Reminiscences of Pembroke College

The 1960s

The 1960s

1960 *Sir Harold Macmillan is elected Chancellor of the University and College Visitor*

1960 Beef Lane is closed

1960 *The USA enters the Vietnam War*

1960 *NASA's space probe Pioneer 5 is launched*

1961 The new sports pavilion is opened

1961 *Construction begins on the Berlin Wall*

1962 North Quad is opened, 29th June

1962 New Quad is renamed Chapel Quad

1962 *The Beatles release their first single, 'Love me Do'*

1963 *The Great Train Robbery takes place*

1963 *US President John F. Kennedy is assassinated*

1964 The College Barge sinks

1964 *Nelson Mandela is sentenced to life imprisonment*

1964 *The House of Commons votes to abolish the death penalty*

1965 *The state funeral of Sir Winston Churchill takes place*

1966 *Queen Elizabeth II open the Severn Bridge*

1966 *The Aberfan disaster claims the lives of 116 children and 28 adults*

1967 Staircase 12/13 is opened

1967 *Television is first broadcast in colour*

1967 *Concorde is unveiled in Toulouse*

1968 Sir George Pickering is elected Master

1968 *Martin Luther King is assassinated*

1969 The Boathouse is opened

1969 *Man first walks on the moon*

1969 *Prince Charles is invested as Prince of Wales at Caernarfon*

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Colin Clarke - (m.1960) PPE

I arrived at Pembroke late one October afternoon in 1960.

My first commitment was to meet the Fellow for English Literature studies, who rejoiced in the name of Robert Browning.

Earlier in the summer he had sent prospective students some preparatory reading, including Spencer's Faerie Queen. His first concern was to hear how I felt about that and other books we had been asked to read. I explained that I had not felt very enthusiastic about any of them. He asked whether I was sure that I wanted to read English and I mentioned that talking with friends had made me think PPE would be very interesting and that I had an A level in Economics.

Irvine Robert Browning

Robert Browning's immediate response was to suggest that I should go across the quad and see whether Dr Pelczynski could accept me into his PPE group. He went on to explain that he had not at all enjoyed reading English himself. Indeed after the last exam he had put all his papers, except one on early English, into a sack with some stones and thrown the sack into the Cherwell.

Fortunately, Dr Pelczynski took me on and I greatly enjoyed the PPE course. He was quite new to Pembroke, a very enthusiastic tutor who took a great interest in his students. His study was furnished in the then very fashionable Danish style complete with egg chair, in recognition of the advice he had given on furnishing the recently completed Nuffield College. He married during our time and with his wife entertained us generously.

The 1960 PPE group stuck together and kept in touch with Dr P, who, much later in the early 1990s, held a series of Saturday seminars with us. These were of particular interest because by then his native Poland was free from Russian control and he was contributing to the drafting of the new Polish constitution.

Nigel Coombes - (m.1960) English

Construction of North Quad

Unfortunately, our rooms in the North Quad were not ready so we spent most of the first year at the Abingdon House Hotel. I enjoyed this because many of the regular residents were travelling salesmen. Having spent a year out in 'the real world' as a trainee journalist, I learned a lot about another slice of life.

I really enjoyed Pembroke for its broad intake, particularly the company of the North Countrymen, and my best pal was an Indian Jew who taught me that the sub-continent's grasp of both language and literature was so often better than the indigenous population here.

My father was at St Peter's Hall before going into the Church. He later told me that he played too much hockey and cricket, fell out with the Principal and never took his degree. As an army Chaplain during the '39-45 war, he stayed until the bitter end at Dunkirk and was awarded an MBE in 1946. He said it was family pride that demanded I get MY degree!

I think my interview helped. I had a great regard for Robert Browning and Douglas Gray, my tutors. I loved the poetry of Robert Frost whom I admired above most, then Milton.

It was only much later I learned that Geoffrey Bartlett, my prep school English teacher, was a Pembroke man. When he stood at the front and declaimed "On first looking into Chapman's Homer" it changed my life for good! Aged 11!

I taught at Crypt School, Gloucester, for 37 years. Curiously, it was only after a few years I realised the strong connection, through the Townsend Scholarship, between Crypt and Pembroke. Long may it thrive! Although an era of closed scholarships has passed, I was always delighted when our pupils from Crypt were admitted, including Peter Farthing, one of my first pupils. Below are some of my diary entries from 1962.

Saturday 20 January 1962

Well, thank goodness today is over! I have no great love for the first day of term with its attendant evils: having done no work of consequence during the vacation, I found my style in the collections was rather cramped. After the exam, I gave full vent to my self-pity, but

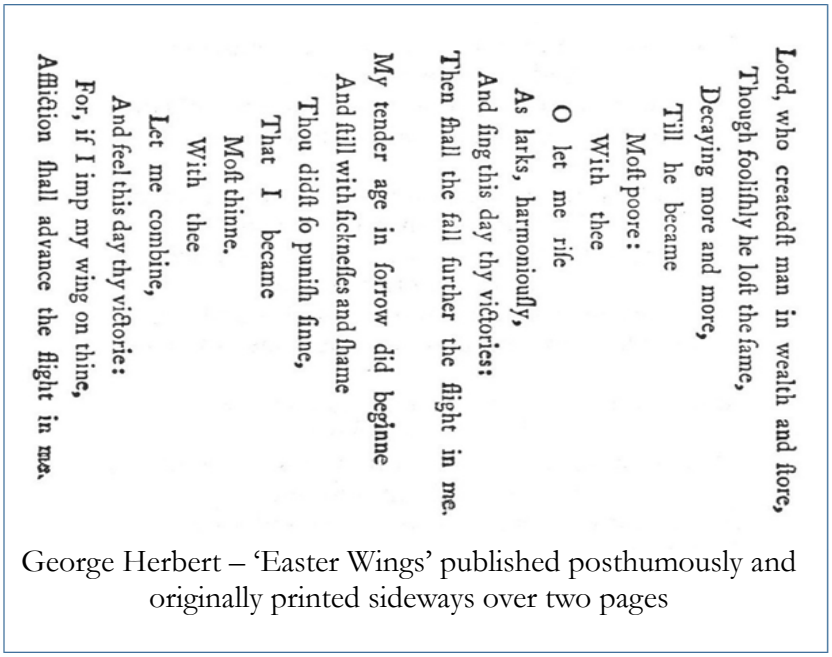
now I feel even sorrier for I.R.B. who has had the misfortune of having to read the stuff. In the evening, spent a cheerful half-hour in the Apollo nattering with Jack: I still haven't decided how old the young lady is who serves very charmingly from behind the bar. Being a Saturday night, the 'leopard' room at the back was crowded with American airmen and their attendant females: the Yanks seem to drape themselves everywhere with an absurd nonchalance. You can always tell an American by the way he leans on the bar – hips to one side, weighing heavily on one leg with the other thrust out at an angle. It seems a national characteristic to loll or to lean: can't they stand up straight?

Monday 22 January 1962

Record hunting this afternoon produced an excellent crop of ancient '78s from varied sources. An old junk shop on the other side of Folly Bridge could only manage a fairly recent George Shearing production, but the place in St Ebbe's revealed a Paul Whiteman record, a thoroughly corny rendition of "Stay out of the South" by the Midnight Revellers and an excellently 'dated' orchestral number featuring the Victorian Syncopators. These old English dance tunes of the 1920s and early '30s have a fascinating appeal: in themselves, they exhibit rhythm, melody and an easy vitality which seems to be missing from their modern counterparts. Apart from this, I think they stand for the extraordinary paradox which is the Georgian era: the happy-go-lucky swing of the dance bands which goes hand in hand with the dire poverty of the depression. Those who had the money danced to such bands, and those who didn't, starved.

Friday 26 January 1962

A good day from many points of view. Tutorial at 11 o'clock had me up until about three last night, but it was time well spent: I now feel I have a much better grasp of, and insight into the writings of George Herbert. His devout and practical approach to Christianity has moved me no little; even though he died in 1633, his ideas and his conclusions manifest in his poetry still seem as fresh and invigorating today. It is a constant source of amazement to me that a man so pious and so high minded could write verse so free from self-consciousness and humbug.



Lord, who createdſt man in wealth and ſtore,
Though foolifhly he loſt the ſame,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Moſt poore:
With thee
O let me riſe
As larks, harmoniouſly,
And ſing this day thy victories:
Then ſhall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in ſorrow did beginne
And ſtill with ſickneſſes and ſhame
Thou didſt ſo puniſh ſinne,
That I became
Moſt thinne.
With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victorie:
For, if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction ſhall advance the flight in me.

George Herbert – 'Easter Wings' published posthumously and originally printed sideways over two pages

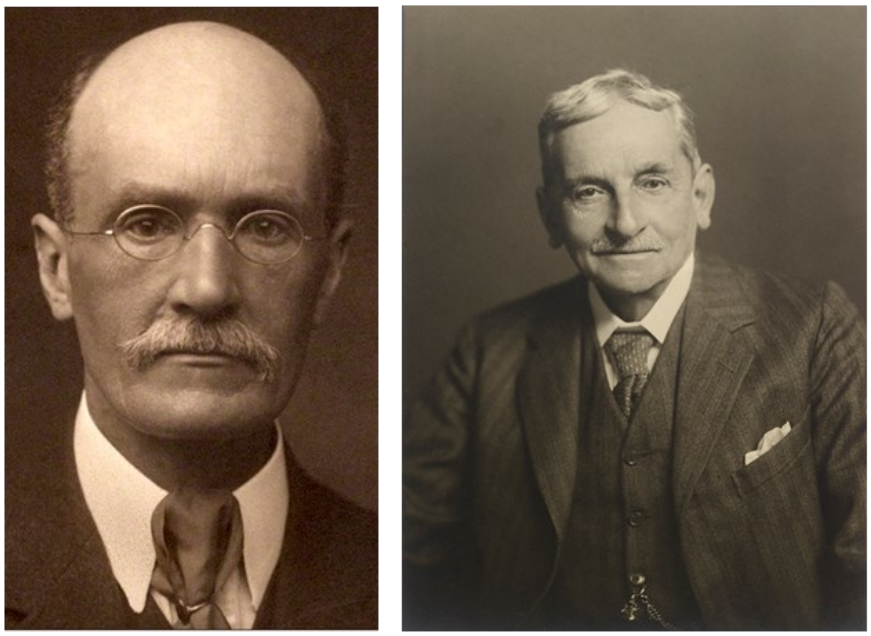
This evening I went down to the crime-a-challenge meeting at Regent's Park College where the visiting speaker, Peter Baker, an ex-Tory MP, gave an illuminating talk on prison life from the inside. The most significant factor which he disclosed was that £5 million is spent continuing the prison system and £17,000 on aftercare – what a farce!

Saturday 17 February 1962

Spent an entertaining evening at a small party given by Colin and his wife, Marion, both of whom are thoroughly dedicated Communists – such a pity because they are both essentially very pleasant people. Colin is far too kind and sensitive to be as far left as he is, but I fear that his domestic background doesn't give him a chance to be anything else. Martin and I were definitely outnumbered by the forces of revolution, who, incidentally, all seemed to come from London and its suburbs, judging by their accents. We left at about 11.30, just as the conversation had turned to politics. Two of the company sported CND badges, one was dressed in flashy tweeds and the remainder wore dark trousers and black sweaters: they all discussed the latest articles in that sensational and evil-slanted journal, the Daily Worker, and laughed bitterly at the 'unfair' reporting of the CND Secrets Breach case in the national press. Two of the girls who looked most intellectual had absolutely nothing to say at all, until in the political conference, words flowed freely. It is a tragedy to see obviously talented people supporting such an alien, oppressive and unfriendly creed.

Tuesday 20 February 1962

My afternoon tea-party with the College Sister was certainly not as tedious as I had envisaged – she is a delightful woman although somewhat eccentric, and maintains opinions that are very strongly and quite illogically expressed. The greatest reward of the afternoon was the arrival of an elderly, well-to-do lady by name of Miss Kaye who was a cross between Margaret Rutherford in one of her haughtier moments and Lady Bracknell in one of her less austere. She was the finest example of a bit of old Oxford that I have yet seen, and a type of person who is fast disappearing save for such places as Hove, Westcliff, Bath and Budleigh Salterton. The circles in which she moved seem to have been the highest which Oxford could provide and she regaled us with tales of the eminent historian, the late Sir Gilbert Murray and his wife Lady Mary, and Sir Arthur Evans the archaeologist whose theories are now under fire.



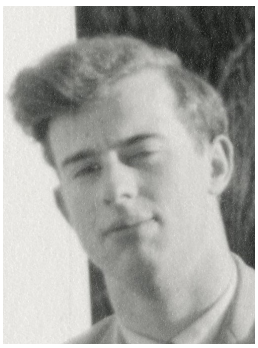
Sir Gilbert Murray and Sir Arthur Evans

Hobbies which this remarkable woman still manages to keep up are the study of illuminated manuscripts, ornithology and travelling, but the most astounding of all was the facility with which she could speak on current affairs and important issued of the moment: her views were not old-fashioned either, but thoroughly up to date and tempered with a judgment which would have been the envy of a woman forty years younger. If you are prepared to look for it, people of an earlier age have much to offer, if only their experience. "The past has nothing to offer" says an omniscient contemporary voice, but old age has a fund of knowledge and experience mellowed by the passage of time and sets up a convenient barrier against the headlong impetuosity and pride of youth.

Monday 19 March 1962

End of term provides one with an unaccustomed leisure which is singularly welcome: here at last is time enough to do all the things that I have been unable to do during the term, I hopefully surmised. The result is that I have done nothing, but I rest with an easy conscience – I had a pretty good collection on Saturday. "Mr Coombes has had quite a good term" said Mr Browning, "but: he tends to make too much reliance of critics; he strips the literary critics of their wilder excesses, but on the whole his own judgement is rather timid". During which evaluation Mr Gray contented himself with a barrage of wide grins, but at whose expense I couldn't quite gather; on reflection it was probably the Master's, who gave me what must have been excellent advice if only I could have heard it. The Master is a benign character with a rather stooping pose – sitting or walking – and he regards the person to whom he is talking with a huge pair of grey eyes while his words seem to get lost somewhere between his mouth and his moustache. You have to meet his incoherent mumble with an intelligent and understanding gaze which must indicate that you are carefully taking in all that he says: this is a most difficult art which only begins to become easy in the third year.

Ronald Buchanan McCallum



Dirk FitzHugh - (m.1960) Modern Languages

I was born on 11 November 1941 in Berlin, the son of Herbert Kühne and Eileen Olivia Vara FitzHugh. My mother, daughter of Canon Victor Christian Albert FitzHugh (godson of Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, formerly Princess Helena, daughter of Queen Victoria - hence his name) arrived in Berlin in 1931 with an introduction to the British Embassy Chaplain, to work as an au pair and teach English. On 13 Feb 1934, she married Herbert Kühne in London and thereafter lived with him on the 2000 acre Kühne family estate at Schwaneberg near Prenzlau, between Berlin and the Baltic. In WWII, my father was called up, served in the Afrika Corps as 1st Lieutenant and was taken prisoner by US forces at Cap Bon, Tunisia, May 1943. Our Nanny, my two elder brothers and I escaped on a ten day trek to the West as the Russians approached from the East. My mother, who was running the family estate, had to stay until the night before the Russians moved in - they had shot up and bombed the estate. She drove three days with her Irish setter, Sally, to join us in the West, where she became an interpreter to the British Governor of the local area in Schleswig-Holstein. We moved to England after my parents divorced in 1949.

We three boys went to Yateley Manor prep school near Camberley, my brother Chris and I were given Surrey County Council scholarships to Dulwich College where we boarded. Our eldest brother, Alan, went to the Grammar School in Camberley, was called up for National Service, obtained a commission in the RASC, served in Singapore and Malaysia during the Emergency, and died of Hodgkin's Disease on 4 May 1959, 7 months before I came up to Pembroke for my interview. He was only 21.

When I arrived in Oxford for my three day entrance exams early in December 1959, I went to Worcester. I wished to avoid following my brother Chris to Pembroke as I had been to all his schools. He had been given an £80 scholarship by Pembroke. However, I had put Pembroke down as my 1st choice for a place, so Worcester, finding I had a brother at Pembroke, sent me there for my interview. On a cold, wet wintery evening, I crept through the dark to find my way to the Senior Common Room, I felt very nervous and unsure of myself.

Robert Baldick

The interview panel, chaired by the Master, R.B. McCallum, included the French don, Dr Robert Baldick: they turned out to be surprisingly friendly.

The only question which I found difficult to answer was: what are you reading at present?

The titles of various unsuitable paperbacks raced through my mind as I tried to come up with one which sounded presentable for such academic company. I returned home to Camberley thinking that I should have to rely on my fall-back position: a place at Merton. I had taken the written exam at school, under supervision, and attended a brief interview at Merton, chaired by the Warden, Geoffrey Mure. My mother had suggested that I apply to Merton as the Warden was a distant cousin and brother of her Aunt Katherine Mure, who had married her uncle William Reginald FitzHugh. Whilst the latter had died in 1943, his widow still lived in the family home, 'Hamels', on Boars Hill. At the interview, the Warden had declared his 'interest' and requested other panel members to put all the questions.

On Xmas Eve, I received a letter from the Warden advising me that the College did not consider it appropriate to offer me a place, since Pembroke was offering me an open exhibition. The next letter which I opened was, indeed, the offer of a £40 p.a. open exhibition which I was delighted to accept. Thus I heard no more from Worcester, where I had enjoyed my three day stay: my Great Aunt Katherine had assured my mother that it was a 'Gentleman's College'!

I immediately informed my school that my conditional notice, given the previous term, was now effective. If I had failed to gain anything, I would have had to stay on another year until the following December. Instead, I found a job as a master at Idlicote House prep school near Shipston on Stour, Warwickshire. I started there in early January at £300 p.a. plus board and lodging…I was to teach French, Maths, History, Geography and some games. Idlicote House was a Georgian Manor with extensive grounds, owned by Mr Parsons, a former housemaster of Greshams School, Holt. He lived there, a bachelor, with his imposing mother and his strict spinster sister who taught music. The staff consisted of an elderly retired school mistress, a relatively young ex-Army officer and we three school leavers: one of the others was waiting to go up to Cambridge, reading French, and the other was more sporting than academic and had not yet decided on his future. There were two matrons who were invited out by the other two school leavers – shades of Waugh's Decline and Fall!

Staircase 8 - '1st floor my rooms'

The headmaster's mother threatened to sack a member of the kitchen staff, daughter of a local farmer, if she was caught going out with my young colleagues again, hence their approach to the matrons.

When I came up to Pembroke in Oct 1960, I found I was one of seven in our modern language group, reading French and German or, as in my case, German and French. There were two scholars, Pat McCarthy and Bernard Hopkins, one had done National Service, Richard Burlingham, and the three others were Peter Jakobsen, Neil Cohen and Colin Burls. My rooms were in the old Master's Lodgings on the 1st floor: a small sitting room with gas fire and a small adjoining bedroom.

Lavatories and washrooms were downstairs. Baths were on the other side of the Old Quad, past the JCR – not very welcoming in Autumn and Winter as you hurried there in the cold, wet evenings, huddled in your raincoat and scarf. We were invited to a Freshmen's gathering in the first week: I joined the Strasburg Club which encouraged members to support joining the Common Market. We had highly placed speakers such as Robert Schuman.

We were then given a long and comprehensive list of lectures which I began to attend, but soon found that most were too dull to be of much use. If the speakers were well known, it was preferable to read their books, to which they would refer extensively. The only commitments were the weekly tutorials. In the first two terms the pressure was to pass prelims at the end of March. One member of the College failed, retook the exam in the Summer and, on failing again, was out.

Funds were limited: my exhibition of £40 p.a. provided me with a supplemented state scholarship. This paid for my fees and gave me a maintenance grant of £271 p.a., payable in three instalments (which included £30 to cover vacation periods). I became a life member of the Pembroke Society (for £1) and later a life member of the Oxford Union – with reciprocal rights for the Cambridge Union, the Durham Union and the equivalent at Dublin and Yale, Paris, Bordeaux and Aix Marseilles.

Chris, Sandra M & Dirk

By my third year, the grant had risen to £325 p.a. Social life involved evenings at one of the many pubs but not too frequently as we could not afford much. We would meet more often in our rooms for coffee or, occasionally, for a sherry, served in a decanter to conceal the South African source that some might scorn. At the end of the week, there would be a Staircase party, when you would be welcome if you came with a bottle - and especially so with a girl. You would hope that others would bring something better that what you could afford - but not worse. To save money, I would avoid College lunch and just have a steak and kidney pie (packet) and half a pint of best bitter at the New Inn up the road.

Afternoons might be spent at the cinema in Walton St. which had a good selection of foreign films, especially those of the Nouvelle Vague. Sport was not particularly my line: this was limited to squash.

Breakfasts were 'British', fried; coffee was like Army fare, as though brewed in large metal cans for ages. I would often forego breakfast in favour of sleep and then, with my friend Martin Le Vay, Classics Exhibitioner, also from Dulwich, would head up to the Cornmarket towards Elliston's the department store by St Giles, for their fresh cream cakes, Danish pastries and coffee, available at 11 a.m. Special eating places were country pubs such as the Lamb and Flag at Longworth, otherwise known as 'Dirty Dudley's', where the duck and steaks were mouthwatering and very reasonably priced. Mine Host was a large man, who kept his shape in with an army canvas belt and left guests to write out what they had consumed: he was assisted by what appeared to be an 18th century slatternly wench out of Fielding's *Tom Jones*! Other, smarter, eating places like The George and Dorchester or

The Elizabeth on the Abingdon Road, just below Pembroke, were beyond my reach.

There were some private dining clubs: friends from Hertford had their own, the 'Bar-Stewards', who would dine in fine style at the Mitre (before it was reduced to a 'chain eatery'). We would occasionally organise our own entertainments: I organised a wine and cheese party with some twenty different cheeses, mainly from the George St. market, accompanied by a dozen different wines.

Annual highlights were Summer Balls: in my first year, I attended Univ College Commem where my brother and I joined a party hosted by a Dulwich friend. We invited two girls from Camberley who shared a room in a Pembroke St B&B. The morning after was spent punting on the river: my brother decided he needed to relieve himself so, being very agile, he climbed up the spiked railings on the riverbank and leaped down. I followed him but slid down on the spikes and spent some time later that morning being sewn up at the Radcliffe (near Somerville).

The following year, I attended the Pembroke Eights Week Ball and invited a German girl whose family we knew through my German Aunt Ruth and who happened to be in London as an au pair. The girl, Christine, was a year older than me and, though very beautiful, there was no romantic interest on either side. I wished to repay the hospitality that my brother and I had received from her family in the past when our Aunt Ruth had arranged trips round Germany for us and her family was always the first stop, in Aachen, off the London-Folkestone-Ostend boat train. Given her looks, I was not surprised that the father of her host family in London expressed an interest in her and insisted on checking me out. Was I a suitable person to whom he should entrust his charge, overnight in Oxford, having doubtless heard of unruly Oxford undergraduates? We met at a pub round the corner from the College and I assured him that I had made appropriate arrangements – Christine would spend the night at the Randolph, which was more grand than I had intended but I had to make a show of it. In the event, I saw little of Christine at the ball, since a tall, dark fellow of European extraction came across from another table, invited her to dance, and away they went – they went punting together next morning. She later married in Germany but we still keep in touch.

Merton Commemoration Ball, June 1963, with Julie Maude

The third year, I attended the Commem at Merton where my cousin, Terrick FitzHugh, had deservedly secured a place, having rowed for St Edward's School, Oxford, and been head boy. Sadly, the girl

from Camberley whom I had invited went down with a bug soon after we arrived at Merton – she lay down in my cousin's bed and remained there until the early hours of the morning when I decided I should take her home to Camberley. The car broke down as we were coming into town on the A30 – people passed us as they walked to work at 7 a.m. and watched me, in my white tie and tails, tinkering with the engine. Eventually, I got my girl home by taxi. We are no longer in touch: she married and went to Carolina, but I still hear of her through mutual friends.

Other social events included the annual cocktail party, given by our cousin, the Warden of Merton: he was a quiet, reserved host, being an acknowledged authority on Aristotle and Hegel, and having been awarded an MC in WWI. His wife, Molly, was most gregarious: she very kindly shepherded me around the crowded party, who all seemed to know each other. She would introduce me and then come back a little later to move me on, saying quietly in my ear "you can always come back to them if you want to, now that you know them". Indeed, she was the perfect hostess.

The Warden's sister, my Great Aunt Katherine, aged in her early eighties, would also invite me on occasions. At one cocktail party, I met her cousin, Airey Neave (later assassinated by the IRA when Home Secretary) and also George Bredin, Pembroke Bursar, who lived up on Boar's Hill.

She lived in an old Herefordshire tithe barn: this had been removed piecemeal and re-erected on its present site of some 12 acres, with swimming pool and tennis court. She was looked after by a Spanish couple who acted as butler, cook and housekeeper. The house was the brainchild of the actress Lillah McCarthy (b.22 Sep 1875) who married 1st Harley Granville Barker (divorced 1918) and 2nd Sir Frederick Keeble, CBE FRS, of Magdalen College, Oxford. The main bedroom had a balcony overlooking the large sitting room which went right up to the timber roof: apparently she would appear on the balcony to perform for her guests below.

After my great aunt died on 30 December 1962, the property was put up for sale. I attended the will reading ceremony in the Warden's lodgings at Merton. We great nephews were each left £50 which was most considerate of her. My cousin, Terrick, later that year, celebrated his 21st birthday at Hamels with a large party and, being an actor in OUDS, appeared to make his speech on the balcony.

Earlier in 1961/2, my great aunt had enlisted me to show our cousin, Bobby Hillas-Drake, round the pubs of Oxford: he had come over for a brief holiday from Kenya where he had a coffee plantation: only 120 acres of coffee and 1000 acres of scrub land for cattle. He told me of his time with the Mau-Mau who had planned to kill him, but their plans were

'Hamels' on Boars Hill

disclosed to him by one of his servants. Thus, the police lay in wait for the would-be killers and caught them as they were about to act.

Otherwise, life in College was fairly quiet and comfortable. In my second year, I had a large sitting room on the 1st floor of the Old Quad, near the JCR, with a bay window looking at St Aldates. Hector would clean our shoes, our scout would clean our rooms and make our beds. After Prelims in term two, there was little academic pressure, though our weekly tutorials with Robert Baldick required extensive reading. We would have to write on a particular 19th century French author's works, such as Zola, the Goncourt brothers, Balzac & Flaubert, who wrote too many novels for us to read in the time available. I would be up until 3 a.m., writing a ten page essay in time for the 10 a.m. tutorial. Baldick was an acknowledged authority, having written on the Goncourt brothers, Huysmans et al. We would read out our essays whilst he was cleaning his teeth next door, preparing his coffee, taking phone calls from Paris, always with an ear to our voices. At the end, he would provide a brief summary of the salient points to be borne in mind. I found his tutorials good value, some others were put off by his apparent distractions.

We had no permanent German Tutor until Dr Lamport appeared. We used to be sent out to other Colleges to use their tutors – just as Christ Church came to Dr Baldick. Dr Lamport was young and serious and had still to develop his own ideas, which proved rather frustrating. We would attend weekly language seminars at the Taylorian (the St Giles part of the Ashmolean), German in my case. When Dr Lamport was 'performing', I felt it my duty to come as there were so few attendees.

One of the blessings at Oxford was the number of good secondhand bookshops – Blackwells (new & old), Parkers and Thorntons (all in the Broad).

Dirk with 1942 Standard 8

We would cycle everywhere – until my brother and I combined to buy a secondhand car – first a yellow 1942 Standard 8 coupe, which was on its last legs. When we took our young cousin Nigel FitzHugh out for a drive from his school, St Edward's, showing off its speed along the dual carriageway coming into Oxford from Woodstock, one of the two doors fell off – luckily it was on the driver's side, so he could hold on to the steering wheel. The next car was a 1938 Hillman 10 which had very loose steering and was difficult to control on bumpy roads. The Ministry of Transport 10 year test pushed that one off the road. Our final investment was a black Ford Prefect 1952 which was rather more expensive than the previous efforts; those had set us back £20 and £18 respectively (the latter from my mother's hairdresser). A small green light was fixed to our car to show that we were members of the University – and so could be traced more easily.

Neil Cohen

Life was generally quite monastic: there were only five women's colleges – St Hilda's, St Hugh's, Lady Margaret Hall, St Anne's and Somerville – and there were no mixed colleges. Lectures and seminars accordingly had few girls. The girls who gained entrance to the University were naturally of the highest academic calibre: many spent their time studying, in College and in libraries and so gained good academic results. The girls whom you tended to meet came from secretarial and language schools. Then, when we were setting up a party, such as one in Roman dress, where all appeared in white sheets as togas, notices were put up in those colleges and schools.

There was, of course, some snobbery in terms of individual colleges and those within them. Thus, Christ Church and Magdalen were seen as the 'top', both architecturally and socially. Pembroke was sometimes referred to as the coal scuttle of Christ Church as it had not been cleaned for ages, looking grey and sooty. It was also seen as somewhat 'grey': it did not then shine in any particular aspect, sporting or academic. I would, however, listen with some sense of vicarious pride to the sound of Big Tom as I was heading off to sleep. My brother and I had been encouraged to apply for Oxford, rather than Cambridge, because of our family connections. I have already mentioned my mother and cousin, Geoffrey Mure, Warden of Merton. In addition, the father of my maternal grandfather, William Henry FitzHugh, had been up at Christ Church (matric 1840 aged 17, from Winchester). He began his studies in Hilary 1841: his studies included Thucydides, Sophocles, Aeschylus, Livy and Aristophanes as well as Algebra, Geometry, Ethics and Theology. According to the archivist there, he appears to have been a middling student, managing 'bene' for most subjects with the odd 'satis' thrown in. He achieved a 3rd class degree and his tutor or examiner had written, after his result, "insignitur", suggesting that this may have been a surprise. I mention this here as it predates my own similar experience at Pembroke. In my finals, I had two unpleasant moments: one, in the middle of a paper, when I mistook the time by an hour, and suffered temporary panic - my mind went blank, thinking there was no time to finish – this naturally restricted my output before I realised my mistake. The second moment was when I looked at my Old High German paper and realised that I had only studied half of the books addressed. Mr McKay of 'Pott' Hall had never told us what the whole course was intended to cover: he took us gradually through three texts, which were never completed, in his steady low Scottish manner, dry as a biscuit, and I never questioned the outcome…until I sat facing my paper. Thus, I came out with only a 3rd and the Master was stated to have expressed surprise, as did I, with bitter regret, seeking comfort in Rachmaninov's 2nd piano concerto. But this is all later. William Henry FitzHugh had come to Christ Church because his father, William Anthony FitzHugh had briefly gone there, likewise from Winchester. On 16 May 1811, he celebrated his 18th birthday there, having arrived late in April and matriculated on 8th May. However, he had left 'The House' by the end of May and no one

has ever been able to discover why or what he did before turning up at Trinity, Cambridge on 27 April 1814, where he took his degree.

One of the sporting events at Oxford which I attended was the varsity boxing match, held at the Town Hall in St Aldates: my cousin, Tony FitzHugh was representing Cambridge, being up at Trinity then. Sadly, the fight was stopped (in the 2nd round) as, whilst he was tall, he was also slight and his Oxford opponent, one Archer, was heavier and stronger. My college 'friends' who had come with me enjoyed a supercilious laugh at the FitzHugh family misfortunes which did nothing to lessen my pride in my cousin's efforts.

Other social events included an open-air performance of a Jean Anouilh play (author of Antigone et al) by the lake at Worcester. The '1812' at Christ Church, in the Tom Quad by Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, with cannons from the Royal Horse Artillery in the archways, buglers from a Hussar Cavalry Regiment – most impressive and just what Tchaikovsky must have intended; with the bells of the Cathedral sounding in the background! I was not very musical and not a regular Chapel attendee but I enjoyed strong Romantic music. My only musical connection was my mother's cousin, Philip FitzHugh Radcliffe, who was a music don at King's, Cambridge. He had published a volume on Mendelssohn in the Master Musician's series (1954/7).

Reverting to College life, there were those who had more friends and would go down to London for parties. One boasted a key to the 'Stable', a kind of London night club, which he would lend out – I never did borrow it. My mother was only earning £300 p.a., the same salary that I was paid in 1960 as a prep school master (though, as stated, I had board and lodging as an extra). She had been employed by Elmhurst Ballet School as a matron and then, when they went short of teaching staff, she was asked to teach geography, arithmetic, geometry, sewing et al in the junior school and so was offered a higher salary of £300 p.a.! As she had no qualifications, she felt fortunate to have such a job. This was one of the factors which decided me not to spend an extra year abroad: at the same time, I didn't see myself joining the world of academia. My brother, Chris, who was more academic, went to become an 'Assistant' at the Lycée Lamartine in Macon (Burgundy). He only had to provide English practice for 12 hours per week and then occupied himself with learning Italian.

Bernard Hopkins

However, when my friend, Bernard Hopkins, went out to the University of Grenoble for a summer course in 1962, I decided to follow him: we overlapped for a few days. I was there from 13 August to 11 September and, for 3.50 New Francs obtained a Certificat d'Assiduité, although I attended only a few classes. The city was sunny and attractive with a relaxing atmosphere – perfect to focus on French language and indulge in French culture.

During the vac, my brother and I would give lessons to children of local friends in Camberley. We generally taught French and Maths. At the same time,

we would invite foreign students to stay with us as paying guests and teach them English. We would share the fees with our mother: half for her for board and lodging, half for us taking them out and showing them the country.

Back at Oxford, we did not have quite the enterprise of our cousin, Terrick, who joined the Dining Club at Merton, where they kitted themselves out with burgundy tails and bright yellow waistcoats for formal dinners. He even gate crashed an elegant ball at Blenheim Palace arranged by the Conservative Party (tickets £30 guineas each). He reported that he had done a recce during daylight: that evening, dressed in dinner jacket, he entered via a coal hole, came out in the kitchens and walked airily through into the main rooms where he circulated, helping himself to the 'eats'.

My life was rather more prosaic: I bought a large Meissonier print, *Halting at an Inn*, for my sitting room, and books on French literature – a 1900 French volume proved very useful in providing ideas for essays. We did not (or I did not) crib off current authors but I found *The Romantic Agony* by Mario Praz quite inspiring for the 19th century French literary movement. It had been published by OUP in 1933 but a new paperback edition came out in 1960, just in time for me.

In my third year, I had to move out of College. In the first year, everyone was in College, in the second, only those with awards could stay. My brother Chris, who was back from his year abroad, joined me in sharing a flatlet at the top of No.12 Wellington Square - in a tall, early Victorian terrace building. The basement was occupied by the 'housekeeper', an elderly man, rather gruff and scruffy, who made fried eggs down there for us. Chris and I had a bedroom each and a small sitting room with 'facilities'. Down below was Mike Gilsenan who did Arabic Studies (later a Fellow of Magdalen) and played a good game of tennis. There was also, directly below us, a postgraduate student I got to know because, being a smoker, I had stupidly dropped a 'dead' cigarette butt into the waste paper basket, oblivious to the fact that it was not totally dead. Thus, with paper at the bottom of the basket, it all gradually caught fire.

We only noticed it from our bedroom when the smoke came billowing out from under the sitting room door. I rushed in to pour water over the smoking basket, cleared out the remains, dried the boards of the floor as best as I could but suspected that the water might have gone through the floor to the chap below. I immediately visited for a quick chat, looking anxiously up at the ceiling, but all was well. Later that month, the housekeeper/caretaker was found dead in bed with an empty bottle of whisky and an empty packet of pills. We were asked to vacate the premises and found lodgings off the Abingdon Road with the widow of a former Merton scout, Mrs Burlingham. She was the tenant of an Edwardian terrace house, red brick, outside WC, 'Pears' picture pinned to the inside of the door.

Dirk in 1961

There was no bathroom, so Mrs Burlingham kindly brought up a stone hot water bottle in the evening for our beds and a jug of hot water in the morning for the large china bowl in which I would wash and shave. She gave us a cooked breakfast in the morning and invited us to Sunday lunch if we were 'at home' there. She was very sweet and maternal in looking after us – being the widow of a scout, she had second hand experience of University life.

The Summer of 1963 was bright and sunny, except on May Day. Friends and I had decided, in our last year, to honour the so-called tradition of gathering below Magdalen Bridge, in a punt, to listen to the choristers sing, perched at the top of their tower, at 6 a.m. It was a cold and wet night, as we shivered in our coats on the punt, with a half bottle of whiskey to provide inner warmth. Never again.

I would have thought back, at events, the previous autumn, when I had celebrated my 21st birthday, hosting a dinner with friends at the Tudor Cottage, Iffley: it was an unpretentious restaurant, where we were able to bring our own wines, with a sensible menu of pate, followed by steak, pommes frites…quite different to the "Bar-Stewards" dinner at the Mitre mentioned earlier, where there was a specially printed menu, a private room upstairs, four course dinner with distinctive wines for each course, a select sauterne for the dessert, port for the cheese platter and Grand Marnier, Chartreuse (yellow and green) liqueurs to accompany the coffee…finished off with large cigars offered round…unfortunately the latter finished me off as I had never had a large cigar before…shortly after this I felt both heady and queasy and had to depart…

My first encounter with an unpalatable "mixture" had been in my first term, when my brother had recommended an Indian ("inexpensive") restaurant round the corner from the College and we had followed the meal with a cheap Spanish sauterne which someone had produced. I felt decidedly ill and was not surprised when I read some days later that the restaurant was being charged with selling cat food in its offerings.

Reverting to the third year, there was a clear sense of freedom, living outside the walls of College. Women were not permitted inside after a certain hour, not that many of us knew girls well enough to invite them in of an evening. Gates closed early: some enterprising and agile members managed to climb in…over a wall at the back of the College, some being blooded where they fell.

I recall coming back from meeting old school friends at Cambridge, doing the "Kings" run, missing the last train, hitch-hiking back cross country (shortly after the A6 murder) and having to kill time until the Gates opened the following morning. In my second year, when I had rooms opposite St Aldates Church, I was woken up early in the morning by someone knocking at my 1st floor window: it was Ken Lofthouse, reading Engineering, who had climbed up the scaffolding and wanted me to let him in.

The last year at Pembroke was much more serious than the second year when I had relaxed, assuming (mistakenly as it turned out) that I would cruise through with a 2nd. At the end of term, we would be called to queue up in Hall for a few words from our tutor, Robert Baldick, who was always a perfect gentleman. There were others who felt pressure to achieve, either from home or peers or self-induced. Those who suffered most would find themselves in the Warneford, the place that catered for mental problems. There were more than a few there – it became a bit of a joke amongst them and their friends – they

would go to the 'other place'. I would visit my friends there and get to know some of their friends at the Warneford. There was no stigma attached – it was almost normal, part of the course, for those involved. They would spend time there and, in due course, return to College. I didn't feel their kind of pressure as I had no high expectations – my elder brother, Chris, had always been seen as the clever one so I just tried to keep up.

My background helped – boarding school hardened you up. I had been a boarder since 11 and gone through periods of home-sickness and pressure to pass exams in the same way as the others there. My mother expected more from my brother, Chris. We had all gone through a period of getting used to a different country and language, accepting that, as German, we were viewed as 'the enemy' during our early prep school days. I was 7¾ when I arrived in England: we had gone to prep school as Kühne. Things had improved when our mother reverted to her maiden name of FitzHugh and changed our names accordingly. At the same time, we were registered as British subjects which meant that we found it easier to fit in. Our father remained in Germany and remarried, divorced and remarried. The first time that I saw my father after leaving Germany in September 1949 was ten years later at the military funeral of my brother Alan in 1959.

I suspect that the nature of our studies also left us less pressurised – we were concerned with ideas rather than facts, reviewing 17th century French theatre and 19th century Romantic and 'reality' novels and German drama and poetry which, admittedly, was harsher and harder than the French. Schiller's essay on 'Naïve and Sentimental Poetry' was considered so difficult in its native German text that some sought clarity in a French translation (there was none in English). In contrast to us, those reading Law were closely closeted in the Library. Sport, whilst creating its own pressure, provided a physical safety valve. I found squash a sound form of relief – not that I was particularly good. I once played for the 2nd 'five' because they thought I would match up to my brother, Chris, who played for the 1st five and was secretary – a false assumption.

In our Modern Language set of seven, Bernard Hopkins played the most sport – rowing and rugger. Pat McCarthy also played rugger, Peter Jakobsen played some hockey and Richard Burlingham, golf. Like me, neither Neil Cohen nor Colin Burls played any high level sport. Some friends played Bridge and others gambled on the horses, poker etc. I had no wish to lose the little money that I had. Bridge I had played at school and a little at home but, at College, those who played were too serious for me and spent too much time on it.

Colin Burls at the Fox Inn, Boars Hill, June 1963

I avoided political groups and discussions (other than, as mentioned, the Strasburg Club). I had been advised to avoid discussions in Religion, Philosophy and Politics, given that you could never win an argument where each was wedded to their 'faith' and discussions might become so heated that you could lose friends

I had tried rowing, sat in a tub between the barge and the towpath with a perforated oar, pulling the latter pointlessly. I had also sat in a 'four' without any pleasure or satisfaction. Once, in each case, was enough. My cousin, Terrick, rowed quite happily for Merton but each to his own.

What I most enjoyed in my time at Oxford was the liberty: previously we had all been regimented by school, now we had three years without any discipline imposed from above, only self-discipline within acceptable rules…all with the knowledge that we would soon have to work for the next 40 years. Thus, it was a heavenly luxury to laze in the sun, on the lawns, by the river, reading texts and dozing in between. The Master had very kindly lent his cottage in the Cotswolds, at Stanford in the Vale, to my brother, an American student, Dick Cornwall, and me to allow us the peace to prepare for the Finals. We had not seen much of the Master during our time at the College, apart from an excellent cooked breakfast one year, hosted by him in his lodgings. He, however, and the Bursar, George Bredin, were seen as gentlemen of the old school, entirely trustworthy.

The serious themes of the 3rd year were the approaching finals and the need for a job immediately thereafter: not any job but one for a lifetime. How were we to spend the next 40 years with profit and pleasure? Mr Escott was at the Career's Office to give advice. Talk was that one company was paying well and would soon be holding interviews – were you too late to jump on the bandwagon? Had others got in before you? You were suddenly competing with your friends – and everyone else. We were told that an Oxford graduate would be marketable on the basis that we had demonstrated an acceptable level of ability to learn…anything…and the employer would teach and train us according to his needs.

'Out of a job', Summer 1963

I duly qualified as a solicitor after laborious studying, having to learn lists of facts and showing how to apply them, or not as the case may be – quite different from the mental freedom of reading literature and applying one's imagination to literary criticism. After becoming a partner in the small firm where I was articled, I joined the construction industry as an in-house lawyer, often using my languages as I applied myself to international projects.

In 1973, I was part of a team re-negotiating a contract for the rehabilitation of a highway in North Yemen, which had been held up by tribal warfare. The following year I married a Peruvian girl, having spent two months in Lima as part of a negotiating team for the largest

project in the country and returned to finalise matters on the contract in the Spring of 1974. My future bride was working on a temporary basis in the office of our client, the Ministry of Agriculture. As she didn't speak any English, I had to adapt my French into Latin American Spanish which seemed to work. We are now in the 50th year of our marriage with three sons and three grandchildren. I had joined the Tarmac Group of companies in March 1973 and retired in December 2001 at the age of 60. I then continued with some consultancy work, again using my languages, this time German, mainly.

I can say now that my time at Pembroke provided me with not only excellent opportunities for my future but also an enjoyable three years to look back on. My reading of French and German literature gave me a thirst for learning more of the culture of those and other countries. Reading has provided me with an inexpensive way of reaching out for more in life, providing for sensible intercourse with others and writing articles now in my retirement on matters of interest, whether it be on writers such as Jane Austen and T.E. Lawrence, family history, heraldry and others. During my working period I had little time for such writing (or the required research) and instead played squash and collected books (ancient and modern), silver, porcelain, furniture and wines, all of which I now enjoy in my retirement.

At this stage, I should like to express my appreciation for all that Pembroke had to offer, including the grant of the Open Exhibition: I am sure that I did not take advantage of even half of what was offered but what I did take up greatly enriched my life…as did also my earlier schooling at Dulwich and Yateley Manor and, in particular, the sterling efforts of our mother, who worked until 2 a.m. to earn the money for our preparatory school and fought hard to gain entry into an outstanding secondary school.

After Oxford, I had the support of Pembroke friends, and colleagues from school and work have also all supported me and provided friendship…but, without my wife and children, it would not have been worthwhile. Our eldest, Richard, lives abroad in Delft but our younger sons, James and Christian, are both closer to home.

Robert Lyons - (m.1961) PPE

My father was a successful businessman in the menswear industry in Leeds. I went to a boarding school in Yorkshire and to Rugby School, where I specialised in history. I sat the scholarship exam to the Pembroke group of colleges and was offered a place. The interview was daunting and it was no surprise to me when I was not awarded a scholarship. When I arrived in the College I had spent 6 months working in Lausanne and had gained some confidence in mixing, so I did not feel too out of place - though going into hall for my first dinner would have been more daunting had I not seen that everyone at my table was in the same boat.

My room was on staircase 2, so highly convenient. I shared with a Lancastrian with whom I had little in common. I think the gate was shut at about 10.30, so there were occasional trips over the wall at the back of the college. Catering was not very appetising, but I was fortunate to be able to buy occasional meals at the Clarendon on Queen Street for about 6 shillings (30p). I don't recall any particular dining traditions, or indeed any pastoral services. I did not attend Chapel.

During my second, third and fifth years I lived in digs. For the first two of these I lived in the ancient house on the corner of Pembroke Street, so had no difficulty in continuing my relationship with the College. In the last year I was fortunate to be provided with a room in the Bursar's sister's house in Boars Hill, so I was rather more isolated.

Old Quad - Staircase 2 in the corner

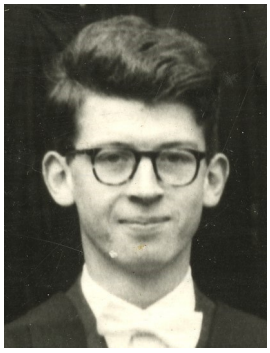
There was little interaction with staff in my day. The two people who had a lasting impact on me were my tutor, Zbygniew Pelczynski, a man with remarkable career with whom I had possibly a closer relationship after I left Oxford, and the Master, Robert McCallum. Although I only really met the Master once, it was the occasion when I had been very ill and needed to leave the university to recover my health. As this was in the middle of my third year, my degree could have been in jeopardy. He very kindly told me that I was welcome to return to complete my degree when I felt able to do so; when I had recovered after about a year he took me back for the last term of the year to help me get back into the swing, allocated me a very good room in College for the term and arranged my Boars Hill digs for the following year. It was a kindness I have never forgotten, and made my ties to the College closer.

The tutorial system worked well for me. Had I not had weekly supervision, I would have studied even less well than I did. The workload was tolerable, though on occasion I had to produce two essays at the same time and ended up working through the night. I particularly enjoyed Sir Isaiah Berlin's lectures on liberty and the Enlightenment. All in all, the PPE course has proved formative in establishing my political and social viewpoint.

I fear that I missed out on much of what the University had to offer, through my excessive involvement with the CND movement. I went on occasion to the Oxford Union; I enjoyed the cut and thrust of debates there, but was not a participant. In my time there were 10 young men for every young lady, so I spent almost every weekend in London, where my parents had a small flat, and socialised there.

The Swinging Sixties passed me by. I had started to enjoy my lifelong engagement with classical music, so took no interest in the Beatles and the Rolling Stones. The most memorable event was the death of President Kennedy, which affected my generation deeply.

I went into the business with which my family had been involved, starting at the lowest level possible (collecting weekly payments in one of the tougher areas of Glasgow), and progressing until I was chairman of one of its larger divisions and a director of the holding company. When I was 40 the group was taken over and I was surplus to requirements; like Icarus, I had flown too high. I decided not to pursue my public company career but to work on my own account as a commercial property investor (one of my responsibilities in company life had been running its property portfolio). Nothing in my life at Pembroke prepared me for this, but this is not to say that the experience of university and college life had no merit. Clearly it must have helped my formation as a social being, though in exactly what way I am probably the last person to ask.



Kenneth MacKenzie - (m.1961) History

...a reminiscence by David Nash

I first met Kenneth in the rooms of the history tutor, Piers Mackesy, at Pembroke College, Oxford. It was December, 1960. We were both sitting the entrance exams to read history and we were waiting for our personal interviews. Kenneth was rewarded with an exhibition which quite rightly reflected his excellent abilities, and I was awarded a place to read theology.

The next time we met was in the Autumn term of 1961 when we were both freshmen. It was not easy to form immediate friendships at the beginning of that term, but as Kenneth and I were regular attenders at chapel services it was not too long before we began to form a friendship. Thanks to the energy and charisma of Colin Morris, the college chaplain, chapel services both on Sundays and weekdays were well-attended and bubbled with life.

The chapel services welcomed Christians of all denominations, and in a move way ahead of its times, students with a free-church background participated in every way alongside Anglicans. Kenneth, as a member of the Church of Scotland, quite rightly reminded me that he belonged to the *Established* Church, whereas the Episcopal Church was another denomination! I recall that when Kenneth read from the Bible at one of the chapel services, he invariably introduced the reading with the words: "Hear the Word of God as it is found in…" followed by the precise details, book, chapter and verse. There were two regular, well-attended services each Sunday. The early communion service was followed by a college breakfast, and then we went to morning services of our choice in the city. Kenneth invariably went to the Church of Scotland, St Columba's, in St Peter's Street.

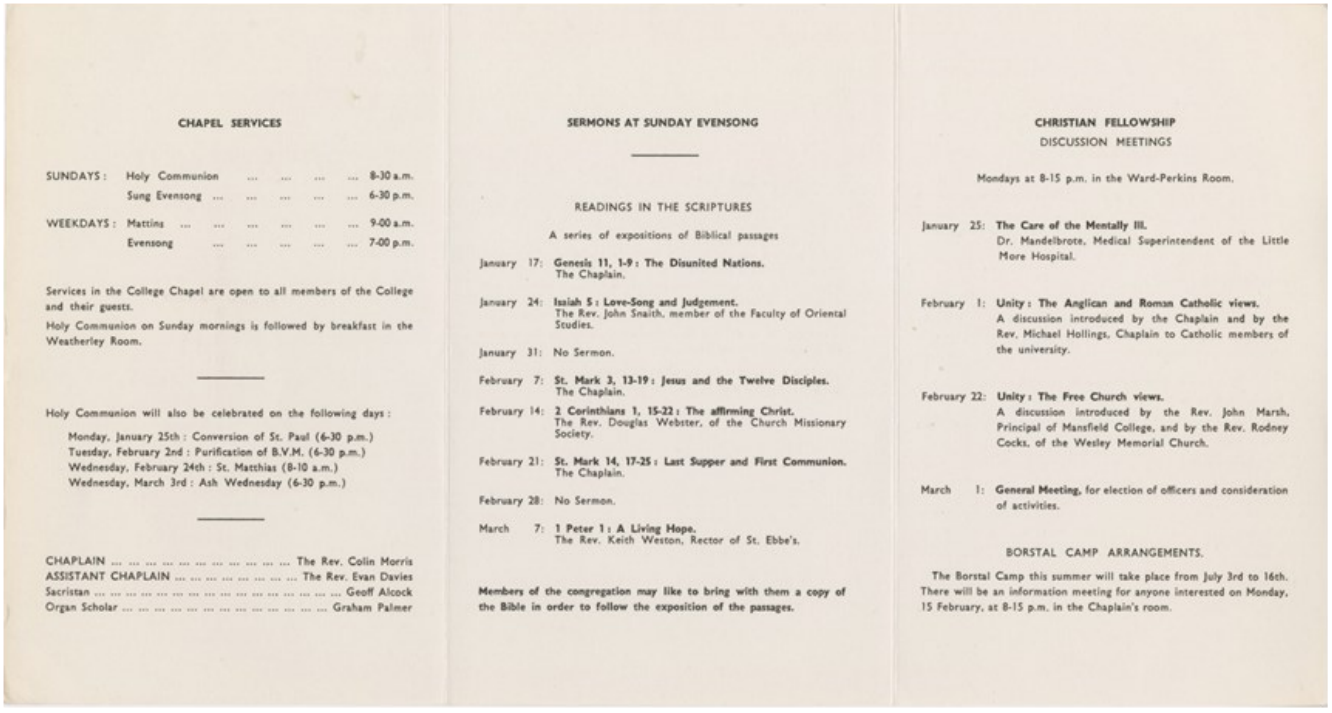
Kenneth's closest friend at Oxford was Peter White, reading physics, also a faithful member of the chapel community, and it was a moment of great sadness when within a year or two of graduation, Peter was killed in a road accident. We were often a threesome visiting the cinema, concerts, and a Chinese restaurant on Saturdays. Apart from sport, which didn't interest him, Kenneth enjoyed much of the varied life that the university had to offer. We

also had a taste for events that were slightly quirky. I remember going with him to a lecture given by Lord David Cecil whose eccentric mannerisms amused us. Another special occasion, in 1964, was the awarding of an honorary degree to Prince Philip. Duke of Edinburgh. This was held in the Sheldonian Theatre, and presided over by the Chancellor, Harold Macmillan, who had only recently retired as Prime Minister. After the ceremony we raced round to Lincoln College and joined the small crowd as these national figures processed by.

One of the special features of the Christian life at Pembroke was an annual summer camp where students were joined by an equal number of Borstal boys. Colin Morris had been one of the founders of the Oxford-Borstal Camps and was a very enthusiastic recruiter. Kenneth and I were paired for the camp in 1964, which began with a week under canvas in Wensleydale, followed by a week at Pollington Borstal, near Goole. Although in many ways Kenneth was not in his comfort zone, I recall that he threw himself unreservedly into all the activities we were called to share.

What was Kenneth really like in those days?

Initially, I found him a bit fierce, a bit daunting, until I realised he was an actor, and behind the façade there was someone who was very warm and friendly with a ridiculous sense of humour who was quick to see the funny side of any situation, however solemn and serious it might be. It didn't always do to catch his eye on those occasions, otherwise one might be reduced to hysterics!



CHAPEL SERVICES

SUNDAYS: Holy Communion ... 8-30 a.m.
Sung Evensong ... 6-30 p.m.

WEEKDAYS: Mattins ... 9-00 a.m.
Evensong ... 7-00 p.m.

Services in the College Chapel are open to all members of the College and their guests.

Holy Communion on Sunday mornings is followed by breakfast in the Weatherley Room.

Holy Communion will also be celebrated on the following days:

Monday, January 25th: Conversion of St. Paul (6-30 p.m.)
Tuesday, February 2nd: Purification of B.V.M. (6-30 p.m.)
Wednesday, February 24th: St. Matthias (8-10 a.m.)
Wednesday, March 3rd: Ash Wednesday (6-30 p.m.)

CHAPLAIN ... The Rev. Colin Morris
ASSISTANT CHAPLAIN ... The Rev. Evan Davies
Sacristan ... Geoff Alcock
Organ Scholar ... Graham Palmer

SERMONS AT SUNDAY EVENSONG

READINGS IN THE SCRIPTURES

A series of expositions of Biblical passages

January 17: **Genesis 11, 1-9: The Disunited Nations.** The Chaplain.

January 24: **Isaiah 5: Love-Song and Judgement.** The Rev. John Snaith, member of the Faculty of Oriental Studies.

January 31: No Sermon.

February 7: **St. Mark 3, 13-19: Jesus and the Twelve Disciples.** The Chaplain.

February 14: **2 Corinthians 1, 15-22: The affirming Christ.** The Rev. Douglas Webster, of the Church Missionary Society.

February 21: **St. Mark 14, 17-25: Last Supper and First Communion.** The Chaplain.

February 28: No Sermon.

March 7: **1 Peter 1: A Living Hope.** The Rev. Keith Weston, Rector of St. Ebbe's.

Members of the congregation may like to bring with them a copy of the Bible in order to follow the exposition of the passages.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP
DISCUSSION MEETINGS

Mondays at 8-15 p.m. in the Ward-Perkins Room.

January 25: **The Care of the Mentally Ill.** Dr. Mandelbrote, Medical Superintendent of the Little More Hospital.

February 1: **Unity: The Anglican and Roman Catholic views.** A discussion introduced by the Chaplain and by the Rev. Michael Hollings, Chaplain to Catholic members of the university.

February 22: **Unity: The Free Church views.** A discussion introduced by the Rev. John Marsh, Principal of Mansfield College, and by the Rev. Rodney Cocks, of the Wesley Memorial Church.

March 1: **General Meeting,** for election of officers and consideration of activities.

BORSTAL CAMP ARRANGEMENTS.

The Borstal Camp this summer will take place from July 3rd to 16th. There will be an information meeting for anyone interested on Monday, 15 February, at 8-15 p.m. in the Chaplain's room.

Chapel Termcard, Hilary 1965

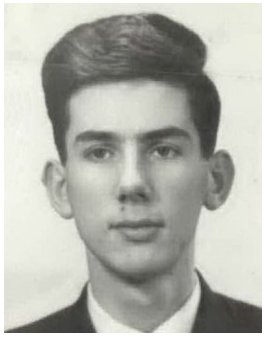
We graduated in 1964. Kenneth went off for further study at Stamford University, California, and at the same time I was in Canada extending my pastoral experience. We kept in touch, and amazingly managed a single meeting in 1965. I was in Toronto and Kenneth in Montreal, and we met midway at Kingston, Ontario, travelling by train .Returning to the U.K. I began training for Anglican ordination, and Kenneth began his career in the civil service. He was an unfailingly loyal friend, attending my ordination in St Paul's Cathedral in 1967. Sadly, it was in that year on my very first visit to Edinburgh,and staying in Kenneth's flat, that his father suffered his fatal heart attack. In 1970 we returned to Oxford to take our MA degrees, and in the following year he attended my marriage to Bridget in London.

Four years later, I attended Kenneth and Irene's wedding in Edinburgh, and maybe it was a doubtful bonus for them that by chance, after the reception, we were both on the same London-bound train as they set off for their honeymoon! Thereafter we were only able to meet occasionally as we pursued our different careers, but there were meetings in London when Kenneth was personal secretary to the Secretary of State for Scotland, and was living for part of the week in London.

I have happy memories of Kenneth and Irene's splendid home on Regent Terrace in Edinburgh where they entertained us on our occasional visits to Scotland. They were very kind and hospitable to our youngest daughter, Emily, when she went to Edinburgh University. In the meantime, our middle daughter, Charlotte, had met Kenneth and Irene's son, John, when they were both studying at Cambridge.

I retired from full time ministry in 2008, and moved to Enfield, North London. By this time Kenneth was already affected by Parkinson's Disease.

Kenneth was one of my oldest friends, and a very strong feature of that friendship was absolute loyalty and the maintaining of regular contact even though we only saw each other from time to time. Initially he could appear to be solemn, even severe, and no doubt this served him well professionally, but at the same time he had a great sense of fun, of the absurd, and when he saw the funny side of life's strange events, he could have a fit of the giggles which he struggled to control. I am very pleased to count him as a very special person and friend.



Francis Roads - (m.1961) Music

I was educated, as a border, at Brentwood School, Essex. I came up on the science side, and studied maths, physics and chemistry in the sixth form. I was encouraged to apply for Oxford, and chose chemistry because I disliked physics and knew that my maths wasn't good enough. In 1961 I was awarded the Gordon Warter Open Scholarship in chemistry.

While at school I discovered classical music, through singing in the chapel choir. With all the enthusiasm of the convert I passed through O, A, and S level music, in addition to my science studies, achieving good marks. These had to be studied in spare time, off curriculum. These results were to prove crucial later on.

The Pembroke interview was friendly, and the main interest seemed to be in what reading I had done around the subject. As well as the science exams there were general and language papers; at the latter there were Latin, French, German and Russian passages for translation. I was surprised that this actually took place after the interview. I settled in well, and enjoyed both college social life and the studies, to start with.

Science studies entailed 9 and 10 o' clock lectures every day, laboratory work, and weekly tutorials. My tutor Dr. Whiting was kindly and helpful. I don't think I learnt a lot from the lectures, and some of the lecturers were poor communicators. Most of my learning resulted from the weekly tutorials. The subject has three branches: organic, inorganic and physical chemistry. Only organic chemistry really interested me, and I became disillusioned with my studies. I had chosen chemistry because I disliked physics, and it seemed to me that a great part of modern chemistry is actually applied physics. I felt I had been deceived.

Early in 1963 I suffered a mental crisis, owing to my disillusionment with my studies and some personal difficulties. As part of my rehabilitation I asked to change course to music. I am profoundly grateful to the college that they allowed me to make the change, while keeping my scholarship. My good S level result was enough to convince the Governing Body to allow the change. I know that the Master, R. B. McCallum, was influential in this matter. I had got to know him personally, as he had allowed me to make use of the Master's music room.

Having passed chemistry prelims, I could start straight on the music finals course. For tutorials I went to New College, where my tutor was David Lumsden. He was excellent. Lectures began at the more civilized hour of 10 a.m.

David Lumsden

Some, such as those of Prof. Westrup were highly entertaining, but left one with few notes; others were more earnest, heavy on facts, and left one with pages to write up. I ended with a middling second class in 1965, having completed the course in just over two years.

Old Master's Lodgings, later Staircase 8/ the Samuel Johnson Building

I loved college life as soon as I came up. As a scholar I had rooms (yes, two, a sitting room and a bedroom) on the top (third) floor of what was then called the Old Master's House. The nearest washbasins were on the ground floor, so I used to have a bowl of cold water ready to wash in the morning. There were no showers, and to take a bath you had to walk to the bathhouse beyond staircase three.

In the second year, as a scholar, I was entitled to another year in college. There was a ballot for rooms, and I got the large room on the second floor of staircase three above the JCR. I was often asked to lend this room for social events. One of the two occasions when I have been seriously drunk was when my classics contemporary, Oliver Dickinson, borrowed it for a birthday party. The madeira flowed freely; too freely, in my case. I used the room myself for fund-raising Oxfam bread-and-cheese lunches.

There was also a ballot for the JCR art collection. You could choose from the available pictures, and borrow one for your room for a term. Many rooms had doors that were not lockable, but, as far as I know, no picture ever went missing.

The meals in hall were pretty good on the whole. You wore your gown at dinner, and were served food by the college scouts, doubling as waiters. If you wanted to miss either a lunch or dinner, and avoid being charged for it, you had to "sign out" in a book in the lodge. You could only do this three times a week for each meal.

You could order drinks from the buttery with your meal. Having seen the splendid quart pots in the college's display of silver, I once ordered a quart of beer with my dinner, and was disappointed to have it served in two pint pots. Apparently the quart pots were for display only.

During my time, Beef Lane, which had been a building site when I came up, was turned into the New Quad. Railings were erected where the entrance to Beef Lane had been. The new pedestrian gate had vertical railings which ended conveniently in such a manner that you could get your feet into suitable positions for climbing in. I did this once. You were supposed to be in college by midnight, and climbing in was the alternative to paying a fine for late entry. In the modern security-conscious environment this means of entry has been made unavailable, but fortunately the midnight curfew is also abolished.

On coming up, I joined the Oxford Union, because I thought it was the thing to do. After attending four Thursday debates, I decided that I had better things to do, and never attended one again. I visited the building only to play snooker. In theory I am now a life member, and could visit the Union when I am in Oxford, but I never seem to. I voted in

the two ballots to admit women to the Union. The second time we were successful.

Like many freshmen, I attended the Freshman's Fair. I ended having decided to join more clubs than there were days in the week. But towards the end of the fair I saw a folk-dance display by members of the Cecil Sharp Club. I was intrigued, and started to attend their Friday evening meetings. That led to a lifelong interest in folk music. I joined three more folk dance societies: Morris, Scottish and Playford. Not only did I enjoy the music and the dancing, but also it was a good chance to meet girls, which in the days of single-sex colleges were in short supply.

I spent many evening hours socialising in the JCR. Many were the games of chess and bridge with which I spent the evenings. In February 1965 (the penultimate term before finals) my chess playing friend David Hopkin (1962, Mathematics) drew my attention to an article in *New Scientist* explaining the game of go. We were both interested, and sent off for a cheap cardboard-and-plastic go set.

Go became a lifelong interest for me, and I have barely played chess since. I have served as President of the British Go Association, attended go tournaments in four continents, and represented the country internationally. Go has also sparked a more general interest in Japanese culture. I have visited Japan eight times for go events, and learnt enough of the language to make myself understood in shops, hotels, stations, etc.

The governance of the JCR was by a committee of Chair, Secretary and Treasurer.. These were elected by an arcane points system, the effect of which was that the successful candidates were usually everybody's second choice. This was replaced in due course by a more sensible STV system. AGMs were rumbustious occasions. In order to ensure a good attendance, free beer was available in unlimited quantities. The chair nonetheless usually managed to keep order and get through the agenda.

At school at Brentwood I loathed compulsory games, and left with a strong feeling that all exercise and sport were to be avoided. But I was probably getting plenty of exercise from my folk-dancing activities. During the dead time in my final term, between Schools and going down, I took up kayaking, and represented the college in Canoe Cuppers. They must have been very short of canoeists. I then in theory became eligible for the Charon Club, to qualify for which you had to fall into the Isis while fully clothed.

I was not a rebellious student on the whole. I was (and still am) a member of CND, and was then a supporter of the Labour Party (now the Green Party).

In the wider world, I remember the missile crisis, which rather passed me by, though some students were preparing to go home. I also remember being informed by my scout at dinner of the assassination of Kennedy in 1963. I was so moved by the news that I returned to my digs, composed a threnody on the occasion, and sent it to the USA embassy in London. It was politely acknowledged. And I remember many of us gathering round the college television as the results of the 1964 General Election were being announced, and the cheer which went up when Wilson got his majority.

On going down, I spent a year on a post-graduate course at the Royal College of Music, London, studying composition and conducting. My plan was to become Britain's rising young composer, and to put right all that was wrong with classical composition in the days

of atonal music, which then as now I considered to be ugly. I had to abandon this plan owing to a lack of talent, and entered the world of schoolteaching. In 1966 I married my wife Judith, a fellow student at the RCM, and who shared my interest in folk-dance, and I needed a "proper job".

After four years in an appalling Secondary school, which I loathed, I took to teaching for ten years in a good Junior School, which I loved. I then became a music education advisor until 1994, when owing to what I still consider to have been an administrative error, I was given early retirement on an almost full pension at the age of 51.

I had become interested in West Gallery Church Music, and have devoted my retirement to researching, editing, publishing and performing the genre. In 1997 I founded London Gallery Quire, which I conducted until 2022. In 2002, I was awarded a PhD by the University of Liverpool for my research and editing of some West Gallery manuscripts in the Manx National Heritage Library. And for a number of years I served as Hon. Sec. of the West Gallery Music Association.

My two abiding interests, West Gallery Church Music and the game of go, both have their roots in the time I spent at Pembroke. I have much to thank the college for.

Anon - (m.1962) Theology

Life before Pembroke and Admission

I was a second child, with three siblings, of parents who had left school at 14 years old, and who had little or no academic background. My father, who always spoke of himself as working-class, had gained a job as an Office boy in a relatively small Loss Adjusting firm in Leeds on the basis of his neat handwriting! He eventually became a relatively wealthy Senior Partner when the firm merged with a larger Firm, and later were taken over by Capita. Though my mother was very ambitious for me to do well at school, I was regarded as a 'difficult' child whose questioning of everything meant that I often felt misunderstood or unfairly punished for my regular trouble-making wonderings and naughtiness!

There were few books in the house, but I went to a large Grammar School in Roundhay, Leeds, after being 'bright' at a local Junior school where I was Head Boy and also very sporty. Having taken five 'O' levels in subjects that I was not going to take at 'A' level, decisions were made at 15 years that indicated science-orientated 'A' levels, or in my case, 'Arts'– History, Religious Knowledge, English Literature. I can't remember in detail how it was that I was encouraged to try for Oxford; it was certainly the School and not my parents or me! I needed Latin and Physics with Chemistry to apply which I had, though I wasn't very scientifically orientated. I was very bookish and diligent about work and homework, and my History teacher especially helped us to learn what he called basic research techniques at weekends in the Leeds central library. This influenced my whole attitude to

academic work afterwards. At my Grammar school I was captain of cricket and tennis, (my team played at Wimbledon in a Schools national tournament) and I had regular professional tennis coaching; I also played rugby and did athletics. I chose Religious Knowledge because I had, from an early age, wanted to be a priest. My family were regular churchgoers, and I had been in the large church choir in Leeds, and was very musical in a broad sense.

I remember travelling from Leeds to Oxford (after Banbury, by steam train!) for entrance interviews, and written work over two days. I took a sort of General Paper exam which, amongst other things, asked me to suggest an ideal list of pieces for an ideal concert evening of classical music, with names of soloists/orchestras! That was easy! My school also arranged extra Latin work to improve my ability to cope with the Church Fathers' Latin later on!

By this time, my father had become Senior Partner in the firm mentioned above, they were able to pay my university fees without State help – their income was means-tested – and were very proud. They were rather overwhelmed by my going to Oxford, though they knew little of what Pembroke might involve academically for me. In that sense, then, coming to Pembroke 'turned *my* head', so to speak, rather than theirs, because I was mixing with mostly public school boys who seemed to me so very confident, though not in every case particularly bright !

Domestic

Coming from a Grammar school in Leeds, I remember my first coming to Pembroke and Oxford itself as being quite daunting. The college was so beautiful, and its traditions and culture fascinating. I remember being quite homesick in the first Term since it was the first time I had lived away from home for more than a few days. My trunk had arrived days before me, and, without easy telephone or transport to places like London, I felt lonely but determined to absorb as many experiences as possible – arcane notions like 'sporting your oak' and 'your scout' who helped wake you up and clean your room. My room was above the Lodge and there were rumours of Dr Johnson's teapot! Apart from my tiny bedroom, frugally furnished, there was a living room with a two bar fire for heating.

Samuel Johnson's teapot and gruel mug

The winter of the Michaelmas Term 1962 was the coldest in decades, the water froze in my bedroom washbasin overnight, and I slept for weeks in my dressing gown. I remember that the only bathrooms available were across the quad and beyond, and were often unheated, I think. I can't remember if we had a 'loo' on the staircase, so am unsure how everyone managed! Each day I had to go to Regent's Park College to recite newly-learnt New

Chapel Quad in the snow, 1962/63

Testament Greek nouns and verbs to Dr Arguile – I only had Latin at school! – so my routine was to some extent constrained for the two prelims Terms.

However, the Greek lessons worked and, after very successful Prelims, I was told I was working too hard, and that I should get out more, though in fact I had played rugby for the college, and later tennis for the University, and went to very fashionable French, German and Swedish films, some of whose meaning we never quite grasped, though we may have enjoyed the music! As a 'new boy', unsure of all the 'rules' and indicators of 'style', I wore a college blazer with badge and scarf to keep warm, but soon realized what was 'cool' and what wasn't! In the first two terms, I managed to get two or three girlfriends, but then my original girlfriend from Yorkshire came to work at Somerville, and I probably spent too much of the summer Term with her.

In my second and third year, I lived out in digs south of Folly bridge and found that a mixed blessing in terms of College life and work. The daily breakfast cooked by my landlady was an enormous concoction of eggs, bacon and fried bread. I went to the Varsity match at Twickenham, and played rugby again for the college, but in the first week or so of Hilary Term while playing college rugby, I was injured in an eye-poking tackle, and spent the whole of the term in hospital with a detached retina. In those days there were no lasers so the doctors, having sown the retina back again, forced me to lie in a bed for nearly eight weeks or so until it was home time. Nowadays, I would probably be degraded for a term at least, but then I was told by my tutor simply to catch up! Again, I probably didn't work as hard as I should have done for the rest of the year, distracted by a new girlfriend, and university tennis, as well as 'catching up'!

My last year was more of the same; I was Chapel sacristan for three Terms or more but by then I was thinking hard that I wasn't really ready to be trained for ordination. I recall that I often prepared the Chapel for the next day in the early hours of Sunday morning, having climbed in very late on the Saturday night after a party with my steady girlfriend.

In my last year – 1965 – I don't remember a College Ball taking place, but, in 1967, I and a girlfriend, along with my best friend at Pembroke and his fiancée came to the college Ball. Among the musicians playing that evening was a pop group called 'The Who' whom few had heard of, and who were paid £100 in total, I think. During their performance in the marquee, they let off a smoke bomb, and started in their last number to trash their instruments. For all but a few, it was a new, and memorable, if disorientating experience! We realized later of course that you can't really dance to much of the Who's music!

Academic

Large numbers of Prelims and Schools papers were dominated by gobbets of set texts from the Old and New Testament and the Church Fathers, with set texts like Augustine's 'Confessions' in the Greek, and each paper also had questions on broader topics for essay.

As a priest later on, it took me decades to catch up on modern theology and church history, and, to that extent, the curriculum was very old-fashioned, It stopped for me, effectively, in 421 AD. But I loved the work, and even now retain a lot of the Church Fathers' quotes in Greek, etc. which makes me very glad, and proud of the kind of education I had. Very few present-day clergy have Greek or Latin, or indeed degrees in Theology. Looking back, I wish I could do my degree again, knowing academically, in particular, what I now know about knowledge and how to acquire it, but I think that I never had enough of the intense single-minded focus on study, or indeed the level of intelligence, to become an academic.

In my three years in Oxford, what Cambridge calls supervisions were always one for one, often with post graduate or post doctoral 'supervisors', and I was writing an essay a week at least for much of the time.

What I remember most when Summer term and Schools arrived in my last year, for inexplicable reasons that I have regretted all my life, I obeyed my tutor who confidently advised me not to be too stressed by revision, and certainly not to do any revising for the next six weeks or so ! Unbelievably gullible, but in the end I was told that I got a good Second (unclassified between 2:1 and 2:2 in those days).

People

During my last year – Summer Term – I had abandoned thoughts of ordination and was able to get a stable job in marketing/advertising at Rowntrees in York, a job I liked very much. However, after five years, and more agonising (!), I left Rowntrees and began a two-year ordination training course at Westcott House in Cambridge. I was eventually ordained in 1970 to a curacy in Knaresborough in Yorkshire.

Since being a C of E curate and then a Vicar after ordination, I was, for six years, Chaplain and Fellow of Fitzwilliam College, and then became Director of Ordinands and Lay Readers, and Vicar of three parishes near Cambridge, in the diocese of Ely. In the last twenty years, or so, I was first Archdeacon of Huntingdon and Wisbech and then Cambridge, and a Bye-Fellow of Fitzwilliam College where I was once the Chaplain (in the 1970's). I have remained a Bye-Fellow because of my job as Wine Steward for more than thirty years! Being in Fitzwilliam College I have been privileged to mix with very clever scholars in a wide range of subjects – a very privileged but also stimulating environment which teaches anyone how to think clearly, yet with a suitable self-effacement about 'cleverness'.

I saw very little of the Master and Fellows at Pembroke other than in Chapel on Sundays, seeing them at formal dinners, and on my staircase. The college staff in Hall and elsewhere – eg: library, porters' lodge, scouts – were always very kindly. I made friends with those in Chapel (musicians and chaplain, etc.) and with those I played sports with, but on the whole in the second/third years college life was not as enjoyable as when I was resident in college. I remember seeing one student arriving for Term in a Rolls Royce, a thing which seemed perfectly reasonable for rich, privately educated young men in those days !

I think above all I had a general feeling that, being a quite shy person when I arrived and mixing with mainly public school young men who seemed to me to have amazing self-confidence and maturity, I would like to appropriate some of that self-confidence socially. The danger for me though was that I could see how such confidence might exceed a person's actual wisdom or intellectual cleverness, and would be ruined by what we'd later learn to call 'a poisonous sense of entitlement', compared with other people.

JCR, College Clubs & Societies

I was not very obviously a political animal in the sense of being actively resentful of the social and political status quo, so, although I joined the Union on a lifetime subscription, which gave access to meals, coffee and drinks etc., I never attended a debate. There was a culture of activism which influenced many no doubt, but which rather passed me by, I think, as a lucky lad (with new 'family money') from a Grammar School in the North. My parents bought me my first car – a 1947 MG two seater with soft top - for my 21st birthday, and because I played tennis for the University (though not a Blue) I was allowed to have it at the University in my last year! The 'Swinging Sixties' were starting to take off in my time, but the fact was that in my rather 'sheltered' world, it was simply the music - POP - which I loved, rather than any racy lifestyle which encouraged what I would have seen as more 'risky behaviour'. My three years just preceded the rather strict availability of the pill, so most of my heterosexual peers still grew up with the terror of unwanted pregnancy and not always guaranteed safe contraception. So, sex tended to involve anything but full sex; a restraining principle which I recall must have involved much more anxiety and terror for young women than for young men!

I remember the JCR mainly as a place where one looked out for newspapers and magazines on the way to somewhere else, but I have particular memories that during my time – 1962-65 – the JCR decided to purchase what seemed rather strange figures and carvings by someone called Elizabeth Frink, a name that at the time meant little to me or my colleagues. A decision which must have contributed in due time greatly to JCR property valuations!

One memorable event stands out in my mind. I think in my first year – 1962-3 – one of my friends fell off a punt and drowned, and I and others had to get involved, and identify the body at the morgue. Though, as a priest later, dead bodies became a somewhat commonplace experience, I remember that this new experience was at first very traumatic.

'Birdman' by Elizabeth Frink

Vincent Guy - (m.1962) PPE

I can't say I learned a lot at Oxford, but I did get a lesson for life from Dr Pelczynski:

Most of my time I spent doing theatre with OUDS or chasing girls (somewhat unsuccessfully given the sex ratios prevailing in the university at the time). A few months before Finals came a mock exam - 'Collections' I think it was rather exotically called, and of course I knew nothing. The questions? I couldn't even understand what they were referring to, yet alone answer them. Duly flunked, flopped, failed; no exotic terminology needed for that.

In despair, I went to Dr Pelczynski, my 'Moral Tutor', for a solution.

Should I go down, rusticate myself, do something about the Chiltern Hundreds I vaguely recalled from a Politics tutorial? Could he postpone my Finals, or should I just end it all, whatever 'it' might be?

We briefly discussed my results, with a glance at the question papers which still made no sense to me at all. The Doctor, in his dry, slightly croaky voice said simply "Mr Guy, I think you had better do some work".

This was the most exotic idea of all! I had never done any work, having relied so far in life on blarney and effortless superiority. Nobody had explained to me that effortlessness was something only taught at Balliol, not the more workaday Pembroke.

Zbigniew Pelczynski taking a tutorial c.1958

Dr Pelczynski then spent a few moments analysing this 'work' concept. Timetables, reading lists, note-taking, getting up in the morning; all got a mention, I suppose. To be honest, the details now escape me. What still reverberates in my mind, what I have frequently passed on to the deserving young, what I have even applied again myself when things got really desperate, was that simple recommendation to do the blindingly obvious: work. I did, just enough, and got an honourable degree.

In 1963, there I am, 19 years old, convinced, on the strength of one school Shakespeare, that I would be welcomed as god's gift to university acting. A year into a philosophy degree at Oxford, I'm bored with the course and the only tribute to my immense talent has been a couple of spears to carry. Should I just leave, give up? Out of the blue, Pinter's play "*The Birthday Party*" comes to my rescue. The young man assigned to direct has been disallowed by his tutor – he's done even less study than was usual for Oxford undergrads. The play's already cast, but a new director is required. My egghead friend Mark suggests a *"concept"* for the production – something to do with the unconscious mind. Our concept goes down well with the interviewing panel, or at least gives me a peg on which to waffle persuasively, so I get the job. The first night gets huge acclaim. Michael Palin puts in a brooding performance as one of the sinister intruders, showing a dark side hidden from view in his later career as Monty Python clown and TV globe-trotter. The production had a flaw at its heart: the actor playing Goldberg, the other intruder, sinister enough during rehearsal, couldn't stop giggling during performances. There was nothing I could do about it, but few seemed to notice. Overnight, people spoke of me as a professional theatre director in the making. I did another show, not bad in fact, and suddenly I was Oxford's top director.

Next, a summer 1964 vacation production of *Midsummer Night's Dream* followed, not in Oxford but in the grounds of a Stratford hotel. It was four hundred years since Shakespeare's birth. My production was fairly run-of-the-mill, though marked by a cast of whom many went on to distinguish themselves in the media, as journalists, scriptwriters, novelists and even actors. It enabled me to dine out on the line, *"Yes daahling, I directed The Dream at Stratford for the Bard's quatercentenary."*

Oh, and I must mention how I made it to London's West End. The University's Experimental Theatre Club was preparing a show in the style of "*Oh what a Lovely War"* on the theme of capital punishment. I auditioned for a role and was promptly rejected. My girlfriend Adele (now the novelist Adele Geras) got taken, mainly on the strength of her powerful singing voice. The show was a hit and went into London to the Comedy Theatre. (Strange that a bunch of 20-year-old amateurs get to play in one of the world's most prestigious theatre districts, but the cachet of Oxford sweeps all before it). Extra stagehands were needed; I volunteered to join them. So, there I was, hauling on ropes in the flies as my inamorata enjoyed her triumph thirty feet below. This was to be my first and only appearance, or non-appearance, in London's West End.

Autumn term, and I was selected to direct the big production. I chose "*The Devils"* by John Whiting, full of witches and wickedness. The first difficulty: performing rights were unavailable, so I already had to make do with my second choice: Miller's *"The Crucible"* – at least it had some witches in it. I ran auditions at the end of summer and selected a superlative cast, all of Oxford's top talent. By the time the curtain went up on the first night every member of that cast had been replaced, some more than once: tutors' prohibitions, sickness, better offers and perhaps some who just didn't want to work with me. Diana Quick came on as one of the substitutes, so the 2nd XI was by no means second-rate. Nonetheless, when *"The Crucible"* arrived on stage, the production had been drained of its lifeblood, a competent but lacklustre event whose strong point was the set designed by my school friend Peter Beard. Reviews were on the lines of *"Oxford's top director messes it up"*. Inside eighteen months I had lived the whole of a meteoric career: exaggerated praise at my appearance, vituperative delight at my fall.

Peter Chamberlain - (m.1963) Chemistry

I was born in Bradford, West Yorkshire, into a working-class family in 1945. I attended the local primary school and took the '11-Plus' examination. This exam subsequently became condemned as a particularly brutal way to treat children at the age of 11. After two 45-minute tests, children were divided into the 'cream' and the 'failures'. The first group went to a 'good' grammar school whilst the rest were 'condemned' to a secondary modern school and thus were 'failures'.

Fortunately, I did well enough to be allowed to take the Entrance Exam to Bradford Grammar School (BGS) where I was awarded a 'Free Scholarship', paid for by Bradford City Council. This was a big opportunity for me as my parents could not possibly afford the fees for BGS. In the late 1960's, Bradford and many other local councils stopped offering Free Scholarships to their local fee paying schools, thus depriving many very able students of the opportunity to an education that they would almost certainly have benefitted from.

I entered BGS in 1956 and at first found it daunting. However, I eventually settled down and formed a circle of friends. BGS set very high standards and the pressure put on pupils was quite intense, but I acquired an interest in science, particularly chemistry. When the A-Level exams came round in 1962, I did well enough to be awarded a State Scholarship. This meant I would be able to take the Open Scholarship Exams at Oxford.

During the summer of 1962, my parents took me to Oxford to look round and decide which College I should apply to. Of course, on a short visit it was impossible to decide which college to choose. However, my father said I should apply to Pembroke 'because it had the best-kept gardens'.

I took the Open Scholarship Exams in December 1962 and admit, to my shame, that Pembroke was not my first choice. Over 3 days, we took exams in Chemistry, Physics, Maths and a General Paper. We then had to wait over the weekend to see if we would be invited to take the Chemistry Practical Examination. This was a three-hour laboratory exercise where we were required to analyse unknown substances. During this time, I was approached by a gentleman who kept asking me how I was getting on. As I was working under pressure, I was not happy with the interruptions and probably made my displeasure plain. It was only afterwards that I found out he was Dr Mark Whiting, Tutor in Organic Chemistry at Pembroke. I left feeling depressed as I thought I had blown my chances. However, on Christmas Eve I received a letter from the Master telling me that I had been awarded an Open Scholarship at Pembroke. My father was happy as he assumed that I took his advice!

Shortly afterwards, I received a letter from Dr. Whiting. 'Dear Chamberlain, let me introduce myself. I tried to talk to you during your practical, but you were, quite rightly, more concerned with your chemistry'.

I came up in 1963. This was the start of the 'swinging sixties'. The post war austerity had come to an end and 'teenagers' were invented as a demographic group. Generally, life became freer for the younger generation and we looked forward to a more liberal future. It was also the beginning of the opening of higher education to a wider population, both male and female. The founding of new universities and the expansion of older ones meant that the future looked bright.

Sir Harold Macmillan opens North Quad

On Friday 22nd November 1963, I was in the college bar just before dinner in hall when a scout informed us that President Kennedy had been shot. During dinner we were told that he had died. My generation will always remember where we were when we heard the news.

After the first few weeks, I began to make a circle of friends which grew progressively over time. It consisted mostly, but not entirely, of chemists, physicists and engineers. Coffee in our rooms after hall, games of Bridge, or an evening in the pub became a routine. Of course, the one statistic that we all knew was 8:1, the ratio of male to female students in Oxford. JCR Parties were one way to meet young ladies, either from the ladies' colleges or the Radcliffe Infirmary. At the time there was an excellent undergraduate rock group, the 'Dark Blues', including at least one Pembrokian. The costs of entry were clearly designed to attract the opposite sex. I recall that they were: single ladies admitted free, single men 2 shillings, couples 5 shillings! At one such party in 1965 I met a nurse, Ann Fleming. She had just finished a late shift at the Radcliffe Infirmary and was about to go to bed when a friend told her about the excellent JCR party at Pembroke and persuaded her to come. We married in 1968. I sometimes wonder is she blames her friend for bringing her!

During my first week in Oxford, I was bombarded in both college and at the Freshmens' Fair to join all sorts of college and university societies and sports clubs. As I weighed less than 62 kg, Pembroke Rowing Club tried to convince me to become a cox. I resisted their efforts! I did play cricket for Pembroke with a lot more enthusiasm than skill. However, two of my school friends and I were talked into joining the Oxford University Judo Club, in those days a very minor sport on the Oxford scene. I persevered at the sport and in 1967 I became President of OUJC and gained a Half-Blue in the Varsity Match. The following year I represented Great Britain in the World University Judo Championships in Lisbon.

As it happens, the lowest weight category, lightweight had an upper limit of 63 kg. so I was one of the very few in the UK who could meet the weight limit. I was also awarded a Brown Belt.

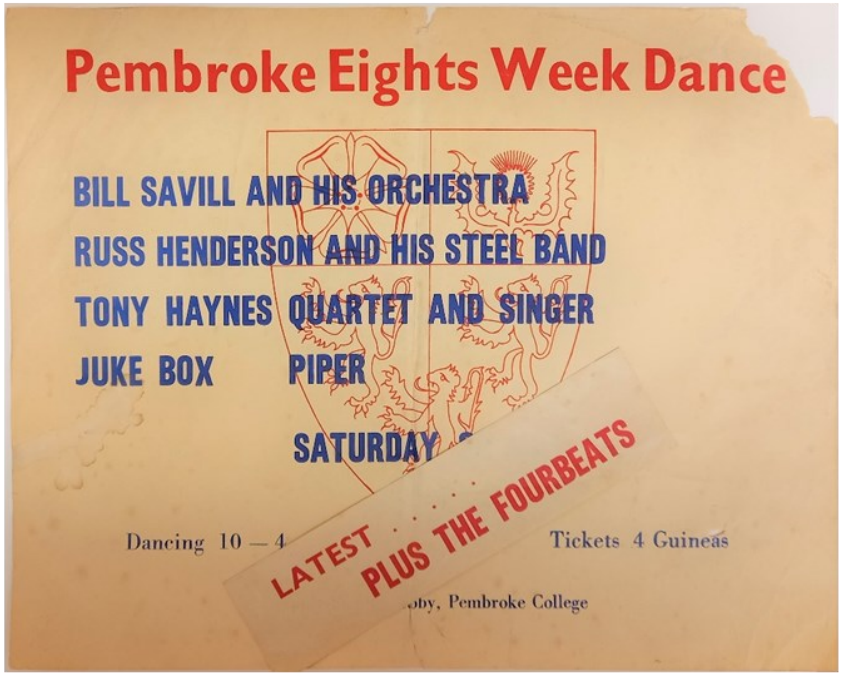
Pembroke Cricket Team, 1964 – Peter Chamberlain back left

In the summer of 1967, the Duke of Marlborough opened up Blenheim Palace to the staff of the Radcliffe. However, he insisted that tickets should be made to nurses as well as senior doctors etc. Ann and I had just got engaged and we had a superb evening. There were several bands and individual artists performing but most of us were dancing on the lawns to Procul Harum and 'Whiter Shade of Pale'.

My first room was somewhat basic with a long walk to the toilet! Gate hours were not a great problem. Usually I would be in my room before midnight and on rare occasions, climbing-in was not a problem. When my tutor, Mark Whiting, was made Dean, he climbed in himself to ensure that it was safe for the students! Sconcing rarely happened in Pembroke. The College Scouts were a dying breed. They would usually turn out to support the college sports teams. I remember in particular Hector, who polished our shoes and boots. I was selected for the College Cricket Team, as I came into college at lunchtime, Hector approached me and said 'Congratulations Mr Chamberlain, but you did not put your cricket boots out for me to clean. When I said that they were clean enough, he told me that he would be the judge. After that, I always had immaculate boots!

Hector Greenwood
'Odd job man'

I rate my Oxford academic experience very highly. It was only in later life, lecturing in other universities, where I realised just how good the Oxford tutorial system was, compared with what was on offer in other universities and colleges where I was teaching. The laboratory was usually very relevant and had the side-effect that one met chemistry students from other colleges where one could make new friends.



The Fourbeats changed their name to the The Dark Blues in 1965

The major social event of the year was the Eights Week Ball. Famous groups such as Manfred Mann and Pink Floyd were the star attractions, backed up by the Dark Blues, played through the night and large quantities of champagne were consumed.

In 1964, Harold Wilson and the Labour Party won the general election, replacing Sir Alec Douglas-Hume. It so happened that the then Master, Ronald McCallum, was Wilson's former tutor. He allegedly remarked that 'Harold Wilson was the brightest student I had. He got a straight alpha on every paper in his finals, except of course in moral philosophy'. Wilson spoke about 'the white heat of the technological revolution' which led we scientists and engineers to believe that this would open many opportunities for us in our future careers. Unfortunately, there was a balance of payments crisis so the future was postponed!

n the summer of 1965, Mark Whiting was appointed Professor of Organic Chemistry at Bristol University. He was replaced by Gordon Whitham who became my tutor. I did not realise it at the time, but Gordon was to become a mentor, friend and confidante for the rest of his life. In 1966, I took my Part 1 Examination, the written papers in chemistry and in 1967, I undertook my Part 2, the year's research. I worked under Gordon's supervision in the Dyson Perrins Laboratory. I was fortunate to be awarded a First and remained at Oxford, working with Gordon's group for a D. Phil, completed in summer of 1969.

The 1960's had seen a rapid expansion in chemistry with many new University lectureships created. Then, in the early 1970's, chemistry became less popular. Over the next four years, I carried out Post-Doctoral research at Queen's University in Ontario, Glasgow and Cambridge. There were however very few new lectureships available and these would attract scores or even hundreds of applicants. This was a very uncertain and depressing time as the future looked bleak as Ann and I now had two young sons. However, Gordon invited me back to Pembroke, spent time boosting my confidence and encouraging me not to lose heart. Fortunately, I eventually obtained a Lectureship in Organic Chemistry at Dundee College of Technology (now Abertay University Dundee). Subsequently, I became Research Manager in a successful chemical company.

Over the years Gordon and I would meet up at Conferences and Symposia, Gaudies, and Alumni Weekends. We always exchanged Christmas cards in which we brought each other up to date about our work and family. Gordon took a great interest in the college and in particular the appointment of a new Master. I remember particularly one Christmas message from him. 'You have probably heard that we have appointed Sir Roger Bannister

as our new Master. At least, given our respective ages and his obvious physical fitness, I will not have to go through that process again'.

I also understand that, on the election of Margaret Thatcher as Prime Minister, he wrote to her saying how pleased he was to see that a scientist and chemist had become Prime Minister. He believed that greater scientific knowledge in government would be beneficial. His opinion of her contribution to good government is not recorded.

Gordon was a serious climber in his younger days. One of his research students was also a climber. When she was looking for a Post-Doctoral position, he sat down with a map to decide which European university would provide good career opportunities combined with good climbing.

During my final year in Oxford, Gordon asked me to mark some exam papers for students applying to Pembroke. Amongst them were 3 or 4 applicants from a state school in the Rhondda Valley. As an area of social deprivation, it was extremely unusual to receive such applicants. Whilst none of them succeeded on that occasion, I learned subsequently that Gordon had formed a connection with the school and over the years, several of its students were able to benefit from a Pembroke education.

Gordon Whitham

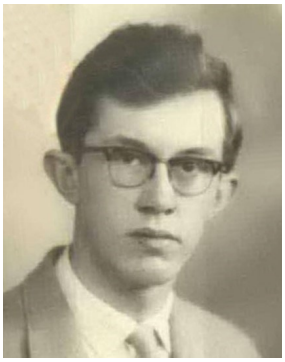
In 1996, Gordon retired. Ann and I attended a dinner in Pembroke in his honour. Many of his former students attended and an enjoyable and nostalgic evening was had by all.

Shortly afterwards, I received a message from Professors Steve Davis and George Fleet, inviting me to take part in a 'Gordon Whitham Symposium' in St. John's College. The large number of his former students and colleagues who came to give presentations of their research work after Oxford was a fitting tribute to Gordon. The evening finished with a dinner and firework display in St. Johns. In conclusion, I am delighted that one of the rooms in the new buildings is named in his honour. It is a fitting and lasting tribute.

During my last two years in Oxford (1968-69), there were several issues coming to the fore: including Women's Liberation, the Vietnam War etc. However, during that time I was a married man, and was spending a large amount of my time completing my D.Phil. Thesis so I was less involved in college life. Many of the above issues became more prominent in the 1970's.

After Pembroke, I carried out Post-Doctoral Research at Queens University, Ontario, Glasgow and Cambridge Universities. This was not a good time as the rapid expansion of Universities in the sixties had come to an end and permanent positions in academia in chemistry were non-existent. However, I became a lecturer at Dundee Institute of Technology (Now Abertay Univ. Dundee). I began a joint research project with Allied

Colloids, a company in my home town in Bradford, The project was successful and I became a Research Manager at Allied Colloids where I worked until my retirement. There is no doubt that my time in Oxford was the most enjoyable of my life and the experiences I had prepared me for a successful and fulfilling life. I also made lifelong friends.



James (Jim) Dalton - (m.1963) Chemistry

Early days

I was born on a snowy day, 19/02/1944, in the room over a butcher's shop at 8 High Street, Pershore, Worcestershire. My Dad was stationed at RAF Pershore at the time.

I was christened in April 1944. My Godfather and uncle (Mum's only brother), F/Officer James Freckleton, died in a crashed Lancaster in Belgium on June 23 1944. Mum never recovered.

We moved in 1947 to Birkenhead and, from the age of four, I went to primary and junior schools which were a bus ride away. Long before we left in 1954 I was travelling to and from school, door to door, on my own. Some of the buses were knackered and all were cold, noisy and uncomfortable. On more than one occasion we all had to get out of the bus at the bottom of a hill, walk up the hill and then resume bus travel.

Grammar school

In February 1954, my Dad got promotion to Leicester so, in April 1954, we moved there. I passed 11+ and so went to the big Local Education Authority grammar school, Wyggeston Boys. Over 1000 pupils and 6 entry classes of 30. All the teachers were characters. One first year class was taken by Colin 'Lofty' Dexter (a short stature man) who later became famous for writing Inspector Morse books. Famous old boys also include David Attenborough. I ended up doing 10 'O' levels in various subjects from Latin to Physics.

Sport and PE were not my thing. Dreadful eyesight and an over-sheltered upbringing made me quite a weedy wimp; sad to say. My favourite 'infamous' incident while playing rugby was the occasion when I caught the ball and started running, only to be stopped and turned around by the team captain because I was unknowingly running the wrong way!

Science sixth form started in 1960 and was enjoyable, rewarding and successful. Great teachers although they were using words and methods that would be frowned on today like throwing backboard dusters and chalk around the room and doing visibly dangerous Chemistry demonstrations, etc.!

At school, it was suggested (strongly) that I apply to Oxford University, so I did.

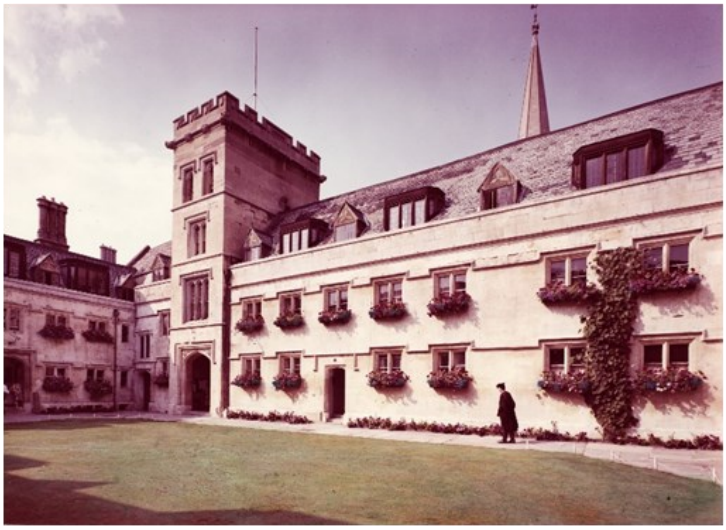
Oxford

As I recall it, 18 of us from our year went to Oxbridge in 1963 which was a pretty normal sort of number for the school, which says a lot for that LEA grammar school. I won an Exhibition in Chemistry at Pembroke.

I travelled by steam train from Leicester to Oxford for the entrance exams. These exams were much as expected bar the general paper which was, I guess, testing critical thinking and lateral thinking. I had received no prior knowledge that such a paper was expected but I enjoyed the challenge and apparently did well enough. During the Chemistry practical examination, I was approached by a man who introduced himself as Mark Whiting from Pembroke and he asked me to visit him in college after the exam finished. The interview seemed to go well but he clearly recognised my anxiety so told me to return home and not to worry too much.

Arrived at Pembroke

I came up in the autumn of 1963, brought by my parents, and we went to my allocated room which was top floor over the gatehouse. A large room plus a separate bedroom with wash basin. However, there were cracks in the wall and damp patches!! Mum was horrified but only told me later. However, I had a contact in Morris Motors in Oxford and through him got Mini and MG posters which covered it all up.



Old Quad and the gate tower, c.1965, just after the removal of the ivy

The snag of that room was the bells!

St Aldates bells were level with my front windows, and they were clearly giving bell-ringing lessons apart from pre-service bells and weddings throughout the week. In addition, I think the Pembroke chapel bell was just above my ceiling!

Bathing facilities were in the 'submarine' where the modern library now is. Primitive to say the least. Duck boards on a bare floor and baths in galvanised cubicles about 7 foot high. For my second year in college, I chose a room over the bookshop in St Aldates. Decent bathroom and my own key to the front door onto St Aldates where I had parked my car (don't tell the proctors). I could be out of bed, washed and in the Chemistry lecture theatre within 12 minutes. BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

Breakfast was excellent, bacon and egg, Tea (I had not yet developed current black coffee habit). Cannot recall lunch. Dinner was an experience. Generally, the food was to my taste but very traditional. Remarkable thing was being served beer in what appeared to be antique solid silver tankards. Wow!

After dinner we passed the buttery where typically I was buying dark chocolate biscuits and grapefruit barley water for sustenance whilst writing essays. Next stop was the bar but not every time. Glad I was not a Scholar so could snigger at grace being read in appalling Latin pronunciation by all bar Greats Scholars.

Although on good terms with fellow Chemistry students (in fact with all of what are now called STEM students) the only long-term friendship I kept up was Ian Banner (physics), now sadly deceased. In general though, STEM students mixed with other STEM students and Grammar school boys with other Grammar school boys. There were few overseas students and I had little culturally in common with most private/public school students.

Memorable about the JCR were two things. Long queue to use the phone which was money in the slot and press button A or B and the deep brown patinated leather armchairs that oozed history.

The college barge was still afloat and I did visit it a couple of times but it was clearly in a bad way. Once gone we had to do without 'premises' of our own on or by the river. We used the OUBC facilities for storing the boats.

The College barge sank in 1964 after a storm

I was pretty hopeless at all sports but rowing was feasible because very little depended on eyesight. Practice was a good way of keeping fit, but success evaded the Third (Schools) VIII in races. Good fun though.

For my final year I lived in digs in North Oxford. Convenient for Labs and for a short drive home sometimes. Landlady claimed to be losing money by having students. Taught me that older people are not always truthful.

The teaching? Great in total but some lectures were only 'adequate'. Tutorials were really good and when Gordon Whitham came the tutorials were even more friendly, informal, informative and challenging. The practical training in the labs was, at least in Organic Chemistry, disappointing. At school (LEA remember) corks, cork borers and DIY capillary tubes were long gone. We had 'Quickfit' ground glass jointed equipment and capillary tubes were provided!! In fact, capillary tube manufacture produced my only ever work-related injury. I ended up in the Radcliffe A&E having a minor operation to remove a tube which pierced a knuckle in my hand and broke off internally. Still got the scar!

I do have to admit that although I took full advantage of the teaching at Oxford, I did not realise the value of the other networking opportunities and rather neglected them.

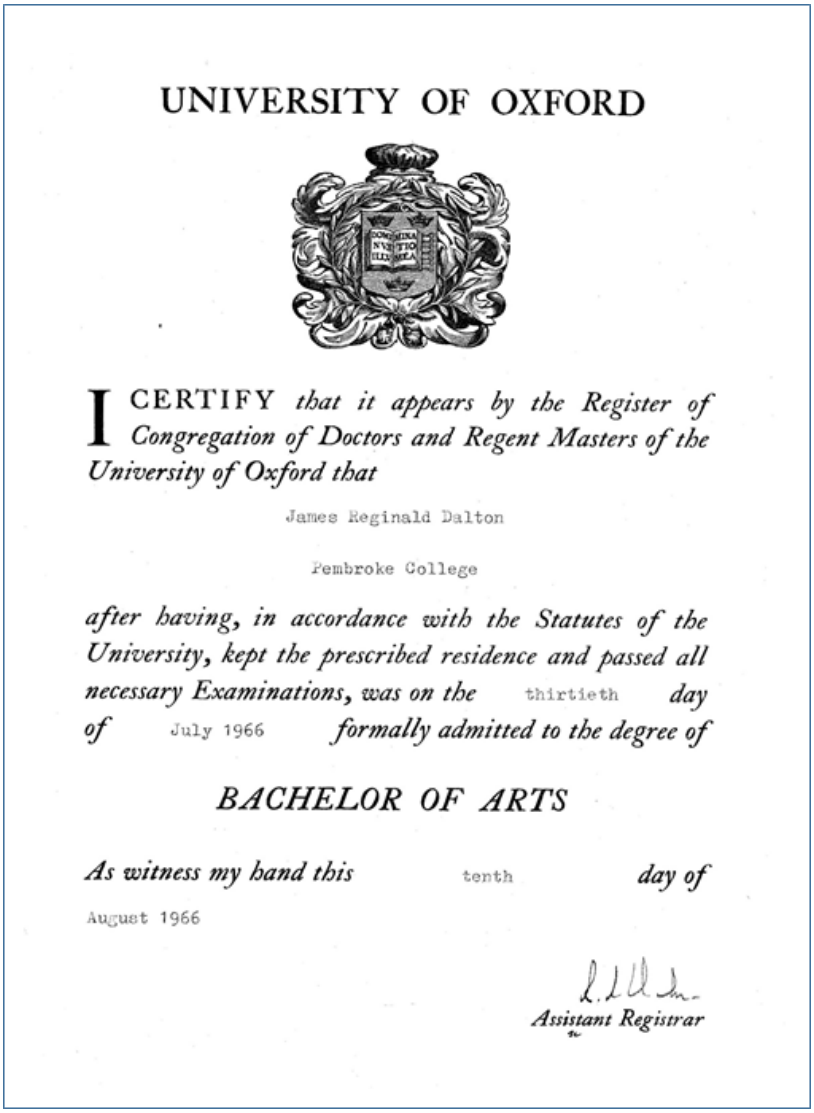
I also became disaffected at Oxford with the endless theorising and just talking. I felt that you made the world a better place by DOING something rather than talking about it. I declined the offer of a 4th year and more (D Phil. probably) and chose instead to go into manufacturing industry where I stayed all my life.

I have always enjoyed problem solving, designing and making things and still do so in retirement; now for the repair and/or improvement of my old FIATs from the 1920s.

The world of work

Graduating in 1966 bears no resemblance to what faces graduates today. I had gone to University with local government support in grant form as well as fees being paid by them and, in addition, the college paid ME each term my Exhibition award money. My parents paid the rest, so I left university with no debts and a range of job offers. Lucky me.

The job I took was a graduate trainee at Pirelli Tyre. It was chosen by me because they were about to build a new factory in Carlisle (where is that I wondered?) and they made an interesting technical product. I was not disappointed. Superb opportunity and the job was HUGE fun and very rewarding. After being on the set-up team at Pirelli Carlisle for a couple of years, I was sent to Technical HQ of Pirelli in Milan.



UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

I CERTIFY *that it appears by the Register of Congregation of Doctors and Regent Masters of the University of Oxford that*

James Reginald Dalton

Pembroke College

after having, in accordance with the Statutes of the University, kept the prescribed residence and passed all necessary Examinations, was on the thirtieth *day of* July 1966 *formally admitted to the degree of*

BACHELOR OF ARTS

As witness my hand this tenth *day of* August 1966

Assistant Registrar

Living in Italy in the 1970s was a character-building experience. We ended up with a lovely 2 bed flat over the hill to the south of Turin but there were always difficulties with public services and disorganised officials. Telephone lines were in short supply, BBC radio reception was extremely poor, UK newspapers were only available at the main Turin railway station, and rarely same day. Internet would have been nice!

Oh yes, the job. Wonderful and so informative not just about tyres but also about living in a different culture. After spending a couple of months trying to make Italy conform with UK, we let ourselves become 'Italian'. Much easier.

Much later I went self-employed, still in manufacturing. In 2014 on my 70th birthday I did sell the business and gratefully retired.

North Hertfordshire and Retirement

I became parish councillor when time permitted and I ended up Chairman, unwillingly. The District Council make life difficult and dish out criticism if you try to 'achieve' anything. I now however do voluntary work with the National Trust (Wimpole Hall one time seat of the Lord Chancellor) and with local community transport typically taking people to hospital appointments. I combine my main hobby of old cars with this volunteering.

Robert Rhodes - (m.1963) Oriental Studies

I had three very happy years at Pemmy in the early 1960s. The Master was the remarkable Robert McCallum, who coined the word "psephology".

Things were very different then from now. The college was clad in ivy, which looked beautiful in the russet light of autumn, but unfortunately the ivy was removed because of the damage it was doing to the buildings.

Many undergraduates in college had a comfortable, centrally heated bed-sitting room with a bathroom either en-suite or on the same staircase. The college decided to allocate me a living room at the top of staircase 1, with two small bedrooms leading off it. The college must have thought that it would put its two madmen together: I read Oriental Languages (Classical Chinese), while the other occupant read Arabic and Persian. The living room had a small bar fire (which broke), but neither bedroom had any form of heating. I survived nights during the depths of winter by going to bed with a hot water bottle, and with a jumper and a tracksuit over my pyjamas. A law don had a stove in the room below, and I was grateful for the occasional warmth that floated up.

There was neither a bathroom nor a loo on my staircase, so when I needed either in the middle of the night, it was a dash down two double flights of stairs, across two courtyards, and into an open-air block. The Spartan training would have stood me in good stead, I am sure, had I ever had the misfortune to be a non-paying guest of Her Majesty. I sometimes wonder whether the late Michael Bettaney, who was sentenced to 23 years' imprisonment for spying for the Russians, had a room such as mine when he went to Pembroke a few years after me.

The food was a long way from today's excellent college food. In particular, on Fridays we were given smoked haddock for breakfast. The talk was that King James had left 400 years' worth of smoked haddock to the college, and we were in the last century of it.

Pembroke was an all-male college. Women visitors had to be out of the college by 11 pm. Residents (I almost put "inmates") had to be back in college by midnight, under pain of being fined £5 (equivalent to over £100 now) by the Bursar, the delightful and much loved George Bredin.

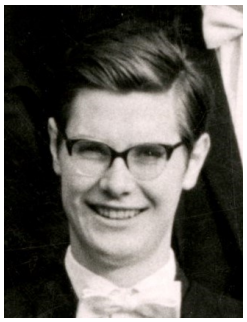
George Bredin, Bursar, giving an after dinner speech, 1960s

There was a wall in North Quad which undergraduates could use to climb in: you needed to be drunk to contemplate it, and sober to manage it. In the early 1960s, the Junior Dean (who was responsible for discipline) often used to prowl around that wall after midnight in the hope of catching some errant late undergraduate. The Junior Dean looked very young himself, and one night he had the embarrassment of being offered a leg up to help him over the wall by a passing, friendly, policeman. The college had rooms facing onto Pembroke Street, and their windows were supposed to be sealed. Occasionally they were unsealed, and the occupants were often disturbed in the middle of the night by returning undergraduates. It was not, however, always a catastrophe being back at Pemmy after midnight. The night porter, Charlie, usually had female company in the lodge, and when he was in a good mood, he would let you in with no unhappy consequences.

Fencing team, 1965-66

I was a fencer, and Pembroke was lucky to have another fencer who was my contemporary: the athletic and vigorous Rocco Forte. We won Cuppers all three years that we were at Oxford.

The college was much smaller then than now, and it was even then a friendly and happy place to be.



Brian Crabtree - (m.1964) Natural Science

It is hard to believe that it will soon be 60 years since I went to Pembroke. I've attended the 350th anniversary of the College, been to both the 50th and 55th Gaudies and plan to attend Pembroke's 400th birthday, which also coincides with my diamond Gaudy (but what I'm really hoping for is a seat at High Table – the 60-year alumni sat there at the 55th Gaudy!).

At the 55th, a request was made for articles to celebrate the upcoming 400th anniversary. This is the response. It seems right that a club that is still going (relatively) strongly after 55 years is worth mentioning. On a historical note, for all those more recent alumni, this club was formed ten years before Pembroke was invaded by, of all things, ladies! After all, scouts had been fairly successful in keeping them out for over three hundred years!

There have been one or two other changes in fifty-plus years. The quad looked very different then – the whole south face was covered in green ivy – it was over a foot thick and provided pretty cheap air-conditioning by keeping the sun off the stone wall. Just as well, as you had to close the windows to keep out the shrill chatter of sparrows and the resident spiders. Leave one open for an afternoon and there were be a dozen spiders sitting (?) on the ceiling upon your return. And they all had a leg-span of over an inch (I've kept this narrative imperial for all you non-physicists!).

The Club

All of the 1964 physicists were lodged in Staircase 9, whose scout was Stan. He got to know us well and had the added advantage that he was a dab hand at broaching a keg! I had got to know a biochemist (we roomed together for the prelim exams in the March before our matriculation in September 1964) and this led to contacts with the chemists (or it could just have been the 'nerd' factor). All of us physicists had an award of some kind which meant we were still together the following year (the Exhibitionists had the added advantage of NOT reading Grace at dinner!).

So, naturally, we got to know the 1965 physicists as well, many of whom also occupied rooms on staircase 9 or the adjacent staircase 10. One of the after-dinner groupings (which may have been lubricated by Stan's skill!) led to talk about fraternities along the lines of those American universities. Being physicists, we knew the Greek alphabet. But we wanted to be a bit more than just a drinking club and someone (it may even have been a group suggestion) came up with multi-various. This rapidly morphed into Multifarious. We were people, so we became the Multifarians of μλτ.

We decided to design a tie. This may have been because *The Bear* offered a free pint if you could increase their collection of ties (so much for multifariousness!).

We split the simple μλτ logo and picked a maroon tie, embroidering the Greek letters in yellow. To show we were serious about our aims - friendship and beer - we added a handle to the μ (turning it into a mug!), and filled it with beer. I think we ordered around 20 ties and, unfortunately, I seem to have lost mine.

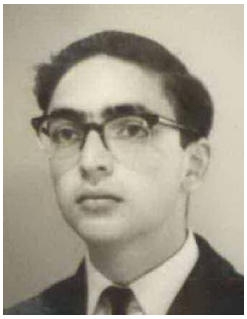
The Meetings

We've had many meetings outside College, a notable one for me was in Steyning ≈1980 as my parents lived locally, less than 10 miles away, but since I immigrated to Canada in 1985, I have not attended many. I have a log of most meetings held up to 1970 but most of the meetings in the last 20 years have been alumni dinners. At one significant meeting in 2008 however, Dave Grant produced T-shirt with our logo!

We are all now in our late 70's (!) and, unfortunately, lost a quarter of our members (and lost touch with another two). But still, it's quite an achievement!

The Members

Graham Clarke	Physics	1964	President
Brian Crabtree	Physics	1964	Secretary
David Grant	Physics	1964	
David Pollard	Physics	1964	
Roy Cottrell	Chemistry	1964	
David Hall	Chemistry	1964	
Mike Miller	Chemistry	1964	
Malcolm Wright	Chemistry	1964	
Adrian Leek	Biochemistry	1964	
John Hedges	Eng. science	1965	
Paul Chantry	Physics	1965	
Phil Dimmock	Physics	1965	
Geoff Hough	Physics	1965	
Julian Sternberg	Physics	1965	
Barry Walker	Physics	1965	
Gerald Jarvis	Medicine	1965	
Nigel Rose	Medicine	1965	



Philip Goldenberg - (m.1964) Classics

My parents had an interesting background, being – directly or indirectly – products of the "Pale of Settlement": the area stretching from Odessa at its south-eastern extremity through Ukraine to the Baltic States in which Catherine the Great of Russia confined the Jews (whom she disliked) in rural poverty, as poignantly recorded in the musical *Fiddler on the Roof*.

As with many immigrants, my parents' hopes rested in my success. They gave me a secure home background, although coupled with a well-meaning but wrong wish to run my life for me – I learned from my experience not to repeat this approach with my own children. At age seven, they removed me from the local primary school, where I could coast along

happily, to the much greater intellectual challenge of the preparatory school for St Paul's, Colet Court. This represented a significant financial burden, and curtailed their lifestyle – particularly holiday – choices. I did at least make a contribution by winning a scholarship from Colet Court to St Paul's itself.

St Paul's School, Hammersmith (now demolished)

The Pauline education at that time was based, in vehicular terms, on trams rather than taxis. There were set and unvariable combinations of subjects to be taken in the Sixth (curiously called the Eighth) Form, and a distinct hierarchy – those thought best on the Arts side were directed to Classics, the next tranche to History with French, and the alleged dullards to Geography and Economics. The idea of grouping together modern languages, which I would have selected on a free choice, was a bit too revolutionary for a school which had been founded in 1509 by Dean John Colet to teach Latin and Greek to 153 Scholars – the number of fish found in the New Testament's "miraculous draught". It was a rather good joke at the School's Annual Review in 1959 when a spoof TV interviewer interrogated the ghost of Colet as to what changes he foresaw 450 years later, and received the reply: "Some of the staff may have aged slightly!".

I had shown promise in Latin and Greek in my first year, so was directed to the Classics Department. After a year in which there was at least some residual connection with other subjects, there followed two years in which weeks of 35 periods consisted in alternate weeks of 29 periods of either Latin or Greek. The simple objective was to produce the annual yield of Oxbridge Classical Scholarships which the School could advertise to prospective parents. In my case it worked well; by the time the objective was attained, I could translate Shakespeare sonnets into either Latin or Greek verse. In the case of Greek, this was in spite of the fact that the Greek Master was a member of the British Bridge team (he also captained England at croquet!), and taught us both Greek and Bridge simultaneously.

NB: Best prep school amusing moment:
Latin Master: "Boy, translate 'melius est amari quam timeri' [it is better to be loved than to be feared] – to give you a clue, it's how we as teachers govern our behaviour to you."
Pupil: "It is better to be armed than to be afraid."!!

But it left me woefully ignorant of so many building blocks of life. I had no real knowledge of non-Classical literature, of history after the Golden Age of the Roman Empire, or of science or its methodology. I had never been challenged to think conceptually; a narrow academic forcing-house had given me no real opportunity to do this. And, beyond the sheltered world which I had hitherto inhabited, I had no knowledge of civic society, or of how organisations worked; and my inter-personal skills were

positively antediluvian. This was remedied in small part by my parents' decision to give me life experiences, sending me abroad twice between leaving school in Dec 1963 and starting university in Oct 1964.

To what extent would four years in Oxford remedy my deficiencies?

I was now in a position to pursue my interest in politics. The Oxford University Liberal Club, and the Oxford Union, were certainly two bedrocks of my time there. I enjoyed the company of like-minded people, while gradually coming to realise the extent to which people had personal agendas which were not always compatible with the best interests of the organisations which they purported to serve. I held office in both organisations. In the latter, I developed an aptitude and liking for public speaking. I discovered that the sense of power experienced by a speaker carrying an audience with him is truly amazing. In my final year, I was invited to propose, in the Freshers' Debate, a motion advocating the decriminalisation of the personal use of cannabis. I had simply not thought how much the audience, attending their first Oxford Union Debate, would want it to match its reputation, and therefore will the speakers to succeed. My opening line: "Mr President, it has been argued that this motion is disreputable, and that accordingly a person of unimpeachable integrity has been selected to propose it. I resolutely deny both these allegations." brought the House down, and carried me through the rest of my speech.

I also encountered the intrigue which is an unavoidable aspect of politics; and, as the late Dick Crossman pointed out in a speech to the Cambridge Union, "politics" is not confined to Westminster and Whitehall, but is part of the lifeblood of most organisations. Additionally, I developed a talent for what subsequently became known as "media management". To exemplify this, the Oxford University Liberal Club held an annual election for Vice-Presidents, assisted by the consumption of a modicum of Pimms. Harold Wilson had been Treasurer of the Club whilst an undergraduate, and was shortly thereafter elected to one of these posts to mark his appointment as Prime Minister. He was de-selected the following year, at which time one of his successors was a witch who had addressed the Club.

It was an obvious gift to me as Press Officer, obtaining six column feet of national coverage for the story "Witch beats Wilson in Oxford Election", with some American coverage to boot (the WASHINGTON POST, as a result of which I received a nutcase letter from an American listing the witches in his family!).

One use of my media management skills was, however, more controversial. An incoming President of the Club naïvely considered that it would be a good exercise of the liberal principle of free speech to invite as a speaker a German neo-fascist. He gave no thought to the consequences for German politics of thus giving status to this dreadful person. I used my media contacts to give this national publicity, and the resultant pressure forced the cancellation of this undesirable event. I lost some support over this, but had no regrets.

One of the curious features of the Oxford University Liberal Club, shared with other long-standing University Liberal Clubs, was the right to propose members for the National Liberal Club, which a number of us joined in this way. Incredibly for a Liberal Club, the NLC at that time did not admit women as full members. So it came to pass that the OULC proposed amongst others one Hilary Wright. The NLC Secretary wrote to me, as OULC Secretary, seeking my confirmation that the applicant was a male.

With my tongue firmly in my cheek, I replied that the application "conformed in every respect with the rules of the Club" (which it did under the standard rules of interpretation). Hilary received a letter accepting the application, and asking that he sign the Members Book when first visiting the Club. The visit duly occurred in March 1967 on the day before Jeremy Thorpe was to be honoured at a Luncheon as incoming Leader of the Liberal Party, with Miss Wright being accompanied by me, together with a reporter and photographer from the William Hickey diary section of the Daily Express, which led with the story the following morning. This did not escape Jeremy's notice, and he enjoyed some gentle teasing of the Club establishment, some of whose more outraged members suggested that I should be locked in a room with a bottle of whisky and a revolver, and left to do the decent thing!

Academically, I trod water in the first half of my Classics course, getting a decent Second in my first public examination. At that time (shades of St Paul's), the Classics course was inflexible, and I was very uncertain as to how (if indeed at all) I would cope with the conceptual thinking which would be involved in the History and Philosophy of which the second half consisted. So I opted to move over to Hebrew and Arabic, which rapidly turned out to be a mistake, as the Hebrew was incredibly badly taught by English clergymen who had no feel for the language. I retreated back to Classics, and the Philosophy course eventually succeeded in endowing me with conceptual thought; I emerged with a reasonable Second.

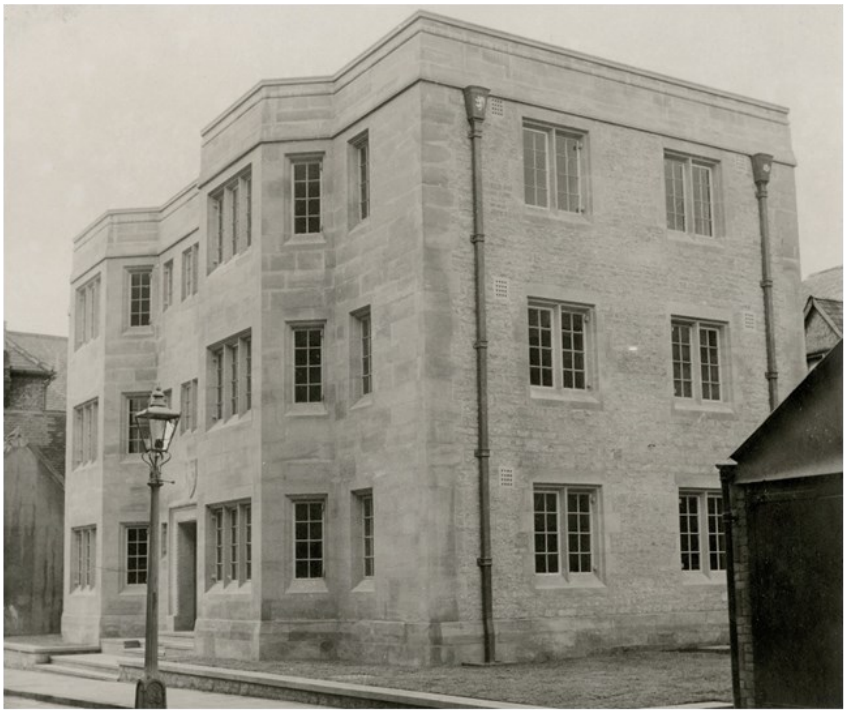
David Griffiths - (m.1964) English

Life before Pembroke and admission:

I grew up in Wolverhampton. My parents came from a working class background; my grandfather on my father's side was a silversmith. My father was a grammar school scholar in the nineteen-twenties, and although he had the ability to matriculate, there was no question of his pursuing a university education. Who knows what my mother might have achieved had the educational opportunities been available to her?

I attended Wolverhampton Grammar School in the days when the eleven-plus allowed entry based on the ability to benefit from an academic education rather than the ability to pay. The school had a third year sixth form for those thought likely to gain admission to Oxford or Cambridge, and pupils were gently directed towards colleges where the school was building connections, such as Wadham (where I think there was a closed scholarship) and Pembroke, where, if I remember rightly, Brian Jenkins had preceded me. I had gone through the school in the fast stream, so took my A levels before my seventeenth birthday, thus ruling out immediate entry to universities such as, for example, Durham.

My A levels in English, French and History were of stunning mediocrity: three Cs, plus an A in General Studies, the last achieved by reading a Thames and Hudson History of



The Besse Building (Staircase 11)

Art and pretending to a knowledge I did not really possess. Several of us came to Oxford for the entrance exams in the Morris Minor of our English teacher "Sid" James, and my first impression of Oxford was in the dark, staying in the Besse Building.

I do not remember the exams, other than the smell of cabbage in the halls at Wadham where we took them. I do remember being asked what university I should apply for if I failed to get into Oxford. I had not given this any thought and so said Leicester, as my English teacher and mentor, Ken Parker, had been there. When being interviewed about English, I failed to understand I.A. Richards, whose Practical Criticism we had used as an exercise at school. All this does not seem to have done me too much harm, as just before Christmas I received a letter offering me a place, but inviting me to take the second exam in the New Year. I was so surprised that I wrote back asking them to confirm that I could not lose the place based on my performance in the second exam. The reply was that it was an opportunity to improve my position by gaining a scholarship. I duly won an exhibition. I left school at the end of January 1964 and worked as a filing clerk at a TV retailer until the end of August, whereupon I took a holiday in Norway.

In October, I arrived at Pembroke, this time in my father's Morris Minor, one of three Wulfrunians. (The others were, I think Chris Bradley (Maths), and Chris "Alf" Cadman (Languages).) I had a rather unexciting room at the top of staircase 8. I was homesick, and did not write home for three weeks.

Domestic

For the first year, my room was, as I said above, rather drab. It was the first time I had ever had a chaise longue. The rules and regulations did not trouble me too much, as I was a fairly quiet student, not much involved in partying and going out in the evening. We were due in by midnight, and on the odd occasion I cut it a bit fine, but never had a problem. There was a well-known point at which the walls could be climbed, not that I ever availed myself of this unofficial entrance. At one time (November 1965) builders had left a gap, so the gate was closed more promptly – normally it was closed nearer 12.30 am. John Casson, who had broken a bone in his hand, had to climb out of the College at 2am to get to the hospital, and back in with his hand in a plaster cast at 4am, unaware of the breach in the College defences.

Churchyard by John Piper

In the second year, I did well in the ballot for rooms and had a room on Staircase 11 with two balconies. As an exhibitioner, I had the second year in, but most of my friends did not, so my room became a bit of a pied-a-terre for those who were lodging out. My expenditure on coffee and sugar became a problem. One thing was the JCR Art Collection. It was wonderful to have the opportunity to have, for example, John Piper originals to hang on your wall, and although the Gallery is brilliant, I think that today's students will miss out on that pleasure. Having a bath was not as easy as it would be now: the bathhouse was through the old quad, where the library is today. The baths were in cubicles and if you had plucked up the courage to go in the cold and dark, you were able to relax in a full tub with steam rising in the cold air and rather bleak light. The story that, as the terms were only eight weeks long, bathing facilities were unnecessary was only a story, but I doubt baths were a particularly frequent event.

Cooked breakfast, lunch and dinner did not do much for the waistline, and I put a stone and a half on during the two years I was in college. Dining with a bottle of wine on the table was a new experience, although my parents had equipped me with a book on inexpensive wines. So, too, was drinking beer from an antique silver tankard, and listening to the Latin grace (I can still remember the first few clauses) mangled with old, new and Italianate pronunciation by the scholars. The food was enjoyable and traditional English. Roast potatoes were always popular and on one occasion Chris Bradley grabbed the bowl intended for the table of eight and upended it on his plate.

In the third year I lived out at Botley in a widow's front room. It was comfortable, but a bit isolated. We took advantage of one of our group of friends, who still had College rooms in Pembroke St. In the January of 1967 I contracted glandular fever. So my only experience of pastoral services, other than occasional discussions of career options with David Fleeman, my moral tutor, was seeing the Sister, who was very sympathetic. I had to return home for four weeks, spending one in hospital and losing the one and a half stone I had put on. Dougie Gray said to my colleagues that I would be unlikely to be able to take my finals, but I returned, though I had to go back to the Sister with what today would be termed "mental health" problems, and was referred to the Warneford. I had forgotten, but learn from my letters home, that I thought of not taking my finals, worried that a third might result.

When I came back to Pembroke in 1969, I was newly married. We were made welcome with invitations to the Master's lodgings. We were fortunate in the accommodation we found – an upstairs flat on Ridgefield Road. As a graduate, I did not spend too much time in College, working mostly in the Bodleian and attending seminars in different places around Oxford. I

think I dined on High Table once, memorable largely for the fact that I had never eaten an apple as a dessert with knife and fork (dessert was taken in the SCR) so was completely shown up. (I have never since eaten an apple with knife and fork, either.).

David Fleeman

People

Mr Browning, who was to be our English tutor, died before or just after our arrival, and Dougie Gray had to take responsibility for us. I remember lively tutorials with his wife Judy, where Paradise Lost was the topic; such issues as whether Milton was right to suggest that men could only grow their hair to the shoulders caused controversy – the summer of love was still three years away. In my final year, after I had missed most of Hilary term, and was seeing the psychiatrist at the Warneford, Judy Gray helped me out with nineteenth century literature. A friend at LMH lent me her lecture notes on Piers Plowman, as I had missed this topic while away.

We learned Old English with another lady in North Oxford and had Virgil to absorb with Godfrey Bond. I think he was inclined to think our Latin was better than in fact it was. I still have the Oxford edition of *Aeneid IV*, with notes only on textual issues. By the time we got to *Aeneid VI*, I was using a school edition in which the notes were largely translations of the difficult lines. Tutorials with Dougie Gray on Old English and Middle English were relaxed affairs in his college rooms with books stacked on the floor. He would be puffing at his pipe and wearing an old cardigan with holes in the elbows. He suggested that Italian was easy enough to learn, should we want to read Dante, something I have only recently tested, fifty years on.

David Fleeman arrived later in our undergraduate career. We found his bibliographical leanings rather dry, preferring a literary critical approach to our subject. I thought it *infra dig* that he criticised our essays for the grammar rather than the ideas. I was, however, very grateful when later on I wrote to him to say that I had made a mistake in not taking his advice to further my academic qualifications and wished to return to Pembroke. He backed my request to return, but was unfortunately away fishing in Scotland when my application for a maintenance grant was turned down, so I had to wait until the second year for the graduate grant. Today's students will hardly feel any sympathy for my generation, whom the state supported in our studies. The lack of the maintenance grant was not so much of a problem as having to pay the tuition fees, because my wife, Carolyn was earning, teaching at Blackbird Leys. Tuition fees, if I remember rightly, were £32 per term. David Fleeman did his best to ensure that I received the grant. At a time when finances were extremely stressed, I was not surprised to be asked to provide a deposit of £20 against breakages. I had had to do so as an undergraduate. I was somewhat nonplussed to be told, when I claimed it back at the end of the course, that graduates did not have to pay it, so I could not be due the money. I had to go and retrieve the paid cheque from Lloyds bank at Carfax to prove I had paid it. It transpired that another

Edward Cox, Manciple

David Griffiths had come up and they had mixed us up. There was another David Griffiths at school, and also at Wilmslow Grammar School when I was teaching. My name is far too common. I do not remember the name of the Manciple, but recall that he stood on the steps outside the Hall every evening, memorising the names of the new intake, which he achieved in short order. My scout was Kenny; he was very quiet, but efficient. Early on, playing poker for matchsticks, I learned that gambling with the public school alumni was probably a bad idea, and after Christmas realized that an easy way to distinguish the former public school boys was that they tended to be on crutches after accidents while skiing in the Christmas vac. The crowd I associated most with included Maths students (I remain friends with John Casson to this day), Engineering students, and PPE students. In fact, I didn't associate too much with my fellow English students. Although I have hinted that most of my friends were grammar school alumni, this is not entirely true: Michael Phelps (PPE), a Quaker pacifist and socialist, had been to Christ's Hospital, though on a scholarship, and John Henderson (Maths), who had joint British and Argentinian citizenship, had been to, I think, Downside. John had to go off to Argentina to do his national service after graduating.

Academic

I was surprised to find that I was as good as most of my peers at the academic work. We Arts undergraduates had it much easier than those who studied science. We were required to produce an essay every week for perhaps two tutors, and everything else was optional. One essay per week seemed a bit of an effort for some of my colleagues. I went to lectures as I pleased. Those by Dame Helen Gardner, Christopher Ricks and John Carey stand out in my memory. Bruce Mitchell expanded our knowledge of Old English. It was also great to go to lectures by the Slade Professor of Art, for example.

Tutorials were, as I said, fairly relaxed affairs. I produced four sides of foolscap for each, and would tie myself in knots trying to ensure that a sentence I had started badly could be completed without having to cross out and rewrite. Neil McEwan, who was one of two scholars of English, would turn up with sheets and sheets of indecipherable writing, with bits of literal cut and paste, tabs with additional sentences, multiple crossings out and arrows re-directing him to different points. Word processors have made all that a thing of the past, though Neil tells me he still does not like using the computer to compose.

As an undergraduate, I did not use the Bodleian or the Radcliffe Camera much (the exact opposite to my practice as a graduate), preferring the English Faculty Library, where I could borrow the books. The new building opened during my time at the University. The College Library was also a great source. One of my life-long memories is going into the library after dark, climbing up to the balcony and borrowing the first edition of Tristram

Shandy, signed by Sterne. I think it was in eight volumes. I am pretty sure I signed them out and back, notwithstanding the absence of the deputy librarian. Such treasures are much better protected these days. I also remember borrowing Clarissa, which was in an edition of, maybe, 1850, and finding that most of the pages were uncut. Several generations of students had managed without reading more than a hundred or so pages. I cut the remaining pages, but only read the chapter headings. To read such a book (or, for example, Middlemarch) in a week, together with learned articles and critical references, was in fact quite a large undertaking.

Kathleen Lea

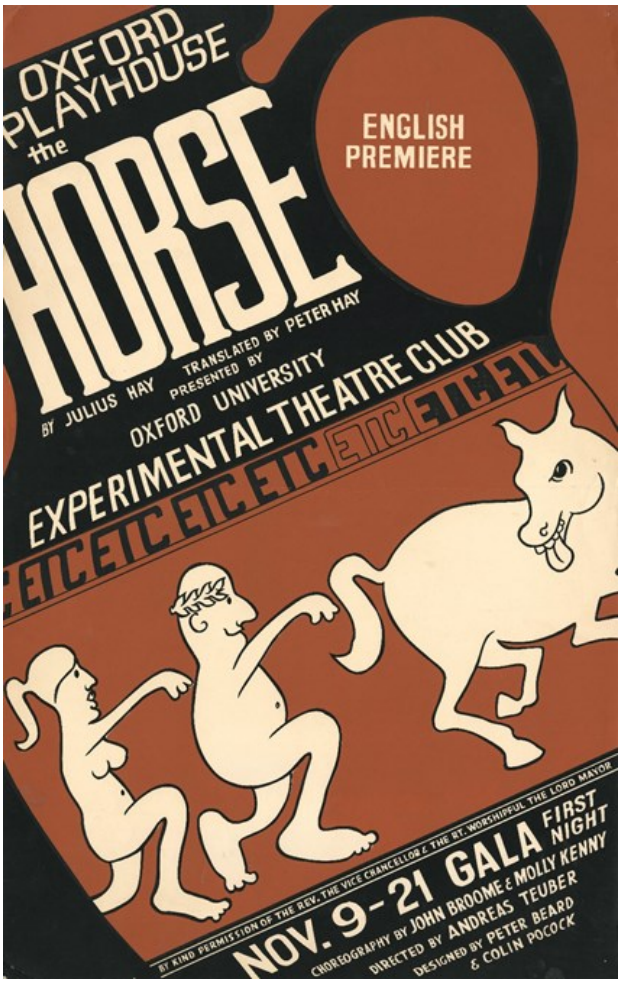
As a graduate, I did not have so much contact with the College, other than on a social level. I worked a nine to five, five day week at the Bodleian, with tutorials, or rather seminars in different places. Kathleen Lea was my supervisor. She took us out to lunch and I think I remember a fox stole. I started doing a B.Litt and my preliminary essay, on women in Shakespeare, didn't meet with the approval of the moderators, including Alastair Fowler, whose work on numerology and Spenser had come out as I arrived at Oxford, and whose edition of Milton was still fresh. This was a major disappointment, but it was agreed that my work would make a good basis for the shorter dissertation required for the B.Phil. I therefore transferred to a B.Phil in Shakespeare Studies, which went very well. David Fleeman was one of the academics who called me in after the exams and effectively told me that I did not need a viva examination. I was still very nervous, thinking that might mean I had failed, but I met David in the street later in the day, and he said that I didn't need to worry. The success was a great relief, justifying, I hope, what I had put my wife through in supporting me for two years. Others, including one who had greater confidence and who had obtained a good job in Harvard, were less fortunate.

Social

On arriving in Oxford I joined several societies, including the major political party societies, JACARI (the Joint Action Committee Against Racial Intolerance – I don't think as a callow eighteen year old whose family at home read the Daily Express, I fully understood what racial intolerance was). I also joined the Oxford Union. I did not play much part in any of those societies, but my letters home record several debates at the Union, where I heard Enoch Powell (my local MP, as it happened) in February 1965. I remember being impressed by his ruthless logic. The debate was on the question of an incomes policy, and the other side was represented by Richard Marsh, later a minister in the Labour government. It was only after I had left the University that Powell made the infamous "Rivers of Blood" speech and his wild-eyed rants became notorious. I also heard the up-and-coming socialist politician, Shirley Williams, Mrs Bandaranaike of Sri Lanka, and the delectable Fenella Fielding, who spoke in favour of the Beatles in a debate on whether the House preferred Beethoven or the Beatles. Despite the fact

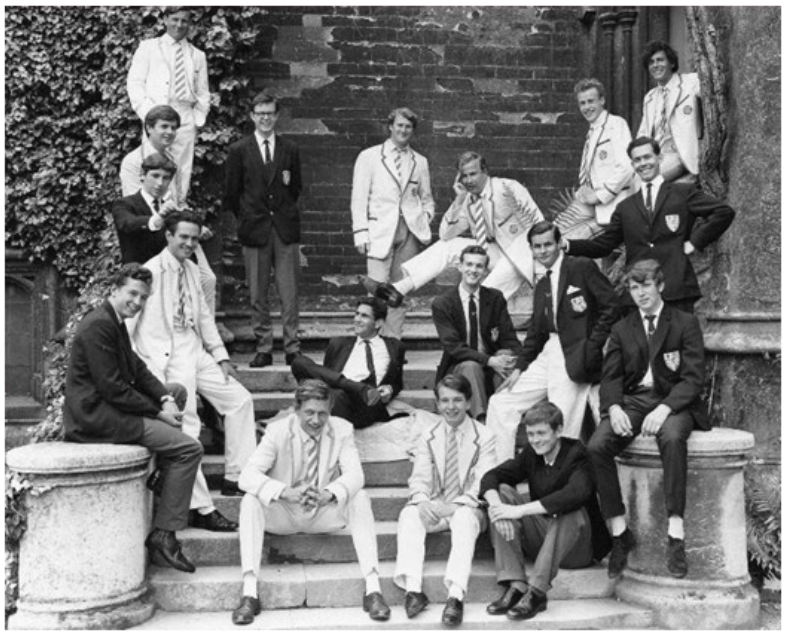
that Fenella Fielding supported the Beatles, the House preferred Beethoven. I doubt that a similar debate would produce such a result these days. Presidents of the OU in my time included Douglas Hogg, Tariq Ali and a Pembrokian who cultivated the image of a latter-day Lloyd George, with long side-burns, a pocket watch and chain and a slightly exaggerated Welsh accent. He impressed me with his nineteenth century stock and wide-lapelled tailcoat. Later I was at a debate when the Union produced a commission enquiry into whether he had canvassed for election, which was apparently banned. I, and apparently the commission, thought that he had been somewhat disingenuous. Most of my memories of the Union were of my first year. Distinguished speakers later on, in October 1965, included Sir Keith Joseph and Roy Jenkins but I don't remember their appearances so well. I also heard James Baldwin speak, according to my letters home, and I found it "quite interesting" but don't remember it at all.

I went once to a Christian Socialist Society meeting with Michael Phelps. I asked one or two questions at the end, something to which they were not accustomed. Michael commented that perhaps I should have kept my counsel, as it appeared that I was neither a Christian nor a socialist. The echo chamber is not entirely new, although I think that open debate on the issues of the day was much healthier then than now.



As for other activities, I did produce a paper on the First War Poets, which I read to the Beaumont society. The fiftieth anniversary of the outbreak of that conflict coincided with my arrival in Oxford. I thought at the time that the War poets were neglected, and my suggestion was that the reality of their experience inevitably influenced the critical response to their work. It appears that my paper produced some lively discussion.

My schoolfriend, Rod Griffin, was at Exeter College at the same time as I was at Pembroke, so I participated vicariously in the dramatic activities in which he was involved. I met Craig Raine in his rooms, and he took part in productions of *The Canterbury Tales* (directed by Neville Coghill), *The Horse*, by Julius Hay, and played the lead in a play by fellow student Michael Rosen entitled *Stewed Figs*. Apparently, Hay thought that the students had completely misunderstood his play (a political satire about Caligula's horse being made a consul) in playing it for laughs. They were arrogant enough to consider that it was a simple farce. Perhaps it should be revived. I stole the poster for the Hay production from outside Dickie Graham's room and had it on my wall for the rest of my time in college. Richard Burton came to Oxford to perform in *Dr Faustus*, with Elizabeth Taylor as Helen. We were unable to get tickets. My friend Rod was fortunate enough to go to Italy when the play was filmed.



First and Second VIII crews, Summer 1966

I enjoyed following Eights Week, although, unlike some of my friends and colleagues, I did not think of participating. I used to follow Pembroke's progress with interest. Keith Waterson coxed one of the minor eights, I remember. As for the May Ball, for the first two years I did not have a girlfriend to escort. I remember that the main act at the first one of my time was John Lee Hooker. I should have liked to have heard him. We evacuated the college on the ball night as a rule. In 1965 we took to John Henderson's room in Pembroke Street, as he was at the ball. Sharing a hamper provided by Jock Thompson's parents, we played cards and chatted, and returned to the college at 6.30 where, among the detritus, there were still a few couples dancing to the juke box.

In the last year, I imagine I was pre-occupied with Finals. The only ball I went to was at Exeter. We made up for this when I was a graduate student, going to the ball both years. We invited my sister and boyfriend one year, and my wife's sister and husband the other. These were magical occasions. An ox-roast took place at least once in the North Quad outside my second year room.

JCR, MCR, College Clubs and Societies

I did not participate much in JCR activities. I remember Ted Pickard being President of the JCR, which probably did not do his academic results much good; I think he transferred to a pass degree. Debates, in which Rocco Forte took a prominent role, involved the idea that the JCR should purchase a race horse, or open a brothel in the cellar. Nothing came of these, unsurprisingly. Callow eighteen-year-old that I was, I was roundly mocked when, in a discussion on the proposal to install a contraceptive machine, I suggested that it might be only of interest to a minority. No such machine was installed at that time, however. I don't know if that was the occasion when I threw a pint of beer over someone. Not being wildly social, I did volunteer to help on the bar at JCR parties, learning to change barrels, which gave me something to do rather than try to make conversation. The entertainment at some of these parties was provided by a rock group (the use of the word "band" for a four piece outfit was a later innovation, possibly dating from the Sergeant Pepper album). The group was called "The Sole (Soul?) Survivors" and included my fellow Wulfrunian, Chris Cadman.

Memorable Events

Winston Churchill died in January 1965. John Casson and Chris Bradley went to London to pay their respects, queuing for hours to do so. John Lofthouse, one of the English students who captained the College football team, was playing when the train carrying the body went past. Play stopped in all the matches as the train went by.

Another, this time international, series of events took place, as I remember, but I am unable to place them accurately. I remember talking in Hall over dinner with some American students who had been to London to demonstrate against the Vietnam War in Grosvenor Square. They complained about the treatment of demonstrators by the police, even suggesting that evidence had been planted on people who had been arrested. I can't place this, as the famous, or infamous, Grosvenor Square demonstrations took place after I had gone down. I remember that I thought their accusations were most unlikely to be true; I might have given them more credence in later years.

One personal memorable event in the middle year, Easter 1966, was the holiday of a lifetime. Much of my spare time in Hilary term was taken up with planning a trip to Greece and Turkey that had been suggested by John Casson. It seemed that nearly everyone was going to the Eastern Mediterranean at that time. We caught the student train to Thessalonika, went on to Istanbul, down the coast of Turkey via Izmir and Ephesus, on to Rhodes, then Mykonos and Delos, and around the Peloponnese before catching the train back from Athens. German students' unions organised the trains, and there was a carriage attached to the normal trains for the impoverished students. I think the fare was £19. Many of the small and grubby hotels we stayed in cost as little as 12 drachmae a night, or 3 shillings (15p). The college gave me a grant out of a bequest that they administered, so I was able to afford a decent camera to record this trip.

The 1960s and 1970s

I do not recall being rebellious or fully involved with "the swinging sixties". Matters of fashion interested me a little – tab collar shirts, button-down collared denim shirts, tight trousers and a blue denim summer jacket came into the wardrobe. The popular music of the period was interesting. I bought a tape recorder early on and taped the top twenty, sharing LPs with other students. In the last year, as my girlfriend's father ran a record shop, I bought two records immediately I heard them: the Animals' "House of the Rising Sun" and Procol Harum's "Whiter Shade of Pale", both of which went to number one in short order. I have never been so in tune with the zeitgeist since! My real love was traditional jazz, which was by no means cool. Nick Gibson educated me in Miles Davis, Charlie Mingus and Charlie Parker. Obviously female guests were out of the question, which is not to say that one did not glimpse from time to time a fey figure flitting through the quad at an unfeasibly early hour. When my girlfriend came to visit she stayed in Manchester College's guest room.

I left for a PGCE at Durham in 1967, having made the mistake of reading David Holbrook's books on teaching English. I was a hopeless teacher, and came back to Pembroke for two wonderful years, hoping to make an academic career, which came to nothing. I then went back to teaching for a further three years, which proved what I already knew, that I was no good at the job, and went into the Inland Revenue, where I pursued an undistinguished career in the Northwest, finally retiring aged sixty in 2006. Obviously, apart from informing my entire life with a love of literature, Pembroke enabled me to get into the Civil Service, in the days when educational qualifications did not have to be narrowly job-related. (It was so depressing to receive an email recently, explaining to alumni how to make job applications to get round the fact that they would be assessed by a robot.) I grew up in those years, and being a graduate student enabled me to start my married life without the responsibilities of mortgage and children, which I think gave us a good start. I shall always be grateful for these things.

Stephen Bell - (m.1965) Music

I was educated at Hymers College, Hull. My father was a grammar-school music teacher and professional organist, so music was in my blood. I became a church chorister under his guidance at St Mary's Church, Beverley, learning piano, organ, orchestral percussion and timpani (in the National Youth Orchestra for 3 years) and bassoon.

My school Director of Music was an Oxford graduate, one of his friends being Dr Bernard Rose, Organist of Magdalen College. It was suggested that I should apply for Magdalen. However, there were no commoner places available there at the time, so I was invited for interview at Pembroke with the then Tutor for Admissions, the Chaplain, Rev'd Colin Morris. This turned out to be a quick walk around the quad, as he was due elsewhere shortly, but as he was an Old Hymerian we got on well and that seemed to suffice; I was duly offered a place to read Music.

On arrival in early October 1965 I was given a room in the North Quad,on the ground floor of Staircase 14 (subsequently Staircase 17 when new accommodation was built beyond the Besse Building), my scout being the redoubtable Mrs Wheeler. Her opening remark went thus: "Mr Bell, what the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve over…". She was a splendid lady, very kind and friendly. The staircase was a lively place, quite noisy because of the hard lino flooring, and the occupants' penchant for calling to each other up the four floors of the converted house. The well between the banisters served as an excellent test-bed for one student's Whammo Superball (Co-efficient of Restitution approx. 98%), which he would drop from the top floor to the ground level, making a mighty bang, to the consternation of unsuspecting visitors, and disappearing upwards before anyone caught sight of it.

E.A. Wheeler, Scout

In Hall, we were given cooked breakfast at 8.15am (?), lunch was served at 1pm, and formal dinner (with gowns) at 7.15pm, served by white-jacketed scouts. When High Table arrived all would stand, and the Latin Grace was read by one of the Scholars. Many of them attempted to read it as fast as possible without incurring the wrath of the Dean. I believe the record stood at 14 seconds. (Memorably, the text was once sung at a JCR "Smoker" in jazz style, by Charles Ryan, accompanying himself on piano.)

During my time, there was a major change in the lunch arrangements, owing to numerous complaints from the undergraduate body. A buffet meal was offered to replace it, and this was reasonably successful.

Eric Organ, Chef

The best meal I experienced in Hall was the Boat Club Dinner in 1966, which I attended as 1st eight cox (at 5'8" and a mere 9st 4lbs). The menu was arranged between Mr Cox, the Manciple, and the then Captain-of-Boats, Charles Bright, an Australian with a big personality and matching culinary experience. (Think of the late Shane Warne, but more cultured and with better dietary habits). It cost the then considerable sum of £5, but was worth every penny. Mr Organ, the chef, surpassed himself.

As there was no Music don at Pembroke, I was tutored by senior members of other colleges, initially not very successfully, as I failed my Prelims, but things improved by my final year and eventually I achieved a respectable result in Schools, a Class 2 degree, all Betas, no Alphas, no Gammas. The academic rigour of the course served me well subsequently, as an Independent school Director of Music, although I have to admit that I never took much interest in Early music, ie pre – 1600, despite it being required for half the questions in the unprepared History of Music paper. My dealings with the Master and members of the Pembroke Senior Common Room tended to be limited to Collections at the end of each term, at which one's Tutor's report was commented upon, frequently to my discomfort. However, I was well-known to the Chaplain, Colin Morris, and his successor David Lane, as a regular choir member, and subsequently Chapel organist.

My sporting prowess at school had been pretty-well nil, so I was determined to do better at Oxford, finding myself (see above) promoted to cox the 1st Eight in Torpids and then Eights. I had some skill at steering a 60ft boat, and considerable ability at shouting at the crew. (My alto singing voice deteriorated as a result, and has never been the same since!). In my second year I stood down from the Boat Club to spend more time studying in the Music Faculty, then situated next to the Holywell Music Room, under Professor Sir Jack Westrup and his colleagues. I joined the Oxford University Orchestra as timpanist and the Orchestral Ensemble as a bassoonist; such activities ensured that I never was able to attend Union debates. However, in the Summer term the lure of the river caused me to offer my services as 2nd Eight cox, and we duly achieved four bumps. This resulted in my being thrown in the river outside OUBC boathouse by the crew, watched by hundreds of onlookers on the bank. I have a photograph of myself suspended in mid-air over the water. (When I transferred to Queens' College, Cambridge as a graduate to study for a PGCE in Music, these skills came in handy, and I coxed their 2nd May Boat to four bumps. As a result, I possess 2 rudders to celebrate the achievement, one from each university.)

I enjoyed my time in college at Pembroke. In my second year I was in digs, as no college accommodation was then available for commoners after the first year. However, as Chapel Organist I was obliged to cycle in early on Sundays for the 8am Communion service, and managed to persuade the authorities to allow me a room in college in my final year.

During my time there was much debate in the JCR about hours for women guests. The night-time deadline was gradually extended from 10pm to 11pm while I was there, and

post-midnight arrivals of college residents were permitted by application to the Head Porter, Mr Tom Curtin, for a temporary key to the main door at the Porters' Lodge. This avoided the need to climb into college, which I managed on 3 or 4 occasions, up the little gate, onto the flat-topped wall into the North Quad and along the wall of the Chaplain's garden. No problem even for a relatively unfit, slight young man – I doubt I could do it now!

Tom Curtin, Head Porter

Since leaving Pembroke I have occasionally encountered former Pembroke men, including Charles Ryan (see above). I returned for a couple of Gaudys, and a dinner in 2015 to commemorate the 50th anniversary of my matriculation. About 30 of us from 1965 returned to enjoy a splendid dinner in Hall, presided over by the new lady Master.

It was particularly pleasant to encounter two of my year group, David Lindley and Pat Solis. My wife (a Birmingham graduate in Modern Languages) also attended, (she was one of about 6 ladies present of similar vintage), loved the college atmosphere, and wished that she had applied to Oxford back in 1967. In those days, of course, there were only 5 women's colleges – how things have changed.

As mentioned earlier, I spent my adult career in Independent schools, plus occasional professional musical performances in a variety of roles. Post PGCE in Cambridge, I studied the organ for a year at The Rome Conservatoire with the famous Maestro Fernando Germani.

The Oxford degree course, drily academic as it was, was perhaps not the most suitable for me, but I survived and found the knowledge gained and the collegiate experience invaluable in later life.

Colin Rist - (m.1965) Natural Science

Life before Pembroke

I was born and grew up in Newcastle upon Tyne. I attended a state primary school and after passing my 11-plus, I went to a state grammar school. This was called "The George Stephenson Grammar School" in honour of the famous railway engineer. I was particularly interested in science and, after my GCE results, I decided that I wanted to be a doctor or a dentist. My school decided that I should apply to Oxford, as well as St Andrews and Newcastle.

I was given an opportunity to have a preliminary interview at Pembroke with one of the fellows, JRP O'Brien. I was expecting to have a formal interview, but when I arrived, he took me to the pub around the corner "The Old Tom." So the interview was conducted over a pint of beer. An undergraduate arrived to join us. He handed in his weekly essay. His name was John Krebs, now Lord Krebs. Of course I knew about the Krebs Cycle, but I did not know that Sir Hans Krebs was the Professor of Biochemistry or that Mr O'Brien was Reader at Oxford.

A few weeks later, I returned to Oxford to sit the entrance exam and have a formal interview. Then, just before Christmas, I received a letter to say that not only had I been accepted, but, much to my surprise, I had been awarded a Theodore Williams Open Scholarship in Medicine as well. I was very pleased and my school was delighted. I was the first student to be awarded a scholarship or exhibition to Oxford or Cambridge.

Life at Pembroke

My matriculation the following year was delayed, however. While working as a hospital porter in Newcastle, it was discovered that I had a blockage of my left kidney. I underwent surgery and this delayed my start at Pembroke by a couple of weeks. By the time I arrived, the undergraduate accommodation had been largely sorted out and I think they were running out of space. So they put me in the Borough Room, which was very impressive. I was the only undergraduate, with a crest in his room! The college were very supportive, in particular the bursar, Mr Bredin, was very helpful. I soon settled in to college life and coalesced with other students in North Quad to form our own little group "The IGCR" (in group common room). We are still in contact after 57 years.

A typical IGCR gathering in my room in North Quad

One particular function at dinner in Halls rather took me by surprise. As a scholar, I was expected to read grace. I did woodwork at school rather that Latin, so I had to learn it by heart without knowing what it meant. I shudder to think what my rendition in a Geordie accent sounded like. During my first year we had to do human dissection to learn anatomy. This involved furious cycling from South Parks Road to get back to college for lunch. This was invariably some sort of cottage pie that looked suspiciously similar to the corpse we had been dissecting and, with hands still smelling of formalin, not very appetising.

Tutorials

We were fortunate at Pembroke to have three tutors for medical students. Tutorials revolved around discussion of the weekly essay and were all very different. Biochemistry tutorials with Percy O'Brien always involved a bottle of sherry bought from the buttery. Percy did not have a very high opinion of medical students, saying that he could get an intelligent monkey through 1st BM. Physiology tutorials were with Bill Keatinge, a world expert on cold water immersion physiology. He was a much quieter personality than Percy,

so we nicknamed him "Wild Bill Keatinge." Saville Bradbury, our anatomy tutor, was a jolly character, who taught me how to set up and use a microscope properly. They were all very good and I really enjoyed the tutorial system.

Most of the practical work was carried out at the laboratories in South Parks Road. Practical lessons had to be written up and then signed by the lecturer. There was always a mad rush to get signed off before the end of term. I remember summer term, when one of the girls in my group had none of her practicals signed up. Fortunately, the West Indies Cricket team were playing in the South Parks. So she took herself off and had members of the team sign autographs for her to use in her practical notes. Nobody checked and they were passed through!

Accommodation

At the end of my first year, I moved across to the room opposite. This was a much lighter room with two windows and facing into North Quad. It was quite a large room and often became the focus of IGCR post Dinner activity (or the Old Tom). After two years, I moved to digs in Buckingham Street, Grandpont. My landlady was one of the college scouts and her daughter had been my scout during my first two years. They were both lovely ladies.

Sport

I played rugby for the college. I also took part in Torpids and Summer Eights. We entered our boat as the IGCR group and a 4th eight. We got four bumps in Summer Eights. I also played tennis.

The IGCR Summer VIII

Social Pembroke

I fondly remember the social life of the JCR. The JCR parties in particular were fun and an opportunity to meet girls from Wheatley teacher training college or Dorset House. My first JCR party was the one and only time in my life that I have been paralytic drunk. It taught me a lesson, never again. I remember two great May Balls. One with "Manfred Mann" and an ox roast in North Quad and another with "The Who".

I was a keen photographer. When the college did well on "University Challenge", it was decided to use the money to build a college darkroom. I was given responsibility for running it and my contribution appears in the 1965/6 Record.

Academic

I took my summer schools in 1968. I got a 2nd in Physiology. After this, I had two terms studying pathology and pharmacology. These courses were excellent and gave a good grounding in the understanding of human pathology and disease.

Life after Pembroke.

In 1969, I went to UCH in London to complete my clinical training. There were several other Oxford graduates with me, but none from Pembroke. One of my fellow students was John Hartley, who was at Trinity. We shared a flat together in Muswell Hill and became good friends. I was the best man at his wedding.

I enjoyed my time in London. We were right at the end of the "swinging sixties" and London had a very vibrant culture. I qualified in 1971 and started my first house physician post at UCH. It was during this time that I became interested in haematology and decided to pursue it as a career..

It was in 1972 that I met my future wife Susan, who was a nurse at UCH. I then moved back to Oxford as a senior house officer, working at Cowley Road, the Churchill and the Old Radcliffe infirmary. In 1974, I moved to Addenbrookes Hospital as a registrar in haematology.

The Pembroke Medics, 1968

In 1976, I moved to Bristol as a senior registrar and completed my training there. In 1979, I was appointed a Consultant Haematologist in West Sussex working mainly at Worthing Hospital and Chichester . Towards the end of my career, I also taught at the medical school in Brighton. In 1995, I was elected a Fellow of The Royal College of Physicians and I am also a Fellow of The Royal College of Pathologists. I retired in 2007.

Personal Life

I married Susan in 1974, so 2024 will be our Golden Wedding Anniversary. We have three sons and four grandchildren. After retirement, we moved to the village of Storrington on the North Downs. My hobby is now building and sailing model yachts.

Alan Somers - (m.1965) English

Before Pembroke

Born in 1946, I grew up in Bermondsey, South London, father a Thames Waterman & Lighterman. From age 5 to 14 my father took me to work with him from time to time, to learn the ways of the River, as his father had done with him.

I was educated at Galleywall Road Junior Mixed infants and primary school in Bermondsey, and at Haberdashers' Aske's Hatcham Boys' School at New Cross: School Prefect, House

Captain, Sergeant in the Combined Cadet Force (Army), Editor of the School newspaper; GCE A-Levels in English, French, Latin & Logic. I was taught English by Anthony Harding (BA St Edmund Hall, Oxford) & the Headmaster, Frank Clewley (BA Birmingham). For the Oxford entrance examinations Frank tutored me after school hours and arranged for me to have elocution lessons.

Oxford Entrance

I chose Oxford because of the University's high reputation, because several of my teachers were Oxford graduates, and because of the sheer romance of Arnold's Scholar Gypsy ("that sweet city with her dreaming spires").

I sat the Oxford entrance exam first in 1963, having selected Wadham College as first choice (Pembroke was listed 4th on my application form). I was interviewed twice at Wadham; the second interview was to determine which of two applicants would be successful. I met my competitor while we waited to be called, a very impressive young man from Eton College. Earlier that morning I had sat in the snug bar of the Kings Arms observing a poet writing lines at a nearby table and sensing the scene outside along the Broad through mist and sunlight, and I knew I belonged there.

I was disappointed and deflated when I received a letter a few weeks later saying I would not be offered a place at Oxford. But I had fallen under the magical spell of Oxford and was now determined to re-apply the following year.

In 1964 I again sat the Oxford entrance exam, this time with Pembroke as my first choice because I thought the competition would be a bit less fierce. I had never heard of J.R.R. Tolkien. For the interview, I stayed in a room in the Master's Lodgings where the bells of Tom Tower seemed to be a permanent background note. Pembroke was intimate and otherworldly, unlike the ultra-modern St Catherine's where two of my school friends were being interviewed.

The interview was in Johnson's Room above the Porter's Lodge and I remember nothing else about it. This time I was delighted to receive an offer of a place as a Commoner.

I at once left school and took a temporary job in local government at the London County Council (LCC), reporting to a committee clerk. The LCC was merged with Middlesex County Council to become the Greater London Council (GLC), so I then worked for two committee clerks in the same office. I was unimpressed by the bureaucracy of local government but most impressed by the fine view of the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Bridge from County Hall.

The GLC paid me a student grant which covered fees and reasonable living costs which I supplemented with savings. I returned to the GLC in the vacations for the next 3 years.

Pembroke Years

I had been allocated a room on the top floor of a house on Pembroke Street, facing the North Quad. The room was small and sparsely furnished, with a glass panel in the door to be broken in emergency and a Fire Exit via the wardrobe-cupboard which had a door inside giving access to the next building. I concluded that it was probably the least desirable room in the College but suitable for a Bermondsey boy who had never before had a room to himself. I had barely settled in when my next-door neighbour breezed in

North Quad, opened 1962

and announced he was from Rugby School and would I care to join him for a cup of tea? His room smelt of sweat and there was rugby kit scattered about. He soon got down to brass tacks: would I lend him money. I said 'No' and returned to my room.

I later discovered there were two main classes of undergraduates at Pembroke: Hearties and Greymen who generally did not mix with each other. The Hearties were sportsmen who mostly came from Public Schools, and the Greymen were the more studious types who mostly came from Grammar Schools. He appeared to be one of the former. I don't think I had much to do with him - he was a player in the high-stakes Big Poker Game that took place regularly in Pembroke's JCR. I recall him being threatened by creditors who came to his room at one point and made a racket outside my door. Being in the midst of my usual weekly essay crisis I told them to clear off, an injunction echoed by other voices on the staircase.

I was allotted a work of modern art from the JCR art collection. I think it was a rather dreary piece by John Piper. It sat darkly on the wall facing my reproduction of a Lascaux cave painting: on balance I preferred the art of the prehistoric Dordogne cave people.

There were four freshmen reading English on my Staircase and we became friends: Keith Ollier, Paul Hicks, Simon Petch and myself, all Commoners, three from grammar schools (Stoke on Trent and Gravesend) and Simon from public school (King Edward's, Oxford). Paul played the organ but was not the organ scholar, who was a dreamy chap who had the ground floor room next door to Paul.

Keith introduced us to Geoff Alcock, a second or third year English undergraduate also from Stoke on Trent, who helped us to understand the College and its ways.

Faced with the looming prospect of Prelims, we four English students bonded together, reciting the lines of Milton's Lycidas in turn as we washed and shaved each morning in the basement washroom. "Yet once more" one would begin, in a voice of theatrical lamentation, and we would then carry on with the rest of the recital until we ended, departing to "pastures new."

My first term was a fraught time. I struggled with every aspect of my new life. Having been near the top of the tree intellectually and socially at school I now discovered that I was nowhere in the pecking order, surrounded by tutors and fellow students who were clearly my intellectual superiors. I struggled with Milton and Old English, and with the discipline needed to write a decent essay each week and to generate interesting translations. Even Virgil's *Aeneid* (which I had studied for A-Level Latin) took more of my time than I could afford.

The English course proved to be a lot more demanding technically than I had anticipated, with its emphasis on Old and Middle English, and Linguistics, with somewhat less on poetic and literary appreciation than I had expected. The teaching process was much more

a matter of self-management, with tutors setting down what was to be studied and suggesting what to read, but leaving each of us to choose our own ways of going about things: there was no schedule of hour-by-hour instruction. It was a demanding and testing regime. But in the end I was to achieve an intellectual peak, departing with sky-high confidence, extensive knowledge and acute sensitivity.

I attended a few lectures at first but they proved to be utterly boring, readings from the lecturer's own text books. I soon stopped attending lectures and instead read the books for myself. I was not alone in this judgement since attendances always declined dramatically after the first few sessions. I think the exception was Christopher Ricks.

I had attended the Freshers Fair in the Town Hall on St Aldates and had even taken myself to a few introductory University society meetings but the people were not to my liking: I was particularly disappointed with those in the political societies who seemed unrealistic and pretentious. I decided to give myself to Pembroke, though I also found myself drawn into the social scene at St Cat's where two of my School friends were reading Modern Languages and Politics, Philosophy & Economics.

Early on I met an English first-year undergraduate from Somerville, and had invited her to tea in my room. To my surprise she accepted and duly presented herself at my door. Julia Dale was a stunning beauty, very elegantly dressed, wearing a Russian style fur hat. I promptly committed a typical faux pas when, as I took her hat, I remarked that they made extraordinarily good synthetics these days: "It's mink" she said gently. I was crest-fallen and realised that Miss Dale was way above my station. I remained an admirer from afar.

Along with many others I used to go to JCR parties which were advertised on the notice board in the Porter's Lodge; most of the girls I met were not from the University, and were not to my taste, nor me to theirs: generally they seemed shallow and superficial, somehow unsympathetic, and I suppose they thought the same of me. The undergraduate women I usually found to be intense, mostly unattractive and somewhat intimidating. But at the very end of my first term I by chance met a soul-mate in the darkness at Mansfield JCR and we became close to each other during the rest of my first year. She was a secretary who shared a bedsit with another young woman not too far from Pembroke. During the rest of my first year I was very happy.

North Quad gates and Besse Building

Girlfriends had to leave the College by 11pm, and men had to be inside by midnight. So I now had to deal with the tricky problem of returning to College in the early hours, when the gates were locked, avoiding the half-crown fine levied on those who disturbed the Porter to be let in.

But I had faced the Guards assault course at Pirbright so Pembroke's iron gate by the Besse building was not exactly formidable. I think I could be up onto the ledge over the ironwork then down the other side in about a minute and would be abed five minutes later. One summer morning I climbed the gate as usual but

met another undergraduate sitting quietly astride the ledge. He had somehow managed to get aloft but was now stuck there, unwilling to trust himself to avoid the spikes and the drop below. I reassured him, saying I would show him what to do and supervise him as he descended. I then climbed down and looked up but he steadfastly refused to attempt the descent, so I left him there, knowing the staff would soon find him and get him down as it was full daylight.

Pembroke's JCR organised parties or revues known as Smokers where casks of beer were set up and performances were enacted by the undergraduates. I seem to recall that there were always some who performed in drag, sometimes very convincingly. At other times there were more serious JCR meetings to debate important social matters such as the folly of gate-hours. Sadly, I recall arguing in favour of keeping gate hours as they were and maintaining the character-building tradition of climbing-in, although we all knew that there had been serious accidents, involving spikings, at other colleges.

The scout for Staircase 12 was Harry, a chap who was getting on in years but I found him affable enough. I soon realised he could not be trusted to do my washing up without chipping or breaking the crockery, so I always did my own washing up and we would drink tea or coffee and have a chat instead. I liked Harry, and I recall he came to my room late one summer afternoon with a silver tray of strawberries and cream, leftovers from the garden party at which he had been serving. "They're for you and your lady," he said, putting the tray on the table in front of us. I thanked him profusely and he discreetly left.

During my first two terms there was a building site at the corner of St Ebbe's and Pembroke Street, the construction yard for the new accommodation block which was destined to be my home for much of my second year. Demolition complete, the site became a store for large quantities of bricks, and construction equipment. Then one morning we found our route to Hall had been blocked: overnight the passage-way through the building leading to Chapel Quad had been bricked up, albeit without mortar. Rumour had it that Christ Church undergraduates had performed this masterful deed and minds were turned towards retaliation. Plans were hatched to mount a chamber pot on the head of their famous Mercury. However, reconnaissance soon established that such a project was bound to fail given the tight security established at the House. Only insiders would stand any chance of success, so the plans were quietly dropped, at least so far as I knew.

With Prelims safely behind us, at the start of my third term life became more relaxed. We took a little more time to indulge in leisure activities. Pembroke had arrangements for punts to be available at the Folly Bridge station where a small group of us gathered late on the eve of May Day to take a night-time jaunt on the river. None of us had been punting before so it was an adventure. Even with my bargeman's background I had no idea how to use the punt pole as a rudder so we meandered from one side of the Isis to the other in an uncontrolled manner for a couple of hours or so before at length edging along the river bank and finding the narrow entrance to the Cherwell. We managed to paddle along slowly in the direction of Magdalen Bridge but were attacked from above by "townies" who had climbed the trees and proceeded to pelt us with flour bombs. I think we laughed the incident off, having threatened our attackers with dire retribution. Eventually our night's adventure ended when we landed at Magdalen Bridge and joined

Pembroke wakes up to find itself bricked in

Workmen going about the tedious job of dismantling Christ Church's "gift" to Pembroke brick by brick.

ALL was normal at Pembroke College, Oxford, when the night porter, Mr. Bill Ayres, took his final look round last night.

But when he left the lodge early this morning he found that a 10ft. high brick wall had sprung up in the archway between Front and Chapel Quads, completely sealing them off. Propped against the wall was a placard: "Dear Old Pemmy. Luv and kisses Ch.Ch."

The loose bricks were stacked so professionally that it was impossible to knock them down and servants taking breakfasts to Fellows of the college had to make a detour through North Quad.

The placard identified as Christ Church, which has an old rivalry with Pembroke (nicknamed the Coal Scuttle). The two colleges are competing in Division III of Torpids this afternoon.

But one college servant muttered darkly: "This was an inside job," as he demolished the wall piece by piece.

He said it would have been impossible to load 400 bricks on to a trolley, wheel them 150 yards from a building site in North Quad and build the wall without collaboration, at least, from someone in Pembroke.

In any case, an unofficial guard will be mounted in Christ Church tonight. Pembroke does not take this sort of thing lying down.

From The Oxford Mail, 16 Feb 1966

the throng who were waiting for the choir to appear at the top of Magdalen Tower to greet the morn. Several people threw themselves into the Cherwell for the fun of it. I was not among them.

On my return to Pembroke I went to bed and slept soundly until early afternoon when I was woken by my girlfriend with whom I had arranged to spend the rest of the day. She rejoined my friends on the terrace downstairs, and I quickly made my way down to the basement washroom where to my astonishment I encountered a naked young woman taking a shower. She was entirely unabashed, saying with a heavy foreign accent that she was someone's cousin or something, and needed a shower in all this hot weather. I did the gentlemanly thing and retreated to the washbasins for a wash rather than taking a shower alongside her: I think I was a bit embarrassed, though she clearly wasn't.

It was Geoff Alcock who kindly took us out on one of the punts to show us how to manoeuvre the craft expertly. Within an hour he ably demonstrated the art of sweeping the pole low across the stern to change course. We were navigated up the Cherwell to a place where a narrow stream joined the river, entering at a slightly higher level and forming a small waterfall known as The Lasher. Someone suggested we should rest the prow up on the lasher and the punt was driven forward up to the gushing downpour, swollen by recent rains. Of course, the punt immediately began to fill with water and we were all obliged to scramble off onto the bank before the vessel was completely filled. There was much laughing until Geoff spotted his Klaeber floating away amongst the flotsam: he immediately jumped in and rescued this valued book of Beowulf, which he had painstakingly annotated, the product of many hours of intense study. I was later to appreciate more fully the value to be attached to your annotated Klaeber: I still have mine

on my bookshelves. I don't remember how the punt got back to Folly Bridge.

I am well aware that this following incident is the stuff of commonplace Oxford folklore. During the summer of my second year a small group of us (I forget who my companions were) took a punt up the Cherwell, manhandled it up the Rollers then through Parson's Pleasure (the male nude bathing place) and along the higher level course of the Cherwell through the University Parks. After visiting the Vicky Arms, a pub some distance upstream, we were returning later in the afternoon and encountered a young girl who chose to swim up to us. She was invited aboard for a cruise and was helped in. At length we reached the stretch where the river entered Parson's Pleasure, and were confronted with a large notice board jutting out into the river warning of what lay ahead and advising all females to alight and walk along the special path to avoid offending anyone's modesty.

The girl was persuaded to cover herself under a blanket and towels and told we would tell her when we had passed through. Of course, we told her she could come out while we were still inside Parson's Pleasure and she duly squealed and attracted attention. I think someone commented "Well done, those men" but most ignored us. I don't think anyone was unduly discomforted as this prank was probably a frequent occurrence. The girl left us while we pushed the punt down the Rollers, perhaps a little wiser, and was seen no more.

Keith and I were strolling along the river bank in Christ Church Meadow one afternoon when, at a spot where the Cherwell branches round an island, we watched two women punting. The girl with the pole seemed to be under instruction from the other who was seated. They approached a tree which sloped out low across the stream but then the pole became stuck in the muddy river-bed and in slow motion the inevitable farce unfolded: the punt proceeded under the tree but the punter clung to the pole and slowly slid into the water. Her colleague laughed and promptly paddled back while the other swam to the punt and clambered in. I think Keith & I applauded and continued our stroll towards the Botanical Gardens.

My tutor was Douglas Gray, a superb, cuddly man with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. He was totally disorganised, sitting surrounded by galley-proofs and assorted papers and books which spread across his desk, the floor and onto the armchairs. His tutorials began with us having to clear away spaces to find somewhere to sit.

In my first term we were farmed out to his wife, Judy, from Somerville College, for Milton, and to Christopher Tolkien for some of the Old English course. Judy Gray also seemed a bit mischievous to me. But she taught me a memorable lesson. We were discussing my essay on

Douglas Gray

Christopher Tolkien

Lycidas, and I had said something suggestive about sporting with "the tangles of Neaera's hair". I was insisting on something to which Mrs Gray took exception: “We can argue about our interpretation of facts, Alan, but we cannot argue about the facts themselves. Milton never wrote the words you're citing. We must get our quotations right.” I had to concede, of course.

Our first encounter with Christopher Tolkien was to be in Christ Church, though I believe he was based at Merton College; he was reputed to be the bar-billiards champion of Oxford. The Pembroke English cohort duly presented themselves at the appointed room and hour in the House and waited outside for a while, then decided to enter. We found a small group of men being lectured about the drainage system in ancient Rome. We sat silently in the back row of seats and listened somewhat bemused. In a few minutes the class ended and the party filed out, with the lecturer commenting to us that he hoped we had learned something interesting. Frankly, I don't remember much about our tutorials with Mr Tolkien. I must have learned something as I duly passed my Old English exams. We were farmed out twice more during our 3 years. One term we were sent to a visiting American don based at Merton whose rooms were in Holywell Street. He was a specialist in the movement of ancient peoples, especially the germanic Frisians, I think. He was teaching us Old English. One week he was ill but insisted on taking his class as usual, albeit he combined two groups, including the women from one of the ladies colleges: we assembled in his bedroom and sat around his bed to read our essays and listen to his wisdom. An unusual experience.

The other farming-out arrangement was another of Douglas Gray's inspired selections. During our final year we were sent to Christopher Ball at Lincoln College to learn Linguistics and the evolution of the English language: he was the Examiner for this subject and ensured we had covered the syllabus adequately for Finals. A charming, wise, pleasant and exacting teacher.

Christopher Ball

In my third year I had tutorials with a new Pembroke English don, David Fleeman. He had a room in Pembroke Street which looked directly towards the Porter's Lodge and Dr Johnson's Room. His bookshelves groaned under the weight of an entire set of the Oxford English Dictionary (OED). Frankly, I didn't find David at all sympathetic. He was said to be a word-counter, a technician in the analysis of literary works, and a Johnson specialist. He frowned on students smoking in his room (unlike everyone else) and was a stickler for exactitude...nothing wrong with that, of course, but at the time I found him irritating. I must say that I received a letter from David after I had graduated which was warm as well as admonitory, telling me I had been complimented on my result in the examiners' report and adding his congratulations, but also saying I could have done better if I had put my mind to it a little more energetically. By contrast, Douglas told me he always thought I was a medievalist.

David Fleeman had replaced Robert Browning as a tutor in English. We learned that Mr Browning had died in October 1964 (shortly before I sat the entrance exam). He was 36 years old.

I had read a monograph by Robert Browning about the significance and meaning of the words "value" and "love" as used in Marvell's To His Coy Mistress: he was clearly a man blessed with insight and sensitivity as well as scholarship.

Godfrey Bond

For Virgil's *Aeneid* (Books IV & VI) we attended upon Godfrey Bond, the Senior Tutor and Classics Fellow, and a University Proctor, in his palatial room overlooking Chapel Quad. Comfortable armchairs where you got lost in deep cushions furnished this venue which was lined with extensive bookshelves. Godfrey was both formal and forbidding at first, but there was a mischievous glint in his eye too. One morning we were translating the passage where Aeneas and Dido take shelter in a spelunca, always translated as a cave or cavern. For some reason this translation seemed to be a bit incomplete to me, not fully in line with my understanding of Rome and the Romans. I looked up and suggested that a spelunca had another meaning in 'dog Latin', the language of the streets, a brothel perhaps? There was an electric moment. Godfrey sprang from his seat and marched to his bookshelf where he selected a vast tome and proceeded to turn pages and read silently. Then he said "No" and returned to his chair, but he glanced at me with a less formal gaze. Thereafter I was invited to tea at his home, Masefield House on Boar's Hill, where I undoubtedly continued to make more social faux pas.

As a coda to this incident, it now appears that my intuitive translation might have been correct, as Mary Beard has reported that Romulus and Remus were supposed to have been suckled in a *spelunca* by a *lupa*, a she-wolf, or prostitute (in 'dog Latin').

Godfrey was the Senior Member of Pembroke's Repyngdon Society which met periodically to read and discuss our own writings and general literary works, frequently of an erotic nature. Geoff Alcock introduced me to this Society and then manipulated the elections to ensure I became both Secretary and then President. I came to know Chris Rogers, an educational psychologist, at the Repyngdon meetings, (and, later on, his lovely wife, Barbara). Godfrey traditionally attended the early stage of at least one meeting each term, deposited a bottle of College Vintage Port, then departed. Meetings were generally very enjoyable and sometimes a little raucous: a port hangover, however, could be very debilitating.

Towards the end of Trinity term 1967 the Repyngdon Society held its annual lunch and an election at the Cherwell Boathouse, an eatery on the upper Cherwell. Punts were loaded with crates of beer at Folly Bridge and a happy fraternity navigated their way to the restaurant, en route drinking beer and posing theatrically for the tourist-photographers on Magdalen Bridge, a convivial party in high spirits. Others joined us at the restaurant arriving directly via the land route. It was a long and happy gathering, with contested but rigged elections, followed by a snooze in a meadow on the further bank of the river. The day faded away in a cloud of alcohol and merriment.

I was not of a religious frame of mind but I enjoyed church music and used to take my girlfriend to Evensong on Sundays at New College, a wonderful musical experience. I was never quite sure what she thought of these religious interludes.

Acting had never been my metier, though I appreciated plays and dramatic performances. At school I had been given charge of the box office rather than performing roles. The College drama group produced a play during our first Summer term, directed, I think, by James Turner, one of the English scholars. A scaffold with seats was erected on Chapel Quad and I and my girlfriend sat on high in the back row: fortunately I had brought an umbrella, so when the heavens opened in a heavy downpour, we managed to avoid getting soaked. Douglas and Judy Gray, however, sitting stoically in the front row, were soaking wet by the time James announced the abandonment of the performance. We all quickly escaped to find shelter.

The May 1966 Eights Week Ball was my first taste of the high life, the girls in long revealing gowns, the men in evening dress, with champagne and loud music. The main attractions were an ox-roast on the raised terrace in our North Quad and the excellent pop group Manfred Mann: I had seen them perform at the Marquee Club in Wardour Street, Soho, a venue I often attended with my London friends. I enjoyed every minute of the Ball. But we must have seemed a bit anomalous to the church-goers at St Aldates as I walked my be-gowned companion home on Sunday morning.

My world had changed dramatically when my second year began. The lease on my girlfriend's flat had expired and she returned to her parental home in the Midlands. Pembroke's new building was not yet complete so, for Michaelmas Term, I moved to lodgings in Divinity Road. The house was owned and run by a spinster lady who worked in pathology at the Radcliffe Infirmary. Divinity Road was off Cowley Road, a bus ride from Pembroke. My room on the ground floor at the front provided cheap but adequate accommodation. Paul and Keith also had lodgings in Divinity Road and its side street, and Simon was not too far away on the Iffley Road: we used to join him for meals at a cheap café on the Iffley Road which provided hearty home cooking prepared and served by the chef-proprietor. Life in lodgings meant more time was taken up getting anywhere, but having friends nearby made the experience tolerable.

While living at Divinity Road I began thinking about life after Oxford and how I was to earn a living. I dismissed most of the options I had considered but decided to avail myself of all the help the University offered. I contacted the Appointments Committee in St Giles, just beyond Martyrs' Memorial, and was interviewed by Charles Escritt, reputed to be the doyen of appointment officers. He steered me towards business enterprises that offered graduate management development opportunities and he gave me notes on a

number of businesses. I also explored the possibility of attending one of the new British business schools or a US school to establish a solid foundation in management education. The general consensus seemed to favour attending a business school after you had had some business experience. There was a small advert in Cherwell, the student newspaper: Unilever invited applications for places on a summer Marketing Course. I mentioned my interest to Mr Escritt who agreed to support my application. I took some trouble filling in the application form and sent it to Unilever's Personnel Dept in Blackfriars, London. I was successful and attended the course during the Long Vacation of 1967.

There were about 25-30 undergraduates from various universities. Presentations were made by several central departments in Unilever House and we were ferried by coach to a number of the Concern's London-area subsidiaries (Gibbs, Van den Berghs, Lintas, Research Bureau Ltd, Wall's, Lever Brothers, Birds Eye Foods etc). Senior management and recent graduates made presentations, explained their business and described their management roles, then answered our questions. I found it all an eye-opener and the people were both impressive and sympathetic. I particularly enjoyed my interactions with the Personnel Department in the hotel bar during the early evenings.

Mr Escritt had also advised me about firms based in the Midlands. The only business left in the region at that time which was still recruiting graduates, he said, was Smith's Industries in Birmingham: they took just two graduates per year, and always graduates in engineering. Nevertheless, he arranged for me to visit them for an interview. Of course, the Personnel managers I met in Birmingham had no knowledge of development programmes suitable for Arts graduates and said I would have to generate my own proposal for submission and approval by senior management. After the meeting I decided that this suggestion was unsatisfactory. I had no idea at that time how recruits could or should be managed. That was the very reason I was looking for a company with a well -established and successful programme.

For Hilary and Trinity terms of 1967 I was allocated room 11, staircase 12, in the new building at the corner of Pembroke Street and St Ebbe's Street; my room on the first floor was almost parallel with my old staircase and had an excellent view of St Aldates and Tom Tower. I concluded that I now enjoyed one of the better rooms in the College.

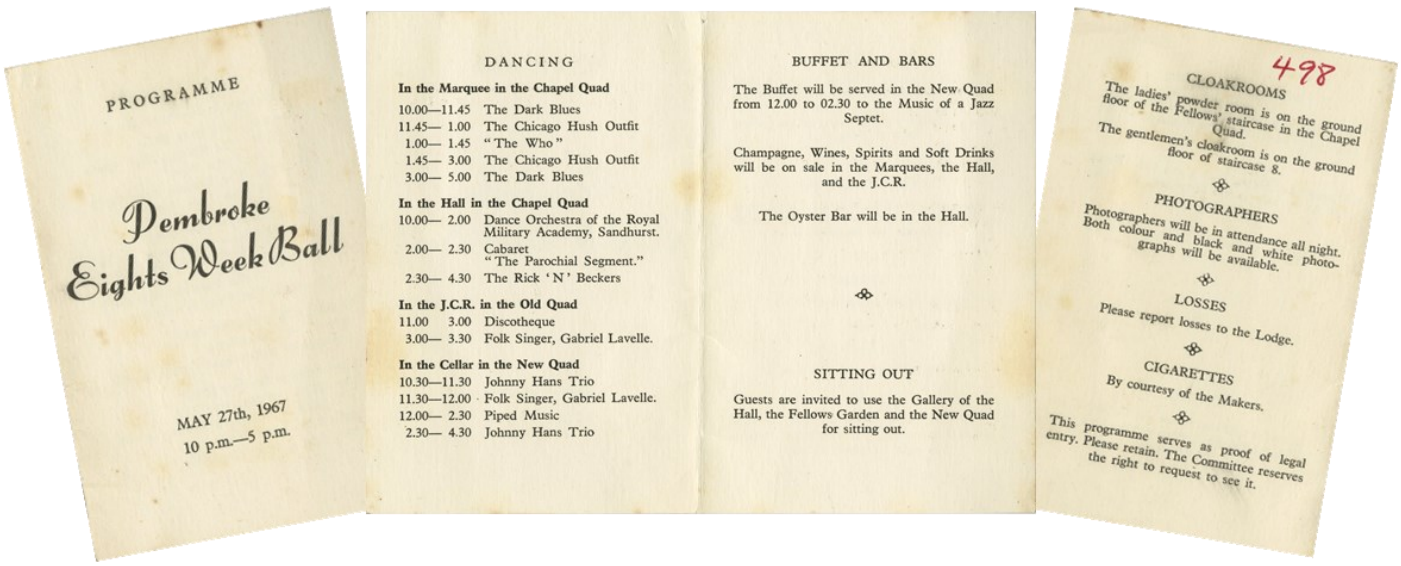
On 28th February 1967 Pembroke celebrated its success in the Torpids rowing competition with a Bump Supper in Hall. It was a dress dinner with College silver on display, scouts in whites serving, Latin Grace (as always) and High Table speeches. However, after the formalities, proceedings deteriorated into a

The new Staircase 12

drunken disgrace with the "hearties" initiating a food-throwing bout. I was not impressed by this behavior, but confess that I too had enjoyed the wines.

A group who had enjoyed a few drinks too many removed the large A-Board from the Fellows' carpark (where it was chained to the concrete), then manhandled it up to the flat roof of the new building where it stood in majesty glaring at St Aldates and Tom Tower.

Pembroke's Eights Week Ball 1967 was another champagne & cognac event, a glittering night with The Who (another band who performed at the Marquee Club) in the top spot. I now believe that Cream, appearing under a different name, (Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker) were there too though I don't remember them. In fact, I don't remember much at all about that Ball except that I was extremely miserable. My partner and I had fallen out with each other in the morning. I later remember declaring that weekend as amongst the worst in my life.



PROGRAMME

Pembroke Eights Week Ball

MAY 27th, 1967
10 p.m.—5 p.m.

DANCING

In the Marquee in the Chapel Quad

10.00—11.45 The Dark Blues
11.45— 1.00 The Chicago Hush Outfit
1.00— 1.45 "The Who"
1.45— 3.00 The Chicago Hush Outfit
3.00— 5.00 The Dark Blues

In the Hall in the Chapel Quad

10.00— 2.00 Dance Orchestra of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.
2.00— 2.30 Cabaret "The Parochial Segment."
2.30— 4.30 The Rick 'N' Beckers

In the J.C.R. in the Old Quad

11.00 3.00 Discotheque
3.00— 3.30 Folk Singer, Gabriel Lavelle.

In the Cellar in the New Quad

10.30—11.30 Johnny Hans Trio
11.30—12.00 Folk Singer, Gabriel Lavelle.
12.00— 2.30 Piped Music
2.30— 4.30 Johnny Hans Trio

BUFFET AND BARS

The Buffet will be served in the New Quad from 12.00 to 02.30 to the Music of a Jazz Septet.

Champagne, Wines, Spirits and Soft Drinks will be on sale in the Marquees, the Hall, and the J.C.R.

The Oyster Bar will be in the Hall.

SITTING OUT

Guests are invited to use the Gallery of the Hall, the Fellows Garden and the New Quad for sitting out.

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CLOAKROOMS

The ladies' powder room is on the ground floor of the Fellows' staircase in the Chapel Quad.

The gentlemen's cloakroom is on the ground floor of staircase 8.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Photographers will be in attendance all night. Both colour and black and white photographs will be available.

LOSSES

Please report losses to the Lodge.

CIGARETTES

By courtesy of the Makers.

This programme serves as proof of legal entry. Please retain. The Committee reserves the right to request to see it.

We became accustomed to drinking a beer or two and lunching in the Bulldog, the pub in St Aldates, but I don't remember frequenting many of the other favoured watering holes in the town centre. Many evenings were spent convivially in the Fox at Boars Hill, after one of our fraternity got a car, and we made expeditions during summer days along the footpath across Port Meadow to the Perch at Binsey, then on to the Trout at Wolvercote, before catching the bus back to the City centre. Of course we carried our set texts with us and spent time reading and discussing them: Hardy's Jude the Obscure and Tess of the d'Urbervilles come to mind.

The Bulldog - later St Aldates Tavern

Life in my third and final year became financially increasingly difficult for me. I received a letter from the bookshop, Blackwells, threatening to report me to Vice Chancellor's Court if I did not promptly settle my bill. I did so but was soon running out of money. I requested Pembroke to use my Caution Money as part settlement for my previous term's battells bill, but after due process I was informed that I must pay in full: in addition I was required to sign into Hall for dinner each evening during weekdays and was strictly limited as to my purchases on battells. I was informed that voices in my defence had been raised during consideration of my case but that the list of champagne & cognac on my battells bill was read out and my defence had, of course, collapsed.

However, while these events were playing out another young lady had briefly entered my life, the result of an invitation to visit the North of England as a guest of some student teachers. She returned the visit by joining me in Oxford for a long weekend. With Paul and his partner and Chris and Barbara Rogers we attended a Ladies' Night Dinner in Hall, another glitteringly romantic evening. Next day she borrowed Chris's gown and joined me at the Examination Schools for a well-attended lecture on Milton's use of language: I think the entire 3rd year were there. She must have been a bit bemused, being a mathematician. In the evening we went to a party at Chris and Barbara's home in the Old School-house in Woodstock.

As a result of all this intense socialising, my week's essay on King Lear was incomplete. Mr Fleeman was not happy when my reading came to an abrupt end with an incomplete conclusion. He quite properly insisted I should submit the finished version by next morning. I believe, nevertheless, that it had been quite a decent essay as far as it went. Of course, I completed it and handed it over as instructed.

During my seventh term I applied for a place on the Unilever Companies' Management Development Scheme (UCMDS), and was called to take part in a selection board at Blackfriars a little after Christmas. I greatly enjoyed the Selection Board, again spending a convivial evening at the hotel bar with the Personnel team. I received an offer of a place shortly afterwards. The offer was conditional on my gaining at least a 2nd Class Honours degree. It was time for me to "scorn delights and live laborious days."

Having disentangled myself painfully from both my now former soulmate and from my more recent love, I at once prepared a detailed plan of revision and academic labour to prepare myself for Schools. I embarked on a determined and disciplined regime of study: each morning, when not attending tutorials, I walked from Divinity Road to the Radcliffe Camera and focused on reading texts, had lunch in Pembroke and then spent the afternoon and early evening in a basement room in the quad by the Porter's Lodge where I was able to smoke while reading and writing. Dinner was taken in Hall, as required. Around 10 pm I would walk back to Divinity Road where I now had a small upstairs room and continued to study until around midnight or later. That was the pattern of my life for the next five months. I lived frugally and was relieved by food parcels from my mother and aunt who thus helped me survive the weekends, giving me more time for study. I have remained profoundly grateful and indebted to them ever since (at that time, lighterage work on the Thames was drying up and my mother was working in local shops to help keep the family afloat).

Not long before the final exams, David Lindley, our English scholar, stepped into the High without looking and was knocked down. He was the brightest amongst us but had clearly been living in another world at the time. He was taken to the Radcliffe Infirmary where a small group of us went to see him: his leg was hoisted up, set in plaster with protruding metal pins, but he appeared to be cheerful enough. I think he was awarded an aegrotat degree.

As Schools came ever closer I prepared a schedule of the nine 3-hour papers and the times I was required to present myself. It began on Thursday June 13th with Old English in the morning, the Medieval period in the afternoon. It finished on Tuesday June 18th with Chaucer in the morning, 19th Century literature in the afternoon. At the bottom of this schedule card I wrote a quotation from Coleridge which was to be my motto for the exams: "Judgement ever awake and STEADY SELF POSSESSION with enthusiasm and feeling profound or vehement."

Each morning I dressed in sub-fusc, carrying a be-tasselled mortar board, and was greeted at the foot of the stairs by my landlady who inserted a rose bud from her garden in my buttonhole and wished me good luck as I set off for the Examination Schools.

I adopted the same procedure for each paper. I read the whole question paper first, selected the questions to answer, then prepared notes for each question, setting down the main themes for each paragraph and the general conclusion. This process took between 30 and 45 minutes. When I started to write I noticed that several female undergraduates were already marching to the front of the vast Hall to collect second answer books while I had barely started. Each question received its allotted time ration, including time to read through the answer and adjust spelling and missed phrases. Thus I proceeded for four and a half days broken by Saturday afternoon and Sunday which were spent in revision

for the remaining papers. By the time I reached the very last question I was mentally exhausted, able to contemplate only the final minute of the examination which arrived with relief. My mark for this last answer graphically illustrated my exhaustion: beta-beta-gamma, which contrasted with my first paper: an alpha-beta.

I knew I had performed pretty well for the most part, at least as well as I could, and I was fairly confident that I would achieve a result sufficient to secure my job offer with Unilever. But first there was the euphoria that engulfs all on completion of Schools. In Chapel Quad we drank champagne in the evening sunshine while Paul serenaded us with a medley of Beatles tunes on the College organ.

Douglas Gray had invited us to a Schools Dinner in the Senior Common Room to celebrate the end of our undergraduate days. We gathered in his study at 7:30 pm on Wednesday June 19th where he served champagne, insisting that I should open a bottle which I directed through the small window overlooking Campion Hall across Brewer Street. I well knew how to open a bottle of Veuve Clicquot without wasting any of the precious fluid. Dinner was another novel experience, with nuts and port served at the end, the decanter circulated from man to man, and the serving scouts carrying a bowl of lemon-water and a towel for each man to wash and dry his fingers. We took the opportunity to examine the Fellows Bets Book where I think I spotted my name on one of the bets: that Somers would miss his croquet shot on Chapel Lawn outside. I don't remember the outcome, but suspect he probably won his bottle of vintage port.

Thus ended my 3 year stay at Pembroke.

After Pembroke

Back home at Peckham I at once returned to work at County Hall with the GLC, now assigned to the Ceremonial Section which organised the Chairman's Reception, a sparkling affair attended by all London's elite, including the Prime Minister and the front benches, London's MPs, the Archbishop of Canterbury and his assembled bishops and archbishops, the governors of the BBC, editors of the London-based Press and so on and so on. I assisted with the invitation lists, helping to check meticulously each guest's correct title and honours, and on the night acted as a doorman, meeting and greeting at the main entrance, and trying to keep out any uninvited interlopers. Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones, however, were met by the Chairman when they arrived at the private inner entrance where the band of the London Fire Brigade struck up God Save The Queen as their limousine drew to a halt. Later on, in the Chairman's Rooms looking out across the Thames to New Scotland Yard, the Royal Equerry asked me whether there was a real party going on anywhere. I had to disappoint him, but I suspect he already had other venues lined up for the Royals...

In due course I received a card saying I would not be required to attend for a viva voce and then a card saying I had achieved a 2nd Class degree. After the Class lists were published I was told that my achievement was announced at Galleywall Road Junior Mixed by the Head Mistress.

I attended the Sheldonian Theatre for the degree ceremony on 12 July 1969 with my proud parents and others from home in attendance: Harry carried my gown and hood. My MA degree was conferred in absentia on 29 July 1978.

On 21st February 1969 I had attended a dinner at Pembroke to celebrate the Repyngdon Society's 100th meeting, and I later returned for a May Ball. I also visited Oxford periodically for a few years to attend dinners organised by the Oxford Old Askeans but, the School having become a local authority comprehensive, and Frank Clewley having died, no more candidates from Aske's Hatcham presented themselves for the entrance exams and the invitations ceased.

In September 1968 I joined Unilever and was assigned as a UCMDS commercial trainee to Birds Eye Foods Ltd at Walton-on-Thames, Surrey. After two years I was moved to Unilever Ltd's central purchasing department off Fleet Street. There I learned the mysteries of international trading. However, after a year at Unilever Ltd I applied successfully for a place on the 2-year MSc programme at the London Graduate School of Business Studies in Sussex Place, Regent's Park. Douglas Gray kindly but belatedly sent in a testimonial for me, saying I would be most suitable for post-graduate studies: his letter had been overlooked amongst all the other paperwork on his desk. I was funded by the Social Science Research Council.

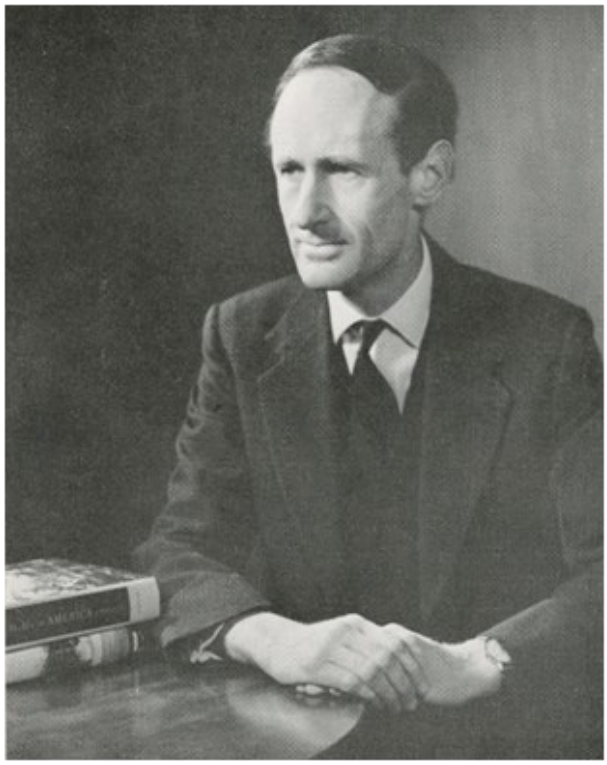
In 1973 I joined Esso Petroleum Co Ltd., a wholly-owned subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey, the enterprise founded by John D Rockefeller, now known as Exxon Mobil Corporation. I was based at the UK head office first in Victoria Street, Westminster then in North Surrey but I travelled widely throughout the UK, in Western Europe, the Middle East, Africa and the US. I frequently worked in Aberdeen, mainly at the North Sea oil & gas joint venture, Shell Exploration & Production. I also stayed occasionally in Oxford when visiting Esso's Abingdon Research Centre, and the Infineum Esso/Shell joint venture.

My competence in English I learned at Aske's and honed at Pembroke. Oxford opened doors for me, giving me the opportunity to join Unilever, then to gain entrance to the London Business School where I became numerate, and subsequently within Esso. I joined the Oxford and Cambridge Club in Pall Mall where I entertained many friends, colleagues, business contacts and my American masters. Frankly, my knowledge of English literature, Latin and Old English have been of no practical value to me, but they remain part of my background of cultural knowledge and understanding, priceless assets. My sojourn at Pembroke was sometimes truly joyous and at other times depressingly miserable. It was a strange interlude at an important turning point. In retrospect, applying for admission was the right thing for me to have done all those years ago.

James Collett-White - (m.1966) History

I first came to Pembroke in December 1965 to attend interviews. The Oxford of the late 1960s was often hit in November/ December with pea-souper fogs, which always gave me a heavy cough. My interviews were no exception. I coughed for the half an hour before the interview and looked in a poor state when met up with Colin Morris and Piers

Mackesy, the two Modern History dons. They were sympathetic and mercifully it was only when I got back to my room that I started coughing again.



Piers Mackesy

I well remember breakfast that day or the day after. I was quite overwhelmed by these confident, able candidates, so much more talented than myself, who had achieved who had so much more and seemed to know so much more. I began to realise what applying to Oxford actually meant. In view of this I was thrilled to be accepted as a Commoner. I spent my Gap Year helping in a High Church Anglican parish in the east End of London and earned money as a Records Clerk at St Bartholomew's Hospital, as far as I could be from the public school I had attended (Wellington College).

In October 1966 I took the long train journey to Oxford, by train from my home in Bury St Edmunds to Cambridge and then by train from Cambridge to Oxford, stopping everywhere. Sadly the railway did not last more than another year, before Beeching cut it. It was replaced by a slow and very smelly bus called, ironically, Premier Travel. I always felt ill when I arrived in Oxford

My room was on Staircase 13 (first floor) with a nice view out onto the North Quad. The white walls outside were peeling and a lad on the floor above managed to break the top of the Staircase. It was typical of the College of this era that they were not repaired for years. We still had scouts. Our one, Mr Turner, was elderly and had problems getting up stairs. He would get up to my floor and say 'Oh I am just having the gip with my knee' and would sink into my chair and start on a long chat.

The College was, of course, at that time only male but students had been to a variety of educational institutions beforehand. There might have been ten public school men in my year; the majority came from Grammar Schools and Comprehensives. This made for a friendly, semi-classless society, which I appreciated. There was, however, one public school man, who, with his friends from Christ Church, tried to ape Brideshead. As ex-public school, I was invited to this man's party. At the end he and his friends burst out into the North Quad, very drunk, and smashed their glasses there before heading off to Christ Church. I saw a big fine from the College for this and got going with a brush and dustpan to try and clear the fragments. I did not go to his parties again!

Another group of mainly arts/humanities students formed a pot smoking circle. At the time it was widely thought that J.R.R. Tolkien's T*he Lord of the Rings* contained coded references to pot smoking! One of the group found out I knew about The Hobbit etc – from childhood days. They asked me to join the pot smokers, which I declined forcefully. They became very close knit and unfriendly to the rest of us. They were disappointed in

me because they thought I was more interesting! Most of my contemporaries were hard working students, who wrote their essays, attended lectures. Odd members of the college were involved in University politics. We had no stars in the Union. Contemporary university politics were concerned with the issues of files that protestors alleged were being held by the University. I remember them attacking the Clarendon buildings while I was peacefully working in the Radcliffe Camera. Most people in Pembroke could not care less over the issue. In 1968-1969 a member of the College painted black Biafra crosses on local telephone booths. I remember seeing the paint pots under his bed! My most colourful contemporary Pembrokian was theology student Oz Clarke, who was taught about wine by the Manciple, Mr Cox, who kept the Pembroke Cellar as second to none.

Most of us were not successful in wooing a lady from a Ladies' College. Three of my contemporaries at Pembroke however were famous socialisers throughout Oxford, known as the 'three Richards.'

College was not special at anything, apart, curiously, from Chess. We were low in the Norrington Table, not outstanding on the river or at cricket or football. We, as it were, rowed over and did our bit to get our seconds but were not remarkable- making the College perhaps a happier place to be without self-promoting self-seekers. There were one or two outstanding Fellows though, apart of course from Colin and Piers, such as Robert Baldick, Fellow in French and editor of Penguin Classics and Zbigniew Pelczynski, lecturer in politics and a key figure in the rejuvenation of his native Poland after communism.

It was a bit of a shock almost as soon as we had celebrated getting in to Oxford to receive a long reading list for a strange exam called Prelims, which we had to pass in our first term. It was partly the brainchild of the Regius Professor, Hugh Trevor Roper. He lectured on Gibbon and Macaulay. The Venerable Bede was taught by Dr Campbell of Worcester, who had a speech impediment and was totally inaudible unless you were in the front rows. Alexis de Tocqueville's views on the French Revolution rounded off the subjects. You could study Historical Geography over a long period - not very popular as you could end up getting no question you could answer despite having studied the course diligently. Boris Haronski [1965] got a Bene, the highest mark on a Tolstoy paper the year before.

As the day of the exam drew near, I was yet again struck down with a vicious cough. I found that I had to take the exam - well or ill - as if I got an aegrotat this term, I would have to take it again next term and thus it would disrupt the first part of my degree course. I went in, clad in dark suit, white bow tie, half length commoners' gown and clutched a mortar board - sub fusc, as it was called. Of course I coughed, creating scowls all round, but a kind invigilator gave me a throat lozenge and peace and harmony was restored.

Amazingly I passed and, thank heaven, no re-sits. I could start on the long process of studying English History Outlines. The Mediaeval part was tutored by Colin Morris, then Chaplain, and later Professor of History at Southampton. The tutorials took place at a room in the far corner of the Old Quad, in a room later occupied, I understand, by the Reverend John Platt. They were strange for me, who had been in a very different

environment only a year before - to be talking about the niceties of Henry II's quarrel with Becket - it seemed quite remote from the Bethnal Green Road! Between the student and tutor was a powerful lamp though which you had to look if you wanted to relate to Colin. He was the nicest man and no idea of the torture he put on his students! The College Societies were enjoyable ways of mixing port drinking and interesting lectures. For lawyers it was the Blackstone Society but for historians it was the Camden Society called after a former member of Broadgates Hall, Pembroke's predecessor. We had some memorable speakers including the mediaevalist Richard Southern, 20C Paul Hayes and Piers Mackesy speaking with rage about how his father, the General in the Norway Campaign, had been let down by Churchill.

William Camden

As I had been involved in a High Church parish in my Gap Year, it was natural I gravitated towards Pusey House. Archbishop Ramsay's visit there to the accompaniment of trumpets was very memorable. College Chapel seemed a little flat in comparison. It was quite dark and a slightly unkempt feel. One Lent, as a penance, we tried to shift the huge cobwebs with limited success. A number of Christians in the College were members of OICCU [Oxford Intercollegiate Christian Union], an evangelical body, which had looser ties with the Chapel. One of them told me about the Simon Community which provided shelter for down and outs. In 1967-1968 I tried to co-ordinate fundraising within the University.

I remember I was summoned on my own to tea with the elderly Master, Ronald McCallum. He was clearly a shy man and so it was not a comfortable occasion. If I had only known of his studies of elections, I would have found something to talk about.

My friends and I - mainly studying Mods/Greats - always walked after lunch around Christ Church Meadow the same way round. We normally ate in the cellar, occasionally at the St Aldates Cafe ('Floss House' after the large blond lady who ran it) or the slightly more sophisticated Newman Rooms (called by Godfrey Bond, Classics Don, 'the Pope's Nose'). We used to eat in Hall, dressed in our gowns with the formal Latin Grace read by a scholar, mostly with hard classical sounds for the letters. Mediaevalist Boris Haronski used the softer mediaeval pronunciation, such as a soft 'c' for cibo in 'pro hoc cibo.' After Hall we used to go to coffee at whoever was in college of our group.

There was no Hall on Saturday, so we were driven to going to the cheaper eating houses of Oxford: Tackleys at the end of Merton Street where there were good omelettes; The Town and Gown, a fifties place with tables for mainly singles on their own; and Crawfords' for the hearty bangers and mash brigade.

At the end of the first year, there was a ballot to allow a limited number of Second Years to stay in College. I was the highest person on the list of those who had failed, and when someone was sent down for failing Prelims I took their place. I got a sitting room and

small bedroom at the top of the Master's Staircase. I could look out on to St Aldates Church and check the time at Tom Tower. I was very happy there but it did have its disadvantages. To go to the lavatory or bathroom you went down two flights of stairs out to the open, up some worn stairs turn left to the Bathroom block on the site of the present Library. Stone floors and a large old fashioned baths reminded me of my public school. Fortunately in those days I had a stronger bladder!

As I had cupboards in my rooms, I was approached by someone in our group whether I could store some books of his, as he had to leave his college rooms for digs. He was a noted book collector and there were some fine books. As he always appeared penniless, we always wondered how he could afford them. After leaving Pembroke, he was convicted of theft when working at Blackwells. Had I been unwittingly a receiver of stolen goods?! After a spell in one of HM's softer institutions, he emerged working at managerial level for the Department of the Environment.

Thinking of Pembroke's buildings...at this time, Broadgates Hall was a delightful Victorian Library full of tall bookshelves. Around the top were rarer books and one could sit in the little window area, which looks out on the Old Quad. The new Library is, no doubt, much more fit for purpose but lacks the charm of its predecessor.

Broadgates Hall Library

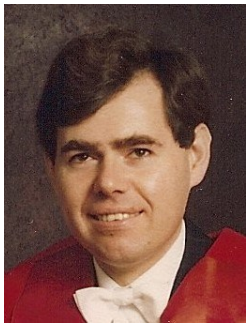
The restoration of the buildings of the 1840s between Chapel Quad and North Quad did not happen for many years. The Junior and Middle Common Rooms were very scruffy and rather seedy. They often smelt of beer. There was a feeling of slight decay in the older buildings but new buildings however had been built: the Besse building and the Macmillan building (built in 1977) ultimately filled in one end of the North Quad satisfactorily.

In my third year I had lodgings at the far end of the Abingdon Road near the traffic lights. I had the room downstairs that was quite large but the contents included a ghastly twee statue of a little girl holding her dress. I tried to hide it behind the curtains. A Liverpudlian, Tom Carty, had the room upstairs. Our resident landlady had a penchant for producing leathery liver and kidneys - rather blo- for breakfast. Used to public school food I made a stab at it; Tom could not face it and liver and kidneys went in a paper bag and were donated to the Council dustbins.

It was a long walk into Oxford. We were too hard up to afford a bus. The Undergraduates of those days received both tuition and maintenance grants. I lived on a 2/3rds maintenance grant, full fees, some money from an aunt and money I had saved from my

year's work. I always found I had not read enough in the eight weeks of term so I applied and got from my local County Council a further week's maintenance grant. I never got into debt but lived frugally.

At last, it was the successions of walks to the Examination Schools for our finals; a boozy punt party and then our Oxford lives were over. I enjoyed my time at Pembroke, as a historian I was made to weigh evidence carefully and think critically. It was as a result of advice from Boris Haronski that I became an archivist, my occupation over fifty years later.



Peter Willoughby - (m.1966) Natural Science

I grew up in a village near Bradford in West Yorkshire and attended Bradford Grammar School. After my A-level results came through I was advised by my biology tutor to try for Oxford. In those days you could apply to a 'triplet' of colleges and I selected Pembroke, Wadham and St John's. Having sat the entrance examination I was invited for interview at Pembroke, and also took a physiology practical examination - after which I was awarded the Nuffield Exhibition in Medicine. I recall finding the college attractive and welcoming when I came up first for these assessments. When I began my course proper I was allocated Room 10 on Staircase 12 and settled in without any problems, meeting a cohort of nine particular friends - with most of whom I am still in contact - at dinner in Hall on the first evening.

My first room was at the top of staircase 12 and can best be described as adequate. Food I recall as being OK, but not attractive enough to encourage one to sign in for dinner during the third year when I was in digs in North Oxford - we went to the pub. My scout in Year 1 was George Dawson and I asked him one day how long he had worked on that particular staircase. He informed me that he had been there since being invalided out of the army - in 1917!

George Dawson, Head Scout

As an Exhibitioner I got a second year in college, and we had a JCR ballot for rooms at the end of the previous Trinity term. I remember that my name came second out of the hat, and I chose to live in Dr Johnson's room in the tower - which was a student room at that time. The downside was that the nearest loos and showers were on staircase 8 across two quads. A further disadvantage was that I was at the same level as the bells in St Aldate's Church, which was a sovereign

reason for getting up early on a Sunday morning (also usually the time for the weekly 'essay crisis').
As a medical student I was probably saner and certainly more sanguine than most, and did not require any 'pastoral services'; in fact, I am by no means certain that I recall any being available (or publicised) - we were just expected to get on with it in those less PC days. Being an obligate heathen the Chapel played no part in my existence at all!

When I came up to Pembroke, the Master was R.B. McCallum who I remember as a quietly spoken and pleasant character. When he retired he was replaced by Sir George Pickering, previously Professor of Medicine at St Mary's, I believe. Sir G. was a less likeable character with very bad osteoarthritic hips. He used to stump around the college on two crutches, and always recalled the medical students, but could never remember what you were called: on numerous occasions I was walking around one of the quadrangles when the dreaded clicking sound of the sticks came from behind, followed by "Remind me of your name".
My physiology tutor was Bill Keatinge, an expert in temperature regulation and playing the accordion, though I was farmed out elsewhere when he left at the end of my second year.
Biochemistry was taught by Percy O'Brien - a sparky Oxford polymath who always told us that medical student should be topped and tailed like gooseberries: have their brains and testicles removed! Highly entertaining tutorials, including such topics as how high you would rise if all the fat in your buttocks was instantly vaporised and turned into energy.

Percy O'Brien

Anatomy was the province of Savile Bradbury, who became a great friend and mentor. Another polymath: microscopist, photographer, flautist, artist and expert model engineer - he produced miniature steam locomotives and a magnificent scale traction engine. In those days the college chaplain used to hold open house in his rooms for students and fellows on a Friday evening. On one such occasion I was chatting to Savile and to John Eekelaar - the Dean at the time - at about 1 a.m. when the sound of running feet and female laughter came from the quad outside (women had to leave by 11 p.m.). Savile said "John - there's a woman in college, you should deal with it". The response was "Don't worry Savile - he's chasing her out". George Dawson I have mentioned before. My second year scout was a Mrs Pullen - lovely lady.

I'm afraid I was a very boring nerd! I was interested in my subject and found the tutorial system excellent - particularly the one-to-one sessions with tutors at other colleges during my third year. As a physiology student I had a lot of lab work which was enjoyable, but in those days the equipment was archaic - everything recorded on smoked drums for goodness sake. The Radcliffe Science Library became my second home, though I used the college library for study in the evenings (my own books as it wasn't really geared up for modern science) - and we used to last out until about 10 p.m., when someone would crack,

yell "The Bear", and we would decamp to the pub on Blue Boar Street.

I sailed with the college team and rowed in my second year (most unsuccessfully - though when this came to light at clinical school in London, I was dragooned into being stroke of the hospital boat for a brief while). I remember that the JCR had booked 'The Who', before they became famous, for the May Ball in my first year. I also did target rifle shooting at the range in the Oxford Schools Examinations place in North Oxford - and quite innocently kept a 22 rifle under my bed in college at times!!

When I was an undergraduate the (totally indefensible) regulation was that if you had a party in college the rule was that all booze had to be procured through the Manciple. The only available wines were 'Chateau Lebeau' (white) or ' Selected Claret' (red), both of which were appalling. The college is nearly responsible for destroying my palate for ever. You must realise that if I can remember these details after nearly 60 years, the impact on my development must have been severe! I used to read the daily papers in the JCR, and was a member of the MCR when I remained a college member for two terms in my 4th year before leaving for clinical school.

I went from Pembroke to the Westminster Medical School in London. During my clinical course I was awarded the Theodore Williams Scholarship in Pathology back in Oxford. After graduating in medicine I did jobs in London and Surrey before returning to the Radcliffe Infirmary as a Registrar and later a Lecturer in Medicine. I was awarded a Junior Research Fellowship at Linacre College and took my DM in 1980. After this I was appointed a Consultant Gastroenterologist at Basildon University Hospital in Essex, affiliated to UCH, where I worked until retirement in 2008. I was at the same time the Training Director in gastroenterology for North East Thames, a member of various British Society of Gastroenterology committees, and an Examiner for the Royal College of Physicians. Since retiring, I have mutated into a historian with a particular interest in 17th and 18th century naval surgeons, and have published a few papers on this topic. I am Secretary of the Barbers' Historical Society and a Liveryman and the Honorary Curator of the Worshipful Company of Barbers. The dexterity which I employed manipulating endoscopes is now transferred to tying fishing flies and pursuing salmonids.

Michael Barritt - (m.1967) Modern History

My parents moved to Scotland in 1946 where my father took up posts as an organist and on the staff of the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama. I was born two years later. My parents placed a high priority on my education, and made sacrifices to send me to the senior school of Glasgow Academy. I was unaware at the time that it had a remarkable record for the percentage of sixth formers achieving entrance to Oxford and Cambridge, exceeded only by Winchester and Manchester Grammar School. I was not

amongst the scholars and exhibitioners of my year. I was rescued by Pembroke from the pool at the end of the selection process. As I experienced dining in hall for the first time I was mercifully unaware of the other potential candidate somewhere in the throng. Master McCallum never let on during the subsequent interview, but I believe that he was very aware of Glasgow Academy and knew at least one member of staff there.

I had had a pretty sheltered childhood with limited independent living. The college was a close fellowship which made it easier to settle in. I also agree with the comment that Alan Bennett has made, that the Oxford entry in that period spanned a wider segment of society than perhaps in subsequent decades. As a commoner, to my regret, I had only one year in college. Even though the rooms, and associated facilities, in the buildings backing onto Beef Lane were perhaps basic by today's standards, they were perfectly adequate. I appreciated eating in hall, and had no ambition to self-cater - especially having never been taught to cook!
I was brought up in the Baptist Church, but at the time of arriving in Oxford had allowed my studies to push out fellowship and worship. From today's perspective, as an active Church of England Reader, I much regret that I turned away from the Christian unions at university and college level.

Living out undoubtedly had an impact on my relationship with the college, which I visited for tutorials and to check my mail box. The library seemed of limited benefit as a source of material, and the Bodleian was my place of study. Once built, I probably visited the boat house as much as the main college site.

Piers Mackesy made a great impact, perhaps predictably on a boy with an obsession with naval history, and who would gain entry to the Royal Navy during his studies (a separate story in itself). Since Colin Morris was on sabbatical, we were farmed out to a lively director at All Soul's for medieval studies. I guess that this may have started the process of distancing from the college, whilst opening up the riches and stimulation of the university as a whole. I remember the thrill over the period of encounters with visiting scholars such as Arthur Marder. I remember fondly walking the streets one day with Nicholas Roger and discussing naval history.
I was a bit of a loner, and again with only the one year in college, I would not pick out a particular influence. I do remember those who were kind as I explored new opportunities, as a complete novice on the river for example.

The tutorial system undoubtedly worked, though the discipline of producing weekly essays was a hard one for me, despite grounding at school, and I needed prodding and guidance.
I have already alluded to my use of the Bodleian. I loved the Radcliffe Camera and could not fault the service there, where I pursued personal research interests alongside work on the core syllabus.

Perhaps it is only with life's perspective that one really appreciates the Oxford education. I recall with a smile the changed attitude of a senior officer who had previously derided the value of my degree once I was producing staff-work for him in the Ministry of Defence.

I was a pedestrian member of the Second Eight, but this activity was an important part of my Oxford experience and a new opportunity for me. I joined the OTC in the hope that it might signal serious intent when I competed for entry to the RN. It was more interesting once I became a member of the Intelligence Section. I finally acquired my first girl-friend during my final year - not brilliant timing! I have happy memories of my one experience of the college ball. I was on the boat club committee when the new boathouse was built. We were happy that our boatman crossed the river with us.

The College Boathouse under construction, 1969

I have mentioned how it took some people time to appreciate what I brought to the Royal Navy from my Oxford experience. I guess that this reaction may have led to it taking time for me to recognise the privilege of becoming a member of Pembroke College and to recall my gratitude for being received there. As I reached the top of my specialisation I was very aware of the gifts which the Oxford education had given me and which benefited this country.

Alan Cameron - (m.1967) Medicine

Pre-Oxford

My father was a schoolmaster in a small town near Belfast. At 11, I went to a pseudo-public school called Campbell College, which regularly sent a few top pupils to Oxbridge. The principal suggested Pembroke because of its medical tradition and I meekly acquiesced.

First sight of Oxford was on a dank dreary dark mid-December afternoon in 1966, just off the train from Liverpool having crossed on the overnight rust-bucket ferry in a storm. My best friend, Mike, was applying to Wadham so there were two of us. We were befriended by two deckhands and adjourned to their cabin for rum and blackcurrant - never before nor since - which, in retrospect, seems somewhat unwise. But one of them recited "no man is an island" which taught me a lesson about making snobbish assumptions.

I was interviewed by Savile Bradbury (Anatomy and expert flautist) and Bill Keatinge (Physiology) in the ground floor of the Besse building. When I told Dr Bradbury I didn't like modern classical music he recommended the four sea interludes from Britten's Peter

Grimes; every hearing still transports me straight back to that day (and, ironically, I ended up working near Aldeburgh, though I still don't like Britten!).

William Keatinge

Later that evening, Bill Keatinge located me slumped in a worn-out sofa in the JCR and told me I did not need to take the obligatory science practical exam so I assumed that was that. Surprising then to get a letter a few days later awarding me the Theodore Williams scholarship.

Early years

Oxford was a shock after my narrow-minded provincial Presbyterian province where the playground swings were still padlocked on the Sabbath. Godfrey Bond (Classics and Public Orator) had come from Ulster and, over tea and crumpets, asked me about my early impressions. I didn't tell him that my chief surprise was seeing middle-aged couples holding hands in the streets which certainly did not happen back home.

I was allocated a horrid low-ceilinged room at the top of Staircase 7 in the new quad, given to me because I would fit under the roof. College was locked at midnight but there were ways to climb in. I had met the love of my life just before coming up, so a single-sex college and few females around did not present a problem (we have just celebrated our golden wedding so the relationship survived Oxford).

Dinner in Hall was convivial; narrow medical horizons were broadened by sitting with friends reading arts subjects. But one of the odd sights was a tray of goodies apparently propelling itself a few feet off the ground to high table; it was being carried above his head by a "vertically challenged" server.

Vignettes (mostly embarrassing)

Grace in hall was read by scholars but to enliven things I started reading either as slowly as possible or gabbling as fast as possible. The governing body disapproved and I was banned.

We all got quite good at bar football, partly because by tipping the machine up the sixpences could be retrieved and reused.

I thought rowing might be fun so had a trial in a tub pair with the captain of boats but was so hopeless that when we reached the other side of the river he suggested I got in the back and steered. I ended up coxing the first VIII. We were never very successful but did get one unequalled distinction. At the end of term there was a traditional row down to the Sandford Arms below Iffley lock. On the way back several of the crew decided to empty their bladders by getting into the water in the lock itself. Unfortunately nobody had noticed the Thames Conservancy launch just behind; they were unconvinced by my order of "come forward Oriel" and followed us back to the boathouse. As cox I was deemed to have been in charge so was fined £25 and had another appearance before the Master and a letter back to my grant-giving authority which culminated in an unpleasant interview with them too. A happier memory was coxing the "schools" VIII in the final term, wandering

across the meadows, gliding through the mist on the silent water and coming back to college for a big breakfast.

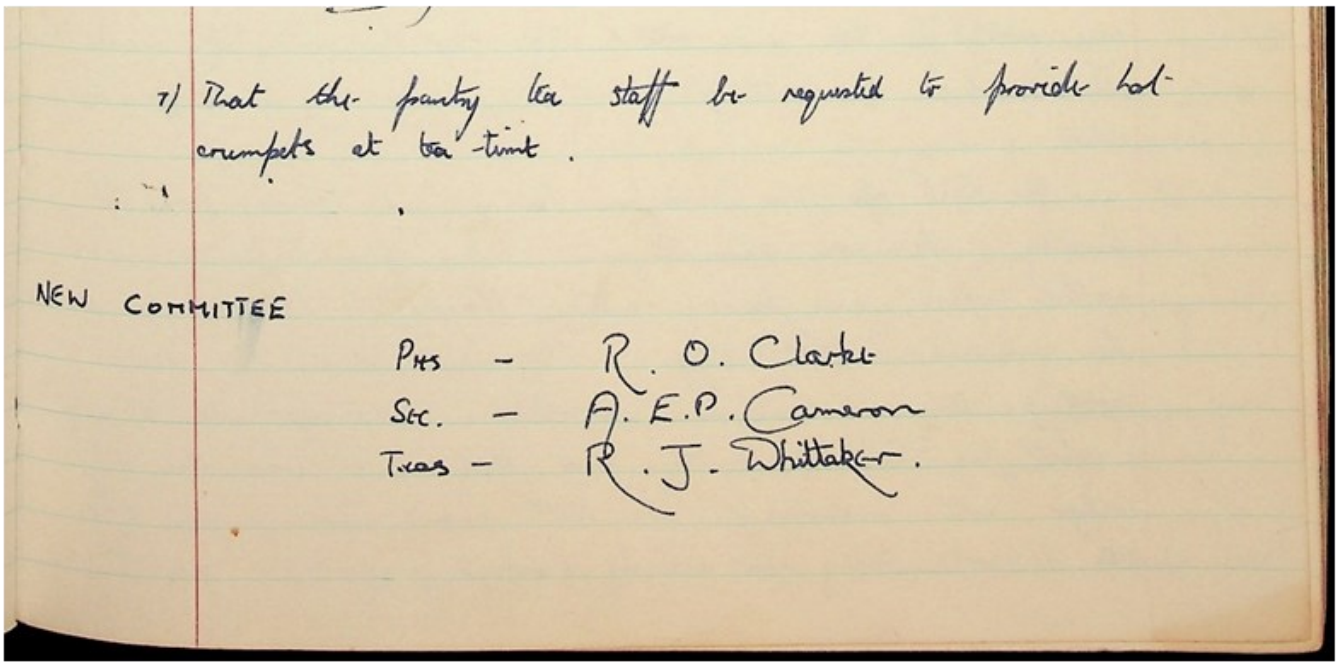
I remember two unusual events in the old Almshouses rooms. One was helping an incredibly drunk George Gale (the writer) crawl up to his guest room after some dinner or other. The other was an impressive bit of medicine. One friend, reading Spanish, collected local Iberian waiters in his room late at night. One evening amid this crowd, he had a panic attack so the college GP was called and effected a miraculous cure by getting him to re-breathe into a paper bag (but more of him later). He was louche and dissolute. One cold winter day, clad only in greatcoat and shoes, he dropped two bottles of gin in the quad and carried on as it nothing had happened (none of us could afford even one gin at the time). He came to a sad end because on his overseas year he was one of several ex-pats who died because of faulty gas heaters in Spanish apartments. There was a memorial service in chapel and we wondered how we could avoid giggling at inappropriate memories but in the event Robert Baldick (modern languages) carried it off beautifully.

Sir George Pickering was Master at the time. I had been very impressed by an ingenious experiment of his involving iron filings and a magnet which had clarified kidney function. But I found the man less imposing, especially his habit of prefacing every utterance with

"as a distinguished elderly physician". I did come across him a few years later as a house physician when the Lady Carola was a patient but my half-hearted apology for bad behaviour was ignored.

May balls were fun. Pink Floyd played at the first one I went to (they had become famous after being signed for Pembroke but adhered to their contract). I don't remember much of their set, but do recall a mad New Zealand postgrad, who held attention by climbing up the inside of the marquee and hanging precariously over the top of the band. In other years we crashed several balls, including Balliol's, through a small window by the main gate, and Christ Church via a ladder in Boar's Head Street (I nearly gave the game away at that one by proffering a fiver for a bottle of champagne - forgetting it was all free).

I decided I wanted a further year in college and the only way to do this was to become JCR Secretary. So I teamed up with the charismatic Oz Clarke for president and we ran a campaign whose manifesto included the promise of "alcoholic tea-parties". We had a landslide victory but the one positive thing I did do was to get David St Clair (later Professor of Psychiatry) to carry out a survey of other colleges' food budgets. As result Pembroke increased spending and catering improved.


7/ That the pantry tea staff be requested to provide hot crumpets at tea-time.

NEW COMMITTEE

Pres – R. O. Clarke
Sec. – A. E. P. Cameron
Treas – R. J. Whittaker.

From JCR minutes, Hilary 1969

At the end of the second year I bought a motorbike but only asked for permission to keep it in the bike shed after the purchase. Permission was refused but perhaps they turned a blind eye because it did reside in college.

I did have one unfortunate episode in the first year, developing sudden severe pain in the right testicle. The college GP diagnosed infection, despite my celibate life, and prescribed antibiotics but the true cause was a twist which cuts off the blood supply (knowing what I know now I should have sued for this egregious error). I did get referred to the famous

Bentley-driving Oxford surgeon George Moloney who operated to fix the other side in the Ackland Clinic. This was a private clinic and he made no charge, but my family and I were too innocent of medical finances to query whether there was a bill or who might have settled it. But there was a payback. At the end of the third year Moloney gave a series of lectures to introduce us to clinical matters. In one he recounted the tale of a medical student who lost a testicle from torsion while climbing into college; he told the story well and everybody laughed but reader, did I blush? I regret not speaking to him afterwards.

It is a common misconception that medicine is an academic subject but the vast majority of doctors learn their trade by being apprenticed at the foot of a master. I suppose that all medical students have to endure mind-numbingly boring biochemistry and physiology in the hope that one in a thousand may become a true scientist and discover something useful. At the time I had no thought of becoming a surgeon so I even had to relearn anatomy later on. Nevertheless I must have had some academic potential because I was talent-spotted by the Irish maverick Percy O'Brien who gave me individual physiology tutorials. He told me later I had come very close to a first in finals; bad choice of an essay on appetite had let us down. His tutorials just before dinner were accompanied by large quantities of sherry but I did draw the line at peeing together with him in his sink.

Post Pembroke

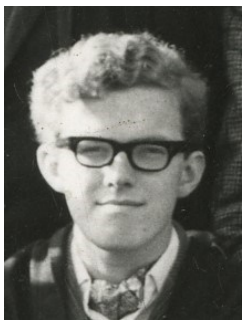
I went off to King's College Hospital in South London for clinical studies. The intellectual curiosity encouraged at Oxford did not go down well. While watching my very first operation being done for excess sweating I had the temerity to ask the senior surgeon a question to which the reply was "you'll go far; now get out of my theatre". This was more prophetic than he knew because I ended up as President of the international society for treating the very same condition. I qualified in 1973, did surgical training in and around London and was appointed consultant vascular surgeon in Ipswich in 1988, hence the Britten connection, retiring in 2017.

Reflections

Looking back is a pointless exercise because what happened has happened. There is no doubt I had a very enjoyable time at Pembroke and my interests in art, music and literature were stimulated but maybe I could have made more of the academic opportunities. But perhaps things turn out for the best. I was, for example, short-listed for an academic year in the Sir William Dunn School of pathology after finals; had I got that I might have ended up as a dusty academic and missed out on the excitement of vascular surgery.

I do regret, however, that I have not kept up with a single Pembroke friend.

But overall was Pembroke a vital training for an upward future? Or was it a gilded interlude gifted by a full financial grant to a privileged elite prior to becoming irrelevant as the real world supervened? I don't know, but one thing is certain; although Shaw didn't actually say it, "youth is wasted on the young".



Michael Flanagan - (m.1967) Classics

1. Life before Pembroke and admission

My father was a docker and we lived in Liverpool's inner-city Kensington. All my ancestors had left school by 14, and, today, our rented, electricity-free, cold-water, unheated terraced house with just an outside loo sounds beyond primitive.

But, in 1967, about 40% of Britain's homes were just like it – and 52% were rented. My Jesuit grammar school was used to coaching boys for university, its Head had formerly been Master at Campion Hall and my school had more pupils taking 1969 Classical Mods than Eton, Westminster or Winchester. Debate - especially about religion and politics - was unceasing at home.

The Depression had stopped both my parents from doing anything about their early academic promise. So, almost from my first term at grammar school, everyone assumed I'd go to university and, as my school career progressed, everyone assumed I'd apply for Oxford, my headmaster recommended Pembroke, and that was that. I can scarcely remember the Pembroke interview (which went much as our Head's classes had trained us) and I enjoyed Oxford's lengthy admissions exam far more than 'A' or 'S' levels.

Arriving at Oxford was, in retrospect, surprisingly unsurprising. True, I hadn't expected an area like St Ebbes (where the redbrick, low-spec, housing was just like Kensington) next door to Pembroke, or the general grubbiness of Oxford (though industrial Lancashire was much, much filthier). But the (mainly female) scouts turned out pretty similar to my long-suffering mum.

In 1964, I'd started a Saturday job in the Liverpool record store where Brian Epstein had discovered the Beatles, and returned there through most school and Oxford vacations till Finals. Between school and Pembroke I taught in a Bootle secondary-modern, at which I was truly awful.

Oxford's then-absurd men:women undergraduate ratio was just one of those things that I (like everyone else) had expected as part of the package, so the even absurder College closing hours were just an inconvenience. Mass communal eating in Hall was odd, but fine, and ensured reasonable conversation over meals.

I'd expected to be intimidated by social differences: but the only one that turned out to worry me was that most fellow Classics students had studied at the fancier public schools with teachers far more enthusiastic than mine. So they had much deeper knowledge and - what really matters in languages - the ability to think, speak and write in many Latin and Greek dialects.

A smaller cultural shock than moving from primary school, where practically everyone else had houses like ours, to a grammar school mostly populated by the suburban car-owning

classes.

But - at least in Classics - for the first time in my life I wasn't the brightest around. Being able to go to non-Classics lectures distracted me from Classics too, so though, before arrival, I'd expected to work for a First, by the end of my second term, I was toying with a switch to PPE - an option Pembroke dons expected I'd take up.

2. Brief Pembroke History

After deciding within a couple of terms that Classics achievement wasn't for me, I was putting most of my extracurricular energy into politics.

By the end of Term 5, I decided to stick with Greats (because I thought PPE was getting too politicised, and that Greats would train me to understand more objectively how societies change), to become President of the Liberal Club, not to pursue the Union (I'm just not as funny a speechwriter as Gyles Brandreth) and to have fun. Over the following year, I became Liberal President (then lost most interest in party politics), became preoccupied with how things actually worked in the real world (so decided to work in marketing after Pembroke), continued some involvement with University political organisations and, towards the end of my third year, got dragged into Pembroke JCR politics when poor judgement by the then committee led to its having to resign.

Elected as JCR Treasurer, I saw myself as the articulate shaper of often ill-articulated undergraduate complaints I had limited sympathy with: but felt also that I struck many dons as stirring up dissidence they doubted would have existed without me. By Final Schools in June 1971, the Pembroke Governing Body and I were equally happy to see each other no longer, and - even after my wife and I moved to Charlbury (about 15 mins by train from Oxford) in 2001 - I didn't return to Pembroke at all until a College campaign around 2010 tracing missing alumni. I'd never bothered taking my degree, and Pembroke didn't answer my reply a year or so later to a letter asking us all to come and formally graduate. I filled in a modest Standing Order, I'd got a Double Third (probably better than I deserved) and had walked straight into the job I thought I wanted.

I've had next to no contact with Pembroke since 1971 but the absence of a degree certificate really hadn't mattered. I'd enjoyed my undergraduate days, still use my alumni facilities from our obscure Cotswold nano-town - and, with my wife Leader of Oxfordshire Council as I'm writing this, can observe contemporary Oxford's many communities from far more viewpoints than most other people.

Bedroom in the new Staircase 12

3. How about life at College?

Initially, my room was on the recently-built Staircase 12, which was gobsmackingly luxurious: central heating, no winter indoor frost, a washbasin in the room and a loo and bathroom on the staircase were all novelties - with access to the JCR Art Collection an unexpected extra. In my

third year, I had digs off Paradise Square (subsequently torn down to put up a parking lot): still close enough to Pembroke to have lunch and dinner in College most of the time. In my fourth year, as a JCR officeholder living in college, I had a lavish set (now reserved for dons) on staircase 2, consisting of a Spartan bedroom, an astonishingly grand, wood-paneled study/reception room and a modest but serviceable washroom, with a view over Pembroke Square and a background of Great Tom and Merton Chapel bells. Plus an apparently ever-expanding network of Finals-year acquaintances needing perpetual coffee.

As my social life expanded beyond Pembroke, the gate hours became increasingly irksome. At first, I helped organize a keycutting ring, but our collective safe-breaking skills weren't that reliable, and the irritation got me involved with trying to reform the college's disciplinary system.

I was perfectly happy with College food, knew nothing about any dining traditions (indeed, I often suspect, when reading accounts of Oxford oddities, that there was a parallel Oxford in some distant universe) and - though I had dinner in Hall most nights of my Pembroke career - never saw anyone sconcing anyone else. In fact, by 1967, I thought sconcing was one of those quaint fogeyisms (like calling the Thames 'The Isis' or Broad St 'The Broad') that no-one bothered with any more. I do remember being served a savoury pear with an oil/vinegar dressing at my Mods dinner and puzzling for days about why it was called avocado (a discovery more puzzling but less scrumptious than the JCR pantry's buttered toast with cinnamon): but I learned about new kinds of food from all kinds of sources during those four years. I really wasn't aware of any student welfare or pastoral services.

I passed Pembroke Chapel several times a day, but never went inside: the first time I ever set foot in it was for Evensong before a 21st century Gaudy. Possibly because I came up a practising Catholic and went down a standard agnostic, but the Chapel never entered any conversation I had in Pembroke - and that contrasts hugely with the role Charlbury's Anglican church plays today in so many secular aspects of Charlbury life, from organising the town's response to food poverty to hosting vacation classes for children and staging weddings and funerals for practically all Charlburians, and with the similar role Christ Church Cathedral plays today in the civic life of the County and City.

Maybe my Jesuit upbringing made me insular about this. Maybe my generation was more squeamish about allowing any kind of organized religion into our lives: there was a kind of dogmatism about some intelligentsia antipathy to religion, especially to Anglicanism, that's sort of evaporated in today's more completely irreligious society. But there's another explanation too. Modern Britain has far more Christian churches than it needs, and an industry has grown up in creating new uses for them, as venues for different spiritual and cultural events or as foci for community-enhancing projects. With Oxford's recent visitor boom, its college chapels offer 40 or so places just too beautiful to leave unexploited.

I had just two contacts with the Master: one to sort out a messy disciplinary problem that he didn't want the Dean dragging into, and one to attend a formal lunch with the other JCR office holders, which turned into a lengthy chat about our JCR president's father (who'd just been knighted and had roughly overlapped with the Master at Cambridge).

Pretty much no contact with any Fellows other than my tutors and, on a couple of occasions, the Dean.

4. Academic

Studying Classics in Sixties Oxford was largely College-based, working mostly alone in libraries, from tutors' reading lists, writing essays and attending a couple of two-to-one tutorials a week. University lectures really were voluntary - and rarely terribly useful for essays or Schools - and there were few university-wide seminars. I didn't find any difficulties with the workload - but I did struggle to motivate myself to put work on my syllabus ahead of lots of other things.

In my day, at least 90% of reading lists for the classical history syllabus were articles written pre-war. It took me till about 40 years after Finals to realise how much the previous 60 years' technology had helped scholars interrogate every aspect of the world I'd studied - like what still lies under the ground, the DNA of surviving meat scraps or what x-rays show medieval transcribers had first copied from earlier manuscripts – and transform our understanding of the ancient world.

5. Social

If my academic life was mainly college-based, my social life was mostly based in the wider university. But even there I have no stories about 'students who went on to fame and fortune' because there really were surprisingly few.

I suspect that my University cohort specialized more in wine writing than anything else, with (I think) both Oz Clarke and Jancis Robinson matriculating in my year. Pembroke in my day wasn't even middle of the road. It seemed to lie consistently in the bottom fifth of colleges in the Norrington Table - with alumni achievements pretty much proportionate.

From my 1967 arrival, I probably took a circular walk round Christ Church Meadow, including the Thames towpath, at least once a day - and had no idea Pembroke had a barge. By 1969, I was aware that a boathouse had opened, and occasionally popped in for a drink during Torpids and Eights weeks - but knew almost nothing about Pembroke Boat Club (except that the First Eight always seemed to be very low down the results), and socialized with no-one who did. I don't think I was unique. Except during Eights Week, the only college sport results I ever heard discussed in Hall were the football First XI's against other colleges and the internal college squash ladder. Even in Eights Week, popping down to the boathouse on the Saturday was just to start the College Ball ritual: the rowers were at best an afterthought.

I'm sure we never used the term 'May Ball', though. We talked about the College (or Pembroke) Ball, and the Pembroke Record consistently called it the Eights Week Ball. I went to all four (double tickets then 5 guineas or £5.25) during my stay. The headliners seemed stellar - but my wife (who'd been at Leeds at the same time) reminds me she's audible in the audience of The Who's Live at Leeds LP (recorded at a university bop) , and I wonder if superstar groups in the late 1960s simply played universities the way they play sports stadia today.

Christmas festivities? There weren't any.

6. The Sixties: Swinging or Seditious?

It's hard, in retrospect, to separate the 1960s' apparent spike in undergraduate militancy from a shift in clothing and personal grooming. I'd watched the change in youth fashion from my Liverpool Saturday job, and participated in Oxford undergraduate politics by occasionally organizing public political protests, being the focus of the Liberal Club's campaign against filing University club records with the Proctors in Hilary 1968, and becoming the spokesman for a Pembroke "sleep-in" JCR occupation about visiting hours in Michaelmas 1970.

The Sixties and Youth Culture

Our Liverpool house was a few yards from the University campus and, at the beginning of the 1960s, "students" were an alien, though kempt, breed who dressed as almost no-one else we saw did except teachers at my grammar school - rather like bosses in offices: with formal jacket and tie, but also lots of collegiate branding (like stripey scarves, crested ties and blazer badges).

Students at Liverpool University, 1960s

By 1967, Liverpool students in our shop were all buying much the same clothes and music as our other customers and my Pembroke contemporaries – and all were less kempt than in 1960.

The frequently quoted summaries of the period ('Swinging Sixties' and 'If you can remember the Sixties, you weren't really there') got Oxford totally wrong. For me - and probably most of my fellow undergraduates - the Sixties were a period of phenomenally expanding boundaries, and an almost never-ending series of exposures to new things which went far beyond the 'sex, music and clothes' colour supplement cliches. Most of which I certainly do remember from my Pembroke days.

Certainly for me - like, I imagine, most Pembroke contemporaries - drugs were too expensive and too risky for career prospects, though those years certainly involved more booze than was sensible.

At least as far as young people's clothes and music were concerned, the Sixties' cultural revolution hit Pembroke as much as Kensington, London or Kensington, Liverpool. The Pembroke Vicegerent is quoted in a Sixties Pembroke *Record* as highlighting clothes - but photographs of the time show Oxford students mostly dressing like most other 1960s twenty year olds, and not that differently from most academics today: what looked odd to most people by 1970 was how formally Oxford students dressed so often. I'm struggling to find snaps in the chaos of my own picture files - but the only ways, apart from gowns, I remember looking different from now are a few fashion details (like bell-bottom trousers) and the amount (and kempt-ness) of my hair. But at some point in the Sixties, other changes made the attitudes of Oxford's students different from their predecessors and

from most dons.

For the previous 50 years, dons and undergraduates had shared national shortages, austerity, Depression and the serious threat of being bombed at home and/or conscripted to fight abroad. My undergraduate generation arrived at Oxford with vague memories of some food rationing in our infancy, but otherwise, unlike most dons, had never experienced such threats - or powdered eggs. Nor, unlike anyone who'd been conscripted, had most of us worked in an environment built on management by command and control. Stock selection and re-ordering at my Liverpool shop, for example, was largely carried out by 20-something staff rejected by the school system but far closer to customers than management: and they weren't the only people for whom the real Sixties' revolution was growing personal autonomy.

Few students arriving at universities around 1967 could see the point of accepting apparently pointless rules - or of getting too worked up about changing them.

The Sixties and politics

The late sixties actually saw a fall in capital-P political involvement at Oxford and, possibly, the start of Britain's descent into just not being very serious about politics. Compared to Paris or Berkeley (or Warwick or Hornsey College of Art), Oxford's 1968-1970 évènements were very small beer.

British 18-21 year olds' first national opportunity to vote was the 1970 Trinity term General Election. Oxford's electoral roll was 5,000 greater then than in 1966 - yet the number of people voting fell. Partly because the parties in Oxford made a hash of canvassing undergraduates - but mostly because student political interest in the election (across the university) was almost non-existent.

30 years earlier, an Oxford Union debate about fighting for King and Country attracted global attention and, by 1967, Britain's government, opposition and major media were dominated by former Oxford Union presidents. But no-one attending Oxford between Thatcher's 1947 graduation and Blair's 1972 matriculation became PM: the highest UK political achiever among my Oxford political contemporaries (Edwina Currie) is now better known for her personal life than anything else.

True, Oxford had Bill Clinton and Pembroke had Phil Lader. But that just shows Oxford's importance in networking for overseas high achievers (Phil's nomination to Clinton's Cabinet is arguably Pembroke's highest-ever political achievement – but neither were involved with British politics at Oxford and Phil's never been elected to any democratic political office). In the Sixties, interest among Oxford undergraduates in UK politics - as a career, as a civil responsibility or in terms of most important UK issues (like Northern Ireland, the UK's cycle of poor productivity or growing inflation) - was low indeed. There was no lack of compassion (collections for strikers on minimal or low strike pay raised a lot of cash) or outrage (over Biafra or Vietnam - or excessive restrictions on personal liberties), especially over issues that directly affected the student community.

It wasn't that Oxford interest in politics overall was low - crowds for Noam Chomsky's linguistics lectures overwhelmed all the space in the Examination Schools because everyone expected him to talk about Vietnam - but interest in doing much about it was low, and almost never passion-raising.

There were three particular reasons, I believe, why Oxford's évènements were a great deal quieter than at Paris or Berkeley:

- **Issues** The outbreaks at Berkeley followed the San Francisco 1967 Summer of Love, and were partly inspired by the Bay Area musical revolution. But they - and public authorities' reaction - were more inspired by students' concerns over Vietnam and their own liability to conscription, and came in the wake of anti-racism activity a few years earlier and the 1968 murders of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy. In Paris, the crisis began with student concerns over university administration - but was met very rapidly by the heavy-handed police reaction that had led to police massacres of demonstrators in Paris a few years earlier.
- **Architecture** Student dissent in Paris began, and was concentrated, in Nanterre - an industrial suburb as visually horrible as anywhere in Britain's once-industrialised wastelands. Berkeley is far from the loveliest suburban town in California. But Oxford's low-key imitation began to involve graffiti on the walls of some of the country's most beautiful buildings.
- **Students** Both at Berkeley and Paris, the student community was almost self-selecting from practically all citizens who had graduated high school or passed the bac. At Oxford, virtually the entire student body was acutely aware that being at Oxbridge was a lifelong label signaling membership of the country's academic top 1-2%.

  Oxford students in the late 1960s were probably more concerned with disciplinary issues like opening hours than British or American government policy. Though most wanted to find ways round university rules, practically no-one saw them as an excuse for anything more than nocturnal wall-climbing or waving a few banners.

None of the issues fomenting discontent would have attracted any attention in Berkeley or Paris, and reaction to those issues was underwhelming:

- **Among other Oxford undergraduates:** Overall, probably bemused tolerance at best. The overall majority (it seemed to me) saw it all as hardly affecting them, and a minority got very concerned when any of it spilled over into vandalism (like graffiti on college walls) or noise outside libraries.
- **Among Oxford's dissident community:** Surprisingly nuanced and pragmatic: the timing of the1968 'Club Files' campaign meant I'd miss Mods if my club persisted in not filing our records, which, by the rules then, meant I'd be sent down. So a group of Oxford lefties connived with the Proctors: I'd turn up at the Clarendon in mortar and gown to answer a Proctors' summons but find a crowd keeping me out of the building. That would provide the campaign with a suitable press and TV photo-op. I'd pretended to argue with the crowd, then, a day or two later, I would be woken up around 7, brought into the Proctors' office by a back door, fined £5, subsequently take Mods and get back to studying.
- **Among Oxford dons:** In1968 our Vicegerent spoke up for wall graffiti because it created dialogue with its Paris equivalent and could be funny. Probably a minority view among dons, many of whom took great exception to our évènements: indeed, later demonstrations even sparked off industrial (in)action among some dons.

I think we were touching a raw nerve in several of the Governing Body. As undergraduates they'd put up with precisely the rules we were protesting about, in most cases when circumstances required them to accept further privations or personal danger. But they'd got through it - and probably thought our complaints showed either a sense of entitlement or a simple lack of moral fibre.

- **Among the British 'instruments of the state':** Most activity (like the Clarendon stunt) was policed only by bowler hatted University Bulldogs - so I'm now horrified at the police-like Oxford University Security Services outside today's graduation ceremonies. The Oxford Constabulary seemed to police only street demonstrations, like picketing colleges hosting Cabinet ministers.

  But in the 1968 summer vac, one pub landlord checked me out for hiring. His local Bobby reported that the police had no record of my involvement in the things they assumed worried him: dishonesty, public nuisance, drugs or gang connections. But, given my surname and habits of chatting about politics, the landlord was also concerned about possible IRA connections. To which the Bobby replied "Special Branch know about him - but nothing at all a pub landlord should worry about".

Were Special Branch reading Cherwell, photographing demonstrations or including the College or University in its research on people of interest? No idea. But while authorities saw the Paris and Berkeley évènements as existential threats to national security, Britain's seemed to see Oxford's as just student high jinks.


Oxford undergraduates win their demands

OXFORD University undergraduates voting yesterday for a change in the rules on distributing propaganda and leaflets, after they had stormed the proctors' offices in Clarendon Building.

RIGHT: The senior proctor, Mr. Charles Smith, of Keble College, addressing the undergraduates. They rejected a compromise offer and eventually secured their demands. "We have won a skirmish, the battle must continue," they said in a statement.

1968 demos spread to the Clarendon Building
Daily Telegraph, 4 June 1968

Things remembered

Many of the things I best remember from my undergraduate days struck me most years later, when they contrasted with some later way of doing things. For example:

- **December 1966: The application process.** The one thing I remember about the Pembroke admissions process was chatting to a candidate leaving the college "Weird interview", he said. "I'm applying to do Maths and they asked me if we should invade Rhodesia". He got in - but it amazed me that not all applicants had gone through my headmaster's "Oxford interview" classes.

- **Michaelmas 1967: arriving at Pembroke.** The first thing I saw in the lodge was dozens of trunks that British Road Services had just delivered. In 2022, one college (not Pembroke) objected to the New Inn Hall Street Low-Traffic Neighbourhood pilot because "parents will complain about the difficulties of dealing with their children's baggage at the beginning and end of terms". All young Flanagans now expect an old relative to cart their belongings to and from what they call uni: virtually all my 1967 peers made it alone, with help from BRS.
- **Trinity 1968: My first Pembroke Ball.** I'd expected a Ball to be like a Fred Astaire/ Ginger Rogers film in a Tudor quad. Instead, the Dark Blues at Oxford balls were almost indistinguishable - in repertoire, danceability and audience exuberance - from the Merseybeat-era one-hit wonders who'd been playing at Liverpool bops for several years.
- **Trinity 1968: Robert Kennedy's assassination.** A couple of days later, news of Robert Kennedy's fatal shooting reached a group of us breakfasting in Pembroke, including American postgrad (and Democrat activist) Gary Sandrow. Gary took to his room in grief: after the killings of JFK and Martin Luther King, this really did upturn all Gary's aspirations for a future as a Democrat politician. When coaxed out, he unveiled the car he'd brought into the city (banned to us in those days) and we drove randomly around Oxfordshire as he poured out his unhappiness. The drive included a quirky and memorable piece of landscape a few miles from our current home - which these days we drive along several times a week to get to our local market town. That drive turned out to be the first of many walks and rides at Pembroke with someone pouring out grief: but none of them exposed me as much to anyone so traumatised. From that day, Gary seemed to stop his political ambitions and limit himself to political research and analysis.
- **Trinity 1969: me and the course.** After Mods in my fifth term, I found myself simply befuddled by the full Greats (History/Philosophy) syllabus. My History tutor identified my problem quickly and set me an essay that finally forced me to stop pontificating vacuously and seriously read the sources. Most bad decisions I've taken since can be attributed to not following the disciplines he instilled that day. My philosophy tutor was in his first teaching job, and waited till our first term-end Collection to raise with his colleagues the paradox of an apparently bright student being so useless. He got no support - or advice. At the time I just wrote the subject off as something I would never come to grips with. In retrospect, though:

  > It's almost certain today I'd have been told very early on that if I didn't pull my socks up, I'd be out, and I'm sure I'd have found the ability to pull those socks up.

  > That Philosophy tutor now looks typical of something I've often seen since: the highly talented individual (he's probably one of the foremost philosophers in the world alive today) who's not a natural manager, or coach, of the less talented. Most organisations these days would put energy into training the talented one in teaching or management: in 1969, Pembroke clearly didn't.

> It seems no accident that, since then, he's gone on record as contrasting the "unenlightened tone and substance" of debate about admitting women at Pembroke's Governing Body with the same debate at the college where he'd recently completed his doctorate.

> Or maybe the Governing Body thought it was doing me a favour by just letting me make my own mistakes.

- **Autumn 2006: Driving through California.** We found ourselves near Berkeley, where it was Commencement weekend. The campus was full of Year tables, and the closer we got to the table for the Class of 1971 (American for "Matriculated 1967"), the emptier they were. The 1971 table was completely devoid of alumni, and subsequent tables got more crowded as we got to 2006. Apparently, people on both sides of the Atlantic linked less with their universities around the late sixties than their predecessors or successors.
- **Spring 2021: Covid vaccinations.** I was amazed, when needing to take some tests at the Churchill Hospital in Spring 2021, to have my Covid vaccination transferred to a site a few yards away from where a University team had just developed, amid huge national publicity, the Oxford-Astra Zeneca Covid vaccine. In contrast with the national near-silence three years before my matriculation when Somerville's Dorothy Hodgkin won a Nobel for work on antibiotics and the Order of Merit the following year.
- **October 2023: The role of cameras.** "Do you have any photos from your time at Pembroke?" said the note from the Pembroke archivist checking on these reminiscences. I didn't have a camera in the 1960s - and it wouldn't occur to me for decades to keep photographic records of anything. True: Oxford's walls are papered with posed group snaps of the past century - but I really can't think of a single event in my undergraduate days that I or any other participant saw the point of photographing.

Later life

After Pembroke, I mostly lived in London for the following 30 years, I first went into a marketing services group because of its importance in European market research. By 1980, to learn more about consumer behaviour, I specialized in working for retail chains, first as a marketeer in supermarket chains then upgrading shopkeeping skills at near-retailers like BP's 25,000 petrol stations worldwide and the UK's then 18,000 post offices. In the early 1990s, my wife and I set up a business managing offshore clothing manufacture in Eastern Europe. By 2000, it looked easier to move ourselves and the business to Oxfordshire, where we have kept it running through the near-lethal complexities of Brexit and Covid.

We chose Oxfordshire because it's beautiful, handy for getting to London, UK clients and Heathrow - and because the Oxford of 2022 is a more exciting and accessible county town than it ever used to be.

And all my grandparents' descendants since I arrived at Pembroke have gone to university.

Ian Hume - (m.1967) Economics

THE HUMES AT PEMBROKE: A FAMILY HAT-TRICK

It would be good to know of Pembroke's 400-year history how many instances there have been of family legacies among its students and of what type. Regardless of what the pecking order shows, the Hume family is very proud of the "hat-trick" that has been scored by Ian (1967) and his two sons Greg (1987) and Hamish (1990).

Pembroke will always have a warm place in the Hume hearts because it extended us a lifeline, enabling our escape from political turbulence and military conflict in southern Africa and providing a gateway to the wider world. Ian's acceptance at Pembroke to read for a B.Phil was an act of generosity since, by age and status, he did not fit the normal cycle of undergraduates entering the college. Ian had been a Sandhurst-commissioned officer in the Federal Army of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, had resigned his commission when the Federation ended and went to the University of Cape Town to read for a BA degree in Economics and Philosophy. He came up to Pembroke in 1967 (at age 28) with his wife Meriel and first son Gregory, born in Cape Town. Meriel was at that time pregnant with their second son Hamish, who was born at the Radcliffe Infirmary in 1968 and was christened in the Pembroke Chapel later that year. Little did we know at the time that both sons would also attend Pembroke, Greg to complete the MSc. in Development Economics (1987) and Hamish to attain the B.A. in Law in 1992. He was later (in 2000) married in that same Chapel by Chaplain John Platt.

We are curious whether (a) anyone who already had two or more children while a student at the College later saw those children graduate from Pembroke, and (b) whether any alumnus has been both christened in the Chapel and then (years later) also married there?

Ian Hume was admitted to study for the B.Phil in Economics in September 1967, having graduated with a BA (with distinction) from the University of Cape Town where he had served as President of the Students Representative Council during a time of great anti-*Apartheid* turmoil. With Meriel and their two sons, Ian did not live in college but rented a flat in Headington. This also explains why, in his second year, he won a place in Nuffield College which furnished him with an on-campus office. Completing what was then the first econometric study of inflation in South Africa he was awarded a DPhil degree in 1971, having by then been recruited to the World Bank.

Thereby also hangs a tale with a uniquely Pembroke twist: When Ian first arrived at Pembroke he was placed in the gracious and famous hands of Professor Zbigniew Pełczyński, long the Doyenne of Pembroke Political Studies and well known, among other things (like being the tutor of one Bill Clinton), for his heroic personal wartime Polish history. Knowing that Ian was enrolled in an Economics course, the good Professor ("Zbyszek" to his friends) tried nonetheless to have him switch into Politics. Ian's refusal to

do so became the subject of much mutual banter between them for many years thereafter. Zbyszek argued that Economics was so dry and theoretical; Ian pointed out that he had a family to feed and a Politics degree would less likely have opened the doors of the World Bank to him. The tussle became moot many years later when, to their mutual delight, Ian was sent to Poland as the World Bank's Resident Representative to assist the Poles in their transformational return to a market economy, a process in which Zbyszek himself was engaged in his leadership development and anti-corruption programs. Although she was not a student at Pembroke, Ian's wife Meriel played a huge part, as wife, mother, homemaker and support pillar, to sustain the family during Ian's tenure. It was often a lonely role. They had no family and few friends in the UK. She would spend long days with the two boys, shopping in the village on their meagre allowances, perambulating the misty folds of the Headington parklands, waiting for Ian's return from classes and libraries on his bike-and-basket conveyance. With their homeland in turmoil, return there unthinkable, the future was not just uncertain but a blank slate as to where it might take them and for what purpose. Meriel was a kindred soul in feeling these uncertainties and sharing the stresses of those years, but she was a rock-solid source of certainty that they would breach the swirl, find eventual solid ground and build from there. She was right. They did.

At the Pembroke Garden Party, May 1992 - Ian, Meriel, Gregory and Hamish

Kent Price - (m.1967) History

I grew up in a US Marine Corp family and lived in California, Guam, Washington DC, Seattle, Bogota Colombia, Virginia. I went to the University of Montana, BA, MA, UCLA, Oxford University (Pembroke College) and Harvard Business School. Captain, United States Air Force, and career in business, banking, industry and Venture Capital. I have three children and ten grandchildren.

When I arrived at Pembroke, the porter said I was lucky to be placed in the Besse Building which, I discovered, was built to 15th Century standards and was cold the whole time I was there! I did a lot of my studying at the Radcliffe as it was heated. I played rugby, rowed and played cricket. I love my time at Oxford. I really learned to write and write. I loved the tutorial process. Oxford was the best of the universities I attended and I was very happy with the intellectual experiences that I had.

I read history and completed the course in five terms as I wanted to do my service in the Air Force. I credit the tutors at Pembroke, especially Piers Mackesy and Colin Morris for their help. I later served as an advisor to Roger Bannister and helped in raising funds for Pembroke. It is with great pleasure that I have made donations. I think that having women attend was a positive although it happened after I had graduated.

I remember climbing in over the wall, eating at Hall, playing sports and tutorials. I did not have much interaction with the JCR. My interactions with staff were all great. In fact, the overall experience was great.!

Outside of College, I went to plays (including at Stratford) and operas in London.

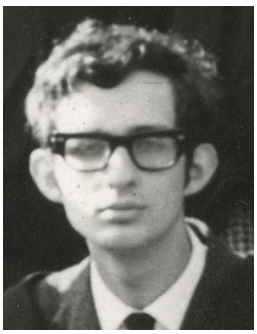
Jonathan Rudge - (m.1967) Natural Science

Back in 1969 Pembroke Engineers, along with a few others decided to circumnavigate the river system after finals. A number of us had frequently punted north from Folly Bridge and turned left near the old gas works (now demolished) and found the side stream easily navigable up the Wytham where we would stop for lunch at the White Hart before a leisurely drift back on the current, surprising the odd fisherman as we silently emerged from under a willow tree.

So this time we decided to attempt the full circuit. Starting early from Folly Bridge in two punts we worked hard against the current punting north along the main river to the Trout Inn. After stopping for some refreshments we re-joined our punts and passed up through the lock and continued to punt a short distance until we reached a sluice on the left. To join the stream below we managed to drag the punts over the grass banks.

It was then an easy drift down to Wytham, fending off many willow and other branches. After a lunch accompanied by plenty of beer, we managed to find our punts again, and resumed our journey downstream and under the by-pass, but when we came to a fork in the stream, rather than going left to the gas works, and back to Folly Bridge, we bore right into unexplored territory. Punting was now a little more difficult with the reduced flow, but we made steady progress through Botley and onwards until we came to a large culvert pipe under a road. This then caused some debate – should we try to pass through it or return? But looking through the pipe we could see light at the end of the tunnel, and decided to go for it. Lying flat on the punts the water depth was fine for an easy passage until we met a

hawthorn bush growing over the exit, which gave us a few scratches but that was all. Wondering where we would end up and if we would be charged salvage, we were pleasantly relieved when the stream opened out behind some large houses with small cabin cruisers moored alongside. Whilst the bottom was extremely muddy, which made punting hard, we finally came out on the Thames below Iffley lock. The lock keeper was somewhat surprised to see us and to learn of our route, but he let us through! And after a long hard punt up the Thames we finally concluded our journey back at Folly Bridge.



Miles Saltiel - (m.1967)

I matriculated in 1967, graduating in 1970. Sometime in the mid-eighties, I mentioned to a St John's don that I had seen from the Pembroke Record how few alumnae of my era participate in College affairs. He let me in on what he took as common knowledge: Oxford's students of the late-sixties were notably disaffiliated from subsequent dealings with the University. I do not know if this is still the case. Let me, however, start with some sort of explanation of how it came to be.

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Culture. As good an introduction as any arises out of the 1967 PPE tea, a hilarious event on which I have dined out with gusto. It took place one afternoon, early in my first term. All eight PPE freshmen were invited to the SCR, where we were greeted by a like number of hosts, with graduate students from the MCR to make up the numbers. We sat down at the vast table, dressed with the college silver including heaping bowls of fruit. I knew enough to be impressed by the former; as it happened the latter were to occupy a central place in the episode.

But first the port - scrupulously characterised as Pembroke's second-best vintage - but regardless, something of a shock for those expecting the advertised tea. We were teenagers remember: eighteen months later, a pal from Keble was invited to tea by his girl-friend's family only to spit his out on first sip, complaining, "It's got disinfectant in it". Thus, his introduction to Earl Grey.

My take on the PPE tea was equally ill at ease, albeit from a different point of view. In my experience, tea embraced such savoury delicacies as bridge rolls filled with egg mayonnaise, smoked salmon sandwiches and what were still referred to with post-austerity emphasis as "fresh cream" pastries. It became clear that none of these were to hand, in which case - I found myself thinking - what was the point?

This became clear. It had to do with the fruit, which combined with other elements to pose a little test. Specifically, we were invited to eat our apples, pears and so on with knives and forks, and our grapes with finger-bowls. This was utterly beyond my ken. I

Six pairs of silver fruit eaters from the College silver collection

may have read of finger-bowls (though I think only in comedies of manners in which just such scenes were played out) but had never imagined that fruit might be eaten with anything but the hands.

I now regret that I lacked the courage to seek guidance. Instead, my faint-hearted priority was to avoid making a fool of myself. My tactic was to avoid anything calling for the use of the knife and fork: far too many unanswered questions - in particular, did one just quarter the fruit, or was the peel also to be removed? I confined myself to bananas, unimplicated so far as I could see in either knife & fork or finger-bowl business; and grapes, where although finger-bowl obligations were more straightforward, I'm sure I disgraced myself by picking them off the bunch one by one - but then I don't remember scissors being offered.

I sat next to the Senior Economics Tutor, who must have found the whole thing pretty droll, but let no hint escape him. Indeed, if donnish small-talk is to be the test (and why not?) he couldn't have been kinder. Nonetheless on reflection afterwards, the episode was so extraordinary that it was impossible not to seek to draw conclusions. I dismissed the notion that it was an exercise in intimidation. Although it was a million miles from anything I would recognise as hospitality, I was able to sense that we were being offered a proposition: do things our way and these are among the goodies coming your way. Over the next few months, I evaluated this proposition and found it wanting.

A couple of recollections involving college servants. In my second year, my mother had business in the area and checked into the Randolph rather than drive the last sixty miles home on the then awful roads. Early the following morning, she came round to see me, causing my scout to challenge her as my popsie. My mother put the matter to rest by producing her driving licence but was delighted at the compliment.

I visited friends after schools in 1971, when a bunch of us set to some celebratory dope-smoking on the lawn of Chapel quad. We loftily ignored the remonstrances of the college servant, who was reduced to protesting, "If you don't desist, I will no longer call you 'sir' ". I take no satisfaction in this memory.

Politics. At that point, the UK was on a downer. The country was at the commencement (mid-point? who knows? leave it for next century's economic historians) of de-industrialisation, the dislocations of which made for a mood dominated by whinges of one or another kind. In retrospect, the ground was being laid for the transition from the priorities arising out of post-war recovery to the conditions of a post-industrial economy. At the time this was far from clear.

In addition, forgotten now but very much to the fore at the time, the surprisingly potent effects of the recent dissolution of the African empire. This gave vent to a flood of self-serving apologetics from the sorry crew thrown up: displaced god-wallopers, second-raters from the colonial office, and commercial types of the gin-sling variety, as well as - more pertinently for these notes - their offspring at Oxford.

These adversities undermined the prestige of the authorities of the day and the University had to take its knocks. This was no more than fair. In so far as they concerned themselves with the world of which they were part, sixties dons were asleep at the wheel, offering only fusty justifications (my PPE class was invited to read the Master's dismal *The Art of Judgement*) or quasi-Marxism. Certainly, they played no part in developing the critique of our conditions eventually prevailing - how shall we characterise it? Friedmanesque? Hayekian? let's just say Thatcherite. Indeed, the link between the Oxford of my undergraduate days and the Thatcher era has always seemed crystal clear. Oxford's late-sixties defects presented a cautionary tale which presaged all too accurately the disastrous decade to follow and laid bare the necessity for the reforms of the eighties.

At the time, however, undergraduates slavishly followed American hostility to the Vietnam war, with derivative disturbances in imitation of the *soixante-huitards* of Paris, Prague and Chicago. These eventually took such domestic forms as the occupation of the Clarendon building and so forth. All drivel of course, but real enough at the time.

Social milieu. I have tried to remember if there were frictions or even differences in attitude arising out of schooling - that is grammar versus public - but I think not. Pemmy has never been "smart" and offered no conspicuous public school manifestation to kick against - the Teasel Club of the era was prudently discreet.

Instead, there was talk, now no longer heard, of a "generation gap". This reflected the temporary break in cultural continuity which seemed to crystallise at that moment between the older generation, heirs to some sort of tradition of high culture going back to what? maybe the Enlightenment; and the first cohort of Brits in whom this tradition had been decisively displaced by popular culture - the first wave of the baby-boomers.

This diminished communication between the generations, intensifying the irritants of the day. Notable among these were new contraceptive technologies and recreational drugs. The latter gave rise to propaganda so patently erroneous as to discredit its authors. Both opened up adventures which were somewhere between offensive and unintelligible to the authorities. Pemmy did itself no favours with blunders arising out of a self-imposed view - characteristic of colleges at the time - of its *in loco parentis* obligations.

Dilapidation. To this day, Britain's provincial cities (which for these purposes Oxford very much is) are lumbered with facilities which are unappetising to those used to metropolitan amenities. In the late sixties, these combined with the residue of postwar shabby-chic, together with upper-middle class or clerical thrift. This extended to college accommodation. I had no personal complaint, as I was allocated one of the few centrally-heated rooms. This left me perplexed by the nostalgia which others found in the noxious coal grates and shabby panels of Staircase One. For me and those of like mind, here was another thing to undermine the establishment: culturally clumsy, politically defensive, socially off-balance and now plain squalid.

I cannot say which of these factors most bore upon my cohort's disaffiliation from the University. Best to ask if the same disaffection applies in the United States to the classes of '71 and '72. If so, then great political matters may take the strain; if not, UK-specific explanations of culture, social life and dilapidation may serve.

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Three escapades delineate my experiences of formal college life, as well as teaching me something about myself. In my first weeks, I was sufficiently ambitious for a career in college politics as to get myself appointed 'Food Member'. My responsibilities were to keep an eye on the Manciple (the college servant responsible for catering) and to respond to the comments in the 'Food Book'. This soon proved beyond me. The Manciple saw me off without breaking stride. I also made the mistake of introducing an Americanism to the Food Book: I think "regretfully" for "regrettably". This was resented by my readers and my administrative and literary deficiencies led to my prompt removal.

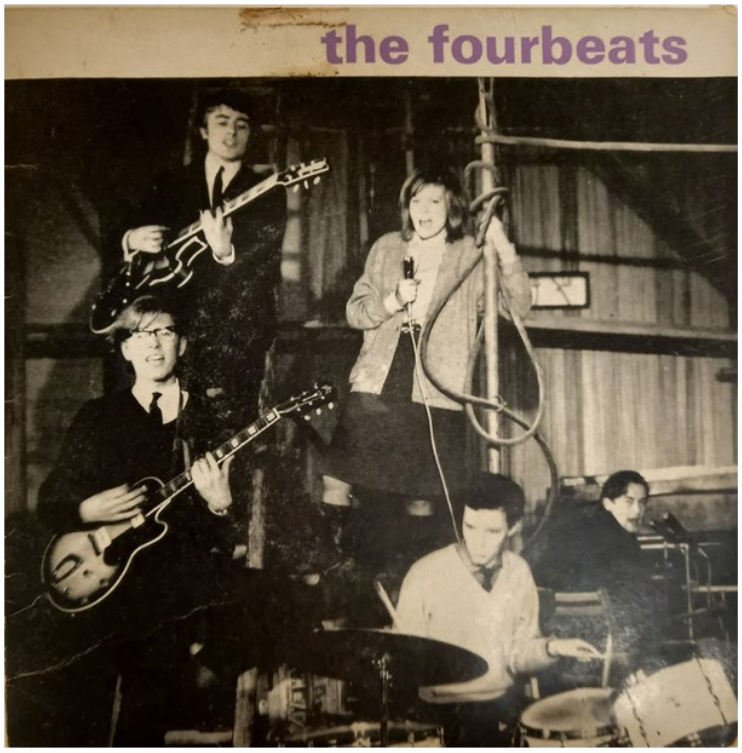
In my turn, I resented what I took as the parochialism of my fellow-students, but the episode told me that I was so much out of step as to make college politics unrealistic. I took revenge at my ease, playing my part in a coup a couple of years later against the then JCR regime. My contributions were a tub-thumping speech in the JCR and, more characteristically, a private conversation with the incumbents in which I set out the disagreeable consequences should they fail to resign. I can no longer remember what I held these consequences to be.

More happily, my pals and I settled into the ball committee, run initially by an aesthete on the same staircase. I took satisfaction in getting Pink Floyd to the 1969 ball, as well as clearing the overdraft accumulated by the committee in previous years. No doubt, this speaks to my unserious and commercial outlook.

I fear I wasn't much of a fan of Pink Floyd, preferring the less advanced repertoire of the "Dark Blues", a band of ex-undergraduates, playing the standards of the day. Nonetheless, Pink Floyd put on a good show. I recognised one of their roadies as a tough cookie from the fifth form of my St John's Wood grammar school. I seem to recall that after six years or so he'd altogether forgotten me. A decade later, I came across Pink Floyd anew, when my father sold them an Islington building for equipment storage.

I now see that I came up to Oxford with a point of view already fairly fully-formed. A north London Jew, I made no apologies for my mercantile values. This said, I was seeking to garnish my suburban provincialism with what I expected to be Oxford's greater sophistications. I have already hinted that, on the strength of these ambitions and a couple of pre-Oxford friends, I was a sucker for that good ol' Yankee whoop-de-doop. Otherwise, metropolitan excursions had combined with my natural hedonism to put me at ease with recreational drugs, but my equally natural chippiness contributed only to an incoherent iconoclasm.

Nothing happened to challenge this outlook. The languor and putative authority of public school *hauteur* was either too inaccessible or lacked conviction. The provincial culture of sports, pubs and so on was banal. Academe had its attractions - enough for me to take a second degree, naturally for entirely careerist reasons - but ultimately proved too tedious. So too, the energetic but self-flagellating brand of socialism on offer. To be fair to the proponents of this last, I doubt they were much tempted to put their best foot forward on my account; anyhow, I am insufficiently an *homme serieux* to engage with such dull dogs. So, my values on leaving were pretty much as on arriving, if a tad better informed and more sophisticated.



The Fourbeats became The Dark Blues in 1965

Pemmy comes out well enough. It largely left me alone but was on the ball when I had a second-year wobble. Then again, it failed to assert the values of adult life with any conviction. Perhaps this was impossible. By their wishy-washy nature many of the values - restraint, civilised exchanges; consideration for other points of view - are difficult of assertion. The low-key character of English discourse was unable to make much headway in the face of electronically amplified dissent.

The college introduced me to Oxford itself, with its cosmopolitan melange, academic excellence and wealth of expertise. It gave me my first exposure to the company of intellectual peers. It offered me lasting friends and what turned out to be a meal-ticket for life. So let me end with an anecdote from my 1965 interview, after which I found myself inspecting the wall of a staircase toilet. There I read,

"To do is to be" - Nietzsche

"To be is to do" - Sartre

"Do be do be do" - Sinatra

This important intelligence was new to me and I immediately warmed to Pemmy as bringing it to my attention. I felt, then as now, that the college was showing the qualities I would wish it to have: good-hearted, well-judged and all in all, not so wrong.

Keith Sawyer - (m.1967) Law/Geography

I am an only child. Both parents left school at 14.

I went to state schools and took the Entrance Exam in my 4th term in VI form, i.e. before 'A' levels, then stayed on until the end of the school year, so I had only left school less than 3 months before coming up.

My first College preference was Exeter as my Head Teacher had been there and the College had quite a good Law Faculty. The Rector was a Constitutional Law writer and the Law Faculty was strong amongst the dons.

I was apparently considered capable of an Exhibition, but Exeter couldn't give me one so I was sent to Pembroke at the very end of the interview week and John Eekelaar & Dr Pelczynski gave me an interview on Friday at 2.30pm. I remember being asked to distinguish between a wish, a rule and a command. Presumably, I did.

I was totally unprepared for Oxford, whichever College I would have gone to. My father worked on production at Vauxhall and mum was a housewife. I had been in the Scouts, so my main time away from home was at Scout Camps (we twice went to Youlbury on Boars Hill).

I suspect both my parents and I were willing to try to go to Oxford because it was the local University at that time. I wonder if they, or I, would have wanted it if we lived in Lancashire, County Durham, Cornwall etc…

I sat admissions interviews at Exeter (2), Keble (2, I think) and Pembroke (1). I sat entrance exam papers (all these done at school on my own) in Modern Studies:

General Precis of Political Passage

History (Modern)

History (Ancient)

Latin translation

General Essay (probably)

Technically, having got an exhibition, I didn't need 'A' levels. A situation nowadays almost unbelievable, I should imagine.

Quite a contrasting experience when I came here. It was probably easier for ex-boarding school students. I had a room at the top of Staircase 9 which was a staircase between Chapel Quad and North Quad and quite open to the elements. Probably unsafe if a fire had started. No washing facilities in rooms, no basin. We had a shower and a bath, I think, on the ground floor between Staircase 8 & 9 and, as we were all men, the changing facilities were fairly basic. You just stepped outside the shower curtain and dried yourself. I came

over just before coming up and found I was on Staircase 10 but when we came over the Sunday before to leave my trunk, it was Staircase 9. I never found out why this changed.

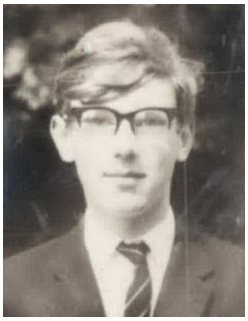
Most of my immediate contacts had done the entrance exam after 'A' levels, then had about 9 months to do other things. I felt very inadequate because I hadn't done much, though I did go on an archaeological dig at South Cadbury, Somerset, looking for Camelot. This was quite a big excavation, run by Cardiff University College, over some years.

I was far too unprepared and unformed to come up as I did. My first Christmas Vacation was devastating, coming back to Luton in early December. My parents had missed me a lot in term and were glad I was back. I cried my heart out in my room most evenings.

I came up looking for a church to join. I went to Evensong in Christ Church in my first week and to St Aldates for a few Sundays. Then the bottom fell out of my life and, simultaneously, I went to hear Rev. Ian Paisley at the Union on the motion "That the Catholic Church has no place in the twentieth century".

I knew I had to become a Catholic and emotional turbulence over the Christmas Vacation confirmed this, so I went to St Aloysius on my first evening back and asked to be given instruction in the Catholic faith. I would have been baptised there and then if I could. I was baptised at St Aloysius, Oxford, on May 30th 1968, and confirmed at the University Catholic Chaplaincy on June 2nd 1968. Conversion to Catholicism cast a shadow over my time at Oxford. It is better to be Catholic when you come up or not to get involved until you have moved on after going down. Foolishly, I resigned the right to a room in my second year. I just hadn't the confidence to stay the course.

During the first Summer Vacation, while on an excavation, I decided to try to change to Geography, which I was fortunately able to do. I had also contacted another university who would have taken me on for Geography but I realised my parents would have been disappointed if I had left Oxford, so I stayed, changed to Geography and moved into digs in Headington. I regretted this as I was very unsure of myself.



Michael Woods - (m.1967) Classics/PPP

Life before Pembroke and admission:

I attended my local state primary school in Birkenhead, on Merseyside. Skipped a year somewhere, and won a fee-paying place at Birkenhead School (then Direct Grant, now Independent) via their entrance exam, thus starting my secondary education aged 10. Fortunately I was able to secure a free (state-paid) place when I sat the 11-plus a year later.

Birkenhead was an academic hothouse at the time (out of a sixth-form year of 90, they got over 20 into Oxbridge most years – 28 in mine). A few O-levels after four years, and I was in the sixth form, aged 14, reading Classics! It was at that age I was told by the department head, 'I see you at Pembroke, with Godfrey Bond'. (Our resident socialist he sent to

Balliol). Told not to bother with A-levels, I managed a scholarship in the December exams and found myself at Pembroke, aged 17.

I mentioned the age a few times, because in retrospect I believe it would have been better to have had at least another year's life and social experience before coming to Oxford. No gap years in those days. As it was, I'm pleased to have had the extra year as an undergraduate in which to grow up!

I didn't have any great problems settling in – sport is always a good way to meet people so turning up for hockey and football practice found me friends quite quickly. Still in touch with some of them today, though the last years have seen the numbers start to fade a little.

And if you have ever wondered why the 1967 matriculation photograph is not in sub fusc – there was a miscommunication with the photographers. It had to be taken some days later..

Domestic:

I was lucky with my rooms in the first two years. 2-2 was over the JCR so saw visitors, while 12-12 (I think this was the second year after it was built) was visible across the North quad. Leading up to Mods this was a two-edged sword. Occasionally I would work on the floor to avoid inconvenient knocks on the door. Third year I had the best of both worlds – top floor of York House on St. Aldates, so access to the college facilities but my own front door! Ninety nine steps up kept me fit – though a lack of any obvious fire exit would give H&S nightmares today.

This was in the days before keys to the college. There were limited hours for women and late entry over the wall. The bath house was still there. The bar improved substantially over my time.

Dinners in Hall (ties and gowns mandatory) were efficient. Especially on a Thursday, when, with a 7.15 start, a three-course meal could be done by 7.30 to allow for a rapid exit to the Ward Perkins room for Top of the Pops. Lunch seemed to consist of pies (meat and fruit). Chapel? Don't think I entered it once. But then I was college rep for the Humanist Society.

People:

Coming from a school environment where one consumed from an educational hosepipe, the concept of dialogue with tutors who were interested in your, the student's, views was a new one to me. Up to Mods, I was an efficient mechanic with Greek/Latin, and at producing essays by assembling arguments from existing sources. Still not sure I ever had an original idea of my own at that time – I didn't realise it was an option. Changed somewhat after I switched courses to PPP.

That switch came about through my interest in interpersonal relationships and the way people work. PPP was the only way to read psychology in those days, and came with the necessary evil that was philosophy. Fortunately, Simon Blackburn understood this and we agreed we would work on third-avoidance, a strategy which achieved its aim (not helped by his home-brew, half a glass of which would render us all speechless). The psychology was done out of college as Pembroke did not offer it, but featured some remarkable talents and personalities – Anne and Michel Treisman, Peter Bryant, Michael Argyle come

to mind.

Head Porter was Tom Curtin. Good man. His lovely wife, Margaret, was my scout in York House. Sad that we lost her so young.

Academic:

Simon Blackburn

As mentioned above, the concept of interaction in an educational environment was new to me. I was diffident to the point of silence in group and tutorial environments. I definitely would have learned and understood more without this handicap, which slowly diminished over my four years, mainly through the psychology department where everything was pretty new to us all. Switching courses after Mods was the best choice I made. Psychology was fun and interesting, had great tutors and a collaborative feel to the department, with participants from across the university coming together – a much more liberal and liberating experience.

Certainly I would have benefited from some pastoral input in my first couple of years. Was there any available? If so, it was never signposted. Just a matter of coping as best one could. There were times of self-doubt and loneliness.

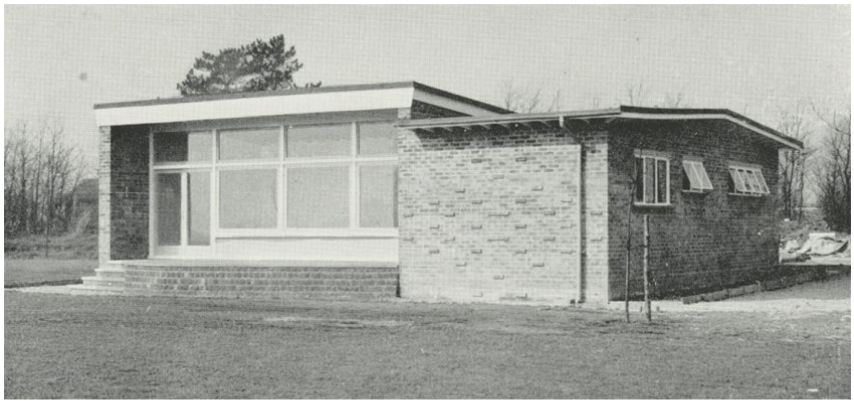
I see Pembroke no longer offers Classics (it was on its last legs even then), though I am pleased others have been spared the torture of the Mods exams (twelve papers over eight days). Its syllabus today is a very different animal – much less emphasis on the grammar/vocabulary of the languages – and probably the better for it.

Social:

I spent far more time at the sports ground than in the library! I think I represented Pembroke in about ten different activities (if you include the indoor/bar variety). No great talent – college sport was my level – but some memories. A hat-trick in football cuppers, opening the batting then scoring the winning runs in the last over of a cricket match, and promotion with the hockey team. Rowing was just for fun - the football team in a boat. Rugby and tennis to make up the numbers. Our basketball team, assembled by (Ambassador) Phil Lader, did not last long against a well-drilled, and very tall, bunch of Americans from Christ Church. Darts actually provides a couple of memories. My 146 checkout from a losing position in the 1001 beer leg was popular with teammates. And we had matches with a Headington pub, the local for a couple of our guys, which did good for Town/Gown relationships. Most of them had never been inside a college before and viewed students as an alien race. So it was pleasing when at the end of the evening in the college bar, one of them said, 'You lads are all right'.

Only Eights Week Ball memory is that the Pink Floyd poster which graced my wall would now be worth money! Apparently it is now a rarity.

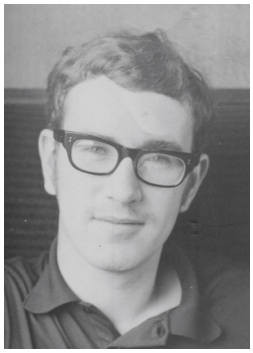
Music, drama - no. Politics - not beyond the necessary in the context of the times. Certainly no interest in heading to London for anti-Vietnam war rallies or Stop the (South African) Tour demos, though we were all aware we were in a time of major changes in the voice of the student.



The Sports Pavilion which had been opened in 1961

After Pembroke, I started articles with Coopers and I indulged my sporting interests with four years as accountant to the Lawn Tennis Association. Moved into IT, as a freelance consultant specialising in large databases and statistics, even before Big Data had a name. For example, I designed major components of the Police National Database in the wake of the Bichard report into the Soham murders. One odd achievement:: umpiring the England Women's cricket team – as a qualified umpire I stood in some decent games, including the Middlesex men's team and the OU Authentics a few times.

Pembroke meant a lot to me – and still does. I doubt I would have achieved what I have without those four years. Growing up, meeting people from so many backgrounds and views. It is a very different place now. More confident, more financially stable – it was all a bit threadbare over fifty years ago.



Stephen Hamnett - (m.1968) Geography

I was the first member of my family to go to university. I attended a small grammar school in St Asaph, North Wales. I did Geography, History and English at 'A' level and got high marks for all of them. I remember the Principal giving us a talk about the need to think carefully about choosing a university and explaining the comparative merits of Swansea, Bangor, Cardiff and Aberystwyth, the main Welsh universities. Fortuitously, however, we had a recently arrived English teacher when I entered the sixth form whose life experience seemed broader and more diverse than that of most of the other teachers at St Asaph and who was familiar with the Oxbridge entry process. Mainly thanks to his advice and encouragement I applied for and gained entry to Pembroke.

When I went up to to Pembroke only about 40 percent of students came from state schools and there was a certain amount of social segregation between students from state and private schools. My two best friends were (and remained) the sons of mineworkers from the north-east of England. I'm sure that there must have been some sort of orientation or induction activities but I don't recall any of them now. But I settled into the

strange and unusual circumstances of college life fairly quickly, began playing for the college football team and started to regard as normal practices like climbing over the gate into Beef Lane on the regular occasions of arriving back after the main gate was locked. An abiding memory of my early weeks at Pembroke is of the cold, damp and misty morning walks to the School of Geography.

I lived in college for two years and took most of my meals in hall. I had limited expectations and few complaints, although the occasional beef curry was rather bland and on those evenings it was not unusual to slip out through the rear entrance to St Ebbes and eat a more authentic curry at the Moti Mahal instead. I usually purchased lunch at the Oxford Market in High Street, although I recall signing for lunch at the Pantry now and then (usually towards the end of term when cash was running low). And I was a regular in the college bar, usually in the evening after football matches, bemoaning narrow defeats in games we should have won - there were rather a lot of those. There were also darts matches against Jesus, Hertford and other colleges which had ingenious ways of circumventing gate hours. This was, of course, still in the era when Pembroke was an all-male college.

I recall surprisingly little about the Master and Fellows - Pembroke shared a Geography Fellow, Ernest Paget, with Jesus College, so most of my tutorials took place there, or at the School of Geography where academic staff included the brilliant but largely unintelligible Jean Gottmann; the equally brilliant and stimulating Ian Scargill whose lectures invariably ended with a standing ovation; John Patten, who later became Education Secretary in the Major Government; and, perhaps most memorable of all, Peter Gathercole, an ethnology tutor recently arrived from the University of Otago, whose tutorials took place amidst the dinosaurs of the Pitt-Rivers Museum and with a complimentary glass of execrable South African sherry.

I have racked my brain without success for memories of scouts or porters, but I recall very well the amiable college groundsman, Wilf Collett, who had the thankless task of keeping the college sports grounds playable throughout the wet and frosty winters and who was always on hand to provide a glass of shandy as the football team stumbled into the changing rooms at the end of the game to reflect on another victory that had inexplicably eluded us.

Wilf Collett

I struggled at first to achieve the self-discipline required to study at Oxford amidst the new and exciting diversions available in a new city while living away from home for the first time. I had chosen to study Geography at Oxford because it interested me but with no clear idea of where it might lead. This began to change, though, in my second year thanks to lectures from Dr Ceri Peach of St Catherine's College on social geography and the migration and settlement patterns of immigrants to the UK. This kindled my interest in the social structure of cities and in their planning which eventually became the focus of my career as an urbanist and academic. The tutorial system generally suited me very well and I lament its demise in universities in Australia, where I have long been based, and doubtless elsewhere.

Bob Robinson, myself and John Hays
Pembroke Football Team c.1970

I became Captain of the Pembroke Football Club in for the 1969-70 season. A member of our team that year, Alan Soulsby from Durham, gained his Blue but, as a consequence, was seldom available to play for the college. Another member of the team that year was John Hays. Perhaps less talented than Soulsby as a footballer (although he would not have conceded that), John certainly went on to fame and fortune. John's Dad was a pit joiner from Seaham Colliery in County Durham. John was at Oxford reading mathematics when I first met him and he went on after graduating to do an MBA in Manchester. His Dad died in a car accident in 1974 and his Mam opened a shop selling children's clothes in Seaham with a memorable slogan (in Geordie, the language of the north-east) that went 'if your bairn needs claes, gan to Hays'. John eventually opened a travel agency in a backroom in his mother's shop and built it up into the largest independent travel agency in the United Kingdom, taking over some 500 Thomas Cook shops in 2019 when that old-established company got into financial trouble.

John's business, Hays Travel, had its headquarters in Sunderland. His success in the travel industry made him a wealthy man but, while it is conventional to talk of people not being changed by success, it really did seem to be the case with John. To me he was always the good-natured, slightly inarticulate person that I first met playing 5-a-side football at Iffley Road in Oxford in 1968. With the success of his business, John became a celebrity in Sunderland and for a while he was Deputy Chairman of the Sunderland Football Club. John died unexpectedly in November 2020 while at work in Sunderland. I don't know all the details but with the impact of the Covid pandemic on the travel industry, I imagine that 2020 must have been a particularly stressful year.

I attended two May Balls during my time at Pembroke - Pink Floyd played in 1969 and Alan Price and Friends in 1970. We also entered a football team eight in Eights Week in 1970. We were neither hugely successful nor embarrassed and I have fond memories of early summer mornings training on the river. Later in life I received occasional letters from the Master, Sir Roger Bannister, addressed to me as "someone active in sports at Pembroke" and seeking donations towards the funds of the Boat Club. I tended to reply by explaining about the dire state of the stationery budget at the University of South Australia and expressing my deep regret at being unable to contribute as a consequence.

I stayed in Oxford after completing my degree and studied Urban Planning at what was then the Oxford Polytechnic - now Oxford Brookes University. I worked as a planner for a while but the greater part of my career was spent as an academic in the Netherlands, the UK and, in particular, Australia. I retired from the University of South Australia in 2010 and was awarded the title of Emeritus Professor of Urban and Regional Planning. I became a judicial officer thereafter and served for several years as a Commissioner of the

Environment, Resources and Development Court of South Australia.

My time at Pembroke meant a great deal to me. I made enduring friendships. I was also exposed, in college and in the wider university, to scholarship at the highest level. It was hard not to be inspired by the world of ideas in which I found myself and to understand that the way things are is not the way they need to be.

Andrew Carruthers - (m.1969) Law

My family were largely involved in the insurance industry, my grandfather having become a senior manager with Pearl Assurance and many of his relatives, including my father, following him. My father was a practical man and not bookish, my mother (who did not have a job) more so, her father being a retired civil servant. I went to a good but very traditional primary school (Cannon Lane, Pinner) and then went to Harrow County Boys' School, a local grammar that regarded itself as an Oxbridge focussed school. I was very lucky there with talented teaching, although in other ways the experience, especially in the younger years, was less fulfilling, especially as I was not interested in sports or CCF activities. However sixth form studies went better and when I had worked out that my main interest was history, and that to a great extent I had to teach myself (having failed the English mock A level), things went well. I am not sure I was an obvious Oxford candidate but the school, which offered an accelerated sixth form of three years plus a term, supported me and my history master, Harry Mees, who had been at Pembroke, thought it was the right college for me.

I vividly remember the interview with John Eekelaar and Mark Blythe as I had answered a question in the exam "Is it a crime to be rich?". I have recently obtained a copy of my college record from which I see that I only performed at an average level, though I was rather proud of somehow cracking a joke, thereby inadvertently worrying the person who was outside waiting to follow me. I think I may have been offered a place based mainly on my exam results, and I would certainly say that I have always been more comfortable on paper. It was a pleasant surprise to be offered an Exhibition though.

My first year room was at the top of the Tower, and my second year was room 6.6, both were very comfortable, especially 6.6 which had just been redecorated and had a separate bedroom. In my third year I shared a flat in Fyfield Road which I had found, in a house owned by the widow of a retired colonial rubber planter, a house which I see has just been modernised and sold for £3m. The weekly rental for three was £10.50 for a massive flat. Even then it was a lovely place to live although very old fashioned, but an area that suited my taste in lavish Victorian architecture. It is fair to say that college rooms were cold in the winter and of course there were no showers so it was a weekly trip to the bath house for me though in later years my then girl friend at the Wheatley teachers' training college offered a more salubrious bathroom.

In my last year we started to suffer power cuts and then the large rooms in our flat were a real pain. Living out was quite good as so much of the third year was revision for finals and the flat was a far more comfortable place to work. As to food, I very much enjoyed formal hall, and once we had worked out which scout's table was served soonest we ate well, though of course meals were despatched quickly anyway. I don't remember any sconcing nor any welfare support apart from John Platt, but I had few problems except when I realised I had picked the wrong option for one paper, but it was too late to change half way through term. I used to read a lesson in chapel some evenings but was not part of the college Christian community, and I found the Christian Union oppressive.

I was very nervous when I first arrived, never having left home, and found the apparent confidence of some students off-putting. However, getting to know my fellow law students soon gave me a group I could relate to, and I gradually made a few friends elsewhere, though not a great many, not least as we seemed to have a great deal of work to do, and I can remember looking at my first weekly work sheet and wondering how I would ever cope. John Eekelaar was my tutor and we spent about half of our tutorials with him, in groups of three, I never had one on one tutorials. He was always patient with us though in general I only ever understood the subject when I came to revise for exams, which rather reflected my A level experience. Some of our course was taught by external barristers on Saturday mornings, and Mark Blythe had a well deserved reputation for being challenging and possibly bored with us, no doubt for good reason. Some external teaching went less well, for example in criminal law, in which I had no interest. The Master of the time invited us to occasional lunches but, if I am honest, he did not really take any interest and was very remote, my impression is that things have improved a lot in that respect. Other fellows were encountered, for example Percy O'Brien would always chat, but generally opportunities were rare. I had a very good scout in my second year called Jan and I also remember the chap in charge of maintenance but I cannot remember his name. I don't remember gate hours being a problem, as a late pass could be obtained.

As I have said the workload was pretty heavy, and the tutorials useful in trying to discuss issues, but it was only on the revision round for Finals that I worked out what I was doing. As to essay writing this was always a scramble and frankly of little value. The St Cross law library was a great place to work, I only recently understood how lucky we were to have the new facility. Lectures were on the whole not worth the time they absorbed, but occasionally were good value.

My main interest was singing and I joined an occasional choir at Wadham, but my main focus was on the OU Gilbert and Sullivan Society, where I made many friends. I auditioned for the Oxford Bach Choir but sadly, though successful, I just had no time for rehearsals each week. I did go to a couple of college balls but apart from rare lunches with the Master I don't think I ever went to the lodgings. I do remember the pleasure of Trinity term, relatively work free, and croquet late at night, apart from quite a few trips on the river. The JCR was of no real interest apart from the facility to get tea and food in the afternoon served by the redoubtable Stan.

I was never part of the Swinging Sixties and always fairly conservative in my dress, though not to the extent of Michael Bettaney who was always attired in a check sport coat. I had no interest in political activity.

I became a solicitor eventually, after some doubt, though there was very little careers advice or support. I have always been very proud of going to Oxford, as I was not only the first member of my family to go to university, but I felt it was the best place. I now appreciate better the quality of the teaching and I always enjoyed the traditions, for example sub fusc for exams in Schools, which I felt took a lot of the tension away. I am sure getting a good Oxford degree has helped my career, though perhaps nowadays it would be less useful with the apparent trend against elite institutions.

Tim Gunn - (m.1969) Botany

School and home before Pembroke: I lived in rural Leicestershire at Sibson, in sight of the Battle of Bosworth field. Both my parents were school teachers. Father was a Headmaster , and mother a deputy head.

My Biology teacher at Oakham School suggested I should apply to Oxford, so I stayed on after 'A' levels and took the seventh term entrance exam. I recall enjoying the exam with its wider ranging open ended questions, and found them much more thought provoking than the more closed 'A' level questions.

I was interviewed in early December 1968 by Dr Vernon Butt and others. The questions were probing and wide ranging. I remember saying I did not see the point of learning a multitude of facts simply for facts' sake. Dr Bond immediately asked me if that was my attitude to facts? I answered "no it is not, but need to know enough facts to be able to make informed judgements". We then had a discussion on one of the entrance exam questions on God, religion and biology. To my surprise I was offered a place to read Botany and went up in October 1969.

My room for the first year was staircase 16 room 15, and was on the top floor overlooking Pembroke Street. Next door to me was, on one side Andrew Louden, who went on to be a Professor of Biology, and, on the other, a Mr Waters, who shortly left to study to enter the Church. On the ground floor was David Williams from Portsmouth studying English.

In a few weeks, various groups of likeminded friends began to become established. Mine consisted of Rick Slator (Physics), Andrew Daykin (Medicine) Ian Williamson (Engineering), Ian Wells (Engineering), Richard Trim (Botany), and Graham Swan (History). Of course there were many others who I knew, but the above group was particularly close.

Other members of College who spring to mind were Oz Clarke (whom I was to come across years later on my cousin's stag do at a wine tasting he was running) and Hal Chartris, son of the Queen's Private Secretary, I believe. The infamous Bettany strutting about the quads, and naturally enough many more, including one Winthrop Rockerfeller the third, who lasted a year before being eased out of the College and his English degree course. He took great pride in showing us his large bookcase on wheels in the centre of his room.

"Look", he said pointing at one full shelf, "It's George Elliot this week, I go to Blackwells and just buy the section!" In fact he never read a single volume off his full bookcase, and that, no doubt, was the cause of his demise.

All in all we were a diverse bunch, who settled in quickly and surprisingly easily to College life, sport and academic studies.

I suppose the overall first impression of Pembroke was of an ancient institution that was far above one, yet whose continued excellence depended on the individuals therein. The fellows and tutors seemed to further exemplify this feeling of permanence into which we, as new under graduates, had recently joined.

On staircase sixteen our scout was a Mrs Macnish, a formidable lady, who looked after us very well. She would nag us into keeping our rooms tidier than we might have done, and could be persuaded to turn a blind eye to any of the fair sex who were still there when she came in on her morning rounds. I recall one morning she came into my room in high fettle to tell me that she had gone into an adjacent room to find the occupant's girlfriend lying in bed. "She just looked at me and said 'Hello', and then just stayed where she was!" she said. All ended well as the chap concerned did, in fact marry the lady concerned.

Mrs Mack became a friend as well as scout. I recall her telling me of the birth of her son. "I didn't know I was pregnant" she said, "But then I had these crippling pains, and the Doctor was summoned, and he said ' The baby's on the way, phone for an ambulance'. What baby, what do you mean?" was her reply.

One member of the staircases Mrs Mac looked after persuaded us to club together to buy her a ticket to the college ball as a thank you for all her efforts in looking after us and coping with our mess and overnight guests. She did enjoy herself, much, I suspect, to the disgust of the Manciple, who asked her what she was doing there in her glad rags!

When I graduated, my parents took me, my girlfriend and Mrs Mac to lunch at Studley Priory - it was a wonderful occasion and perfectly fitting that she should be with us. Sadly that was the last time I saw her as she died while I was on South Georgia for my PhD.

The rest of the college servants we saw in Hall , and round about the college. They were all very amiable and chatty. Welsh Mary was particular fun, and unwittingly fell victim to one of our pranks. I was lucky enough to get a room in College for the last two and half terms of my third year as the powers that be had evicted someone. So, his misfortune was my salvation from sharing a room at the top of the Banbury Road whilst the landlord got round to doing up the loft as an extra room! One of the first year medics and his cronies had pinched the false teeth from 'their body' and wonder what to do with them. I had the idea of dropping them into one of the tureens of soup that stood on the heated stand waiting to be distributed by the scouts after grace. The others caused a diversion whilst I slipped the teeth into one of the tureens. We then sat on the other side of hall so as not get that tureen of soup. When Welsh Mary picked it up we could hardly contain ourselves. In typical institutional meal times, the chaps at the far end of the table had nearly finished their soup as she tilted the tureen to serve the last couple nearest to her. The was a cry of "What's this?" and then a shriek of "Teeth, teeth, oh my god, Stan, Stan" (Stan was the head scout) All hell broke loose at that table. Poor Mary disappeared, and the chaps who consumed their soup were not looking so clever. Fortunately for us we never heard another thing about it – just as well, for I think that even then (so long ago) the consequences

would have been grave.

Percy Newport, Clerk of Works

Percy Newport, the man in charge of the upkeep of college building was another character of whom I have fond memories. We had a sort of roof climbing club in college, where we would get up onto the roofs of various blocks and see how far we could go. On one such nocturnal outing we dislodged a loose stone, which feel to the ground, fortunately, at that time of night there was nobody beneath to hit! A day or two later Percy got hold of me and said "Have you been up on the roof again?" I feigned any knowledge, be a few days later after another nocturnal foray, I was able to tell Percy that he should look at the roof overlooking the area in front of college as there were some very unsafe structures up there. The next week we were pleased to see the scaffolding go up and repairs commenced. So all was well Percy even lent me a saw to cut up a pear tree in the garden of the house I was sharing in my second year. After returning it to him he again accosted me one day and asked what I had done to his saw as it was now blunt. When I told him all I had done was cut up a pear tree, I was told that green wood blunts a wood saw very quickly!

The domestic side of Pembroke was varied, and usually excellent. Of course one's own scout played an important role in one's life. All the other College servants had good relationships with us undergraduates. One got to know the scouts who looked after your friends' staircases, and those who worked in hall as well.

Gate hours were a bit of a nuisance. 10.00pm was very early, and having to ring the bell and have your name in the book was tedious: after midnight not only did you often wake the duty porter up, but your tutor was informed you were late in! So after a few "late in " evenings, most of us simply climbed in, usually over the North Quad gate in the Fellows car park.

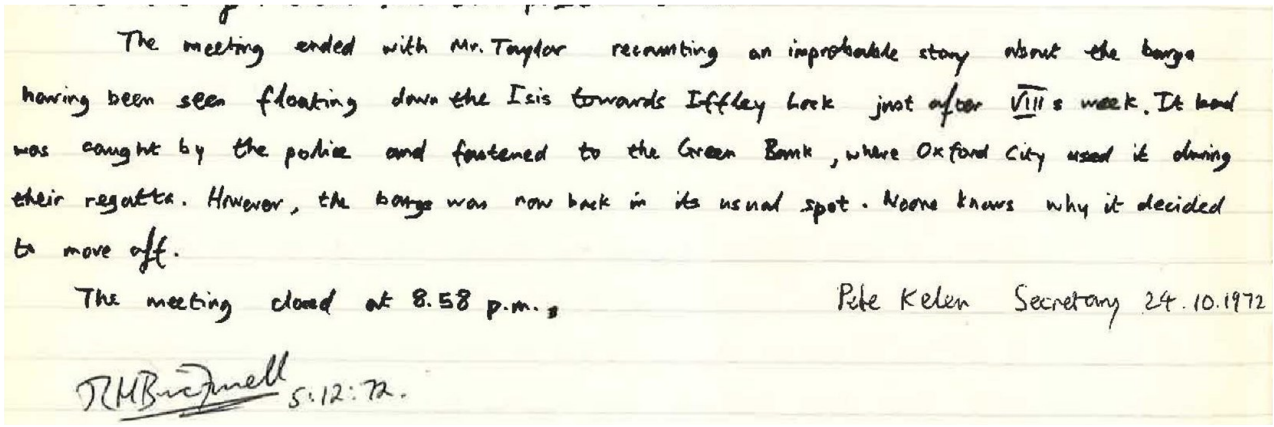
The administrative staff were much less well known to us. Usually one only came across them when paying a bill, or moving rooms. One or two of us were lucky enough to go out with one of the college secretaries (I just happened to go out with my tutor's secretary, which meant I had to be most careful of what I said from time to time). In those day quite a few of the admin staff were to the left of the Lodge in the Old Quad.

Every evening was a formal hall, and we all had to wear gowns for dinner every night. The food was good at all meals. Lunch was the one meal we sometimes missed. This was often due to the long practicals that ran all day after a morning lecture, or to training - in my case marathon kayaking/running.

The MCR had their own special tables for dinner in hall. Mostly they were doing research or doing a one/two year degree. By and large we undergrads had little contact with the MCR members. However I was lucky enough to make contact with one of them, Chris

Johnson, who was doing an research degree on Bulwer Lytton (in contrast to Dickens). He and I combined to buy and sell antique books as he could send me, incognito, into the book shops of Oxford and I could gain access to the stocks. It was a fun arrangement, and gave me an interest in old books. I did dine at one or two MCR guest nights, but not with any great enthusiasm and, eventually, I ceased going, or, indeed, buying old books.

There was a bump supper at Pembroke and my mates and I all turned up the magnificent dinner in hall. It was a fine occasion, with speeches from almost everyone connected with the Boat Club. Afterwards myself and my immediate pals sawed through the brackets securing the St Catz barge to its mooring stakes, and with the aid of two kayaks, paddled by Andrew Daykin and myself (from the University Kayak Club) towed it across the Isis to the towpath, where other members of the group walked it down almost to Iffley Lock where we tied it up. My suggestion to let it go down the channel to the sluice next to the lock was, probably wisely, vetoed! That little escapade made a fitting ending to an excellent evening!



The meeting ended with Mr. Taylor recounting an improbable story about the barge having been seen floating down the Isis towards Iffley Lock just after VIII's week. It had was caught by the police and fastened to the Green Bank, where Oxford City used it during their regatta. However, the barge was now back in its usual spot. Noone knows why it decided to move off.

The meeting closed at 8.58 p.m.

Pete Kelen Secretary 24.10.1972

RMBuchanell 5.12.72.

Extract from the St Catz JCR Meeting, Michaelmas 1972

In the second year I did not attend dinners in hall very often. Occasionally a small group of us would arrange to dine in hall, but it didn't happen very often. All our sporting commitments carried on as normal: College rugby, hockey, and for me athletics all formed part of our regular commitments. I, together with Andrew Daykin, gained half blues for long distance marathon kayaking, this was fun the more so because our match was held on the Isis and Cherwell in Oxford

The Chapel did not figure largely in my life at Pembroke. I did start to attend communion services, and go to the special breakfasts afterwards, but sadly, I was quite put off by the sycophantic antics of the core group of students who went regularly – a pity in many ways. I did get to know Revd John Platt later in life when I brought groups of students to look round College with a view to applying to Oxford.

In my third year I was lucky enough to get a room in College and this became a focal point for our group of friends. Indeed I used to leave my door open and "the lads" would help themselves to tea and coffee when I was not there! So that room became a focal point for us to meet, usually after sport in the late afternoons.

Almost all of our group keep in touch for a number of years, and we visited each other and attended weddings and the like all over the place. Andrew Daykin came to help me on several school based sea-kayaking expeditions to Svalbard (Spitsbergen), Norway and Scotland. I still keep in touch with a number of former students of our group.

The Fellows at Pembroke were a little remote from us. Of course one knew one's tutor more or less well, depending on the rapport between the two of you. The rest of the Fellows you met *en passant* or through friends. The charismatic Percy O'Brian was one of my pal Andrew Daykin's tutors, and was great fun. Dr Rook we came across from time to time. The Dean, Simon Blackburn, I met after being accused of stealing John Blackett's pink elephant and suspending it Hall from the high beams using a bit of broom handle and a complex sequence of fishing line of various breaking strains. This was all after we had got into Hall after hours down the dumb waiter. How Dr Blackburn got hold of my name I do not know, but after protest I paid the fine! It It was a fun event, made, perhaps, all the more memorable by the tragic death of John Blackett in a car accident. On staircase 16 lived Dr Pelczynski, an Economics fellow. He was, I think, Polish, and did not take too kindly to the noise levels on the staircase. Indeed he was driven, from time to time, to open his door and yell at us all to stop making such a noise. He did however invite in to his rooms as many of the staircase as could make it for drinks one summer's evening. We had the sort of chat you might expect, and it was embellished with the odd snippet from the good doctor, such as "Young people have to be taught good taste!". Was this a reference to the noise levels on the staircase? Still it was a brave gesture on his part to have us all in, albeit for an hour.

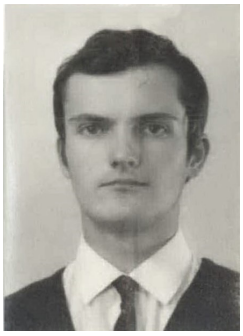
Ray Rook

Academic studies, whilst starting as a daunting experience, became very enjoyable: to start with one had little or no idea of how to take notes on lectures and began by having a vast array of notes from each lecture, but that difficulty was soon sorted out and allowed me to listen and write at the same time. Tutorials were again daunting and often unforgiving events, but, again, settled into a most enjoyable and very beneficial way of learning, which I feel is unequalled in its value to the student - to spend an hour a week in such challenging, yet stimulating, company was an unparalleled experience. My weekly tutorials were initially with Dr Vernon Butt, but I was farmed out to a range of other academics, initially across Biology and for my last two years within the Botany/Plant Sciences Department. There was only one lady with whom I did not get on, and that was changed quickly by Dr Butt. I had to retake my first year prelims (along with my Pembroke fellow botanist Richard Trim) much to Dr Butt's chagrin. Once in the second year, I felt much more a plant scientist as I joined the third year botany students for a two year combined course. The third year students seemed a bit above us 'newbies' at first, however we all soon settled down. I found it interesting to see the range of knowledge of the botany students. For example in a practical, run by the redoubtable Mr Frank White, I was amazed to see the that the third year student John Pugh (widely tipped for a first, which he got) could not identify the species of trees put out for us. I mentioned this to Frank White, and he said " Ah, well he lives in a city, and you are a country boy?!" And Frank was correct I did live in rural Leicestershire/Warwickshire and trees were second nature to me. But John Pugh's expertise with bacterial and viral genetics put us all to shame!

There was a field course for the second year plant scientists at Orielton in Pembrokeshire, which was a week of ecology and vegetation analysis: it was fun and well run by Dr Stan Woodell. I was able to put some of the techniques learnt at Orielton to good use on an expedition to Arctic Norway on which I was 2i/c. It was a fun three months and I learnt a great deal about the flora of Finnmark, and nearly as much about the fish of the rivers of the area! In addition I was spared a second Botany department field course later on the basis of my work in Norway. The third year was a flurry of activity and seemed more pressurized than the second, we 'veteran' third years felt much above the new second year: so nothing changed there! Finals came and went, I gained a 2:i degree (much to my surprise, and I think to Dr Butt's). Thereafter I joined the British Antarctic Survey as a contract botanist and went off down south for two years to study the Tall Tussock Grass (Poa flabellata to give it its proper name!). South Georgia was an amazing experience, I crammed three years work into two, and was very busy, both growing my grass under different nutrient and altitude regimes and working on its biochemistry and carbohydrate storage patterns. We explored the island as much as we could (no roads or paths), just 30 of us on base - fewer in winter - millions of seals, penguins, albatross and other southern ocean fauna. The terrain was very difficult to move in, being very mountainous and mostly ice covered. Nonetheless we had fun and travelled about those parts of the island close to base, and some that were less so! I was sent to the Falkland Islands on my way home to study a rust fungus infection on the Tall Tussock Grass. The grass was, and still is an important winter feed plant for cattle in the island. It is very nutritious, being packed with fructose polymers as its storage reserves. In 1974 few people knew much about the islands, but I had a wonderful few months (despite it being Winter) visiting many of the outer islands and experiencing life in Britain's remotest colony. Returning from South Georgia, I wrote up my PhD at Manchester University Botany Department and then went on to teach Biology. I was the last year of graduates allowed to teach in state schools without gaining the dreaded PGCE (Post Graduate Certificate of Education). I was delighted not to do, as I felt it was a needless year of dubious value. In fact as I taught in independent schools I did not need it anyway.

Vernon Butt

I still kept in touch with my tutor, Dr Vernon Butt, on my return from South Georgia, and we became firm friends meeting regularly over the years. I organised a retirement dinner for him and the undergraduates he had admitted to Pembroke, in Hall. It was a splendid evening, and Mrs Butt and I even managed to keep it a secret from Vernon until we reached the Weatherly Room for pre-dinner drinks!



Nick Hall - (m.1969) Law

I came up to Pembroke in 1969, and as a Fresher was allocated rooms which would never be chosen by those fortunate enough to participate in the rooms ballot – namely the Almshouse. This was the oldest building in College, constructed in the 16th century, and its antiquity was keenly felt in the winter when the only heating was a small radiant electric fire built into the former fireplace. The Almshouse was however a haven of peace and quiet away from the hullabaloo of the front quads, as apart from the two or three rooms on the staircase its other main purpose was to serve as the backdoor to the Master's lodgings.

Strangely though there was a third purpose. Down in the basement was a small room housing the College table football table. This was not heavily used, especially as it was locked at 10pm, and its distance from the College bar ensured that relative sobriety was observed by most users.

A short distance from the Almshouse was the College bathhouse. This quite large building housed a good number of bathtubs in cubicles (I don't recollect any showers) and also lavatories. In cooler weather the steam (pedants pursuing scientific study will undoubtedly call it water vapour) swirled around in eerie fashion, but contributed little to warmth and comfort. But us nineteen year olds fifty-five years ago were hardy animals and scarcely noticed the discomfort, and unlike in present times the idea of bathing more frequently than once or at most twice a week was considered extravagant beyond comprehension.

My two rooms in the Almshouse were the only residential rooms on the ground floor, and upstairs were only one or two more rooms. One of these was occupied in our first year by Michael Bettaney who later spent many years in prison following his conviction for being a Soviet spy. After going down from Oxford in 1972 I allowed seven or eight years to elapse before visiting the city and paying what I hoped would be a rewarding, nostalgic and possibly emotional re-acquaintance with my old haunts at Pembroke. Such anticipation rapidly dissipated as I opened the door to my old rooms. They had been converted to house men's showers and urinals!

Punt party, 10 June 1970, Nick 3rd from right

Hunter Jameson - (m.1969) English

As I think back more than 50 years, it seems to me that the Providence that helped me realize my dream of studying at Oxford also steered me to Pembroke College. As an undergraduate at the University of Oregon in America, I was privileged to study Chaucer under Associate Professor Pasquale di Pasquale (a Fulbright Scholar, Pembroke 1955) during his short time on the Oregon faculty. He went on to a distinguished administrative career as president of several Roman Catholic colleges in the United States.

When I decided to pursue further studies in English with the aim of teaching in university and applied to Oxford, Dr. Di Pasquale graciously wrote a letter of recommendation for me, and I listed Pembroke among my top choices of colleges. I never learned the role his kindness played, but I was delighted to be accepted by Pembroke to study for a B.A. in English Language and Literature from 1969 to 1971.

Michaelmas Term 1969: Dreaming Spires and the Chapel Quad

Thus on October 6, 1969, I boarded a British Rail train at Paddington Station for Oxford. As we approached the city, a friendly woman from Oxford in my compartment informed me that a tower I saw gleaming above the surrounding houses was at Christ Church next door to Pembroke. It was a picture-book introduction to a story of enchantment that unfolded for the next two years at Pembroke and the University.

Since I was a traditionalist and Anglophile who grew up in the Episcopal Church, the American branch of Anglicanism, my being part of an English institution nearly 800 years old was a source of constant delight during my stay. I enjoyed wearing my half-length commoner's gown (while envying the scholars in their full-length ones) to tutorials, university lectures, and dinners in Hall.

Nearly without exception, I found the other Pembroke men approachable and pleasant. I soon purchased an electric kettle so I could provide the current form of hospitality, offering instant coffee (not tea from bags, which surprised me) and sometimes biscuits in my room. My estimate that the college numbered about 400 students turned out to be fairly close when the official numbers for Michaelmas 1972 were announced as 282 undergraduates and 82 graduates.

An early impression that remained was the contrast between the bustling streets of Oxford and the pastoral peace of the lawns and gardens inside college walls. Walking through Christ Church Meadow to the river provided a bucolic escape as well. That tranquility was interrupted briefly one day when some of the bovine residents that wandered onto the towpath turned out to be surprisingly large and somewhat daunting face to face for this city boy until they proved reassuringly docile.

Some of my friends had rooms in the then New Quad, the North Quad, which had opened in 1962 and had been enlarged in 1967. It was the home of the small but centrally placed pond (pronounced "pnod"), a trap for the tipsy and a provocation for the rambunctious that seems sadly to have given way today to a prosaic flower bed.

I was delighted that my room in what today is called the Robert Stevens Building looked out on the older peaceful Chapel Quad. It was Staircase 9, Room 4 (I believe today's room numbers differ slightly; in my day communal showers, not rooms, occupied the ground floor).

The Daily Routine

My scout Stan was a valuable helper and resource. After waking me and his other charges, he joined the other scouts to serve breakfast in Hall (porridge plus a main course) without ceremony from 8:15 to 8:45 a.m. He then returned to the staircase to make beds and tidy up. "It's quite a luxury to have someone like that," I wrote in the second of many letters home that my parents saved and have informed these reminiscences.

For lunch, we could order and take away items such as chips and meat pies from the buttery window in the Hall. A nearby alternative for a light lunch was the St. Aldates Church bookstore-coffee shop. Dinner was nightly in Hall at 7:15 with a scout serving each table of 10-12 gown-clad students seated on benches facing each other. At a signal, we all rose as the fellows processed past to High Table, and a Classics student recited the Latin grace. After the invariable soup came a main course and a sweet for dessert. After bolting our dinner, we departed on cue leaving the dons to enjoy their sumptuous repast with choice wines.

Formal Hall, 1960s

Stan helped me buy an ancient but serviceable bicycle. Although it was years since I had been on a cycle, I found riding one to be instinctive but that keeping to the left was not. As I was rounding the corner at Carfax (all the streets being fully open to traffic then), I looked the wrong way, and knocked down an innocent pedestrian. When I alighted hastily, the poor woman was already scrambling to her feet, shocked but (praise God!) otherwise unharmed.

A Year of Firsts

My first year at Pembroke was also the year the Rev. John Platt began his distinguished 33-year tenure as college chaplain, becoming a friend, encourager, host, and spiritual guide to me and generations of Pembrokians as well as college chronicler and historian. Chapel services in my years included daily Morning Prayer, but as a reluctant riser who frequently missed breakfast, I almost never attended. However, I was better at Evening Prayer, which was conveniently read just preceding dinner in Hall. It was sung on Sunday evenings only. College Communion was celebrated Sunday mornings followed by a pleasant breakfast in the Weatherley Room.

1969 was also the year Sir George Pickering, formerly the Regius Professor of Medicine, began his six-year tenure as Master. I felt sorry seeing him in Michaelmas Term bravely and painfully navigating college using two sticks, victimized by worn-out hips. I never heard him complain. He took a leave of absence in Hilary Term 1970 to undergo in January and February the first hip replacement surgery I had ever heard of. A slow convalescence followed, but by the end of 1970, he was able to pronounce himself recovered.

I was struck by some advice he gave during his get-acquainted meetings for freshmen. Be sure to take part in sports and other activities during term, he suggested, and do a fair amount of reading in the vacations.

On the River...

I followed his advice by taking up rowing. It seemed an archetypal Oxford sport and not too difficult for a pure beginner to learn. I was thus also able to take part in another Pembroke first - using our Boat House in its inaugural year, because it had opened at Eights Week in May. We shared our waterman, Bill Smith, with Teddy Hall next door.

In Michaelmas Term, our novice eight lost in the Christ Church Regatta to Teddy Hall. In Hilary Term, my second-eight crew enhanced our training by adding running and weight lifting, but changes in personnel just before Torpids and some questionable (and appealed) actions on the water by opponents resulted in our going down one place overall.

Sir George Pickering, Master, arrives by boat to the opening of the Boathouse

In Trinity Term, our second eight pursued serious practice under the guidance of Roger Chapman. We were on the river Monday through Wednesday afternoons at 1:15, did weight training on Thursday, and were back in the boat at 6:45 a.m. Friday and Saturday (subject to a threepenny fine if late).

We had our own table in Hall weeknights with hearty fare of chops and steak. As our reward, we gained a bump each day Thursday through Saturday of Eights Week. All Pembroke oarsmen had a dinner in college, and our eight celebrated with our own dinner at a Chinese restaurant.

I enjoyed Pembroke's traditional Eights Week Ball on May 30, 1970. Hundreds attended, the lead group being Alan Price and Friends. Those savoring a meal under the stars in New Quad enjoyed the strains of the Waikiki Beach Boys there.

...and Off

Other activities included Oxford Union debates on Thursday nights. I soon realized that, with few exceptions, the main goal was entertainment rather than enlightenment. A semi-renowned guest speaker would join a rotating cast of regular student speakers who sought to display their wit. Two of the frequent student speakers I recall were Leofranc Holford-Strevens, whose excited gesticulations became a trademark, and Christopher Hitchens, whose self-important smugness seldom failed to annoy.

Dining outside college was another attraction. The Bear in Woodstock offered superb roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, and trifle on the weekend, and the Trout provided a beautiful country lunch. In town, one could choose to dine in the rarefied (and costly) atmosphere of Restaurant Elizabeth or at Crawford's Cafeteria at the other end of the culinary spectrum or at the Mitre in the comfortable middle.

Then there was the joy of looking at books at Blackwell's and at the cheaper, more buyable used ones at Thornton's. I was surprised to be ushered out of Thornton's near midday one Thursday until I realized that it observed the old custom of early closing day once a week.

Tutors and Others

Since I was reading the three-year English course in only two years, I needed to write an essay each week for each of my two tutors at Pembroke. Douglas Gray oversaw my studies in *Beowulf* and other Anglo-Saxon literature through the medieval period. He was an unassuming man, a native New Zealander who came up to study at Oxford and Merton College and then became a fellow of Pembroke in 1961.

He began publishing his distinguished books on medieval literature in 1972, and was honored as the first J.R.R. Tolkien Professor of English Literature and Language in 1980. He had to leave Pembroke then, because the professorship was attached to Lady Margaret Hall.

My tutor for Elizabethan and later literature was Dr. J.D. Fleeman, a dignified man a bit more probing in tutorials than Mr. Gray. Dr. Fleeman became a pre-eminent scholar of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great eighteenth-century literary critic, essayist, lexicographer, and moralist, and one of Pembroke's most famous sons.

Johnson's poverty forced his departure from Pembroke in 1729 after little more than a year in residence. I felt privileged when the night porter allowed some of us to climb the steps to view Johnson's garret room in the gatehouse above the main entrance.

Dr. Fleeman, a graduate of St. Andrew's University, became a fellow at Pembroke in 1965, and published extensively on Dr. Johnson. However, Dr. Fleeman had not completed his greatest work, an exhaustive bibliography of Johnson's publications and manuscripts, before his untimely death in 1994 at age 62. His magisterial *A Bibliography of the Works of Samuel Johnson* was published in two volumes by Oxford's Clarendon Press in 2000.

The college staff proved uniformly supportive. The manciple, Edward Cox, always graciously found a place in college during vacations for this American waif. I also recall with thanks the unfailing helpfulness of Tom Curtin, the head porter; the college secretary, Miss Sinclair (Lady Alison Sinclair in private life); the assistant librarian, Mrs. M.W. Cordy; the omnipresent clerk of works, Percy Newport; and of course my faithful scout Stan.

Alison Sinclair, College Secretary

Hilary Term 1970: Battels and a Search for Lodgings

I had not won a scholarship, and so in due course I received from the bursar my first termly blue half-sheet that listed total battels for Michaelmas 1969. I wrote home that the amount was about what I had been told to expect when I had enrolled and included some charges paid only once a year. The amount was £235 18s. 6d. (At the exchange rate in effect throughout my time at Pembroke of £1 = $2.40 U.S., that was $566.22).

My idyllic outlook on the Chapel Quad ended after my first year, because Pembroke did not have enough rooms in college for everyone. Freshmen lived in college, a lottery decided which second-year students would receive a room, and all third-year students lived out of college in digs. Having lived in college half my two-year stay, I could not expect a second year in house, and thus in February 1970 I set off to find lodgings. The University supplied an approved list of bedroom-sitting room combinations (bathrooms were often shared) with resident landladies guaranteeing to provide breakfast. One weekend, two others and I made 55 inquiries near the town center, finding all but five places taken and those too expensive. Looking farther afield, I was pleased to find a room in a house at 67 Abingdon Road, with a beautiful outlook over playing grounds toward the river and boathouses. The motherly landlady, Helen Bowsher, who became a good friend, sympathized about costs. She said she had heard Oxford was the dearest place in England for rooms. Her weekly charge for bed and breakfast, not including heating charges (the electric fire required my own sixpences or shillings) was 4 guineas ($10.08).

Michaelmas Term 1970: Through the Fire

Pembroke was threatened by fire in 1970, but by the grace of God came through unscathed. On Saturday, October 17, I left college at 11 p.m. to cycle to my digs on Abingdon Road, and didn't learn until College Communion the next morning about the excitement that had struck at 11:15 p.m. Fire had broken out in one of the shops on St. Ebbe's Street west of Staircase 12.

Today, Pembroke's Macmillan Building occupies that site, but in 1970 the property was owned by others, including Merton College and Christ Church. The location housed two furniture stores, Starlings, on the corner of Pembroke Street and St. Ebbe's, and the Queen Street Warehouse next door on St. Ebbe's; as well as an adjoining Boy Scout Hall fronting on Beef Lane.

It was thought afterward that two electric fires mistakenly left on in the basement of the Queen Street Warehouse started a fire that smoldered undetected for hours building up inflammable gas that eventually exploded the shop's plate glass windows and engulphed the structure in flames. In spite of a three-hour effort with 10 engines, fire brigades had no chance to save the three-floor Warehouse, and its charred remains had to be pulled down.

Firemen did prevent the fire from spreading to Pembroke, which emerged undamaged, and prevented the loss of Starlings, although it suffered smoke and water damage. The Boy Scout Hall also survived. No one was injured, although a Mini parked on St. Ebbe's Street was reduced to a burnt-out hulk.

Staircase 12 was temporarily evacuated during the fire, and the fire brigade ran hoses through some of the rooms. Pembrokians won plaudits in the Oxford Mail for helping firemen roll out hoses and serving them tea throughout the night.

An Appeal and Three Tangible Results

There was talk among the students in the wake of the fire that once the shop leases expired, Pembroke was planning to buy the site to build more student accommodation there. The talk was well founded, for that same month, October 1970, the Master journeyed to the United States to make an appeal for funds from Old Members and friends to do just that. The appeal eventually resulted in the dedication of the Harold Macmillan Building on October 1, 1977, in the presence of its namesake who, as Chancellor of the University, was also the College Visitor.

However, the appeal also yielded two more immediate results: funding for major improvements to the chapel and for a new library.

In his first year as chaplain, John Platt had termed the faded chapel decorations "sadly in need of attention." The Master cited this need during his appeal trip, and Damon Wells (Pembroke 1961, Modern History) of Houston, Texas, pledged to pay for both interior and exterior refurbishing. Work began after my final term at college, Trinity Term 1971.

On a return visit in May 1973, I was delighted to see the sparkling results: refaced stonework overlooking the Chapel Quad and brightly renewed interior appointments. However, I missed the service of thanksgiving for it on June 19, 1973, when the

archbishop of Canterbury, Michael Ramsey, preached. Damon Wells with his family became major benefactors of Pembroke, and his continued concern for the chapel and Pembroke's spiritual life resulted in the naming of the Damon Wells Chapel in 1997.

By my time at Pembroke, the library in Broadgates Hall had become too cramped, and the Master set a new library as a high priority. His trip to the United States in 1970 also resulted in a pledge to finance one from the McGowin family of Alabama, which sent five sons to Pembroke from 1922 to 1948.

When I returned to visit in the summer of 1973, construction, which went slowly at first, was under way on the site of the old bathhouse. Although the building was not quite complete, the opening ceremony was held September 28, 1974, as a salute to the college's 350th anniversary year. Now as we celebrate our 400th anniversary, another new library is being sought.

Demolition of the bathhouse, 1972

Direct Actions

Pembroke experienced a small dose of student "direct action" one night toward the end of Michaelmas Term 1970. Some Junior Common Room militants had forced and won an unscheduled officers' election in June. Gate hours allowed guests to visit in college until 2:30 a.m. but no later, and the radicals demanded that all restrictions be abolished. After talks with Governing Body representatives broke down, the malcontents staged a "sleep-in" over one Saturday night so poorly supported that it discredited their cause and ended their efforts.

This was a time of high inflation and labor unrest, and shortly after the end of Michaelmas Term electricity workers staged direct action of their own in a work-to-rule that caused approximately three blackouts of 2-2 ½ hours each on both Tuesday and Thursday, Dec. 8, and Dec. 10, 1970. It must have added extra stress on the candidates for admission for next year who were in Oxford for interviews that week and had to grope their way around darkened buildings.

1971: Money. Mail, Royalty, and Success

As a traditionalist, I was displeased at the introduction of decimal currency in Britain in February 1971, an "interesting and infamous happening," I wrote home. History books say the date was Monday, February 15, but enough merchants jumped the gun that I thought the change occurred February 14. Immediate casualties were the old penny and threepenny bit; the 10s. note (junior in size as well as in value to the pound note) exited the next year, and the sixpence lingered until 1980 but grew scarcer over time. Some amounts could not be exactly converted between the old and new systems. "It's a little like going to a new

country and having to learn their money - only everyone else here is, too" I wrote.

The postage for an aerogram to the United States rose slightly, from 9d. to 4 new pence, but it made no difference, because the country was in the middle of a seven-week Post Office strike, which started Jan. 20, and there were no mail deliveries. I successfully resorted to the "pirate post" to send a letter home in February. For the proper fee, the "pirates" would carry letters for foreign countries across the Channel and mail them from there. Private domestic mail services also sprang up until postal service resumed March 8.

As for what money (new or old), could buy, I had written in March 1970 that a public outcry had determined that the sixpence would be retained under the new system (equal to 2 ½ new pence) and that a sixpence then could buy a candy bar, some newspapers (such as the *Oxford Mail*), and 7 minutes for drying my clothes at the little launderette west of the Hall in the area that would give way in 1972 to the Westgate Centre.

As for other prices, I thought woolen goods were excellent values, with a Harris tweed sports jacket starting at £8 10s. ($20.40) and a grey pullover at 47 s. ($5.64).

Although I had to forgo rowing to spend much of Hilary and Trinity terms preparing for my nine three-hour Honours School examination papers in June, I did have the pleasure of catching my first glimpse of royalty on May 11, 1971. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, whom I greatly admired, landed in a helicopter and then set off in her Rolls Royce to open some buildings at Queen's College.

On July 28, I learned I had earned a second-class Honours degree and, three days later, on Saturday, July 31, 1971, I joined 15 to 20 other expectant Pembrokians in the late morning at college. I believe it was the Senior Tutor, Godfrey Bond, who then led us to the Sheldonian Theatre and presented us for our degrees at the noon ceremony. Afterward in the Divinity School, Stan helped me replace my commoner's gown with my bachelor's gown. Back in college, a luncheon celebrated the joyful end of a student's story and the beginning of a graduate's.

(John) David Tarn - (m.1969)

I studied Jurisprudence about 1969. Mine was a traumatic personal time. I was very ill with something akin to schizophrenia and abandoned my academic career. I got a 'PASS' Degree. There was not support in the 'College System' for my situation. I had substantial 'personal life issues' as well. Moral tutor support was poor and personal issues were 'medicalised'.

I was profoundly unsuited to legal studies and spent my time round the 'antique emporia' in the High, Broad Street, side streets and Gloucester Green Market. My father later bought me an antique shop here in Thirsk. I was allowed to have it as a therapy and draw my State

Benefit. An 'Oxford Man' became my young G.P. when I came to our town.

Apart from the meagre nature of social support at Oxford (same at Cambridge, I gather), I have some other memories to share. I can remember the founding of the new Law Library and the lectures held there. Professor Rupert Cross (entirely blind) taught me there. Dworkin and Daube were other names I knew. John Eekelaar taught me Law at Pembroke.

About 25 years ago, I had a week's holiday at the Randolph via National Express from here and at a super bargain rate. I had a room overlooking the Ashmolean. I was struck by the very meagre 'antique interest' left in the city. I looked into Pembroke, but knew no-one. I remember, as a student, eating out at 'The Cross Inn' and 'Mitre' at Carfax (I had an indulgent father). I remember the original Oxfam Shop being founded in Broad Street and shopping in it. I think I remember Alan Price playing at a Pembroke College Ball in a shiny jacket.

I essentially gained entry to Pembroke on the basis of the 'papers' I wrote at our Northern Grammar School. The interview was a formality, I was told. I would like to have been apprenticed to one of the big 'antique places' in the High but I inherited and so, in many ways, I have pursued my 'first love' and had some of life's luxuries.

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North Quad; PCA (PMB/N/7/6); © Studio Edmark; c.1962

Sir George Pickering, Master 1968-1975; PCA (PMB/N/13/6/1); photo by Savile Bradbury; c.1970

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