Once a Caian...

The Stephen Hawking Building
Cambridge Research meets the Real World
Bringing the M1 to Cambridge
The Devil Wears Paul Smith
Medieval Treasures of Caius Library
From the Master

I am writing this half-way through the Lent Term. Spring has come to Tree Court, with aconites, snowdrops and crocuses in bloom. Dining in Hall last night, Fellows were entertained to find that we were taking part in the Midway Dinner, a recent but much-loved tradition whereby the second-year students mark the exact mid-point of their College careers with much raucous celebration. So the cycles of nature and of College life roll on in parallel.

Once more these pages present a vivid picture of College life, past and present. From the past we are reminded of the origins of the modest buildings of Gonville Hall which lie hidden beneath the eighteenth-century façade of Gonville Court. We are given too a glimpse into the riches of the medieval treasures in the College Library, the largest such collection to survive from any college in Cambridge or Oxford. And there are reminiscences from Caians whose time in College spans some fifty years.

From the present we can read of one of our Fellows co-ordinating Cambridge University’s world-beating achievements in research, and of the distinguished role that today’s Caian scientists and engineers play in maintaining the tradition of Sherrington, Mott and Crick. Mick Le Moignan has delved into the recesses of our Porters’ Lodges, and brings us a lively portrait of The Men in Black – fixers, helpers and Father Confessors. My predecessor Neil McKendrick and a newly-graduated Caian historian introduce widely-reviewed books by two current Caius History Fellows, demonstrating how the College’s tradition of historical excellence is being handed down from generation to generation.

The centrepiece of this issue, and of this year in College, is our new College building in West Road. Since the beginning of the year it has become home to 75 freshers, as well as to the Fellows enjoying leafy views from their flats on the top floor. The Fellowship has now decided that it should be named The Stephen Hawking Building after the College’s most distinguished Fellow, who coincidentally once lived in the Victorian villa demolished to make way for the new construction. The official opening of the building will be performed on 17 April by The Chancellor, HRH Prince Philip.

Nearly 2,000 Caians contributed more than £10million to the construction of The Stephen Hawking Building – a heart-warming display of generosity and support. Just in the past few days the Prime Minister has urged alumni to cultivate the habit of giving, and pledged matching government funds in support. This issue introduces the new development brochure which is being sent to Caians, and this year’s Telephone Campaign. I have no doubt that Caians will respond with their characteristic open-heartedness: the College is greatly in their debt.

Christopher Hum
Master

“A gift to Gonville & Caius College counts towards the Cambridge 800th Anniversary Campaign”
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Cover Photos (and many others) by the President, Professor Yao Liang (1963)
If one had asked a well-informed witness in 1348 which of the religious foundations of the age would still be flourishing in the twenty-first century, he would have been most unlikely to choose a small Cambridge college, barely founded.

The stately monastic foundations, supported by charters promising their survival till the end of the world must have seemed to have far more stability and stamina. But the end of their world was less than two hundred years away: Henry VIII, supported by a parliament of unbridled sovereignty, dissolved all the religious houses in a series of acts, leaving only a few hospitals and the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. The colleges indeed barely escaped; but a brilliant court intrigue supported by some creative accounting convinced the king, first that they were too poor to be worth dissolving, and second that he might win lasting fame as their benefactor. The colleges were saved, and the old King’s Hall of Edward II and III (as distinct from the King’s College of Henry VI) was renamed and reendowed by the king as Trinity College.

Viewed from a longer perspective, the colleges can be seen to have had two advantages over the monasteries: they were instruments of higher education as well as religion, and their religious purpose was more readily adaptable to the Protestant Reformation. But each college has its own story; and the survival of Gonville Hall and its transformation into Gonville & Caius College by Dr Caius in 1557-8, only ten years after Henry VIII’s death, is among the most piquant. Caius was a notable Greek scholar, an eminent physician, a shrewd business man; but he was also a zealous antiquary, determined to preserve the traditions of Gonville Hall, and immortalise the memory of its early benefactors. He was indeed perpetuating an earlier tradition; and it may be said that – through all the vicissitudes that time and fashion have dictated – the College has retained from early days the tradition of keeping the names and achievements of its benefactors alive.

One striking example is the story of its early buildings. In early days the benefactors were recorded in the windows of the college’s public rooms. But glass is a vulnerable medium, peculiarly subject to decay and iconoclasm; and in three modes an alternative record was provided: on paper in Dr Caius’ Annals, in the regular Commemorations of Benefactors which the chapel walls have witnessed from his day to the present and in paint in the decoration of the hall roof in
the known benefactors listed in his Biographical History were represented by their coats of arms – if they were known – if not, by their names. They are a striking symbol of continuity: indeed, it is rare for a charitable foundation to retain both its aims and purposes and its memory so relatively intact for more than 600 years.

This theme is reflected most of all in our older buildings. Gonville Hall was a modest institution, poorly endowed. There could be no question of building without benefactions. The original nucleus, still visible in David Loggan’s engraving of 1690, comprised the north side of Gonville Court, which was to be rebuilt in the 1750s. Next came the chapel, completed by 1393; then the west side, in the 1430s; the residential east side had to wait till the benefaction of Elizabeth Clere about 1490.

The west side of Gonville Court is superficially wholly of the eighteenth century – when our master, the notable architect Sir James Burrough, refaced it – and the twentieth, when it was extensively repaired. But its structure and layout are essentially of the fifteenth century. It was built between 1430 and 1440, under the dedicated guidance of Thomas Wood, master from 1426 to 1456, and fellow long before, since at least 1399.

One of the fascinations of history lies in detective work; and the history of this building has to be reconstructed from tiny fragments of evidence. Dr Caius gave a brief account of it in his Annals, and attributes it to our ‘eminent benefactor’ Thomas Wood; later in the Annals Caius gave us a clue. He listed the benefactors who gave windows for the hall, the library and the chapel.

To understand this we must go back in time. We know that the windows of the chapel of Gonville Hall recorded gifts by four benefactors who provided the funds for the completion of the chapel in the early 1390s. We know they had inscriptions, and they were very likely inspired by the magnificent college chapel of Merton College, Oxford.

Merton’s benefactor, Master Henry of Mamesfield, had his image reproduced no less than 24 times in the stained glass windows! I like to think that our benefactors were also depicted in the Caius windows, perhaps more modestly than Henry of Mamesfield.

The wing of Gonville Court built by Wood had four elements: to the south a new chamber for the master, which led straight into a new gallery in the chapel which was a private oratory for the master, with direct access to the chapel itself. From this chamber the Master’s Lodge was to grow. Next to it was the library, now the Panelled Combination Room, in which two moulded beams of the fifteenth century are all that is visible of the original structure. It is now a beautiful room of the early twentieth century, panelled with fine oak from a battleship of the 1810s, whose quality is enhanced by its darkness. Originally it had five windows on each side (presumably of clear glass save for the inscription and perhaps a small figure in each), with lecterns and books to be read only by natural light. Next was the fellows’ parlour, now the White Room – though only fellows as old as me can remember when it was genuinely white – and in décor wholly of the twentieth century; and finally, at the north end, the dining hall, now the Lord Colyton Hall, splendidly adorned with Sir John Soane’s plasterwork of the 1790s, restored by John Simpson in the 1990s.

We may suppose that some of those who provided windows in Wood’s library and hall had also helped with the fabric. Thus seven men accounted for the ten windows in the library – three gave two each. The donors of two windows included William Lyndwood, far and away the most distinguished name in the medieval annals of Gonville Hall: the leading canonist, that is, church lawyer, of medieval England, bishop of St Davids (1442-6) at the end of a busy life in universities, law courts and politics. His windows enjoined us to ‘Pray for the good estate of the lord William Lyndwood, bishop of St Davids, formerly commoner (or pensioner) of this college’.

If my conjecture is right that these windows were adorned with little figures, we can imagine a time when many of our early benefactors were visible to the community of Gonville Hall when the sun shone through them. They are all now visible on the roof timbers of the Hall.

The west side of Gonville Court.

Readers and admirers will be delighted to learn that both Christopher and Rosalind brought out major works last year: Dr Rosalind Brooke’s magnificent The Image of St Francis was published by Cambridge University Press and Christopher’s The Rise and Fall of the Medieval Monastery, a new edition of The Monastic World, was published by the Folio Society.

* At the annual Service for the Commemoration of Benefactors, the Master or the President reads a tribute beginning with the words:

“According to our bounden duty and the decree of this our College, let us offer up our thanks and praise to Almighty God for our Founders and all our Benefactors”
At the General Meeting of the Fellowship in January 2007, it was decided that the beautiful new student accommodation at 5 West Road should be named in honour of the College’s much-loved and most celebrated living Fellow, Professor Stephen Hawking (1965).

Some years after he first came to Caius as a Research Fellow, Professor Hawking lived with his family in the Victorian villa which used to stand on the site. While there, he wrote his legendary bestseller *A Brief History Of Time*. In February 2005 he generously declared his support for the new building, symbolically “cutting the first sod” to start the construction process. A stickler for scientific accuracy, he later pointed out, over dessert, that “It was hardly the first sod: there was a bloody great hole there already!”.

The site had been the subject of heated debate between the College, the architects, Donald Insall & Associates and the City Council's planners. Three mature trees, a Wellingtonia (Sequoia), a Scots Pine and a Copper Beech, had to be preserved at all costs, leaving only an S-shaped area of land for building. The architects accepted the challenge and produced a design that met the College’s requirements.

The Master, Neil McKendrick (1958), like his predecessor Professor Peter Gray (1943), had always dreamed of using the West Road site to provide more College rooms for undergraduates. In 2001, the new Director of Development, Dr Anne Lyon, was given the not inconsiderable challenge of raising an estimated £8million to pay for the building.

Douglas Myers (1958) launched the campaign with a gift of £1million and soon Caians everywhere were responding to Anne Lyon’s efforts with many generous donations and pledges of support.

As time passed, however, the estimated costs rose considerably and many feared the scheme would never come to fruition. Senior Bursar, Barry Hedley (1964) argued that if the new accommodation was ready in time, the College could sell existing buildings to cover the extra costs and thereby avoid major expenditure on bringing them up to the revised government standards for Houses of Multiple Occupancy – in effect, a double benefit for Caius.

At last, in April 2004, the College decided that "the tipping point" had been reached and the fundraising campaign had sufficient momentum for construction work to begin. At the following year’s May Week
Building

by Mick Le Moignan (2004)

Party, the Master unveiled the Foundation Stone. From then on, work proceeded rapidly, although not quite as rapidly as you might think from the 20-second stop motion sequence in the new College film *A Sense of Belonging – to Caius* (see p.7).

In November 2005, before the annual Commemoration Feast, three benefactors who had each pledged £1million, Douglas Myers, Rita Cavonius (2004) and Mike Richards (1981), laid the final stone at the Topping Out ceremony. Completion took almost another year (imagine cutting carpets for a hundred or so rooms, all with curved walls!) but to the immense relief of Domestic Bursar, Ian Herd (1996), who was in charge of the operation, students and Fellows were able to move in as planned in September 2006.

What is new and unique about The Stephen Hawking Building is not its style and elegance, but the way in which it was funded. It was paid for by people who love Caius and believe in the quality of education and the sense of community this College offers.

By the end of the appeal, nearly 2,000 Caians, parents and friends of the College had given a total of more than £10million. Without their far-sighted generosity, this beautiful and highly functional building would not exist.

Everyone associated with Caius is delighted that this spectacular symbol of Caian solidarity now also celebrates the indomitable courage and dedication of Stephen Hawking, whose remarkable determination to continue his work in the face of enormous adversity has been an inspiration to millions.

About the Building

All 75 undergraduate rooms have been named in recognition of donations of at least £25,000.

The eight Fellows’ sets have been named for gifts over £100,000. Fellows’ sets commemorate Arnold McNair (1906), Francis Bennett (1914), Hubert Tunnicliffe (1917), Joseph Needham (1918), Nevill Mott (1930), Brian Harland (1935), Douglas Myers (1958) and Iain Macpherson (1958).

The three Supervision rooms have been named in recognition of donations of at least £100,000 from Jonathan Bailey (1987), James Arnold (1993) and Mike Richards (1981).

Four Wings have been named, for matriculation years 1954 and 1962, whose members held reunions which each raised over £200,000 and in recognition of similar gifts from John Haines (1949) and Dr Philip Marriott (1965).

The student common room, which out of term provides valuable income from conferences, is named the Cavonius Centre in honour of a donation of £1million given in memory of Professor Dick Cavonius by Rita Cavonius.

Environmental considerations were central to the design. Energy conservation measures include an Earth Tube, which draws fresh air in through an underground metal duct, tempering it to a constant 12°C (subsoil temperature), thereby pre-heating it in winter and cooling it in summer.

For Gonville & Caius College, this building marks the most important expansion in student accommodation and facilities since Harvey Court was built in 1962.
When you compare the endowments of the Cambridge Colleges with those of Harvard, Yale and Princeton, you begin to realise that Caius punches way above its weight. We have an outstanding record, in terms of intellect and original thought, from the eleven Nobel prizes, which put Caius on a par with Russia, down to the everyday undergraduate supervision system, which pairs students with some of the finest minds in their subjects for individual tuition. This is a very special and costly educational system which lies at the heart of a Cambridge education, and this excellence is under threat. It is up to those of us who have benefited from it in the past to ensure that it is available for students in the future.

The College’s brochure, Transforming Tomorrow, is being circulated this spring to all Caians and friends of the College, presenting in detail the focus of the Caius Campaign to raise at least £25 million to help to address the increasing financial challenges facing our College in the twenty-first century and to reduce our dependence on government funding. This brochure sets out the College’s objectives and needs, from restoring the programme of Research Fellowships that brought such luminaries as Stephen Hawking and Joe Stiglitz to Caius, to supporting the College Boat Club, which has now been Head of the River ten times in succession. The aim is to raise funds for core functions which the College will always perform and to encourage unrestricted funding, thereby contributing towards the College’s goal of
financial independence. Currently half of the College’s funding comes from the endowment and this position is unlikely to be reversed, therefore long-term fund-raising is needed.

As we go to press, it is encouraging to hear the Prime Minister promoting the culture of benefaction to higher education. All funds raised for Caius will count towards the Cambridge 800th Anniversary Campaign target to raise £1 billion by 2012. We are asking for your support and are proud to do so because every generation of Caians has benefited from the loyalty and generosity of previous generations. The continuing excellence of our College and its long-term future depend on sustained support from as many Caians as possible, through gifts both large and small.

All Caians and friends of the College are warmly invited to apply for a copy of A Sense of Belonging – to Caius, the new film about the College. Copies are available on DVD (in UK and US formats) and on PAL VHS videotape cassettes. Please email, telephone, fax or post your request on the above form to the Development Office and we will be delighted to send you a copy in whichever format you prefer.

The 60-minute film was made over a period of two years by the College’s Deputy Director of Development, Mick Le Moignan (2004) and one of the BBC’s leading film-makers, Dean Arnett. It tells the story of the College from its humble beginnings as Gonville Hall in 1348 to the construction of The Stephen Hawking Building next to Harvey Court. Professor Christopher Brooke (1945) acts as genial guide and historian for most of our six-and-a-half centuries, handing over to Professor Paul Binski (1977), to explain the refurbishments of the Colyton Hall and the Fellows’ Dining Room in the 1990s.

The President, Professor Wei-Yao Liang (1963) conducts a guided tour of the Cavendish Laboratory, pointing out the astonishing contribution of many distinguished Caians physicists to the major advances of twentieth century science. The sequence culminates in a demonstration of Professor Liang’s own work in the growing field of Superconductivity, showing how the trains of the future may well levitate and travel through the air! There is also a moving contribution from Professor Stephen Hawking (1965) on what Caius has meant to him during his 40+ years as a Fellow.

We hear some of the hopes and aspirations of freshers on their first day at Caius and we watch the supervision system in operation, with excerpts from supervisions in History, French, Medicine and Computer Sciences. Another sequence shows the whole process of constructing The Stephen Hawking Building, from a large hole in the ground to completion. This was achieved by mounting a webcam on the adjacent Law Faculty and compiling a series of over 500 single shots (each lasting about 0.04 of a second) from each day over a period of eighteen months. The singing of the Caius Choir, conducted by Dr Geoffrey Webber (1989) provides an enchanting accompaniment throughout the film. This memento of Caius, carefully crafted and narrated by Mick Le Moignan, cannot fail to interest and inspire those who watch it with a renewed “Sense of Belonging – to Caius”.

...Always a Caian
In 1974 I was awarded my PhD and elected to a Research Fellowship at Caius. In June 1975 Sandra and I celebrated our engagement with a party in Caius (at which the now titled wife of a future Nobel Prize winner was sick on the lawn of Gonville Court and another guest lost his spectacles at midnight by falling in the river from the College punt!). By September we were celebrating our wedding in the College.

The following year I began a four-year research project that led to a new pharmaceutical process. This invention had commercial potential, but the Medical Research Council (MRC) which funded the research and was entitled to the rights, decided we should not patent it. This was before the commercialisation of academic research was recognised as an important economic driver. How the invention was nonetheless protected with a patent and developed into a product is another story but that is how my career turned from basic medical research to "technology transfer" (the translation of academic research into commercial and/or social benefit).

Since 1984 I have worked in this space – in organisations ranging from the MRC to a small biotechnology spinout, a large pharmaceutical company, a cancer research charity and research-intensive universities. This article is based on my experience as Cambridge University’s first Director of Research Services.

For hundreds of years Cambridge has been famous for its undergraduate education. Even today many students underestimate the huge importance of research in the University. The dons who lecture to and supervise undergraduates are likely to spend the vacations doing research in their laboratories, offices and libraries. Cambridge is the top university in the country for research and amongst the top few in the world. (Cambridge is rated second in the world according to the Times Higher Education Supplement and the Shanghai Jiao Tong University league tables, for example.) Cambridge has produced 83 Nobel Prize winners of whom 11 are Caians.

With increasing Government emphasis on academic research, funding allocations and promotions are now largely based on research success, as measured in the Research Assessment Exercise (RAE). Greater selectivity of research funding means the best universities get a larger slice of the funding cake. Research at Cambridge has grown at around 8% per year for the past decade, compared with half that rate for the rest of the University’s activities (mainly teaching). So research, which was around one third of the University’s turnover ten years ago, accounts for more than half of it today. Since 2000 the University has spent more than £1bn on research, mainly funded by government (including via HEFCE and the Research
Councils), charities and industry. This doubling of research income has put pressure on space. The many tower cranes decorating the Cambridge skyline indicate new research capacity being added in Engineering, Computing, English and Divinity...

The University supports academic researchers both within Departments and centrally in the Research Services Division (RSD) which was set up in 2000. RSD has the legal, accounting and administrative expertise to help researchers ensure that the thousands of applications for research funding submitted in the name of the University each year meet the requirements and match the expectations of the funders. This resource was one of the factors that enabled Cambridge to climb, for the first time, to the top of the research funding “league table” in 2003 and stay there for the following two years.

Fellows of Caius are some of the University’s most successful researchers, as measured by grant funding income. Sir Alan Fersht (1962) has a big research unit funded by grants from the MRC, the Herchel Smith Trust and Cancer Research UK. His research looks into the way proteins fold and misfold in healthy and diseased cells and how mutations cause cancer. John Todd (1980) has large grants from the Wellcome Trust and the Juvenile Diabetes Research Foundation to study the genetics of diabetes. Kay-Tee Khaw (1991) runs a very large research study of diet and health in Norfolk (over 30,000 people), funded mainly by the MRC and Cancer Research UK. This is part of a Europe-wide project supported by the EC. The research group headed by Morris Brown (1989) works on blood pressure and receives funding from the British Heart Foundation, the MRC and the pharmaceutical industry. These few examples taken from the bio-medical research area illustrate the range of funding sources, including Government (EC and UK Research Councils), charity and industry. In the physical sciences and technology, there is a similar pattern of research funding.

In the arts, humanities and social sciences, research funding is on a smaller scale. Much more work is carried out by individual researchers, often funded centrally as part of the University (e.g. libraries and museums) – or by colleges. Research grant income in these subjects is a poor measure of research success.

Governments now expect universities to demonstrate the economic and social benefits of their research. As developed countries move from an industrial to a knowledge-based economy, university research is seen as an important impetus for economic development. In the UK, this has led to technology transfer offices in universities. At Cambridge, the small, advisory Wolfson Industrial Liaison Office has grown within RSD into a fully professional and commercial team, with funds for investment in new companies and the expertise to protect and license University inventions to industry. Renamed “Cambridge Enterprise”, it is now a separate, wholly owned subsidiary company of the University.

Cambridge is seen as a model for the commercialisation of academic research and the cluster of hi-technology companies around the University is widely cited as the most successful in Europe. Caius Fellows play a prominent role in the commercialisation of research. Again, I could cite many examples, but select a few as illustrations. The research of Malcolm Smith (1990) in control engineering is directly applicable to the motor industry. David Summers (1974) has set up a company, Cambridge Microbial Technologies, to identify and develop the commercial applications of his genetics research. Alex Oliver (1993), through the Forum for Philosophy in Business which he co-founded, provides high-level consultancy and research to businesses such as Pfizer and BT. If it is surprising that a Fellow in Philosophy is so successful in working with industry, this demonstrates that the needs of industry go beyond the traditional areas of science and technology. The term technology transfer is now often replaced with “knowledge transfer” to reflect this trend.

One of the most controversial aspects of the first few years of RSD was the reform of the intellectual property (IP) policy. Historically, Cambridge had taken a very hands-off approach to IP, even though the 1977 Patent Act gave the IP rights of an employee to the employer. In the early days of technology transfer, the Cambridge policy proved valuable in avoiding bureaucracy and stimulating enterprise such as the development of the spinout companies on the Science Park and elsewhere in the Cambridge Cluster, but by 2000 this policy was out of line with other universities (including Oxford) and Cambridge was at risk of being seen by research funders, the public and the Government as not investing in valuable inventions. Moreover, with a changed culture of entrepreneurship and enormously increased activity, there was a danger of conflicting personal claims to inventions stifling commercial development.

This was a matter for academic decision through the Research Policy Committee (a sub-committee of the General Board) but this committee asked RSD to analyse the different options. As with any policy change in Cambridge, strongly held opinions were expressed on both sides and the debate lasted for three years. There was concern over unintended consequences of the reform, such as the University possibly restricting the freedom of academics to retain book royalties or to contribute freely to genetic and other databases. Several successful Caians authors – including Stephen Hawking (1965) – were naturally anxious and asked me for direct reassurance on this point. Finally, in November 2005, a ballot of the Regent House (the governing body of the University) adopted a reformed policy.

Research in Cambridge continues to flourish and the University maintains its leading position in both quality and commercialisation of research. In a “bottom-up” organisation, such as a university, success is dependent on the initiative and leadership of individuals. This brief article shows that many of those are Caians, maintaining today the tradition of Sherrington, Mott and Crick.
Bringing the M1 to Cambridge

by Mick Le Moignan (2004)

The group of Caius undergraduates who hoisted an Austin Seven on to the roof of the Senate House in June 1958 had set a high standard in terms of ingenuity and technical expertise. Late one night, eighteen months later, another group of would-be scallywags gathered outside the Gate of Honour in Senate House Passage and agreed: “This has been a bit of a failure” whereupon a burly, uniformed figure emerged from the shadows and remarked:

“Even more of a failure than you think, gentlemen!”

The ill-starred wheeze had been the brainchild of Bill Newman Sanders (1957) who thought it might be fun to mark the official opening of Britain’s first motorway by borrowing a couple of the M1 road signs and displaying them at both ends of Trinity Street. There was, at the time, only one motorway in the UK and it was totally unlike any other British road, so Bill thought placing signs reading “M1” all the way along it was stating the obvious.

John Pugh (1957) hired an old army ambulance and together they persuaded some kindred spirits, including Ed Hoare (1957), Martin Penney (1957), Ronald Templeton (1957) and Peter McKay (1958) to drive to Bedfordshire in it. They found their way on to the M1, which was not yet open to traffic, by a constructors’ access road, dug up two signs (measuring about 8’ x 8’) and conveyed them safely back to Cambridge. They then tried to suspend them on wires secured through the windows of the main Caius Waterhouse building on one side and St Mike’s on the other, but this task proved easier to plan than to accomplish.

It was when they regrouped in Senate House Passage that the police constable, perhaps unwisely, revealed his presence. Naturally, the miscreants took flight at once, the police only succeeded in apprehending one of them, David Howell Jones (1957) who freely admits he had drunk too much whisky and so couldn’t run very fast. (Bill claims the whisky had nothing to do with it and David was just a poor runner, but that is another matter.) Later another friend who had not been involved in the initial stunt, Tom Davies (1957) now a Fellow of Wolfson College, was also taken into custody when he went out on his bicycle looking for David.

Early the next morning, they were taken to the Porters’ Lodge to be identified and later on they were interviewed by police in the office of the Dean, The Revd. Hugh Montefiore (1954), in the presence of the College solicitor. The police threatened: “If you don’t tell us who the others were, we’ll charge you with misprision of felony!”

David, who was reading law and keen to show off his knowledge, claimed that the offence of misprision (or hiding) a felony was no longer in use. The police disagreed, saying they had prosecuted successfully for it just a few months earlier, but in the end, no other names were put forward and the charge was dropped, so perhaps it was an empty threat after all.

Later, the police came to David’s rooms at 1 West Road, where he received them in a dressing-gown, while having breakfast. This Noel Coward attire clearly irritated them: they accused him of not showing enough respect and hoped he would take the matter more seriously now, since they were formally charging both him and Tom Davies with two offences, theft of public property and receiving stolen goods.

The hearing was at Luton Magistrates’ Court. Bill Newman Sanders and about a dozen others, hugely relieved at not being in the dock, came to give moral support, packing the public gallery. The College solicitor submitted that since neither David nor Tom had been involved in the removal of the signs from the motorway (which was true) they could not be found guilty of theft, so the only possible offence was receiving stolen property. Only the signs were public property, and by placing them in full view in a public place, as intended, it was obvious that they would in due course be returned. In fact, the signs were not stolen property at all, because the legal definition of theft requires “intention permanently to deprive” which was demonstrably absent in this case.

The Magistrate said he had no alternative but to find the defendants not guilty, whereupon raucous cheering broke out in the public gallery. Once order had been restored, the Magistrate asked Hugh Montefiore to stand and suggested that while the law was unable to punish the offenders in the case (including the apparently innocent bystanders in the gallery) the Dean might have a more inclusive jurisdiction. Montefiore agreed and on their return to College a number of fines of six shillings and eightpence were levied and all interested parties were gated for fourteen days.

David Howell Jones, flexing his legal muscles again, protested that this was double jeopardy, since they had been gated once already, but this time his protest fell on
the Dean’s deaf ear. All the same, celebrations were felt to be in order and a splendid cocktail party was held in the rooms of Ronald Templeton (1957). Naturally, they invited the Dean and he was pleased to attend!

This might have been the end of the story, but for the fact that the builders of the motorway threatened to sue the students for trespass to goods, to cover the costs of replacing the signs. The College solicitor who had defended them so skilfully in court asked each for a contribution of £30 to establish a Fighting Fund, then negotiated successfully with the construction company and returned the cash.

David Howell Jones went home a little apprehensively at the end of term and was surprised to hear his father declare he was proud of him! David’s uncle, Gerald Alderson (1903) had seen the account in *The Times* and written to say that David “must be a chip off the old block!” An even happier outcome occurred later, for when David met his charming wife, June, she had already read about his exploits in William Hickey’s column in *The Daily Telegraph*!

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**Facts about the M1**

The southern section of the M1 was opened by the Minister for Transport, Ernest Marples, on 2 November 1959. It ran for 72 miles from St Albans to Rugby and was built by a labour force of 5,000 in 19 months at a cost of £16.5million (about a mile every eight days). Traffic has increased tenfold: there were 2.8 million cars in Britain in 1959 and 28 million today. 13,000 cars a day used the M1 in 1959 compared with 130,000+ today.
The Expanding Pharmacopeia
by Dr Raymond Greenlees (1955)

In 1997, after 35 years in General Practice in Bishop's Stortford, where one of my Partners was Richard Lewin (1954), I retired to Devon. Whilst throwing away old notebooks, I came across a Personal Formulary compiled during the Cambridge University Pharmacology course in 1956, and was amazed to find that it contained only twelve essential drugs:

- morphine
- digitalis
- quinine
- chloroform
- aspirin
- glycercyl trinitrate
- phenobarbitone
- insulin
- sulphonamides
- penicillin
- ergometrine
- warfarin

This is not an exhaustive list, even for a first year pre-clinical student. With hindsight, I can see that chloroform [1854] should be linked with ether [1888] and also, importantly for the GP’s medical bag, with local anaesthetics derived from cocaine in 1904. Similarly, phenobarbitone, which was used as an anticonvulsant and hypnotic, needs to be paired with phenytoin in the treatment of epilepsy. Under the heading of insulin, isolated in 1922, we must also mention two other hormones, adrenaline and cortisone. Adrenaline, once isolated, entered the British Pharmacopeia in 1914 as a treatment for asthma and anaphylaxis. Cortisone was found to be useful for similar conditions as well as for adrenal insufficiency first described by Thomas Addison as long ago as 1855.

Even the shortlist of twelve drugs would be adequate for a castaway GP on a desert island, and it is remarkable how many of these were discovered long before 1956! Probably the most significant discoveries of the first half of the 20th century were the chemotherapeutic agents against infection. Sulphonamides were discovered somewhat serendipitously from German dye research; and penicillin as we all know was even more of a chance finding.

The “list of twelve” at least served as a reminder to me that nearly all the commonly prescribed drugs of today were missing from that personal pharmacopeia, and that most of these were discovered during my career. How did we once manage without them? In 1960, the theory of dual receptors led to the discovery of beta-blocking drugs by the Nobel prize-winner Professor Sir James Black, working at ICI. This revolutionised the treatment of angina and hypertension. Black then went on to develop the H2 receptor blockers at Smith Kline leading to the discovery of cimetidine, the first effective treatment for peptic ulcer and rendering gastrectomy obsolete.

Other notable absences from the “list of twelve” were bronchodilators such as salbutamol, non-steroidal drugs for rheumatism, safe diuretics like frusemide, ACE inhibitors for cardiovascular disease, broad-spectrum penicillins, antivirals, L-Dopa drugs for Parkinson’s disease, statins for atheroma, and antidepressants such as imipramine.

Many of these advances occurred during my clinical training in London. I well remember an inspiring lecture at UCH Medical School by the Rev. Chad Vara who had just founded The Samaritans. In 1960 in England and Wales, there were 6,000 suicides a year and coincidentally the same number of road deaths. Remarkably both these figures have now almost halved! The introduction of antidepressants and the crisis intervention advocated by Chad Vara are probably the main factors in this dramatic reduction of suicides. Though the actual incidence of depression and the number of road casualties resulting in disability is still a problem, we can nevertheless rejoice that so many lives have been saved. These statistics certainly contradict pessimistic popular beliefs. Advances in surgery and intensive care, together with seat belt legislation, must have contributed to the staggering reduction in road deaths during the same period.

Another marker of medical progress is the increase in life expectancy since 1960 as witnessed by the growing cohort of 70 year old Caians! Twenty years ago, a diagnosis of crescendo angina was a death sentence. Now with angioplasty, modern cardiac drugs, statins and effective hypotensives, myocardial infarction is no longer inevitable.

The pharmaceutical industry has been given a bad name for the way new drugs are pushed and its emphasis on profit. However, my contention is that nearly all the advances in Medicine over the last 50 years have been due to drug research and development. None of the advances in surgical techniques could have been achieved without sophisticated anaesthetics, safer anticoagulants, adequate antibiotic cover and in some cases immuno-suppressing drugs. Recently I asked an eminent ophthalmic surgeon what he considered the most significant advance in his field during the last 50 years. He replied without hesitation – “Diamox”. This is an effective diuretic for glaucoma and meant that he no longer had to operate on these cases except in rare circumstances. I rest my case!
Willow – Salicylic acid, the active ingredient in aspirin, was extracted from the bark of a willow tree as early as the 5th century BC. Other sources have been used since then, but aspirin eventually became the first entirely synthetic drug when it was patented in 1899, and was the inception of the pharmaceuticals industry.

Cin cash one was first extracted in 1817 from the bark of the cinchona tree, which is native to South America. The leaves are pictured here. Before then, it had been used in unextracted forms, particularly in Rome where malaria was endemic and killed many, including Popes and Cardinals.

Woodruff – Warfarin is synthesised from coumarin, a chemical compound found in several types of plant such as the Woodruff pictured. Warfarin is an anti-coagulant, which has been used to treat thrombosis as well as to poison rats (by causing lethal internal bleeding).

Opium Poppy – Morphine, the main active chemical in opium, is extracted from the unripe seeds of the opium poppy. The poppy pictured was found at Chatsworth House in Derbyshire.

Penicillin was famously discovered by Alexander Fleming in 1928, but it wasn’t until 1942, after a team led by Sir Howard Florey (1924) first synthesised it, that it was used in a successful treatment. Florey and Fleming shared the 1945 Nobel Prize for Medicine with Ernst Boris Chain for their part in its discovery. Pictured is a 1200x magnification of one of the fungi of the Penicillium genus, which secretes Penicillin.

Foxglove – Digitalis is extracted from the foxglove and used to strengthen heart muscles, particularly in cases of heart failure. However, the plant as a whole is poisonous, and ingestion is likely to cause death, as seen in the 2006 film Casino Royale, where James Bond has a near fatal heart attack.

Far left: St Mary’s Hospital, Paddington, where Fleming first discovered Penicillin.

Left: Sir Howard Florey (1924) was commemorated in his native Australia on the first $50 bank note.

Above: Worldwide sales of pharmaceuticals were about £300 billion in 2006. GlaxoSmithKline’s share was 6%, second only to Pfizer with 8%.

Photo research by Leighton Eardley (2003)
London photos by Yasseen Gailani (2002)
Last year Donatella Versace started to design interiors for private jets and collaborated on a special edition Lamborghini, complete with designer livery and matching luggage. Meanwhile, Giorgio Armani, having done interiors, fragrances and chocolates, is busily fine-tuning his new range of boutique hotels. Over the past twenty years, fashion has moved from the niche margins to centre stage and designers are spreading their fairy dust all over the place.

I have spent most of my adult life chronicling this shift – a journey which has seen me swap Caius’ courtyards for the front row in Milan, and go from reading John Keats with Jeremy Prynne and Henry Fielding with John Casey to interviewing Domenico Dolce and Stefano Gabbana in their zebra-striped apartment.

I arrived at Caius in the autumn of 1983 to take up residence in St Mary’s Court. With me came my books, my posters, my electric guitar and my wardrobe. This last was perfectly suited to an eighteen-year-old wannabe art student (painting had been my first love) from London who played in a band and had been in the habit of dying his hair that artificial blue-black colour that punk made fashionable: witness one leather jacket with skull and crossbones buttons, one peaked cap with shiny black visor, American plaid shirts from second hand stores and baggy trousers in the New Romantic mould.

I soon discovered this was not what undergraduates wore. It was only a couple of years since Chariots of Fire had got everyone running in slow motion in cricket whites, while Granada TV’s Brideshead Revisited was a recent memory. Add to that the fact that Peter York’s The Official Sloane Ranger Handbook had been the publishing sensation of the previous year and you can see where the styling cues were coming from. I resisted the temptation to follow suit – true, the gown did look a bit silly with the cap at formal hall, but I was happy to be different. And then in my first summer holiday it all changed.

Back in London I needed a job for the break and saw a card in a shop window in Covent Garden. “Full time sales assistant required. Must have experience”, it said. I applied and found myself explaining to a tall man from Nottingham with shoulder length hair why I thought he should take on an inexperienced part timer. The man was Paul Smith and he must have been desperate, because he hired me.

I’d never heard of Paul Smith and had precious little notion of what designer clothing was. Fashion for me was second-hand gear and a few bits from trendy boutiques. This was a completely different world. There was a suit department full of shiny linen tailoring, and the cabinets were stocked with the most incredible printed shirts. This was where Hockney and Bowie shopped. Before long I was lusting after one of those linen suits as I imagined returning to Caius as a kind of junior Robert Palmer, a gaggle of beauties with red lipstick and black mini-dresses in tow.

It kind of worked out that way – not the girls, silly – but the clothes. Paul asked me to help him in Paris at the end of the summer,
where he was showing his next collection. That was how I became one of the world’s most unlikely male models. I worked in return for clothes and my O level French and German (I’m half Austrian) soon had me combining posing with translating. Mr Smith seemed to like what he saw. From then on, every Easter term I’d explain to my tutor that I had to take time off to go modelling. He thought this pretty rum.

As my third year trundled on and the milk round delivered up bankers and management consultants peddling their free-market voodoo – 1986 now, Thatcherism was in full swing – I wondered where I’d end up. By now I’d ditched the second-hand look for my smart Paul Smith earnings, but I couldn’t see myself in the city. And then the tall man from Nottingham called. I spoke to him from the phone (no mobiles, remember) at the bottom of G staircase, St Michael’s Court. Would I like to come and work for him? I tried not to sound too excited.

Since then it’s been a strange old journey. Projects Manager for Paul Smith was a great education and led to a job launching menswear for designer Nicole Farhi; I then crossed over to the other side and started writing about fashion for The Guardian. I found my natural home in men’s magazines as Style Director of GQ, Editor of Arena and finally Editor of Esquire, before setting up my own publishing house.

Today fashion is big business, the brands are world famous and the models and photographers are superstars. My former boss is Sir Paul now, and as the Versace jets and Armani chocolates testify, the fairy dust has got into more than our wardrobes. What we choose to drive, eat, where we holiday, how we listen to music (hello iPod), it’s all increasingly driven by trends. Some four centuries ago Edmund Spenser talked of literature being able “to fashion a gentleman” – arguably the designers of today are doing just the same thing.

There’s no reason why a graduate from Caius today wouldn’t consider a job with LVMH (Louis Vuitton Moet Hennessy) or on one of Condé Nast’s glossy magazines as an alternative to a desk in Liverpool Street. And talking of those bright young things, they’re not dressing like their dads any more: it’s all decidedly more Arctic Monkeys than Brideshead Revisited. The shade of Sebastian Flyte has been exorcised, and teddy bear Aloysius has been flogged off at a car boot sale in Huntingdon.

As for me, though at 42 I am considerably heavier and balder than I was twenty years ago, I still can’t quite shake the desire to look a bit different. The leather jacket is back, but this time instead of skull and crossbones buttons it has a Triumph logo. The bike incidentally is an 800cc Mid Life Crisis.
The College community is a complex web of interdependencies. The students think it all revolves around them – their needs, their work, their social life. The Fellows believe their own activities are central, the *sine qua non* of College life. The Porters know who is really in charge – the College would soon grind to a standstill without the men in black.

The Caius Porters have, between them, an extraordinary range of knowledge and experience. Nearly all have had successful careers in other walks of life and wanted or needed a change. Brian Anderson was a detective, Charlie Tapp has a background of both police and army service, Richard Papworth and Stefan Fella were photographers, Roger Pearce and Ivan Jones sold motor vehicles, Ken John ran a pub and Andrew Bubien came from banking. The point is, whatever their background, whatever the problem, from a heartbroken fresher to an ancient professor stuck in his bath, there’s generally someone in the P’Lodge who can solve it.

Head Porter, Russell Holmes, is a Londoner who left school at 16 and spent 25 years in the Royal Engineers, retiring as Warrant Officer (Class 1), in need of a new hip because of all the sport he’d played. But Russ is a bundle of energy, sharp, bright and always on the move. Hip fixed, he coached the College football team, is training for the London Marathon in April and marrying our Senior Tutor’s Assistant, Yvonne Baldwin, in May. Only a brave or foolish person would risk a joke about endurance events – I suggest you make up your own.

Russ nearly didn’t apply for the job: when the Army resettlement people suggested it, he said: “I’m not carrying anyone’s suitcases!” Later on, once he’d settled in, he discovered that Porters rarely lift anything heavier than a pencil! Always keen for a new challenge, he started a nine-month course in Health & Safety procedures, involving a lot of spare-time study and culminating in two testing, four-hour exams. Nowadays, H&S work takes up much of his working day, with major programmes of fire alarm replacement, electrical rewiring and asbestos removal from the Old Courts. The result is that the College no longer needs to employ external H&S consultants.

When vacancies for Porters occur, Russ interviews the applicants, together with Human Resources Officer, Belinda Steel. What he looks for is someone flexible and adaptable, well-rounded, who has been a team player but is capable of working unsupervised. They need good communication skills, a sense of humour and willingness to learn. Oh, and a smart appearance. Russ starts with his two-second interview: “no suit, no clean shoes – no chance!”

Mike Healey, the Deputy Head Porter, has a very different style. Most of the undergraduates wish he was their uncle. When Father Christmas’ sleigh breaks down on the way to the Caius Christmas Party, Mike is happy to stand in for him. There’s always a warm, friendly welcome in the Lodge and customer service is paramount. Mike expects high standards and trusts people’s integrity. In his previous career as an Area Sales Manager for Nestlé, he learned the value of giving people a bit of responsibility. His philosophy is “Teach people as much as you know: never hold back. The more knowledge you impart to others, the more confident you can feel in their abilities. Speak as you want to be spoken to and treat all visitors with the same amount of respect.”

Together with Bernard Scott, Senior Porter at Harvey Court, Mike and Russ make a first-rate management team, inspiring a great deal of loyalty in those who serve under them. Interestingly, they all save their warmest praise for the Outside Porters, “the unsung heroes,” “the backbone of the College” “the guys who do all the thankless tasks, the humping and dumping and all the jobs nobody else would do!” The five outside porters include three brothers, Stuart, James and Steven Nash, Sean Davies and Chris Meekin. Two of their number, Peter Boyden and more recently Justin Fowler have successfully made the transition to Lodge Porters, which is good for morale.

The fictional stereotype of a Cambridge College Porter is the grizzled old retainer who has been in post since Queen Victoria was a lass. The reality is rather different. Our oldest Porter, Bob Gray, retires in March 2007, having spent the past 9 years at...
Caius, after 32 years in the printing business. Bob’s visitors’ book reads like “Hello” magazine in an unusually star-studded month. He’s taken care of Prince Philip, Prince Charles, Margaret Thatcher, Jane Fonda, Lulu, Gwyneth Paltrow, David Frost, Chris Eubank and Jeffrey Archer (he says he counted his fingers after shaking hands). He told Lady X “I don’t care who you are, you’re not parking here!” and when Lord Y got stuck in the lift, he prised the door open a quarter of an inch and fed him water through a straw. He was amused to observe that Lord Y, having missed dinner at High Table, later consoled himself with a Big Mac and a bottle of Scotch!

Bob once carted an inebriated female undergraduate back to her room in a wheelbarrow: when he locked himself out of the College while on night duty, he was resourceful enough to persuade a visitor to climb over the gate, find the keys and let him in. Most memorably, one weekend, when Professor Philip Grierson (1929) got stuck in his bath, Bob rescued him, probably saving his life. Philip, typically, observed that he was “wondering whether to pull the plug out and sink to the bottom or fill the bath with water and float out!”

Like many Porters of “the old school”, Bob joined the University Constabulary, the oldest police force in the world, dating back to 1510. Bob, Bernard Scott and David Brown all became “Bulldogs” or Proctors’ Men, a role which, these days, is mainly ceremonial. Older Caians may recall the Bulldogs chasing undergraduates who had ventured into town of an evening without their gowns. Originally set up to keep the town’s prostitutes in check and to test the quality of the beer produced by the college breweries, Bulldogs still have powers of arrest within five miles of Great St Mary’s.

As Russell Holmes says, the Porters are “here for one reason – to help students to get through their time in College successfully, safely and enjoyably.” Bob Gray says they need to be “able to stick on a plaster and supply tissues to mop up the tears.” Eighteen may be the age of consent for alcohol, sex and dying for your country, but maturing fully takes years or even decades longer. Our tutors are no longer technically in loco parentis, but our Porters are still Father Confessors. Stefan Fella and Andrew Bubien have children of their own at university and like to think that, when they are taking care of a Caian undergraduate, someone else may be looking after their offspring in the same way.

The observant reader may notice an absence of criticism of our Porters in this piece. This is not an accident. Some day soon, I may lose my key, come back in the middle of the night or set off the fire alarm while trying to create the perfect crispy bacon. At times like that, one discovers who is really in charge of this College – the glorious Men in Black!
Caius Library is exceptional on three main counts. First, there is the magnificent building it now occupies, originally constructed as part of a monumental new University Library. Second, there is the collection of books for our undergraduates in the Upper Library, outstanding in range and depth. Last but by no means least there is our unrivalled collection of manuscripts and early printed books in the Lower Library. Viewed through the glass doors on the ground floor, this part of the College Library may appear to be a large, noble but rather empty space. But if you enter and look in the bays you will find a collection of books built up by the Fellows over a period of 650 years. We have one hundred books printed in the second half of the fifteenth century (incunabula, or ‘cradle books’). Among these we have an edition of the works of the Roman playwright Terence from 1496, decorated with woodcuts; we have the lavishly illustrated Nuremberg Chronicle, a pictorial world history published in 1493.

These are great treasures, but the greatest is the collection of 900 manuscripts. What is important about the Caius manuscripts is that many of them entered the college when it was still Gonville Hall. We have the largest collection of manuscripts to
survive from a medieval college in Oxford or Cambridge. Other Cambridge colleges, notably Corpus, acquired large collections of manuscripts, but what they have is loot from the libraries of the dissolved medieval monasteries, and we have some loot as well: we have the remarkable Greek Gospels of about 1200, once used by the great Oxford scholar Robert Grosseteste and the Franciscan friars. But the core of our collection, about 350 items, consists of manuscripts collected by the Fellows of Gonville Hall before 1500. In 1499 a Fellow-Commoner gave us the great law text known as Gratian’s *Decretum*; it is not just the oldest copy in England, but very finely written and decorated. And that was the type of book the Fellows of Gonville Hall liked to have: our collection of the great law texts is unrivalled. The most beautiful medieval manuscripts mostly came later, as gifts; we have fine Flemish illuminated books of hours, from the fifteenth century. We have Dr Caius’ Hebrew Bible; apparently the work of a medieval Jewish scribe, it nevertheless orders the books of the Bible according to the Christian rather than the Jewish tradition.

These 350-odd manuscripts were part of an even larger working library, amazingly large for a community that consisted of a Master and a handful of Fellows. Gonville Hall was small, but not insignificant, with more books than the University Library; and the books were evidently read, because in those days it was acceptable to add extensive marginal comments in library books. Edward IV’s physician divided his medical books between Peterhouse, King’s and Gonville. Today King’s has just one of his books, and we have held on to sixteen or seventeen. It would be pleasant if we could congratulate ourselves on being good custodians; however, our manuscripts survived in part through neglect, after being stored in attics while space was made for the modern book, printed, and on paper.

This ensured the survival of the earliest books in the college; but it also ensured their deterioration. One of our bestiaries extensively displays the tooth marks of a hungry rat. Medieval bindings of tawed skin tear and disintegrate; the covers of volumes rebound only a century ago in soft leather have started to come apart. Several hundred early printed books also need attention.

The time has clearly come to initiate a major programme of conservation. Repairing medieval manuscripts and early printed books is highly skilled and expensive work and we anticipate that it may take several years to complete. We are inviting Caians and friends of the College to help us to fund this vital project and we will be happy to paste a plaque in books commemorating those who make a significant contribution.
As well as many old traditions, the College has a number of new ones! The Telephone Campaign, although only six years old, compared with the College’s six hundred, is a twenty-first century tradition that has brought great benefit to Caius and great pleasure to many Caians. This year’s Telephone Campaign will run from 17 March to 4 April.

Not only does it make a significant contribution to our fundraising, thereby helping to ensure that ALL deserving students can come here, regardless of their financial circumstances – it also helps to bring the College community together, providing opportunities for meaningful discussions between today’s Caians and their predecessors of all generations.

The fundraising element is vitally important: the first five years’ campaigns generated almost £1.5million in donations and just under £2million in legacy pledges. Yet that is only half the story...

Every year at the end of the Lent Term, a new group of about twenty students gather in the Green Room, feeling a little nervous at the prospect of telephoning a number of complete strangers of their parents’ or grandparents’ generations and asking them to start (or continue) making regular donations to the College. The nervousness does not last long. Within minutes, the air is buzzing with conversations and excitement. The students discover they have a great deal in common with the Caians they are calling – they often read the same subjects, played the same sports and even drank at the same pubs!

Student life has changed over the years – academic standards are probably higher and competition is fiercer – but still, spending three or four years at Caius is a wonderful privilege which tends to generate feelings of loyalty, gratitude and affection that last a lifetime. It is only natural for older generations to want to share the best experiences of their youth with those who come after them – but perhaps rarer for the young to find the time to stop and listen. Bursarial considerations apart, the greatest achievement of the Telephone Campaign is the remarkable way in which it dissolves barriers between the generations.

Of course, the calls are not unexpected: every recipient will have received in advance a letter from the Master, explaining the purpose of the call and inviting them to let the College know if they would prefer not to be called. Every year, there are a small number of people who opt out but a much larger number who opt in – many Caians have made it clear that
they enjoy their annual update on College news from a current student and wouldn’t miss it for the world! Many of our callers make valuable professional contacts through the calls and many have the pleasure of meeting some of the people they have called at the end of the following term, when all benefactors for the year are invited to the College’s spectacular May Week Party, which this year falls on Saturday 16 June.

No-one is expected to give more than they can afford, but most of us can afford something. Single gifts are welcome, but regular, monthly, quarterly or yearly gifts are even more welcome, since they provide a reliable stream of income which allows Caius to plan its activities with some certainty.

It must be said that Caians are outstandingly generous to their College: well over 50% of those contacted in our Telephone Campaigns make donations. And it must also be said that parents of current students are even more generous, in that last year over 60% of those contacted made donations!

Legacy Pledges are an important part of the College’s fundraising. Caius is built on legacies from centuries past; today’s students continue to benefit from the foresight and kindness of their predecessors. The College is able to take the long view in such matters: no-one is in any hurry for bequests to fall due, but it is immensely helpful to those in charge of our finances to be able to show that funds will be available at some time in the future to reduce our dependence on government support and eventually to give the College real control of its own destiny.

It is no easy matter for a student to suggest that an older Caian may care to remember the College in his or her will – and it may be that last year’s students were more diffident than most in this respect: while achieving a record amount of lifetime gifts, they also scored an all-time low in legacy pledges. Caians do tend to be competitive, and this year’s campaigners will no doubt be determined to set both targets even higher for their successors!

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Gifts</th>
<th>Legacies Pledged</th>
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<tr>
<td>2002</td>
<td>£240,574</td>
<td>£630,500</td>
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<td>2003</td>
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<td>£227,280</td>
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<tr>
<td>2005</td>
<td>£401,142</td>
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<tr>
<td>2006</td>
<td>£409,756</td>
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The inaugural dinner of the Caius Club was held at Oddenino’s Imperial Restaurant, 60-62 Regent Street, London on 4 July 1907. Of the 220 founding members, 90 were in attendance and The Caian marvelled: “Many came from long distances, from the North, from Wales and from all parts of the South of England. A few Colonials too, who happened to be at home for a time, put in an appearance – so that most of us found the time far too short.”

The Club had been set up the previous year, with strong support and encouragement from the Master, E S Roberts, who believed that members of “greater Caius”, as he termed it, should meet as often as possible. Roberts had instigated the tradition of Annual Gatherings and set up The Caian to keep members regularly informed about events at College. He was also a keen oarsman, stroking the 2nd VIII as a Fellow and organising the fundraising drive and construction of the (current!) College Boathouse, as well as launching the Caius Club.

“The Master was consulted on every point with regard to the formation of the Club and threw himself into it with all his irresistible energy.”

The origins of the Caius Club can be traced to monthly meetings in London of those who came up in 1892. More years joined in and decided they would prefer an annual dinner. In 1904, they invited Roberts, then newly elected as Master. The Caian records: “After that he regularly attended, sometimes travelling long distances to be present, and greatly contributed to the success of the gatherings. He greeted every man by name without the least hesitation, even if they had only been a short time at the College.”

According to the rules approved at the 1907 dinner, the objects of the Club were:

(a) To promote and maintain social intercourse between members of the College, and to keep them in touch with one another and with the College.

(b) To publish and circulate amongst the Members of the Club a list of all members of the College, past and present, with their addresses.

(c) To forward the interests of the College and of the institutions connected with it.”

Few would take exception to any of those aims today, although the freely available, up-
to-date directory of contact details of all Caians might fall foul of our Data Protection Act! The price of membership for life was set at one guinea, (£385.13 in 2007 money, comparing average earnings) so today’s lifetime subscription of £10 can hardly be considered rampant inflation. There was some concern in 1907 that few current students had joined the Club:

“Perhaps at present they do not feel the need of such an association, and they may have more attractive uses for their money. Still, they would find the address book of use, for it contains the name of every man on the College books down to July last; and even if they do not become members now it is hoped that they will as soon as they go down.”

This problem has now been addressed by adding £10 to the College accounts for current students (with an opt-out clause) so that the vast majority will be members of the Caius Club by the time they go down.

The concern in recent years has been that the formal dinners in College have not been as well attended as they could be by recent graduates. This contrasts with the enthusiasm shown by younger members at the Bumps and at informal events held in London. Every year, one of the most popular gatherings is the Caius Club Event on Caius Meadow, to watch the racing on the final Saturday of the May Bumps (this year on 16 June).

The 1907 Committee was “chosen with a view to having represented on it men who are the most like to be in touch with Caians of every age and every calling.” Today’s Committee would welcome representation by those in their twenties and thirties, men and women. Any member interested in serving on the Committee is invited to call the Treasurer (see below).

This year’s Committee members want to celebrate the Caius Club’s centenary year in fine style. Accordingly, they have made special arrangements for the Centenary Dinner to be held in College on Friday 30 March. Highlights include a free champagne reception and a more lavish feast than usual, at no extra cost. Partners are warmly invited to come to this dinner and the last date for receiving bookings has been extended to allow as many as possible to attend. Any Caians who are not yet members of the Caius Club are encouraged to pay their lifetime subscription of £10 and join the festivities.

For further details, please contact the Hon. Treasurer, John Brooks (1959) on Tel: 020 8398 5306 or Email: glenwood@ntlworld.com

An invitation form and further information can be found on the Caius website http://caialumni.admn.cai.cam.ac.uk/alumni/events/caiusclub.php

**Book now for the Caius Club Centenary Dinner on Friday 30 March in College**

Caius Club members photographed by Dr Stephanie Hitchcock (1985) (herself pictured at top left) enjoying a convivial London Dinner at the Oxford & Cambridge Club in November 2006.

Above left: A Caius Club Annual Dinner in the College Hall.

Left: Caius Club Chairman, David Howell Jones (1957) at the Trooping of the Colour.
24 Once a Caian...

City of Laughter
Reviewed by Neil McKendrick (1958)

This great book has been rapturously received by the reviewers – and rightly so. It is a major study written by a historian at the height of his powers.

Even before it hit the bookshops Professor John Barrell was hailing it as “a wonderfully original, surprising, informative, fascinating and entertaining book” and Lord Baker was welcoming it as “an important book which was a joy to read”. When it was finally published (having been rescued by the publishers from the Chinese customs who initially thought it too erotic, even too pornographic to leave China where it had been printed) the response was equally glowing. Jenny Uglow in The Financial Times wrote excitedly “City of Laughter is an overflowing cornucopia of a book, stuffed with illustrations, rippling with stories, packed with characters, ripe with quotations, rich with insights and arguments. The tone is full-blooded, including a brilliant, bravura chapter on the whole discourse of laughter.” Claire Tomalin in The Spectator maintained this sense of excitement, writing: “Vic Gatrell’s investigation into rude old-fashioned laughter almost bursts out of its covers, with 796 pages and 289 illustrations showing political caricatures and prints ridiculing the fashionable and the badly behaved.”

Stella Tillyard in The Sunday Times wrote excidedly “‘City of Laughter’ is an even more unrestrained, writing “Hats off – or perhaps it should be tits out – to Atlantic Books, who have produced for general readers the most sumptuous and beautiful history book for years. Great toppling pyramids of bottoms and bosoms decorate this book, nipples stipple it, and on every page chamber pots and tankards overflow.”

It is almost a relief to read the measured verdict of The Independent which concluded that, with “this rich, Rabelaisian study of sex and satire in London between the 1780s and the 1820s. Professor Gatrell has produced a masterpiece.”

Not surprisingly City of Laughter was included in some of the lists of “favourite books of the year”. In The Oldie, Piers Brendon ended his tribute and justified his choice with the words “Not since E.P.Thompson has a historian written with such passion, originality and wit”.

Such warm and widespread recognition is all the more welcome because Professor Gatrell is a very unusual historian. He is one of those rare scholars who does not march to the insistent drumbeat of Research Assessment Exercises with their expectations of a steady flow of regular (and, alas, all too often mundane and pedestrian) publications. He rightly marches to the rhythm of his own research obsessions and he stubbornly insists on taking his time. Twelve years ago (after what some have called an elephantine gestation period) he produced his first outstanding major book – The Hanging Tree: Execution and the English People, 1770-1868 – which was widely hailed as “a magisterial, even majestic study. Jeremy Krikler called it “a work – vast, multi-faceted, beautiful, moving – which bespoke craftsmanship and commitment of the highest order. It was the kind of work that even somebody as gifted as Vic Gatrell could not have written in less than ten years.”

Now with City of Laughter he has repeated his triumph. Once again he has taken his time. Once again he has produced a work of stunning originality. Once again he has made use of virtually unused sources (in The Hanging Tree, mercy petitions; in City of Laughter, forgotten satirical prints). Once again he has given birth to a massive and important book.

He has trawled through the 20,000
The English National Character


“One Englishman, a fool; two Englishmen, a football match; three Englishmen, the British Empire.” (p. 174)

It is rare for a student to be invited to review a supervisor’s book, a chance for revenge! I had the pleasure of being supervised by Peter Mandler in my first and last terms at Caius as well as some in between. Therefore, it was with great relish that I accepted the offer of a sneak preview of his new book, especially one so topical.

Press and politicians are currently much given to wringing their hands over the loss of British (particularly English) national identity. I suspect they will not find much solace in this book! Peter Mandler questions the very existence of a national character as well as its perceived loss. He concludes that attempting to pin the English down into a single characterisation was inadequate even two centuries ago, though that did not stop people trying.

The great strength of the book is the vast range of material that it draws upon. It leaves me spoiled for choice in trying to pull out my favourite examples. Throughout the book, we watch the perception of national character change through its most vivid representatives: cartoon caricatures.

In the 19th century John Bull patriotically repels Napoleon and then finds himself weighed down under the burden of the fiscal military state. Empire, industry and religion all combined with potent force to make the English proud to be “the nation of shopkeepers”. When we find that John Bull has been replaced, as not representative of the new century, one cannot help but feel a pang of loss.

Between the wars, the Little Man (supposed archetype of the middle classes) replaced John Bull as the chosen representative of the English. This stood in contrast to many foreign commentators who continued to define the typical English person as the upper class gentleman. The Englishman (and it was most definitely MAN) fought for his home, family and garden (possibly not in that order).

The personification of the desire for a national character came in Winston Churchill. Perhaps ironically, however, in his rhetorical speeches during the Second World War, it was Churchill who enmeshed the ideas of Englishness and Britishness, and used them interchangeably. With the benefit of historical perspective, we can now see that this marked the beginning of the decline in the notion of an English, as opposed to a British, national identity.

The great weakness of the various manifestations of national character was that so many people were not represented by the stereotype. The most obvious exclusion of all was women: where were Jane Bull and the Little Woman while all this masculine huffing and puffing was going on?

The whys and wherefores of this and other exclusions could easily fill another book, and raise pertinent questions about the utility of national identity.

Those seeking to identify a point in time when there was a homogeneous national character will be disappointed. The great pleasure of this book, as well as its salutary lesson, is catching a momentary glimpse of oneself in the various characterisations of the English, but then on closer inspection being unable to identify fully with any of them. Perhaps in that lies a lesson for those currently weeping at the graveside of our so-called national identity: if you finally nail down the fleeting glimpses, what lies in front of you will be not only unrepresentative but unrecognisable.

Even without being a former pupil of Peter Mandler’s I wouldn’t hesitate to recommend this book as a fascinating and entertaining read. I just hope he finds this review likewise!

Peter Mandler (2001)
In September 2006, the Master, Sir Christopher Hum, the Director of Development, Dr Anne Lyon and Deputy Director, Mick Le Moignan, spent a week in the United States, hoping to meet as many Caians as possible. Their visit was planned to coincide with the Caius Choir’s West Coast Tour, so they were accompanied in San Francisco by two dozen wandering minstrels of rare talent.

Simon Bax (1977) had arranged an invitation for the Choir to sing at the Pixar Animation Studios, where such epic computer-generated feature films as Toy Story, A Bug’s Life, Monsters Inc., Finding Nemo, The Incredibles and Cars were made. Members of the Choir were fascinated to observe parts of the production process for the latest Pixar epic, Ratatouille, the story of a rat who wants to be a chef in Paris. In return, they assembled high on a balcony overlooking Pixar’s vast atrium and “sang for their supper”, under the leadership of Dr Geoffrey Webber (1989).

The complex is so vast that communal scooters are provided for people to move around. The atmosphere is not unlike that of a huge school playground. As the Choir began to sing, at first in medieval Latin, many of the computer geniuses who make Pixar films were fetching their lunches from the cafeteria. They looked puzzled, even stunned; live music may have been a new concept for some of them. As music filled the atrium, hamburgers stopped on their way to open mouths, sushi boxes were ignored and even the coffee started to go cold.

And then they started to smile and nudge each other. Artists supreme in their own high-tech field recognised kindred spirits from another world and stopped in their tracks to listen. More and more joined in. Hurrying workers decided their urgent appointment could wait and sat cross-legged on the floor. Within a few minutes, there were nearly three hundred people enjoying a wonderfully varied selection of music culminating in a complex version of Strawberry Fair, followed by a storm of genuinely appreciative applause. The newest art-form had bumped into one of the oldest – and the exponents found they liked each other’s work.

Later that day, the Choir sang again in very different surroundings, this time for a group of Caians resident in California, who
Always a Caians

...Always a Caian 27

met at the elegant residence of the British Consul-General. Once again, the Choir charmed and delighted the audience and, as soon as they had finished the final encore, joined the party. Several guests remarked what terrific ambassadors our choristers are for the College, mixing with the company like the seasoned professionals they are. Rumour has it that a great deal of fun is had on these choir tours, and on this evidence it is thoroughly deserved.

A few days later, an equally convivial Caius gathering took place in New York, at the beautiful Fifth Avenue apartment of Professor Peter Walker (1960). Peter and Wuliang Walker’s hospitality is rapidly becoming legendary and on this occasion there was an added buzz because for most of the guests, it was their first opportunity to meet the College’s new Master, Sir Christopher Hum (2005). The Master spoke of his vision for a Caius that would actively seek out the most lively young minds, whatever their background or financial situation, in order to build the strongest possible intellectual community. Naturally, Caius would continue to extend the warmest of welcomes to its members from all around the world, appreciating the vital importance of their support for the College’s work.

Anne Lyon thanked the Walkers for their hospitality and for helping to keep so many Caians in touch with each other and the College. Bill Packer (1949) spoke of the astonishing record of the Caius Boat Club in recent years and said their successes deserved better facilities. John Lehman (1965) President of the Caius Foundation, said he hoped Caians in the USA would take advantage of their tax concessions for charitable donations and “give till it hurts” to help maintain the College’s standards of excellence.

Before flying back to the UK, the Cambridge contingent met several other Caians based near New York, including mathematical wizard, Professor John Conway (1956) who was caught schmoozing with a Princeton Tiger! The final event of a whirlwind week was a delightful dinner in Philadelphia, generously hosted by James Hill. The next US visit is likely to take place in October 2007 and the Development Office would be pleased to hear from any Caians who would like to be involved.
For Don Drury (1946) the Choir’s visit to San Francisco in September 2006 came almost sixty years after he joined C.U.M.S., singing under Boris Ord and David Willcocks, soon after the Second World War. After the recital, he was delighted to meet two current Caius Choir members, James Halliday (2003) and Laurence Panter (2005) and fell into a deep discussion with them:

“We discovered a mutual passion for Italian madrigals: the generation gap vanished as we talked about our favourite pieces by Monteverdi and Gesualdo. It was good to know they love the music I still sing with my friends in each others’ homes, as well as the great pieces they performed for us.”

Don, whose father and grandfather were legendary practitioners and teachers in stained glass, spent several years working in the family business before he moved to San Francisco to do more experimental work. In 1966 he won a major commission to design and build the stained glass windows for the new church of St Bartholomew in San Mateo. Working closely with the architect, Don created an extraordinary monument, a sublime work of art that is admired by all who see it.

Along both sides of the nave are wide, sweeping walls of colour, cut from heavy, one-inch thick glass, representing the four elements, earth, air, fire and water. Dominating the entrance, a forty-foot tall window celebrates the gifts of the Holy Spirit in the form of seven doves. At the back of the nave are two more spectacular windows, one honouring Mary as Queen of Heaven, and the other showing God the Father as He revealed Himself to Moses on Mount Sinai, as a Burning Bush, an extraordinary sight as the sunlight flames and flickers through it. On either side of the altar, four huge, soaring panels depict the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

Amazingly, after he had created his masterpiece, a slowing economy and changing social priorities meant that Don completed no further major stained glass installations, settling instead for his books, his music and a happy domestic life with his wife Dorothy. In 1972 he obtained a Master’s degree in librarianship from UC Berkeley, and until his retirement he was Director of Libraries at Menlo College. The accolade he most appreciated came from his own father, who had worked all his life in stained glass. Visiting California in 1975, the old master craftsman took a long look at the windows Don made for St Bartholomew’s and simply pronounced: “Donald, if you’d done this back in England, you’d be famous!”

Opposite: in St Bartholomew’s, a statue of Joseph, the earthly father of Jesus, stands in front of Don Drury’s brilliant depiction of God appearing to Moses as a Burning Bush.

Far right, from top: a detail from the forty-foot tall window at St Bartholomew’s showing the doves of the Holy Spirit; a window in Don Drury’s Creation series at St Mark’s, Berkeley, depicting God creating Heaven on the Second Day, as described in Genesis; and the window representing the Sixth Day of Creation, with Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, watched from below by the Serpent.

“A man that looks on glass, On it may stay his eye; Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass, And then the heav’n espy.”

– from The Elixir by George Herbert (1593-1633)
The Master and Fellows express their warmest thanks to all Caians, Parents and Friends of the College who have generously made donations since 1 January 2003. Your gifts are greatly appreciated as they help to maintain the College's excellence for future generations.
Ian Smith (1956)
I was walking back to Caius having spent an unsuccessful evening at Dorothy’s trying to find a girl. In 1956 the ratio of men to women was eleven to one, so scores of undergraduates sought female company at Dorothy’s.

On the way, I fell in with another Caius man walking back to college. (We were recognisable by our distinctive Caius gowns.) As we discussed our failure “to pull”, my new acquaintance used a Spanish phrase. “Are you reading Spanish?” I asked. “No,” he replied. The dialogue continued roughly as follows:

“But you speak it?”
“Yes.”
“How come?”
“I was born in Mexico.”
“So was I. Where exactly were you born?”
“Oh, a tinpot village no-one’s ever heard of.”
“What was it called?”
“Minatitlan”
“That’s where I was born. What’s your name?”
“Paul Mackie”

The name Mackie was familiar to me. Paul’s father, Bill, had been a good friend of my father. Both were working in the oil business in Minatitlan when the Mexican government kicked all foreigners out of Mexico in 1938.

Bill went with his family to Venezuela, and my father brought his family home to England. I was three.

Some eighteen years later, Paul and I fetched up at the same college at the same university. This fact is remarkable enough. But what is also remarkable is that the fact came to light. We could so easily have spent our three years at Caius without discovering the coincidence. A chance remark in Spanish led to the revelation.

Postscript...
Several years later my older brother, Tony (also born in Minatitlan) was working for Shell in Venezuela. He was playing in a company golf tournament and was paired with another golfer. This man remarked when they were introduced that he had only ever known one other Smith in his life, an Ian Smith he met at Caius.

“That’s my brother,” said Tony.
You will have guessed the identity of the other player – it was Paul Mackie, of course.

Post Postscript...
Even more years later, Paul Mackie eventually retired to Storrington, a pleasant village in West Sussex. He didn’t know that also living in Storrington was an old lady called Stella Smith who had given birth to Tony and Ian Smith in Minatitlan all those years before.

Thin threads...

Stanley Rowan (1956)
I had rooms in College over the shops in Trinity Street and one night we decided to test the effectiveness of the fire safety equipment. This was a halter which was meant to give a controlled descent. Unfortunately, it did not stop the body swinging around so we broke the windows of the doctors’ surgery below us. When four of us went to apologise, the other patients in the waiting room could not imagine what medical problem four young men had which necessitated them all seeing the doctor at the same time!
Rupert Horner (1981)

One of my most memorable events at Caius was when, through no fault of my own, I became the manager of the (sadly now defunct) student bar in St. Mike’s. My downstairs neighbour, the previous manager, did a midnight flit. He left a cardboard box outside my room with lots of files and paperwork and a note on top reading “Rupert, you do Economics so you must be good at numbers and stuff. Please will you manage the student bar?”

I was rather taken aback by this, but I didn’t have much else on at the time so I thought I’d give it a go. Soon after I started, I decided the best thing to do to make myself popular was to slash the prices. This was great – the bar was very busy and everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves.

The members of the College Council, on the other hand, were less impressed. They saw the student bar was sadly making a loss, so they summoned me to a meeting and asked: “Rupert, why is the student bar making a loss?” Of course, being rather embarrassed that I had slashed prices merely to win approval from my peers, I gave the perfect economist’s reply: “Because our expenditure has exceeded our income”. When they pressed for further information, I said “Well, we’re selling the beer for less than we’re paying for it”.

They didn’t take too kindly to this. My term as manager came to an abrupt end and my replacement put the prices up, but he couldn’t do it too quickly, for fear of lynching, so we enjoyed subsidised beer for quite some time!

David Betts (1953)

George Aspden (1946) reminds me of my interview for a place at Caius in 1952. Because I had been in hospital, Stanley Dennison wrote that he would “ask me for interview and consider other evidence.”

After polite preliminaries, Stanley suddenly said “Well, you are a good geographer but I see that you are interested in music.”

He then sat down at his piano and played several Scarlatti sonatas. We talked music for the rest of the time and a few days later I was offered a place to read Geography.

Stanley Dennison always overestimated my musical abilities but he mostly talked music whenever I saw him. I don’t think I could have had a better College Tutor.

Des Baxter (1952) sent these photographs of Rag Week activities in the ‘fifties.
The enthusiasm with which Caiian readers greeted the first offering of the Caius Wine Club will have surprised no-one who knows Caians.

Regrettably, the College wine cellar, impressive though it is, does not hold sufficient wine for us to open it to the Caiian diaspora, other than on great occasions of state such as the Benefactors’ Feast. We plan, however, to work with Cambridge Wine Merchants Ltd. (close neighbours of ours at 2, King’s Parade) to offer a wide range of excellent wines at advantageous prices, from the “quaffing wines” that we recommend our tutors to buy when entertaining thirsty students, to the “feast wines” we reserve for special celebrations.

All wines should be ordered direct (in dozens, which may be mixed) from Cambridge Wine Merchants, preferably on the enclosed order form, and they will account to the College for 5% of the total volume of sales. Cambridge residents who can call in at the King’s Parade shop in person will avoid the delivery charge of £8 per dozen, as will anyone whose order exceeds £250. Sadly, the bureaucracy involved in sending wine overseas prevents us from extending this offer to Caians outside the UK.

An Excellent Non-Vintage Champagne

**Veuve Clicquot** £23.00

Veuve Clicquot is named after one of the most famous women in French history. She was married in 1798 (prophetically the wedding took place in a Champagne cellar because churches were not yet re-consecrated following the French Revolution) and became the first of the great Champagne widows when her husband died in 1805. She steered her house through the turbulent years of the First and Second Empire, defying Napoleon’s blockades, and successfully exported her wonderful wine to virtually every royal court in Europe. “La Grande Dame” is credited with inventing the riddling process known as remuage and devising the famous yellow label still used for the non-vintage Veuve Clicquot that we are offering.

Veuve Clicquot is always highly ranked among the best producers of non-vintage brut and Caians who buy this wine will well understand why. It is exceptionally good value. It is only a quarter of the price of the luxury prestige vintage cuvées, yet, as Robert Parker has said, the non-vintage wines are often surprisingly close behind their upmarket cousins.

Caian lovers of James Bond might like to recall that 007 drank Veuve Clicquot with Vesper Lynd in Casino Royale, with Tiffany Case in Diamonds are Forever and with Beluga caviar in Thunderball!

The Cheap and Cheerful

**Sacred Hill Semillon-Chardonnay 2005, de Bortoli** £4.25

The tasting panel drank this against some much more expensive white wines and unanimously preferred this vibrant Australian Semillon-Chardonnay. It combines a rich honeyed initial impact with a crisp ripe citrus undertow. Little wonder that it has been described as “a real star quality Australian” and won the Gold Medal IWC in 2006 and the “Best Value White Wine Award”. A real bargain at £4.25.

**Sacred Hill Petite Sirah 2003/2004 de Bortoli** £4.75

The Petite Sirah grape (also known as Durif after Dr Durif who discovered it in France in the 1880s) is much valued for its deep colour. It produces a prodigiously inky, alcoholic wine. De Bortoli’s Sacred Hill Petite Sirah 2003 is a typically well-coloured wine packed with deep berry fruit flavours along with lots of liquorice and clove.

**Stormhoek Pinotage 2005** £4.50

It is not difficult to see why the Stormhoek Pinotage won the Best Pinotage Trophy IWSC in 2006. Stormhoek is situated in a magical valley in South Africa, full of hidden old vine treasures. The Pinotage is a blend of fruit from different vineyards and regions. The result is a bright, ruby red wine that has been summed up as “Sweet and spicy fruit on the nose. Almonds, tannins and sweetness on the palate”.

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Tasting Notes by Neil McKendrick (1958)
Master (1996-2005), Chairman of the College Wine Committee

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**Pedro Ximénez López Hermánoz**

**Mas de Boislauzon – Cuvée du Quet 2003**

**Châteauneuf du Pape – College Single Malt Whisky**

**An Cnoc – the Caius Single Islay Malt 1998**

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"Once a Caian..."
A Classic Chianti – Back by Popular Demand

Montegiacchi Chianti Classico Riserva 2001 £11.00

Tucked away in the remote hills around Gaiole, this wine can count among its neighbours many of the grandest, and dearest, wine estates in Tuscany. It is a serious and seriously old-fashioned dinner wine. The smell is like an old leather suitcase, the palate all sour cherry and tomato on the vine. Tannic, dusty, astngrently juicy, but complex and subtle, it is an outstanding wine. Like a venerable vintage claret, made with the dining table in mind, it will continue to mature for a few more years.

Two Dessert Wines

Perrin’s Muscat de Beaumes de Venise £11.00

Beaumes de Venise became hugely popular in the 1970s – nowhere more so than at Caius, where it was the favourite wine of the then Master, Sir William Wade, and the ubiquitous undergraduate party tipple provided by the waiter, then Director of Studies in History. Alas, it suffered from overexposure and went out of fashion. Fortunately, however, old fashions return and, powered by nostalgia, this flamboyantly rich wine is now enjoying a well-deserved renaissance.

One can be absolutely certain of a quality Beaumes de Venise when it is produced by the world-famous Perrin family estate, which has been farmed under strict organic principles since 1967 and which produces the wonderful Château de Beauregard, the flagship Châteauneuf. This Beaumes de Venise drinks like liquid honey, its flavours are of peaches and apricots. From its flamboyant aroma to its soft honeyed finish it is a wine for hedonists. In France this golden nectar is traditionally drunk as a pre-prandial aperitif, in England it is traditionally drunk as a post-prandial dessert wine. I suggest you follow Robin Yapp’s excellent advice and drink it “anytime, any place, anywhere”. Remember it is a fortified wine, so it lasts longer when opened than most wines – that is if you can resist the temptation to drink it at once!

Pedro Ximénez López Hermánoz (50cl.) £9.50

Another Caian favourite. On the Fellows’ Wine List it has long been thought of as the perfect accompaniment for a Christmas Pudding. It has exactly the right rich, festive character for such a role. When the Fellows’ Wine Committee searched for a wine to complement a rich chocolate confection at the first Commemoration of Benefactors Feast, they chose the Pedro Ximénez as the perfect match, against a formidable list of famous wines and vintages. Caians who try this will not be disappointed.

Two Upmarket Reds

Châteauneuf du Pape – Mas de Boislaizacion – Cuvée du Quét 2003/2004 £30.00

Châteauneuf du Pape is one of the best-known wines in the world and deservedly so. In Caius we drink it not only because it is a wonderfully rich and satisfying wine, but also because (given the close connection between our founder Edmund Gonville and the Avignon Papacy in the early fourteenth century) we regard the Châteauneuf as the College House Red.

Mas de Boislaizacion produces consistently excellent wine – its 2004 was ranked equal first in Decanter out of 154 Châteauneuf wines, with five stars to mark its outstanding quality – and the 2003 is usually placed ahead of the 2004 vintage. Caians should not miss the chance to taste the 2003. It is a delicious, rich, multi-layered wine. It is already drinking beautifully but I think that it will be better still in a couple of years. Stocks are small and each order must be limited to three bottles. Order early or be disappointed.

Bosan Amarone 1998/2000 £30.00

The Amarone is the most famous of Italy’s dry dried grape wines. It attracted notoriety when Hannibal Lecter announced in The Silence of the Lambs that it was his tipple of choice. In fact, the original book by Thomas Harris mentioned “a big Amarone”. The film version featured a more downmarket “nice Chianti”. No Caian would wish to share Lecter’s singular high protein meat diet but many might envy his knowledge and love of fine wine – few will be able to forget how Agent Clarice Starling tracked him down and used his love of Chateau d’Yquem (dripped from her breast into his waiting mouth) to seduce and entrap him.

The Amarone (like the Yquem) deserves its fame for purely vinous reasons. It is a huge powerful wine (alcoholic content 15-16%). Those of you who enjoyed Cesari’s Ripasso Bosan 2003 (which we offed last year) will be bowled over by its big brother. Gerardo Cesari, who produced this wine, was deservedly selected as Italian Wine Producer of the Year in both 2004 and 2006 by the prestigious IWSC. Caians who try the velvety, cherry-laden 1998 – a combination of richness, power and elegance – will fully understand its huge reputation. It is a show-stopping wine which will keep for many years before opening and even for ten days after opening.

As we go to press, there is an ugly rumour that the 1998 vintage is about to be replaced by the 2000, just as the 2003 Ripasso was replaced by the 2004 in the autumn. Cesari wines disappear more swiftly than students at the end of term, so this may be the case. If so, I shall take on the onerous task of tasting the first available bottle of the 2000. As a general rule, if a later vintage has to be offered, Cambridge Wine Merchants will advise you before dispatching your order and will, on request, provide my tasting notes.

Two Single Malt Whiskys

Sound of Islay, Single Islay Malt 1998 £18.00

This is back by popular demand, a young, slightly raw, peaty, single malt, with tones of smoke and brine plus a welcome apple fruitiness.

An Cnoc – the Caius College Single Malt Whisky £18.99

This is the malt whisky served in the College bar. It is a rare treat, creamy and fruity, pale gold with light, pretty flavours, elegant, fine, from a distillery built in 1893 on a spring famous for its delicious pure water. The price for Caians is £5 lower than its shop price.
EVENTS & REUNIONS FOR 2007

Parents' Hall ............................................ Thursday 15 March
Parents' Hall ............................................ Friday 16 March
Lent Full Term ends ........................................ Friday 16 March
Telephone Campaign begins ......................... Saturday 17 March
MAs’ Dinner .............................................. Friday 23 March
Caius Club Centenary Dinner ......................... Friday 30 March
Eustace Dinner .......................................... Saturday 31 March
Annual Gathering (1973 & 1974) ...................... Friday 13 April
Official Opening of the Stephen Hawking
University, HRH Prince Philip ..................... Tuesday 17 April

Easter Full Term begins .................................. Tuesday 24 April
The Neil McKendrick History
Lectureship Celebration Supper ...................... Wednesday 9 May
Easter Full Term ends ................................... Friday 15 June
May Week Party for Benefactors .................... Saturday 16 June
Caius Club Bumps Event ............................... Saturday 16 June
Caius Medical Association Meeting & Dinner .......... Saturday 23 June
Graduation Tea .............................................. Thursday 28 June
Annual Gathering (up to & including 1955) ....... Tuesday 3 July
Admissions Open Days ................................... Thursday 5 & Friday 6 July
Annual Gathering (1994 & 1995) ..................... Saturday 15 September
    (NB: new date)
Development Campaign Board Meeting ............ Wednesday 26 September

Michaelmas Full term begins ....................... Tuesday 2 October
New York Reception .................................... Monday 22 October
Commemoration of Benefactors Service ............ Sunday 18 November
Commemoration Feast .................................. Sunday 18 November
Michaelmas Full Term ends ........................... Friday 31 November

...always a Caian

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