Once a Caian...

The Royal Opening of the Stephen Hawking Building
The Zebras of Trinity Street
The Milton Grundy Gift
Six in a Row for Caius Boat Club
George’s Secret Key to the Universe
From the Director of Development

The main aim of *Once a Caian...*, when we introduced this magazine three years ago, was to increase and enhance links between Caians of all generations living and working all around the world. We are all part of the same community and share the privilege of belonging to this remarkable institution, a living continuum of scholarship and fellowship stretching back to the Middle Ages.

All of us have benefited from our association with the College and as a result many have been fortunate to find themselves in a position to make a generous contribution to the wellbeing of future generations of Caians. In this, the sixth issue of *Once a Caian...* brought to you under the inspired editorship of Mick Le Moignan (2004), the mutual benefit to Caians and their College is celebrated.

The Stephen Hawking Building, our award-winning new student accommodation in West Road, is only there because of the generosity of two thousand Caians and friends of the College. Many of these benefactors took great pride and pleasure in coming back to Cambridge to admire the results, both on the occasion of the Royal Opening by the Chancellor, HRH Prince Philip, and at our May Week Party for benefactors.

In this issue we celebrate links between the College and the Caian community in many different ways, by commemorating our Catholic martyrs, through hearing about the relationship of the Cobbold family to the College and by enjoying another student escapade – the ‘Zebra Crossing’ prank. We congratulate both the Caius Boat Club on its sixth Mays Headship in a row and Andy Baddeley (2000), a world-class Caian athlete, who hopes for success in the Beijing Olympics. We also thank Milton Grundy (1944) for giving us an incomparable collection of modern paintings to hang in the Stephen Hawking Building and other parts of the College.

We acknowledge, as illustrated in the article which introduces some new privileges for our benefactors, the great debt the College owes to Caians in all walks of life who are doing everything they can to support all aspects of a Caius education. Looking forward, Professor Paul Binski (1975) explains how essential that support is going to be to maintain the fabric of our historic buildings. Caians are increasingly aware of the vital role they play in ensuring that Caius is able to meet the many challenges of the future and for this the College is enormously grateful.

Dr Anne Lyon (2001)
Fellow

“A gift to Gonville & Caius College counts towards the Cambridge 800th Anniversary Campaign”
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At the 2007 May Week Party, Ralph Owen (1999) of the Development Office does his best to keep the champagne dry!

Cover Photographs by Dan White and Nigel LuxMurst
His Royal Highness Prince Philip came to Cambridge on Tuesday 17 April 2007, to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of his becoming Chancellor of the University and to perform the official opening ceremony of the Stephen Hawking Building in the company of many Caius Fellows and Benefactors.

Earlier, a hundred or so Caians and friends of the College, whose exceptional generosity made this building possible, enjoyed champagne in the Master’s Lodge before a delicious lunch in Hall, where Fellows, Benefactors and those involved in the construction process were able to discuss the finer points of the new building.

Everyone made their way over to West Road to see for themselves the distinctive serpentine shape of the building, the inspiration for which was the welfare of the magnificent Wellingtonia (Sequoia), Scots Pine and Copper Beech in the gardens. All were assembled in the Cavonius Centre by the time Prince Philip arrived and went on a tour of the building. He was shown around by the Master, Sir Christopher Hum (2005), the President, Professor Wei-Yao Liang (1963) and the Director of Development, Dr Anne Lyon (2001), before meeting some students and Fellows as well as some of the key Benefactors.

In the Cavonius Centre, the Master paid tribute to his predecessor as Master, Neil McKendrick (1958), and to around 2,000 Caian benefactors who gave more than £10million to fund this splendid new student accommodation. Without their generous support, he said, the building would not be here today. Professor Stephen Hawking (1965) was unable to attend the event in person: the Master said it was “characteristic of his indomitable spirit of adventure that he is in Texas, preparing for a flight into near-space, which will allow him to experience weightlessness!”

In a pre-recorded presentation on the big screen, Professor Hawking explained that he had lived at the old Victorian villa on the site for fifteen years; he had brought up his children and written his popular book A Brief History of Time there and at first he was sad to see it go. However, now that he had seen some of the 75 student rooms, eight Fellow’s sets, three supervision rooms and the Cavonius Centre, he said “I’m very honoured that this beautiful building will bear my name... It is, in my opinion, the best recent building in Cambridge and I’m proud to be associated with it.”

Prince Philip delighted the audience by announcing: “You’re about to see the world’s most experienced plaque-unveiler at work!” and immediately demonstrated his prowess by revealing the plaque commemorating the occasion. He stayed in the Cavonius Centre for some time to speak with Benefactors and Fellows and congratulated everyone involved on a magnificent achievement.
Fellows and Benefactors enjoy a celebratory lunch together in Caius Hall.
Once a Caian...

Jonathan Horsfall Turner (1964), Bill Packer (1949), David Malcolm (1950), Dr Philip Marriott (1965) and James Arnold (1993) are presented to the Chancellor by Dr Anne Lyon (2001).

John Haines (1949), Annie Haines, David Heap (1954) and Margot Heap meet the Chancellor.

Lady Hum, the former Master, Neil McKendrick (1958), the Pro-Vice Chancellor (Education), Professor Melveena McKendrick, the Catering Manager, Ed Davey (obscured) and Rita Cavonius (2004) share a joke with the Chancellor.

The President and the Master with the Chancellor on the balcony of the Fellow’s set occupied by Professor Simon Maddrell (1964).

Jonathan Horsfall Turner (1964), Bill Packer (1949), David Malcolm (1950), Dr Philip Marriott (1965) and James Arnold (1993) are presented to the Chancellor by Dr Anne Lyon (2001).
The Master presents Dr Jimmy Altham (1965), Professor Sir Alan Fersht (1962) and Professor John Mollon (1996) to the Chancellor.


Dr Dino Giussani (1996), Mick Le Moignan (2004), Derek Ingram (1974) and Professor James Fitzsimons (1946) with the Chancellor.

The Chancellor chats with first-year students, Emma Brady, Sam Bishop and Dervla Lynchehaun (all 2006), the President, Professor Wei-Yao Liang (1963), the Director of Development, Dr Anne Lyon (2001), the Project Manager, Nick Pettit and the Vice-Chancellor, Professor Alison Richard.
A special dinner was held in Caius Hall on Tuesday 6 February 2007 to celebrate the latest success of the College’s much loved and most celebrated living Fellow, Professor Stephen Hawking (1965) – not his extraordinary journey into near-space, but the award of the Copley Medal for 2006.

The Copley Medal is the oldest and most prestigious award of the Royal Society. First given in 1731, it is presented annually for outstanding achievements in research in any branch of science. Professor Hawking is the ninth in a list of distinguished Caian scientists to receive the award, which marked his outstanding contribution to theoretical physics and cosmology.

Members of Stephen’s family including his mother, Isobel, and three children, Robert, Lucy and Tim accompanied him to the dinner. The guest of honour was Professor Lord (Martin) Rees, President of the Royal Society, Astronomer Royal, Master of Trinity College and an old friend, who gave a very moving address, which follows in a somewhat abbreviated form:

In my first week as a graduate student at Cambridge University, I met a fellow student, two years ahead of me in his studies; he was unsteady on his feet and spoke with great difficulty.

This was Stephen Hawking. I learnt that he had a degenerative disease, and might not live long enough to finish his PhD. But this year, he celebrated his 65th birthday. Mere survival would have been a medical marvel, but of course he hasn’t merely survived. He has become arguably the most famous scientist in the world, acclaimed for his brilliant research, for his best-selling books, and, above all, for his astonishing triumph over adversity.

Astronomers are used to large numbers. But few numbers could be as large as the odds I’d have given, back in 1964, when Stephen received his ‘death sentence’, against this astonishing crescendo of achievement, sustained for more than 40 years.

At Oxford, he was, by all accounts, a ‘laid back’ undergraduate, but his brilliance earned him a first class degree and an entry ticket to a research career in Cambridge. Within a few years of the onset of his disease he was wheelchair-bound, and his speech was an indistinct croak that could only be interpreted by those who knew him. But in other respects, fortune favoured him. In July 1965, he married Jane Wilde, who provided a supportive home life and with whom he had three children. His scientific work went from strength to strength: he quickly came up with a succession of insights into the nature of black holes (then a very new idea) and how our universe began.

In 1974 he was elected to the Royal Society, Britain’s main scientific academy, at the exceptionally early age of 32. He was by then so frail that most of us suspected he could scale no further heights. But for Stephen, this was just the beginning.

He worked in the same building as I did. I would often push his wheelchair into his office, and he would ask me to open an abstruse book on quantum theory, the science of atoms, not a subject that had hitherto much interested him. He would sit hunched...
motionless for hours. He couldn’t even turn the pages without help. I wondered what was going through his mind, and if his powers were failing. But within a year he came up with his best-ever idea, encapsulated in an equation that he says he wants on his gravestone.

The great advances in science generally involve discovering a link between two things hitherto unconnected. For instance, Isaac Newton famously realised that the force making an apple fall was the same as the force that held the moon and planets in their orbits. Stephen’s ‘eureka moment’ was discovering a profound and unexpected link between gravity and quantum theory. By the end of the 1970s, he had advanced to one of the most distinguished posts in Cambridge, the Lucasian Professorship of Mathematics, once held by Newton himself.

He continued to seek new links between the very large (the cosmos) and the very small (atoms and quantum theory). He developed an amazing ability to work things out in his head. Sometimes he would work with a colleague who would write a formula on a blackboard; he would stare at it, and say what should come next.

In 1987, Stephen contracted pneumonia. He had to undergo a tracheotomy, which removed even the limited powers of speech he then possessed. It had been more than 10 years since he could write, or even use a keyboard. Without speech, the only way he could communicate was by directing his eye towards one of the letters of the alphabet on a big board in front of him.

But technology saved him. He still had some use in his fingers, and a computer, controlled by a single lever, allowed him to scan a dictionary of words and spell out sentences. These were then declaimed by a speech synthesiser, with the androidal American accent that has become his trademark.

More recently, he has lost the capacity even to press a lever, and instead actuates his computer by twitching a face muscle.

When he recovered from pneumonia, he resumed work on a book for general readership. He hoped to earn enough to pay college fees for his two eldest children, Robert and Lucy. When the US edition of A Brief History of Time appeared, the printers made some errors (a picture was upside down), and the publishers tried to recall the stock.

To their amazement, all copies had already been sold. This was the first inkling that the book was destined for runaway success. Ever since that book appeared, Stephen has been an international celebrity, featuring in numerous TV programmes, and giving lectures that could fill the Albert Hall in London, the great Hall of the People in Beijing and similar venues in the US and Japan. He has lectured at Clinton’s White House; he featured in Star Trek and The Simpsons; he has been the subject of books and plays.

His lectures, whether technical or ‘popular,’ have to be carefully pre-prepared. But conversation is slow, because constructing even a single sentence takes several minutes, plainly intensely frustrating, especially for someone with such a quick mind. He has to economise with words. His comments seem aphoristic or oracular, but are often infused with wit.

Why has Stephen become such a ‘cult figure’?

The concept of an imprisoned mind roaming the cosmos has grabbed people’s imagination. If he had achieved equal distinction in (say) genetics rather than cosmology, his triumph of intellect against adversity probably wouldn’t have achieved the same resonance with a worldwide public.

Stephen himself reminds us that he isn’t another Einstein, but nonetheless he has done at least as much as anyone else since Einstein to improve our knowledge of gravity, space and time: he ranks as one of the top ten living theoretical physicists.

His later ideas appear, beautifully illustrated, in his book Our Universe in a Nutshell. This wasn’t bought by quite as many people as his first book. But it was more clearly written, and probably more people got to the end of it.

Now, halfway through his seventh decade, his schedule is as hectic as ever, and he has received the Royal Society’s top award, the Copley Medal. Stephen was diagnosed with a deadly disease when he was only 21. His expectations dropped to zero; everything that has happened since then seems to him a bonus. And what a triumph his life has been so far. His name will live in the annals of science; millions have had their cosmic horizons widened by his best-selling books; and his unique achievement against all the odds is an inspiration to even more.

”Lord Rees sat down to tumultuous applause from a Hall packed with undergraduates (dinner tickets traded at a premium)! Then, to the delight of students and Fellows alike, Stephen Hawking gave an eloquent reply to the handsome tribute from his old friend:"

I came to Cambridge in 1962 to do a PhD in Cosmology, I was attached to Trinity Hall, because it was twinned with University College Oxford, where I did my undergraduate degree. However, Trinity Hall was poor, and didn’t have a research fellowship the year I finished my PhD. In fact, in those days, there weren’t many research fellowships and those few were mostly for internal candidates. Caius stood out by offering open fellowships that seemed well paid at the time, with a salary of £700 a year, or £1,075 if you were married.

I had hoped that my fiancée, Jane, would type my fellowship application to Caius, but when she came to visit me in Cambridge she had her arm in plaster, having broken it. I must admit that I was less sympathetic than I should have been. It was her left arm, however, so she was able to write out the application to my dictation, and I got someone else to type it. To my great surprise, I was elected, and have been a Fellow of Caius for over 40 years.

The fellowship at Caius was a turning point in my life. I had been facing a dark future, with increasing disability from the motor neurone disease that I had recently developed. It meant I could get married, and it enabled me to work on cosmology, at that time a neglected field with almost no one working in it. My colleague, Roger Penrose, and I developed new techniques to study the large scale structure of space-time, and applied them to the big bang and black holes. So successful were we, that we and a few others solved most of the qualitative problems in general relativity.

I was at a bit of a loss after that, so I began to investigate how quantum fields would behave around a black hole. To my great surprise, and that of everyone else, I found that black holes weren’t completely black after all. They emit Hawking Radiation. This indicates that there is a deep connection between gravity and thermodynamics. Following from this, we developed the Euclidean approach to quantum gravity, which we applied to black holes and the early universe. It led to the idea that the universe is completely self contained and without boundary in space or imaginary time. I might not have been able to do any of these things if Caius had not given me a fellowship, so I’m very grateful. Thank you for listening.”
New building has been the College’s recent focus, but Caius has not forgotten about its outstanding legacy of ancient buildings, the Old Courts especially.

It is easy for those who work here all the time to take for granted what we actually possess: standing in Caius Court and looking towards and beyond the Gate of Honour, we can see all the important European architectural styles – the Tudor Renaissance of Dr Caius’ gates, the Romantic Classicism of our Library, not to mention the Roman grandness of the Senate House and the ultimate Gothic splendour of King’s. This superlative vista shows how Cambridge’s buildings all hang together with very little formal planning.

Our built environment is one reason why many of our academics are here at all – even buying a cup of coffee on King’s Parade is a world-class aesthetic experience, if we choose to open our eyes. To appreciate our buildings is also to understand why they must be looked after as a core duty. This is an increasingly uphill struggle, given that Cambridge Colleges are less eligible than many bodies for public financial help. We are increasingly thrown onto our own very hard-pressed resources, and the role of Development is vital. Our new benefactors follow in the footsteps of the many figures in our past who contributed to the picturesque and splendid architectural growth of our academic home.

The historical heart of the College, Gonville and Caius Courts are our special priority, since they house one of Cambridge’s oldest College chapels and are amongst England’s oldest Renaissance buildings, based on the study of Italian architects such as Serlio.

Generally they are in fair repair, but inevitably time is taking its toll. The Gate of Honour has been repaired in recent years and needs a little light cleaning. But our first flagship project is the Gate of Virtue, with its bold (and suggestive) images of Fortuna holding a palm, wreath, money-bag and cornucopia. In Dr Caius’ scheme – unique in 16th-century Europe, though owing much to Humanism and English architectural allegory – the student passed from Humility to Honour via Virtue, which assured fame (the palm and wreath) and prosperity (the horn of plenty and purse). Virtue has not been conserved for many years and is need of a

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Professor Paul Binski (1975) and, through his window on King’s Parade, “the ultimate Gothic splendour of King’s”.

The Gate of Virtue showing Fortuna holding (left) a palm and a wreath and (right) a purse and a horn of plenty.
subtle facelift, since original or early details are disappearing and signs of more general decay setting in slowly and inexorably. The time has come gently to stabilize the carved stonework and preserve it. The academic year 2007-8 marks the 450th anniversary of our second foundation by John Caius (1529) and it would be tremendous if Virtue could be honoured in this way – so to speak.

The point is that all our oldest buildings hold together in a beautiful and picturesque way, for all their different dates and styles. We cannot care for one without thinking about them all, and so attention will soon pass to Gonville Court, where the stonework and window frames are looking tired, and to Alfred Waterhouse's extrovert Tree Court, which, like much Victorian architecture of the bolder sort, is now back in fashion.

Waterhouse, in erecting in effect a huge French château of the sort found on the River Loire, did not stint in providing carvings and statuary, which in time need conservation. His gargoyles (actually useless because they are helped by drainpipes) have for years been crumbling or actually tumbling down with near-lethal consequences. Many other features on the exterior and interior faces are in need of care.

Almost everyone would agree that dingy or unkempt buildings can lower the sprit. But it is important to stress that the type of conservation we envisage is not the sort that would lead to dazzling newness or ‘restoration’. In the 19th century the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings (SPAB), founded by William Morris and Philip Webb in 1877, began a reaction against the insensitivity of some Victorian ‘restoration’ which is still influential. They stressed the need for a more tactful, less interventionist approach. Scrubbing bright our Old Courts is not on our agenda, since their patina is beautiful and practical. Cleaning and conservation can be much more delicate, but also more durable.

The state of our buildings, like our books, reflects what our community itself values. Our objective is to see our Old Courts – and our many other interesting and more recent buildings such as Finella – as a whole, and to treat them together in a harmonious way which will ensure their future for the next few hundred years. This objective will only be gained over several years, and it will require patient preparation and work. It will only be achieved with the help of benefaction. The College is putting in place a regular curatorial regime to make sure that our own interventions will themselves be cared for. So this is the first of a series of progress reports on our work and benefaction opportunities which it is hoped will bring our buildings up to the highest standards of preservation.
Not all members of the College will be aware that Caius was once a famous nest of ‘recusants’ – Roman Catholics who refused to accept the Elizabethan Settlement of 1559 and attend Anglican services. In his Biographical History of the College, John Venn writes: ‘If the reader will glance at the entries during the fifteen years or so, centreing about 1580, he will be struck by the remarkable proportion of the students who were open or concealed Catholics from the first, or who, as converts, joined the Romish church during their stay in college. I must confess that I was startled by the fact that whereas our college does not seem to have furnished a single martyr during the reigns of Henry and Mary, no less than four or five of our students suffered death for their opinions under Elizabeth and James, and at least a dozen underwent imprisonment, or had to take refuge in flight, or to seek concealment for a time...’

It was reading Venn that kindled my own interest in the Caius martyrs and the persistence of clandestine Roman Catholicism in the College under both John Caius and his appointed successor, Dr Legge. I, too, was startled at the quite remarkable proportion of students of the College officially described as ‘popish recusants.’ In the late 1570s these seem to have amounted to about a quarter of the total intake. Given that it was in one’s interest to conceal one’s attachment to the old faith, it is possible that the actual proportion of Catholic sympathisers was even higher.

Both Caius and Legge were suspected of sympathy (at least) with recusancy, and of harbouring papists within the College – hence the notorious occasion on which the Puritan-minded Fellows, encouraged by the Vice-Chancellor, invaded the Master’s Lodge, seized mass books, vestments, precious vessels and other treasures which Caius had preserved, made a bonfire of them and (allegedly) danced around it. Caius resigned the Mastership soon afterwards.

It was a tragic period for the College. You read of Catholics who gathered secretly together to debate anxiously whether it was right for them to ‘dissemble’ their faith – presumably by attending Chapel. You find one of them accused to his Tutor of ‘reading popish prayers’ at the bedside of a dying undergraduate, John Huddleston, and of his having brought ‘wax candles and a red cloth’ into his chamber after he died. Another was denounced because ‘a silver and gilt crucifix’ was seen about his neck as he lay in bed. Yet a reckless forthrightness sometimes overcame the secrecy that necessarily went with persecution. The same student who prayed with Huddleston wrote verses in praise of popery. Another, Anselm St Quintin, ‘did openly call the Dean of St Paul’s an heretic.’ Very many of the ‘popish recusants’ were under the care of an undoubted papist, Dr Swale, Tutor and President of the College. At the time students virtually lived with their Tutor, and so Dr Swale and his flock must have formed something of a self-sufficient community. Other recusants lived with Dr Legge.

Many of our students of the 1580s became Jesuits and Seminary priests, at a time when either to be or to harbour a priest was high treason, for which the penalty was hanging, drawing and quartering. A Caian became head of the Jesuits in England, and another the Rector of the College at Valladolid. Five were certainly executed. One was John Ballard, convicted for his leading role in the Babington plot to assassinate Elizabeth. (It was the discovery of this plot that led directly to the execution of Mary Queen of Scots.) One priest was pardoned on the scaffold (probably for recanting in the face of the horrors of hanging, drawing and quartering.) Another escaped from prison to the English College in Rome. There can be no doubt that the Bull of Pius V excommunicating Elizabeth and absolving her subjects of allegiance to her was fatal to them. Virtually all condemned priests were asked on the scaffold whether they were loyal to the Queen. All insisted that they were. Asked to reconcile that proclaimed loyalty with the Pope’s decree, it was impossible that any could find a convincing answer.

There were four others whose only crime was saying mass and administering the sacraments to their English flock: William Deane, John Hewitt, John Fingley (appointed butler by Dr Legge), and Francis Montfort. Of William Deane, Bishop Challoner writes that he was a man of ‘exceptional gravity and learning’ and that when he came to the place of execution, he began to speak of the cause for which he and his companions were condemned: but his guards stopped his mouth “in such a violent manner, that they were like to have prevented the hangman of his wages.” Deane and Hewitt were beatified in 1929, and Fingley in 1987.

It was indeed a tragic period. It is difficult – perhaps impossible – for us to recapture an atmosphere in which such secrecy, suspicion, dissembling – and heroism, were part of college life. In these ecumenical times it is perhaps still harder to understand why so many Caians went abroad, returned, were banished and returned again to risk a hideous death simply in order to say the mass. Yet it is these ecumenical times that made it possible to hold a Roman Catholic High Mass and commemoration of the martyrs in the Chapel on 7 June 2007. The mass was according to the Tridentine rite – the one which these priests would have celebrated. The Catholic Chaplain to the University celebrated the mass, and preached a memorable sermon on martyrdom as witnessing to ‘a truth so overriding that it demands the stand of last resort’ – a motive as much of Protestant as of Catholic martyrs. The Caian martyrs, however, died for the visible unity of the Church, believing that ‘separation from the Church meant separation from Christ.’

At the end of the mass, the Commemoration was led by the Master and the Dean. Invoking the four Caian martyrs by name, the Dean read from the Book of Wisdom: ‘As gold in a furnace he hath proved them, and as a victim of a holocaust he hath received them, and in time there shall be respect had to them.’

Commemoration of the Caius Martyrs
by Dr John Casey (1964)
“Many of our students of the 1580s became Jesuits and Seminary priests, at a time when either to be or to harbour a priest was high treason, for which the penalty was hanging, drawing and quartering.”
Once a Caian...

by Mick Le Moignan (2004)

The Zebras

Bryan Phillips (1951) was the innocent fresher who observed the event from an upstairs window. (Now embellished with spikes to discourage perching pigeons!)

Left: Godfrey Ash (1950), Peter Mettyear (1951) and Chris Walton (1951) revisit the scene of their misdemeanour, more than half a century after the event.

For Rag Week in 1952, the Zebras re-enacted their stunt and raised money for charity from passing motorists. Participants included (far left) George Preston (1950) and (on the right) Pat Braham (1950) and Godfrey Ash (1950).
Long, long ago, before “pedestrianisation” had unleashed the current plague of killer bicycles on Trinity Street, a group of Caius undergraduates made their own attempt at calming the rampant traffic.

Those were the dark days of food rationing. Nearly seven years after the end of the war, each student still went to the Buttery on alternate Mondays to claim his fortnightly allocation of precious butter, sugar and marmalade. Innocent freshmen tried to write their names in ink on the greasy paper and stored their supplies in the cupboards which then lined the Hall beneath the portraits. After a few butterless breakfasts, they learned to take their rations back to their rooms, like everyone else.

According to Bryan Phillips (1951) “Misappropriation was rife. Missing breakfast was a serious matter, resulting in four hours’ hunger until lunch.” Those who lived in St Michael’s Court were strongly disadvantaged, having to run the gauntlet of ceaseless morning traffic in Trinity Street, carrying their own supplies, to get to Hall in time.

Bryan himself suffered no such inconvenience, living on an upper floor of the Waterhouse building. But at about 3am in the morning of Monday 25 February 1952, while answering a call of nature, he was astonished to see a team of dark-clad figures spanning Trinity Street from the corner from Senate House Passage and laying sentry behind the Senate House to a well-rehearsed plan. One sprinted up the gates. The zebra gang were lucky to escape detection. One of their lookouts in a room on “O” staircase, Gerry Lowth (1950) was just beginning to paint out his supervisions:

There was a sudden rumbling sound and they all took cover, with their paint-pots, behind the bushes outside St Michael’s Church, while an early morning lorry, carrying perhaps a load of cabbages or cauliflowers to Covent Garden Market, thundered down the apparently deserted street. The wheels picked up some of the white paint and stencilled it again and again, some distance down King’s Parade, slop, slop, slop. The lorry made no pause in its progress; apparently, the driver had noticed nothing untoward. The commando team resumed its nefarious activities.

Within a few minutes, the paintwork was complete, albeit far from dry, and the shadowy figures faded into the night as silently as they had come, leaving the bemused onlooker rubbing his eyes in disbelief at the sight of a smart, new zebra crossing, spanning Trinity Street from the Gate of Humility to St Mike’s.

The zebra gang were lucky to escape undetected. One of their lookouts in a room on “O” staircase, Gerry Lowth (1950) was just dismantling his signal lights when he overheard two policemen come round the corner from Senate House Passage and exclaim in amazement at the brightly painted framework of string; Godfrey Ash (1950), the mastermind who put together the vital innovation. The authorities sprang into action again and again, some distance down King’s Parade, slop, slop, slop. The lorry made no pause in its progress: apparently, the driver had noticed nothing untoward. The commando team resumed its nefarious activities. Soon, there was another interruption; again, the lorry trundled on, slop, slop, slop, and more white patches appeared on King’s Parade.

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Within a few minutes, the paintwork was complete, albeit far from dry, and the shadowy figures faded into the night as silently as they had come, leaving the bemused onlooker rubbing his eyes in disbelief at the sight of a smart, new zebra crossing, spanning Trinity Street from the Gate of Humility to St Mike’s.

The zebra gang were lucky to escape undetected. One of their lookouts in a room on “O” staircase, Gerry Lowth (1950) was just dismantling his signal lights when he overheard two policemen come round the corner from Senate House Passage and exclaim in amazement at the brightly painted framework of string; Godfrey Ash (1950), the mastermind who put together the vital innovation. The authorities sprang into action again and again, some distance down King’s Parade, slop, slop, slop. The lorry made no pause in its progress: apparently, the driver had noticed nothing untoward. The commando team resumed its nefarious activities. Soon, there was another interruption; again, the lorry trundled on, slop, slop, slop, and more white patches appeared on King’s Parade.

Several of the zebras returned to the scene of their misdemeanour for the Annual Gathering in July 2007 and, perhaps relying on the statute of limitations, have no objection to their identities now being revealed. Pat Braham (1950) was the mastermind who put together the vital framework of string; Godfrey Ash (1950), looking like a member of the French Resistance in a beret, was first over the wall and kept watch behind the Senate House railings. Chris Walton (1951) looked out in the other direction from “A” staircase in St Mike’s. Peter Mettyear (1951) and Dennis Saunders (1951) wielded the paintbrushes with an unrecollected member of the team (if he should read this and be willing to be identified, we would be very pleased to hear from him) and the team was completed by Brian Jesson (1951), who is sadly still on our list of missing Caians (see page 30).

The survivors all seem in great form and thoroughly enjoyed the bizarre experience of running a second zebra crossing over Trinity Street, this time in broad daylight, and posing, like the Beatles crossing Abbey Road, for the camera of the College President, Professor Wei-Yao Liang (1963).

There was of course, they reflected, a bit of a fuss made at the time, but Peter Mettyear recalled with great affection the way the Senior Tutor, EK “Francis” Bennett (1914) made his view of the matter perfectly clear. At the time, Bennett was both President (1948-56) and in his final year as Senior Tutor. A superintendent of police had the temerity to interrupt one of his supervisions:

“Excuse me, Sir, but do you know some of your men have painted a zebra crossing in Trinity Street?”

“Good heavens!” exclaimed Bennett, jovially. “Whatever will the dear boys think of next?”
At the age of 65, when many people are thinking of winding down their professional activities or ceasing them altogether, the redoubtable Professor Stephen Hawking (1965) has taken up two new careers, as an astronaut and an author of children’s books.

As reported by the Master at the opening of the Stephen Hawking Building (see pages 2-5), in April 2007 Stephen took a special flight from Cape Canaveral in order to experience weightlessness, a necessary preparation for his planned journey into space in two years’ time, aboard Richard Branson’s SpaceShip Two.

He has also embarked on a collaboration with his daughter, Lucy, to write a series of three space adventure stories, intended to make accessible to everyone over the age of about seven the latest scientific understanding of the origins and future of our universe, with particular reference to black holes. Lucy has been a frequent visitor to Stephen’s Fellow’s set in Caius Court, where she has been working on the first volume of the trilogy.

George’s Secret Key to the Universe was published in September 2007 and thoroughly deserves to become a colossal best-seller.

Readers who found the science beyond them in A Brief History of Time need have no fears about George. Stephen and Lucy Hawking have made sure the cosmology is crystal clear, couched in the simplest terms, easily understandable by readers of all ages and undeniably fascinating. The down-to-earth story of George, an ordinary schoolboy...
responsibilities are twofold: we should respond to Global Warming as a deadly threat to our existence and we should search the universe for an alternative home for humanity:

“I think we are acting with reckless indifference to our future on planet Earth. At the moment, we have nowhere else to go, but in the long run, the human race shouldn’t have all its eggs in one basket, or on one planet. I just hope we can avoid dropping the basket until then!”

There is a refreshing optimism about the book and about the way Stephen speaks of it. When the Times reporter asked about black holes, Stephen referred him to the closing passage of one of his recent lectures:

“Black holes ain’t as bad as they are painted. They are not the eternal prisons they were once thought to be. Things can get out of a black hole, both to the outside and possibly to another universe. So, if you feel you are in a black hole, don’t give up. There’s a way out.”

Excerpt from George’s Secret Key to the Universe:

At least, George thought in a strange, dreamlike way, I’ve seen the Earth from space. And he wished he could have told everyone back home how tiny and fragile the Earth was compared to the other planets. But there was no way they could get back home now. The fog of dust and gas was so thick that they had even lost sight of the Earth’s blue colour. How could Cosmos have let them down like this?
Judging from his achievements, you might think there were several Milton Grundys: in fact, as far as I can ascertain, there is only one. He discovered early on that the worst things that happen can sometimes turn out for the best.

In the 1950s, Milton was a young barrister, surviving on cases of dangerous driving and hire purchase debt, when his father went into hospital for a routine operation, which he did not survive. Milton was the only son. Four years, eleven months and twenty days earlier, his father had given him the unquoted shares in their family engineering company. After five years, the gift would have been free of death duties; as it was, the Estate Duty Office sent Milton a bill so large, he thought it was the telephone number. Abandoning any thoughts of becoming a tycoon, he went to a legal bookshop in Chancery Lane and asked for a simple book on small companies and estate duty. The sales assistant explained patronisingly that there were no simple books because it was not a simple subject. Milton decided to write the book himself.

Once Tax Problems of the Family Company was published, some welcome tax cases came his way, but the rest of his work disappeared because solicitors thought they could not afford a tax expert! Luckily, the positives outweighed the negatives and in 1965, Milton and another barrister started their own tax chambers at Gray’s Inn. In time, they took in pupils, who took in pupils of their own, and so it grew...

A great deal of foreign travel followed: tax law is necessarily multi-national and many jurisdictions were starting to compete for a share of the market. Milton wrote the first Trust Law for the Cayman Islands. “I suppose I’ve got a lot to answer for!” he remarks insouciantly. In 1975, he founded the International Tax Planning Association, for which he still chairs three conferences a year, in various parts of the world. His celebrated essays on tax planning (which he self-deprecatingly calls “a higher form of gossip”) are astonishingly readable, intellectual virtuoso performances, in which he dances nimbly around the leaden-footed legislators, always elegant, witty and urbane.

Professional success gave him the chance to pursue some of his many other interests. Mediterranean Vernacular is his brilliant book...

“Each man in his time plays many parts”

Milton Grundy
(1944)

Interviewed by Mick Le Moignan (2004)

Milton Grundy’s Japanese garden in Oxfordshire.
(with Atroshenko’s dazzling photographs) on the architecture found all the way from Spain to the Middle East and across North Africa, bright, white houses with a hint of blue, built practically, beautifully and unostentatiously, by the people and for the people.

A sixth edition of his 1971 classic, Venice – The Anthology Guide, which conducts visitors round Venice using the observations and opinions of famous writers and art historians to enlighten them, was published earlier this year. Fascinating as the quotations are, the personal voice of the author is stronger: it is Milton Grundy himself who opens our eyes to the wonders of a city and a culture that he knows and loves.

The achievement which probably pleases him most is the vital support he has been able to give to young artists and musicians. For many years, through the Warwick Arts Trust, he provided a gallery for exhibitions where many hitherto unknown painters and sculptors had the first chance to show their work to the public.

Caius has been a very fortunate beneficiary of this process, as Milton was in the habit of buying one painting from each exhibition, thereby amassing an almost unequalled collection of works by emerging artists of the late twentieth century. He has now generously offered this collection to the College, where many have found a perfect home in the new Stephen Hawking Building, the Master’s Lodge and elsewhere in College. (See centre pages.)

The art gallery also housed a performance space, seating about 100 people, for recitals by young musicians in a competitive format, Young Artists’ Platform. The BBC used to broadcast the finalists in this until they started their own Musician of the Year competition, so the Wigmore Hall is now hired for one day a year, to celebrate and showcase the talent of the Platform performers.

It is an impressive list of credits for one lifetime. Milton is unlikely to become the patron saint of tax collectors, but he will bear this omission with equanimity. Many people, from artists to financiers, have good reason to feel grateful for his intervention in their lives.

He recalls his time at Caius with much affection. After two wartime terms, he served in the Education Corps in Palestine, “doing a crash course in Marxism, Chamber Music and Hebrew”. Demobbed at last, he came back in 1948 and had the good fortune to read English at a time when FR Leavis was inspiring students to new heights of iconoclasm. He found the great man “gentler than his public image” but recalls his more startling pronouncements clearly more than half a century on: "Tennyson was not that great a poet!” and Leavis had “not much time for Evelyn Waugh and no time at all for JB Priestley!" Milton went to tea with the Leavises and remembers Queenie as “a difficult woman” who was fond of observing pointedly: “I don’t approve of undergraduates smoking!”

Another memory involves being directed by Dadie Rylands for the Marlowe Society. Milton had a very small part as a Messenger, with just one long, complicated speech: “Dadie, I don’t understand what I’m saying!” The reply came from deep in the stalls: “Never mind about that, dear boy, just look up at the nearest spot and speak it beautifully!”

After going down, Milton taught at the Preparatory Department of RADA until an old friend from Sedbergh took him to dine at Middle Temple. It reminded him instantly of Cambridge: "What do I have to do to live in this lovely ambience?” he asked. The first answer was to pass the Bar exams, which he remembers as being rather like learning the telephone directory. The second answer was to turn an excruciating piece of misfortune into a lifelong fascination and career.

One of his greatest personal joys is the Japanese garden at his house in the Cotswolds. Considering the essential metaphysical quality of a garden to be transience, he made sure there was nothing in it that would flower continuously, “People say that if you want to design a garden, the ideal time to start is forty years ago. So I’m very glad I did start forty years ago!”
Once a Caian...

Milton Grundy (1944) has generously given the College about seventy paintings previously exhibited by the Warwick Arts Trust. The works shown here and many more are on display in the Stephen Hawking Building, which they complement magnificently. Other paintings from the collection are hanging in the Master’s Lodge and various other parts of the College.

The Milton Grundy Gift

Milton Grundy (1944) has generously given the College about seventy paintings previously exhibited by the Warwick Arts Trust. The works shown here and many more are on display in the Stephen Hawking Building, which they complement magnificently. Other paintings from the collection are hanging in the Master’s Lodge and various other parts of the College.
“An almost unequalled collection of works by emerging artists of the late twentieth century”

Buckinghamshire Landscape by Lesley Main.

Horse Series 1 by Ying Yeung Li.

Horse Series 2 by Ying Yeung Li.

Untitled by Ying Yeung Li.

All photos of paintings: Yao Liang

Buckinghamshire Landscape by Lesley Main.

Horse Series 1 by Ying Yeung Li.

Horse Series 2 by Ying Yeung Li.

Untitled by Ying Yeung Li.

Do the Albert Camus by Philip Diggle.

Untitled by Andrew Williams.

Untitled (part of Diptych) by Ting Fay Ho.
Everyone has a book in them, so they say, and judging by the letters and emails the Development Office receives, Caians have more books in them than most people.

In previous issues of *Once a Caian...*, we have reviewed books by Fellows – Anthony Edwards (1968), Stephen Hawking (1965), Vic Gatrell (1967) and Peter Mandler (2001). Now, scarcely a month goes by without an enthusiastic offer from a Caian reader of a new, as yet unpublished novel, biography, history, miscellany or book of memoirs. The authors are unfailingly polite, their expectations generally modest: they do not expect a full review, they would be grateful for a brief mention, they invite us to choose excerpts for use in CaiMemories, or would appreciate us letting other Caians know about their work... Some simply ask us to read their offering and pass it on to a congenial agent or publisher!

Recently, some enterprising Caian authors have sent beautifully bound and printed books which they have themselves paid to have professionally produced. Not many years ago, the cognoscenti would have sniffed at such self-promotion and muttered about “vanity publishing” (as if there were no vanity involved in so-called “commercial publishing!”) These days, however, there is no stigma attached to refusing to take a rejection slip for an answer.

**Four Recently Published Books**

**A Gap Year or Two**
by Jeremy Macdonogh
Published by Athena Press Ltd (2007)
Available at Heffers and other good book shops and on amazon.co.uk (£14.49)

Jeremy Macdonogh (1967) went on a rumbustious romp through Europe in the early 70s, to delay becoming something in the city. Armed with only a degree, a dinner jacket and precocious self-confidence, he charms and finesses his way through a hundred hilarious situations, from which spring the interesting digressions and asides which are the real heart of this highly entertaining book. Macdonogh is a good traveller, learning languages, working as a tour guide and indulging his passion for cathedrals. The blend of snippets of history, myth, gossip, philosophy, personal observation and trivia is reminiscent of the memoirs of Casanova, who passed this way two centuries earlier, with more sex and less architecture.

**Sir Clifford Allbutt – Scholar and Physician**
by Alexander Bearn
Published by Royal College of Physicians, London (2007)
Available on amazon.co.uk (£11.99)

Dr Alick Bearn, already a Caius Benefactor, has done the College a further service by bringing one of the most distinguished Caians of all time, Professor Sir Clifford Allbutt (1855) vividly to life in this short biography. Allbutt was a man of wide interests, a classical scholar who switched to science and then medicine. He believed that doctors should not only treat patients but investigate the nature of diseases: laboratory research, in his view, should be a vital part of the work of every hospital. In this regard and in many others, he was way ahead of his time. He gave up a lucrative practice to return to Caius and educate the next generation of medics and was much appreciated and admired.

**Publish and be Damned!**
by Mick Le Moignan (2004)
We live in a time of revolutionary change in the circulation of information and ideas. In medieval times, students came to Cambridge because books were to be found here, rare treasures so valuable, they were chained to desks and lecterns, to be read only in situ. Nowadays, we have all the wisdom of the world, literally at our fingertips, but people still enjoy reading books and they can now be produced quite cheaply and in small quantities.

At the Annual Gathering in July, I had a timely conversation with John Preston Bell (1951). Having retired after a career in print, he still works as a book designer and typesetter for individual clients. Manuscripts are submitted by e-mail or disc, usually in Word or Quark, there will be discussion on the kind of book required – its dimensions and general style – and then John will set a few specimen pages for the author to see. When all the typographical details are agreed, he will set the complete book and provide proofs, make corrections, re-proof, and finally put the book into the hands of the printers.

For short run books (from just one copy to a hundred or so) the printing is normally done by a firm of high-quality book printers in Eastbourne, CPI Antony Rowe, who specialise in short-run work. Printing is done digitally, and the sheets are perfect bound, either as paperback or hardback. The printers charge a basic fee for putting the book into their system (for an average-size book it will be around £100), plus £10 a year to keep it available on file. Copies can then be ordered as required.

An individual quotation for each book is provided by the printers, the cost depending on size, number of pages, use of colour, and style of binding. But, as an example, a 256-page metric royal 8vo book (234mm x 156mm), printed in black, paperback, with full colour cover, will cost £100 basic fee, and £3.36 to print each copy. An 8pp colour section would add £40 to the basic fee and £1.20 to the cost of each book. Hardback binding (printed paper covered) adds £8 or £10 to the unit cost.

John’s fees for designing and producing the book depend on the length and complexity of the text, but he calculates that an average book requires two full days of work (spread over a much longer period). His standard rate is £200 per day and he has kindly offered to donate 25% of this to the College for any books by Caians. He stresses that he is not offering copy-editing services as part of this package: the content should be finalised by the time he starts work. If other Caians would like to offer editing services for books in their own field at a similar daily rate, with a similar benefit for Caius, he would be happy to pass on their details to any authors who need them. A book for purely private publication does not need an ISB number, but if the book is to be made available to the public it will probably be useful for it to have one. ISBNs are available through John’s own imprint, the St Aubin Press, in which case the St Aubin Press has to appear as publisher.

Marketing books to a wider public is, of course, another story, perhaps for another issue. But for aspiring Caians authors who would like to have their manuscript in the form of a book, help is at hand. As for damnation, it seems unlikely, so long as the book is worth reading – and surely no Caian would write a dull book!

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Switching to Digital Television: UK Public Policy and the Market
by Michael Starks
Published by Intellect Books (2007)
Available on amazon.co.uk (£18.95)

Michael Starks (1962) played a leading role in orchestrating the UK switch-over from analogue to digital television services, a complex process affecting practically every household in Britain, with plenty of potential for disaster. But this is not an exposé: amazingly, thanks to careful planning and research, a genuine consensus was achieved, leading to an almost unprecedented level of cooperation between public and commercial interests. This accord appears, so far, to be achieving a smooth transition, which will release broadcasting capacity (“spectra”) for the new technology of the future. This is a clearly expressed, meticulous analysis of the whole process.

“Jacko – Where Are You Now?” – A Life of Robert Jackson
by James Gibson
Published by Parsons Publishing (2006)
Available to Caians at a special price from PO Box 787, Richmond TW10 7WQ (£20 post paid)

James Gibson (1944) took a Ph.D in Engineering at Caius then spent 22 years at Covent Garden Opera before retiring as Head of Music Staff to join the civil service. Now 80 years young, he has turned author and publisher to celebrate the life and achievements of Robert Jackson, whose ability to organise massive international relief operations saved millions of lives. First in Malta and the Middle East in World War Two, then in Bangladesh in the 1970s and Kampuchea in the 1980s, Jackson was a great, practical humanitarian whose story deserved to be told. This gripping, authoritative biography does justice to the man as well as the legend.
Many families have developed powerful links with Caius by sending their sons (and now daughters) here for many generations.

There is, of course, no special treatment for relatives of Caianians: admissions are based on the merit of the applicant alone, as judged by strictly impartial interviewers. Sadly, many sons and daughters of Caianians do not succeed in winning places, but every year, some delight their elders by maintaining family traditions that are a great source of pride and pleasure.

Family loyalty has been hugely beneficial to the College.

Around 1500, Dame Anne Scroope, the last descendant of Edmund Gonville’s brother, left us the land at West Road where Harvey Court and the Stephen Hawking Building now stand.

The Locks, one of the greatest Caian dynasties, include a sequence of five consecutive generations. J B Lock (1867) was the legendary Senior Bursar who guided the College’s fortunes for 32 years around the turn of the twentieth century.

The Myers family from New Zealand can claim four consecutive generations, including our greatest living benefactor, Douglas Myers (1958), his father, grandfather and son. The Thimont and Vigrass families have notched up six members apiece in recent years, but no Caian dynasty, so far as we are aware, can compete with the Cobbold family, whose record is 21 Caianians since 1785, averaging about one every ten years.

Thomas Cobbold started the family brewing business in Harwich in 1723 and family members retained control of it for the next 266 years. His grandson, John Cobbold, took over the brewery in 1767, when he was only 22, and lived to 90. It was John’s prodigious energy that really laid the foundations for the dynasty. He married Elizabeth, who bore him fifteen children in sixteen years. Finding himself a widower at 45, he promptly found himself another Elizabeth (celebrated in fiction as Mrs Leo Hunter in Dickens’ Pickwick Papers) who bore him another seven children.

John’s twentieth child, Revd Richard Cobbold (1814) was perhaps the most celebrated of the Caius Cobbolds, a gifted writer and illustrator who produced a classic Victorian bestseller, The History of Margaret Catchpole. This was the almost true tale of a young servant girl who worked for his mother. Margaret’s romantic attachment to a rogue led her through a series

Illustrations from The History of Margaret Catchpole

Ipswich, site of the Cobbold brewery from 1746.

Margaret is apprehended, trying to sell the stolen horse in London.

News of Margaret’s reprieve is brought to her in her prison cell.
of spectacular adventures. She stole a horse from the Cobbolds (a capital offence at the time), was reprieved, thanks to her mistress, escaped from gaol, tried to flee to Holland with her lover, was recaptured and sentenced to transportation to the penal colony of Australia. There, she finally achieved wealth, success and respectability in her new home.

Richard Cobbold’s son, two grandsons and a great-grandson followed him to Caius, as well as two cousins and two nephews. One of those nephews was Dr Rowland Townshend Cobbold (1838) who has, to date, been followed by his son, Revd Rowland Francis Cobbold (1876), grandson, Rowland Hope Cobbold (1923), great-grandson, Anthony Cobbold (1955) and great-great-grandson, Humphrey Cobbold (1983). Humphrey married Nicola Hacker (1984), so their children are blessed with a double portion of Caius genes and no-one will blame them if they turn up for their Caius interviews under assumed names!

Now retired from a successful business career, Anthony has spent a great deal of time and energy in setting up the Cobbold Family History Trust, to preserve the pictures, books, papers, artefacts and ephemera connected with this remarkable family for future generations. The latest acquisition of the Trust, subject to a successful appeal for funds, is a set of 34 astonishingly beautiful watercolours, mainly painted by Richard Cobbold himself, which were used to illustrate The History of Margaret Catchpole.

There is much more to the Cobbold family than our 21 Caian Cobbolds. Other branches have arguably achieved even greater heights of power, pioneering, scholarship, wealth and philanthropy. No fewer than 48 Cobbolds died in two World Wars. Anthony plans to collect and conserve material for a family history book and a comprehensive archive.

As so often happens, the family’s multifarious connections with Caius have proved to be mutually beneficial. It is impossible to quantify the benefits received in the course of more than two centuries by our 21 Caian Cobbolds, but the survivors maintain an active involvement with the current Caius community. Anthony Cobbold has decided to name R3 in Tree Court, a room that has strong family associations, and he hopes that his family’s very special links with the College will continue for many generations to come.
The Bursary has always seemed something of a Forbidden City within the walls of Caius, a repository of ancient knowledge and recondite practices, where the Mammon so essential to intellectual and indeed physical life is always kept firmly in its place.

In such a typically Cambridge institution, a new Senior Bursar, flying the flag of change, might have been expected to encounter some resistance, but Julia Collins, who arrived in March 2007, seems to have won the loyalty of her team with remarkable speed.

A state-school-educated Newnham graduate in Natural Sciences (1974-77), Julia trained in accountancy with KPMG, worked with Taylor Woodrow and Reed Int., and then became a partner at Coopers and Lybrand. She is used to going into big corporations as a consultant and telling them how to mind their own business more efficiently. Her experience includes cost analysis for Heinz and Whitbread and helping Nokia to replace their finance systems. So the Caius Bursary should be a breeze...

She came here because she believes passionately in education and research and thinks academics should be free to concentrate on their work instead of worrying about how to fund it: “The bursarial side of the College should be invisible – we’re backstage support.” She pays a warm tribute to the achievements of her predecessor, Barry Hedley (1964), who arrived at a much more stringent time for the College finances:

“Barry’s two huge legacies were professional investment management and professional fundraising, through the Development Office. These are the financial bedrocks the College sits on.”

Julia’s six staff members have an average of more than twelve years’ service to Caius. Each has his or her own area of responsibility, which is carried out with exemplary efficiency. When they go on holiday, no-one covers for them: they simply come back and catch up with their own workload.

Julia’s view is that “everybody’s job is harder than it needs to be.” More than ten years ago, several different computerised systems were brought in. “A more modern system will do many things automatically: for example budgeting and forecasting can be built in to the general ledger.” Her plan is to make the systems more efficient and enable more dialogue and crossover between individuals. It is a tribute to her charm and powers of persuasion that the members of the team are, at the time of writing, strongly supporting this initiative.

They were all asked the same question – what they regarded as the most important quality they brought to their jobs – and Julia’s own answer was particularly telling: “I need to be clear and open, and to take everybody with
The Bursary Team

Leslie Cooke is in charge of the monthly payroll and college pensions and is not afraid to speak up for the lower-paid members of staff. Leslie believes “it’s human nature to think back to the days when we were twenty and the world was glorious and we thought our parents and grandparents were miserable old toads. Now we’re the miserable old toads!” Leslie has seen a lot of changes in his twenty years at Caius but he has high hopes for the future: “The new Bursar is taking a lot more interest in the accounts: that’s going to be a breath of fresh air!”

Sarah Cole has been Secretary/PA to the Senior Bursar since 1990, in which time she has served with three Bursars with very different personal styles and interests: “The ex-stockbroker, steeped in history and coin-collecting, came first; then there was the Geordie management and strategy expert, enthusing about football, fast cars and plush yachts, and now the financial consultant, well versed in accountancy and auditing, whose interests include sculpture and growing her own vegetables.”

Sarah is also secretary to the College Registrar, which requires her to prepare all the papers for Council and General Meetings. “So I’m constantly switching hats!” Her key quality is the ability to cope with interruptions, moving from one thing to another in quick succession. Almost unflappable, Sarah is one of the College’s great organisers, dealing with Fellows’ accommodation, greeting guests to the Bursary and earning the gratitude of all by acting as a one-person box office to distribute tickets for Fellows and staff to enjoy the Caius Box at the Royal Albert Hall.

Margaret Phillips, who deals with Student Accounts, thinks she has one of the most enviable jobs in the College, because it involves constant contact with the students. She can recognise all of them by the end of the Michaelmas Term.

Margaret is a Caius institution, first brought in by Bob Moseley, back in 1974. She left for a few years to care for her two sons, now 28 and 29, and returned in 1987, at first only in term. She says 99.9% of the students are wonderful. The other 0.1%? Well, they’re “challenging”!

She tries to be “understanding but firm and very fair.” “Whatever they say, I take it seriously and never belittle them. I’d sooner explain to a student twenty times over than have them not understand their bill.”

Margaret is one of those fortunate people who really enjoys her work: “I do just love them all. By September, I’m thinking ‘Back you come!’ I wouldn’t have done this job so long, otherwise!”

Carol Whitby also has children in their twenties. She previously worked for the University, then St John’s College and the Zoology Dept. Carol runs the Purchase Ledger and collects the rents on College properties. In her work, she values accuracy above all.

Her office, always immaculately tidy, acts as a corridor from one part of the Bursary to another. At first, she thought this would bother her, but now she simply concentrates on what she is doing and takes no notice of people passing through unless they speak to her first. She likes College life and appreciates being trusted to work on her own initiative and do the job on time.

Like all the members of the team, Carol is a staunch defender of the age-old Bursary tradition of having a coffee break together at 10.30am and a tea break together at 3pm. “It’s good to get away from the computer screen and let your mind have a break.”

Neil Wilson is the youngest member of the team. A keen sportsman, he joined in January 2007 and says he finds Caius historically and architecturally fascinating, after accountancy jobs in retail and manufacturing. His experience has been very helpful in making improvements in areas such as the management accounts and will also be valuable as other changes are made. His other main responsibility is to take care of all the payments for supervisions, of which many thousands take place each term, both inside and outside the College. There is a great deal of information to be collated and he needs to be methodical, numerate and able to work on his own initiative.

It was interesting to hear the views of each member of the team in turn. At present, they are all slightly surprised and pleased with their apparent willingness to embrace the changes anticipated. Their new leader is charismatic, persuasive and disarmingly open to discussion. But it would be a very brave Senior Bursar who ever dared to tamper with the tea-breaks: that, they all feel, is clearly a Caius tradition worth preserving!
When I came up to Caius in 1955, I began a love affair with Cambridge University that has stood the test of time. All who have experienced the wonders of this magical place retain a vast array of images and memories. There is so much to admire in its beauty, history, tradition, academic excellence and vibrancy.

I came from Bolton School which also has a proud history and, like Caius, has needed over the years the vision and generosity of benefactors to sustain its continuity and growth. The greatest of these was the industrialist, William Hesketh Lever. Born in Bolton in 1851 he retained an extraordinary devotion to the town, and Bolton School is his greatest monument to the place he loved. The School was on the Direct Grant list and I was fortunate and privileged to gain a free place in an establishment whose ethos was to promote a greater and fairer educational opportunity for all. Admission was based on merit and on potential, but qualities other than academic prowess were regarded as important. The Headmaster, a Downing graduate, fully realized how much his boys would benefit from an Oxbridge placing and after much encouragement from him I entered Caius to read Natural Sciences.

The place was awe-inspiring and I was apprehensive. Could I cope with the academic demands? Could I mix with entrants from Eton or Harrow? Would they handle my Lancashire accent? I immediately found an ally in my room mate who came from West Hartlepool and had a similar background to my own. Together, we were ready to meet the Public School chaps! The welcoming, family atmosphere of Caius facilitated my smooth integration into Cambridge life and I readily communicated and formed friendships with others whom I had initially perceived as being from a rather more upper-class background than my own. This revealed one of the great strengths of Caius which is still apparent in 2007. Every resident Caian seemed to be an integral part of the College fabric. We all shared something that was unique and very precious. This gave us the confidence to appreciate an amazing mix of backgrounds, personalities and aspirations that made our time in College such a stimulating, learning and fruitful experience.

Over the years, I have attended and enjoyed many College functions, the latest being the Annual Gathering on Tuesday 3 July 2007. Arriving at West Road attired in my Dinner Jacket, I crossed into the grounds of King’s. Even after 52 years, the sighting of the Chapel with its glorious position on the Backs raises both my spirits and the hairs on the back of my neck. What a wonderful vista this is, the very essence of Cambridge, and my entry into some sort of paradise.

I arrived at Caius just in time for the Commemoration Service in Chapel. Cambridge was busy even at 6.30 pm and the atmosphere in Trinity Street was frenetic. What a delight, therefore, to step into Tree Court and be enfolded by a sense of permanence, dignity and calm. Seated in the Chapel and surrounded by seemingly grey-haired clones was a surreal experience but the hymn singing was magnificent and we made a marvellous sound. Retiring for pre-dinner wine in the Combination Rooms I arrived to find something that resembled a loose maul in rugby. Surely all of this lot were not in Chapel? Would I recognize any of my contemporaries in this sea of faces? It didn’t take long!

The seating plan for dinner was a masterpiece of planning. To my left was a good friend with whom I shared a room at a now-distant time when we both successfully endured the College Entrance Examination. Opposite was another good pal from my College days whom I had not seen for almost 20 years. It didn’t seem to matter. Others nearby from the 1955 brigade I hardly knew but their presence and conversation enriched the occasion. An admirable College strategy was revealed. In our vicinity was a charming, attractive young lady from the Development Office – and she is a Caian – Joanna Wood (2003). This move was a stroke of genius. Not only did it convince us that allowing the entry of ladies into our establishment was a great idea but it also made us feel that we should, perhaps, make an increased donation to the College’s coffers.

The College Hall radiates a unique atmosphere, evoking vivid memories of companionship, conversation, learning and tradition. To attend a special dinner there remains an unforgettable experience, the setting encouraging reflection on the pleasures and problems experienced when in residence. I received superb tuition and was lucky and privileged to be in Caius during a period when the University had some truly great scientists who made massive individual contributions to their subjects. In 2007 scientific research is frequently much more of a team game with contributions from a variety of disciplines with, perhaps, less opportunity for a Eureka moment.
My thoughts were stimulated by the portraits on display in the Hall. A painting of Sir Ronald Fisher (1909) gazed benignly upon me. A Caius Professorial Fellow from 1943 to 1962, he was an eminent mathematician but his academic career was as a geneticist and it was in this subject that he lectured so vividly. A master of statistics, he fascinated all with his brilliant analyses. Also portrayed is Joseph Needham (1918), the Master of Caius from 1966-1976 and a Fellow of both the Royal Society and the British Academy. Had I really attended lectures from this intellectual giant? The striking portrait of Stephen Hawking (1965) is perhaps the most inspiring of those on display. Here indeed is a great individual scientist with an extraordinary mind. How fortunate for Caians that he is a member of our College.

The dinner was enjoyable, the wines particularly so, and I was at the High Table for dessert. Perhaps the wine was responsible, but the Hall now seemed to be an even more agreeable place than it was two hours earlier! I was in the company of a particularly dear friend from my College years. We have much in common, he a fine musician and a former Choral Scholar and I a trumpeter; The College Choir, positioned in the gallery, had already demonstrated its musical prowess – particularly so in the hauntingly beautiful Grace. This musical gem was written by Charles Wood (1888) who was the College organist before becoming a Fellow in 1894. The Choir also sang a Wood anthem – the music so beautifully suited to the setting and the occasion.

I recalled my own musical experiences in Caius and in particular my last College concert in 1958. Performing the Haydn Trumpet Concerto with the orchestra, I came on stage to be confronted by an amazing sight. On the front row and only a yard or so from my trumpet were seated Patrick Hadley (1938) and Ralph Vaughan Williams, the latter well into his 80s and sporting an impressive-looking ear-trumpet. Paddy Hadley was Professor of Music in Cambridge from 1946-1962 and music in Caius greatly flourished under his influence. He had an impish sense of humour. As I completed the 1st movement, Paddy turned to Vaughan Williams, put his mouth close to the ear-trumpet and bellowed “Can you hear all right Rafe?”

The dinner was drawing to its close but a daunting challenge lay ahead: the Carmen Caianum. Ominously, our ‘programme notes’ under this heading stated – ‘All standing and singing’. Convinced that the ‘all singing’ command was a little unrealistic we, nevertheless, swung into action, with the Choir now in full voice. Fortunately, the music and the words were to hand, including an English translation, the latter proving to be useless as the Latin version prevailed. I realized, albeit belatedly, why in my undergraduate years a pass in Latin at Ordinary Level was a requirement for entry into College. We needed the qualification to handle the Carmen. As we approached the finale a charming elderly Caian to my right whispered – “Thank God it’s the last verse”. Charles Wood and Benjamin Drury (1835) must have turned in their graves.

Leaving College I lingered awhile in Caius Court to admire the Gate of Honour so beautifully illuminated against the night sky. A friendly “Good Night” from the Porters and I was back in a now totally-deserted Trinity Street. I had enjoyed a remarkable evening of friendship and nostalgia. We live in a troubled world and to step back into the Old Courts of our great historic College is to step back in time, thereby allowing a welcome respite from the problems that beset us all.

Caius, of course, has concerns of its own. There is forever a need to improve facilities, strengthen teaching and research and maintain the buildings – and these things cost money. The College has received generous support from many benefactors over the years but no Caian should assume that this state of affairs will continue indefinitely. I am immensely proud of my College, of what it meant to me as an undergraduate, what it did for me and what it is now. I am also immensely grateful. It is heartening to know that so many Caians appear to share this pride and gratitude. Indeed, 25% of us give financial support to the College. It would be splendid indeed if this percentage were to increase.
Privileges for Benefactors

Gonville & Caius College has traditionally chosen to express its gratitude to benefactors by recognising their generosity, often by naming scholarships, lectureships, rooms and buildings after them. The very name of the College commemorates the vision of our major benefactors and founders, Edmund Gonville and John Caius. Since 1348, each successive generation of Caians has benefited from the gifts of our predecessors and it is right to acknowledge the central importance of that continuity.

In addition to the levels of recognition offered by the College to Associate Members, Members and Founders of the Court of Benefactors and Gonville Fellow Benefactors, the Cambridge 800th Anniversary Campaign now offers recognition for gifts at the £250,000 and £1 million levels.

In July 2007, the College Council set a further level of recognition for those making total lifetime gifts of £50,000 and above. This is to be known as the Stephen Hawking Circle. Every Lent Term, new Members of the Circle and their partners will be invited to attend a private lecture given by Stephen Hawking (1965) on his work. The lecture will be followed by a dinner with Professor Hawking, hosted by the Master, in the Panelled Combination Room.

Professor Hawking has said he hopes this new initiative will help to provide a significant boost to the College’s fundraising efforts.

Another innovation has kindly been provided by the Hon Dr John Lehman (1965), President of the Caius Foundation. He has given small rosettes in Caius colours for our senior benefactors to wear in their lapels at College events such as Annual Gatherings, the May Week Party and the Commemoration Feast. These will be sent out later in the year.

The May Week Party for Benefactors is held, with impeccable Cambridge logic, in the middle of June, on the final Saturday of the May Bumps. It includes a drinks reception, a splendid buffet lunch on the lawn of Gonville Court, various concerts and entertainments and then tea in the Master’s Garden before a dash to the river to watch the top Caius boats in action.

The May Week Party has proved extraordinarily popular, growing in numbers attending each year and stretching the resources of our hardworking kitchen staff to the limit. Until now, the Master and Fellows have been pleased to invite all donors who have made a gift to the College in the previous year.

A final decision has not yet been made, but regrettably, it seems likely that in future it will not be possible to invite all of the previous year’s donors (with their partners). It may be necessary to set a minimum gift of £150 (£10 per month + Gift Aid). We are reluctant to impose a limit, since the all-inclusive nature of the May Week Party is one of its attractions, but sadly, there is a limit to the number of guests we can physically accommodate and we do not wish to overload our very loyal College staff.

Free Will Service for Caians
For some time, David Howell Jones (1957) has kindly arranged a free will-writing service for those leaving a legacy to the College.

The law firm for which David is a consultant, Bray Walker, has now become Bevans, but the same service will be provided by both their London and Bristol offices.

Contact details are as follows:
Philippa Fawcett, Bevans Solicitors
46 Essex Street, The Strand
London WC2R 3JF
Telephone: 020 7353 9995
Email: pfawcett@bevans.co.uk
Website: www.bevans.co.uk

For once, the 2007 May Week Party was punctuated by brief but vigorous showers of rain (see page 1). During the Master’s speech, the guests took shelter in the Gonville Court marquee.
Gonville Fellow Benefactor £500,000
The Master and Fellows confer the title of Gonville Fellow Benefactor in recognition of exceptional munificence to the College. Gonville Fellow Benefactors are invited to all College Feasts and to Fellows’ Guest Nights. They are admitted in the College Chapel in a ceremony during the service for the Commemoration of Benefactors preceding the Commemoration Feast.

Non-Caians are elected in recognition of donations over £1 million.

The Vice-Chancellor’s Circle £250,000
Members of the Vice-Chancellor’s Circle are invited to a reception at an exclusive London venue, often Buckingham Palace, each autumn in recognition of benefactions to the Colleges and the University.

Founder of the Court of Benefactors £100,000
Founders of the Court of Benefactors of Gonville & Caius College have all the privileges of Membership of the Court of Benefactors and are entitled to wear the fine gown traditionally worn by the College’s aristocratic Fellow Commoners.

The Stephen Hawking Circle £50,000
New members of the Stephen Hawking Circle are invited, with a guest, to an evening in College with Stephen Hawking, which includes a lecture by Professor Hawking and a dinner in the Panelled Combination Room.

Member of the Court of Benefactors £20,000
Members of the Court of Benefactors are invited to the College to take part in the service for the Commemoration of Benefactors and to dine with the Master and Fellows at the Commemoration Feast. They also enjoy the privileges of Associate Members.

Associate Member of the Court of Benefactors £10,000
Associate Members of the Court of Benefactors are given an exclusive option to book the Caius Box, which is in the centre of the Grand Tier at the Royal Albert Hall. They are also invited to the annual College May Week Party.

All Benefactors are entitled to use the College punts during the summer months. As many as possible of those who have made a gift to Caius during the previous year are invited to the College May Week Party, including a buffet luncheon and tea and musical recital. This is usually held on the Saturday to coincide with the last day of the May Bumps.

The Edmund Gonville Society was established to recognise during their lifetime those Caians and friends who have made provision for a bequest to the College. Members are invited to the College on Benefactors’ Day during May Week and are given special recognition in the Benefactors’ Book. Those indicating especially generous legacies are invited to take part in the annual Commemoration Service followed by the Commemoration Feast.
Return to Sender – Address Unknown

Every time we send out an issue of *Once a Caian*... a significant number of the 10,000 copies are returned because the recipients have moved house and not yet advised the College of their change of address. In recent years, the Development Office has made great progress in keeping track of Caians' postal and email addresses and telephone numbers, so that we are now in contact with about 93% of our members. Still, there are some in every matriculation year whose whereabouts are unknown and we would be very grateful if readers would check the following list. If you do know any of these missing Caians, please either pass on their contact details to us or let them know the College would be delighted to hear from them.

1936  Dennis Hayne-Upson (Bernard)
1938  Dr John Thomas
1939  Randolph Bull
1940  Peter Ellison
1941  Ian Calder  Anthony Davies  Samuel Dennis-Rose  Gabriel Hart  John Help  Boris Kidel  Bernard Moss  Alexander Perrin
1943  Norman Allsup  Cdr Graham Chambers  Dr Desmond Cotterill  Kenneth Duckworth  John James  Noel Jones  John Nelson  Warren Partridge
1944  James Burke  Robin Dannatt  Richard George  Brian Mitchell  William Morgan  David Morris
1945  Denys Butcher  Donald Freeman  Alastair Gray  Vernon Grimshaw  Gordon Hendry  Henry Marten  Dr Kenneth Martin  Charles Scott  Dr David Smellie
1946  Charles Baggallay  Walid Beydoun  John Bickford Smith  John Blackburn  Richard Gardiner  Austen Green  John Tattersall  David Thomas  John Yorke
1948  Stephen Alexander  William Atherton  Guy Bolton  Thomas Fife  Thomas Gardner  Christopher Gossett  Peter Herriott  Hidayat Hussein  James Hutchinson  James Joslin  Charles Norton  Alwyn Parfitt  John Rayner  Lt Col Dr James Royston  Ralph Shafrazi  Ian White  Dr James Wylde
1949  Anthony Allison  David Bingham  Paul Bradley  Charles Cresswell  Charles Holnes  Evan Jones  Michael Morrison  John Oliver  Harold Smart
1950  Theodore Crozier  Dr John Foulkes  Robin Hazard  Neville Sasso  Francis Simmons  Srinivasan Venu  John Westacott
1952  Sharif bin Hassan  Dr Christopher Clayton  Martin Davis  Robert Dawson  Reginald De Mel  Roger Everett  Professor Ian Gillam  Thomas Lambert  David Pikett  H Reynolds  Terence Samuels  David Willemen
1953  Dr Ezra Ben Gershom  Peter Dobly  George Edmund  Professor Reuven Kitai  David Lloyd  David Medhurst  Ashford Moor  Professor Brian Porter  Lt Owen Saunders  Ian Seymour  Alan Sykes  Dr Michael Taylor  Bichara Yared
1954  Michael Barrett  Derek Carter  Robert Dean  Michael Furber  Peter Joyce  James Lucking  Stephen Ponsonby  John Rae  Norman Syson  Barry Woollard  Paul Wright
1955  Alan Bailey  Dr Thomas Black  Edward Cooper  Daya Dhaon  John Goodman  Philip Greenslade  David Huggins  Howard Jay  Brian Keeble  Duncan McDonald  John O’Callaghan  Guy Paschal  Walter Whittall  Paul Yared  Timothy Yarnell
1956  Michael Bradshaw  Dr Prakash Dheer  Ronald Dodds  James Francis  Alan Frank  Andrew Heaton  David Pass  Hugo Percy  Prem Shunker  Mark Wells  John Williamson
1958  John Cranke  John Gaine  Dr Louis La Grange  Dr Alexander Loudon  Robert Morris  Thomas Richardson  Woolf Silver  Aloysius Sentongo  Peter Thornton  Richard Wicks  John Williams
1959  David Bainton  David Burnett  Philip Caruana  Asoke Chanda  Professor Brian Chappell  Paul Costa  David Fletcher  Dr Geoffrey Goodyear  Michael Grant  William Henson  Colin Jones  Revd John Keeley  Aidan Macdonald  David Nixon  Lutfar Rahman Khan  John Roberts-Jones  Darryl Robey  David Shelton  Robert Thomas  Derek Walklin  David Wilson
1960  Mohammed Chaudri  David Crossfield  David Morgan  Reinaldo Munoz  Pearn Niller  Edward Perry  Robert Perry  Prem Sarin  Christopher Thompson
1962  Dr Alan Beattie  Rodney Buttle  Marh Chona  John Clayton  Gregory Culley  Colin Dean  Andrew Duncan-Jones  Alan Gummerman  Christopher Holloway  Dr William Isherwood  John Jones  Graham Lindsay  Michael Meredith  Roger Mitchell  Derek Pout  Dr John Roberts  Albrecht Schutzl  Peter Travers  Anthony Waters
1963  Lawrence Bader  Peter Barker  Brian Binder  David Burt  Dr John Cribb  Dr Michael Fortune  Professor Theodore Friedman  Roll Lass  Michael Lock  Winston McIntosh  Kenneth McIntyre  John Poole  John Rayner  Robert Seymour  Dr William Sherwood  John Strange  Dr Gijbert van Stienen  James Wanyanga
1964  John Attwood  Yuri Azarov  David Brammer  Christopher Browne  Chris Cole  Richard Ellis  Richard Grossman  Albert Harris  Wilson Ishema  Dr Klaus Lunau  John Mayne  Dr Denis O’Brien  Austin O’Rourke  Roy Short  Roger Sleeinan
1966  Brian Ashbee
Dr Andrew Soddy (1957)

I enjoyed the article in the Spring issue on bringing the M1 to Cambridge. The M1 sign was going to hang between Tree Court on one side of Trinity St and my room at the top of K staircase, St Michael’s Court on the other. When the sign arrived, it was clear that the tatty bits of wire Bill Newman Sanders brought to suspend it were totally inadequate and I don’t remember much of a plan of how we were going to do it. While we were carrying it away down Senate House Passage the policeman stepped out of the shadows and said what he said (I only remember “good evening gentlemen”), we dropped the sign with a huge crash and ran for it. I quite agree David Howell Jones was no sprinter. I was interested to see elsewhere in that edition is a picture of David at the Trooping of the Colour wearing exactly the same glasses he wore in 1957! Remarkable.

Another exploit I enjoyed was liberating a rowing eight from the St John’s College boathouse. A lot of the usual suspects were involved and Tony Ganner (1957) revealed some worrying expertise in the removal and replacement of a pane of glass in the boathed window. We then rowed it up the Cam and set it up in Tree Court with oars suitably displayed. The night life in Cambridge around 3.30 am (just getting light) was impressive: rows of punts moored along the Backs were full of bodies – well, perhaps on average just two. One head popped up to exclaim “My God, that’s a long punt” and popped down again. There were people with climbing ropes wound around them and others just wandering about, with purpose unknown. Getting the eight out of the water at the Garret Hostel Lane Bridge was tricky, as was getting it around the sharp corners in to Senate House Passage. Someone had obtained a key to the Great Gate under the Tower in Tree Court which opened with startling creaks and groans. Luckily, we seemed to be the only ones startled and we set the tableau up without interruption. St John’s rescued their boat the next day and, as far as I know, no one was any the wiser.

I telephoned the Dean, the Revd Dr Jack McDonald (1995), whom I remembered from the Caius Boat Club. Jack very kindly took care of everything, so we had a room for the night, where we could rest and leave our belongings.

We went out to find some dinner and by chance I met an old friend from Caius who was still completing his PhD. He was celebrating his birthday that night in a bar on King’s Parade. He invited us to join the party and I was amazed to meet lots of old friends from my time at Caius. It was a magical night which could not have been better if we had planned it!

The next day, we took breakfast in Hall, thanked everybody again and continued on our journey. For me, this story is a perfect example of what it means to be a Caian. I’m very happy and proud to be a member of this great family and I will always be delighted to help other Caians.

If any of you should happen to visit Cognac in the South West of France, it would be my pleasure to treat you to an incredible tasting experience of the fine Cognacs in our Paradise Cellar at Cognac Meukow.

Email: d.bertrand@cdgcognac.com
Website: www.meukowcognac.com

Damien Bertrand (1998)

I was flying to Glasgow with my girlfriend and another friend, when we missed a connection and were stranded at Stansted Airport with no onward flight until noon the next day.

We caught the last bus to Cambridge and it was late in the evening by the time we arrived. We called at the Caius Porters’ Lodge to ask for advice and the porter on duty recognised me, even though I had left two years earlier. He said there were some guest rooms but we should be invited by a Fellow.

We went out to find some dinner and by chance I met an old friend from Caius who was still completing his PhD. He was celebrating his birthday that night in a bar on King’s Parade. He invited us to join the party and I was amazed to meet lots of old friends from my time at Caius. It was a magical night which could not have been better if we had planned it!

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Damien Bertrand (1998) invites Caians visiting Cognac to sample the delights of Cognac Meukow.
Roger Martin (1958)
Dr Iain Macpherson (1958), my Director of Studies in Economics, was always ahead of his time in cutting down on wastage. After one supervision, he announced that he was going to collect the baby’s free NHS orange juice, adding ‘The baby doesn’t like it, but it goes very well with my gin!’ Perhaps he was one of those involved in the famous Aberdeen incident, recorded in the local newspaper as: ‘Two taxis collide; 31 injured’.

Bryan Phillips (1951)
A Lear Jet is a magnificent feat of engineering designed by an extremely skilled team of aerodynamicists, structural analysts, experts in thermodynamics and other highly educated and thoroughly experienced engineers led by a chief designer at the very peak of his profession. Yet, the caption on page 14 of your Spring issue says: “the Lear Jet designed by Donatella Versace” i.e. the painter and decorator.
Publish a retraction Sir, ere a thousand Caius Engineers arise and smite thee!

David Childs (1949)
I wondered if the College would be interested in these photos. They were given to me by my Godfather, the Revd Reginald Jeffcoat (1891) – a Caian from the Victorian Era.
My father Reginald Childs (1919) was at Caius and one of the footsoldiers in the Jesus Gun episode. Mr Jeffcoat married my parents in 1926 and I remember him (in the mid 1930s) as a large man with a beard and his Bristol house like a museum, filled with artefacts. I remember especially a room full of Zulu clubs, spears and shields. He emigrated to South Africa in 1938, giving his effects to Bristol Museum where sadly they were destroyed during the Blitz. He died in Cape Town aged 102 in the 1960s.
Sadly, I am no longer fit enough to come up to the Annual Gathering, but I enjoy keeping in touch via ‘Once a Caian...’

EDITOR’S NOTE: the first of these photographs is published here and others will appear in future issues.

Traditionally, the student placed first in the Maths Tripos was designated Senior Wrangler. In this photograph, Arthur Shillito (1891), who took the LAST place in the Maths Tripos, is lifted on the shoulders of Reginald Jeffcoat (1891) and Francis Martin (1891) carrying the wooden spoon “in appreciation of his College” to mark this achievement.
Six in a Row!

The Caius First Mens VIII rowed over as Head of the River in the May Bumps for the sixth year in a row.

...and launching the

Simon Suess

On the last day of the May Bumps, the Caius First Men's VIII once again provided the perfect climax to the College's May Week Party for Benefactors by rowing over to become Head of the River for a scarcely believable six years in succession (nine of the last ten). First & Third Trinity, who had bumped their way to second spot by the final day, were never within a length of Caius, who rowed as majestically and powerfully as the large crowd of Caians gathered across Caius Meadow would wish.

On the previous evening, a ceremony had taken place at the Caius Boat House, where Nick Suess (1966), on behalf of the whole Suess family, presented a magnificent, state-of-the-art, Carl Douglas pair to the College, which the Master named in memory of Nick's late brother, Simon Suess (1971). Nick made a very moving and eloquent speech to the assembled company:

"Simon was by no means the first Caiian to die way too young, and sadly I'm sure he won't be the last, but he was the youngest of three Caiian brothers, and that in itself is special. So it was that last year, with the tenth anniversary of his death approaching, I began to think there ought to be some special Caiian memorial for him.

Something else happened last year. Caius men retained the headship of the Mays for a fifth successive year, which will surely be extended to six tomorrow. I was in Caius Meadow that Saturday afternoon, just a minute or two before that final triumphant row-over, when I received a phone call. It was from the hospital in Southend where my father had been a patient for the previous three weeks. We thought he was on the road to recovery. Only the previous day they had spoken of him possibly going home the following week, but this call was to say that his condition had deteriorated rapidly, and we should come as soon as possible. He died 24 hours later, at the ripe old age of 88.

I began to realise over the ensuing days and weeks that these two events combined to make possible this memorial. Some of the modest legacy Dad left us, money which would have been Simon's had he survived, could be donated to Caius to buy this boat.

Since this weekend marks the anniversary of his passing, please permit me to take a minute or two to tell you about my Dad. Our surname, uncommon in this country, derives from the fact that Dad was born and raised in Leopoldstadt, the old Jewish quarter of Vienna. He was the youngest by some years in a large family, and had several nieces and a nephew who were almost his own age. He and that nephew were inseparable as boys, but they were finally separated when the Nazis marched in at the Anschluss, and Dad fled to Britain as a refugee. His nephew never made it out, and died in the Holocaust. That nephew's name was Simon. My brother was named after him, and so it is doubly fitting that Dad's legacy has provided a memorial that bears the name "Simon".

Yes, Dad came to Britain as a refugee, landing on these shores without a penny in his pocket or a word of English in his head. He volunteered for the British army and served throughout the war, then in peacetime set up a small business which he ran successfully if not spectacularly for over fifty years. But I am absolutely sure that the thing of which he was most proud in all his time in England was that his three sons all came to Caius. Firstly Nigel with an Exhibition, lastly Simon as a Scholar, and in between there was me, a Commoner, but I think that was about right for me.

How did we choose Caius? Well, we had never heard of Gonville and Caius College, but our Maths master at school was a Caiian, and when Nigel was thinking of applying to Oxford he said "Why not give Caius a go? It's a good college." And he was damn right! And so this small piece of serendipity brought us all to the best college in Cambridge.

I'm saying this now especially for the young people here, most of all for those who are about to graduate and leave this beautiful place for new life challenges in new locations. 38 years ago I stood where you are. That's when I graduated, and I hope that in 38 years' time you will all feel about Caius as I do now. Our family is scattered to the four winds. Nigel has lived in Scotland for 30 years and his daughter Clara is as Scottish as can be. Simon has sadly gone. I live in Australia, and my daughter Eleanor is an Anglo-Australian temporarily exiled in London. We have lost all connection with the area of suburbia where we grew up, and so if there is one place on earth that could today be considered the spiritual home of the Suess family, it is Gonville and Caius College.

In saying this, I am paying tribute to the excellent work done over recent years by Anne Lyon and her development team, with their promotion of the "Once a Caian..." message. Yes, fundraising is a primary goal for Anne in her work, and she has done a great job in that area, but she has also helped promote and enhance our sense of identity as part of a global family of Caians. As I said, I live in Australia. I love my home in Perth, I love our beautiful climate and our laid-back outdoor lifestyle. It's where I want to grow old, and where one day my ashes will be scattered. But I can never step off Trinity Street through the Gate of Humility and into Tree Court without experiencing a strong sense of belonging. And that's a very powerful message for life to all you young Caians.

My other very strong message is "Keep rowing!" I learnt to row here at Caius in 1966, under the personal tutelage and mentorship of an inspirational Captain of Boats, now a great benefactor of this college, whose name is on one of the eights that has been out there today. I refer to John Lehman (1965). John comes from an impeccable Philadelphia rowing pedigree, his grandfather having been an Olympic gold medal sculler, the legendary Jack Kelly. But in keeping with the notion of Caius as a family, he nevertheless found time to take under his wing the skinny 18-year-old fresher
who turned up right here at the Boathouse that October, nervously wondering if he might be able to give rowing a go. Right from that first day, John was at all times totally insistent that I could learn to row, I could become a very useful member of Caius Boat Club, and I would gain a lot of enjoyment and satisfaction from doing so.

John was right, and I am still rowing today. I row in veteran events for my club in Perth. For some years we had the champion over-50s mixed eight for the State of Western Australia, and Eleanor’s mother was also a member of that crew. And I coach. In recent times I have specialised in coaching beginners who didn’t learn at school or uni, those no longer in the first flush of youth, and these are often men and women in their 50s, 60s or even 70s. And for me it’s very fulfilling to see the satisfaction and sense of achievement they gain from acquiring new skills in this wonderful sport.

I recall at Caius Boat Club’s “Eustace” dinner in March that the Master in his speech apologised for having never rowed. He said he didn’t have the build. I have to ask you, ladies and gentlemen, which of us two standing here has the build for rowing?

And so, Master, it may be seen as an invitation, it may be seen as a challenge, but any time I’m in the UK, you are most welcome to give me a call and I’ll pop up here and take you out in this beautiful boat, and I promise you that in under an hour you will be rowing like you never thought possible!

Now let us return to Simon. The single word most appropriate to Simon is “Loyalty”. In his life, Simon displayed an incredible sense of loyalty. Loyalty to his family, loyalty to his friends, loyalty to his college. You see here his Caius blazer and scarf, which after his death I found right there amongst all his everyday clothes, 22 years after he had graduated. That’s how important Caius remained as an integral cornerstone of his existence.

And Simon loved sport, any sport. I remember him sitting me down to watch grid-iron football on late night TV, explaining all its intricacies, which I confess I never quite got. He loved soccer, and most of all he loved cricket, and I could not possibly count the huge number of very happy days we spent sitting together watching cricket, both here and in Australia. He truly understood the concept of good sportsmanship that we associate with the phrase “to play cricket”.

And so what could be more fitting as a memorial to Simon than a living memorial, the great pleasure young sporting Caians will have for many years to come as they train and compete in this beautiful boat? Soon, those Caians will be young people born after Simon’s death, and his name will daily be on their lips. What better tribute to him could we ever hope for?
S
ince Martin Wade (1962) and David Bell (1962) set up the Bell-Wade Bursaries “to encourage excellence in scholarship and sport” in 1999, dozens of Caius sportsmen and sportswomen have benefited from their generosity. Martin and David are delighted that one of their protégés, Andy Baddeley (2000) is now the outstanding British 1,500m runner, aiming for Olympic medals, next year in Beijing and then in London in 2012.

Andy received support from the Bell-Wade Fund in all of his four undergraduate years. This, he says, was vital in helping him to train and compete, finally as Captain of the Cambridge University Cross-Country team. Studies were not neglected and he was rewarded with a Double First in Aeronautical Engineering. When he continued supervising on a part-time basis, further help came in the form of a small grant from the Caius Engineering Trust.

At College, it was never easy to reconcile the often conflicting demands of study, training and maintaining some sort of social life. Andy recalls with gratitude the supportive attitude of his Tutor, Dr Dino Giussani (1996) and three Directors of Studies, Dr Tom Bligh (1988), Dr Julian Allwood (2000) and Dr David Holburn (1993).

Now, as the British 1,500m champion (2006 and 2007) and having reached the final of the World Championships in August and the 2006 Commonwealth Games and European Championships, Andy has decided to be a full-time, professional sportsman. He believes becoming the best in the world in his event, or even stepping up from the top ten to the top three, is not possible as a part-timer. In order to succeed, he will need to train and compete, finally as Captain of the team. In his last three years at school, there was a flicker of hope: he came fifth, fourth and sixth in the English Schools (1993).

How would it feel, to sit on the shoulder of the world champion, as Andy did in Sheffield, on the last bend before the home straight, knowing you have more in the tank, thanks to all those punishing months of pushing yourself to the limit? Then you press the button: lactic acid or not, the legs respond, and you fly past in fractions of a second. You know you’ve won it long before the tape. There’s even time for a cool glance over your shoulder, just to make sure, and then you float across the line, leaving two Olympic medallists floundering behind you. How satisfying is that?

For Andy, it all began in the early 1990s, when he went to Calday Grange Grammar School in the Wirral, where his father teaches biology. His parents were always supportive: they stood in muddy fields, watching him come a regular seventh or eighth in his year. He might have given it up, but the cross country teacher urged him to go on, for the sake of the team. In his last three years at school, there was a flicker of hope: he came fifth, fourth and sixth in the English Schools Championships. Not bad – but no medals.

At Caius, he always knew he could train harder, but there were so many other demands on his time. In his fourth year, a lawyer, Andy Hobdell, offered to coach him and (thanks to the Bell-Wade) he was able to go on a warm weather training trip to Portugal. At the end of that season he was rewarded with second place in the 2004 AAA Championships: “It sounds good, but it was a strange race and I didn’t read too much into it.”

Then came a difficult choice. Offered the chance of doing a PhD at Caius, he turned it down. He went on supervising here, one day a week, but also took a part-time job, lecturing in Sports Science (Biomechanics) at St Mary’s College, Twickenham. The attraction was that St Mary’s is the home of the High Performance Centre run by UK Athletics and the English

http://www.andrewbaddeley.co.uk
Andy’s athletic career has been dogged by more than his fair share of major health problems and accidents. Back in 2001, after his first-year exams at Caius, he suffered from a stress-related complaint called HSP (Henoch-Schönlein purpura) which caused a rash, weight loss and severe swelling of his joints, putting him into hospital for a week and costing him a whole summer of athletics.

In 2004, after going down, he suffered from fairly severe heart palpitations. Diagnosis required the surgical implanting of an ECG chip into his chest, which is still there. He’s waiting for the right moment in his running career to have it removed. What it revealed sounds forbidding but is not life-threatening – AV nodal re-entrant tachycardia, a secondary pathway in the tissue of the heart that conducts electrical impulses in the wrong direction, so extra heartbeats are sometimes triggered at random.

More mundane but still infuriating mishaps include being tripped in the Final of the AAA Indoors 800m and breaking his wrist – and being tripped again in the Commonwealth Games 1,500m Final, falling awkwardly on the broken wrist, which was still in plaster.

Andy brushes off these misfortunes and regrets that journalists give them so much prominence, compared to his successes. Now, he is at the turning point of his career. Athletes are not paid like footballers, golfers and tennis players, but Andy knows this is the time to give up lecturing at St Mary’s, with all the perks, and become fully professional, “because I don’t think I can achieve what I want to achieve with a commitment to a part-time job.”

“This is my job now. Some days it’s hard. I don’t want to do it every day, but I do do it every day because that’s how you get to be the best. I want to be at the start line with the other guys, knowing that I’ve done everything I can do.”

In athletics, the days of the gifted amateur are over. Andy realises that the sponsors he needs will look for value for money and he is happy to work with them to ensure that they also benefit from their association with him:

“Hopefully, in return, as my profile rises and the London Olympics get closer, the benefit to them will be obvious.

There are many staging-posts on the long road to London. The most important is Beijing, next year, after which Andy plans a short break in his training regime, to marry his fiancée, celebrated Caius sportswoman, winner of the Lock Tankard, Louise Craigie (2001). They’re hoping the Dean will agree to the wedding being held in the College Chapel.

Many Caians are high achievers, but Andy Baddeley, just past his twenty-fifth birthday, has the drive and determination to succeed in any field he chooses. Fortunately for the rest of us, we can all bask in the reflected glory of his triumphs without feeling the pain!

I asked Andy what his real ambitions are, in his heart of hearts:

“Any medal at Beijing. Any colour at all. Then I’ll know how realistic the Gold in London is.”
EVENTS & REUNIONS FOR 2007-2008

Annual Gathering (1994 & 1995).............................. Saturday 15 September
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
First Christmas Carol Service ............................... Wednesday 28 November (6pm)
Second Christmas Carol Service .................. Thursday 29 November (4.30pm)
Michaelmas Full Term ends .................................. Friday 30 November
Lent Full Term begins ............................................ Tuesday 15 January 2008
The Stephen Hawking Circle Dinner ....................... tba February
Development Campaign Board Meeting ................. Wednesday 5 March
Parents’ Hall ...................................................... Thursday 13 March
Parents’ Hall ...................................................... Friday 14 March
Lent Full Term ends ............................................. Friday 14 March
MAs’ Dinner ...................................................... Friday 28 March
Mumbai Reception ............................................... tba April
Hong Kong Reception .......................................... tba April
Telephone Campaign begins ................................. Saturday 5 April
Annual Gathering (1975, 1976 & 1977) ............... Friday 11 April
Caius Club Dinner ............................................... tba April
Easter Full Term begins ........................................ Tuesday 22 April
Easter Full Term ends .......................................... Friday 13 June
May Week Party for Benefactors ......................... Saturday 14 June
Caius Club Bumps Event .................................... Saturday 14 June
May Ball .......................................................... Tuesday 17 June
Caius Medical Association Meeting & Dinner ........ Saturday 21 June
Graduation Tea ................................................... Thursday 26 June
Annual Gathering (up to & including 1956) ........ Tuesday 1 July
Admissions Open Days ....................................... Thursday 3 & Friday 4 July

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