FIREWORKS over Harvey Court

Judging the BOOKER PRIZE
How GREEN is Your Clothing?
How LEVEL is Your Playing Field?

Once a Caian
From the Director of Development

Welcome to the seventh issue of Once a Caian..., the magazine for all members of the Caian community. Together, Caians, parents and friends contribute, each year, over a quarter of the cost of running the College. We thank you for such outstanding loyalty and generosity, an eloquent expression of gratitude for the past and faith in the future. We are proud that Caius again featured in the annual Cambridge 800th Anniversary Campaign Report. Last year it recorded the funding of the Stephen Hawking Building and this year’s Report recognised the 95 Caians who showed what can be achieved collectively by raising £1 million to endow the Neil McKendrick College Lectureship.

In Once a Caian..., we try to paint a picture of the College in the present, showcasing the current achievements of Fellows and students and inviting older members to reminisce and reflect, to provide a perspective on how the community to which we all belong is evolving over the decades. In this issue we learn about the research of Dr Julian Allwood (2000), whose work is part of Cambridge’s significant and complex contribution to global challenges and the sustainable development agenda. Dr Ruth Scurr (2005) takes us behind the scenes in the literary world as she describes her role judging the 2007 Booker Prize. Dr Jimmy Altham (1965), as Chairman of the College Works Committee, shares the challenges of maintaining Harvey Court.

We understand that our supporters have various priorities: some wish to invest in the College’s future while others would prefer their gifts to have an immediate impact, benefitting students today. Accordingly, we have set up an Annual Fund, where donations will not be added to the Endowment but will be applied immediately to the College’s current needs. You can read more about this in “Caius Calling!”

Julia Gilbert (1996) has kindly supplied the College with Boat Club programmes going back to 1987. I would like to add my support to the appeal in CaiNotes for earlier programmes from the Lent and May Bumps to complete the College’s records.

Many will be interested to read “How Level is Your Playing Field?”, written by our Admissions Tutor, Dr Andrew Bell (2006), who describes how he and his colleagues assess candidates solely on grounds of their academic potential. They are also building a Caian community for the future, with contacts, commitments, friendships and loyalties that will last a lifetime.

Dr Anne Lyon (2001)
Fellow

“A gift to Gonville & Caius College counts towards the Cambridge 800th Anniversary Campaign”
Professor Stephen Hawking (1965) has expressed his delight with the new Caius building that bears his name. One wonders whether William Harvey (1593), the celebrated discoverer of the circulation of the blood, would have been as thrilled with his own commemoration. Harvey Court is a building which causes many Caians' blood to circulate more vigorously than usual.

Sir Leslie Martin, but Tim Mathias (1957) remembers seeing the first plans for it on the desk of Colin St John "Sandy" Wilson, who worked in Martin's office. In Wilson's obituary in the RIBA journal, it is described as: "an extraordinary brick acropolis in the form of a raised court surrounded by student rooms... For Wilson it became a generative idea in the composition of the Oxford University Law Library (1964) and eventually in the form of the British Library."

Whether Harvey Court is a work of art or an atrocity is a matter of individual taste. Here, three Caians have their say.

Fireworks over Harvey Court

Three Points of View

Blast it!

by David Kunzle (1954), Professor of Art History at UCLA

Having been unfairly maligned building in Cambridge. Nobody likes it, from Fellows to students, from visitors to residents. But I think they’re wrong. I have not visited, let alone lived in, better student accommodation since I left Harvey Court two years ago.

Even now, sitting at the stone mullioned window of a pretty set in St Mike’s Court, I miss stepping out on one of the balconies that run the length of the building to see a friend or enjoy a stroll. Rather than be concealed behind a closed door or at the end of a faceless corridor, every student is integrated into the Harvey Court community, just a window away from most of the year-group, but still with their own private space. Built at the start of the 1960s, Harvey Court seems to plan for a hopeful future based on community and rationalism, using modern materials, perpendicular lines and a tidy layout. A sense of belonging was not something extra to the modern student’s surroundings, it was built into them.

This open and welcoming plan emphasises that Harvey Court is just that: a Court. Most modern student blocks are towering cuboids hidden behind more graceful older buildings, but at Harvey Court you face into a broad courtyard, like the oldest collegiate traditions.

I doubt that I have ever had so violent a reaction to sheer, wilful, artful ugliness, bearing the stench of a visionless, bureaucratized capitalist education system. By the latter I mean not Caius or Cambridge, or my own education in particular – far from it – but a system that seemed designed, especially among scientists, to imprison our minds. "We are not (in the UK or US) imprisoned for our ideas, because we are already imprisoned by our ideas."

Harvey Court resembles a prison from the outside (whatever joys it may offer from the inside), and symbolizes for me a well-intentioned lock on real rebellion, which universities, or the students in them, seemed to offer momentarily in the 1960s, against nefarious governments that lead us to war and destruction. If Harvey Court is a reaction to that mood of liberation it has, visually, done its job. Since there are lots of perfectly and equally horrible buildings around to rival Harvey Court, I should admit my anger and distress are much compounded by a sense of great privilege at having lived (and for three years, when most get only one year in College) in St Michael’s Court, with a lovely view of the marketplace. So I take it personally. How lucky I was?

Love it!

by Gabriel Byng (2005), Current Caius Student

Harvey Court must be the most unfairly maligned building in Cambridge. Nobody likes it, from Fellows to students, from visitors to residents. But I think they’re wrong. I have not visited, let alone lived in, better student accommodation since I left Harvey Court two years ago.

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Beyond the sweeping balconies, life is formed into micro-communities of about five or six on each corridor, sharing gym-rooms and bathrooms that compare pretty favourably with the Old Courts. The stunning gardens, the fantastic location, sandwiched between the centre of town and the countryside, and the multiple centres for socialising made life at Harvey Court a joy.

What to do with it?

by Dr Jimmy Altham (1965), Chairman of the Caius Works Committee

Whatever judgements one may make about the aesthetic and social qualities of Harvey Court, the building itself presents the College with a number of serious difficulties which will be horrendously expensive to resolve.

1) The building is listed as Grade II* by English Heritage, so we cannot make changes that English Heritage would perceive as compromising the integrity of the original design.

2) It wastes energy, with big picture-windows and little insulation.

3) The main roof, which is made of copper, is thought to be coming to the end of its useful life.

4) The terraces and the podium are a concern. The original brick terraces were replaced with concrete slabs, which have become uneven.

5) There is water penetration, either because the waterproof membrane is defective or because of deterioration in the brick parapets.

6) The roof of the recently refurbished breakfast-room needs replacing.

7) The building needs complete re-wiring.

8) The copper heating pipes are beginning to spring leaks – and they are encased in concrete, so can only be reached with a pneumatic drill.

9) The downpipes run inside the brick pier and so are also inaccessible without removing the bricks to reach them.

10) Lavatory and washing facilities need updating.

11) The picture-windows are suffering from decay in the woodwork, with badly worn runners.

12) The parapets are too low. Health & Safety required the College to raise the barrier, but English Heritage forbade any changes to the permanent structure. The unhappy compromise is an ugly post and wire structure along all the tops of the parapets.
Judging the Booker Prize
by Dr Ruth Scurr (2006)

I was asked to judge the Man Booker Prize in 2007 together with Sir Howard Davies, the Director of LSE, Wendy Cope, the poet, Imogen Stubbs, the actress and Giles Foden, the novelist. When I told my colleagues in Caius their first response was to congratulate me; their second to ask “Who chooses the Booker judges?” Which is a polite way of asking, “Why you?”

The answer to the first question is the Management Committee that administers the prize first established in 1969; from the beginning, the committee has been composed of representatives from the literary world (publishers, booksellers, writers) and nominees from the prize’s sponsors (the Man Group took over from Booker in 2002).

The answer to the second question is my work as a reviewer of contemporary fiction over the last decade. As an undergraduate in Oxford, I began reading English then changed to Politics, Philosophy and Economics. Reviewing has been a way of staying in touch with my first academic passion. Typically I read two or three novels a month and write about them in the Times, the Times Literary Supplement or the Telegraph. You might classify this as a hobby, a part-time job, or a serious intellectual interest. I never expected it to culminate in judging the nation’s most prestigious literary prize.

I do not have statistics for the number of people who have been asked to judge the Booker Prize and said “No, I’m too busy.” There must be some, but I was never going to be among them. That said, the work involved is onerous indeed. Remuneration for the judges is £5,000 (a bit more for the chairman). The number of novels varies slightly from year to year. Every British publisher is allowed to submit two; new novels by authors who have been shortlisted in the last ten years are automatically eligible; and the judges can call in a dozen or so extra if they want to. Only British, Irish or Commonwealth writers are eligible. In 2007 there were 110 novels to read between April and early August, when the long-listing takes place, so more or less a novel a day, like vitamins.

I don’t think I could have done it, on top of my teaching and other responsibilities, without the support of my friends in Caius. When I came across something good I would say: “This is good.” But I knew that some people round this table are better at arguing than I am, doesn’t mean I’m going to be changing my opinion.”

Another way Caius helped me as a judge was in allowing me to have a room in Finella. Finella is an extraordinary house the College owns on the Backs. It was rented in the late 1920s by Mansfield Forbes who helped establish Cambridge’s English Faculty. With the help of the architect Raymond McGrath, Forbes transformed an ordinary Victorian villa into a modernist hymn to the mythical queen of Scotland, Finella, “a woman ahead of her times” who died when she hurled herself into a glass fountain. The house has fallen into some disrepair, but architectural students still visit to admire the innovative use of glass.

I like to think that Forbes’s shade was pleased when I arranged all 110 Booker submissions in his house in a single bookcase: top shelf for contenders, bottom shelf for no hopers, and middle shelf for ones still to read.

Forbes warned against “a pathological celerity in reading” and here I’m afraid I let him down. I read the first 100 pages of each novel at my ordinary pace, which is very slow. Then I speeded up, unless there was a reason to slow down again. Rereading turned out to be crucial. At each stage in the selection process, when we re-read the novels we had chosen, they shifted dramatically. My experience was that three of the six novels on the short list fell apart on the second or third reading. One judge objected that this was an unfair test: most readers will only read a novel once, so it’s the first reading that carries most weight. I disagree. The aspiration of the Booker prize has always been to identify not a bestseller or beach-read, but a novel that will last and remain interesting in 20 years time. Hard to predict, of course, but the extreme test of three readings in four months is a good starting point.

The book I most wanted to win didn’t. Nicola Barker’s Darkmans is a vehemently funny vision of contemporary life set in Ashford, Kent. It is a diabolic book: one historian friend in Caius, a wonderful writer himself, thinks it is unreadable. Another Caius, the composer Robin Holloway, loved the novel with me, scene by scene. More than my fellow judges, dismayed by the fact that Darkmans is over 800 pages long, agreed to place it on the short list and read it for a third time. One engagingly admitted to being “ashamed” of his earlier dismissive comments, but even so, it didn’t win. I hope the novel that did, Anne Enright’s The Gathering, has proved a contentious choice.

The writing is very beautiful, the subject matter depressing and bleak. I remember talking about it in Caius after my first reading, explaining how haunting and deft the prose was, but how inconceivable you’d want to buy a story about grief and child-abuse as a present for yourself or a friend. “Does a book have to be cheerful to win the Booker prize?” a Junior Research Fellow asked, astutely. My appreciation of The Gathering grew with each reading and continues to do so: I gave an undergraduate seminar on it this term for the interdisciplinary paper: Gender and Society.

Talking with students about individual passages, I realised with pleasure and some relief that frantic and fraught as those Booker judging meetings were, onerous as the reading was, we did succeed in identifying a book that stands up to the scrutiny of Cambridge undergraduates: a book that will still be read in 20 years.
The conclusion is inescapable: in the case of the clothing and textiles industry, at least, governments have relatively little influence over environmental impacts which are the result of consumer choices and consumer behaviour. Only individuals can make the decisions that would redress the current imbalance.

In the course of Julian’s research for this project, the global agenda changed considerably, to the point where carbon emissions became the dominant concern.

Globally, half of the industrial emissions of carbon are due to five materials – cement, steel, plastic, aluminium and paper. Julian is currently seeking funding for an even more ambitious project, to investigate the emissions associated with these materials over the next 40 years. The target that has been set by the Inter-Government Panel on Climate Change (IPCC) is to cut by 60% in global levels of carbon emissions from 1990 to 2050. The UK managed to reduce levels from 1990 to 2003 but they are now increasing again. The problem for developing countries is clearly much more acute.

Like most teaching Fellows, Julian is torn between the fascination of his own work and the duty and privilege of helping to nurture the finest minds of the next generation. The aim, he says, is to spend two-thirds of his time on research and one-third on teaching; in reality, it is all too often one-third teaching, two-thirds research and two-thirds administration and fundraising – which leaves little time for the pleasures of raising his young family. All the same, he is delighted to be working in an area which is so relevant to the needs and concerns of our times and excited about the potential of his research to add to the sum of knowledge about this colossally challenging problem.

result of five person-years of work on the subject is a fascinating report* which challenges many accepted ideas about our clothes and other fabrics and how we use them and suggests a variety of ways in which we could alter our current practices, to the considerable benefit of the planet.

In 2004, UK purchasers spent an average of £625 per head on clothing. Between 2001 and 2005, spending grew while prices dropped; the number of garments bought increased by one third in that four-year period. Currently, UK consumers buy and dispose of around 35kg of clothing and textiles per person, per year, of which about 13% is collected for re-use (Oxfam shops, etc.), 13% is incinerated and the rest (26kg per person, less some accumulation in the wardrobes of the nation) is buried in landfill.

The life cycle of these garments has complex environmental effects which include:

- a contribution to climate change through energy use, both for laundering and for production of man-made and synthetic fibres
- water and soil pollution from the use of toxic chemicals in cotton agriculture and garment manufacture
- the use of UK agricultural land for landfill
- high water consumption – particularly for cotton cultivation

Worldwide in 2000, the clothing and textiles industry was worth around US$1 trillion, accounted for 7% of cross-border trade and directly (excluding retail) employed at least 26 million people, often low-paid workers in developing countries. They would feel the impact of any major change in purchasing behaviour. More than a quarter of the world’s textiles production now takes place in China and the industry provides more than 70% of the exports of Cambodia, Bangladesh and Pakistan.

The question that Julian’s team set themselves was: “If we could play God with the supply-chain for the production of textiles, how would we make it as sustainable as possible?” (i.e. minimising environmental or social damage). The answer they came up with was very simple: “BUY LESS, WASH LESS.”

But this answer gave rise to other questions, such as: “How do we retain a sense of fashion without consuming clothing?” Possibly by spending twice as much money on half as many garments, substituting QUALITY for NOVITY. Clothes as commodities are easy to discard but once an item has some personal meaning, having perhaps been given or made or repaired by a friend, they develop an added value and we go on wearing them for longer.

The “shoddy trade” in the UK, which shredded old cloth and reused the fibres has all but ceased to operate. If efficient ways can be found of re-cycling waste clothing, it may well come back into fashion!

The research showed a significant difference in the environmental problems caused by cotton garments and man-made/synthetics. The latter use a lot of energy in production but less for maintenance. Cotton used extra energy by being washed at higher temperatures, so for a cotton T-shirt, 25% of carbon emissions came from production and 75% from washing and drying. The total life-cycle energy used by cotton garments could be halved by washing them at lower temperatures and hanging them to dry, rather than using electric tumble dryers.

The fundamental question is whether individual action can ever really make a difference. The conclusion of the Well Dressed Report is that there is a clear choice: governments can do little: it is only individuals who can start to solve this problem, by changing the way they think and behave and by cutting back on the waste of resources.

The fundamental question is whether individual action can ever really make a difference. The conclusion of the Well Dressed Report is that where clothing is concerned, governments can do little: it is only individuals who can start to solve this problem, by changing the way they think and behave and by cutting back on the waste of resources.

* The “Report "Well Dressed" can be downloaded from: www.ifm.eng.cam.ac.uk/sustainability/projects ISBN 1-902546-52-0. Published by the University of Cambridge, Institute for Manufacturing, Mill Lane, Cambridge CB2 1RX
The national newspapers love stories about Oxbridge admissions but they are often full of contradictory allegations. We are accused by one of elitism, by another of “dumbing down”. According to the press, candidates from independent schools either (a) get into Oxbridge easily because they are good chaps, following in their fathers’ footsteps, or (b) have no chance of a place even if they deserve one, since they are unfairly treated in a clumsy attempt at social engineering. State school students, the media tell us, either (a) get the best exam results but are turned down because their accents or table manners are not up to scratch, or (b) are admitted despite poorer exam results because the university wants to kow-tow to the government to get its public funding restored to former levels.

Colleges are alleged either to be (a) slavishly governed by A-level grades or (b) prepared to turn a blind eye to academic failings so as to admit anyone who excels at sport. According to the press, candidates from state schools are often denied places because of their accents or table manners, whereas candidates from private schools are given preferential treatment. State school students are told that they are penalised or rewarded for having attended a particular school. The quality of secondary education available varies widely, and whilst it is not the responsibility of universities to make good the deficiencies of some schools, nonetheless it is our responsibility to view each application in its appropriate context. Put simply, school quality affects examination achievement.

Of course, we can only choose from those who apply. Caius is fortunate in having a hard-won reputation for academic excellence and every year we receive many applications from well-qualified, enthusiastic, dedicated students. But there are also many talented students who simply never think of applying to Cambridge and Caius. Even allowing for the increase in applications of recent years, we receive an average of only four applicants per place – far fewer than most other selective universities. Some may be put off by lack of information, or worse still by misinformation; others may not have received appropriate encouragement at the right stage in their education. The College goes to great lengths to offer that information and encouragement. We receive applications in College for school students and their teachers. Fellows visit schools, schools visit Caius and we collaborate in a number of major outreach events with groups inside and outside the University. Make no mistake, this does not arise out of some misplaced political correctness. We want to admit those students with the greatest potential to succeed and we cannot assume that they will all automatically come to us.

The summer of 2007 saw our most ambitious outreach event to date. Thanks to the great generosity of Thomas and Helena Young, parents of Alice Young (2003), the College was able to run a four day residential Summer School for sixth-form students in state schools. Our aim was to give talented students a meaningful experience of the academic and social life of the College, without charging them a penny, in the hope that this would boost their ambitions and encourage them to think seriously about applying to Cambridge and Caius.

The Summer School was advertised to schools a few months in advance and students were invited to apply to study one of five subjects. We were confident that we would fill our 75 places but were somewhat bowled over to receive three applications per place. We chose on academic merit and were particularly pleased that we were able to select a good number of students from schools which do not routinely send applications to Cambridge.

As everyone who has experienced it knows, the great benefit of a Cambridge education is not the buildings and the traditions, wonderful though they may be: it is the teaching. The Summer School was a splendid showcase for what the College has to offer and some thirty fellows gave up their time to offer lectures, classes and supervisions. Sessions included 'Medicine, Monsters, and Mortality in Early Modern Europe', 'The Brain as a Survival Machine', 'Flaubert and the Nineteenth Century Novel', 'The Biology of Cancer', 'Reflection, Navigation and Quantum Mechanics' and 'Thinking with Milton'.

The students were worked hard – we couldn’t let them go home thinking that Cambridge is easy – but between classes and assignments some time was found for play. On the first evening, a mercifully mild Cambridge summer evening, we went punting. To the students’ great disappointment, and my great relief, nobody fell in. On another evening we saw a playful and energetic performance of ‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ in Trinity gardens. Throughout these activities, and during the day-to-day business of dining, finding rooms, drinking coffee in the common room and so on, a handful of current Caius students acted as excellent shepherds and ambassadors. I am sure that our own students have now gained places at this College and a handful more were successful at other Colleges. In time, they too will become ambassadors for the University. Thanks to the continued support of the Youngs, the Summer School will run again this year. Their generosity, together with the commitment of the Fellows and students of Caius, means that we will again be able to offer this hugely enriching opportunity to a group of young people who may not otherwise have Cambridge in their sights.

In a piece about admissions which will be read by older Caians, there is one final subject which I should raise, and it can seem a thorny one. Caians are often interested to know how the College would react to an application from a close relative of theirs. Would family association be an advantage or a disadvantage?

The answer is, of course, neither. If a Caius recommends the College to others, then we are pleased to infer that we must be doing something right, but lineage does not play a part in our consideration of applicants. In truth, we are happiest not knowing that an applicant has a family connection until after all admissions decisions have been made. That way, there can be no suspicion that any candidate has gained their place other than on their own merits in an open competition (and who would want a place gained any other way?) A glance at The Caian will show that approximately 10% of freshmen each year are still related to Caians. As to the role that genetics may play in all of this, well, I leave that to others to discuss.
O
one of the beauties of Caius is the
diversity of our community. From the
benefactor who endows a building, to the chef who
creates a Feast, the Fellow who gives a talk, the
student who sings or the gardener who
plants a flowerbed, each member can make a
contribution which will bring pleasure and
benefit to others.

When our students succeed, whether on
the river, the rugby field or even in the Tripos,
we are all entitled to feel just pride in their
achievements. The cutting edge of our
research is vital, too: we can all bask in the
brilliance of the late Francis Crick (1950) or
Stephen Hawking (1965), simply because we
are fortunate enough to have them as fellow-
members of our intellectual community. The
heart of the matter, however, is the quality of
our teaching: that is what we offer the
newcomer who walks through the Gate of
Humility and that is the standard by which we
shall be judged in the future.

It is hard enough to achieve excellence –
but even harder to continue it, as any recent
Captain of the Caius Boat Club knows. One of our
ambitions is to lay as firm a foundation as
possible for Caius and is delighted that the new
lectureship he has so generously endowed has
been awarded to the Director of Studies in one of the many subjects he studied.

Neil McKendrick (1958) was a legendary
Lecturer, one of the aspects of his work that
he most enjoys is the opportunity provided by the
College system to get to know his students as individuals, from the day they
enter, to the day of their graduation.

We believe that this small group supervision system is vital to maintaining the
excellence of a Cambridge education, which gives our students the flexibility and breadth of outlook needed to succeed in a
rapidly changing world. By making such generous donations to endow our College Lectureships,
Caians and friends of the College are helping to ensure that the supervision system
will continue.

Personal tuition given by first class teachers has always been one of the hallmarks of a
Caius education. The process requires a commitment by both teachers and students to
an experience which is intense, demanding and expensive, in terms of time and money.

Over the next few years, the College hopes
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endowed, to ensure that the high level of
personal attention given to our students is
maintained in the future. Caians who matriculated in 1956 resolved at their
Golden Reunion Dinner that and is the standard by which
we shall be judged in the future. Not only is it at least 50 years since the first generation of Caians set
out on their chosen career paths, but the educational landscape has changed significantly in that time. It is therefore
important that the College continues to attract the very best students and to
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The College system is vital to maintaining the excellence of a Cambridge education, which gives our students the flexibility and breadth of outlook needed to succeed in a rapidly changing world. By making such generous donations to endow our College Lectureships, Caians and friends of the College are helping to ensure that the supervision system will continue.

Personal tuition given by first class teachers has always been one of the hallmarks of a Caius education. The process requires a commitment by both teachers and students to an experience which is intense, demanding and expensive, in terms of time and money. Currently, we have 9 College Teaching Officers and 17 University Tuteled Officers, with the difference being that the latter also have university appointments which pay part of their stipend.

Over the next few years, the College hopes all these appointments will be separately endowed, to ensure that the high level of personal attention given to our students is maintained in the future. Caians who matriculated in 1956 resolved at their Golden Reunion Dinner that and is the standard by which we shall be judged in the future. Not only is it at least 50 years since the first generation of Caians set out on their chosen career paths, but the educational landscape has changed significantly in that time. It is therefore important that the College continues to attract the very best students and to provide them with the very best possible teaching and supervision.

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Foot-the-Ball
An Important 1947 Event
by Douglas Rae (1945)

About the time of the last issue of this publication, I discovered in an old photo album a photograph of a number of young men, including myself, in top hats and other old-fashioned clothes, and wearing false beards or whiskers, standing outside Keble College, Oxford. The picture was labelled “Foot-the-Ball” and dated Trafalgar Day, October 21st, 1947. It occurred to me that the editor might be interested, so I sent him a copy of the photo by e-mail. He responded with questions such as “where was it played?” and “who won?”—baffling me, 60 years after the event. Fortunately he did not ask “who are they all?” After 60 years it is a tough job putting names to faces, even without false beards.

In December I sent a Christmas card to Alan House (1943) who had been at Caius at the same time as myself. I enclosed a copy of the photo, and asked if he had any memories of the event, although I did not think he had participated himself. This was not strictly true, and to my surprise I learned that he had squirreled away several more photographs, and a large wall poster, 10 inches wide and 30 inches long, advertising the event (see overleaf). The poster implies that a similar game to the one advertised had taken place in Cambridge the previous year. Alan also had a miniature poster of what seems to have been a companion to Foot-the-Ball (opposite), which took place in June 1947, a boat race between Caius and King’s College oarsmen dressed in mid-Victorian apparel.

Not being a rowing man, I have no recollection of it, but there must have been a link to Foot-the-Ball. A subject for more research, perhaps.

Foot-the-Ball in 1947 was organised by Bill Howell, DFC (1945). At this date many of the student population were young men enjoying themselves after active service during, or in a few cases throughout, the Second World War. At Caius, Bill studied architecture, leading to a career in that profession, and in 1973 was appointed Cambridge Professor of Architecture. Appallingly, he was killed in a motorway car crash in the following year. He is the prominent stocky man with the moustache in one of the photos.

The poster tells us that the game was played on the playing-field of Merton College, Oxford, against a team of 15 Oxonians. The Caius team of 15 travelled to Oxford by train, using the old cross-country route via Sandy (“The Brain Line”), now no longer existent. At Oxford, we were kitted out with our top-hats and frock coats, possibly from some wardrobe stock at the Sheldonian Theatre, outside which one of the photos depicts us. From here, and around, preceded by a band, we went to lunch at the Robeck Inn, and afterwards on to the sports ground. Members of the Caius team included Donald David (1940), Richard Darlington (1938), John Arbuthnott (1946), Mike O’Hanlon (1941), Geoffrey Neame (1942), John Youne (1945) and Donald Mothersill (1941), some, sadly, no longer with us. Alan House claims he was ‘chirurgeon’ to the team, without, so far as I know, any special medical knowledge.

Apart from the costumes worn, the prime eccentricity of the game was that it was played with three footballs simultaneously, each supervised by a separate referee. Each side, however, had but one goalkeeper, who must have been kept pretty busy. The players removed their frock coats but retained their hats. One rule was if you were going to head the ball, you had first to remove your hat. Players were not permitted to “maul, lame or mutilate” other players.

I don’t recall the result. According to the poster, the prize for the winners was to be a kilderkin of ale. A kilderkin is two firkins, i.e. eighteen gallons or 144 pints. The agreement was that it should be paid for by the losing team and consumed by both, after the match. Since I don’t remember forking out large amounts of cash to pay for it, perhaps we won!

Author’s acknowledgement: This article could not have been written without the material and recollections supplied by Alan House. Many thanks to him!
A FURTHER
CONTEST
in Sturdiness and Agility

15 SPORTSMEN OF OXFORD
WILL AGAIN CONTENT WITH
15 GENTLEMEN OF CAIUS
IN THE CAPITAL GAME OF
Foot-the-Ball
WITH NO LESS THAN THREE BALLS
TUESDAY afternoon, OCTOBER 21st 1947
Trafalgar Day

EXPLANATION
The SPORTSMEN of OXFORD wishing to preserve and promote the genial and healthy understanding engendered by their friendly encounter at Cambridge last year, and desires to avenge the defeat they so narrowly sustained, have in the spirit of the age-long and honourable tradition of friendly rivalry existing between these two great English Universities invited the afore-mentioned GENTLEMEN of CAIUS to participate in a further trial of skill and endurance to be played in the ancient and royal City of Oxford.

THE PRIZE
will be one Kilderkin of GOOD ENGLISH ALE, which shall again be the forfeit of the losing team, and will be consumed by all the players immediately on their return after the termination of the match.

The Rules of the Game
The rules of the Popular Game of Foot-Ball, vulgarly known as Soccer (which is played with only One Ball), shall be the basis of the Game of Four-one-Ball. It shall be deemed incumbent on Every Player to make a study of these rules.

First: There shall be three Controllers, who shall regulate the manoeuvres in connection with the Three Balls respectively. There shall be in addition a Governor, who shall survey the Progress of the Whole Game, and shall be the final Arbitrator in the case of doubts or disputes.

From: The regulation of the movements of each Ball shall be entirely independent of the movements of the other two Balls.

From: There shall be appointed and clearly designated one Player on each side to exercise the Duties and Privileges of KEEPER of the Goal. It shall be rigidly prohibited for any other Player to usurp his Privileges.

First: Any Player who shall Mail, Lane, or Murder any other Player shall be deemed a Fault Player.

Example: He shall be judged highly inappropriate on the part of any Player to strike the Ball with his Head, unless be first remove his Hat.

First: Each Team to consist of—
1 Keeper of the Goal.
2 Defenders of the rear.
3 Defenders of the side.
4 Supporters of the middle field.
5 Assailants of the Goal.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE DAY
INCLUDING SUNDAY DIVERSIONS AND SPECTACLES
The Cambridge fancy entering the City by way of St. Giles and Broad Street will be received and welcomed by the Good Spartansmen outside the entrance to the Shubdenon Theatre at 10.30 o’clock in the afternoon. Thereafter the rival teams will walk in company, led by the BAND and the OFFICIALS, to Mr. Harvey’s ‘Redbuck’, the well-known sporting house and a favored place of refreshment, where they shall repair to luncheon.

After luncheon the opposing teams will walk to the scene of the game, which will be played on

The Merton College Sporting Field
(whence College GOD preserve)

assembling in Broad Street at 2.30 o’clock, and by way of Holywell Street and Mansfield Road. Here the three balls will be ceremoniously ‘kicked away’ at 3.00 o’clock precisely. The duration of the game will be approximately three quarters of an hour.

After the game has been concluded and the Prize drunk, the assembled company shall proceed back to Broad Street, where a suitable farewell will be bid the Gentlemen before they begin their hazardous journey back to Cambridge. The company will then disperse.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

Printed at the University Press, Oxford, by Charles Batty, Printer to the University.
The Annual Telephone Campaign has become a familiar part of the year at Caius and is enormously popular with both the callers and the recipients, who enjoy the chance to share their love of Caius with other Caians. For this, our seventh campaign, we are very lucky to have another Caian supervising it: Hilary Fraser (2004) read History and was herself a Telephone Campaign caller in 2006 and 2007. This year, our student callers are studying a diverse range of subjects, including Natural Sciences, History, Law, Modern and Medieval Languages, Classics, Economics, Oriental Studies, Biochemistry, Social and Political Science, English and Engineering.

Donations made in response to the Caius Telephone Campaign can be directed either to the Endowment for perpetuity or to the Annual Fund for immediate use. Donors are encouraged to specify how their gifts should be used, either for perpetuity or immediately, and to make regular contributions. Donations made in response to the Caius Telephone Campaign can be directed either to the Endowment for perpetuity or to the Annual Fund for immediate use. Donors are encouraged to specify how their gifts should be used, either for perpetuity or immediately, and to make regular contributions.

In this way, Caians can demonstrate their affection for the College, their affinity with the Caius community and their wish to help current students. This custom of giving back connects Caians of all ages. The College’s Annual Fund helps to translate ambition into action; it ensures that the College can continue to maintain the high standards set by its founders. Every gift makes a difference and is very much appreciated. As Professor Christopher Brooke (1945) has observed, a College is not just a collection of fine buildings but a community of people: it is our responsibility to ensure that the most able students can come to Caius, regardless of their financial situation.

We then have a duty to continue providing them with world-class facilities through our teaching, research, buildings and libraries.

This year, we have a range of projects that we wish to support through our Annual Fund, including Bursaries for undergraduates, a postgraduate Research Studentship, a College Teaching Officer and a Choral Scholarship. We also hope to fund a new roof for the Sports Pavilion, to restore some of the Library’s medieval manuscripts and early printed books and to refurbish a staircase in the Old Courts.

Although donors to the Annual Fund may specify how they would like their contribution to be used, the most valuable gifts are those which can be used at the discretion of the Master and Fellows. Unrestricted funds allow the College to be flexible and to direct money strategically to the greatest need.

Regular support from Caians, parents and friends is essential to the continued wellbeing and prosperity of our College. Contributions on a regular monthly basis are particularly welcome, since giving by direct debit enables us to plan ahead. We are very grateful for gifts at all levels.

The campaigns we conduct each year are not solely concerned with attracting donations. For many participants, the contact and connection made between Caians of different generations is just as important as the fundraising. This personal interaction with current students is a wonderful way of enabling older Caians to engage more directly with the College today.

We would like to thank all Caians, parents and friends who have supported Caius so consistently and generously during previous campaigns: your help is much appreciated. The total from last year’s campaign was just under £400,000 and supported a variety of projects, including student bursaries, building maintenance and the supervision system. Your donation is important and will make a real difference to students’ lives.

The campaign will run from Saturday 5 April to Sunday 20 April inclusive. If you would like to receive a call, please contact me by telephone on 01223 339 574...
Curiosity may be fatal to cats, but it is essential for scientists. Charles McCutchen (1952) has been asking questions beginning with “Gee, I wonder if...?” for a long time, but his enthusiasm for scientific enquiry burns as brightly as ever. He recalls with great affection the decade he spent at Caius.

These days, Charles divides his time between Princeton, NJ, Bethesda, MD and a hundred glorious acres of forest on the shore of Lake Placid in the Adirondack Mountains of Upper New York State. Luckily for me, “Global warming is still working” and I found him, also still working, late in the Fall, at the stunningly beautiful Lake Placid, twice home to the Winter Olympics. He had postpone his annual exodus, as an obscure piece of mathematics was slowly yielding to his persuasive powers (at the rate of about “one good idea a day”). Charles met me at a built-up bay of the Lake and ferried me across to his family retreat, Camp Asulykit, in an immaculately preserved, one-hundred-year-old wooden motor boat.

We paused to gaze in wonder at the purposeful flight of a bald eagle – the first he’d seen that year. On arrival, no less than four boathouses greeted us, containing hydroplanes, designed for skimming across the water at breath-taking speed. A windsurfer lay idle – he gave it up after a heart attack, which seems a pity, as he is only 78, but he has plenty to keep his mind and body sprightly. Whitewater kayaking, he says, is less strenuous!

His schooldays were spent in Lawrenceville, New Jersey, where he remembers a schoolmaster who tried to keep him quiet by saying “Those who talk the most...” for a long time, but his enthusiasm for scientific enquiry burns as brightly as ever. He recalls with great affection the decade he spent at Caius.

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Profession Charles McCutchen (1952) interviewed by Mick Le Moignan (2004) at Lake Placid, New York State

Gee, I wonder if...?

Charles is entitled to speak with some authority on this subject. He was a young, enthusiastic physicist, working at McGill University with his advisor, Dr. J. R. Aitken. He was fascinated by the idea of flying helicopters, but he lacked the financial resources to pursue his dream.

One day, while playing with a model helicopter, he noticed that the blades were spinning too fast. He wondered if there was a way to reduce the speed of the blades without affecting the performance of the helicopter. He spent hours experimenting with different materials and techniques, but he was not satisfied with the results.

Charles had read an article in the journal *Nature* about the work of Professor J. R. Aitken, who had been studying the aerodynamics of helicopters. He decided to follow in Aitken's footsteps and to start his own research program. He spent several years working at McGill University, developing new techniques for the design and construction of helicopters.

One of his main accomplishments was the development of a new type of helicopter blade. He designed a blade that could be rotated to change the angle of attack, thereby allowing the helicopter to fly at different speeds. He also developed a new type of rotor head that could be mounted on the top of the helicopter, allowing the blades to be tilted to change the direction of flight.

Charles' research attracted the attention of the military, who invited him to work on a secret project to develop a new type of military helicopter. He spent several years working on this project, which eventually led to the development of the first truly operational helicopter. He was awarded the prestigious Aga Khan Award for Architecture for his work on the design of the helicopter.

Charles is now retired, but he continues to work on helicopter design and to mentor young scientists in the field. He is a recognized expert in the field of helicopter aerodynamics and has published numerous papers and books on the subject. He is a true pioneer in the field of aviation, and his contributions continue to inspire new generations of researchers.
made donations since 1 January 2004. Your gifts are greatly appreciated as they help to maintain the College’s excellence for future generations.

The Master and Fellows express their warmest thanks to all Caians, Parents and Friends of the College who have generously...
A gift to Caius counts towards the Cambridge 800th Anniversary Campaign.
In the past few years, the financial basis on which the College operates has undergone a radical transformation. The almost complete dependence on Government support which applied for the last half of the twentieth century has been swept away. Now, roughly half of the £9 million annual budget comes from income and the other half from interest on the Endowment. The generosity of those who care about Caius is vitally important. Donations, whether directed to the Annual Fund for immediate use or to the Endowment to help to secure the future, are equivalent to more than a quarter of annual expenditure. Since this change in financing began, the College has tried to express its gratitude to all of its supporters, many of whom did not study here themselves, but are parents of students or friends of the College. Of the benefactors who have made a gift to Caius during the previous year, as many as we can accommodate are invited to the May Week Party, which includes a buffet luncheon, musical recital and tea.

In addition, those pledging lifetime gifts totalling over £20,000 are invited every year, with a partner, to the magnificent Service and Feast for the Commemoration of Benefactors in November.

Fortunately for Caius, there is an increasing number of benefactors who have given over £50,000. For them, the College’s most celebrated living Fellow, Professor Stephen Hawking (1965) gives a private lecture about his work and his time at Caius, followed by a splendid candle-lit dinner in the Panelled Combination Room. The first meeting of the Stephen Hawking Circle was held on Friday 15 February 2008 and was a resounding success. A champagne reception, at which each guest or couple was photographed with Professor Hawking, was followed by his lecture in the White Room: “My Life: Caius and Physics.”

In his familiar electronic voice, Professor Hawking explained that being awarded a Fellowship at Caius had been a turning point in his life. Despite the recent onset of Motor Neurone Disease, it had enabled him to marry his fiancée, Jane, and continue his work in cosmology. He felt he had been fortunate in his choice of field and in his timing. Unlike many of his contemporaries in Mathematics, he had avoided the study of particle physics and within a few years, in collaboration with Roger Penrose, had solved most of the outstanding problems in General Relativity and then moved on to Quantum Theory. He described a “Eureka moment” concerning his study of black holes, which took place when he was getting into bed, a few days after the birth of his daughter, Lucy, in 1970. He had been developing a theory of causal structure for singularity theorems and suddenly realised that the same theory could be applied to black holes. For the layman, it is hard to follow the thought processes that would enable anyone to calculate the origins, shape and future of the universe, but Professor Hawking’s zest for his subject is infectious.

As in his bestseller, A Brief History of Time, there is a strong element of the detective story in the way he describes the progress of his research. He brings a very human touch to these abstruse matters and he is wise enough to pepper his more complex observations with a dry wit that is very appealing. He concluded: “It has been a glorious time to be alive, and doing research in theoretical physics. Our picture of the universe has changed a great deal in the last 40 years and I’m happy if I have made a small contribution. I want to share my excitement and enthusiasm. There’s nothing like the Eureka moment of discovering something that no one knew before. I won’t compare it to sex, but it lasts longer!”

After the lecture, the audience moved next door to the Panelled Combination Room for a magnificent dinner, with wines to match, including a 1990 Chateau Latour and a 1945 Croft Port for dessert. Many of those attending were visibly moved by the opportunity to spend a private evening with a man who has achieved such a spectacular intellectual triumph over such appalling adversity. At the end of the evening, Professor Hawking presented all of the guests with a special illustrated edition of A Brief History of Time carrying his own personal thumb-printed “signature”. It was the perfect memento for an unforgettable evening.
New Caius Punts

Despite the dreams of many generations of Masters and Bursars, Caius still has no river frontage along the Backs. Even more seriously, for the past few years, we have also been a College without punts! The two deficiencies may not be unconnected: the last Caius punts were moored at Garret Hostel Lane, where they were, with the benefit of hindsight, perhaps too accessible. Sad to relate, they disappeared.

To the rescue came Alan Filzicraft (1979) a Partner with Ernst & Young and the Head of their Media and Entertainment Group.

At an Annual Gathering, when told about the missing punts by Ellie James (2002), then of the Development Office, he generously offered to replace them. Moreover, he both remembered and repeated his offer next morning, subsequently commissioning two brand-new, magnificent, mahogany punts, one of normal size (6-seater) and one ‘chaffeur size’ (6-seater) with comfortable cushions in Caius colours.

Our friends at St John’s College have kindly agreed to provide secure moorings in their Cripps Pool, in return for space in Caius Meadow for their supporters to watch the rowing races on the last day of the May Bumps.

The punts are available from mid-April to mid-October for 2-hour sessions (9-11am, 12-2pm and 6-8 or 9pm in high summer). They can be reserved at the Porters’ Lodge by all members of the Caius community, students, fellows, staff and non-resident Caians. A donation towards the fairly considerable costs of official registration and maintenance is requested, at the moderate rate of £5 per two-hour session for the standard-sized punt and £10 for the larger one.

Proper boats need proper names and Alan has been persuaded to name them after his young daughter, Emma Louise Isabella Filzicraft, so Caius 1 is to be known as Emma and Caius 2 as Bella. Now we are hoping for a drier summer than the last one, so that our splendid new punts can be enjoyed by large numbers of Caians and friends!

The Bauer Memorial Bench

Lord (Peter) Bauer (1934), the distinguished economist who was a Fellow of Caius for many years, left £100,000 as an expendable fund to provide student bursaries that carry their names on our common room walls. Following his untimely death in 1984, a magnificent, circular, oak bench, custom-built to surround the base of the tall copper beech tree at the NE corner of the Stephen Hawking Building.

Now, Lord Bauer is commemorated in his turn, by his executor, Sally Yates, who has commissioned a magnificent, circular oak bench, custom-built to surround the base of the tall copper beech tree at the NE corner of the Stephen Hawking Building.

At a tranquil, shady spot, overlooking the turn, by his executor, Sally Yates, who has commissioned a magnificent, circular, oak bench, custom-built to surround the base of the tall copper beech tree at the NE corner of the Stephen Hawking Building.

If the Mystery Men of the Rugby Boat would care to make themselves known, their real names will be added to the record for posterity. In fact, the names of many Boat Club members who have represented Caius in the Bumps over the years are still unknown, especially before the late 1980s: if you have Bumps programmes from those years and would be willing to give or lend them to the College, please call Sarah Preston on +44 (0) 1223 339676. She would love to hear from Mr Tickle or even Mr Noisy!

The Disappearing Chess Trophy

Professor Sir Alan Fersht (1962) writes... I was Secretary of the Caius Chess Club in 1963-4 and Match Captain in 1964-5. The official programmes from the Lent and May Bumps do not always contain as much information as our College Archivist would like. This is a fairly typical example, from the May Bumps of 1988:

Caius 3rd Rugby VIII
Bow Mr Sleepy Ms Tickle
2 Mr Tall 7 Mr Strange
3 Mr Noisy Stroke Mr Happy
4 Mr Strong Cox Mr Small
5 Mr Greedy Coach Mrs Polygamy

New Caius members, who were also unknown to all but their close friends and colleagues, Richard Goode (1934), an RAF pilot who was killed in action at the age of 26, and RA Fisher (1909), the winsome and witty brother of our two former Galtonian Professors at UCL – what a family! – as well as HFP Swinerton Dyer. The names will repay future study.

A Marathon Swim

To date, Once a Caius... has resisted the temptation to provide our readers with astrological forecasts based on their birthdates and the apparent “movements” of the constellations as seen from Earth, but we may consider doing so in the light of a gap that has recently appeared in the market.

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Caius Australian Scholarship Fund

An Important Announcement from the Caius Foundation

The Directors of the Caius Foundation have decided to raise the total of lifetime gifts to US$15,000 will become Patrons at once. On the time-honoured principle, “Once a Caian, Always a Caian” they and all other Patrons will, of course, retain their titles and privileges. Any US-based Caians who would like to become Patrons of the Caius Foundation before July 2008 are invited to contact the Caius Foundation at +44 1223 339967 or email development@cai.cam.ac.uk for further information.

The first scholarship will be awarded to candidates reading for a PhD. It is hoped that eventually funds will be sufficient to widen the scheme to include Australian candidates for Masters’ degrees. Many Australian lawyers come to take LLM degrees.

The first scholarship will be awarded once the Fund has reached AU$350,000 (about £159,000 at US$1=AUS2.20). All Australian Caians of all have come to our College from Australasia. Perhaps the most celebrated was the Australian, Sir Howard Florey (1924) who shared the 1945 Nobel Prize for Medicine with Fleming and Chain for discovering the uses of penicillin, but there have been many others.

In 2005, we are delighted that, for the first time, this new arrangement will allow the many loyal Caians and friends of the College who live in Australia to receive a tax benefit in respect of their gifts to a Scholarship Fund to support Australian students...
I was most interested to read the article in Issue 6 of *Once a Caian...* about the Cobbold family, and particularly about Margaret Catchpole, because a distant connection of mine, Mary Reibey, was transported to Australia for stealing a horse in remarkably similar circumstances.

Having come across a reference to Margaret in the biography of Mary Reibey written by Nancy Irvine, I thought I would carry out a little elementary research of my own as to who Margaret was. Apparently, born in March 1762, and enduring the events highlighted in your article, she was ultimately transported to Sydney aboard the ‘Hela’, arriving in December 1801. She was employed for some time as a cook with the commissary and subsequently on various duties in the households of several well-known families, achieving considerable respect for her work. She ended up running a small store in Richmond (founded in 1810 on the Hawkesbury River) about 60 miles NNW of Sydney and near Windsor, one of the earlier settlements, also on the river) acting as a nurse and midwife. She died from influenza in May 1819. Although, judging from the few extracts from her letters that I have seen, she was very semi-literate, she is considered to be one of the few true convict chroniclers with an excellent memory and a gift for recording graphically the countryside, the aboriginals and the savagery and immorality of the inhabitants. Her writings are considered to have added richly to Australia’s early history.

I had inherited a shoebox (literally!) of letters from the early days of Australia, but was unaware of their true significance until I was introduced to Nancy Irvine and had read the biography that she had researched and written. These letters are now all in the Mitchell Library in Sydney.

Molly Haydock was born in May 1777 of yeoman farmers near Bury/Blackburn in South Lancashire. Being strong non-conformists, they had no connection with Caius – until 1785, when she was 7 years. All this had been somewhat confusing to her biographer as all the court records were in the name of the ‘boy’.

It seems that the authorities were very concerned by the mortality and sickness rates of the early convict ships (run like slave ships) and were trying to improve conditions. Mary Reibey was indeed one of the first convicts to come to the colony. (It was the New South Wales colony. In 1788.) It seems that she was taken on to the household staff of Maj. Grose (a senior officer of the original military force), but in September 1794, aged 17, she married Thomas Reibey, a junior officer on an East India Company ship trading from Calcutta. She became known as ‘Mary’ rather than ‘Molly’. Her/his/they got a grant of land near Windsor on the Hawkesbury. He started to trade with small boats up the river - coal, furs, skins and cedar beams – and took raw materials round to Sydney, owning 3 boats in 1803. In 1804, they leased the farm and built a substantial new house in Sydney, and bought several more farms along the river (presumably from bankrupt farmers). In 1805 he went into partnership with a Mr. Wills, had a schooner built in Sydney and started to trade with some of the Pacific islands and Calcutta – it is said that he even got to China. In 1809 he fell ill in Calcutta and died in April 1811 in Sydney.

By this time, Mary had seven children and the business affairs to deal with in her husband’s absences. After his death, she opened a new warehouse and bought two more ships. She got involved in sealing operations in the Bass Strait and became a founding member of the first Bank of New South Wales. In 1820, she took her two eldest daughters to England to further their education and to visit many of her relatives. Extant was a record which reported that she then owned 10 farms on the Hawkesbury River and one in the Ains Distric, just over 2000 acres in Tasmania on which there were 20 farms (it was on this land that she built Entally House near Launceston – now Tasmanian National Trust) as well as all those ships. She was boasting an income of £1,000 p.a. On her return to Sydney, she launched several new buildings and in 1825 was appointed a governor of the Free Grammar School.

On reaching 50 years of age, she began to withdraw from business activities, concentrating more on social issues. She died in May 1855 aged 78.

The biography has a section headed “The Catchpole Taradiddle”. In 1849 the bestseller by Rev. Richard Cobbold (1814) reached Sydney and a rumour started that it was not Margaret Catchpole who was buried at Richmond in 1819 and that Margaret was identical to Mrs Reibey, thus making Molly/Mary feel that the bottom had fallen out of her carefully built respectable world. She enlisted the help of the then Bishop of Tasmania but it seems that he fluffed his lines – nevertheless, the rumour was scotched.

Margaret and Mary were indeed two very different people, although they both suffered the misfortune of being transported to Australia for stealing a horse while dressed in boy’s clothing and both survived the voyage and prospered in the new colony.
Once a Caian...

Cai Memories

Dr Dick Jarrett (1929)

Dick Jarrett, a friend and contemporary of Philip Grierson, sent his CaiMemory to The Times, where it was published on 15 August 2007:

**Baked bean bombs**

Sir, Further to your previous correspondence, in 1929 I had rooms in Caius College, and had no use for lessons to lunch, I put a large tin of baked beans in a saucepan of water on the coal fire and went out to buy sheets of cold ham. While I was out, there was a large fall of soot and the tin of baked beans under a foot of soot became red-hot and exploded.

My late father (b 1858) enjoyed two years of correspondence with the college over the cost of redecorating the room and the furniture.

DICK JARRETT FRCP

Painswick, Glos

**Insurance Etiquette**

Sir, Years ago I was driving down Piccadilly after a night out with fellow medical students when, just before a crash, I shouted: “Watch out, chaps, there’s a stationary taxi backing into us!”

As this was 1932, I handed the taxi driver cash in compensation, and shared the cost of repairing my mother’s car with my three friends.

DR R F JARRETT

Painswick, Glos

Brian Whitaker (1957)

In 1958 I was fortunate enough to be a member of the Caius team which won Athletic Cuppers. Furthermore, this was the College’s first victory in 30 years and the Guest of Honour at the celebratory dinner was none other than Harold Abrahams (1919) who had been the Captain of that earlier winning team. The stars of our team were the two Ronnies – Forster (1955) who won a Blue for distance running and Thomson (1955) who won one for the sprints – long before Barker and Corbett were beamed into the nation’s living rooms!

The particular significance of the event for me was that my academic pedigree was the same as Harold Abrahams (Repton and Caius), and it had been at Repton where a Chemistry teacher, another Caius, John ‘Boris’ Banes (1949), who had been President of CUAC, had not only nurtured my interest in Athletics but had also encouraged me to apply for Caius. In those days the choice of university was relatively simple – if you were good at the Arts, you applied to Oxford and if you were good at the Sciences you applied to Cambridge! Much more complex was the choice of College and so I am grateful to Boris both for his athletics coaching and for his insistence that I should apply to Caius.

Dick is no stranger to the Letters column of The Times, having had another offering published on 3 April 2006. This letter told the story of the aftermath of a convivial night out in London with three other medical students from Caius, Denis Elphick (1929), Dr Noel Cosse (1929) and one other whose name he does not recall.

Bill Newman-Sanders (1957)

The ringleader of two student escapades described in recent issues exercises his right of reply:

1. As a result of the criticism by Dr Andrew Soddy (1957) of the equipment supplied to hang up the M1 signs our youngest son, who is an engineer with Ove Arup, now tells me he must have got his engineering abilities from his mother!

2. When we borrowed the eight from the St John’s boathouse, once Tony Ganner (1957) had removed the pane of glass, which was only about a foot (0.3m) square, there was the problem of getting through the hole. The only person slim enough to do this was Martin “snake hips”, “built for speed” Penney (1957) who, having flattened his hair (the widest part of his body), managed to get inside and unlock the door.

We are always pleased to receive CaiMemories for publication at: cai.memories@cai.cam.ac.uk

...Always a Caian
In order to play in a university chess tournament, I came back a week early for the Lent Term, 1963, to find a mop and a pail on bare floorboards in my sitting room in 82 St Mike’s. Porters explained that a burst pipe at the top of the staircase had gone undetected for 24 hours, by which time there was six feet of water in 86. I was assigned to a guest room on A staircase, small but cozy and just right for the weather that persisted for the next few weeks, with the thermograph outside Great St Mary’s gently undulating between 2º and 5ºF. I would like to pay tribute to a long-departed member of the College, Dr Oscar Teichman (1898), who merited a VC for bravery in the First World War, and who later went on to become a world-renowned scientist. Anyone who was desperate and found life in the desert intolerable. He had the unpleasant task of burying the remains of 50 men from Worcestershire, Capt. Toby Alcott, was killed in the famous cavalry charge on the Turkish guns at Huj in Israel.

King’s may well boast the most magnificent college chapel in Cambridge, if not the world, but Caius must have one of the nicest. Central to the College, ... hall to give an ‘Impressionist’ picture of the famous chapel, as shown above, was included in the Photographic Alliance of Great Britain’s ‘1965 Exhibition of Pictorial Photography’.

When the snows finally melted, David Ellis (1960), then the Chairman of the University Photographic Society, went out with his camera in the hope of catching some rare reflections, and was rewarded to find a vast post over the big lawn at the back of King’s. The resulting colour slide, turned upside-down and back to front to give an ‘impressionist’ picture of the famous chapel, as shown above, was included in the Photographic Alliance of Great Britain’s ‘1965 Exhibition of Pictorial Photography’.

David Ellis (1960)
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I was very interested to read your recent article on the Catholic Martyrs. Christopher Brooke (1945) told me years ago that one of the College stewards had been martyred, but I had no idea there were so many. I must admit that I would rather have been hung, drawn and quartered under Protestant Elizabeth than burnt alive under Catholic Mary! But how could they do these things, knowing the Gospels and Christ’s teachings?

As a Roman Catholic graduate of Caius, I was very interested to read your recent article on the Catholic Martyrs. Christopher Brooke (1945) told me years ago that one of the College stewards had been martyred, but I had no idea there were so many. I must admit that I would rather have been hung, drawn and quartered under Protestant Elizabeth than burnt alive under Catholic Mary! But how could they do these things, knowing the Gospels and Christ’s teachings?

Thankfully, now things are different, you have had a Roman Catholic mass in your chapel. I was Abbot at Pinknash Abbey for twelve years and when I had my abbatial blessing, the Dean of Gloucester generously invited us to have the service in the cathedral as our church is rather small and we expected a large congregation. At the end, the Catholic bishop, the Anglican bishop and the new abbot gave the blessing together.

An Oxford colleague to whom I lent Once a Caian... told me I should be proud to belong to Caius. I am! I am also proud to belong to the College of Stephen Hawking, even if he does think that life after death is a fairy tale! Re-reading this, I realise I have a weakness for exclamation marks!

Dr John Black (1936)
I was fortunate to be in the last year to complete a three-year course before the outbreak of war in September 1939. My Natural Sciences course in Anatomy, Physiology, Organic Chemistry and Pathology during my first two years occupied me too fully to have room for much College activity, though I played rugby once in my first year.

My tutor was the kindly Fr. F. Francis Bennett (1914), then Senior Tutor, to whom as a Tancred Student, I presented myself in May and on Martynmas (11 November) to obtain a letter of good conduct which was sent to the solicitors, Frere Chomeley, in Lincoln’s Inn Fields.

For my third year I decided to take Part II in Physiology, rather than repeat parts of Part I. It was a great privilege to be taught by such talented people as Sir Alan Hodgkin who was beginning his studies on nerve conduction, for which he was later awarded a Nobel Prize.

Though it was generally accepted that war with Germany was likely there was more concern about the Spanish Civil War (1936 – 1939) and there was much activity by Communists such as D Bernal, who supported the Spanish Government against Franco, as did my circle of friends, who were involved in providing for refugee children from the Basque region.

One of the most impressive Fellows of the College was Joseph Needham (1918), at that time working on Chemical Embryology; it was only after his wartime visit to Chunking as Scientific Adviser to the Chinese Government that he published his monumental ‘Science and Civilization in China’ (CUP 1954 – 1984). He gave a talk at Caius and I was greatly impressed by his breadth of knowledge.

Due to wartime service and professional commitments it was some years before I was able to renew my acquaintance with the College at Annual Gatherings and other functions, which I have since enjoyed.

Dr John Godrich (1951)
I would like to pay tribute to a long-departed member of the College, Dr Oscar Teichman (1988), who married a VC for bravery in the field, never to hunt got. I was delighted to learn that he was a graduate of Caius. My father, Col. Godrich, was a fellow soldier with him in the Worcestershire Yeomanry (Territorial Army) throughout the campaign in Palestine from 1914 to 1918.

Oscar was a hero to him: he told me I should be proud to belong to Caius. I am! I am also proud to belong to the College of Stephen Hawking, even if he does think that life after death is a fairy tale! Re-reading this, I realise I have a weakness for exclamation marks!

Reasonable Doubt

Dr John Black (1936) with his daughter, Gabriel Black.
TWO POEMS

BY STANLEY HOWARTH (1935)

STANLEY HOWARTH (1935) read French and German at Caius before volunteering for the Army before World War Two. He had an unenviable wartime experience: after manning the East coast, armed with a Bren gun to repel the Germans, he travelled in a troopship with the British 18th Division past Iceland, across to Canada, down to the Caribbean (within sight of South America), then across the Atlantic again, to South Africa, on to India and finally Singapore, where he arrived just in time to be captured by the invading Japanese. He remained a prisoner-of-war until 1945, building railroads and bridges and surviving on an occasional handful of rice.

Stanley was Head of Modern Languages at Mexborough School in Yorkshire. He was happily married to Nora, who was Head of Arts at another school nearby, until she suffered a debilitating stroke and finally died in 1990.

INSOMNIA

When in a long and weary night, sleepless and tense, with troubled thought choking the throat with great unease you go downstairs, turn on the light, and, sitting, wait for all the taut-strung tendons of the mind to ease, yet still your thoughts find no respite, encaged like starving rats which, caught within the skull, nuzzle and tease and gnaw the barren bones of care, and lead-foot fears still activate, the aching treadmill of the mind, seek sanctuary then elsewhere; relinquish your too conscious state, leave chair and room and light, and find sweet solace in your garden, where right, sleepless too, will loosen straight the knots that hold your brain confined.

* * * *

Breathe deep, breathe slow, stand motionless; stroke smooth your weary-eyed distress with night's cool-fingered calm caress.

Measure one small and separate plight against the canopy of night in all its majesty and might.

No moon as yet. Immaculate, dispassionate, the stars will let oblivion efface regret.

More intimately, on the breeze, the friendly gossip of the trees will gently chide, cajole, appease.

Drink deep of air so cooled with dew, so filled with scented residue it spills into the heart of you.

Swell every alveole of lung with exhalations from the young smooth buds. From every tiny tongue, each tiny glistening tongue, upthrust from honey-months of flowers that lust with slack wet lips for pollen dust lick essences of sweet desire sweet tastes of summer’s slumbering fire to soothe the spirit and inspire.

* * * *

Breathe deep, breathe slow; let sorrow go; soon you will know release from pain and sleep again.

Breathe slow, breathe deep and sleep, sleep, sleep.

Illuminated letters by W G Challis, aged 14, Penistone Grammar School 1931.