact that he nevertheless fully understood and shamelessly exploited. He was proud of the fact that he never watched television or listened to radio, and once, when featured on a French television programme about eccentrics, claimed that he used the *Le Figaro* newspaper for three purposes only: to find out who had died, to light the fire, and to wrap cheese. He was not lying.

His latter years were spent in comfort in a Louis XV pavilion in the garden which was restored for him some ten years ago, and filled with his favourite books, paintings and furniture from Barnjet, while the younger generation moved into the larger, draughty and impractical house where he had spent so long. In the pavilion he gave frequent dinner parties for which he insisted on cooking everything himself. Although he came to such practical skills rather late in life he adopted them energetically, even teaching himself to use a sewing machine and manufacturing his own trousers, a feat which was looked upon with amazement by his many friends.

Despite his lungs having been affected by his childhood illness he remained a regular smoker, keeping the unfortunate habit of hiding his lit cigarette in the sofa if interrupted by someone who was going to berate him for it. His heart and lungs became gradually weaker and he suffered a number of attacks. But he always discharged himself from hospital as soon as he could and returned home, where he managed to carry on as if nothing had happened, expressing his anger when it was suggested it was no longer safe for him to drive a car.

He died on Monday morning after a beautiful sunny

weekend spent having fun with friends and family.

DANIEL SIBBALD ROWLAND WILLIAMS (1930)

2 February 1912 – 4 May 2002

Lt Col Daniel Sibbald Rowland Williams MA, TD & Bar, DL died on 4 May 2002. The following is an edited version of the address given at his funeral service in St Peter's Church, Lampeter on Friday, 10 May, by his Territorial Army colleague Col D L Davies DL, OBE of Haverfordwest.

D Sibbald R Williams – “Sib” or “Colonel Sib” as he was affectionately known by so many people – was born at Tregaron, Cardiganshire on 2nd February 1912. He received his schooling at St David's College School in Lampeter and afterwards at Christ's College, Brecon, from where he went up to Pembroke in 1930 to read Law. He gained his BA in 1933 and took his MA in 1937. By 1936 he was a qualified solicitor and joined the firm of David Lloyd & sons in Lampeter. Before the War he became a subaltern in the Territorial Army, and during the War he served in the 46 Regiment RA (TA) with the 8th Army in the Middle East and at El Alamein, and with the 7th Armoured Division. He was demobilised in 1945, returned to Lampeter and took up his solicitor's duties again. Shortly after he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the TA and was tasked with forming a new TA Transport Column RASC (TA). After this unit was disbanded he became Chairman of Cardiganshire TA Association, a position he held until 1967. From 1974 to 1977 he was Vice-Chairman of the Wales TA Association, afterwards being made an Honorary Life Member of the Association in recognition of his years of service.

It was during the years when he was chairman of the Cardiganshire TA Association, in the 60s, that I met him first, when I was a young Officer in the Pembroke Yeomanry. His customary visits to our Annual Camps to see us train were on a regular basis and where he really set

an example to us of the true meaning of service as a Volunteer. Among his many public and voluntary roles in the local community, he was:

Deputy Lieutenant of the counties of Cardiganshire and of Dyfed
County Court Registrar at Lampeter from 1948 for 30 years
Chairman of Ministry of National Insurance Tribunals for 35 years from 1950
Registrar of Arch-Deaconry of Cardigan for 25 years from 1958, for the Church in Wales
Solicitor to St David's College, Lampeter for many years
Hon. Clerk to the Lieutenancy for Cardiganshire for 25 years from 1956
Former Chairman of Lampeter SAAFA
President of Lampeter Bowling Club
Made Life Member of Lampeter Branch Royal British Legion for his role as Parade Marshal at Annual Remembrance Parades for many years.

For many years he loved singing in the Choir at St Peter's Church here in Lampeter. Although never a Rotarian, his life was guided by the Rotarian motto: "Service above Self". In 1980 the Mayor and Council of the Town – formerly the Borough – of Lampeter, bestowed upon him the honour of making him the first Town Freeman of Lampeter. The citation reads as follows:

"that the distinction of Town Freeman be conferred upon Lt.Col. Sibbald Williams in recognition of his exceptional and outstanding contribution to the local community over a period of more than 35 years. He has at all times displayed continuing zeal and devotion to public interest in his many capacities, and has discharged his duties with conspicuous ability and distinction, particularly in his connection with the Terr. Association, and with the furtherance of various cultural and charitable activities."

Sib was a man of many parts, a man of stature, with a

great sense of responsibility and pride. People of all walks of life will always remember him and have great respect for him because of:

his wisdom and ready advice
his debating and conversational abilities
his infections and quick wit, his smile and tremendous sense of humour
his love for life and the community in which he lived.

He lived life to the full and he loved life, he loved the company of people, he loved Lampeter and his country, and above all he loved his wife and family. He was a man of great faith.

Throughout his long and very active life, he has been a very fortunate person in having tremendous support from a wonderful lady – his dear wife Pixie – a rock of ages and a strong anchor for him at all times. He would never have done it all without this tremendous support that he knew was always there. In the latter part of his life he found his failing eyesight, and difficulty in walking extremely frustrating. Despite this, he still maintained his sense of humour and very quick wit and I know how deeply grateful he was to Pixie in particular and the many other wonderful people who helped to care for him.

We are all the better for having had the privilege of knowing Col Sib and today is our day of saying

THANK YOU AND GOD BLESS

"A man will never be forgotten until the last person who knew of him has died."

So be it with Col Sib.

News of our Members

DAVID ANTHONY (1994) began his training for ordination at Oakhill Theological College in Southgate, North London in October 2001.

JEREMY BAKER (1961) writes: "After Pembroke I qualified as a solicitor in the city and worked in Local Government and as a partner at Radcliffes in Westminster, specializing in Town and Country Planning and Local government Law. I have been a school governor for many years. I retired in December 2001 but was elected a Lambeth Borough Councillor May 2002. I am Chair of the Overview and Scrutiny Committee and Vice chair of the Planning Committee in Lambeth and am also a member of the Southwark Diocesan Board of Education and of several local charities.

For much of my life I ran children's camps first for the Venture Scouts and later for Forest School Camps. I am a keen traveller and sailor. I sailed for 7 months in the schooner, "Sundancer" to the Pacific in 1978/9. I collect old books!

I married Malgosia in 1984 and we have a son Anton who has an offer of a place at Magdalen (as unfortunately Pembroke has abandoned physics!)."

SAMANTHA BAMERT (nee DEE)(1992) married Gregor Bamert (Magdalen, PPE, 1992) in June 1998. Their first son, Benjamin, was born 1st December 2001, and a second son is due in May 2004. Sam is now a Director of the Structured Derivatives Sales department within Barclays Capital, the investment banking division of Barclays Bank, having joined the firm on the graduate training programme in September 1995. Sam writes that she is "Enjoying a hectic life juggling a rewarding career with a wonderful family!"

H.R.H. PRINCESS BASMA BINT TALAL, Honorary Fellow, was given leave to supplicate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy for her thesis on *Contextualizing*

Development in Jordan: The Arena of Donors, State and NGOs in May 2001. She took the degree in person on 20 October 2001.

RICHARD BIGGS (1985) writes: "I have moved to Lancing College to take up the post of Second Master (Deputy Head). Sarah and I had another boy, born 18/10/01: name Oliver Hugh David, brother to Henry, who is now 5."

JAMES BOON (1993) and OLIVIA GARRAN (1993) were married on 5th May 2003 in Donhead St. Mary, Dorset.

BILL BROCKIE (1955) writes: "In June 2000 I retired from St. Martin of Tours Tynecastle Edinburgh after almost 25 happy years as Rector of that inner city parish. We had an all day Ceildh-Eucharist on Trinity Sunday, the 40th anniversary of my ordination. This was held in the Caledonian Brewery, which is in the parish, and where I enjoyed being Chaplain. Pembroke was well represented by Bryan Sparrow (1954), Alistair McGregor (1958), John Watts (1957), and Donald Reid (1979).

Having to leave the Rectory, my wife Jenny (Collinson St. Hilda's 1957) and I set off on a wonderful trip. We have just published 'The Balade of the Bicycles— an idiosyncratic journey around the world by two pensioners and their bikes'. Copies are available only from us at 31, Hollybank Terrace, Edinburgh, EH11 1SP price £12:60. It is a non profit making book of 350 pages with 16 colour plates. £1:50 for every copy sold is going to the street children of Mumbai, with whom we spent time. Jenny was brought up in Bombay. En route we stayed with Colin Wiggins (1953) in Long Island U.S.A., and Colin Morris (1953) in Southampton U.K.

Now in our own home, we enjoy grandchildren, cycling, munro bagging (153 so far), and bothying; with Jenny very involved in playing the clarsach, and helping with the Edinburgh International Harp Festival while I am very active in the Scottish Green Party."

NICKY CLAYTON (1981) became Professor in Animal Behaviour at University of California Davis in 2000 but moved back to the UK to join the Department of Experimental Psychology at Cambridge University.

GRAHAM COX (1983)'s son Daniel James was born 22nd December 1999.

For some years now, KEN DAVIS (1968) has lived in Richmond, Virginia with his wife Ann and their two daughters, Margaret and Emily. Margaret is a sophomore at Amherst College in Massachusetts, and Emily is a junior at the Trinity Episcopal School in Richmond. Ken is an attorney at the law firm of Hunton & Williams, where he labours through the complexities and uncertainties of electric power industry deregulation and restructuring. He is active in the Federalist Law Society and Republican Party politics. Ken and Ann would like very much to hear from Members residing in, or planning to travel through, the Mid-Atlantic region of the United States.

On 30 September 2001, LORNE DENNY (1977) was ordained deacon in Christ Church Cathedral to serve as a non-stipendiary minister in the parish of St Barnabas and St Paul, Oxford. He continues to teach at Magdalen College School, where he has recently been appointed as Head of Drama.

STEVE DUCK (1965), formerly JCR Secretary and First Eight Cox, has just begun his 18th year as the Daniel and Amy Starch Distinguished Research Chair at the University of Iowa where he is a member of the Communication Studies Dept and the Psychology Dept. As a break from writing his 42nd book he has just taken up teaching Latin pro bono at a local school. He writes "I would very much like to hear from old pals (but no creditors)" *steve-duck@uiowa.edu*

MATTHEW EVANS (1980) has been working as a solicitor for BG Group for the last 2 1/2 years in New

Delhi and is now moving with his family to BG's office in São Paulo, Brazil.

DAVID EVERETT (1964) is doing a part-time Ph.D. at The Institute of Cornish Studies, Exeter University, part of the new Combined Universities of Cornwall, on "Henry Jenner and the Celtic Revival in Cornwall"

COLIN GREENLAND (1972) published 'Spiritfeather' (Orion, 2000), his first novel for children, and 'Finding Helen' (Transworld, 2003), his first contemporary novel. 'Finding Helen' attracted praise from luminaries as various as Joanne Harris and Annie Nightingale. In the 'Sunday Times' of 12 October, it was nominated by Prof. John Carey, chair of the judging panel, as one of the twelve books he would have liked to see on the shortlist for the Mann Booker Prize.

On the 16th June 2001, Dr LISA WALL (1991) and Mr NEIL HARTLEY (1991) were married by Rev Dr. Platt in Pembroke Chapel. They write "Our best-man was Malcolm Crabbe (1991) and our Ushers were Rob Jardine (1991), Tom Minor (1991), Joe Woodhouse (1991), Mike Faralla (1992) & Ed Mitchell (1991).

"On the 14th of August 2003, we celebrated the birth of our first son, Oliver Hartley. We are currently living in Surrey, with Lisa working as a Paediatric Registrar and Neil working for Reuters in IT."

JOHN HATTENDORF (1973) was awarded the Caird Medal for the year 2000, by the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, in recognition of his contribution to the study of maritime history. In December 2000, he received the medal in the presence of the HRH the Duke of York and afterwards delivered the Caird Lecture.

In Michaelmas and Hilary Terms 2001-2, John, who is Ernest J. King Professor of Maritime History at the Naval War College, Newport, Rhode Island, was in residence in Oxford with his wife, Berit, while he was Visiting Fellow of Pembroke.

John has published several new books, including 'War at Sea in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance' (2002) and 'The Boundless Deep: The European Conquest of the Oceans, 1450-1840' (2003), a scholarly catalogue of an exhibition of rare books, maps, charts and manuscripts from the collections of the John Carter Brown Library. In 2003, he was elected to a two-year term as president of the North American Society for Oceanic History, the national organization for maritime historians in the United States, and received that Society's Bauer Award for lifetime contributions to his field of study.

DALE HERON (1989) and his wife LIZ (NÉE TOMPSONS) (1990) are very pleased to announce the birth of their son, Matthew Harry John, on 11th February 2002. They are all living in Crawley, West Sussex, where Dale is working for Phillips Electronics and Liz practises as a commercial property solicitor.

FIONA HERRON (1987) and her husband, Gerard Nolten, are delighted to announce the birth of their daughter Rebecca Claire, born on 3 January 2002.

SUSAN HILL (1979) is working as a consultant vascular surgeon and has recently moved, with her husband and three daughters, from the relative sophistication of south London to a ruined castle in south Wales.

Charlotte Henrietta HOPKINSON-WOOLLEY, daughter of RICHARD (1987) and Rosemary, was christened in the Pembroke Chapel on 22nd July 2000, by Rev. Francis B.H. Woolley. Her Godparents include Charles Gibson (1987).

GODFREY HOWARD (1946) has just published a completely revised edition of his *A Guide to English in the 21st Century* (Duckworth, 2002).

DR. ROBERT HOYLAND (1986) had his second book, *Arabia and the Arabs*, published by Routledge in the autumn of 2001. His earlier work, *Seeing Islam as Others*

Saw It, was published by the Darwin Press, Princeton, New Jersey in 1997.

JOHN HUNTINGFORD (1969) and his wife Diana have for six years opened their restored Grade 1 listed Jacobean manor house and gardens north of Ipswich, to pre-booked groups of 15-40 people. They also provide lunches etc. and can accommodate up to six guests in large, en-suite bedrooms. Their unsolicited postbag shows they must be doing something right! Further details of Hemingstone Hall can be found on www.historichousevenues.com with www.hemingstonehall.com currently under construction.

DENISE INGE (1988) writes "I gained a PhD in Theology at King's College, London in January 2002 and my book on Traherne, Thomas Traherne: Poetry and Prose, was published by SPCK in October 2002."

KEITH JEFFERY (1948) was awarded the Order of Merit by the President of the Federal Republic of Germany on 28th November 2001, in recognition of "an outstanding contribution over more than thirty years to German-British relations".

Paul and ANGELA JOHNSON (BAYMAN 1986) had their first child, James Scott, on 13th August 2000.

MARK JOHNSON (1967) is now Professor of Diversity in Health and Social Care in the Mary Seacole Research Centre, at De Montfort University, Leicester.

IAN JOHNSTON (1986) writes: "In 2001, I ran my first half marathon appropriately enough on April 1st. It was the Hertfordshire Championships at Hitchin, and I was fortunate enough to win in 1 hour 10 minutes 34 seconds, having led the race for the last nine miles. In November, I won the Harrow Half Marathon in a sprint finish in 1:10:49. In between I won the Hertfordshire 5,000 and 10,000 metres championships on the track, and the

county 10km road running championships.”

IAIN KING (PPE 1989) has just finished almost four years work for the United Nations mission in Kosovo (the internationalised government established to administer the Province after the war). He has now returned to London, and is keen to hear from any Pembrokians.

OLGA KOEPPING (1998) is currently studying at Bath University for MA in Interpreting and Translating - French, German, Italian. She is planning to work as an interpreter.

CHRIS LEWIS (1960) has changed, over the years, from being a mathematician at Pembroke first to a statistician and is now a criminologist.

He is head of the Home Office Research Unit on offenders, a research fellow in Criminal Justice Studies at Portsmouth University and a member of the Joint Accreditation Panel for Offender programmes. He is also a Chartered Statistician and was from 1976 to 1996 Chief Statistician at the Home Office. Before that he worked in the Ministry of Defence and the Central Statistical Office as associate editor of Social Trends in its early years.

He taught Mathematics part-time at the Open University from 1970 to 1990 and was a Bishop's commissioned assistant for Christian Stewardship in the Diocese of Southward from 1968 to 1989.

He now lives in Bosham, West Sussex, where he plays badminton with Peter West (1973). Any Pembroke men (and ladies) are welcome to contact him at chris.lewis@rosemarybosham.fsnet.co.uk or visit him by the sea.

He is married with one daughter, two sons and one grand daughter. His hobbies, which have not changed over the years, are badminton, music and long-distance walking.

He was awarded the CBE in the 2001 Birthday honours list.

KENNETH MACKENZIE CB (1961) retired from Scottish Executive in 2001. He now serves as Chairman of the Historic Scotland Foundation and on the British Waterways Scotland Group. He lectures on Constitutional Reform in the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen where he holds an Honorary Professorship in the Department of Politics and International Relations. Since leaving the civil service he has been a consultant in public administration to UK Government Departments and to Governments in Eastern Europe and the Caribbean. He is currently engaged in a two year project advising the Government of Kosovo.

In 1999 STEPHAN MARSCH (1992) was elected as Professor of Medicine and Director of the Medical Intensive Care Unit at the University of Basel, Switzerland.

VICKY MCKINNEY (NÉE WOOF) (1987) AND PAUL MCKINNEY (1987) are delighted to announce their marriage, which took place on 6 May 2001. It was attended by the following Pembrokians: Jane Finlayson (1987), Helen Margolis (1987), Patrick Wood (1987), Jane Somerville (Nee Pepper) (1987), Beatrice Heales (1986), Judith Scott (1989), Andrew Kirk (1988), Robert Leslie (1987), Noel Hayden (1987), Tanya Lovett (1987).

LEE RYAN MILLER (1988) writes “The past few years of my life have been full of excitement. I got married to my girlfriend, Beth. I have been working as a lecturer in political science at California State University, Stanislaus. During the spring 2003 term, I taught on Semester at Sea, a program run by the University of Pittsburgh. For nearly four months I lived on a cruise ship that had been transformed into a floating university for approximately 650 undergraduate students. We circumnavigated the globe, visiting nine countries along the way. Highlights for me included attending an address by Cuban President Fidel Castro, spending several days in the Amazon rainforest, working with an NGO in an impoverished South African township, going on safari in Tanzania,

exploring ancient temples in India, and visiting the atomic bombing site in Nagasaki, Japan. I also have been very busy writing. I am anticipating the publication of three books during spring 2004. Two are political science texts, and one is a memoir of some unforgettable experiences during the two years that I spent teaching at a college in Las Vegas. Please visit my website, www.LeeRyanMiller.com”

GERALD MOORE (1957) is now working in Nigeria on an immunization programme. He is based in Abuja, address c/o NPI, PMB 511, Garki-Abuja. He would be pleased to meet other Pembrokeians passing through or living in Abuja. He intends to contact the Oxford and Cambridge Club of Nigeria in the near future.

HELEN MOORE (1989) and CHRIS STEVENS (1991) were married in St Ebbe's Church, Oxford on 21 July 2001. The reception was held at Corpus Christi College, where Helen is Tutorial Fellow in English.

JENNY MOROZ (née WILLIAMSON) (1982) and PETER MOROZ (1981) are delighted to announce the arrival of their first child, Anna Katerina, born 20 July 2001.

MARIANNE MORRIS (1994) says “It has been a busy year. Last May (2002) I married Aubrey Cunnington (who was at Jesus 1994) at St John's Church, Hampstead, and I have just completed my PhD in epidemiology at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine.”

SHANE MORRIS (1997), an American from The George Washington University, who studied at Pembroke, founded a production company, Living Room Theatre Productions, to independently write, direct and produce feature-length and short films. Some of the films can be seen at www.livingroomtheatre.com

TARIK O'REGAN (1996) has been appointed the Fulbright Chester Schirmer Fellow in Music

Composition at Columbia University, New York. He resides in Manhattan and his music is published by Novello & Co in Europe with G. Schirmer Inc. as the exclusive distributors of his work in the US.

NICK PALMER (1987) writes: “I married my wife Emma in her home town of Cronulla, near Sydney in Australia, on 22nd February 2002. Chris TRACEY (1987) was the best man and Aileen ALMOND (1987), Don LEITCH (1988) & Liz MOTTERSHAW (1989) also made the long journey out to be with us on the day.

“Emma and I subsequently settled in Cronulla and I currently work for Macquarie Bank in Sydney. Our son Alexander Stephen was born on 12th March 2003. Our agreement is that he will play soccer for England, cricket for Australia but we are as yet undecided as regards Rugby Union, though I do have a picture of him wearing an England rugby top the day after our World Cup victory!”

RICHARD PEAVER (1968), having completed fifteen years as Housemaster of one of the girls' houses at Gresham's School, Holt, retired from the House (but not the school) in 2001. Richard retired from the Regular Army Reserve of Officers in 1999 but took over as C.O. of the school C.C.F. as an acting Lieutenant Colonel. He writes “With a strength of nearly 400, it is more or less a battalions sized command and keeps me very busy.”

ELLENA PIKE (1990) is now Librarian at Pembroke. Please see ‘Library Notes’.

LIONEL PIKE (1959) has been given the title of ‘Professor’. He writes “It will not affect the rest of my job – I will remain as chapel organist, and so on. It has been a good year in addition to that: my fourth book *Vaughan Williams and the Symphony* came out in 2003 (Toccat Press), Volume 14 of *The Works of Henry Purcell* (which joins Volume 17, also edited by me), came out in February 2004 (Novello, Purcell Society), and *Pills to Purge Melancholy: The Evolution of the English Ballet* will be

published by Ashgate next July: my twelfth CD with the chapel choir (*All Generations: A Royal Holloway Retrospective*) is recorded and now in production. But it has taken me such a long time to get chairborne, and the honour has come almost too late...!"

TONY PITTS (1965) was appointed as a Circuit Judge on the South Eastern Circuit on September 27th 2002.

TIMOTHY POOLE (1975) says "After dabbling in the internet world for several years, I am now working at Standard & Poor's in the City; we moved to Canary Wharf last month, which is quite a new experience for all! "I very recently caught up with Andrew Galloway (Matric 1975 also Classics like me), who is starting up his own Corporate Finance venture."

EMMA RAYMENT (1988) writes "On 13 September 2003 I married Wim van der Lugt at Emmanuel Church in Plymouth. Pembrokeians attending included Anna Barnett, Nick Westwood and Nick Crabtree (all 1988). Matt Townend (1988) read the lesson, and my brother Will Rayment (1992) flew in from New Zealand to be an usher."

JAMES RIGNEY (1990) was ordained Deacon in Ely Cathedral on 30 June 2001, following training at Westcott House, Cambridge, to serve in the parish of St James, Cambridge.

FRANCIS ROADS (1961) writes "I was shaken by the hand by Lord Owen and awarded a PhD by the University of Liverpool in December 2002 for my thesis: "The Colby Manuscripts: West Gallery Church Music from the Southern Isle of Man". Those who have attended my workshops in the Damon Wells Chapel on Society Days will know what West Gallery music is. I don't know how many alumni gain their PhD's at the age of 59."

SUSAN ROWLAND (1981), who is Senior Lecturer in

English at the University of Greenwich, has recently published *From Agatha Christie to Ruth Rendell – British Women Writers in Detective and Crime Fiction* (Palgrave, 2001).

DAVID (1991) and FREDDY (RINCKENS 1993) SHANNON had a baby daughter, Katherine, on 22 May 2003 - a sister for Thomas.

DANNY SHAW (1985) and his wife, Anne-Marie, are delighted to announce the birth of son Callum, born on 7 September 2001. Danny continues to work as a home affairs reporter for the BBC.

NICHOLAS AVINOFF SHOUMATOFF (1962) says: "I am credited, with Peter Roberts and Thom Keyes (both passed on), with being a founding member of the London Underground. I am still in touch with Steve Abrams whom I assisted in parapsychological research at Oxford. I lived up on Banbury Road with Chogyam Trungpa and Akong Rinpoches and with Tariq Ali and Frank Okonta sang southern mountain songs in the folk song club and had a canal boat on the Wolvercote canal. I remain in touch with underground friends. I worked in the parks in New York and was a street artist in central Warsaw, Poland for ten years. I now paint catskill mountain scenes in an old spring water factory building near Woodstock but miss walking down Abingdon Road over the railroad footbridge to east Hinksey to the pub that was just like the shire of Professor Tolkien."

SIMON SMALES (1984) and ISOBEL (NEE SMITH, 1984) are very proud to announce the arrival of Matthew Alexander on 16 January 2004. He completes his father's front row (Jake now 8, Joseph 5), and arrives almost 20 years since we met as Freshers at Pembroke!! Simon is now working for HSBC Republic and Isobel is still a freelance editor (when she gets any time to herself).

STEPHEN SMITH (1979) was appointed Queens Counsel in 2002.

PAT SOLIS (1965) is practicing Gynaecology and Infertility in Houston, Texas and is Clinical Associate Professor at the University of Texas Medical School at Houston and Clinical Assistant Professor at Baylor College of Medicine in Houston. Pat has a keen interest in English Gardening and was issued a patent by the US Patent Office in 2000, on an invention that provides a new way to build garden beds and water garden streams and ponds.

CHARLES SWITHINBANK (1946) reports "I have finally retired after completing the fourth and last volume of my autobiography: *Vodka on Ice* (Lewes, The Book Guild, 2002. ISBN 1857766466). Still in print are: *An Alien in Antarctica* (Blacksburg, USA, McDonald & Woodward, 1997. ISBN 0939923432); *Forty Years on Ice* (Lewes, The Book Guild, 1998. ISBN 1857762614); and *Foothold on Antarctica* (Lewes, The Book Guild, 1999. ISBN 1857764064).

TONY SZCZEPANEK (1980) writes: "2001 saw me complete my MBA at Lancaster University Management School graduating with Distinction and winning the University prize for the year's best dissertation. I continue to live in the North West with my wife, Lesley, and our children, Christian (10) and Stephen (8). 2001 saw me also taking on a new role within the Iceland Group Plc as Group Strategic Programme Manager. Leisure time when not spent with my family involves me using my recently acquired pilots licence flying microlight aircraft."

MELANIE TOYNE-SEWELL (1987) works in the City, in financial PR, specialising in the life sciences area. Therefore, she comes across many ex-Oxford/Pembroke people. She is godmother to Charles Gibson's son and keeps in touch with Emma Lewis, Peter Lloyd-Jenkins and Richard Hopkinson-Woolley.

EILEEN TRACY (1987), who is currently studying Emotional Factors in Learning and Teaching at the

Tavistock Clinic in London, has published *The Student's Guide to Exam Success* (Open University Press, 2002).

LOUISA VERYKIOS (1999) is currently doing another degree at City University.

COLIN WILLIAMS (1970) is now serving as Archdeacon of Lancaster in the Diocese of Blackburn. He is a member of the Church of England General Synod and also of the Meissen Commission, set up to work for full, visible unity between the Church of England and the German Protestant Churches.

After a fantastic 2.5 years out of work (selling-up, travelling, moving north and looking for work), TIM (1989) and ANNE WINTHER (STARES 1988) have now settled in Buchlyvie in central Scotland. Tim is working for the Pru in Stirling and Anne is doing a MSc in Environmental Management at Stirling University. They're both really well and enjoying life up north.

Pembroke College Record

2003-4

If you have anything which ought to be or might be recorded in next year's Record, please enter it on this sheet and send it to the Editors. Do not be hesitant about this; information not appropriate for publication may still be valuable in helping the College to keep up-to-date records of its Members. You can also use this form to report achievements, etc., of Members known to you, especially if they are unlikely to report it themselves. Any change of address can also be notified here.

We shall be particularly grateful for details of Members who are now schoolteachers, as part of our drive to maintain and improve contacts with schools which may send us candidates for admission. Please write below the name of your school, and the main subject that you teach.

NAME in full

ADDRESS

OCCUPATION

DATE OF MATRICULATION

Please note . . .

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*The College is determined to meet these
challenges,
but to do so we need *your* help.*

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For further information, please contact John Barlow of the Development Office on this direct line:

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