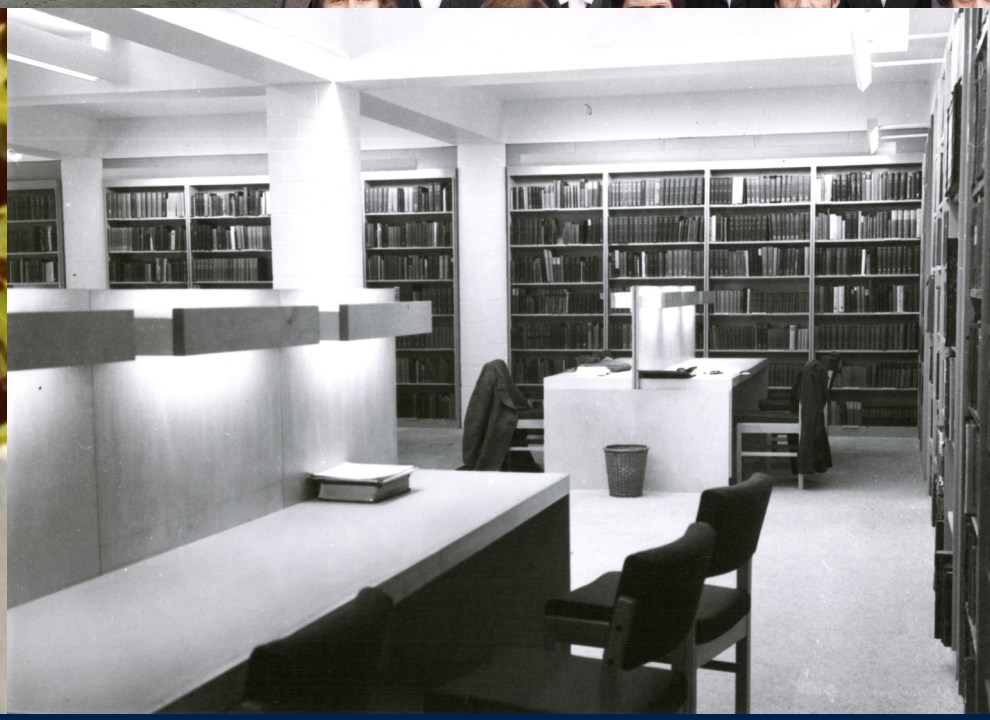

Reminiscences of Pembroke College

The 1970s

The 1970s

1970 The St Ebbe's fire

1970 The UK voting age is lowered from 21 to 18

1971 The College purchases the last property of the 'island site' on the corner of St Ebbe's and Pembroke Street

1971 Decimalisation is introduced

1972 Chapel renovations are completed

1973 Britain joined the European Communities

1974 The McGowin Library opens

1974 Sir Geoffrey Arthur is elected Master (assuming office in 1975)

1974 The College's 350th anniversary

1974 First domestic microwave cooker is sold

1975 The College Chef, Mr Organ, retires after 46 years

1975 The Sex Pistols form and launch the punk rock genre

1976 Broadgates Hall opens as the Senior Common Room (previously the Library)

1976 The first Blackstone lecture takes place

1976 Britain suffers under a prolonged drought

1977 The Macmillan Building opens

1977 Queen Elizabeth II's Silver Jubilee

1978 The College's first female Fellow, Dr Joyce Aitchison, is elected and its first female graduate student, Dr Maria Plaza de Lanza is admitted

1978 Louise Brown, the first 'test tube' baby is born

1978 VHS video recorders go on sale

1979 The College admits its first female undergraduate students

1979 The College appoints its first full time Bursar

1979 The College establishes its first Junior Research Fellowship

1979 Margaret Thatcher becomes Britain's first female Prime Minister

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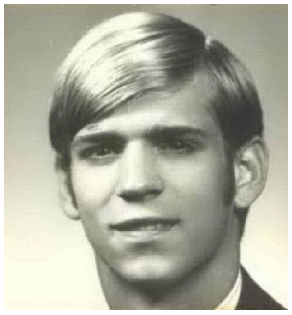


Charles Moore - (m.1970) English

Charles Moore was a Pembroke student in the Class of 1970. "I was very fortunate to spend two of the best years of my life at Pembroke College." Other than dreadful anticipation of final examinations, everything about those years was a marvel of fun, learning, and socializing. In 1970, Pembroke's reputation was that of being the friendliest college at Oxford, and nothing happened in two years to suggest otherwise.

One example of this virtue were the two English Dons, David Fleeman and Douglas Gray. More than friendly, they exhibited the patience of Dido. They were tutoring a few of us who were not the most serious scholars. Nonetheless, they got us through to 2nds for which we were eternally grateful. Middle English was not easy.

In 1970, the Michaelmas Term opened with a fire in the building across the street from our staircase. I was in the recently new corner staircase where "they put the Yanks who expect indoor plumbing". Winthrop Rockefeller, Walter Isaacson, and Charles Moore were the first occupants of the room at the top of the staircase. We shared the same scout, Mary, who, with a joyful spirit, tolerated idiosyncratic Yanks.

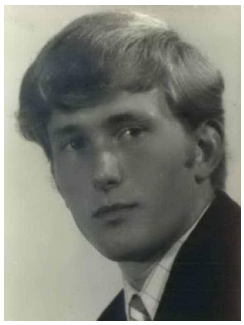
Fire engine in St Ebbe's

When the fire started, we all went down to the street to lend a hand. The fire brigade got control of the blaze in about an hour, a great relief to all. The following week, we turned up at Duke Humphreys Library in the Bodleian in sub fusc to swear an oath in front the Senior Librarian. This time, the fire was a single candle in a very tall candlestick. The Librarian intoned a command in Latin, and with our hands raised, we swore to protect the library.

One of our Pembroke classmates was the great Oz Clarke who went on to be a celebrated wine author and wine expert. Oz's good-nature and wit was exceeded only by his winetasting ability. Charles Moore christened him, "the man with the mnemonic tongue." Oz had no peer when it came to identifying wines in blind tastings. He was Captain of the Oxford Wine Tasting Team which did not lose a single wine tasting contest that year and thrashed Cambridge in the Blues Match. Oz had the highest score among the 10 contestants and selected a case of Petrus for his prize, a wine, by the way, which none of the rest of us really knew in 1971. Charles Moore came third in that match and Oz's girlfriend came second. Pembroke got good publicity from having two members on Oxford's five-person team. Michael Broadbent refereed that match which was held at Christie's auction house.

The following year generated more notice of Pembroke. Charles Moore played No. 1 on the University's Real Tennis team that won the Blues Match for only the second time in eleven years. The Master of Pembroke came to watch the warm-up match the previous week against the Old Etonians at the Merton College Court.

The other achievement of note in the early 1970s was the renaissance of the Pembroke Rowing Club. These were the earliest days of Pembroke's achievements on the Isis. The crews featured strong athletes who became decent rowers which ultimately attracted very strong rowers to the college. There were bump suppers in both 1971 and 1972. Other exploits on the Isis: in June 1972, Pembroke defeated Christ Church in a punt race from Parson's Pleasure to Folly Bridge.



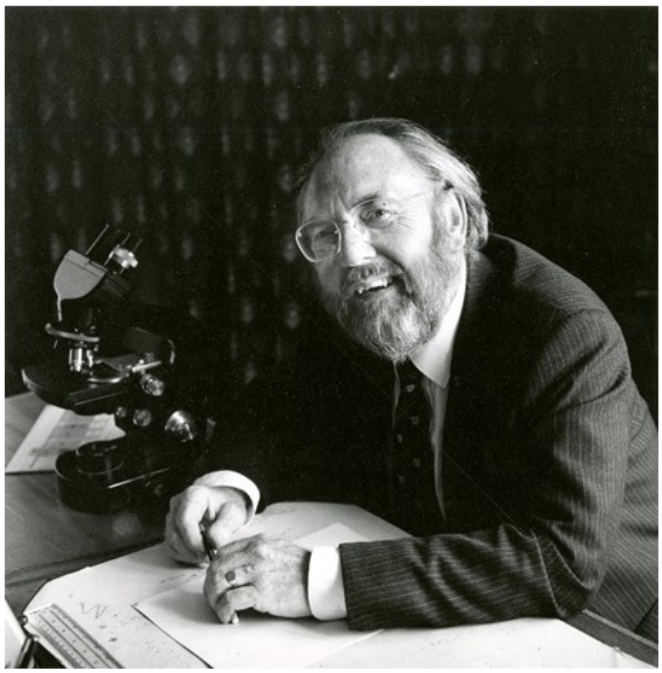
George Nasmyth - (m.1970) Medicine

Life before Pembroke

My father, Peter Nasmyth, was born and bought up in Coventry. He attended Bablake School as a Dayboy (to which he had a scholarship) and had wanted to go to university to read Medicine. Although he met the required standards academically, his parents could not afford to send him to university in 1939, and he worked in a pharmacy which was a reserved occupation until 1943 when he was able to put together funds to study for the degree of B.Pharm in Cardiff, graduating in 1946. He had been 'talent spotted' while there and was invited to go to the School of Pharmacy at London University to study for a PhD – which he did. After that, he was appointed to a new post of Lecturer in Pharmacology at St Mary's Hospital, where he worked for the next 33 years, and, in the 1970's, was made Professor, although not a head of department. I was born in 1951 at St Mary's Hospital and lived in North London (Mill Hill) until I was 6. In 1957, my parents moved to Ascot, where I attended Cranbourne Primary School, from whence I moved on to Abingdon School in 1963, after passing my eleven plus exam and the Abingdon entrance exam in 1962. I should have started at Abingdon in September 1962, but was given dispensation to start two terms later, after accompanying my parents to the USA, where my father did a year's sabbatical at Columbia University in New York. I attended 7th grade in Fort Lee Junior High School (New Jersey) and, for a few weeks before the long summer break, 6th grade in a Fort Lee Elementary School.

At Abingdon I was a boarder and gradually found that I could do most of the things that I wanted to do if I put some effort into it. That realisation probably took the best part of my first 2-3 years there, but, after that, I quickly gained self-confidence, and I held my own academically especially in biology – in which subject I was taught by an ex-Pembrokian, Bill Potter, and his colleague Joe Talbot, whom I believe also had a connection with Pembroke.

My sporting activity centred on rowing and running. I rowed for the school from the 4th form through to the Upper 6th and ran for the cross country team in the Upper 6th as well. When I started to fill out a university application in my first term in the Upper 6th, Joe Talbot took me on one side and said why didn't I wait a year and then apply to Oxford after getting my A levels as he thought it very likely that I would get in. I did that, took my Oxford entrance exams in November 1969, and had put Pembroke as my first choice. Whilst I enjoyed the Biology paper, I was much less certain whether I would have done well enough in the Chemistry and the General papers to get in. The anxiety about that was lessened because I had already received offers from University College Hospital, London and the Middlesex Hospital Medical School. A few weeks after the written papers, I was called to Pembroke for an interview which was led by Dr Savile Bradbury and there were two other interviewers of whom one was Percy O'Brien but the name of the other eludes me. I think he was a Fellow in an Arts subject, but I cannot not be certain. Dr Bradbury handed me a bone and asked me to talk about it - it was the breast bone of a bird and I described it to him and gave it back to him, only to receive another bone – a fibula – which had been demineralised so that only the collagen remained. Again I knew what it was and was quickly handed on to the other two interviewers. Percy O'Brien asked me about my rowing at school and whether I would continue with it at university (which, with hindsight, was an interesting reflection on the way academia worked at the time). The final interviewer asked me whether I had been abroad, and on hearing I had been to the USA for a year proceeded to talk to me about the USA. Interestingly, I was not asked by anyone on the panel why I wanted to read medicine or to be a doctor, which had been a question asked by interviewers at both the London Medical Schools at which I was interviewed, prior to the interview at Pembroke. Expectations of those interviewing applicants for Medical School had changed significantly some 30 years later when I interviewed applicants to read medicine at Liverpool University. We had to be scrupulously careful to ask questions that were the same for each applicant and our remit was solely to identify anyone whom we thought was unsuitable to read medicine, and to give good reasons in writing, but to say nothing to the candidate. I cannot recall identifying anyone who was unsuitable.



Savile Bradbury

About a week or ten days after the Pembroke interview, the school term had finished and I was at home, doing a holiday job in the local post office. It was there that I intercepted a letter addressed to me from the Master of Pembroke (Sir George Pickering) informing me that I had been awarded an entrance scholarship. I was completely surprised by this - just to be offered a place would have been more than I had dared to hope for, and I had never seriously considered that I might be awarded a scholarship.

In the January of 1970, I went back to School for a term as a semi-professional Head of School, and also did some teaching. I left at Easter and worked for ICI for about 4 months in their research department at Whitchurch on Thames, in which they were looking at computer controlled feedback loops for chemical plant. I spent many long hours generating punch paper tape which was then transmitted to Immingham on Teesside. I also rowed with Pangbourne and Whitchurch Rowing Club for a season – before coming up to Pembroke in September 1970.

Admission to Pembroke

When I went up to Pembroke in October 1970, I was given a room on Staircase 12 in the north quad. It was a relatively new room and, for someone used to Boarding School accommodation of that era, it seemed more than adequate. My prior experience of boarding, and therefore of living away from home, meant that there were few surprises on coming to Pembroke, and having been at school in Abingdon for the previous 7 years, I was not a stranger to Oxford either. I can't accurately recall what arrangements the College made for Freshers, but I have no recollection of feeling that they were inadequate or that more should have been done. I was also fortunate in that one of my contemporaries matriculating in 1970, Rhys Hamilton, had been in my year at school and, like me, was reading Medicine. There was another Abingdonian matriculating at Pembroke whom I had also known for the previous 7 years, David Howells (Modern Languages). Whether by design or by chance I know not, but we had adjacent rooms on Staircase 12 when we came up. Another member of my school year group, John Hesketh (1969), was then starting his second year, reading biochemistry, which meant that for 2 years there were 3 other members of my school year group at Pembroke, which seems unlikely to be a common occurrence.

George Nasmyth and Rhys Hamilton

Having said that I have no complaints, I think it is only fair to say that others who had not been at boarding school, who did not have contemporaries from their school matriculating at the same time in the same college and had no prior knowledge of where everything was in Oxford , might reasonably have had a very different perspective. A comment made to me by another contemporary, John Blackett, several months after we arrived bears witness to my reservations. He said, "…. You guys who were at boarding school seemed to turn up, instantly get on with guys you'd never met before and take the place over.".

Unfortunately, in spite of all that John achieved in his short life (he died prematurely in 1976 following a car accident), his remark about his first impressions has stuck with me, and, as he cannot pass them on to you, I feel I owe it to him to do so. The reason for that is because the majority of Freshers at Oxford, or indeed any other University, will not have

been at Boarding School, and the facility of their chosen academic institution to help and to understand the difficulties confronting young people who are living away from home for the first time in their lives is fundamental to maximising their achievements at university. Whilst what was available on admission to Pembroke worked for me, I would be hesitant to suggest that it was also the case for all of my contemporaries - in fact John's observations suggest why it may not have been. Putting that further into perspective, of the six of us who came up to read medicine at Pembroke in 1970, only 2 had not been boarding at school - John Blackett and Rhys Hamilton.

Wyfold Cup crew, 1974: Peattie, Blackett, Verrall & Price

John was a very good friend who gave a lot to Pembroke - he learned to row and had a seat in the College 1st VIII in each of his undergraduate years. In his third year, he was one of the officers of the JCR. John also rowed in both a PCBC Four in the Wyfold Cup and a PCBC pair (with Geoff Peattie) in the Goblets at Henley in 1973/74. PCBC was successful in winning their first round race in both events in 1973, which was a remarkable achievement .

<u>Domestic</u>

In my first year, as I have stated previously, I had a room on Staircase 12 and, in my second year, I had a room in the Old Quad, immediately opposite the MCR on staircase 3. In my third year I had a bedsit in Walton Street, but on most evenings I dined in College - there was a list in the Porter's Lodge where those living out could sign up for dinner in Hall and availability never seemed to be a problem.

The accommodation in College would probably be considered rather basic nowadays, but at the time I heard few grumbles about it. There was a college-wide campaign for 'soft toilet tissue' but, apart from that, I cannot recall any global dissatisfaction. Both of my rooms had adequate heat and basins with hot and cold water. It was normal to have to walk to toilet and shower facilities, there were no 'en-suite' facilities that I was aware of. In Old Quad, the toilets and showers were somewhat remote from the staircase, but in all the other Quads my recollection was that they could be accessed on the same staircase (i.e. you didn't have to go 'outside' to get to them). The remoteness of these facilities did not affect the popularity of rooms in Old Quad which usually went first in the ballot for rooms. The scouts who serviced the rooms were charming and very efficient. Any deficiencies in heating were as much related to the political battles between the government, the miners and electricity supply workers (with attendant power cuts) as they were to the inherent lack of insulation in most older buildings. Dining by candlelight in 1972 was more of a necessity than a reverence for past traditions.

Generally speaking, the food was nutritionally adequate and reasonably well presented, although there were many who would be keen to point out that the fare enjoyed by those on High Table was not always the same as that offered to other diners. In the evenings, diners in Hall had to wear their gowns and a jacket and tie, a requirement that I suspect has long since disappeared. Before the meal commenced, all the undergraduates would stand as the Senior Common Room processed to High Table, and a scholar would then read the College Grace. I quite enjoyed reading the Grace, in fact within a term or two I knew it by heart and can still recite it. The Manciple seemed to know which scholars were audible (there were no routinely available amplification systems) and which would be least likely to read it too fast, too slow or with (potentially deliberate) mistakes. Reading it well could have its rewards (particularly when there were distinguished guests on High Table) in the form of a pint of beer suddenly being presented to the Reader a few minutes later. I do remember one occasion when the College Visitor, Sir Harold MacMillan, Lord Stockton, was dining on High Table and the Grace was read very well, not by me but by someone with significant composure. One of the undergraduates in the middle of the Hall had brought in a teddy bear which made a bleating noise if inverted. This bear was inverted more than once during the reading of the Grace, and on each occasion the amusement of the undergraduates was expressed in the usual way, and the reader waited for the laughter to subside before continuing. It was very evident from their demeanour and the look on their faces that the undergraduates' amusement was not shared by those dining on High Table.

The College 1st VIII had negotiated the reinstitution of what I assume was a longstanding tradition, although I never looked into it, whereby they dined on their own table and had an extra high protein meal (steak!). Whether there was ever a proven link between the nutritional augmentation and a corresponding augmentation of the crew's performance I rather doubt. The performance of a College 1st VIII in the 1970's in summer eights came nowhere close to that of the Blue Boat rowing against Cambridge from Putney to Mortlake.

Pembroke 1st VIII, 1972

This was already reflected in the sparsity of college crews, from either Oxford or Cambridge, competing at Henley Royal Regatta in the 1970's when compared with 20 years earlier. Nonetheless, racing on the Isis or the Cam has, for many years, provided a lot of very healthy exercise and fun for more undergraduates at these universities than would be available at most other (if not all) UK universities. What the 1st VIII table did, that was very important, was to improve morale and camaraderie and to raise the profile of the Boat Club. So whilst I would have major reservations about any link between the additional nutrition and performance, I think the 1st VIII table may have helped performance through a totally different mechanism.

The College was very good at providing College teams and societies with the facility to hold their own dinners at very reasonable rates, usually in a room opposite the main Hall, which was named after a supporter of the College of a previous generation whose name I can't immediately recall. It is probably appropriate for me to say a bit more about that in relation to the subsequent headings.

One Saturday night towards the end of my first term at Pembroke (Michaelmas 1970), I got back to College at about 10.30pm after watching a production at the Oxford Playhouse and escorting my girlfriend home. There was a red glow in the sky behind the Besse building, we weren't allowed into Staircase 12 and the Fire Brigade were going in and out attending to a huge fire in the building behind in St Ebbs Street - a shop that sold predominantly household goods. Eventually, maybe about midnight, once the fire brigade was happy that the fire was out, we were allowed back. The following morning, I went to look at the building in St Ebbs. I think the damage was repaired in the course of subsequent months – but over the years since I think the College has acquired that building.

Aftermath of the St Ebbe's fire

I am uncertain what specific routes might have been available for pastoral support when I was an undergraduate. I do recall that, if there were specific matters on which guidance was required, I usually deferred to my tutors; "Percy"(JRP) O'Brien and Savile Bradbury. I recall using the JCR relatively little, and when I did, it was to read the newspapers, make a telephone call (there was a payphone in there), or watch something specific on television. I visited the chapel relatively infrequently and, after seven years of compulsory attendance whilst I was at school, I think this might have been a welcome break which was not just an opportunity to rebel, but more to ask myself what I was getting out of it and how organised religion might find a place in my life. I quickly got to know the Chaplain, John Platt, who was always friendly and supportive.

In my third year, living out and on my own was probably a benefit because I suspect that I got more work done than I might have had I remained in College where a lot of time was spent in the company of colleagues – in our rooms or in the Bar.

People

Apart from my tutors in College and the Chaplain mentioned previously, I also knew the Master, Sir George Pickering, and some of the other members of the SCR, including Dr Edgar Lightfoot and Dr John Wilks. One episode that I will always remember was walking towards Hall for Dinner one evening in a summer term when I was stopped by the Master and introduced to JRR Tolkien. I was duly honoured but somewhat embarrassed because I had never read any of his books. I needn't have been because that didn't come up in conversation, but to this day when people start talking about various characters created by Tolkien I cannot join in because I still have not read any of them, but I can honestly say that, whilst I may not have read Tolkien, I did meet him.

Edgar Lightfoot

Amongst the students, I made three groups of friends who were firstly, those who, like me read medicine, secondly, those who rowed for the College and, thirdly, acquaintances out of College. The latter were predominantly my girlfriend and her circle of acquaintances at St Anne's College where she read History – a year after she graduated we got married.

My strongest friendship at Pembroke was with a contemporary medic, John Blackett. John was keen to learn to row and quite quickly he showed promise and rowed in the Pembroke 1st VIII with me in 1971, 1972 and 1973. We went on holiday together and I was best man at his wedding in Bristol in 1975. Tragically he died in a car accident on the M4 in July 1976 only a few weeks after completing his BM BCh. I also got on well with my other contemporaries; Rhys Hamilton, Richard Meyrick Thomas, Simon Wells and Dominic Jackson, although in the years since graduation we have been working in different parts of the country and have long lost regular contact. Rhys, Simon, Dominic and I went up to Scotland for a week's walking after 2nd BM at the end of the Lent Term, 1972. This photo was taken on the top of the Forcan Ridge; a part of the mountain known as The Saddle in Kintail. As I look back at them, we look very poorly equipped for the terrain in which we were walking, although we were carrying spare clothing and all had decent boots.

Dominic Jackson, Simon Wells & Rhys Hamilton on Forcan Ridge

Academic

As a learning experience, I would find it hard to fault my years at Pembroke. My two tutors in College had very different styles and approaches, but stimulating us to think and teaching us how to find information and how to use it was common to both. We had some one to one tutoring in Pembroke, but more often than not it was in year groups and sometimes even bigger groups. The value of group teaching was the way in which we were encouraged to challenge each other, and to make sure that assertions were fully understood and that we were not just applying isolated facts without true understanding.

In our first five terms as medical undergraduates, we completed what was often called 2nd BM, which was, at that time, the pre-clinical component of a medical degree. After five terms, we were examined in anatomy, physiology, biochemistry, pharmacology and pathology, and this examination had to be passed before commencing the clinical course in any medical school. This was quite unlike the current approach in most, if not all, medical schools in which clinical work is taught alongside anatomy, physiology, biochemistry and pharmacology from the outset and 2nd BM (or MB) has disappeared, albeit that 'in course' modular assessments still have to be passed. After 2nd BM at Oxford and Cambridge there was a pause for the next 4 terms in which a subject was studied in greater detail for a BA, and at most other medical schools this was an option for those who wanted it, and showed the necessary ability, to undertake the work for an intercalated BSc.

In early 1972 (our 5th term), we had to choose six of twelve subjects in each of which we would sit a paper in Finals. This approach was being commenced for only its second year in Trinity Term 1972, when we started, and at the time no-one had yet sat finals in Physiological Sciences as the first examinations for this syllabus only took place at the end of Trinity Term 1972. I think the advice we received from tutors, and particularly from the University, was poor in relation to choice of subjects. I also think that the University were naïve in imagining that six subjects could be studied in depth in 4 terms. Many of the subjects could not be covered by tutors in College and, although I had tutorials in Cardiovascular Physiology, Respiratory Physiology, Pharmacology, Body Fluids and Endocrinology with 3 different tutors in relevant University Departments and also in another College, only the latter was remotely satisfactory. There was no published syllabus and the range of material to be covered was not laid out very explicitly. Had I known at the outset what I gradually discovered over the next four terms, I would have made very different choices of subjects. I was only tutored for one subject in College and, whilst that subject seemed to be much better covered, it would have been better still if I had chosen subjects that were each more closely linked, and also allowed me to have more tutorial time in Pembroke. My criticism may be biased somewhat as my father ran an intercalated BSc course at St Mary's Hospital in Pharmacology – which for those on that course was the only subject they studied - and it was very popular.

There was an expectation on the part of some of my tutors that I would be capable of getting a first but I doubted that, not because I doubted my ability, but because I didn't feel confident that I had covered the ground adequately – and I think that was correct. Did that have any significant bearing on my subsequent career? To be honest…no it didn't. For a career in medicine which ranges from General Practice through an array of hospital based specialties to Public and Community Health, whether or not one has an intercalated degree

(let alone its class) is not a pivotal, career defining achievement. The mere fact that you had both a science degree and a basic medical qualification was, of itself, considered (in the late 1970s) to be an indication that you possessed the abilities which made it more likely that you would be shortlisted for training posts in teaching hospitals in those specialties where competition was fierce. In surgery, this was far less important than passing the primary FRCS examination before applying for the clinical posts that you wanted.

Dennis Parsons

The process of education, learning how to find knowledge and how to use it, is the most important take away from university. Pembroke did that very well, and I have no complaints or regrets about my time there because I believe it set me up well. It is perhaps worth noting as well that, during the final 4 terms, we had to do one practical course in depth, and for this I looked at epithelial transport systems in the small intestine with Dr Dennis Parsons in the University Biochemistry Dept. I greatly enjoyed that and was flattered to be asked whether I might be interested in coming back to do a DPhil. Flattery can be quite tempting, but I decided to get my medical degree first and then decide if I wanted to spend more time doing pure research. By this time my career aspirations had changed significantly.

About 10 years later, when I was undertaking surgical research in a surgical department in Leeds, we had weekly research meetings when we would each discuss what we were doing, what problems we had and how we were thinking of solving them. On one occasion my supervisor looked at me as I listened to one of my colleagues and said, "You don't look happy George", to which I replied, "No, I'm not". I then talked through my doubts about what I had been listening to, and, after a general discussion, a much better plan emerged to overcome the difficulty being described by the colleague. I have no doubt that the facility to identify problems and to think through their solution logically is something that the style of education offered in Oxford Colleges sets one up to do really well – and that ability can be quite independent of the class of one's final degree.

Social, College Clubs and Societies

The other half of student life – social, music, sport, drama, hobbies etc. was well catered for at Oxford and at Pembroke. The main risk was that it could be too time consuming and academic work would suffer as a result. How real that risk can be is sometimes overestimated. Conversely, it is much harder to measure objectively how much more productive a developing mind might be if its owner has a much wider focus than academic endeavour alone. I also believe that the increased breadth of 'extra curricular activities' should include physical as well as mental endeavour. Be that as it may, I had rowed at school, and I enjoyed rowing and wanted to continue at Pembroke. In my first year I rowed in the 1st Torpid and the 1st Summer Eight for Pembroke, but our performance was

undistinguished. I felt that there were a number of factors to be attended to if we were to improve and, in my second year, I was given an opportunity to put those ideas into practice when I became the Captain of the Boat Club. The first idea was that we needed a much higher level of primary fitness and that fitness was best achieved in the gym rather than in the boat.

Time on the water should be about developing our watermanship to a point where we could apply our fitness and make our boat go faster than the boats of our main competitors. Given that the Pembroke 1st VIII at the time was in the middle of Division 2 in both Torpids and Summer Eights, that shouldn't represent an impossible task – and it wasn't. I brought in two new coaches, both friends in the village where my parents were living (Pangbourne in Berkshire). Dr Nick Armand-Smith was a GP in the village but, within the last 10 years, he had rowed for St Mary's Hospital Boat Club in a crew that had put up a very creditable performance at Henley Royal Regatta under his aegis as Captain. The other was a member of the local rowing club who had had a successful rowing career whilst at school in Shrewsbury. In Michaelmas 1971, we also benefitted from acquiring two freshman who had both rowed for Magdalen College School Boat Club. The squad under my captaincy did at least two sessions of circuit training each week at the University gym, adjacent to the athletic track off Iffley Road, as well as regular outings on the Isis under the eyes of our new coaches. These endeavours paid off and, whilst I cannot recall precisely what our performance was in Torpids, we did improve our starting position. In Summer Eights, we bumped Trinity on day one, got an overbump on St Peter's and Christchurch II on day two, bumped Exeter on day three and would have got a further bump on day four had we not been impeded by St Catherine's. The College very benevolently gave us our oars and a bump supper on the basis that we had gone up four places, which set the Boat Club up for the following year when Geoff Peattie took over the captaincy and we went up four places in Torpids and three places in Summer Eights.

Under my captaincy, Pembroke did not compete in the University bumping races alone - we took a crew to Reading Head of the River and also rowed at Putney Regatta and Oxford City Regatta. In my third year, I wanted to set up a society of current members and alumni to raise money for the Boat Club – primarily to allow the club to replace its boats and oars from a secure fund that was constantly being topped up, rather than being dependent on very generous donations as and when they might be forthcoming. I had discussed this with Percy O'Brien who was very encouraging about the idea but was also very difficult about what he saw as a problem, but it was a purely hypothetical problem.

The Boat Club got a lot of its day to day funding from the College's Amalgamated Clubs Fund which was looked after by Dr John Wilks. Percy was convinced that, if the Boat Club set up independent funding, it would get cut out of its rightful share from Amalgamated Clubs. This risk was entirely hypothetical but there was nothing that I could do in setting up a further source of funding for the Boat Club that would eliminate that risk.

Nonetheless, I wrote to the Master for his advice about a name for a society to help future funding of the Boat Club and, in the summer term, we held an inaugural dinner to try and get 'The Friends of Pembroke College Boat Club' (the name suggested by Sir George Pickering) up and running. I think the long term outcome, in which The Friends of Pembroke College Boat Club continues to flourish after 49 years and supports both men's

and women's crews from the College, speaks for itself - especially as Pembroke has consistently been one of the University's best performing rowing colleges for both men and women for some years.

Other clubs and societies at College/University level

My time was sufficiently constrained by academic commitments and rowing that time for other activities was limited. I was an invited member of a Dining Club in Pembroke, the name of which I have forgotten, although I do remember breakfast at the Tackley Hotel on the High on May morning. Having got up very early to listen to the Magdalen Choir sing from their Tower, and then slowly progress back to the Sheldonian to watch Morris Dancing, we were hungry and looking forward to a multi-course breakfast when we arrived at the Tackley at about 9.30am.

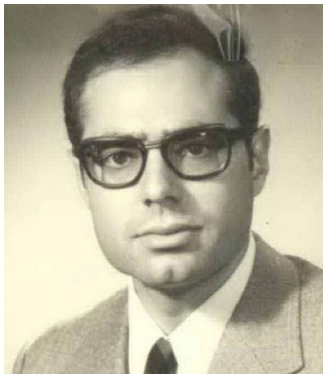
May Morning, 1971

I went to a few debates and lectures in the Oxford Union but did not join, and I also went to dramatic and choral productions in other colleges. I recall watching the Taming of the Shrew in New College cloisters and my girlfriend singing Galatea in a production of Acis & Galatea in Jesus College Chapel. She also took part in a production of Mozart's Idomeneo at the Oxford Playhouse.

In my final year, I was invited to row in a third trial VIII for Oxford University Boat Club at the end of Michaelmas Term. The run up to this was about 3-4 weeks of intensive training at Pangbourne where we were coached by Peter Politzer, who coached the Nautical College Pangbourne 1st VIII. We didn't put up a significant challenge to the other two crews, in a race rowed (unusually) downstream over the Henley Regatta course. I was approached the following term to row in Isis but declined as I felt that I wouldn't add anything to their performance, but it might jeopardise mine academically. Nowadays the universities have lightweight crews (lightweight then was < 11 stone) and, when I was an undergraduate, I would have complied with the qualifying weight.

Memorable events, 1960s and 1970s

Some of the most memorable events have been described already. I cannot recall any restrictions that were considered irksome, nor a huge clamour for change. I think that most male undergraduates thought that gender specific Colleges were probably about to become a rare species, but suspected that the cost of the accommodation changes that would be required would mean that many Colleges would wait to be pushed, rather than jumping in first. I also suspect, from a remark made by Sir George Pickering - " I can't understand why you chaps not only want female company in the evening, but at breakfast as well" - that resistance to this change would have been higher in the SCR than in the MCR or JCR if opinions had been sought – which to my knowledge they were not.



Arturo Spiegelberg Ortueta - (m.1970) Foreign Service Course

The memories that I have still very present of my stay in Pembroke in 1970 -1971 (more than fifty years ago) are, first of all, of sincere gratitude for allowing me to have a very enriching academic and personal experience.

I read Law at the University of Madrid from 1964 to 1969. As I had a clear preference for international relations, I continued my studies in England where I attended the Oxford University Foreign Service course during the academic year 1970-71 at Queen Elizabeth House. The Director was Mr. R. Feltham, a very dedicated person. My supervisor at Pembroke was Dr. Z.A. Pelczynski who guided and advised me with the greatest generosity and efficiency - since then I have a great admiration for him.

I stayed at the Cherwell Edge Residence, reserved for students from Pembroke, Linacre and Wolfson Colleges. Here I had the opportunity to meet people from various countries in an environment of great camaraderie - something unknown to me. My status as an undergraduate allowed me to enjoy the method of tutorials, something new and very valuable for me. I also appreciated the successful combination of tradition and innovation.

I was also fortunate that the prestigious University was complemented by a dynamic town. When I finished this stage of my studies, I was so fascinated by the Oxford University life that I was about to apply for a doctorate and dedicate myself to academic life, however I was faithful to my first vocation for diplomacy. I returned to Madrid where, after various vicissitudes, I entered a diplomatic career in 1981. Abroad, the assignments that interested me most, personally and professionally, were in Asia and Africa. When in the Ministry in 1991, I considered the possibility of doing some research in Spain part time under the supervision of the College, but I was unable to shape the project.

I would like to end these lines by saying that my stay in Pembroke was one of the most fruitful periods of my life in which everything was expectations, projects and hopes.

Zbigniew Pelczynski

Robert Hajaly - (m.1971) Politics

What in particular that I remember is how the daily supper, held in the College Hall, replete with the portraits of past masters on its walls, started. Specifically, at a few minutes past 7pm, if memory serves me correctly, the doors leading to the Hall were sealed shut, with the students seated inside the Hall. And then a gong was struck, the central door to the Hall flung open, and all the dons filed in, in single file, in their gowns and in order of seniority, led by the Master, and proceeded up the central aisle to the head table at the front of the Hall, where they took their seats. We students stood up as they filed in, cued by the bang of the gong, and only sat down to be fed our dinner when the dons sat down at the head table. The whole thing struck me as pleasantly archaic, as if out of a novel, except that it was for real. And the food following was generally surprisingly good for something mass produced - though not as good, I imagine, as what the dons were fed! Well, that's my fond and persistent memory of Pembroke, and I'm none the worst for it!

Tom Herman (m.1971) History

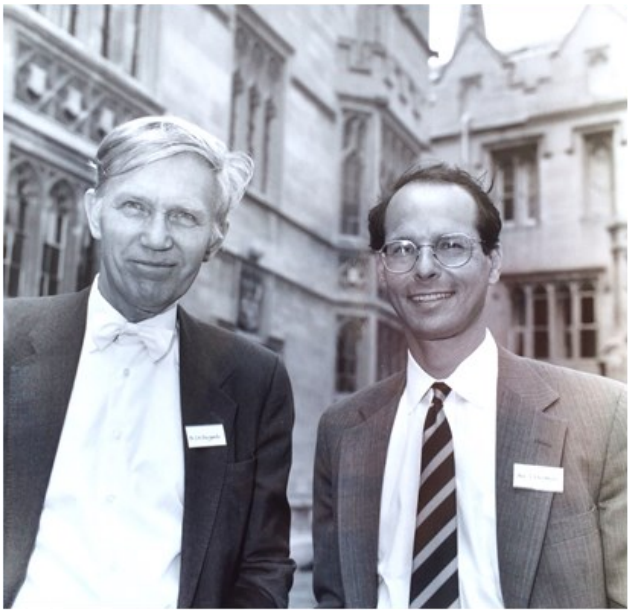
A HIGH TABLE DINNER - 1972

Oh no! I was going to be late for my first High Table dinner.

To be late to a Pembroke High Table dinner, an invitation afforded a graduate student only once a year at the time, was very bad form. And I, a Yank reading for an MPhil in History, still quite insecure of my place in the Oxford order of things, naturally wanted to make a good impression.

I had no clue, as I peddled my bike across Magdalen Bridge and up a darkened High Street, trying to make up for lost time, that my dinner companion that evening was to be one of Pembroke's most famous and beloved dons in its 400-year history.

The High, which on any given evening can be an out-of-time experience with its medieval spires and crenellated parapets, on that foggy and frosty evening in February 1972 was especially transporting. Streetlamps had been dimmed due to electricity rationing caused by a coal miners' strike. Here and there, candles illuminated stained glass windows in colleges lining the High - Magdalen, Queens, Univ, All Souls, and others - as I peddled up to Carfax then left down St Aldates. It was magical.



Zbigniew Pelczynski and me

There is a formal ritual that goes with being a Pembroke High Table guest that may well extend, in one form or another, back for hundreds of years. In my day, graduate student guests were expected to arrive at the SCR, properly dressed (i.e., jacket, tie and gown), around 6:30 pm when the first round of sherry is passed around by the SCR butler, but certainly no later than 7:00 pm. Upon arrival, guests are to be greeted by their 'moral tutor' - in my case, Pembroke's legendary Politics don, Zbigniew Pelczynski - who, in turn, introduces the guest to his assigned escort/dinner companion for the evening (guests were paired with their host or, in the case of graduate students, with another College don). At approximately 7:05 pm, at the call of the Master (or Senior Fellow present in the Master's absence), all were to depart the SCR in some hierarchical order obscure to me, escort and guest, don and don, and march in pairs to Hall.

I pulled into Pembroke Square and left my bike leaning with others against the wall outside the Lodge, just as Great Tom was tolling 7:00 pm. By the time I had collected my gown in the MCR, thrown it over my shoulders, and run over to Chapel Quad, a little parade of academic-gowned men (they were all men in those days), led by the Master, Sir George Pickering, was beginning to exit the SCR.

"Oh, Tom!", Dr. Pelczynski exclaimed - I don't remember if in annoyance or relief, or both - as I ran up to the door of the SCR, then located on the ground floor of the Fellows Staircase, "we were worried about you". Dr. Pelczynski hurriedly introduced me to my escort for the evening, a grandfatherly man with a warm smile, full head of silvery grey hair, aquiline nose, and close-set twinkly eyes whom I guessed to be in his late 70s. "So pleased to meet you, Mr. Herman", he said, as he shook my hand. In my haste and embarrassment at being late, I had missed his name.

And so we joined the queue and quietly strolled to Hall, where the undergraduates, themselves gowned, stood at their tables waiting impatiently for our procession to pass by to High Table at the far end of the room. Once we found our place-settings, the Master banged a gavel on the table, demanding silence; a student then hurried through the College Grace ("*per Jesum Christum, Dominum nostrum*"), and we were all seated and served.

While I do not recall specifically what my friendly dinner companion and I talked about, I do remember that he put me at ease with his informal manner, quizzing me as to where I came from, what I was reading and for what degree, why I chose Pembroke, and if I was having any difficulties adjusting to life in Oxford that he could help me with. He would typically end his questions to me with a smile. I was flattered that this Oxford don, whoever he was, appeared to be genuinely interested in me.

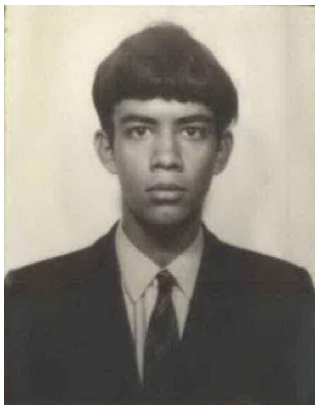
Snuff box from the College silver collection

After a fine meal served with the College's legacy silver along with a vintage claret (High Table fare is a significant cut above what everyone else is served), we retired to the SCR with the other High Table diners where desert and a cheese course was served, along with port and brandy. A snuff box was passed around.

I was hoping one of the others seated at our desert table might address my escort by name so I could catch it - I was too embarrassed to call myself out with something along the lines of, "I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name". Unfortunately, no one did and I never did get his name.

During the next hour or so over after-dinner liqueurs, generously served, I was able to learn a bit more about my dinner companion: he was a scholar of Anglo-Saxon English and had written both academic and non-academic books, including a translation of *Beowulf* and a bit of poetry, "but nothing recently" he told me.

Soon, it was time to call it an evening. We shook hands at the door of the SCR, and I walked back to my room, warmed by the post-prandial libations and a most pleasant evening. The next morning when I got to my tutorial, Dr. Pelczynski greeted me and asked, "How did you enjoy your evening with J.R.R. Tolkien?".



Vivian Jean-Marc Michel (m.1971) Medicine

My name is Vivian Jean-Marc Michel and I was the Theodore Williams medical scholar studying Physiological Sciences from 1971 to 1974. In those days I used my middle name and no one knew me as Vivian.

I was born in Mauritius in 1953 and my family moved to the UK when I was nine. My mother had serious mental problems and my father was advised to seek better psychiatric

services for her in Europe. As he had a brother studying to be a psychiatric nurse in Portsmouth, we eventually reached the famous naval port city in March 1963 when the snow still lay thick on the ground after the most severe winter in many decades. Our clothes were totally inadequate for the wintery temperatures we encountered. We initially lived as a family of seven with my uncle, his fiery Italian wife and toddler son in a four-berth caravan.

There had been a delay in the search for a council property. I guess there was muttering and speculation as we emerged every morning after an uncomfortable night on makeshift 'beds'. I was enrolled in the local primary school in Milton.

I had attended a Catholic school for a couple of years before moving to England and, as I was taught by Irish fathers, my second language, English, was spoken with an Irish accent which did not seem to match my brown skin or Chinese/Indian features. My funny accent may have defused some simmering racist thoughts in a minority of my peers.

Somehow I managed to pass the eleven plus exam which determined future schooling options and I understand that I was the last name on the Hampshire list of children deemed worthy of a place at a state grammar school. At the time we lived fairly close to the school but we soon moved to a council estate which, at the time, was considered one of the worst in the UK.

I don't remember many problems there, but I guess I did not spend much time roaming around with the local children but simply got on the bus to school every morning and spent my time reading at home and getting on with my homework in the evenings.

My father (a teacher) always had high hopes for me and wanted me to be a doctor as he had missed out on achieving this ambition for himself when his father died suddenly in front of him when he was aged 14. I initially had other ideas about my future career but was nudged onto the science track when a form teacher simply lined up the class in alphabetic order of surnames in a school corridor and announced that the A-L boys would study Humanities and the M-Z group Sciences. The cut off was right next to me.

Some parents tried to challenge this arbitrary arrangement but my father did not, despite the fact that I was probably better at the non-science subjects.

My headteacher at grammar school was an Oxford history graduate but did not particularly encourage me or consider me a possible Oxbridge contender. I had a disagreement with him in his study about the role of Martin Luther in the Protestant reformation and I think I was a bit disrespectful of his views in his specialist area of expertise!

So, I initially did not join the boys studying for 'S' Levels in Physics, Chemistry, Pure and Applied Maths. My 'A' level results had been a mixed bag, ranging from 'B' to 'E' grades and this did not make me one of the school's 'scholarship hopes'. My plan was to spend my last year at school improving my tennis skills. A couple of friends persuaded me to come inside to join the elect group preparing for Oxford or Cambridge entrance exams. I decided to join them just for the fun of further studies.

I was keen on Maths even if I did not have a natural ability for it like my father. It was always exciting to understand something new even if the proverbial penny dropped later for me than the other boys.

Again, I got mediocre grades and found the Oxford entrance exam General Paper baffling in parts. For example, in the essay section I read "Is electronic music?". This is not a false or distorted memory as I kept the original exam paper in a scrap book of memories from that time. I could only think that a word was missing and it should have read "Is electronic music, music?". In any case I did not take the risk of second guessing the intended meaning and getting it wrong.

I was surprised to get an invitation for interviews in the winter of 1970. Before catching the train to Oxford I chose a book with an attractive cover from the school library. It was *Man and his Environment* by Dubois. At the time, I had no particular interest in ecology and man's impact on nature and I had not studied biology at any level. My university applications were to study Chemistry with no particular career in mind.

In Oxford, as I waited for my first interview, I was browsing in WH Smith's just off the High Street when the lights suddenly went out. Maybe a portent of further power cuts through the turbulent decade to come. Suddenly I found myself on the floor with someone on top of me and a painful bump on the head. It was already 4 pm and pitch black outside.

When I tried to get up, the man who had bowled me over was seized by several customers and shop staff. I soon realised, as torches were produced, that this was an attempted robbery - under cover of darkness the opportunistic thief had started running to the shop entrance carrying a heavy metal till containing cash and barged into me with his loot! After recovering from the headache and having accepted the cure-all cup of tea I waited for my first interview and read on with my last minute book choice.

My last and most memorable interview was at Pembroke - a small hidden away college in the shadow of the domineering Christ Church tower on a cobbled street lined with untidily propped up bicycles. I knew little about the University's history or this particular college or its reputation. Once again, the lights were off as I made my way up a dim, uneven staircase to a fellow's study and rooms. Inside there were three tutors in draping black gowns sitting in high back wing chairs facing a glowing coal fire. They nearly had their backs to me. It made me think of the three witches in Macbeth.

To start the conversation or interview, a disembodied voice asked me whether I was related to Professor Michel in the Physiology Department. I said I had never met anyone with my French surname. Moving on, I was asked what sports I played. I was keen on tennis and chess at the time and mentioned this.

The immediate come back was "Chess is not a sport!". I then felt obliged to defend my proposition for a few minutes pointing out that play at the highest level involves both physical and mental fitness and agility. There were coaches involved and there were frequent requests to include chess in the list of Olympic Games events. There was grumbling acknowledgement.

Nothing was said about anything I had written in the entrance exam papers which I am sure were full of holes and incorrect answers. I had finally chosen to write my General Paper essay on whether public opinion polls influence the outcome of general elections. It was not yet the age of every candidate having 4A* results in science subjects and clearly students were often chosen on more subjective grounds based largely on interviews.

At some point my interview at Pembroke turned to slightly more relevant topics as I saw it. I was suddenly asked about my views on genetic engineering. By some cosmic coincidence, divine providence or serendipity, I had just read a paragraph or two in my damp lodgings from my last minute book choice in the school library. So I was able to make one or two vaguely interesting observations, even if I was fearing the more in depth follow up questions (which mercifully never came… I am not sure I could have overcome my teenage shyness to bluff my way onwards!).

So that was that and I went home to Portsmouth.

Some weeks later, imagine my surprise and my father's absolute delight when he read that I been offered a conditional open scholarship to study Medicine as places were all allocated for the Chemistry intake that year. I had not even applied for Medical school. I got no other university offer at all.

Charles Theodore Williams

The scholarship was named after Theodore Williams but this meant nothing to me. My father later framed the offer letter after parading me around several newspaper offices and radio studios in Mauritius where he proudly proclaimed that I was the first Mauritian to win an Open Scholarship.

Interestingly, the only reason given for the award was that the tutors felt that I could make a "valuable contribution to college life". The condition was that I should get any grade in Biology at A level since I had never studied this before at school. So I threw myself into this new subject with the help of an inspiring teacher and greatly enjoyed drawing specimens from amoeba to man. I even drew an imagined version of my primate naked best friend in class labelling his various parts!

I was doing my embarrassing celebration tour of Mauritius when my sister phoned with my results. She said I had managed A+ in the theory and A in the practical which involved a dissection demonstrating the blood supply to a rabbit's kidneys. When we saw the actual result letter I had A+ in both. Clearly my best subject all along if only I had known it.

My first two days in Pembroke (Autumn '71) were the start of many memorable encounters and experiences. Having unpacked a few items in my larger than expected first floor Georgian room (a pink building in the 'new quad') I heard the sound of a trombone close by. I went to investigate and found a door open right next to mine. There were a few freshers in the room with the windows open overlooking the quad. It was a sunny day.

Perched on one window was Bill (Donger as I recall) blasting his trombone into the room. As I came in he deftly picked up an orange and threw it at me before continuing. Soon

after, a fairly short figure arrived at the room door dressed in slippers and a dark blue dressing gown. Bill threw another fruit with the words "Here, have an orange". The new arrival (or fresher as we thought) was not amused. Looking around the room he said in a clear but quiet voice - "I am the Dean of this college and I live just across the quad from this room. I have a terrible migraine and have had the curtains drawn all afternoon. You are not making me feel any better. I will see you all in my study tomorrow morning!"

And with that he shuffled down the stairs as we tried to suppress our nervous laughter - we were all fined £10 which was not an inconsequential sum in those days, at least in my family.

On day two, after paying the fine, I was in the porters' lodge looking at notices when my shoulder length hair was flicked up from the back. I turned round to see a shabby oldish figure who promptly asked me "Who are you?".

I told him my name and said I was a new student.

"What are you reading?," he continued as others looked on.

"Medicine", I replied meekly.

"Not with hair like that", came the reply. He walked out of the gates.

The porter explained that I had just encountered Professor O'Brien - Irish, highly educated in various subjects, eccentric and in my college, as it turned out, Physiology and moral tutor! Clearly he was starting this last role by ordering me to get a hair cut. He soon exposed another deficiency in my plan to become a doctor.

Having heard Christ Church bell tower sound 4 pm on the following Wednesday, I hastily put on my long gown, grabbed my essay and raced like a Batman figure to Dr O'Brien's study in the Old Quad. Turning a corner I nearly bumped into the college's Master, Sir George Pickering (eminent doctor and researcher), who was hobbling around on two sticks awaiting surgery on his osteoarthritic hips. Two to three years on the NHS waiting list was not unusual in those days. I later found out that he had used his suffering in a creative way to write a book called *Creative Malady* about famous historical figures who had achieved a lot despite, or perhaps because of, chronic physical or mental pain. Perhaps they had early intimations of mortality and wanted to leave a legacy.

2 Darwin's study at Down House, from an etching at Down House

Charles Darwin's study from *Creative Malady*

Charles Darwin was extremely sea sick on the Beagle even as his collection of specimen

plants and animals grew ever bigger and notions of species change fermented in his busy brain. He came back with a mysterious recurrent illness that caused great pain and distress as he worked for many years in his study on the world-changing Origin of Species.

As I sat down slightly out of breath my tutor declared- "You are exactly one minute and twenty eight seconds late - fetch the sherry glasses".

I must have looked confused or stupid or both. He pointed to a huge glass cupboard behind me. I had no idea that there were different glasses for different alcoholic drinks.

I said that I was tee-total as my father had brought me up that way. He thumped the leather covered desk in front of him.

"How do you expect to become a doctor if you don't drink".

Now I really did look confused. But in years to come I realised that many agreed with him.

"Go and buy a bottle of sherry, I have run out".

So, without any clarification, I wandered out of college towards the High Street, not exactly sure of my plan. I had no money on me and had never seen a bottle of sherry before. I soon arrived at an off-licence and went in looking vaguely at the well stocked shelves. After a while the seller asked helpfully -

"You are from Dr O'Brien, right? We know what he likes…here".

He picked out a bottle, wrapped it in white tissue paper and handed it to me. I didn't move.

"Don't worry, he has an account with us".

Two sherry glasses were waiting in the desk. I was asked to pour after Dr O had opened the bottle and sniffed the cork. I had no idea how much to fill the glass.

I managed to sip a few times during the tutorial which was must have been uneventful after that… but there were others to follow that also left clear memories.

I felt more challenged socially than intellectually, although there were certainly many well educated and intelligent students to interact with. I loved the fact that they had diverse (if often privileged) backgrounds with high achieving parents (usually fathers). The Rhodes Scholars from the US were particularly impressive, often excelling in sport as well as academia. One college mate reading PPE was the son of the Mayor of St Louis. He had a large campaign poster of his father on his bedroom wall under which my early friendship group often gathered late into the night solving all the world's ills. It was fascinating to have a ready-made multi-disciplinary panel to share differing perspectives with into the early hours. I have never lost this attraction to try to see problems from different perspectives and be willing to learn something new from anyone I happen to meet. I often attempt to join random conversations with strangers on the train if they look open to my joining in. And, of course, the most successful research and academic groups recognise the contribution of a range of disciplines, whatever the topic or research area.

I thank my early college life and exchanges for teaching me this life long lesson.

Of course, one to one exchanges with my Physiology mentor could also be challenging. I think that Dr O'Brien had more or less run the college single handed during the Second World War - or at least that is what he told us. He had avoided the armed services for

medical reasons. I wonder if alcohol had anything to do with it - but that is, perhaps, unkind. He claimed to have degrees in History, Egyptology, Biochemistry and one other subject but I never looked into this.

He was an inspiring tutor who constantly challenged his students to visualise the beauty of the cellular physiological processes going on incessantly in the human body. He was excited by the concept of homeostasis. He was frustrated by our uninspired essays, largely regurgitating material from books he easily recognised. I left his study wanting to do better next time.

One time he got so agitated at my inane offerings that he threatened to punch me into doing better. He jumped up on his leather covered desk and, taking up the typical pose of Victorian era boxer, he challenged me to a bout if I was up for it!? I think I just walked out with a slight smile of bemusement on my face.

I am not sure I ever got any advice about my love life from my moral tutor at Pembroke, but I could have done with some. The college had no female students of course (they were admitted towards the end of the decade) and the male university students outnumbered the females by 5 to 1. As a shy, naive fresher I found that there were many more confident rivals out there competing for the attention of the girls I fancied! I made some girlfriends but most were already attached to another. I tended to meet girls who were the girlfriends of my existing male friendship group.

One of these girls became a very good friend and I often went to her when feeling low or in need of some positive company. She had decorated her room like a magical fairy grotto and always had a suggestion to lift my spirits. "Let's make a cake" she would say or "let's go to the river". We enjoyed punting and messing about on the river. I got to know her family and looked after two younger half-sisters one Easter when her parents wanted some time alone to discuss a family problem. 'J' knew I liked children and that I generally found it easier to talk with them, feeling accepted rather than scrutinised or judged - a hangover from my childhood no doubt.

One Sunday morning, I was playing chess in my room when a mutual friend announced that 'J' had been found dead in her bed in college. I had been there an hour earlier to go punting with 'J' but as I peered into her room I saw that she was still in bed, perhaps after a late night with her boyfriend. So I had left her there. Was she already dead?

My immediate reaction on hearing this news was to pick up the chessboard and the pieces on it and throw it through the window. There were surprised exclamations from below and I later struggled to recover all the pieces as several had landed in the fish pond.

I wandered in a daze to the Oxford market - I am not sure why - but at some point suddenly started sobbing and shaking uncontrollably. A passing stranger escorted me back to college.

I wanted to read about suicide after realising that the University suicide rate at that time was 11 times the national average for our age group. It was a shocking revelation. I read *The Savage God* by A.A Alvarez. One memorable passage in this informative and moving book talks about what would happen if all humans had a specific spot on the body which, if pressed, resulted in an instant painless death. I imagined this to be at the anatomical snuff box - a small depression at the base of each thumb.

The implication of this thought experiment was to suggest that many of us would use this opt-out option at a moment of despair when there seemed to be no way out.

Over the years, I have raised this question with groups of friends, usually after a few drinks at a dinner party or restaurant. ('J's death in a moment of despair may have fuelled my ongoing interest in thinking about the great taboo of death and dying and I have never considered this morbid. Many great philosophers and religious teachers agree with me but I know many see such musings as the equivalent of 'wearing a fur coat in summer').

My ad hoc non scientific survey usually comes out (on average) as six people out of ten saying they would not have used the death spot exit. But four out of ten say they would not be here now if such an option existed. Suicide takes resolve, planning and is potentially painful and death is not always the outcome. I think 'J' had a moment of despair in the middle of the night and took her only option as she saw it. We never really found out her motive or reasoning but it seems she suffered with imposter syndrome and might have been facing a magistrate court hearing for minor shop lifting.

I went to 'J's funeral and, many years later, wrote a poem about that bright sunny day when her half-sisters danced like fairies in the sun. I told them about my friendship with 'J' and stayed intermittently in touch over the years, and came to realise that the suicide event had left a vast black hole in the wider family. Her twin brother also took his own life, unable to cope with the loss of his close sibling.

Perhaps my most important encounter while in Oxford was with the young half-sister of 'J's boyfriend ('W') at the time who had grown up in Oxford as his father was a don at Magdalen. The family home was in Park Town, two impressive near half circles of tall Georgian houses, the like of which I had never visited. There was a small private park in the middle of the circle and residents had a key to access this green oasis.

Park Crescent, Park Town

'W' asked me to meet his 3 year old half-sister, 'E', who had just been diagnosed as classically autistic. Her mother was a recognised artist who worked from home and had exhibited at world famous galleries in the US and Europe. I was fascinated by the house, the basement studio littered with artist's proofs under the mechanical printing press. But the greatest impression was made by little 'E' who was beautiful, silent and totally in her own world - never smiling or taking an interest in people. She was an enigma and I wanted to know why. I became a friend of the family and her mother appreciated my friendship and interest. She was on a mission, like many parents, to find a miracle 'cure' and wanted a relationship with her precious child. But this proved elusive. I started observing this little creature much as Darwin had observed and documented his own precious children. I knew nothing about autism at the time and I soon realised that many parents were made to feel responsible for their child's lack of attachment behaviour. The idea of 'refrigerator' mothers was still exerting a malign influence.

These mothers were considered incapable of loving their offspring adequately. They were not good enough parents.

I took 'E' for walks in University Park and she would simply wander off, never looking back at me. On one such walk, a large dog ran up to her and barked in her face - his jaw was inches from her nose. I was terrified of the dog and the thought that I would be held responsible for a severe facial injury to an innocent child under my care. Suddenly the dog ran off back to its owner and I realised that my heart was racing. 'E' had simply stopped in her tracks, did not cry or look to me and simply carried on walking when the dog left. I was absolutely relieved but also bemused. Did she not have a fight or flight reaction as we had studied in the physiology lab? Did her heart rate go up? Was she missing one of Darwin's basic core emotions? It was decades later that I read of experimental studies confirming that some autistic children do not have the expected autonomic/automatic reaction in frightening situations. I had suspected as much all those years ago. This and other baffling observations lead to an ongoing life long interest in trying to understand and support autistic children and their families as part of a multidisciplinary team from health, education and social care.

I never forgot my little muse, even when in Africa for ten years trying to prevent children from dying from more acute health conditions like measles, malaria and malnutrition. On returning to UK, I retrained as a developmental paediatrician and realised that autism was no longer a rare diagnosis and I worked with hundreds of children on the expanded autistic spectrum including intelligent ones who struggle socially. In two decades of looking I only met five children - all boys - who were like 'E' in Oxford.

This episode and others I have not written about were life changing and remain as very clear memories from my time in college. I am sure this is the experience of many students and I have enjoyed recalling and writing down these vivid memories.

Roger Read - (m.1971) Botany

I am from a typical middle class family - father worked at the TSB, mother was a teacher. I was educated at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Blackburn, where the assumption was that if you were bright you would apply to Oxbridge, taking 'O' and then 'A' levels a year early to allow for this. Absolutely not expecting to get in, I followed the procedure, took the entrance exam, applied to Pembroke (as there seemed to be more Botany students there) and was surprised to get an interview. Four of us shared a car to drive down and I was allotted a room in staircase 12. Interviews the following day were in the SCR staircase which was then in Chapel Quad. I remember little except that everything seemed to go well, especially when the conversation moved on from talk of my hobby photographing plants to calcicoles and calcifuges etc. in different areas of the

countryside around Blackburn. There were displays in various departments to see and a session in the pub with other guys from QEGS and I left having quite enjoyed myself but with no thoughts of having got a place. So I was quite astounded to learn that I had. First impressions of Pembroke on arriving the following October were positive if a little intimidating I think. The porter was helpful enough getting me to my room and answering the basic questions; the lovely architecture in Old and Chapel Quads was delightful and the wallflowers in bloom in the Old Quad were appreciated! I think I was a little overawed by Oxford as such, though. Fortunately I soon encountered a fellow Northerner on the Biology Prelims course and on the same staircase (10) which helped me to feel at home quite quickly.

My room was Staircase 10:4 - not the best! Handy for Hall, though. It suited me well enough really, if smaller than other rooms on the staircase - near enough to the ablutions if not en-suite! Reg the scout, with his old bike under the stairs, I remember fondly, if not his stomping up the stairs and hammering on everyone's door at what seemed, then, to be ungodly hours of the morning.

Evening meals in Hall were good, I felt, and there was formal Hall every night in those days which I rather liked - Latin grace and all. Always good conversation with people doing different courses with very different attitudes to life, and often coffee in someone's room would follow. I recall Harold Macmillan, as the Visitor, coming to High Table one night and buying us all a glass of wine. Lunches I tried once and felt I could do better elsewhere! Breakfasts I never ate and still don't. Tea and toast etc. from the Buttery was indulged in occasionally, and again appreciated. Liking good beer, I almost never used the College Bar as the beer was insipid and keg - excellent ale at the Old Tom and the Bulldog to name but two within staggering distance was preferable. I never used the college facilities for groceries etc.

I lost out on the ballot for rooms so was only in College for one year. I left it a bit late to find good digs for my second year, but in the end found a good room with a pleasant landlady off the Cowley Road - I bought an old bike over the summer from a pal so ‘commuting’ was easy enough. By arrangement with friends, I was still able to eat in Hall whenever I wanted (nearly every day) as they would 'sign me in' first thing in the morning as a matter of routine. That meant the social occasion of Hall remained, as well as whatever else would follow. It also meant I might work in the College Library (Broadgates Hall at that time) in the evening if I had an essay to finish - there used to be a single desk upstairs with a view out over the quad (Old Quad I think) which I have happy memories of - all lost inside the current SCR.

Broadgates Library

Whilst not sleeping in College, I still spent a lot of time there and still felt very much part of it. 'Escaping' to be on my own in my digs was occasionally not a bad idea anyway. In the 3rd year I managed more palatial digs in Marston with a mate, with a shared sitting room and the use of a kitchen etc. as well as a bedroom each. College was still the focus for most things then also.

Student welfare/pastoral? Not really made use of. I attended Chapel only a couple of times, possibly once in celebration of the completion of its refurbishment. I have mentioned Reg earlier, an excellent old-time scout who might moan but his heart was absolutely in the right place. The porters I found to be uniformly helpful - except maybe the time(s) I ended up being locked out - I believe the gate was locked about midnight but access was still possible with a key until maybe 2am when you had to 'wake up' the night porter and sign a register. All perfectly reasonable, I felt.

Apart from my academic tutor I don't recall interactions with Fellows or the Master much at all. There were the termly Collections of course - generally I had behaved myself and done reasonable work so that these were pleasant enough, except for my 4th term when things hadn't been so good primarily owing to girl-friend trouble. I presume the Master and Dean were there plus Vernon Butt, my tutor, but I really don't remember. There were a couple of invitations to the Master's Lodgings over the three years but I remember little of those. No doubt I have forgotten (or repressed?) a great deal.

As regards the other students - I made good friends with a number, one of whom I remain friends with to this day. Mostly these people would have had similar backgrounds to my own - Northern and definitely not 'public school' in outlook. It has to be said that there were a number of fellow students whose attitudes and behaviour were difficult to stomach (for example, I seem to recall some exchange of 'raids' on flags and signs with Christ Church undergraduates, and the cry of 'Pond!' before somebody would be dragged to be immersed in the little North Quad pond for some supposed misdemeanour), but I felt not so many as perhaps in some of the other colleges. It was easy enough to avoid them.

North Quad pond

I think the tutorial system as it existed in my day was superb. At least one in depth discussion every week, 1:1 with an expert in the field after having prepared an essay on the subject - no place to hide if you hadn't researched the topic properly, and you came away knowing far more than when you started. A shock to be asked to write about 'Sex and Sexuality' for my first topic by Vernon Butt when I'd absolutely no idea what he meant - in plants? But very good for me. Vernon was an excellent teacher, tutor and, to an extent, friend.

As time went on, I was able to ask for tutorials with particular specialists as I realised which areas of the subject were of most interest to me. Tutorials taught me to think as well as to provide understanding. The few tutorials I had with others (never more than 3 or 4 of us) just did not have the same impact on me. I find that interesting since, as a teacher coaching students for Oxbridge or S-levels, I always preferred a group of about 3. Maybe the tutors see things differently!

As a scientist, I felt our workload was far higher that many other students - several lectures most days as well as practicals, some of which could last for 8 hours, as well as the essays to write and, in the Summer, field trips to go on. But that was what I was there for really and I didn't feel particularly overburdened. Whilst I did start to suffer from stress in the last term or so, that was the pressure I was putting myself under, not the fault of the course. Mostly outside the organised lectures, practicals and tutorials, I would work in the Botany Library or sometimes the Radcliffe Library - it was nearly always possible to find all relevant books and papers I might require in one or the other of these. The advantage of Botany was 'Tea' in the afternoon, an event which might last several hours, when all in the building from the rawest undergraduate to the most esteemed Emeritus Professors would sit around informally and talk generally. A lot was learned there. The advantage of a small department. The actual lectures varied in quality enormously, and it is true that some of them could be skipped without harming one's education. A lecture isn't really where learning takes place, for me.

Was the course all I hoped it would be? Very much so, overall. I began assuming that I was at Oxford under false pretences, not really thinking myself clever enough to be there, but the way the course was structured meant I could operate (as I felt) within my limitations and do well enough. I still sort of expected a 3rd; was more than pleased with my 2nd; was astonished when Vernon told me later I'd only just missed a first.

Not sporty or especially musical, far too inhibited to act or make any show of myself in any capacity, this is an area of college life largely closed to me. I did go to JCR meetings - 'ultra vires payments' seemed to be a hot topic in my first term - were they to activists in Chile? One of the JCR presidents is now often to be heard on the 'Today' programme etc. as a former Ambassador and so on - I'm not good with names so I forget his now, but always interesting to hear him. There was a movement in favour of a CSU I recall, possibly with demonstrations but I remember little. Pembroke had a reputation as most radical activist college in the 70's with regular weekend protests. To save time making banners for each occasion one student came up with an all purpose memorable phrase:

Student protest against Government plans for student unions, London, Jan 1972

"Pembroke says NO!"

I couldn't get up early enough to try for the 6th VIII, though friends did, but I always went down to the river for the rowing - good fun, even if, in my day, Pembroke were far from the rowing powerhouse they became - the 'Friends of Pembroke Boat Club' started I think in my last year.

I recall the joys of playing croquet in the Chapel Quad, and bar-billiards in the JCR with the bar wedged so the games could continue indefinitely, as they often did. And getting tickets to take down to Folly Bridge for a punt - pity about the hard slog punting back up the Isis after the enjoyable gentle meanderings on the Cherwell.

There was a Commemoration Ball in my last year which I failed to attend having been turned down by my hoped-for partner and not feeling up to asking anyone else!

Fellow Folk Club member, Rob Langley

Whilst I joined several university societies, initially the only one I really stuck with was Heritage, the folk club, which met at the Baker's Arms in Jericho. Again, being rather inhibited, I only actually sang once, though thoroughly enjoyed joining in the choruses! Other Pembroke students were 'officers' from time to time including John Forrest and Martin Carr - Martin was very accomplished on guitar and mandolin.

The North Quad was in operation when I joined the college; the McGowin Library was under construction throughout my time, so no 'impact' occurred on college life for me there.

After Pembroke I did a PGCE at Leicester - thought I ought to experience a 'normal' university as well as Oxford so didn't stay on in Pembroke. Good choice for various reasons. Subsequently I taught, a one-school guy, until my retirement in 2007. This was Harrogate Grammar, a comprehensive despite the name. I taught Biology and then reinvented myself as a Psychologist to start that subject at HGS, with some success, eventually only teaching that and making it the 3rd most popular A-level subject at the school, after English and Maths. I was also union rep for many years. Fortunately devoid of ambition or any need to 'make my mark' I felt no need to change schools. Slightly disappointingly, perhaps, of the many excellent students I taught who went on to Oxford or Cambridge, only two studied at Pembroke. Partly, this is because HGS had more of a traditional link with Cambridge. One of the brightest students I ever taught wanted to go to Pembroke very much and I wrote Vernon Butt a letter in her praise, but she failed at interview - only to be redirected to Queens where they gave her a scholarship after a term. So that is a little regret.

What has Pembroke meant to me? I really don't know but I am very glad to have had the experience of being there. As I have suggested, Oxford taught me to think, not Pembroke as such.

David Ruskin - (m.1971) Biochemistry

I lived with my parents in Enfield and I was an only child. I went to school at Edmonton County Grammar School, in North London. It was my form master, who also taught me Chemistry, who suggested I try for Oxford. I was the first in my family to go to university so you can imagine how I felt. As Mr. Pamplin read Chemistry at St. Peter's, I chose that college. As I was studying Chemistry, Zoology and Botany at 'A' Level I thought that reading Biochemistry would be most suitable.

I took the entrance exams before 'A' Levels, and was asked to attend an interview. I remember that I went with someone else in my year who was hoping to read History. Neither of us were accepted but I was sent a letter suggesting I try again the following year. I stayed on an extra term to re-take the Oxford entrance exams, and, as well as having an interview at St. Peter's, I was asked to go to Pembroke too. I do remember feeling a little disappointed when I first saw St. Peter's. It did not look like my idea of an Oxford college; Pembroke was just right.

It was a dark and foggy November and power cuts were not uncommon. I remember that, just as I entered the room of my interviewer, the lights and, more importantly, the electric fire went out. Dr. Butt and I chatted whilst wearing our overcoats, trying to see each other through the gloom. Dr. Vernon Butt was a dear, sweet man. I don't know if he felt sorry for me, but I was accepted to read Biochemistry at Pembroke. When I received my acceptance letter my mother cried, something I had never seen before.

Everyone in their first year had a room in college. My room was on staircase 15, on the second floor (I think). I remember being delighted at seeing my name written on the wall by the front door. The room was pretty basic, and quite small, but it was mine! The toilets and showers were in the basement - I don't think that any room had ensuite facilities then.

I don't remember when the main gate was shut, not that it mattered as we all were given keys so we could let ourselves in. Overnight visitors were forbidden. If you wanted to leave college for any reason an *exeat* form had to be signed by your tutor.

Food in Hall was pretty dull, going on poor. The lunch menu consisted of a list - a selection was made and ticked. It was then signed and used for the paying of battels. That lunch list did not change for the four years I was at Pembroke. Whilst it was not necessary to have lunch in Hall, I think we had to have Dinner there, when gowns were required.

Tea in the JCR was much more enjoyable. Mrs. Bone ruled over JCR tea, and the simple breakfast that was an alternative to the breakfast provided in Hall. She was a large woman, somewhat heavy handed. This was fine if you liked your tea strong, was acceptable when eating toast and marmalade, but was somewhat challenging when trying to get through the thick layer of Marmite or Gent's Relish. During the Summer, toast etc. was replaced with sandwiches. Not nearly so interesting as the bread was of the white and wet variety.

Everything eaten or bought at the Buttery had to be signed for, and paid for at the end of each term. Laundry and electricity was also included in the termly battels. As I was an only child and both of my parents were working, my grant was £50 per term. My battels were usually over £100 each term. I was totally reliant on my parents. I do not remember 'sconcing', and I doubt if any of my friends would have tolerated such nonsense.

In the first year, two Hall dinners stand out. The first was when Harold Macmillan, then Chancellor and also College Visitor, sat on High Table. There was some noise when he walked in, but the reaction was as nothing compared to the second memorable dinner. Without anyone knowing, one evening Professor Tolkien was a guest. I can remember the susurrus of sound; "It's Tolkien, it's Tolkien" travelled around the Hall.

Biochemistry is a four year course, Finals are taken at the end of the third and fourth years. We had our Graduate Dinner in the SCR dining room at the end of the third year. Saville Bradbury, a noted medic and anatomist, saw how much I enjoyed the excellent cigar I had been offered. As I left, after a wonderful time, he handed me four more cigars. This, I thought, was a kind and generous act. I don't think he ever spoke to me again.

There was no student welfare to speak of. My tutor was also my Moral Tutor, so I could have spoken to him if I needed someone to talk to but I never felt any desire to do this.

Rev. John Platt

When I arrived at Pembroke, all the Freshmen had, in turn, a chat with the College Chaplain, Rev Platt. When I told him that I was an atheist he didn't skip a beat but gave me a glass of sherry. Rev. Platt had a remarkable memory for faces and names. Whenever I returned to Pembroke he would greet everyone by name. It is a gift I envy. The first time I went into the Chapel was after I had graduated, to hear a guitar concert.

In my second year, and for the first term of my third year, I lived in a slum in Jericho (Kingston road). If you are familiar with the Leonard Rossiter sitcom 'Rising Damp' you will understand the set up. The only difference was that the landlord didn't live in the house. There were two living in the basement but I never met them. I lived on the ground floor with a good friend of mine who came from Dallas. There were, I think, four others living in the rest of the house. Rent was £4.50 a week. The last time I saw the house it had been refurbished, to the extent that I, at first, did not recognise it. I believe it is worth more than £1 million now.

After Michaelmas Term of my third year, I heard that there was a room available in college. My Texan friend had left Oxford and so I was more than happy to move back in. I lived on the ground floor of the, then, graduate staircase in the North Quad. During that time there was a production of King Lear, also in the North Quad - I got to know that play very well. In my fourth and final year I lived along the Iffley Road. I shared the ground floor with my best friend whilst at Oxford. He sadly died 20 years ago - I still miss him.

It is inevitable that, if you live away from college, the relationship weakens. You check for mail less often, and maybe visit only for a tutorial. I found that I spent more time at the Biochemistry department and the library than I did in Pembroke.

My scout in my first year was lovely. I could not believe that I would have someone like that, to tidy up after me and look after me. I am ashamed to admit that I cannot, now, remember her name. She was Spanish, as was her husband - he also worked at Pembroke as maître d' on High Table. He was another who always remembered me when I returned for any reason.

I thought that all of the college staff were remarkable. I remember with fondness the gardener who offered me a flower for my button hole when I was sitting Finals. The chap who worked in the JCR bar was also lovely.

College staff: Jan, Mary, Lolita

I made some good friends whilst at Pembroke, and have kept in touch with a few of them. Sadly some have died, and sadly I have lost touch with others. The chap I shared my fourth year flat with was my best friend, and I owe him a great deal. I heard Billie Holiday and Helen Morgan for the first time because of him.

As I took the entrance exam after my A levels, I had about nine months away from school before going up to Oxford. I thought there was a big difference between those of us who had had a small gap between school and university, and those who had gone straight from one to the other. We seemed to be more mature (well I thought so anyway!). Apart from the academic side of life, I found sharing Pembroke with my fellow students fascinating. I had gone to a co-ed school, and now I was in an all male college. It was the first time that I had met anyone who had gone to public school. I learned by watching others. Some rough edges were smoothed away, some thoughts became convictions.

There are many academics from Pembroke, and elsewhere, that I remember with affection. Rev. Platt, Dr. Butt, Nico Mann, Dr. Pelczynski, my tutor Mr. O'Brien, my fourth year tutor at Wadham and the supervisor of my fourth year project, Dr. Yudkin.

After I received the letter of acceptance I bought some of the books from the reading list that I had been given. I read a few of them, but other than that I had no idea what my course would entail. I found the course difficult but exhilarating. There was a huge amount of lab work, especially in the second and third years, when we spent pretty well all day in the lab. I remember some Organic Chemistry practicals in the first year that I particularly enjoyed. I was actually making stuff that I had only read about.

As the years passed I spent an increasing amount of time in the Radcliffe Science Library. I rarely visited the college library as I found it to be not very useful.

When I first met my tutor, Mr. O'Brien, I was in awe of him. I thought he was a wonderful teacher. The idea of an hour of intense interaction with the tutor subtly guiding the argument was wonderful. Unfortunately, as the years passed, I found Mr. O'Brien's tutorials to be less stimulating, or enjoyable. I realise now that Mr. O'Brien should have retired before I met him. I really do believe he was past his 'best before' date. When I was at Pembroke, there were only two Biochemists per year - my fellow Biochemist realised before I did that Mr. O'Brien was not doing a good job, and went elsewhere for his tutorials. How he managed this, I do not know. I had some tutorials at Wadham in my fourth year and having those made me realise what I had been missing.

I was not a member of any college society, but enjoyed the Film Society. In retrospect, I realise that I did not take full advantage of what was on offer.
I vaguely knew Mark Elder when I returned to living in Pembroke. He worked on 'The Old Grey Whistle Test' after he left Pembroke and was a member of 'Ugly Rumours', Tony Blair's band.

Michael Bettany, who became much more famous after leaving Pembroke, was a bit of a legend whilst an undergraduate. I don't think I ever spoke to him but often saw him wandering around college dressed either in thick tweed suits or Army camouflage gear. Strange man.

There was a May Ball in my third year., organised by Dave Brown. I worked behind the bar and I remember that there was an expensive mix up with the wine. Each couple were to be given a free bottle - unfortunately we were told to distribute what turned out to be the expensive stuff, rather than the cheap and nasty that had been the intended freebie. It was tiring, but fun.

I had no interest in rowing or any other sporting event. Torpids and Eights Week were a pleasant excuse to visit the Boat House, and have a drink by the river. I can remember there was no barge, only the boat house.

There were no Christmas festivities that I can recall. There may have been carols sung in the Chapel, but I never went there.

The only 'gatherings' in the Master's Lodgings that I can remember were during our pre-matriculation week. I have visited the Master's Lodgings more often since I left Pembroke. I do remember that there was a Francis Bacon portrait hanging in one of the rooms. I heard that Pembroke sold it some time ago. In my opinion it was sold too soon - shortly after the sale Bacon paintings rocketed in price. Had they waited a few more years much more could have been made from the sale. Sad it was sold.

The JCR was where it still is. Last time I looked it was lot smarter than in my day. It was a good place to meet people, have tea, read the papers and play pool. The regular JCR committee meetings were, in retrospect, tedious. Petty politics.

Having taken part one of my finals I was allowed to go to the MCR in my fourth year which was smaller and slightly more comfortable. I remember very little else about it as I no longer visited college that often.

My first weeks at Pembroke were overwhelming - so much seemed to be happening all at once. The stand out event however, was joining the Bodleian Library. A group of us chose the oldest of the many buildings we could have gone to. It was wonderful!
The emperors' heads around the Sheldonian were replaced - I don't remember which year this was done.

I also remember celebrating the 350th anniversary of Pembroke's foundation in 1974. Other memories: The Professor of Biochemistry, Professor Porter, being awarded the Nobel Prize in 1972; seeing Dorothy Hodgkin going into the Radcliffe Library; seeing the Queen Mother going into Rhodes House for lunch; and seeing her leave, a few hours later, slightly the worse for wear. She had obviously enjoyed herself.

Prof. Porter at his celebratory party

For some reason I also remember the death of Picasso in 1973, and the vandalism of Michelangelo's Pieta in 1972. Memory is a strange thing.

The 'Swinging 60s' were still having a big impact during the early 70s. I remember owning a pair of dark green crushed velvet trousers, although I also remember having trouble finding trousers that would fit me. A 34-inch waist was considered large.

A year or so later, when 70's bad taste was strengthening its grip, it was impossible to buy anything other than platform shoes. Many men, and indeed women, wore their hair long, and parted in the middle. Everyone, with a few exceptions (hem, hem), was skinny. Biba, Zandra Rhodes, and Laura Ashley were the go-to for women. I'm not sure what the men did.

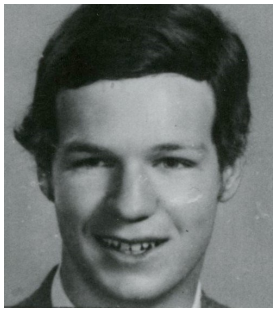
The only university political campaign that I can recall was in support of the creation of a proper Student's Union. Those who wanted this looked at the Oxford Union with scorn. The Schools building was occupied, for a little while. All rather silly.

I have mentioned the college rules concerning overnight guests. I knew of several occasions when the rules were broken. I have no idea when, or indeed if, they have been changed.

Before I went to Pembroke I had a pretty good idea of what I wanted to do. I thought I could become an academic, doing research; possibly teaching.
The four years I spent doing Biochemistry radically changed my ideas. I realised that I did not have the right temperament to do research, and was not good enough to do postgraduate study. When I left Pembroke I was more sure of what I didn't want to do than what I wanted to do.

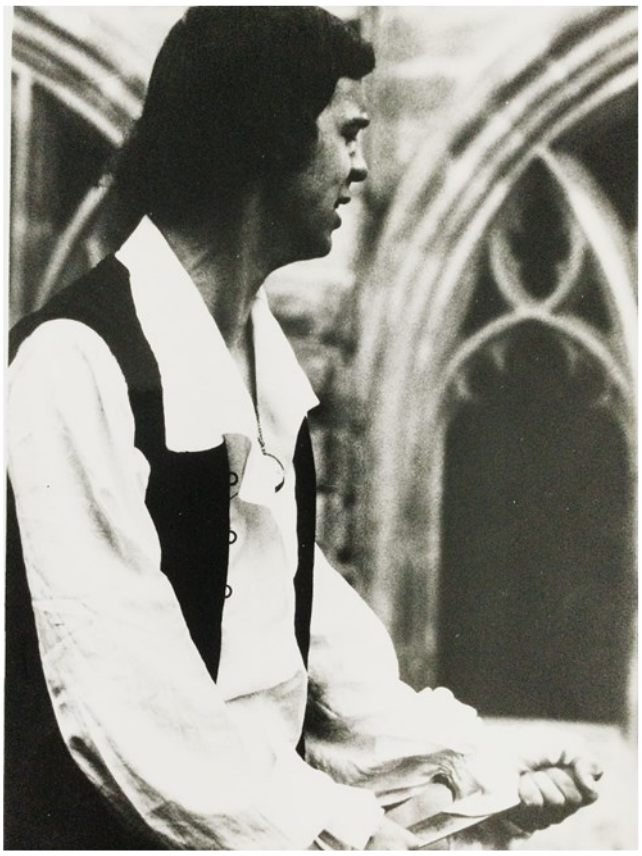
I was very lucky in being accepted as a Graduate Trainee at a company called Bush Boake Allen (BBA). Going to Oxford helped get that first job. I'm not sure if going to Pembroke helped at all. For reasons I have already given I don't feel that my biochemical education within Pembroke was as good as it could have been. I learned pretty much everything from lectures and reading in the library.

I did learn a great deal whilst at Pembroke, and the memories I have of my time there are, in the main, good ones. It is quite difficult to put into words my true experience of Pembroke but it is not too much to say that it helped to make me the person I am today. The Oxford tutorial system should be treasured and protected. It teaches how to think on your feet, and to become a master of BS. That is a most useful ability and one I am continuously grateful for. I read a huge number of books, and developed new interests, that I doubt I would have discovered had I not gone to Oxford.



Kenneth Hoxsie - (m.1972) Modern History

One evening, a group of us embarked on in-depth research into the variety of pubs in Oxford. During our return to Pembroke, one of our number espied an object that we Americans in the group would have called a traffic cone but that he referred to as a traffic bollard. Whatever moniker it went by, this yellow and red cone set on a square base was a particularly large and heavy example of the species, one which the fellow in question determined was an object without whose possession existence would be meaningless. Acting promptly upon this determination, he seized the day (or evening) and the bollard, proudly carrying his prize back to Pembroke. Upon approach to the college, however, he reflected that success in transporting the trophy past the watchful eye of the porter lay in considerable doubt. He instructed the rest of the group to whisk the MacGuffin-like object around to a side wall while he entered the college and made his way opposite us on the other side of said wall. Upon his command, we flung the bollard over the wall in the direction of his voice, whereupon we heard a muffled cry of pain followed by a



Playing Hamlet in New College cloisters

less-muffled curse. Hurrying into the college, we discovered that our aim had been uncannily true, for our friend, his reflexes undoubtedly deadened by the night's activities, had closed his hands a split second too late to catch the airborne traffic implement, resulting in a collision that produced profuse bleeding from his nose. This story fortunately has a happy ending, as the bollard subsequently occupied a place of honored prominence in our friend's room, the dried blood on its surface silently attesting, depending on one's perspective, to the strength of his will or the folly of his desires.

Jeremy Munro - (m.1972) English

One of my English teachers at The Portsmouth Grammar School , Paul Hicks, had read English at Pembroke. I had an 11+ place at school. My parents were working class. Mr Hicks suggested we visit Pembroke when it seemed I was quite good at English in the VIth Form. My other VIth form tutor was Anthony Snelling, who'd been taught at Magdalen by C.S. Lewis. I was interviewed by Douglas Gray and Dr Fleeman (the only fellow who offered me sherry after an intense discussion about Milton.) 'Duggie' offered me 'brown dust with white dust'- instant coffee with 'milk' to the uninitiated. I sat the Oxbridge entrance exam and followed Tony's advice not to write about D.H. Lawrence. My first social encounter was to offer whisky to a fellow 'new boy'. I settled in very well. My scout, Stan, was having a pee before hall, when I needed one. I asked him whether he had a cold. "I've had a cold for forty years, Sir," he said.

On the whole, I avoided the JCR, but did succumb to toast and marmite at teatime. I also learned to do without television.

I enjoyed my time in residence. I thought my rooms in 1st and 2nd undergraduate years were lovely. I sang in the chapel choir (and later had a career as an opera singer). I ate breakfast for ten on the whole (in Hall). Lunch was predictable and boring. On Sundays, chapel singers (in gowns and maybe pyjamas) had bacon and eggs in the Weatherly Room. Pembroke port and sherry was good and attracted visitors, good and bad, to one's room. Dining with the Archbishop of Canterbury (because I had sung at a special service in the chapel) provided an excellent meal. Drinking beer from silver tankards...wot larks! I didn't know which cigar to choose before the end of play that evening. Never got sconced. I'd like to say that I had a very soft spot for the Revd Dr John Platt. He told me: If you can't get a First on five hours a day, have a good time here. Sound, or wot?

For some reason, Sir George Pickering and Sir Geoffrey Arthur (both Masters of Pembroke whilst I was there) took a shine to me, perhaps because I directed plays and produced concerts. I still talk about them. Dr Fleeman was less impressed with my academic progress and, in a collection, suggested to Sir George that I be rusticated. Sir G would have none of it. Wot a star! I met David Wilkinson at Pembroke and I am godfather to his daughter. David and I used to talk somewhat spoof Anglo-Saxon over a beer in the Randolph Hotel.

I loved my tutorials, although I doubt that I lived up to expectations (if there were any from my tutors). I loved Professor John Carey's lectures on Dickens, but gave up attending when a certain visiting professor spoke about the significant position of a cat's arse in a novel by James Joyce, and a famous Dame lecturer spoke almost entirely about tea with T.S.E. whilst adjusting her skirt.
I'm not sure that English was the 'right' subject for me. Nevertheless I have taught it to A-Level, it would appear successfully, for many years. I think Pembroke College taught me to love learning. I now 'get by' in several languages - some of them fluently.
I think my final answer in Schools - "Balls to Keats" - probably explains my 3rd class Hons!

I didn't 'do' politics - still don't, really. Just missed a blue (half blue?) at fencing. Avoided OUDS like the plague - too many lovies and narcissists, so I produced and directed my own projects. I've since seen a fair bit of the world as an opera singer. I enjoyed the May Balls - usually got in for free because I sang some of the entertainment. (Not The Rolling Stones who sang there before my time.) I don't remember much happening to commemorate the end of Michaelmas Term. As for the Master's Lodgings, I think I was responsible for almost all of the cultural activities there. I was once singing in the chapel (just a warm up) and the Amir of Bahrain (a friend of Sir Geoffrey) popped in and said "Sing, please." So I did. When I'd finished, he said, "What would you like me give to the college as a gift?". I answered, "A ten foot Steinway Concert Grand". It arrived.

The Steinway

Sir Geoffrey's wife and her mother inaugurated it with a performance of Schubert's Wanderefantasie.

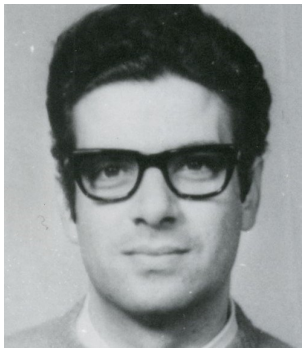
I hadn't written an essay for Duggie Gray at the end of a Michaelmas Term and felt quite guilty about it, so I got a singing group together and we performed mediaeval carols for him for an hour. Duggie was, as always, supportive and unphased. Dr Fleeman, however, was not 'taken in' by my suggesting that we discussed DH Lawrence in the Fellows' Garden, when my muse for that week had failed to inspire me. I've never attended any gaudies. I had a dread of being asked what I do if my interlocutor told me he governed India or The Bank of England, and I might have had to reply "I'm unemployed, actually, Old Chum." Actually, Old Chum, I've seen a lot of the world in my career as an opera and concert singer and learned a huge amount about children from teaching them and from the process of education.

I did once turn up late to a party thrown by Dr Platt. I then had far too much to drink and attempted to drive my motorbike to my digs, plus a purloined case of Dr Platt's wine in the panniers. On the following morning, I encountered him in the porter's lodge and

confessed all. He instantly forgave me. I drank the wine and bought three bottles of decent Scotch for the porters. On another occasion, I parked my motorbike in the Fellows' car park—a Naughty Boy Notice ensued. Bike was chained up. I claimed that I had made a girl from LMH pregnant and wanted to be at the birth, which is why my bike was there. (I didn't even have a girlfriend, let alone make her pregnant). More whisky for the porters settled the matter!

Gate hours didn't matter. There was a college room in a back street through which one could enter (and later deliver recompense.) After the final performance of a Mozart opera in 1970 something, a don from St John's College (who'd conducted the piece) snuck in with several of the singers and we had a party in my room. Happy days!
I did actually pelt a police car with a bucket of water from my second year window. Oops. I loved punting and the ease with which one could secure a punt. I did all my Anglo-Saxon revision in a punt with a bottle of cheap red.

Most importantly, I won't ever be told what to think. Pembroke taught me how to think for myself. I hope I have instilled that into my music and literature pupils. I am often asked to sing first performances of contemporary music. I love this because, without recorded examples, I am free to express myself in the lyrics and composition. I think Pembroke guided me into doing this with judgement and freedom.



Andreas Tillyrides - (m.1972) Byzantine History & Theology

The Entrance:

I met a man of God during my studies in England and he changed my life in more ways than one; it was through him that I would get to study at Pembroke College and it was through him that I would become a Bishop. This man is none other than St. Sophronios. He encouraged me to go to Oxford and assured me that I would meet Bishop Kallistos Ware, who was a young professor then, who would become my tutor during my studies there. I was a poor orphan who had no financial backup to enable me study at Oxford. But by God's grace, I was sponsored by the late Archbishop Makarios III of Cyprus.

From the entrance, where I met Professor Kallistos Ware, to my first year of being assessed on my suitability and ability to do a PhD, it was a great start. Professor Kallistos always used one word to encourage me; Consistency. To this day, this has been my driving force. I would go every week to show him my research and what I had done so far.

Student Life:

I must say that I had my own reservations based on my background, but I made great friends who made me feel right at home; and, for sure, the four years I spent at Pembroke, I was at home; we all were. I made great friends from all walks of life who resided in Staircase 17.

Kallistos Ware

I have fond memories of Staircase 17, here we lived our four years amongst a family of diverse cultures and backgrounds. From the Americans, Canadians and French, all undertaking different academic disciplines, but all united by our common residence. We had separate sleeping quarters but shared a common kitchen. However, that is not all that we shared; we shared so much in our different backgrounds and beliefs. There was a period of innocence that went beyond the popular culture of ethnic or racial boundaries. It was a good school for us, not only for the academics but the opportunity to study the cultures of others.

There were moments of deep discussions within this brotherhood of Staircase 17. This is one of the many motivational aspects of life at Pembroke; the fraternizing with world-class academics who were truly serious with their research, yet made time for student life.

The students would always be neatly dressed in expensive suits. I also had some suits which helped me fit in well in the dress code.

I made friends easily, since I could speak several languages. We had fun as young students and I easily fit in and felt that I belonged. Student life was fun. All of them have gone forth to become great engineers, scientists, distinguished theologians and professors.

There were Church services which I would not miss, even though they were not Orthodox.

<u>The Faculty:</u>

I didn't consider myself very intelligent, since I met very famous and renowned professors, but their humility and approach to my inquisitions made me see their genuine love for academics. This was the other motivating aspect of Pembroke; the humble approach to teaching which was adopted by the professors, not looking down on the naivety of youth but patiently guiding us to success.

<u>The Library:</u>

I had close proximity to the University Library and indeed spent most of my time there. This was my safe haven. I loved the library and, with time, I would miss out on food while in the library. It was vast and fully equipped. It was a very real revelation for me since, in that unique library of the world, I was able to publish my first scientific research. My first essays, which were published as books, were products of my research in that library.

My greatest reflection is the lives we have made after Oxford. Never would I have thought that I would be a Church Hierarch in Africa, where so many lives have been transformed through the values and virtues I acquired from this great institution. When I follow the works of my fellow alumni from Pembroke, I see a similar path of transforming and changing the world for the better through the transformative education we gained from this esteemed College.

I am confident that the past 400 years are a small drop in the vast future in which this college will continue changing lives.

Anthony Ricketts - (m.1973) Zoology

Life Before Pembroke and Admission:

As a youngster I became aware of my surroundings with a single fascination: animals. Domestic pets of different shapes and sizes, but also wild creatures in Sutton Park, Sutton Coldfield, now West Midlands in the Birmingham suburbs. I captured and observed anything I could. I was first through the biology lab doors at Bishop Vesey's Grammar School at age 14. I only wanted to read biology textbooks, advanced level while studying for O-levels, undergraduate texts while an A-level student. I had much less affinity for the other sciences needed to understand biology: organic chemistry, stratigraphy, statistics, physics and, toughest of all, mathematics. I was never going into the arts.

My father joined up to fight in WWII instead of going to university, and, after demobilization, worked his way up from nonferrous metals salesman to sales manager and through director ranks at Imperial Metals Industries (IMI). Our lifestyle improved with each promotion and, when the time came for me to go up, there were funds to supplement the county grant. My parents willed my brother and I to excel in school and win a place at one of the best universities.

Oxford was my first choice because Zoology was a degree subject. Most universities offered broad Biology degrees, and Cambridge of course had its tripos system. A few of us in my year sat Oxford entrance exams, by agreement between students and teachers. No Vesey's applicant was going to fail, to protect the school's credibility with Oxbridge. A short time later Dave Roberts, Dave Griffiths (Merton) and I found ourselves at the Lamb and Flag preparing for college interviews.

I was aware of Pembroke because my brother Peter (now Baron Ricketts) was 2 years ahead of me there and I had visited with our parents. Pembroke was my first choice, with little else to go on. Wadham was second, being close to the Science Area. There was a good enough fit during my Pembroke interview that I didn't even talk to anyone at Wadham.

Several stars aligned to secure my offer from Pembroke. My love of biology helped with the entrance paper, my biology teacher Mr. Jones likely gave a good recommendation, I had some sporting accomplishments, head-of-house, and of course the family connection. Dr. Vernon Butt was both Tutor for Admissions and Botany Tutor at that time (absent a Zoology Tutor), we connected easily - come to think of it, so did everyone else who met him. Vernon would become Moral Tutor to me and the one other Pembroke zoologist matriculating the same year, Graham Allaway, until the zoologist John Krebs took us on when he returned briefly to Pembroke in 1975. John, now Baron Krebs FRS, has had a remarkable career in science leadership, recognized by honorary degrees from sixteen universities (about sixteen more than me!). Dr. Butt sadly died on April 5th 2020 at the age of 97.

John Krebs

Domestic Life:

My first year was in college. With more students than bedrooms, I was put in the Borough Room at the base of staircase 16, North Quad. My room was the default for coffee gatherings because of my conference table and ample chairs. There were some odd aspects of living in a conference room. My 3 light switches were outside the room, people stumbling into the staircase at night after lights-out invariably tried these switches to light the staircase, then finding no joy continued on their way leaving me fully awake with all my lights on. And when the showers were in full force downstairs under my room I had an impromptu sauna. The year in college was an ideal transition from home life to the real world. With life's necessities onsite – food, drink, company – and some luxuries like a scout to clean my room, it was a comfortable base to figure out how to work and play in my new environment. Scouts uncomplainingly did their job of keeping our pigsties clean, and porters made their punctual appearance at a party's agreed ending time. Annoying to party goers but a godsend to those trying to sleep nearby.

The house I had hoped to share in town for my second year didn't work out. I arrived early for Michaelmas term with all the best rooms in town spoken for. Sobbing pathetically paid off when another who had come up early to train with the blues judo team mentioned the room next to his down the Iffley Road was empty. Rent was rock-bottom, with facilities to match. At the top of one of those tall narrow terraced houses, minimal doesn't begin to describe the living conditions. A place to sleep and nothing more. Students living in college had to sign out of dinner: those of us living out had to sign in. There were limited slots and a friend in college would get to the list in time to sign in a group of us so we ate in the hall most evenings. Sundays found us in a pub with cheap food, avoiding the tourist traps.

Not to be caught out again, I joined a group that lined up another shared house for our third year. Fate can be cruel, the landlord sold the property during the summer and did not honour our arrangement. Another early arrival for Michaelmas term, another search for an available room. Another year spent down the Iffley Road. This time with electric outlets, a small sink, a shower, and access to a kitchen. Big steps up, at a modest increase in rent.

People:

More so than college, my joint centres of gravity were: 1) the Zoology Department and Radcliffe Science Library and 2) the OURFC grounds on Iffley Rd. When I arrived, the Tinbergen building was 3 years old, shiny white concrete, very fitting for cutting edge science. But time was not kind to the building which became stained over the years and, in 2017, became disused prematurely at age 47. Asbestos was discovered throughout, and now the building has been demolished to make way for a new Life and Mind building. The centuries old college buildings watch serenely.

Students I mainly socialized with were from the Department and not all from Pembroke. John Brookfield (Christ Church) was a zoologist in our inner circle despite his unfortunate college selection. Others were from the Pembroke rowing club, and some congenial fellow Pembrokians from other disciplines, particularly engineering. Pembroke's Master (George Pickering then Geoffrey Arthur) and Fellows were distant figures. I mostly had tutors from different colleges who were specialists in a subject I needed. Having no political interest, the JCR did not appeal, except for keg nights. As time went on, some graduate students invited us to the MCR which was a more relaxed setting. The Union Society offered drinks and snooker, and, apparently, debates. Lectures, labs, tutorials, essays and sports made for a sufficiently crammed schedule that socializing meant relaxation. A pint or two before pubs closed and maybe a game of darts were the perfect end to a hectic day. A game of croquet on a nice spring day (come to think of it, that was tooth-and-nail competitive).

Academic:

The Tinbergen Building

John Pringle headed the Zoology Department and was the prime mover for the Tinbergen building. Sir Richard Southwood would take over in 1979. The first year was the most varied as it was designed to plug gaps in knowledge of supporting sciences. It was a valuable shake-down year to see how lectures and labs work, and how to find tutors for specific subjects when needed. For the second and third years there were elective topics, some 'organismal' (to borrow Pringle's term) such as ecology and behaviour, some 'atomistic' such as physiology and biochemistry. Despite animal behaviour being the Department's jewel in the crown, I, and a small minority of the class, chose the more biochemical electives, having greater interest in how living things work than how they interact. Each year was dominated by the compulsory 'Animal Kingdom' course which was a 3-year march through the over 1.5 million described living animal species, from the anatomically simple to complex plus important extinct groups. An old-fashioned approach, but one that gave us a broad basis of classical zoology. We lacked the more recent genomic perspective. Richard Dawkins arranges the animal kingdom based more on genomics in his popular book *The Ancestor's Tale*. Richard had returned to Oxford as lecturer in 1970 and was a contemporary figure in the Department. As was Desmond Morris who returned in 1973 to work with Niko Tinbergen.

Lectures were a firehose of information. Tutorials taught critical thinking and ways to work with conflicting scientific evidence. For the first time we were expected to read and interpret primary research papers in addition to textbooks. The pioneering paper F. Jacob & J. Monod, *J. Mol. Biol.*, 3 (1961), pp. 318-356 describing a model for how a gene was turned on and off in a bacterium, had to be repeatedly replaced in the bound journal by new photocopied pages as it became over-thumbed and tattered. Tutorials could also be remedial, providing a level of understanding of e.g. thermodynamics that was just enough to suffice.

Awarding me a first, examiners did not praise me for brilliance in any given topic, but felt I performed well enough in pretty much everything tested. The core 'Animal Kingdom' course had satisfied all my interest in evolution and systematics. I concluded that I wanted to be a laboratory biologist informed by zoology, rather than a card-carrying zoologist.

Social:

In 1976, I was preparing for finals with lectures, labs and tutorials, training with the OURFC squad and playing matches for the Greyhounds, training with the Pembroke crew and rowing Torpids, Eights, Head of the Thames and other events and managed a first in finals. Don't ask me how, maybe it had something to do with the steak dinners the Pembroke crew were treated to in hall. Years later, at a college gaudy, Dr. Butt said he held me up as an example of achieving in sports and academics in parallel: I feel sympathy for the poor students who suffered that lecture.

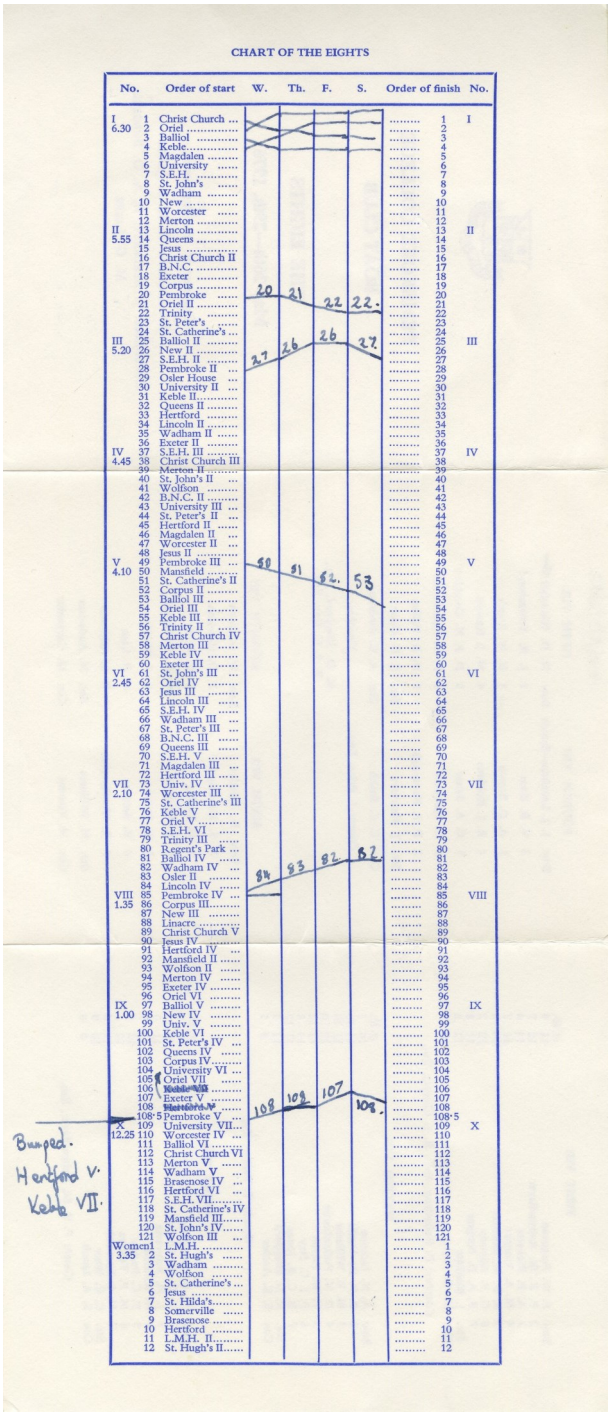


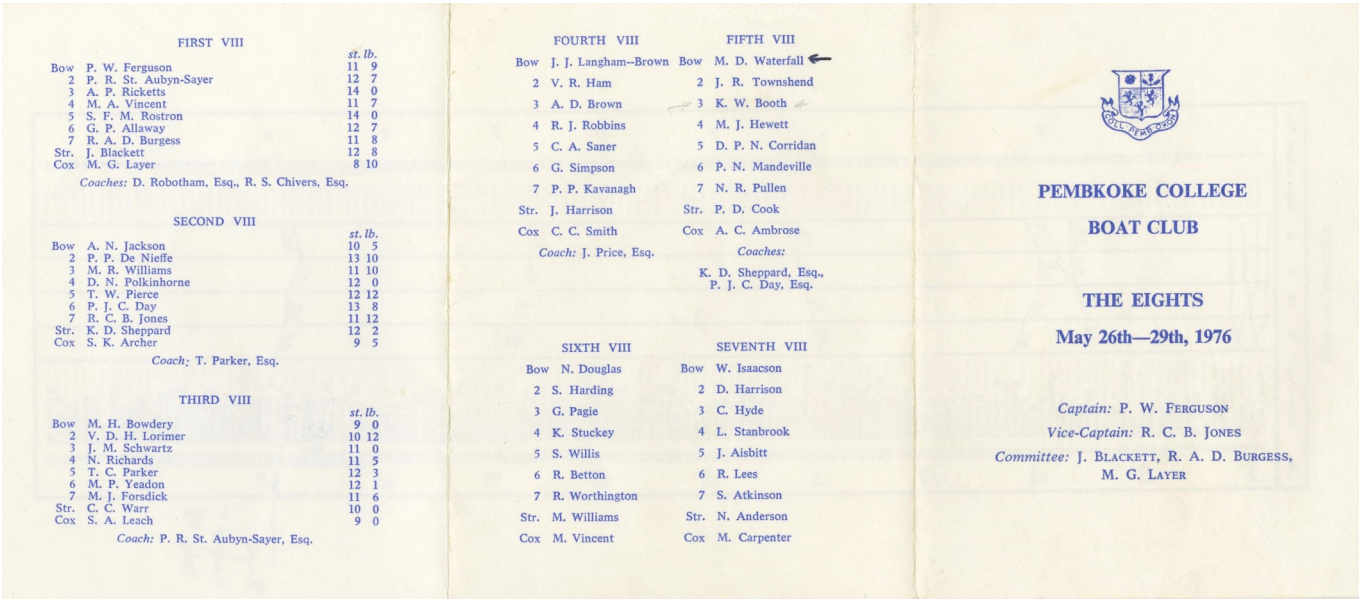
CHART OF THE EIGHTS

No.		Order of start	W.	Th.	F.	S.	Order of finish	No.
I	1	Christ Church ...					1	I
6.30	2	Oriel					2	
	3	Balliol					3	
	4	Keble.....					4	
	5	Magdalen					5	
	6	University					6	
	7	S.E.H.					7	
	8	St. John's					8	
	9	Wadham					9	
	10	New					10	
	11	Worcester					11	
	12	Merton					12	
II	13	Lincoln					13	II
5.55	14	Queens					14	
	15	Jesus					15	
	16	Christ Church II					16	
	17	B.N.C.					17	
	18	Exeter					18	
	19	Corpus	20	21	22	22.	19	
	20	Pembroke					20	
	21	Oriel II					21	
	22	Trinity					22	
	23	St. Peter's					23	
	24	St. Catherine's ...					24	
III	25	Balliol II	27	26	26	27	25	III
5.20	26	New II					26	
	27	S.E.H. II					27	
	28	Pembroke II ...					28	
	29	Osler House ...					29	
	30	University II ...					30	
	31	Keble II					31	
	32	Queens II					32	
	33	Hertford					33	
	34	Lincoln II					34	
	35	Wadham II					35	
	36	Exeter II					36	
IV	37	S.E.H. III					37	IV
4.45	38	Christ Church III					38	
	39	Merton II					39	
	40	St. John's II ...					40	
	41	Wolfson					41	
	42	B.N.C. II					42	
	43	University III ...					43	
	44	St. Peter's II ...					44	
	45	Hertford II					45	
	46	Magdalen II ...					46	
	47	Worcester II ...					47	
	48	Jesus II					48	
V	49	Pembroke III ...	50	51	54	53	49	V
4.10	50	Mansfield					50	
	51	St. Catherine's II					51	
	52	Corpus II					52	
	53	Balliol III					53	
	54	Oriel III					54	
	55	Keble III					55	
	56	Trinity II					56	
	57	Christ Church IV					57	
	58	Merton III					58	
	59	Keble IV					59	
	60	Exeter III					60	
VI	61	St. John's III ...					61	VI
2.45	62	Oriel IV					62	
	63	Jesus III					63	
	64	Lincoln III					64	
	65	S.E.H. IV					65	
	66	Wadham III ...					66	
	67	St. Peter's III ...					67	
	68	B.N.C. III					68	
	69	Queens III					69	
	70	S.E.H. V					70	
	71	Magdalen III ...					71	
	72	Hertford III					72	
VII	73	Univ. IV					73	VII
2.10	74	Worcester III ...					74	
	75	St. Catherine's III					75	
	76	Keble V					76	
	77	Oriel V					77	
	78	S.E.H. VI					78	
	79	Trinity III					79	
	80	Regent's Park ...					80	
	81	Balliol IV					81	
	82	Wadham IV ...					82	
	83	Osler II					83	
	84	Lincoln IV	84	83	82	82	84	
VIII	85	Pembroke IV ...					85	VIII
1.35	86	Corpus III.....					86	
	87	New III					87	
	88	Linacre					88	
	89	Christ Church V					89	
	90	Jesus IV					90	
	91	Hertford IV ...					91	
	92	Mansfield II					92	
	93	Wolfson II					93	
	94	Merton IV					94	
	95	Exeter IV					95	
	96	Oriel VI					96	
IX	97	Balliol V					97	IX
1.00	98	New IV					98	
	99	Univ. V					99	
	100	Keble VI					100	
	101	St. Peter's IV ...					101	
	102	Queens IV					102	
	103	Corpus IV.....					103	
	104	University VI ...					104	
	105	Oriel VII					105	
	106	[illegible]					106	
	107	Exeter V					107	
	108	[illegible]	108	108	107	108.	108	
X	108·5	Pembroke V ...					108·5	
	109	University VII...					109	X
12.25	110	Worcester IV ...					110	
	111	Balliol VI					111	
	112	Christ Church VI					112	
	113	Merton V					113	
	114	Wadham V ...					114	
	115	Brasenose IV ...					115	
	116	Hertford VI ...					116	
	117	S.E.H. VII.....					117	
	118	St. Catherine's IV					118	
	119	Mansfield III.....					119	
	120	St. John's IV.....					120	
	121	Wolfson III ...					121	
Women	1	L.M.H.					1	
3.35	2	St. Hugh's					2	
	3	Wadham					3	
	4	Wolfson					4	
	5	St. Catherine's ...					5	
	6	Jesus					6	
	7	St. Hilda's.....					7	
	8	Somerville					8	
	9	Brasenose					9	
	10	Hertford					10	
	11	L.M.H. II.....					11	
	12	St. Hugh's II.....					12	

Bumped. Hertford v. Keble VII.

My strongest sport at school was rugby, with swimming and athletic field events less so. I represented the school and played some age-group county matches as prop forward. Rob Adam was hooker and he won his age-group England cap: we won a lot of possession. When I arrived in Oxford, I tried out for OURFC and, in all 3 years, played prop for the Greyhounds (the reserve 15 for the Blues). All 30 plus in the squad trained together so a Greyhound could seamlessly substitute into the Blues on a contingency basis. I played all 3 times in Greyhounds v Goldie (the Cambridge second 15), and, notably, in the 1975-76 season the Greyhounds beat Oxford 18–6 in the Oxfordshire RFU County Cup Finals. I played a single match for the Blues against London Scottish in 1976. Looking up at Scottish international man-mountains gave me pause, and I resolved not to pursue my rugby career onwards and upwards, fearing I could be the next victim of a serious injury. I retired from rugby after Oxford.

I was drawn to rowing with its central role in college life. I had not rowed before coming up and, with a much stockier build than a typical oarsman, my contribution increased slowly over the 3 years thanks to effective coaching. In bumps I rowed the 5 seat of the 3rd Pembroke Eight (1974) and the 3 seat in the 2nd Eight (1975) and 1st Eight (1976). In 1974, we went up one, rowed over and down two. In 1975, we went up one, rowed over, up one and rowed over.



FIRST VIII

		st.	lb.
Bow	P. W. Ferguson	11	9
2	P. R. St. Aubyn-Sayer	12	7
3	A. P. Ricketts	14	0
4	M. A. Vincent	11	7
5	S. F. M. Rostron	14	0
6	G. P. Allaway	12	7
7	R. A. D. Burgess	11	8
Str.	J. Blackett	12	8
Cox	M. G. Layer	8	10

Coaches: D. Robotham, Esq., R. S. Chivers, Esq.

SECOND VIII

		st.	lb.
Bow	A. N. Jackson	10	5
2	P. P. De Nieffe	13	10
3	M. R. Williams	11	10
4	D. N. Polkinhorne	12	0
5	T. W. Pierce	12	12
6	P. J. C. Day	13	8
7	R. C. B. Jones	11	12
Str.	K. D. Sheppard	12	2
Cox	S. K. Archer	9	5

Coach: T. Parker, Esq.

THIRD VIII

		st.	lb.
Bow	M. H. Bowdery	9	0
2	V. D. H. Lorimer	10	12
3	J. M. Schwartz	11	0
4	N. Richards	11	5
5	T. C. Parker	12	3
6	M. P. Yeadon	12	1
7	M. J. Forsdick	11	6
Str.	C. C. Warr	10	0
Cox	S. A. Leach	9	0

Coach: P. R. St. Aubyn-Sayer, Esq.

FOURTH VIII

Bow	J. J. Langham-Brown
2	V. R. Ham
3	A. D. Brown
4	R. J. Robbins
5	C. A. Saner
6	G. Simpson
7	P. P. Kavanagh
Str.	J. Harrison
Cox	C. C. Smith

Coach: J. Price, Esq.

FIFTH VIII

Bow	M. D. Waterfall
2	J. R. Townshend
3	K. W. Booth
4	M. J. Hewett
5	D. P. N. Corridan
6	P. N. Mandeville
7	N. R. Pullen
Str.	P. D. Cook
Cox	A. C. Ambrose

Coaches:
K. D. Sheppard, Esq.,
P. J. C. Day, Esq.

SIXTH VIII

Bow	N. Douglas
2	S. Harding
3	G. Pagie
4	K. Stuckey
5	S. Willis
6	R. Betton
7	R. Worthington
Str.	M. Williams
Cox	M. Vincent

SEVENTH VIII

Bow	W. Isaacson
2	D. Harrison
3	C. Hyde
4	L. Stanbrook
5	J. Aisbitt
6	R. Lees
7	S. Atkinson
Str.	N. Anderson
Cox	M. Carpenter

PEMBKOKE COLLEGE

BOAT CLUB

THE EIGHTS

May 26th—29th, 1976

Captain: P. W. Ferguson
Vice-Captain: R. C. B. Jones
Committee: J. Blackett, R. A. D. Burgess, M. G. Layer

In 1976, we rowed over, down two and rowed over. So, no blade, and a single regret is that I was taken out of the boat that went to Henley after finals, which would have been a great end to undergraduate life. Not to question the decision of the committee and coaches, I'm sure the boat was faster for it. I did row some Eights for Churchill, Cambridge, and did eventually win my blade in a summer vacation bumps for graduate students. I joined St. Neots Rowing Club near Cambridge and rowed pairs and fours for fun, which fit better with my graduate research schedule. Later I taught myself sculling and bought a single scull which fit my work schedule even better.

Among those I knew, Graham Allaway went on to discover the coreceptor for entry of the HIV virus into cells and led several biotech companies. John Brookfield (Christ Church) became a professor at Nottingham in population genetics. He solved the chicken and egg conundrum, and has been seen dressed as Darwin (whether a delusion or performance-art no one knows). Rod Burgess, Captain of Boats and first eight stroke in 1975, became Governor of Lancaster Royal Grammar School. Dave Roberts had a distinguished career in the Foreign Office. John Langham-Brown became a consultant radiologist. Dennis Richards has been counselling patients as a hypnotherapist and psychotherapist in Liverpool since 2000. Known in passing only, Walt Isaacson became a prominent journalist, biographer, professor, chief executive and government figure.

College Clubs and Societies:

A group of scientists unearthed records of a scientific society at Pembroke which lay dormant for years - the Nuffield Society. We revived it, though I am not sure we elevated its reputation. The original need was for a forum for students to discuss serious scientific principles. Our need seemed to be for boozy gatherings to unwind after serious scientific studies.

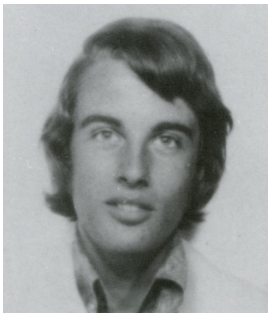
Post-Pembroke:

When others heard about my first they said: "of course you will go into research" which was the initial indication of how biology might want to use me. Eventually, I adjusted my sights in that direction. Training for a research career seemed a great way to put off having to find a real job for the better part of a decade, and that's how things unfolded. With an intense scholastic experience behind me, I felt the only way to know if I was on the right

track was to try biological research as 9 to 5 work. A topic I found intriguing at Oxford was comparative endocrinology and the way a hormone molecule can transform an animal's physiology. I was accepted as a research student at the Agriculture Research Council (ARC, later AFRC) institute at Babraham near Cambridge to pursue this topic, using farm animals as models. Brian Heap (now Sir Brian Heap CBE, FRS) Head of the Physiology Department was my mentor. Brian later became Master of St. Edmunds College and a scientific leader in Cambridge, the UK and on the world stage. It was agreed that Babraham research students submit to the University for a Ph.D., which I received in 1980 in Animal Physiology. I resolved to undertake postdoctoral research experience in the United States to broaden and strengthen my curriculum vitae, and I joined the Cell Biology Department of Baylor College of Medicine at the Texas Medical Center in Houston as a postdoctoral fellow. The Department was all about how genes are turned on and off in vertebrates, particularly by hormones. Jacob and Monod I am sure were proud to see their work in simpler bacteria being applied to much more complex animals. My endocrinology Ph.D. work helped secure the position, particularly as I worked on trophoblast which was the focus of David Bullock. As an expatriate Brit himself, David kindly found a place for me in his lab at Baylor and eased my cultural transition.

Universities, a government lab, and a medical school - what I was drawn to experiencing next was industrial research. I knew that R&D at large pharmaceutical companies is well-funded, offers reasonable security with good pay and benefits, and research projects of practical importance. My Baylor colleagues, who lived or died by publication, thought I was unhinged when I applied for a position with Pfizer in Sandwich, Kent, supervising a research lab. They warned me I would disappear and never be heard from, which I knew was untrue: I had seen impressive research published by major pharma companies. The position required endocrinology, familiarity with farm animals as models, cell biology, and the ad could have been written for me. It turned out to be the only job I would need, moving up the scientific grades in Sandwich, Groton Connecticut, and Kalamazoo Michigan, retiring as Research Fellow in 2014. There are two ways to have constant variety in pharma R&D. One is to change companies frequently: the other is to stay with a single company through constant mergers and acquisitions, staff changes, strategic realignments, scientific and technological advances, new pharmaceutical classes being discovered, succeeding, failing, making it to market, encountering patent expiration or new competitive products, and so on. I took the latter way, and it presented a kaleidoscope of research and management challenges for 30 years.

I write this while hugely enjoying retirement in Santa Fe, New Mexico. For those fond of trivia, it was founded 14 years before Pembroke in 1610; the oldest state capital and the one with the highest elevation. My wife, Deborah French, and I have been together 42 years now, since my arrival in Houston. We have year-round sunshine and are surrounded by a vibrant mix of 3 cultures (Native, Hispanic, Anglo), mountainous landscapes, and world-class art and culinary scenes. I work on the cultural history of the region by volunteering with archaeology projects, and I help to preserve the natural history with environmental organisations. Deb works in different art forms, particularly metalwork and film.



David Roberts - (m.1973) History

Life before Pembroke and admission

I arrived at Pembroke from a Midlands, middle-middle-class background having done well at a competitive local grammar school, and gained an Open Exhibition. As some two-thirds of the intake, budding meritocrats like me from state schools were much more common in Oxford than they were before or afterwards. As the first in my family to go to university, I had no idea which college to apply to. For want of a better reason, I opted for Pembroke because someone from school (who now adorns the House of Lords) had gone there two years before. St John's, which I loved the look of, was my second choice. Pembroke offered me an Exhibition and, lured by the long scholar's gown and the tiny bit of money provided, this decided me against a commoner's place at St John's. All I knew about Pembroke was the oft-repeated mantra that it was a "small but friendly college".

I remember the entrance exam only as one of a set of academic hurdles I'd been programmed to jump over that oddly seemed to get lower as time went on: A-Levels were much easier than O-Levels and Finals easier still. In the event, reasonable diligence was enough to get me an unexpected First. I was warned not to boast about this, as holders of first-class degrees (much rarer then than now) were apt to be regarded as impractical oddballs. The warning was unnecessary, since such is the anti-intellectualism of the British that the topic has never arisen.

I was interviewed in languid style by Piers Mackesy and Paul Hyams. Paul had a sharp reputation, although I found afterwards that it was the gentlemanly Piers who could be more acerbic. The killer question was, "Are you an elitist?", to which I replied, "No, but I'm not an unqualified egalitarian either.". Afterwards, my mum thought this was terribly clever although I've winced ever since at my glibness. I still don't know the right answer. The interview ended with something about hoping to see me again in October, although it only dawned on me slowly that I might actually have got in. Oxford's and Piers's dubious gain, it turned out, was (my rather contrasting second choice) Sussex's and Asa Briggs's loss.

Piers Mackesy

Living at Pembroke

Pembroke in 1973 was a bit dog-eared, reputedly the poorest college in the University and derided as the "Christ Church bike sheds". A takeover by Christ Church had even been considered. Pembroke's only known financial assets were a carpark in Glasgow and the vineyard that produced the college port (£1.25 a bottle at the buttery). More than once, I wondered whether I shouldn't have gone to wealthy St John's after all. Accommodation was offered only to freshers and to second-year Scholars and Exhibitioners. I had a ground-floor room on Staircase 13 that was used as a thoroughfare (after unscrewing the sash windows) for late-night revellers after the college gates were locked at 11p.m. This was a winter of major strikes and the three-day week. I was obliged to fight a lonely battle with Marks & Spencer who, to cope with the power cuts, installed a huge and filthy diesel generator outside their delivery entrance facing my room on Pembroke Street. The Bursar being completely unhelpful about this, I had to hunt down the city environmental health officer to get it switched off at night.

In my second year, I bid for a lovely first-floor room with three windows overlooking the still fairly new North quad. Here, the only disturbance was the braying of drunken boat club members throwing each other into the semi-circular fish pond that was prudently turned later into a flower bed. There were communal bathrooms in the basement where showers often had to be taken under the furtive gaze of a mop-wielding male scout who had been in the Navy. There were no washing machines, dryers, fridges or kitchens for student use.

Digs

In my third year, I lived out in a house on Folly Bridge (now the Folly Restaurant) owned by the Hubbocks family. I had a top-floor room that was freezing cold. Mrs Hubbocks was a large, loud, jolly landlady of a sort that perhaps no longer exists in student-land. Her son ran the punt hire (no discounts for residents). Her lame, seldom-seen husband was a chef at Christ Church and her aunt, universally known as 'Auntie', did the beds.

Mrs H. made huge, carb-filled breakfasts. I once joked that we'd be having caviar next. Sure enough, next morning there was the caviar, courtesy of Mr. H and the unwitting Fellows of Christ Church. Another morning, after heavy rains, we found Mrs. H drying out one of her pet hens with her hair-dryer on the back of the sofa. The hen was thoroughly enjoying this. Auntie was a master of malapropisms. Her nephew, an early customer of Clarksons package holidays, had married a Spanish Catholic and had a small daughter, whose first-communion photo one day appeared in the lounge. "Oh!" exclaimed Auntie, "Don't Maria look pretty in her cremation dress?"

Friends

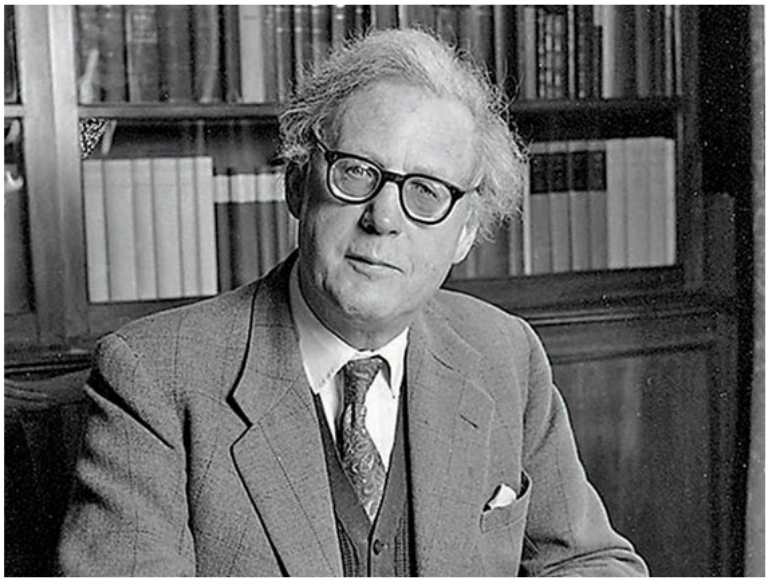
Pembroke's social atmosphere was a jolt, as this was my first encounter with boys from public schools, the existence of which I had hardly registered until then. They all seemed immensely self-assured socially, though often lazy and none too bright. Early on, one informed me, as a matter of certainty, that his younger brother would be "coming up in two years' time". I wondered how on earth he could possibly know this: my first experience of what's now known as 'entitlement'. The culture gap could be stark. I never understood, for instance, why the old Etonians and Wykehamists, hardy ex-boarders,

yearned to share rooms in the Old Quad that had no privacy, plumbing, heating or creature comforts. That said, we were all at a stage of life where we aspired to be like each other and, over countless late nights fuelled with port and instant coffee laced with lumpy Marvel dried milk, I formed firmer friendships than many students seem to do in today's less claustrophobic universities.

Politics

The JCR was a nest of revolutionaries – or thought it was. Oxford had come some years later than Cambridge to trendy lefty politics, and Pembroke had a reputation for harbouring many supposedly extreme Trotskyists. The latter were especially vocal about things they could do nothing about, such as Pinochet's recent coup d'état in Chile (where I was later to work for three years). We happily elected them to JCR positions, being more impressed by their air of commitment than their opinions. There was one self-confessed National Front member – just to be different perhaps – and just one openly gay student, now an opera critic. There were also some 'young fogey' Tories divided between traditional and 'progressive' factions. This set tended to stand out by wearing short hair, going to chapel and owning their own dinner jackets. The key (and now seemingly harmless) demand of the Left was for a university-wide students' union, which caused no end of fuss with the authorities including an occupation of the Exam Schools and a minor riot at the India Institute.

The bugbear of the hairy lefties was Prof. Sir Hugh Trevor-Roper who, as Senior Proctor, cut a reactionary and authoritarian figure. His scholarly years were already behind him, and his role as the (ironically progressive) disruptor of Peterhouse, Cambridge, and as fall-guy in the Hitler diaries hoax still lay ahead. His posh, unworldly wife, a daughter of Earl Haig, was widely mocked for claiming that the rioting students could not have been from Oxford because they wore "dirty jerseys".



Hugh Trevor-Roper

Study

Apart from a single, one-hour tutorial per week, my time was my own. For eight terms, between Prelims and Finals, there were no exams. Reading history was just that: locating and digesting huge piles of books to produce very little – usually a weekly essay (which, unusually, I touch-typed) in reply to questions such as "How enlightened was the Age of Enlightenment?" which tutors seemed to find amusing. The essay would be read over a glass of sweet sherry to a tutor who was often half-asleep. Tutorials were sometimes one- but usually two- or three-to-one. Some of my external tutors, especially Peter Brown at All Souls, were inspiring. I loved the libraries, especially the old volumes in the Duke Humphrey's which I felt privileged to handle. But I had little time for lectures, which were

optional to attend and too specialised and discursive to be of much functional value, though often extremely interesting if one had the time. I remember a glorious but irrelevant series on Chinese art.

This lax atmosphere would merit a very low student satisfaction score today. Many arts students wilted from academic and pastoral neglect. But others, like me, filled the vacuum by discovering self-motivation and new interests, classical music being one. To be trusted to do the work without any nannying felt immensely grown-up, as did being constantly referred to as 'gentlemen' and the confident if unsafe assumption that I should be able to read anything in French, German or Latin. The short terms and abundant space and time made it almost impossible not to want to study.

The lack of what today would be termed 'contact time' did, however, nurture a strong impression that Pembroke existed largely for the comfort of the dons, and that students (undergraduates especially) were just an unfortunate necessity to stave off corporate bankruptcy. Any research activities were largely invisible and shrouded in mystery, like the MCR which was dominated by brash and often married Americans, creatures from another world.

Money

The fees were not high, but Britain was in the grip of hyper-inflation and parents of modest means like mine were never able to grasp that my local council student grant did not extend to 'battels' let alone books and fun. In this equation, it was too often fun that I tended to sacrifice. Girls, outnumbered five-to-one in the University (and usually, it seemed to me, of the tweedy, Cheltenham College sort), were rare and expensive; the likely return on investment of a meal out had to be thought about very carefully. My obligatory weekly call home, pressing buttons A and B in the public phone box in St Aldates, seemed to haemorrhage cash.

Dinner in Hall

Dinner in hall was encouraged and always formal, with gowns obligatory and grace said in Latin. The presiding spirit was a catering manager who gloried in the title of Manciple, the only one I've ever come across outside Chaucer. A highlight was to order beer, which was routinely (if trustingly) served in the college's 18th- and 19th-century silver tankards. Sconcing, though, was a thing of the past. Although the meals were mediocre, the ritual of regular communal eating at Pembroke still had a social value that all human cultures seemed to cherish until the arrival of market choice and fast food.

Rowing

At school, I had been strongly anti-sport because it was compulsory and I was bolshy. At Pembroke, though, I took up rowing precisely because I'd never done it and didn't have to. Rowing was the only thing Pembroke was known to be reasonably good at. Although never competitive, I got to love its subtle skills and rhythms. After retiring nearly forty years later, I took it up again and now row, recreationally, more than ever. Gone, though, is the satisfying flick of wooden macon oars, replaced by stiff, fibre-glass cleavers. Gone, thankfully, are the rotting leather foot-straps and our soggy woollen sports kit, replaced by efficient Velcro and Lycra respectively. More sadly, gone too are the abundant Thames

water voles and the ancient dynasties of artisan boat-builders who kept our wooden hulls afloat and repaired them after Bumps.

Masters

Sir Geoffrey Arthur

The Master in 1973 was Sir George Pickering, an amiable and eminent medic, whose detachment might be summed up by his comment when stepping over a drunken student blocking the college gate: "Perhaps the porter should fetch a doctor". His successor was Sir Geoffrey Arthur, who wore half-moon spectacles attached to a strap that, for some reason, made him look deeply intimidating – perhaps with good reason, since I understood that, as a Foreign Office mandarin, he had single-handedly created a new country, the United Arab Emirates. With limited success, the college was constantly chasing potential foreign benefactors (Americans, Arabs, Japanese…) depending on whose economy was in fashion and who was Master. When Sir Geoffrey learned that I was to join the Foreign Office, he invited me for a drink in the Lodgings, where I had the strong sense of making absolutely no impression whatever. This rather typified the rare social contact undergraduates had with the Masters of the day, characterised as it was by stupendous non-communication across a yawning chasm of generation, class, experience and hairstyle.

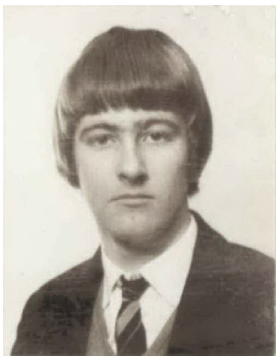
1970s limbo

In a country beset by economic strife and IRA bombs, Oxford was a peaceful backwater. Even at the time, it seemed in a sort of suspended animation between the (relatively) Swinging Sixties and a potentially bracing future that, in the event, turned out to be Thatcherite. Higher education had expanded so much; the elite days of pipe-chomping undergraduates in sports jackets were over, along with the pre-eminence of Oxford dons such as Isiah Berlin and A.J.P. Taylor as Britain's top public intellectuals. The Oxford Union, once central to the political life of the nation, had faded into a quaint talking-shop: I never went to a single debate.

There were still occasional sightings of big beasts such as Trevor-Roper and A.J. 'Freddie' Ayer, arm-in-arm with his latest squeeze on the High. But W.H. Auden was gone from St Aldates Café (now G&D's) and the Inklings at the 'Bird and Baby' were already ancient history, although C S Lewis had been dead only ten years. In the History Faculty, the 'social turn' had scarcely made an impact and the Annales School was dismissed as impossibly foreign. The syllabus (unhelpfully defined in the University Statutes as "from the beginning to 1939") still revolved around stale, proxy-Cold War debates over the supposed 'rise of the gentry' in 17th-century England. In short, the place was more than ripe for change.

Gains and losses

For Pembroke, the change turned out to be a happy one: women students, expansion, vast new accommodation (starting behind my old digs on Folly Bridge), success on the Norrington table and the river and – the holy grail – financial solvency all followed in the twenty years after I left. Sometime in the 1990s, people stopped sniggering when I said I'd been to Pembroke, and started looking quite impressed. The college has apparently been transformed into modern corporate brand with all the trappings: no more Manciple, but heaps of 'community outreach', 'strategic development' and 'alumni engagement'. Amid the justified celebrations, however, I hope its 400th anniversary will provoke an honest appraisal of what things of value may have been inadvertently lost.



Mike Williams - (m.1973) Medicine

College life in 1974

In the far off days of 1974, we had a student grant of a few hundred pounds. That didn't seem to go far when weekly Battels bills, generally used for essentials such as beer, as well as pie, beans and chips at lunch always managed to top ten pounds. We needed cash.

Back then, the fortnightly JCR meetings provided free beer to encourage attendance. A fellow student and I, through dint of cultivating the landlord of the Paradise House pub, since demolished for the Westgate extension, found out that the 'trade' price for a firkin of beer direct from Morrells brewery was only £11 when the JCR was paying £14.

Somehow, the JCR understood that we had contacts at the brewery, whilst the brewery understood we represented the JCR. By complete fluke, when the man from the brewery came round to check we were fit and proper people with whom to do business, I was just returning from a tutorial in suit and gown. We were in.

With the JCR meetings happening as regular events, students at Pembroke and then other colleges, got to know that we could supply cheap beer. Some weeks, I seemed to spend as much time delivering beer in the trusty mini-van to parties all over the University as I did going to lectures. However, this was a huge

social advantage because the beer needed to settle for a couple of days before the barrel could be tapped. We always tapped the barrels ourselves, so just happened to be there at the start of every party we supplied.

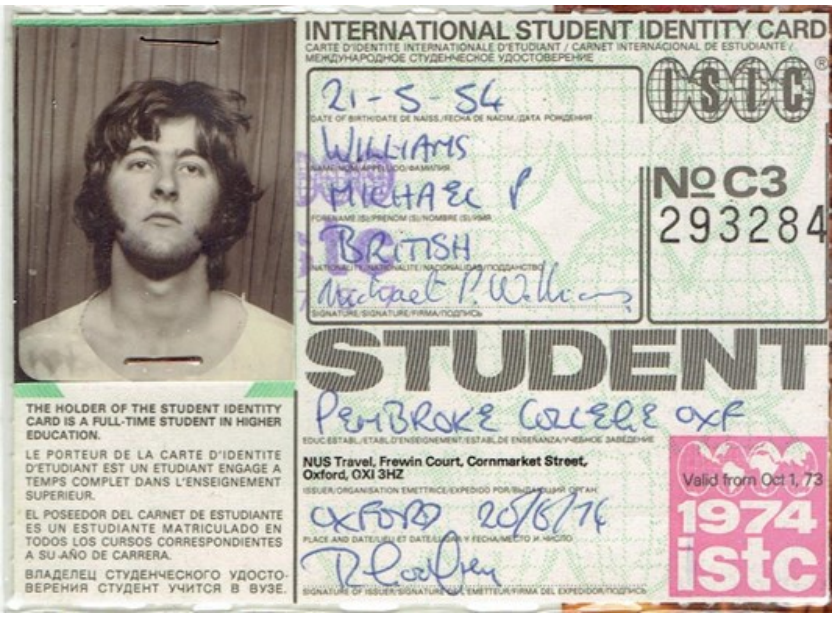
Pembroke Medics at Prelims in 1974 - I am far left

We also got approached to run the bar at the Boat House during Eights Week. Confidently expecting College to ask for a percentage or at least a flat fee, we were stunned to get the concession for nothing. Pimms was the favourite tipple and nearly as profitable as selling strawberries bought for pennies in the market in the morning and sold for pounds at the Boathouse in the afternoon.

I nearly came to a sticky end delivering beer to the Boathouse. I had half a dozen barrels in the back of the van and one in the passenger seat. I had to take a run at the hump backed bridge by the boathouses, which in those days had no central barrier. As the van reached the apex of the hump and accelerated forwards, the load shifted and crushed me against the steering wheel. Fortunately my foot could just reach the brake pedal and stopped me a few feet from a watery grave in the Isis.

Empty barrels were always a problem. Sometimes we had a dozen or so around in Staircase 11. Even with three or four barrels in each of our rooms we needed to stack some in the Scout's cupboard, to her clear annoyance.

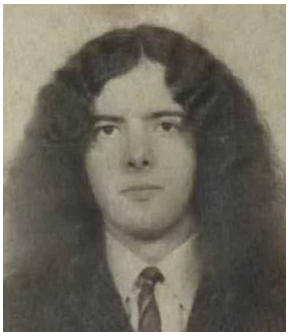
Empties also precipitated my exit from the business. One day the Morrells lorry came round when were out and picked up not only our empties from Staircase 11 but all of the College's empties as well. We were credited by the brewery for the College's returns and it was too difficult to contemplate explaining the situation to the Manciple, the Bursar, Tutors and, no doubt, the Dean.



As graffiti on the toilet doors in staircase 14 told us 'Deanz Meanz Feinz'

Now I just have the memories of those great days, and the last cheque in the name of;

THE PEMBROKE BEER FUND



Simon Baggott - (m.1974) Law

In December 1973, I was awarded the Holford Scholarship open pro hac vice to read Law at Pembroke College, Oxford. I was of course very pleased at this. The UK was on a 3 day week, uniquely in its history, at that time, but due to a most fortunate set of circumstances, I was able to get employment in the second week of January 1974 with British Acheson Electrodes Limited, part of the late lamented Union Carbide group. I was in their 'time and motion' section, and my job was to calculate the bonuses for the chaps on the shop floor who made (electrical) brushes. This meant I spent half my time with them explaining e.g. that a bloke had not set up the job 4,000 times and made one unit. I was quite sad to have to leave the job in September. The guys had a whip round for me, raising £4.30 which I used to buy Pentangle's double album 'Sweet Child' (as records of course).

This was a brilliant introduction for me into the world of work as it was, in 1974, both office and factory. However, I did have to leave in September, because I had to do a lot of reading, listed for me by the college, before matriculation.

During this interval, I was in the course of an amicable separation from Girlfriend #26, Catherine, and frankly I had given up on women; they had brought me much grief and heartache, and I had resolved to lead a life of celibacy and singleness.

And so I moved into a room in College in October 1974, with the scholar's privilege of a long gown. My scout was a lady called Mary, and we got on famously. I joined the Blackstone Society and had a most agreeable first term. The preliminary exams for Oxford Jurisprudence students in those days were called 'Moderations', and were held just two terms after matriculation, at the end of the first Hilary Term.

I therefore stayed on a week after term finished in December 1974, swotting furiously. My father picked me up shortly after my 19th birthday, which occurred on 14th December that year, by which time I was the only person left in college; it was without doubt the loneliest day of my life.

In the run up to Christmas, the Church Youth Forum invited me, as the only undergraduate member of it, to give a talk about it, so I did, with much enthusiasm and gusto! As a result, one of the female members invited me to a New Years Eve party she was holding. Naturally, I accepted. In those days I was still smoking fags and drinking gin and tonic, so I went suitably armed to the party. Around 10.30, in the pitch dark, I felt a warm female person snuggling up to me. I had no idea who she was, but I was pleased to reciprocate; this was a girl who wanted me, the opposite way of the first 26!

When the lights came on at midnight, and we all sang 'Auld Lang Syne', I realised I had met her once before, at the Church House Party in the summer of that year, 1974.

I was more or less constantly in the company of a chap called Mick, who was best man at my wedding, and for whom I was best man at his first wedding. He has just retired from his job as a vicar in York. Anyway, the two of us were invited by two girls to go for a walk with them, and of course we agreed. One of them was a drop dead gorgeous long haired brunette, but I can't even remember her name now. The other was OK, but a bit 'mousy' in my view then, but with what I thought was a very pretty name: Gillian May. And this was the girl! She invited me to her home that very night, and the first thing her Dad said to me was "Would you like a drink?" I took to the family straight away, and was convinced that this mousy girl was the girl for me. We have now been married for 41 years.

There was a rota system which existed when I was there, whereby the scholars took it in turns to read a Latin grace before evening dinner in the Hall. Long before I had to do it, I was appalled by the quiet, reluctant way all the other scholars did it. I determined that, when it came to me, I would do it properly. I had done much Latin oratory at school, so it was second nature to me. So my three evenings eventually came along. I read the text in a loud, stentorian way, with gusto and enthusiasm that extended to passion. That first night got rapturous applause from my fellow students, and on the second night the Hall was packed! I quickly gained a reputation for doing the thing right, and from that point on, the only times the hall was packed was when I was doing grace.

Anyway, back to Pembroke. I got a Distinction in Law Mods, which was harder to do than getting a First in Finals then. Gill and I met every weekend, either in Oxford or Sheffield, and wrote to each other every day: we still have the letters. Trinity term, 1975, was the happiest time of my life. Uniquely, we only did one subject that term, Contract, as opposed to 1.5 subjects every other term. I was with the girl of my dreams, the weather was super, and I had that Distinction.

The year before I matriculated, the Left Caucus had occupied the Examination Schools. I attended every JCR meeting, mainly because of the free beer, and stood for JCR President in 1976. We, my entire slate, won, which meant I got a third and final year in my room.

I was summoned to a meeting of JCR Presidents at a remote shack in the summer of 1976: there we met the Queen and her husband.

I did get a First in Finals, and went on to get my Admission as a Solicitor Certificate in 1980, signed by Lord Denning!

I have two claims to fame. The former and lesser arises from a telephone chat I had with Tony Blair in the run up to the '92 election. This arose from a BBC radio thing that I heard about in the car as I drove into work. He was then a Junior Shadow Minister, but I asked him why the New Labour Party had not repealed Clause IV. And what was the first thing he did when he became Leader? He emasculated Clause IV!

The second is much more important, and here I stand on the shoulders of a giant. In the early years of this century, Steve Bee was the acknowledged leading expert in UK pensions, and he was also a brilliant cartoonist. His best cartoon was ironically titled "It Pays To Save". It features two old ladies chatting at a bus stop. The first has led a thrifty life and said her pension was a certain amount. The other said that she had lead a profligate life, spending all her money of flash holidays and expensive goods; and - wow! - her pension was exactly the same. This was because of the Pension Credit, as it then was, which was the biggest disincentive to saving ever devised by man.

This point became of immense significance as a result of auto-enrolment, which was due to come in in 2012. The government was about to force millions of people to chuck money down the drain!

The Coalition Government only ever had one Pensions Minister, 2010-2015, Steve Webb. He came on the TV in 2010 saying he was going to go down in history as the man who made auto-enrolment work. So I immediately wrote to him, explaining the problem, and enclosing a copy of the cartoon. I know from my Whitehall spies that he had it pinned on his office wall. And, of course, he abolished that Pensions Credit and upped the basic state pension to compensate.

Hartley Mitchell - (m.1974) Philosophy

I applied to the Sub-faculty of Philosophy to study for the BPhil while I was completing my masters degree in Philosophy at The University of Melbourne. I also applied for a scholarship offered to Australian graduates by Pembroke. Douglas Gray interviewed myself and Paul Ferguson in Melbourne and the scholarship was awarded to Paul. Nonetheless, I was admitted to study for the BPhil and Simon Blackburn agreed to supervise my studies at Pembroke. I quickly settled into my studies while occupying a room in Staircase 17 and enjoying the convivial atmosphere of the Middle Common Room. The mixture of international students and students from across the UK made the MCR an easy place to find both good friends and support. The dons, too, were approachable and affable.

Having been a member of a residential university college in Melbourne and, before moving to Pembroke, working on a thesis with one to one supervision, my academic experience at Pembroke was not very different from what I had been doing in Australia. The biggest difference was the opportunity to attend lectures by philosophers with an international reputation and the remarkably varied membership of the MCR.

During first year, my Staircase 17 room was simple, but perfectly adequate. I have no recollection of the bathroom facilities so I assume they, too, were satisfactory. I do

remember my scout banging on every door with her set of keys as she move up the staircase each morning. Not always a welcome experience. In my second year I found my own digs down the Abingdon Road. I cannot recall gate hours and I had no sense of being constrained by any particular rules or regulations. One couldn't walk on the grass in the quads unless you were a don which was understandable, for the grass and for the English determination to emphasize social division at every opportunity. The common table food was very ordinary. Simple but good ingredients hideously overcooked. That made the opportunity to dine at the special graduates table now and then, where a more elaborate menu was served, very welcome. In my second year, I was awarded the Collingwood Scholarship which included (in fact it was nearly all) dining rights with the Senior Common Room. Thus, eating at Pembroke moved from famine to feast. My pastoral care at the college was via my interaction with my tutor, Simon Blackburn. He took a keen interest in not only my academic progress but also in providing the friendship and support that made my first year an easy transition. During my second year, Simon took a sabbatical in Australia and my supervision moved to Brasenose College. Thus, in my second year, I was living out and being supervised outside of Pembroke but my connection remained strong because of the convivial MCR and my dining rights with the SCR.

We had little contact with the Master, perhaps because there was a change to Geoffrey Arthur during my time at Pembroke and he was finding his feet. Simon Blackburn and his wife offered great friendship and hospitality.

The senior porter and his assistant and the senior SCR butler and his assistant were the most consistent supportive faces in the Pembroke environment. The administrative and library staff were more 'efficient apparatchiks' than welcoming supporters of your endeavours.

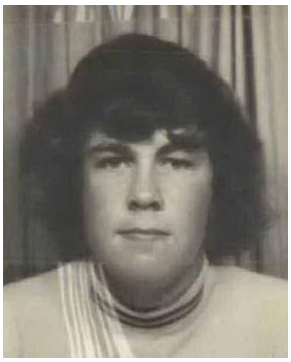
Harry Price, Head Porter

The opportunity to take the BPhil in Philosophy was all that I hoped it would be. The excellent supervision, the company of able philosophers (both students and staff) and the chance to be in an international centre of philosophical research for two years was stimulating and rewarding. The work was demanding but there was always the necessary support to maintain your sense of progress and hence your motivation.

Dining out with fellow students, MCR dinners, some golf here and there, an Easter MCR tour to Leningrad and Moscow, a walking tour to the Scottish Highlands. Much was squeezed in amongst a demanding academic schedule.

The MCR elected an executive committee each year. It saw to the fittings of the MCR, negotiated with the College re the holding of special events, organised those events and ensured a steady supply of beer to the MCR.

Exploring Red Square with my MCR colleagues and traversing an icy Scottish ridge, depending on Simon Blackburn's ice axe to avoid the long slide to the bottom, are particularly memorable. Mind you, so is the 25p Chinese lunch offered in Queens St; but in a very different way.
There was a dull sense of national decline during my time at Oxford. I arrived not long after the three day week and the privations that had caused. There was much talk in the press of a lost empire and an inability to find a new way forward.
I do not recall any rules any regulations limiting my activities while at College.
For most of my life I have been a secondary school teacher. My experience at Pembroke and other universities provided me with the intellectual foundation to offer my students something of value.



Martin Williams - (m.1974) English

I was from a state grammar school in Portsmouth, from where I applied to Pembroke in 1973. I still have my entrance exam papers. As well as two three-hour papers related to English, there was one "General Paper" and one "Unprepared Translation". This last is an historical oddity, dating back to the time when it was compulsory to know at least one foreign language, no matter what you were studying at Oxford. Fortunately, given my A-level subjects, this held no fears, and I could choose between translating a passage of Latin or one of French. The "General Paper" consisted of a very broad arty-type question (eg "A work which was a complete representation of nature would cease to be a work of art. Discuss") and a very broad non-arty type question (eg "I don't care what you believe so long as you believe something. Consider this view").

The slightly strange arrangement for applicants was that an interview appointment (or more than one) was set up in advance, and the assumption was made that you would attend unless you received a telegram telling you not to. In other words, they thought that if you had the nerve to take the exams, then there was a fair chance you would be worth interviewing. So, I had a nerve-wracking couple of weeks waiting for a telegram NOT to arrive. I don't know what the percentage success-rate of interviewees was. Knowing I was to be interviewed felt good, obviously, but nothing could be considered to be in the bag.

I travelled up to Oxford by train in early December, walked to Pembroke and was told where to find my room. I wish I could remember that room – I think it was on Staircase 12, one of the newest and least interesting blocks in a corner of the North Quad. Evening dinner was in Hall, naturally, and there was the first chance to take the measure of the other candidates. It is a cliché that I have heard dozens of times before and since, that state school candidates such as myself are amazed at the confidence and self-assurance of candidates from the private sector. Apart from the odd hockey match, I had never

knowingly met a public school boy, but here they were, in numbers. I also wish I knew some statistics. If I had to guess, I should think about 30% of the final 1974 intake were from state schools, maybe a similar percentage were interviewed. I do know for a fact that the percentage from state schools going to Oxford in 2021 is around 69%. I had met a number on the train – not all going to Pembroke, which would have been a weird coincidence – they all seemed to know each other, to know exactly what to expect, and, of course, to be confident of being accepted. At least that's the way it seemed to me – lonely, nervous and full of self-doubt. It's no surprise. Those characters were on the back of ten years of schooling which was designed specifically to prepare them for these few days. The other point – too obvious to be of note at the time – was that there were no girls. Pembroke, like most of the colleges, was going to be single-sex for another few years.

Because of the horse-trading arrangements between colleges, there was no certainty about how many interviews one would have, or where. I might have had to stay an extra night, if I was needed to go to an interview at a different college. As it was, I knew that I needed to be ready to be seen by Professor Douglas Gray in his room at Pembroke, in the middle of the morning. David had given me some idea of what to expect of Duggie. He was the absolute epitome of an Oxford don. His room was a total shambles, with floor-to-ceiling bookcases crammed with dusty tomes, and further precarious piles of volumes dotted randomly about the room. There was no attempt at formality – we sat in ancient, deep, dusty and worn out armchairs. He had on shiny, baggy trousers, a threadbare cardigan and regulation knitted tie, and he had a high, squeaky voice with a New Zealand accent. I, like everyone, grew to be very fond of Duggie. He was a lovely chap, very friendly, and not nearly as intimidating as the other Pembroke English don, Dr Fleeman – of whom more later. Not a thing can I remember about the interview itself, and I didn't feel that it had gone either well or badly. One way or the other, I found out that I wasn't going to be needed for any further interviews, so I went home.

The next Autumn:
It was not at all usual for students to arrive at university by car, and I got myself there in the usual way. I went by bus, suitcase in hand, to the station in the city centre, and then by train (changing at Guildford and Reading). Most of my luggage had been packed into a large metal trunk – bought cheaply through the evening paper – which, along with my bike (pushbike) had then been collected by a BRS lorry – British Road Services, the only version available of what we would now call a courier service. Both bike and trunk were waiting for me in the Porter's Lodge, and, of course, I was very glad to see them. My room in college, it turned out, was rather unusual. It faced onto Pembroke Street, hence with no view at all, other than the back entrance of the Museum of Modern Art. The sash windows had been fixed so they would only open six inches or so, to prevent any climbing in or climbing out. Whereas most of the college rooms had a number (14:2 means Staircase 14, Room 2), mine had a rather grand title – "The Borough Room". It seemed to have been designed as a conference room or a meeting room – it was oak-panelled, quite big, with a carved coat-of-arms at one end and the name of R.J.W. (or some such initials) Borough – and his dates. I was never able to discover who the hell Borough was. The room had been converted for student accommodation, in so far as there was a bed, and a couple of armchairs, wardrobe etc, but my writing desk was the rather grand conference table. Because it was larger than most, as time went by it became quite a popular gathering-place for my friends.

On one of my more recent return visits to Pembroke, I found the Borough Room unlocked – it had returned to its original role as a meeting room of some sort. The college has built a lot more student accommodation since 1974, and it was clearly no longer needed as a bedroom. There was no sink. For showers, toilets and basins, you had to go down to the basement under staircase 16. There was a very small pantry, which never got used, other than for the Scout to do the washing-up. I rather liked the Borough Room and felt lucky to have been given it. It was much grander than the modern, classic-student-room of the sort I had stayed in when on interview. There was only one major disadvantage (apart from the darkness and lack of view, (which didn't bother me): the light switches were outside the room, in the corridor. Absolutely everyone passing by, at any hour of the day at night, was free to switch them off, if on, and – particularly hilarious at 3.00am – on, if off. How pleased I was to be able to provide such an innocent source of amusement to my friends, who never tired of sharing the fun with me.

Reginald J.M. Borough (m.1887)

I have no idea how much of the quaint and quirky things relating to my Oxford days are still in place, but there's no doubt that they had been there for a long time, propped up by centuries of tradition, and not really for us to challenge. There was challenge, however. The 60s and 70s were days of frequent student protest and political activism. When we got there in October 1974, there was still visible evidence of graffiti that had been painted on the wall of the beautiful Old Quad, much to the sadness and anger of the older college members. Things were changing too. The most obvious example was the move to co-education. There were about 25-30 colleges; of these, just five were women-only. Of the rest, a further five were just starting an experiment – 'The Jesus Plan' – so-called because Jesus College was one of the five – in admitting a small number of women undergraduates. Even so, the university-wide ratio was still about 5:1. Pembroke started admitting women in 1979. Today, the University is no different from any other in its gender policy.

We were expected to wear 'sub-fusc' for special occasions. Sub-fusc meant a dark suit, gown, mortar board and white bow-tie. It had to be worn for the matriculation ceremony and freshers' photograph (which was taken immediately after matriculation), for taking exams (when there was a tradition of also wearing a white carnation), and for the graduation ceremony.

The gown also needed to be worn for dinner in Hall every evening (along with a jacket), and to tutorials. On my very first morning in college, I headed off to breakfast in my gown – only realising too late that it was definitely not needed. What an embarrassment. Most undergraduates were 'commoners', and the gown was a very strange item – a kind of sleeveless and frontless black jacket with a lapel and two long dangly bits. However, Scholars and Exhibitioners, as well as getting a sort of cash bonus for being so clever, wore different gowns – proper, longer jobs with a nice 'sweep'. If you did very well in the end-of -first-year exams, you might get promoted to a scholarship or an exhibition.

Breakfast and lunch in Hall were informal, and quite popular, although I was not normally awake in time for breakfast. There was a certain sort of ceremonial involved in the evening meal, however. I've already said we had to wear gowns. If anyone turned up without a gown, it was the job of the Manciple to sort things out – either by refusing entry, or, more usually, by providing a spare gown. At the start of the evening, the Hall was full of about 150 students; meanwhile the dons were gathering and having sherry in the Senior Common Room. Once the time was right, they would set off from the SCR towards the Hall; the Manciple, seeing them approaching, would bellow "High Table, gentlemen please" supposedly to quell the noise. We stood, for the dons to enter and make their way to the said High Table at the far end. Before food was served, a chosen scholar undergraduate would read the Grace in Latin. This was so absurd, that it was a much-loved tradition. It was quite long, and the duty scholar would often do his best to make it entertaining – Irish accents, hiccups, great speed, stammers and so on – followed, of course, by a great cheer. If the Latin Grace is still going strong, I bet it's done more respectfully now. The sort of blokey, laddish behaviour we enjoyed was surely an outcome of there being no women around.

I was generally not up in time for college breakfast, but the cafeteria-style lunches were very popular. I dined in Hall nearly every night when living in (it was always chicken on Sunday, and there was no meal on Saturdays). The gate was closed at midnight, but you could usually rouse the night porter to let you in - there were also certain rooms in Pembroke Street where it was possible to climb in (and out) thought the windows.

There was a group of college employees who were called 'Scouts' – everyone living in had their own scout, and a scout usually looked after all the students on one staircase. My scout was a Mrs Mack. This was a real throwback to the old days, when undergraduates would all have been considered 'gentlemen', and they would have all had their own servants at home. So, strictly speaking, a scout was a servant, who would do whatever you asked him or her to do. Times were changing, albeit slowly, and really your scout now was just the person who cleaned your room. This would also include washing cups, emptying ashtrays, making beds etc. I could never bring myself to let Mrs Mack do this – my socialist instincts were too strong – so although she would have pushed the Hoover around a bit, my room never took up too much of her time.

In the first year, I was preparing for a set of six three-hour exams known as 'Mods', sat towards the end of June 1975. They covered: "English Lit from 1832 - 1900", "English Lit from 1900 - 1945", "Critical Commentary", "Old English Literature", and "Old English Translation". (The sixth was Latin and/or Greek – which I'll come back to later.). You might think that the lectures which took place through the year in the English Faculty

would be designed to prepare you for these requirements, but that wasn't really the case. A list of lectures was published at the start of each term, but the majority were not relevant to someone who was focusing on simply getting through the exams with the minimum effort, leaving maximum space for socialising and sport. No doubt these lectures were fascinating – they were, after all, being delivered by world experts in their field - but the subjects simply reflected whatever research that particular academic was carrying out at the time, or whatever book he or she was writing or had just had published. Not many lectures were of direct relevance to the requirements of the Mods. This is the reason why English students tended to be envied (or scorned) by those studying Maths, Engineering - etc. For them, three or four hours of lectures a day, starting at 9.00am. For me - maybe one or two a week (at the start of term any way, until my interest dropped off) - and definitely NEVER before 10.00 at the earliest.

David Fleeman

So it was that lectures formed no big part of my studies, nor did I make much use of the faculty library at St Cross. Tutorials - 'tutes' - were another matter. Our main tutor in each term (sometimes Duggie Gray, sometimes Dr Fleeman, sometimes somebody random brought in) focused on the topic which was to be examined, but generally did not actively teach - his job was to listen to and comment on the essay which I had brought to the tute, and lead a sort of discussion between himself, myself and my tute partner. Then he would set the essay for the following week. So, basically, I had a week to research, and then write an essay (with the inevitable 'essay crisis' and 'all-nighter' each time). I and my partner, clad in our gowns, would shuffle over to Duggie's room. We would take turns to read our essay aloud, and then discuss them as I have said.

About once a term, there would be a 'Collection'. This was a sort of academic progress monitoring. I would turn up in the SCR to face either the Master - the head of the college - or one of the Senior Fellows, and Duggie would introduce me and give a kind of verbal report. If I was in danger of crashing and burning, it might have been picked up at this point. The same word - 'Collection' - was also used for internal exams set by the college immediately before the start of each term and designed to examine what (if anything) we had done during the holiday (always referred to as the 'Vac'). These written Collections were much dreaded, as they would certainly expose our weaknesses. They were sat in the college Hall, and, as far as I remember, were not invigilated. When we finished, we just put our papers in a box and left.

I became a member of the Bodleian, and was entitled to use it. There was no reason not to join - it cost nothing. But, in all honesty, there was no point in going there - any reference books and texts I needed were easily available in the Faculty library, and some of them in the college library. But it was a bit of fun, and so I did spend a few afternoons sitting in

there. Most of the vast stock of books were not available on the open shelves - you had to fill in a request card, with your seat number, and after a time - maybe half an hour or more - a man in a brown coat would appear and bring the book(s) you had requested to your seat. This sort of service was really only needed by people doing advanced and obscure research. I'm sorry to say that, for whatever reason, I never set foot in the Radcliffe Camera - the famous circular domed building and another of the University libraries.

I still have copies of the exam papers, the titles of the exams were, in order: Classical Literature; The History of the English Language; English Lit from 1400-1600; English Lit from 1740-1832; Shakespeare (1); Shakespeare (2); English Lit from 1100-1400; English Lit from 1600-1740.

You have to wonder at the value of this approach. As I still have the exam papers, I can see more than one example of where I must have written for about an hour, on the works of a writer I now have no recollection of ever reading - I hardly even remember the name!

I didn't really question the value of the BA course at the time. However, I went on to study for a PGCE at the OU Dept of Educational Studies, which I found to be appalling - irrelevant, badly-taught, and of no use whatsoever to a trainee teacher. I fervently hope things have changed.

We never paid cash in college - everything was on account - purchases scribbled on piece of paper, and this system was called 'Battels'. At the beginning of each term, as soon as the grant cheque hit the bank account, the first sad duty was to pay last term's battels bill. There was a tradition that, in Hall, you could challenge someone to a 'Sconce' - basically to drink a large quantity of alcohol down in one - using one of the college's sconce mugs, which would be produced for the purpose (I don't believe this ever actually happened). Rowing occupied a vast amount of my time. I was novice when I first arrived, but was keen to get involved as much as possible. The standard of Pembroke rowing was extremely mediocre, but I still looked up to the crew of the First Eight, who enjoyed a sort of hero status. I worked my way up over two and a half years (being bumped many times, but also winning an oar in the Second Torpid of 1976) until I was selected for the First Eight in 1977. Torpids that year was cancelled, but, as a member of the First Summer Eight, we made 4 bumps. I had decided to stay in Oxford for another year, mainly to have the chance of rowing in the First Eight again, which I did, and we made another 4 bumps in the summer of 1978. So altogether I won 3 oars, and two bump suppers. I have always maintained that Pembroke's subsequent achievements and reputation as an elite rowing college started off with those eight successive bumps in 1977-78!

The first bump - 1977

JCR meetings were made more interesting - and more quorate - by the provision of free beer! Once I became a member of the MCR, I was in great demand from undergraduate friends, because the MCR had an always-open bar, run on 'honesty' principles.

As is often the way, the people who became my friends were largely those who happened to have been given rooms nearby. My neighbour was called Nick - I think this was a coincidence, but he was also from Portsmouth (different school), and also doing English (this was surprising because the college's policy, for obvious reasons, was normally to deliberately mix up people doing different subjects within their staircase). Nick's windows, like mine, were also supposed to be escape-proof, but one of them had been nobbled, so that he - and we - could easily climb in and out.

This was a great advantage, in that there was a supposed curfew, with the main entrance to the college being locked at some point (midnight?) which we never had to worry about. It was customary to meet in somebody's room - often mine - before dinner, and, obviously as a rendezvous before any excursions to the pub or elsewhere in the town.
The new library opened after my first term. The former library was dark and airless; a lot of it was underground - near where the SCR now is. I loved the new library, and did more work there than anywhere else.

I became a schoolteacher directly after qualifying from the Dept of Education Studies, and remained so until retirement 37 years later. I have the very fondest memories of Pembroke, which seemed to be able instil feelings of great affection and loyalty, and I love feeling that I am still somehow a member.

Peter Adams - (m.1976) Botany

My father was a tenant farmer who sold up in the farming financial desert of the 1960s. He then managed a farm and trained horses for a wealthy family. I was brought up with little material wealth but a different kind of wealth in my country life. I attended a grammar school, and initially turned down the opportunity to apply for Oxford. Changing my mind late on, I applied for a conditional place based on A-level results. Sick in the lead up to interviews, my interview was unusually kind, and lead to an offer of 3As. My eventual results of A*AA sealed my entry.

I remember arriving at Pembroke, a trunk on the roof of the family Austin mini. I always felt out of place socially. Thank goodness for a full local authority grant and a school exhibition which meant I had as much money as many who were way wealthier. But the social gap still felt huge.

A country boy, Pembroke was a gentle entry into urban living, and I spent many hours every day in Christ Church meadows!

I lived in a little known part of college accommodation above the Masters Lodgings. A small room, two floors up, a long trek to the showers, not so far to the loos, no kitchen, I enjoyed its relative quiet - except Old Tom's 100 bells around 9pm (and my neighbours early adoption of Punk Rock - this was 1976).

Breakfast and Dinner in hall were pretty much standard. I usually ate with fellow botanists - two second years living in college meant the botanist community was strong.
I never really enjoyed the college drinking culture, and only visited the bar twice in my three years. Long cycle rides with friends at weekends took in country pubs, a drinking culture I preferred.

I valued attending the chapel and the support of Chaplain Rev John Platt, and was also very active and led the college Christian Union.
Second and third year were in a shared house half a mile away, where we developed our own eating and hospitality traditions, eight of us cooking four evenings a week, with a couple of evenings in college or a pub meal.

Dr Vernon Butt, my tutor, was a key person, deeply caring as well as an inspiration. Tutorials were excellent, about two terms of years 2-3 with Dr Butt and the rest in the department. The learning of an academic rigour and critical thinking skills was a great preparation for a life since that has barely touched on plants!

Vernon Butt

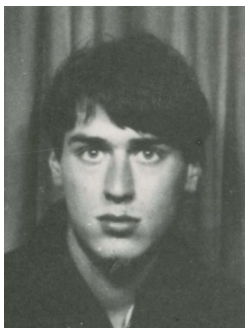
The chaplain was always supportive, and Father Kallistos Ware was a deep source of wisdom.

Drama was a major part of my first year, stage directing one play and producing another for other college societies (I had experience of the professional theatre and had a deputy stage manager Equity ticket). But the scene was not me. I rowed a couple of terms as a novice, but sickness took me out of the boat and I never returned.

Contribution to the college and university Christian Union in my first five terms was significant. After that, I preferred the regular non-university life of St Clements Church to the university Christian scene. I became engaged in my third year to a fellow member which pretty much ended my college social scene.
As I said, my sense of being an imposter was significant, meaning I never really felt at home or derived great satisfaction from many aspects of many people's experience of college life.

I was an active member of the college Christian Union (CU) and led the group from Summer '77 to Spring '78. It was a strong group which, while separate from chapel, enjoyed a lot of overlap, despite the Chaplain's difference from the typically evangelical basis of many members. The college CU had an ambiguous relationship with the university wide OICCU. Nominally independent of OICCU, appointing its own leader, OICCU tried to control the operation. I was courted for leadership in OICCU, but in the end wasn't 'theologically sound' enough.

While encouraged to go on to research, I was sensing a future in Christian ministry or mission, so didn't go that way. I worked for a couple of years locally and then my wife and I became missionaries. I began to focus on intercultural relations training, and subsequently developed a specialisation in intercultural and interfaith conflict resolution. In 2007, I was invited to base my work in St Marys, the town centre CofE parish church in Luton. In that context I have become a community relations expert and am very experienced in the causes of far right radicalisation, intervention and rehabilitation. At the same time I am actively involved in lay leadership of the church locally, in the diocese and the General Synod. All very far removed from botany, though I still retreat to the country and garden!



John Fagan - (m.1976) Modern History

I attended Cardinal Hinsley Grammar School, Bradford. I sat the entrance exam in 1975 before A levels, travelled by train from Leeds for interviews. Then I took a gap year.

I lived in during my first year, dined in hall (Latin grace), then rented/house shared locally in 1977 with two other Pembroke undergraduates. I met interesting people from different background and some friends I am still in touch with.

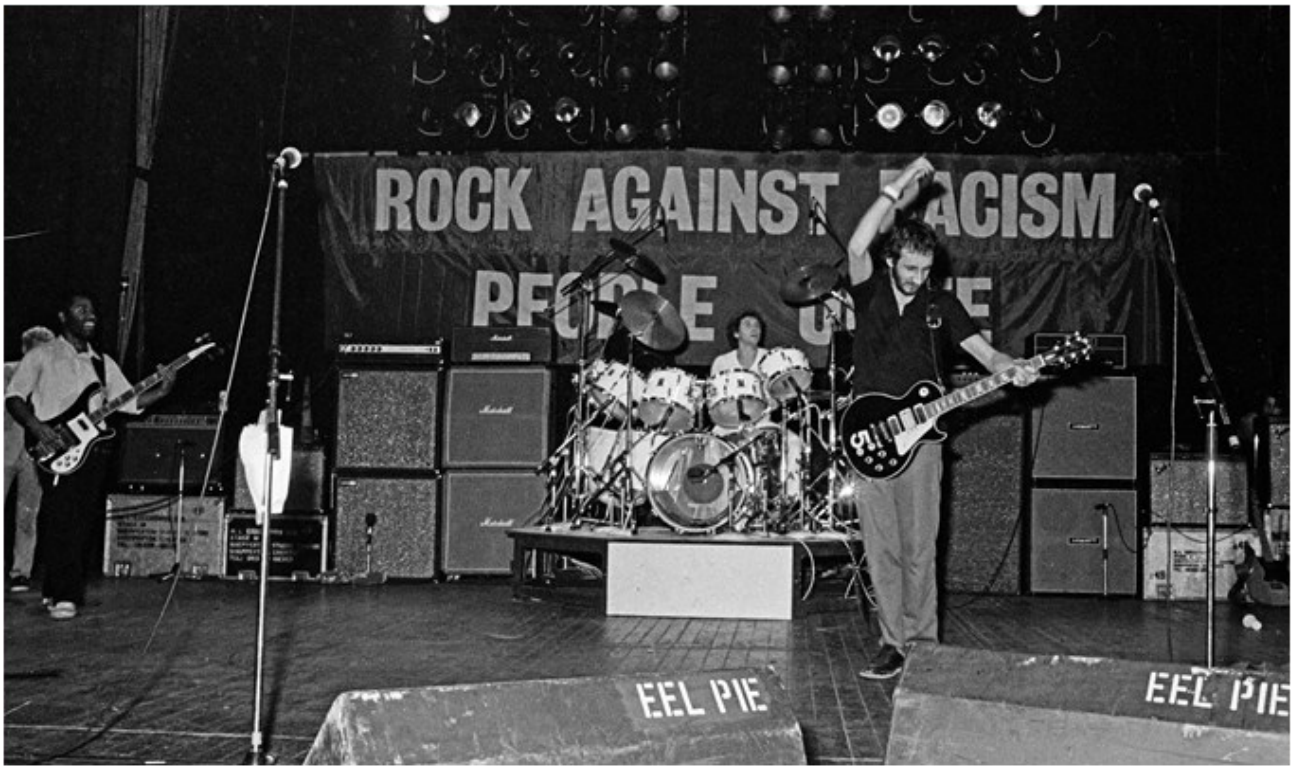
I studied BA Hons Modern History - in 1978 I transferred to the University of York to complete my degree with an emphasis on modern European political history.

I was a member of the Labour Club, played some informal cricket and enjoyed the Oxford University Drama Society, outdoor theatre and punting.

I attended JCR meetings (I once stood in elections!) and enjoyed the student newspapers.

I remember the Rock Against Racism gigs in 1970s and the anti- apartheid movement.

My academic work at Oxford was completed by my graduation from York University in 1980 and I have since occasionally been a student at Oxford Lifelong Learning.



The Who play at a 'Rock Against Racism' gig in London, 1979

George Davidson - (m.1977) Modern Languages

I am the privately educated (Sherborne School) son of a Somerset GP and a nurse, staunchly middle-class, but without a particularly cultural family background, other than playing music. I applied to Oxford in the 7th term, well supported by my school, with Pembroke as my 5th choice. Wadham interviewed and rejected me (I was far off scholarship/exhibition material). Dr Nico Mann gave me a chance, although personally he and I were chalk-and-cheese. He taught me French but I was much more comfortable with Dr Lamport, my German tutor. I settled in quite quickly, being a year older than most first years and coming from a boarding school; plus having had 8 months off - a semi-gap-year.

My first-year room was modern (I think, Staircase 11), and a bit small. I was very lucky to secure a room in college for my second year, which made a big difference (in the separate house in the North Quad to which the McMillan block was attached).

The food was fine, especially breakfast and dining-in. I had no involvement with Chapel, or reliance on pastoral services. My 3rd year accomodation, with 2 older post-grads, was dull, but the key was proximity to the college, being next to the brewery.

I found the academic staff remote and built no lasting relationships - perhaps I was not sufficiently confident. I had good relationships with my scouts and porters. I am still close friends with 3 guys I met when I went up and would like to have kept up more with a wider number of around 10-15 other contemporaries

The tutorial system worked for me, in terms of keeping me on track to read all those classic books and write an essay for discussion every week. The workload was heavy in terms of reading - but at least my tutor told us prior to arrival that the most important thing to know was that we were embarking on a 'reading' course.
I always thought, and still do, that 8-week terms were a nonsense; they should have been 10 like other institutions.

Generally, I think the course worked out for me. I have never regretted not spending a year abroad, which most of my contemporaries did, as my linguistic competence was already sufficient: I did not want to be a teacher, and I feared returning for a delayed '3rd' year, after most of my friends, who studied other subjects, would have left. I was mature enough, at 21, to make that sensible decision, rather than follow the herd. I might have got a 2:1 with another year, but it would not have made any difference to my career.

I enjoyed the college sport, the football team and rowing (Torpids and Summer VIIIs in my final year). Music I dropped out of, and other clubs I wish I had participated in more. The Pembroke May Ball, with Wilko Johnson in the Hall, was great, as were a couple of other May Balls in other colleges.

The North Quad and McGowin Library were already built when I arrived. The JCR was quite left-wing and radical. The orthodoxy was strongly leftist - Mrs Thatcher was a sort of hate-word. The 'No-Platform-for-Fascists' apogee was the memorable street protest against the disgraced ex-President Nixon speaking at the Union, which I participated in and recall vividly. Also attending a Zanu-PF event, during which President-to-be Mugabe addressed students during the Lancaster House independence negotiations.

US President Nixon at the Oxford Union

I have quite a lot of happy personal memories. I enjoyed my student years at Pembroke, without maximising the opportunities for fun, excitement and engagement.

I became a shipbroker in the City of London in March 1981, a profession in which I spent my entire career - always in London and in 4 different companies - finally retiring this year aged 65. Shipping was a fascinating business. I did not need any fluency in French and German; the business was more about geography and economics. Being an Oxford graduate also did not give me much of a step up, at least as far as I was aware but maybe I could have made more of my academic qualification from Pembroke.

Jane Carter - (m.1979) Agricultural & Forest Sciences

What do I remember? In truth, only fleeting snippets. Here are a few that come to mind.

I have a clear picture in my head of the prim and proper skirt and blouse that I chose to wear for my interview, but no recollection of the questions asked in that dark upstairs room in which it was held. I was from a State school and horribly nervous. Vernon Butt joked with me subsequently that he was probably as nervous as I was – he had no idea what to expect of young women. Which is interesting; he was not speaking entirely in jest. Were we really that alien?

My room was at the top of staircase 16, where half of us were allocated – the other half being in the Macmillan building. I soon discovered that my next-door neighbour on the all-woman corridor was in fact male. One woman had dropped out at the last minute, and third-year Andy had managed to talk someone into allowing him to occupy it. That set the tone for our social life; Andy was loud, friendly, and generous with his whisky. Numerous friends crowded into his room in the evenings; I guess his popularity was further enhanced by his location. We listened to Motown, and rooms became fogged with cigarette (and sometimes other) smoke – which, somehow, I didn't mind. As a life-long non-smoker, I'd be less tolerant now.

I was persuaded to cox in the first term; I remember jogging down to the river to then sit, growing steadily colder whilst the eight men in front of me heaved on the oars. There were some beautiful red sunrises on those damp early mornings, but the coxing didn't last for long – I wanted to get some exercise myself, not simply watch others doing it. And rowing didn't appeal.

Valentine's Day in our first year was as none I've experienced ever since. Guillum the porter joked that the lodge had been turned into a florist shop, which indeed it closely resembled. Do I remember any negative sentiment towards us as women? No – quite the contrary. Of course, that may be rose-tinted spectacles, combined with naivety.

What I do recall is that despite Pembroke explicitly welcoming state school applicants, part of the student body was nevertheless of a wealthy, privileged background. There were some who looked down on others of a 'humbler' background. For example, a third year who will remain nameless jeered about my father delivering me to college in his work van (my father had a small building business). I thought afterwards of so many things I should have said in response, but at the time I was far too shy and embarrassed.

We debated earnestly at meetings of the JCR – which was largely left wing. How to support the plight of the Palestinians was quite a regular topic; alas, the Palestinian – Israel conflict could still be a topic of debate today. Aman Rai was the JCR president, and his girlfriend Lamia was Palestinian, so we had first-hand information. I don't recall anyone speaking on behalf of Israel. When the scouts came out on strike over their wages and conditions, we supported them wholeheartedly. Below is a photo of a group of us holding up the NUPE strike sign – we're in sub fusc, so presumably it was at the end of the first year. I became JCR Secretary in the second year.

At the end of the first year, I applied for and received a small travel grant from Pembroke to visit Nepal. That began a long fascination with the country; my doctorate of 30 years ago was based on field research in rural Nepal, and I have returned many times to the village in which I lived. Over May 2017 – October 2020 I was based in Kathmandu for the Swiss development NGO for which I have worked over more than two decades. Having lived much of my adult life outside England, I've sadly lost touch with most people from university days, but with those that remain there's a special sense of shared experience.

Keith Pailthorpe - (m.1979) Modern History

I was one of three brothers growing up in a single parent household (mother only) near Heathrow in a West London suburb. Neither of my parents had been to university. I went to the local authority comprehensive school (1972-79) and was the first student from that school to go to Oxford. My school teachers felt unable to help my application and so I picked Pembroke from the university prospectus as it stated, at that time, that it was prepared to take up to 5% of its intake through the conditional offer entry system. This was the equal highest proportion of all the colleges listed in the prospectus. It also was going to be the first year that it took women as well as men. My educational experience had been co-educational so I felt that this combination would best suit me. I also thought that a slightly smaller college might be better for me than a larger one, but I didn't really know what to expect and was 'flying blind' at that point.

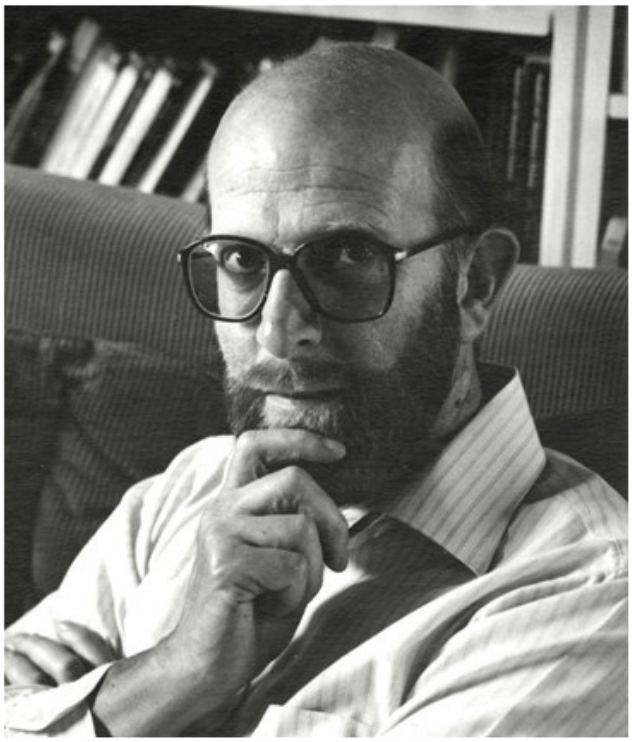
I was pleased to be offered an interview after the application process and remember spending the interview day in Oxford. My love of history dated back to visiting old buildings when I was at school, so I spent the day before the interview walking around the Castle mound in between Pembroke and the Gloucester Road bus station. I had taken the bus to Oxford because it was cheaper than the train and I had very little money!

I also found the large groups of private school boys wandering around the centre of town (also up for interview) quite intimidating as I really had no notion of what Oxford would be like - I picked it because it was the oldest university in the country. I also had visited Oxford twice on day trips with friends as tourists and I loved the fact that it had so much history all around!

I remember being derided by one group of private school boy interviewees because they saw me give some money to a homeless person who had asked me for help. They told me that I was an idiot and he would only spend it on drink. I remember having very strong religious principles and felt obliged to help in some way, but I didn't have the confidence to argue back with them. They reeked of entitlement so I walked off in the other direction.

When I arrived at Pembroke for interview (I think it was 1 pm) I went up to the room which had History tutors Piers Mackesy and Paul Hyams waiting in it (I think this room is now known as the Mackesy Room).

On arrival, they asked me which part of my course I had come prepared to talk about. I said that I didn't know that was what they wanted, so had not prepared any specific talk. I had guessed that they might ask me about life in general and had prepared to answer questions about my interests! I picked a topic about which I had just written an essay in my A level course (Napoleon III and Bismarck, I think) and we talked about that. They asked me how I had spent the day and I told them that I went down to the Castle as I wanted to see what was left of it.



Paul Hyams

Paul Hyams said he found that interesting. They both asked me to take the entrance exam, but I said that I had no way of doing that. My school did not run a seventh term. They said I could take the exam in fourth term, but that would have meant taking it within a few weeks of the interview, despite not having prepared for it, so I said I didn't think that would work.

I went back to London without any great hopes of getting an offer, but was really happy to receive a letter shortly afterwards asking me to get 2 As and a B to get a conditional offer place. When I got my A level results, I got the two As (English and History) but my third grade (French) was a D overall (B in oral). I found out later that Pembroke tutors had telephoned my school to see how well other students had done. They discovered that only two students had passed French A level that year at my school and the other student (who was French) also got a D. They also found out that I was the only student to get As in English and History. I rang college to see whether I could speak to anyone and eventually got through to Paul Hyams who said that they would be taking me, despite the slight difference in the third grade.

I remember arriving at Pembroke in October 1979 - I was terrified that I would come across more of the private school boys who had been so horrible on my interview day, but actually found other students very open and friendly. My scout was a lovely lady, (Gurmita) but she was new that year as well, so I found out lots of information from the porters who were much more 'ordinary' and I felt I had more in common with them. I used to ask them about things like 'should I wear a gown when I am asked to meet certain tutors' and they always knew the answers.

I remember that I signed out of most dinners in Hall as I wanted to keep my Battels bills down. I was on full grant, but didn't get any financial help from my mother as she didn't have anything to give. I had an 'illegal' set of cooking items in my room (Almshouse staircase, Room 5) and used to make my own cheaper meals using a slow-cooker and an electric pan. I can remember that I got 69p back if I signed out of dinner and I could usually eat for half that. I spent a lot of time in the covered market buying good deals for dinner! The chippy next to Carfax was also about 40p for a sausage and chips! Not particularly healthy, but when you are young you don't worry about such things!

I lived in Almshouse 5 in my first year (in the roof), then in Almshouse 2 (ground floor - now a tutor's room, I think) in second year. There was a ballot for some commoners to stay in college and I made the cut. Scholars and exhibitioners were automatically offered rooms in Year 2. As a conditional offer student, I couldn't get an award because I didn't take the

entrance exam.
I avoided most dining experiences in my first couple of years - I had a negative perception of them based on (mostly) unjustified prejudices of mine. The other factor, however, was that I couldn't afford the extra costs of these dinners, so I avoided them. I didn't go to any of the College Balls, partly because they cost a lot and partly because they required me to have clothes that I didn't have.

I had breakfast in Hall as that went with my room. I used to enjoy most of the breakfasts apart from the occasional kippers (once every few weeks) when you could smell them as you came into Chapel Quad.

I ate in Hall on Sundays. I remember the Manciple checking what we were wearing as we arrived at Hall. We had to wear gowns in Hall, but gentlemen also had to wear coverings for their necks - he sent me back once because I had a T shirt on under the academic gown. I went to the Chapel on Sundays before dinner in Hall. John Platt was the Chaplain and was very welcoming. My religious views were quite extreme and Calvinist on arrival, so I regarded the Chapel as too Catholic and too frilly, but John never seemed to rub my nose in the high church bit, so we got on. He really won me over by being such a genuinely nice man.

In my second year, I started rowing (I had rowed at school as my comprehensive school was near the Thames in London and, unusually for a state school, had a small rowing crew attached). As a result of rowing, I started making more use of the dinners (both crew meals and Boat Club dinners). We had a few meals in the Weatherley Room at the back of the Main Hall.

Colin Leach

I lived out in my third year (all students did then) and in my PGCE year. I loved sharing a student house in both those years. The first time (Third Year) was on Kingston Road (8 students from different colleges) and the second time (PGCE year) was in a little house in Jericho with three other Pembroke friends. We had to use Runyards estate agents and everybody hated them, but Pembroke was one of the few colleges who would provide them with a rental guarantee so that we could get leases. I remember Colin Leach (then the Bursar) giving me a very serious interview about why I thought the College should stand guarantor for us. Living in private accommodation meant that I had to stay in Oxford during the vacations. I rather enjoyed this as I preferred living in Oxford to living in my family home near Heathrow (which didn't give me the privacy that our rental places did).

My limited knowledge of sconcing came from Boat Club dinners. I heard that people had to sconce in an ancient language, but didn't really know much more than that.
I remember that a scholar used to read grace ("pro hoc cibo...") at the beginning of Hall Dinner. I distinctly remember when Mo Goulandris (1979) was going to be the first female scholar to read grace, so she learnt it off by heart and read it out from memory. All went well until about half way when she forgot where she was and said "Gosh" really loudly after the "gratimus agimus" bit (sorry couldn't remember the exact words of the grace at that point).

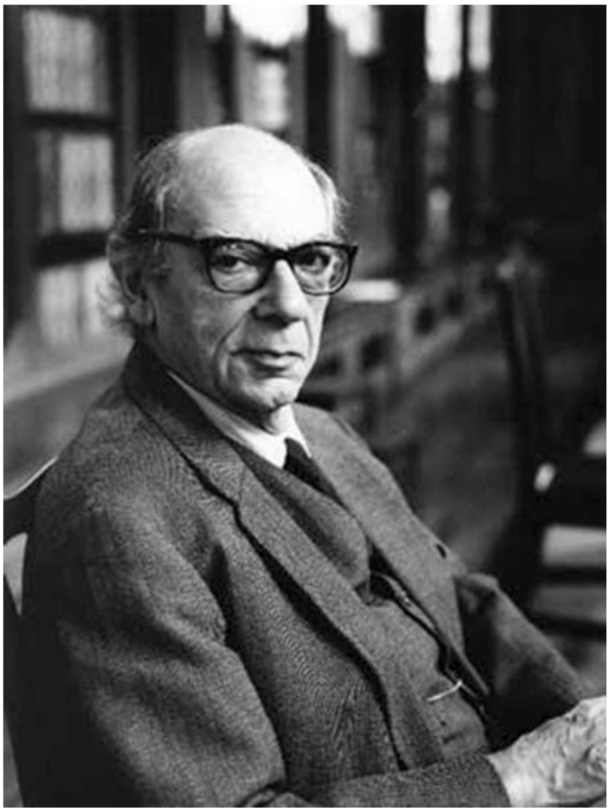
I don't remember there being any student welfare or pastoral service of any kind when I was at Pembroke. If there were any then I didn't know about it. I think some tutors and some scouts were quite protective, but I would say it was only John Platt who ever showed more interest than that. In my PGCE year, I found that Godfrey Bond (the Dean) used to take a much bigger interest in me and would regularly invite me to join his lunches if I was passing through college on a Monday mid-day. I think people would pull out and he was often looking for students to make up numbers, so if you were around in the Lodge at the right time, you would often be pulled in! Not a bad lunch as I remember and it was free!

The porters were generally really helpful (not so much the night porter who was a bit grumpy). There was a fabulous song in one of the college reviews in which a JCR student played the night porter and one of the MCR politics students played Dr Pelcyznski (known by his initials as ZAP). It followed a letter written by ZAP to the JCR complaining about the habit of some JCR students coming back from heavy drinking and then vomiting in the shrubberies. (Dr P was Curator of the Gardens at the time). It used a Gilbert and Sullivan tune, but I can remember the words:

"Kind Doctor I've some urgent information, about some students coming from the pubs,
It could lead on to widespread rustication, for half of them are puking in the shrubs.
There's vomit in the shrubbery, there's vomit in the shrubbery, there's vomit in the shrubs outside the JCR
Kind Porter I'll be your eternal debtor, if you can take me to that shrubbery quick.
I'll have something to write in my next letter, we'll ZAP them in the act of being sick!
There's vomit in the shrubbery, there's vomit in the shrubbery, there's vomit in the shrubs outside the JCR."

It was quite hard work, but I really loved my subject so I enjoyed it. I used to work three days on and one day off, and took Sundays off as well - that way I could keep up with essays. Generally it was day one on reading and note taking, day two on a bit more reading and then drafting an essay plan, with day three being the writing day leading up to the tutorial. I never missed an essay deadline, although I think sometimes they weren't so good. I found that the best ones were when I could pull in research results from lectures at the Schools. I spent a lot of time going to History lectures and occasionally used to visit some outside my specific studies (e.g. I used to go to Professor Obolensky's lectures on Slavonic Church History because he had the best voice and could bring a topic to life even if I knew nothing about it).

My History course was just what I hoped. I used to go to the History Faculty Library a lot (great doughnuts in their cafe) as well as to lectures and tutorials.



Prof. Dmitri Obolensky

I got involved with a lot of things from my second year onwards. I rowed in First VIIIs in 1981, 1982 and 1984. I was in the Oxford University Lightweight VIII that raced Cambridge in the Lightweight boat race in 1982. I was secretary of the Boat Club in Year 2 - 3. I ran the Camden Society (History) for a couple of years. I was Membership Sec of the Pembroke Music Society, Captain of Croquet, Rear Admiral of Punts (with Jean Collier as Vice Admiral!). I got involved with the OICCU (Oxford Inter Collegiate Christian Union) and was the caretaker of the Northgate Hall for a year. I got involved in lots of College Revues and some drama. When I came back for my PGCE year, I wrote the revue with another student and directed it. I can still remember many of the song lyrics and tunes from the revues. I was Dogberry in Much Ado in a Pembroke performance. I didn't attend the May Balls (too expensive for me) but did masses of rowing functions. After I left, I regularly came back to Oxford to coach the First VIII and attended the Head of the River dinner when we got the First VIII to that position.

I remember JCR meetings. Kevin Brennan (1979) was in my year and was a regular speaker. He later became an MP and a Labour minister in education while I was a headteacher and I remember communicating with him once. The Eagle twins (Maria and Angela) were around at the same time. Maria was at Pembroke but I think Angela was elsewhere, although regularly appeared in debates. Both became MPs and Angela was a minister as well.

I remember some very serious and some very silly debates in the JCR. Tim Gilchrist (1979) led one of the debates about legalising bread and condensed milk and I can still see him eating it during the debate. The MCR was rather quiet in comparison when I was a member there in 1983-4.

I arrived in 1979, so women came in at the same time. I didn't know Pembroke before that and I wouldn't have liked a single sex environment anyway.

I remember the doors were locked and I heard many tales of people in the Macmillan building being able to get you in through their doors/windows if you got locked out, but I don't actually remember ever being locked out completely. Sometimes the night porters would have to let me in (my key only worked up to a certain time) but if you were polite to them then they just grumbled a bit and said not to do it again!

I worked for a church for a year immediately after my degree, but then came back to Pembroke for my PGCE. I then taught in secondary schools for about 35 years in London, Paris and Sussex. The last ten years I was a Headteacher/Principal of an academy school in Eastbourne. I took early retirement as a Head when I was 57, but still lead Ofsted inspections and do consultancy in education.

I used my degree throughout this period and Oxford has usually helped me to open doors. As a man with a same sex partner (now husband), I am pleased that, in recent years, Pembroke has extended the same welcome to him as they always did to me. As a senior teacher and headteacher, I tried to increase the numbers of disadvantaged pupils going to Oxford and formed links with Pembroke to promote this.

I am still ready to help in this mission!

Tim Taylor - (m.1979) Classics

Life before Pembroke and admission

I grew up in a regulation three-bed semi just outside Stoke-on-Trent, moving to a bigger house at 11 when my father inherited some money from an aunt. Mum was a primary school teacher. Dad fitted carpets for a small family business, but became a secondary school teacher in the mid-1970s. He had read History at Keble, though, and quite cleverly seeded in me the idea that I might follow in his footsteps by taking me on Sunday trips to Oxford every so often.

My school, Newcastle-under-Lyme High School, was, at the time, a state-funded boys' grammar school that had previously been a public school, and still fancied itself as one - so we had to wear suits and ridiculous red caps. It had a school song in Latin and 'praepostors' instead of prefects (not long after I left it merged with its sister school, the Orme Girls, and went independent again as Newcastle-under-Lyme School). Nevertheless, the school had a broad social mix including posh kids who had been to prep school, some very down-to-earth working-class kids, and people like me who were somewhere in between.

One of the legacies of its past was that the school still taught Latin and Greek, and had some good teachers in those subjects. It was also keen to get people into Oxbridge, so I had plenty of encouragement. At the time, Oxford Colleges were in three groups, as I recall. You applied to one group and listed the Colleges in order of preference. I put Balliol first - I think because Graham Greene went there - and Pembroke second. I took the entrance exam and had seven interviews at different colleges - Pembroke was the last one, a day after all the others, when everyone else from my school had gone home. Balliol would have given me a place, but I'll always remember the phone call from Godfrey Bond at Pembroke who said "we're giving you a scholarship". I was thrilled to bits.

Domestic

I went to live in Staircase 14, room 3 in the North Quad. A fair-sized room, but fairly basic - it didn't even have a sink at first, though that was rectified over the Christmas break. For toilets you had to go down to the basement and showers were right at the far end of the College. In the second year, as a scholar, I got priority in the draw for choosing rooms (much resented by my friends!) and picked 15/2, which had a small study on the quad and a bedroom at the back, with a little tunnel between them.

Being a lifelong owl rather than a lark I signed out of college breakfast after the first week and never went again. I did make extensive use of 'lunch tickets' though. I also went to College dinner most nights when I was living in. I found the 'jacket, tie and gown' dress code rather silly. Once I went wearing a posh velvet jacket and nice shirt and was turned away for not wearing a tie. But I could go in a T-shirt and denim jacket with a tie wrapped round my bare neck and that was absolutely fine. College dinner was a mixed bag - usually it was decent, but sometimes I would end up going to Burgerland instead. I remember one very rowdy evening - I think it was a Christmas dinner - when a lot of food got thrown around - including onto the paintings, so the College put its foot down after that. I also have fond memories of the boozy meals that the dons kindly laid on for us in Broadgates Hall from time to time.

In my last two years I lived in a flat in Marlborough Road, just south of Folly Bridge. Only a half-mile walk from College, but a world apart in some ways. A much more independent existence, but it would have been easy to lose touch with College life and become quite lonely - fortunately, that didn't happen to me.

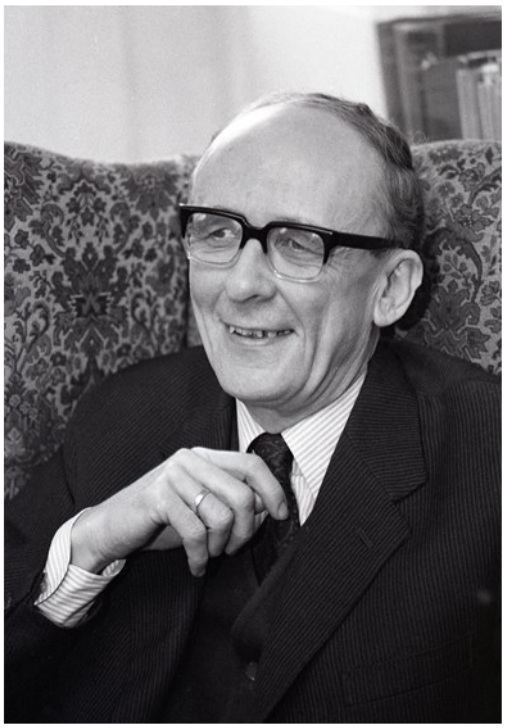
My big interest at the time was music - I was in several rock bands and was president of the Oxford Guitar Society. I played gigs all around Oxford, but only three times in Pembroke - twice in bands, in 1980 in the JCR and then at the 1982 College Ball - which meant I got in free! - plus a solo acoustic guitar concert in the chapel in about 1981. I'm not religious, but I was so impressed with the interior of the building that I came back in 1994 to get married there.

People

I was very happy at Pembroke. I made lots of friends there (and in other colleges), including some who are still close friends today. It was, like school, a varied social mix with little elitism or snobbery and I felt at home there. There were also women - a welcome change from school and a new development for the College itself at the time. It wasn't all good, though. In particular, there was a lot of vandalism and thuggery, especially by certain members of the Rugby Club. You could never make a telephone call in College because the payphones had all been vandalised (this was long before mobile phones), as had the JCR pool and bar football tables (although that did mean you got to play for free!). You might wander through College on a Sunday morning to find the lamppost in North Quad festooned with bicycles and a chair leg sticking out of the wall of the JCR. What is now a semi-circular flower bed in North Quad used to be a pond: it was filled in after a friend of mine was thrown in there and badly cut on a broken bottle that was lying at the bottom.

I got on well with my scout, Mrs Parsons, who would wash mugs for me and turn a blind eye when my girlfriend came to stay.

Among the academic staff I have fond memories of Peter Cuff, who kindled an interest in Roman history I hadn't known was there. I was also fortunate to be taught philosophy by Simon Blackburn, a very distinguished figure in the field of ethics.



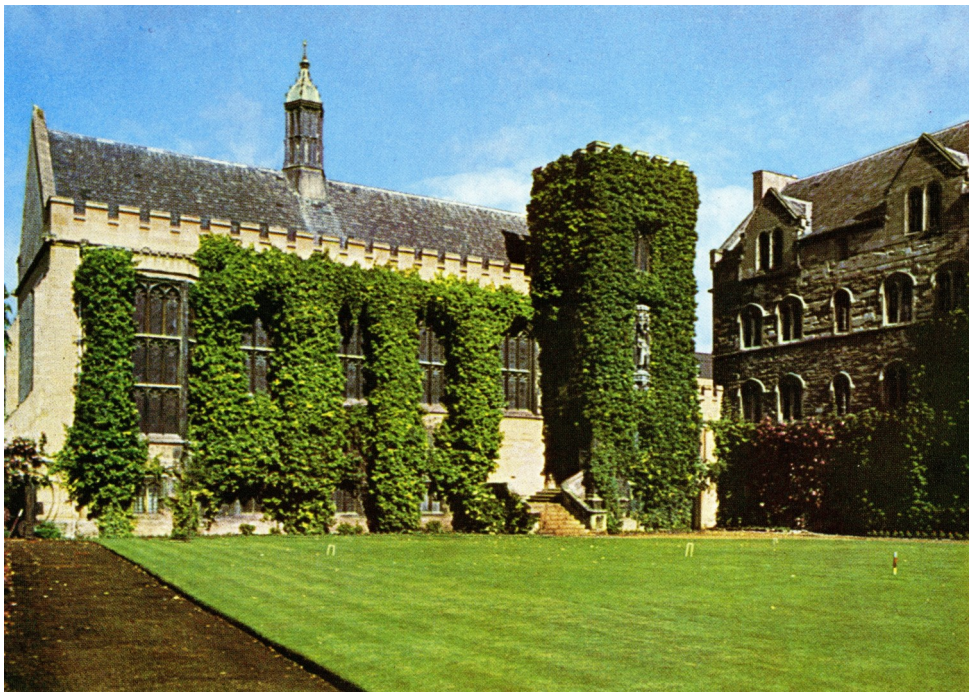
Peter Cuff

Academic

I enjoyed the tutorials and think they worked quite well for me. It was good to be able to talk about your essay in detail. Of course, I don't have much to compare them with, but there were occasional sessions in larger groups and those didn't seem to work as well.

This may seem like an odd thing to say about Oxford, but, in hindsight, I feel I could have been pushed (and should have pushed myself) harder. There was a great deal of pressure - through 'collections', weekly essays, etc - to reach a certain standard, but not much to excel beyond that. I suspect I would have been pushed harder at Balliol - though I doubt I would have been as happy there. The fact that there were no compulsory lectures meant that I didn't go to anywhere near enough of them. I did spend quite a lot of time in libraries, but it was so hard to get hold of the books and articles you needed to read when everyone else was after them too. If only we'd had the internet back then!

Looking back, I have sometimes wished I had followed a career in academia rather than the civil service (in later life I obtained a PhD in philosophy at Birkbeck and have become something of a part-time academic). However, I didn't get the first-class degree I perceived was necessary to do that, and I couldn't really complain - I spent too much time playing in bands and generally having a good time rather than poring over books.



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Front cover clockwise from top left:

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Freshers Photo, 1979; © Gillman & Soame
The McGowin Library; PCA (PMB/N/10/4)
Sir Geoffrey Arthur, Master 1975-1984; PCA (PMB/N/13/7/1)

4 Fire engine in St Ebbe's, 1970; personal photo of George Nasmyth (m.1970)
6 Savile Bradbury, Nuffield Research Fellow in Medicine & Lecturer in Human Anatomy, 1966-1990; PCA (PMB/N/14/26); © Deborah Elliott; c.1990
7 George Nasmyth & Rhys Hamilton; personal photo of George Nasmyth (m.1970)
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18 Zbigniew Pelczynski and Tom Herman; personal photo of Tom Herman (m.1971)
19 Snuff box; Pembroke College Silver Collection
22 Charles Theodore Williams (m.1856); Pembroke College Art Collection (PMB/M/3/2/1/40)
23 Charles Darwin's Study; *Creative Malady*, George Pickering, Allen & Unwin, 1974, facing p.97; Pembroke College Library (Alum PIC)
26 Park Crescent; *North Oxford*, Tannis Hinchcliffe, Yale University Press, 1992, p.32; Pembroke College Library (LH/HIN)
28 Broadgates Library, c.1970s; PCA (Uncatalogued)
29 North Quad pond, 29 Jun 1962; PCA (PMB/N/7/7); © Gillman & Soame
30 Student protest; personal photo of Steve Perkins (m.1969)
31 Rob Langley; personal photo of Roger Read (m.1971)
33 John Platt (m.1956), Chaplain 1970-2002; PCA (PMB/N/16/1/1987/1); 1987
34 College staff; personal photo of Steve Perkins (m.1969)
36 Professor Rodney Porter, Whitley Professor of Biochemistry, 1967-1985; personal photo of Steve Perkins (m.1969)
37 Kenneth Hoxsie as Hamlet; personal photo of Kenneth Hoxsie (m.1972)
39 The Steinway; PCA (PMB/M/3/5/3/11)

41 Kallistos Ware; PCA (PMB/T/24/1); © The Times; 1982
43 John Krebs (m.1963), E.P. Abraham Fellow and Royal Society Professor in Zoology at Pembroke 1981-2005; © Gillman & Soame, c.1981
44 The Tinbergen Building; https://www.oahs.org.uk/lectures.php
45 Score Card for the Eights, 1976; PCA (PMB/R/3/2/32)
46 Score Card for the Eights, 1976; PCA (PMB/R/3/2/32)
48 Piers Mackesy, Lecturer in Modern History, 1954-1987; PCA (PMB/N/14/16); © Gillman & Soame; 1982
50 Hugh Trevor-Roper, Regius Professor of Modern History, 1957-1980; https://jnnielsen.medium.com/hugh-trevor-roper-ec3581ab4a35
52 Sir Geoffrey Arthur, Master 1975-1984; PCA (PMB/N/16/7/1982/1); © Rupert Trollope; 1982
53 Paradise House; *The Oxford Drinker (Issue 99)*, Feb-Mar 2017, front page; © The Oxford Mail
54 Pembroke Medics and Student Identity Card; personal photos of Mike Williams
56 Election poster; personal photo of Mike Williams
58 Harry Price, Head Porter; personal photo of Steve Perkins (m.1969)
61 Reginald Borough, 1890; PCA (PMB/N/18/5)
63 David Fleeman, Lecturer in English Language & Literature, 1965-1994; PCA (PMB/N/14/135); © Gillman & Soame, 1977
64 The First Bump; personal photo of Martin Williams
66 Vernon Butt, Fellow and Tutor in Botany, 1965-1989; PCA (PMB/N/14/16); © Gillman & Soame; 1982
68 Rock Against Racism concert, 1978; https://www.marshall.com/us/en/backstage/seventies/1978-music-unites-to-rock-against-racism; © Syd Shelton (?)
69 US President Nixon at the Oxford Union, Dec 1978; © The Oxford Mail
70 Rowing Crew; personal photo of Jane Carter
71 NUPE picket; personal photo of Jane Carter
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76 Professor Dmitri Obolensky, Professor of Russian & Balkan History, 1961-1985; https://sesdiva.eu/en/virtual-rooms/modern-authors/item/57-dimitri-obolensky-en
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