



EXON

THE EXETER COLLEGE MAGAZINE

ISSUE 7 AUTUMN 2004

WWW.EXETERCOLLEGE.NET

*Performing
opera in
Germany*

Life in Italy

*The 4 minute
mile at fifty*

*Flying in from
Alaska*

COLLEXON INFORMATION

Contacts may be reached by addressing notes to particular offices at:
Exeter College Oxford OX1 3DP.
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See our website at:
<http://www.exetercollege.net> for updates,
or to advise us of address changes

CAREERS

Thank you to the Old Members, Friends and Parents who have offered to give careers advice to current students. Fellows are generally happy to write references for former pupils. Please be aware, however, that other demands on Fellows' time may entail delays; especially at the beginning and at the end of each term. Your former tutor can be contacted by letter or by email using the address: Firstname.Lastname@exeter.ox.ac.uk.

CHAPEL

If you are planning to dine on a Sunday you are welcome to attend Sunday Evensong in the Chapel. Please be seated by 5:50 pm.

CONTACTING OLD MEMBERS

You can contact old college friends by registering on www.exetercollege.net. If you are relocating you can find out about Exonians living in your area. See page 23 for more details. We would like to contact Lost Old Members; please take a look at the List of the Lost accompanying this publication and let us know if you have any information which may be helpful.

DINING IN COLLEGE

Qualified Old Members may dine at High Table on one night during each term at the College's expense and on two other nights at their own expense (though wines must be paid for personally). Guest Nights are Wednesdays (lounge suit) and Sundays (black tie). Occasionally, some restrictions may apply and the Development Office will be pleased to advise.

EXON AND THE REGISTER

Submissions for these publications are most welcome. Ideally they should be sent as email attachments (in RTF or Word format) to development@exeter.ox.ac.uk; but we do accept printed copy.

GIFTS AND LEGACIES

More information on the various and tax-efficient opportunities for giving to Exeter College is available on the website. If you wish to make a large donation or a gift in kind, please write to the Director of Development. Gifts in kind or gifts such as paintings and antiques, although welcome, can present unforeseen complications in relation to administration, storage, insurance arrangements etc. The Director of Development would be happy to advise.

LECTURES

As well as being lifelong members of Exeter, all Old Members also continue to be members of Oxford University. As such, they are all entitled and welcome to attend lectures in Oxford. There is a massive range of lectures offered, many given by world-renowned figures. The best place to find out details of lectures is in the University Gazette. The easiest way to get hold of this is on the internet (<http://www.ox.ac.uk/gazette/>). If you do not have internet access, please make enquiries about subscribing to The University Gazette, Oxford University Press, Great Clarendon Street, Oxford OX2 6DP.

LIBRARY

Old Members are welcome to read in the Library; please phone the Sub-Librarian (01865 279600) to arrange entry. Degree holders are entitled to apply for a Bodleian reader's card at nominal rates. Applications should be made to the Admissions Office, Bodleian Library, Broad Street, Oxford, OX1 3BG.

RECEPTIONS

If you are willing to host an Old Member event in your town or city, do let us know.

VISITING EXETER

Old Members and their guests are welcome to visit the College. You are most welcome to pop in for a cup of tea at the Development Office (Staircase 8:3). IMPORTANT - please identify yourself upon entry to the Porter.

VOLUNTEERS

Exeter College is extremely grateful for the commitment and generosity of the volunteer network. If you are interested in learning more about the volunteer programme please email or write to the Office.

Honorary Fellows



Mark A. Phillips

HM The Queen of Spain
Levey, Sir Michael Vincent, Kt, MVO, MA, FRSL
Bannister, Sir Roger Gilbert, CBE, MA, DM, FRCP*
Turner, Stansfield, MA
Barr, William Greig, MA, DL
Ashworth, John Michael, MA, D.Sc. (Ph.D. Leic.),
F.I.Biol.
Gowans, Sir James Learmonth, CBE, MA, D.Phil.
(MB, BS Lond.), FRS, FRCP *
Robertson, Robert Aaron Gordon, MA
(BA Saskatchewan; MA Toronto)
Brenner, Sydney, CH, D.Phil. (M.Sc., MB, B.Ch.
Witwatersrand), FRCP, FRS
Kentridge, Sir Sydney W, KCMG, QC, MA (BA
Witwatersrand)
Mahoney, Richard John
Bennett, Alan, MA
Brendel, Alfred

The symbol

* after a person's name indicates that he or she is also a Fellow or Honorary Fellow of another college.

+ indicates the holder of a University or CUF post.

~ indicates the holder of a statutory professorship or readership.

Merrett, Stephen Roy, MA
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Stowe, Sir Kenneth Ronald, GCB, CVO, MA
Underdown, David Edward, B.Litt., MA
Crill, Sir Peter Leslie, KBE, Kt, MA
Drury, Very Revd John Henry, * MA
Low, Donald Anthony, D.Phil., FAHA, FASSA
Serpell, Sir David Radford, KCB. CMG, OBE,
FCIT
Kawharu, Sir (Ian) Hugh
Maiden, Sir Colin James, ME (NZ), D.Phil.
Buxton, Rt Hon. Sir Richard Joseph, (The Rt
Hon. Lord Justice Buxton), MA, BCL
Crewe, Ivor Martin, MA (M.Sc. Econ. Lond.)
James, Thomas Garnet Henry, CBE, FBA, MA
Nye, Joseph Samuel, MA (Ph.D. Harvard)
Cohen, Sir Ronald, MA (MBA Harvard)
Laws, Rt Hon. Sir John Grant McKenzie (The
Rt Hon. Lord Justice Laws), MA
McConica, James K., OC, CSB
Quelch. Prof. John Anthony. DBA
Kufuor, John Agyekum, MA
Pullman, Philip Nicholas Outram, MA
Butler, Marilyn Speers, MA, D.Phil., FBA

Emeritus Fellows

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Wordsworth, Jonathan Fletcher, MA. D. Litt. *
Russell, Sir Peter Edward Lionel, MA, D.Litt.,
FBA *
Reeve, Michael David, MA, FBA
Eltis, Walter Alfred, MA, D.Litt. (BA Camb.)
Dyer, Denys George, MA (MA, Ph.D. Camb.).
JP
Hatton, Joseph, MA, D.Phil.
Rowlinson, Sir John Shipley, MA, B.Sc., D.Phil.,
F.Eng., FRS, Hon. FCGI
Sleight, Peter, DM (MB, B.Chir., MD Camb.)
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Paris)
Slack, Paul Alexander, MA, D.Phil., FBA *
Ruiz, Carlos, MA
Kirwan, Christopher Andrew, MA
Vaisey, David George, CBE, MA
Jones, Peter Bernard, MA (MA, Ph.D. Camb.)
Hiddleston, James Andrew, MA (MA, Ph.D.
Edin.)
Michael, Ian David Lewis, MA (BA Lond.;
Ph. D. Manc.), FKC



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DEVELOPMENT MATTERS

THE TUTORIAL SYSTEM

The tutorial is regarded as an important factor in Exeter College's success as a world class centre of learning. In all subjects, a large proportion of the instruction of undergraduate students takes place through work done in very small groups (usually one or two people) meeting frequently (at least once a week). Most tutorials take place within the College, though students will sometimes be sent to another College for tuition in a particular field. The College's subject tutors are responsible for planning and monitoring the work of the students in their College and preparing them for University examinations.

Exeter College is firmly committed to maintaining the tutorial system, and devotes a very substantial proportion of its resources to this method of teaching. The system is expensive, but the Fellowship believes in investing in tutorials and that nothing can match the kind of face-to-face instruction by world-class researchers that such teaching provides. It is a uniquely intimate and intensive form of learning, giving students direct attention from their tutors. It is also flexible, because it enables the tutor to respond to the needs of particular students.

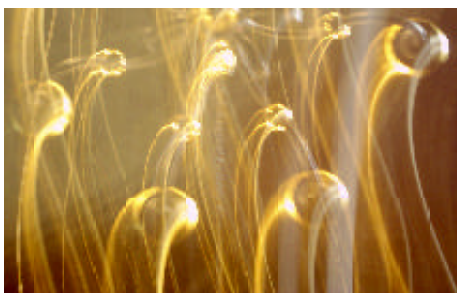
The tutorial is a two-way process, and requires hard work from undergraduates. It is a more demanding system than that experienced by students in most other universities, and Oxford examinations are also more demanding. Yet students and graduate employers alike continue to value the unique advantages offered by the Oxford system.

Why is the tutorial under threat? The College Fees settlement entails a reduction of about 30% in the public funds flowing to Exeter over the next ten years. Now the college receives £3841.58 per annum for every home and EU student who attends. The cost of educating that student is estimated at £10,000 to £12,000 per annum. In addition Exeter's dividend income has been reduced by the abolition of advanced corporation tax (ACT) relief for charities.

So, there is a need to enhance the Endowment to support existing tutorial positions and to create new Fellowships. Endowment of existing posts safeguards them and therefore the delivery of the tutorial system, against being frozen or cut due to shortfalls in University partnership funding. More and more Exonians who have experienced the opportunities and rigours of tutorials are not keen to relinquish the system without a fight.



STUDENT HARDSHIP EXPLAINED



Exeter College is very keen that no one should be put off applying or be unable to attend for financial reasons. The amount a Fresher pays is means-tested and depends on family and personal income. Roughly, the total for food and lodging, taking all meals at Exeter, would average £3,050 per annum for term-time only. Renting a shared house, room or flat in Oxford is more expensive, roughly £300 to £400 per month (not including cleaning, heating, water and electricity). Rent is payable for a full year, not just term time; thus making the total cost around £4,500 per annum. It is estimated that a studying spending a full 12 month period in Oxford will require a minimum of £8,500

How much does a young Exonian need to make ends meet? If parental income is below £20,000 per annum then the following should apply:

1. No tuition fee to pay
2. Full loan - £4500
3. Oxford Bursary - £1000 then £500 in each subsequent year
4. LEA grant (Now called Access to Learning Fund) - £1000 to £50 per year (sliding scale)
5. Exonian Bursary (funded by Old Members) - £1000 or £500 per year

All other undergraduates beginning a course in 2004 may have to contribute towards their tuition fees, which is an amount set by the government: currently a maximum of £1,125 per year.

Without Exonian Bursaries the poorest students would find it impossible to make ends meet: factors 1 to 4 provide a maximum of £6500 per annum well below the £8500 minimum. So, Old Members' contributions enable the College to alleviate the financial hardship faced by a significant proportion of students. However, as one can see from the figures above, margins are very tight.

College may need to be in a position to offer enhanced bursaries in the future. If you think you might be in a position to help please contact the Development Director, Dr Jonathan Snicker
<jonathan.snicker@exeter.ox.ac.uk>

Printed by Prinhaus, Northampton on elemental chlorine free Maine Club Gloss. This paper is manufactured from woodpulp sourced from sustainable forests

Opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of Exeter College

EDITORIAL

We have received a bumper crop of articles this year. In its original version the magazine ran to 96 pages. Budget and Desktop Publishing skills permitting I hope to print more articles in a Spring edition of Exon, so please keep sending material to development@exeter.ox.ac.uk

The Development Office has been busy thinking of new ways to improve relations with Old Members. One innovation is our new website; full details can be found on page 23. I did think of calling it 'Exeter Reunited' as it has very similar functionality. However life is busy enough without expensive litigation to deal with, so exetercollege.net it is. I hope you enjoy the service. You can look up old friends, sign up for events, check your donation record and keep up to date with life at Exeter. In future I hope to introduce an online careers advice system and online exchange.

Another innovation has been the introduction of Old Member lectures. Alumni attending gaudies will be offered an afternoon lecture given by a member of the faculty. Please write to let me know what you think of this and the other services provided by the Development Office.

The magazine also contains old favourites: ExVac for instance, continues to go from strength to strength thanks to the commitment of the students. You can read about last year's exploits on page 32.

Rector Butler retires this year along with Dermot Roaf and Dominic Donnelly. Glen Foxwell, the Head Porter, is also retiring. I am sure that you will join me in wishing them all a happy retirement.





EXETER COLLEGE CORRESPONDENCE



A Masterstroke

I can describe the idea of an approach to old members, by suitable undergraduates, only as a masterstroke. I really enjoyed the conversation with Claire Atkinson, who left me with a feeling of the great difference between the economic situation for her now and for me 50 years ago. From memory, a State Scholarship paid me just over £100 per term and the College charged five guineas per week (room 6/5 and full board). The most expensive text book that I ever bought was four guineas, the best seat at the New Theatre was never more than 8/6d but sherry was expensive at 18/6d a bottle – a once a term treat. I could live reasonably well on my grant; how things have changed.

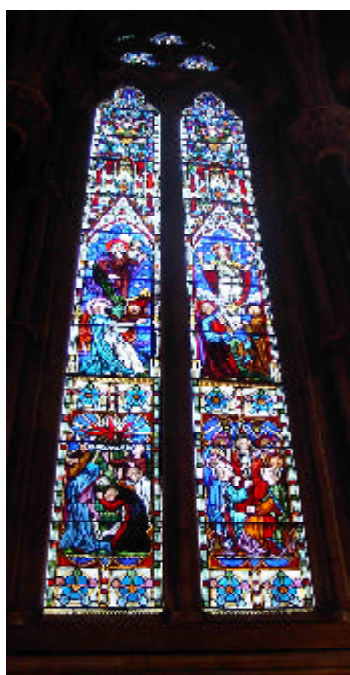
George Welch (1953, Chemistry)

A Mini Tribute to Oxford

The beauty of Oxford is well known and any significantly worthwhile tribute is beyond the scope of my writing ability. For the family, however and close friends, I am about to quote someone who is not noted for words of extravagant praise (some English-like understatement here). On his first trip to Oxford, August 1993, to a wood-products marketing conference we gave at Exeter College, son Chris and I were in the college gardens which are beautiful. The sun was setting and the background was dominated by the spectacular dome of the Bodleian Library. Chris said “Breath-taking.” Well said, and applicable to many places in Oxford.

Jay Gruenfeld (1949, PPE)

Follow up - In memory of Michael Tutton



Things have progressed a little slowly but I have now got the funds together - not a huge amount but enough to make a difference. I hope to start channelling the money to Gianda school in the autumn. I will let you know how things progress over the next couple of weeks. For your information the plaque will say:

‘In memory of Captain Michael W L Tutton
2nd Ethiopian Battalion
Fatally Wounded Here
Died 12 Nov 41

And also of Lieutenant Haile Mariam who fought at his side through the Ethiopian Campaign and was also to lose his life at this place.
We Will Remember Them’.

I have had some nice letters and support from a number of Old Exonian’s as a result of the article in the magazine including Richard Shirreff, Dr Henry Will, Peter Hawker and William Reeve.

I have recently moved and am now living at Argent Manor, Stutton, Nr Ipswich, Suffolk, IP9 2SY.
Regards, Ian Chiswell



Another Masterstroke

At the end of the summer term '48 my friend, Colin Hunter, received a note from the Sub-Rector, "Colin, Pay your battels. Blast you. Grieg"!

Roy Somerset (1945, Modern History)

College Sport

Imagine, in a college of about 350 men they had three eight-oared crews, two fifteen-man rugby teams, two soccer teams- they called it football, and more. If you could breathe you could play something. What a great place to study.

Jay Gruenfeld (1949, PPE)



A Perspicacious View

8 March 1987

Dear Dr Hatton,

Thank you for your letter of 1 March.

I find no difficulty at all in agreeing with all of the Finance and Estates Committee recommendations and I obviously support using the balance to support existing tutorial fellowships.

My main concern is with the future. As I said at our last meeting, I can envisage a much more 'philistine' climate than the present in the years to come, but not a more comfortable one. So I would urge the College Meeting to consider most positively the institution of a permanent, continuing and well – canvassed call on the members of the college past and present to support it, in as many specific ways as possible – not forgetting legacies. This would require much more careful thought and preparation than the Appeal Committee can or could give it. So go to it!

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Kenneth Stowe (1948, Modern History)

Sporting Change

For us oldies who don't understand the "two leagues" system did they (the Rugby Team) win the first division? If so I think this will be the first time since 1965 when my own team won the 1st Div that Exeter has done this. Then the leagues had 8 teams and we played 7 games through the term.

Best regards

Peter Walters (1963, Agriculture) {See Page 18}

The View from Africa

Glad the fund is going well but it is quite impossible for us to help. We live in an inflating economy, this year alone medical charges have gone up 400% and electricity 300% or so. Our monthly levy here covering rates, water, garden upkeep and so on goes up 20% a month and we are told it is lagging behind inflation. Food is now astronomical and pensions are worth less and less. In our mid eighties we find it hard to keep afloat so you will understand why your appeal falls on deaf ears.

When we read of the special reduced rate rooms in an Oxford hotel for the Bannister anniversary dinner, what the normal B&B rates are we shudder to think, we realise how out of touch we are with things in UK, even though we read the Weekly Telegraph and the Week regularly, and how out of touch the UK is with affairs here.

Eric Pollard (1938, Engineering)

Oldest Old Member

From R.S Cornish, son of Philip J Cornish (1921) in response to a Gaudy invitation

Thank you for this invitation which he enjoyed receiving. He is well and is now 102 1/2! He is still mobile and likes to read The Times. He will stay with my sister some time this month.

Exeter Literature

With JR Tolkien (Lord of the Rings) and Philip Pulman (His Dark Materials), Exonian authors placed first and third in the nation's favourite books!

Best wishes, Charles Cotton (1965, Physics)

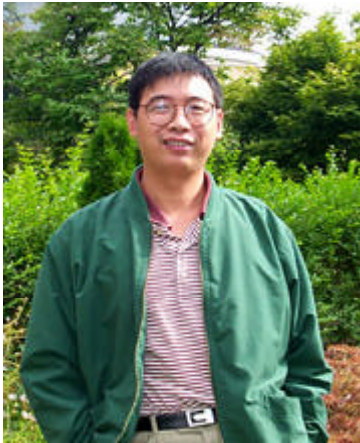




DERMOT ROAF & DOMINIC DONNELLY RETIRE

Dr Dermot Roaf was elected to a Fellowship in 1961; Dr Dominic Donnelly in 1970. A dinner in their honour took place on 24 September 2004. All former pupils were invited. College has received many notes of gratitude from Old Members. A full tribute will appear in The Register.

EXETER ELECTS NEW MATHEMATICS FELLOW



Zhongmin Qian will start at Exeter in October. He is the author with Terry Lyons of System Control and Rough Paths. His research interests include: Stochastic Analysis and Financial Mathematics. We are likely to lose University partnership funding for one post. One Old Member has anonymously contributed £70,000 to the Mathematics Funds. Please contact the Development Office if you wish to support this Appeal.

COLLEGE NEWS

RECTOR BUTLER RETIRES



Dr Marilyn Butler retires this year after thirteen years service to Exeter College. For pictures of the retirement party please turn to page 44. A full tribute will appear in The Register.

EXETER COLLEGE CHOIR PERFORMS AT EXETER CATHEDRAL

Richard Broad (1948-52, Modern History) writes: My wife, some friends and I went to Evensong in Exeter Cathedral on Friday evening, and were delighted by the Exeter College Choir. Congratulations to Tim Burke and the members of the Choir and the organist, who were inspiring. It was hard to think when we had heard a psalm, 18 in this case, sung with such devotion and high spiritual meaning. The message behind the psalm was made vividly clear and the contrasting approaches to the words were admirable. Thank you very much.

EXETER STUDENT FOUNDS SOCIETY

An Exeter undergraduate student has helped found Oxford's first society for student entrepreneurs. Stephanie Chung, reading for Economics & Management, started her own company 'IMP@CT' at her high school with two other friends.

The society, Oxford Entrepreneurs, attracted national media attention when it launched in Feb 2003 at the Said Business School with a number of top speakers, including inventor Trevor Baylis. Their mission is 'To support and encourage entrepreneurship throughout the University, providing inspiration, education, networking and the chance to learn by doing.' They have already provided their 330 members with over twenty events, including a talk by James Dyson, educational workshops and a weekly social event. OE has also introduced the Young Enterprise Programme.





**FRANCES CAIRNCROSS IS ELECTED
HIGH SHERIFF OF GREATER LONDON**



Andrew Martin-Smith (1971, PPE) will succeed Rector-elect Frances Cairncross as High Sherriff in 2005.

**HOWARD ROSEN IS
MADE A CBE**



The Queen honours the former President of the British-Swiss Chamber of Commerce (1974, Jursiprudence).

**OLD MEMBER
NEWS**

BABY OLALLA

Nuria Capdevila-Argüelles' (Former Queen Sophia Junior Research Fellow) and Matthew Preston's (1990, Ancient & Modern History) new addition to the family.



**PHILIP PULLMAN IS MADE AN
HONORARY FELLOW**

Exeter College honours author.



BOOK BY SYDNEY BRENNER

My Life in Science: Legendary Exonian gives an account of how his work led to the cataloguing of the human genome.

**SIR RONALD COHEN:
ON THE DOUBLE HELIX**

Ronald Cohen (1964, PPE) gave the 2004 SJ Berwin Oxford Business Alumni Annual Lecture at Merchant Taylors' Hall, London, on 15th June 2004. The lecture was entitled 'The Double Helix; Entrepreneurship and Private Equity.' The full text is available for OBA members on www.oba.co.uk

IN BRIEF (More news on page 11)

Chris Vigar (1973, Modern History) has been awarded an MBE for Services to British Business Interests in Luxembourg

Surya Subedi (1989, International Law) has been awarded an honorary OBE for his services to UK-Nepalese relations

Peter Truscott (1974, Modern History) has been elevated to the House of Lords (detail on page 34).

Philip Pullman (1965, English) has been awarded a CBE for services to Literature in the New Year's Honours List.

Frances Cairncross Rector-elect Frances Cairncross has been awarded a CBE for services to Social Sciences in the New Year's Honours List.





Dr Shamita Das

Earth Scientist

Born in India, Dr Shamita Das read mathematics there for her first degree. She then changed fields in 1972 to study for her doctorate in geophysics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. After completing her PhD, she moved further down the East Coast of the United States to the University of Columbia and

the Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory. During her time at Columbia, she enjoyed a two-year period as a visiting professor at Harvard in the Division of Applied Science. In 1990 she moved to Oxford, first to Green College then taking up the Eyres Fellowship in Earth Science at Exeter ten years later.

Her interest in the field began at an early stage of her academic career. A “brilliant” maths teacher in India had worked with Dr Charles Richter at the California Institute of Technology on seismological problems. Dr Das found his enthusiasm infectious. Another inspiration came from a Russian mathematician, Boris Kostrov, with whom Dr. Das worked from 1980 until his death in 1997. Dr Das’ earlier work was largely theoretical, drawing upon her formative training as a mathematician. In addition the data she really needed to work on earthquakes was not yet available.

Dr Das’ moment of enlightenment came as a consequence of the 1985 Mexico City earthquake. In Moscow at the time, she saw the seismometer readings, realised an earthquake was arriving and knew it was going to be big. She later saw the damage on television. As a member of the Committee on Seismology, Dr Das participated at a meetings under the auspices of the National Research Council. The prevailing viewpoint was one of surprise at the scale of the damage caused by the quake. There had been earthquakes in the region before, and the area had been prepared for future shocks, but only on a similar scale to those previously encountered. The rupture length (the fracture along or near the surface) of the 1985 earthquake, unfortunately, was much longer than anything previously recorded. She realised that each earthquake in a region can behave differently, and predictions were not so straightforward a process. This realisation, which she describes as her ‘St Paul on the road to Damascus moment’ and the availability of data led her on to study individual earthquakes.

With an increasing focus on work in the field, the ever-evolving technology available allowed Dr Das to study the Antarctic region in the mid-nineties, an area previously believed to have had no major earthquakes. Then a quake occurred that registered 8.1 on the Richter scale. Analysis of ruptures in the earth’s crust had suggested breaks or discontinuities in the fault, but these ‘jumps’ in the rupture were only a few kilometres long. In Antarctica, the ‘jump’ was 70km further along, with the second earthquake reading 7.7. Extensive testing of the relatively large amounts of data available using super computers, confirmed that this ‘jump’ truly existed. The June 2000 earthquake in the Wharton Basin of the eastern Indian Ocean was also of interest to Dr Das. Ruptures usually occur over one fault only, but this quake propagated on two faults perpendicular to each other.

Dr Das’ work involves a different way of looking at earthquakes, analysing the seismographs (although she believes that there are still not enough seismometer stations!) and rigorously testing the results obtained. The major goal of the work is to understand the physics of the earthquake preparation and faulting process, and to predict expected motion

at sites of engineering consequence (the built environment). Her long-term goal is to prepare the physical basis for developing the capability to predict future earthquakes.

Above: Dr. Das examining the seismograph located in Oxford showing earthquakes from Argentina, Chile and Japan that occurred on September 7 and 8, 2004.



News from Old Members

edited by
Christopher Kirwan

Now we're in the third year of this feature, same editor, aging but not yet gaga. As before I mix paraphrase and quotation, and in the quotations I make some small corrections silently, and mark additions etc. by square brackets.

Last year we received and printed 27 items, this year 19. Keep the news flowing in, addressing it not to me but to: EXON – News from Old Members, The Development Office, Exeter College, Oxford, OX1 3DP. Email: development@exeter.ox.ac.uk. Entries are listed by matriculation years. Email addresses are given for those who requested their publication in EXON.



1935

James Macnair has not before submitted any “news”. Now he offers a fascinating ‘summary since going down in 1938. Spent that summer with a German on the German/Polish border, but left in a hurry when Chamberlain left Godesberg. Joined Thomson McLintock, Chartered Accountants (now part of KPMG) and retired as senior partner in 1981, and from all remunerative work in 1986. I joined a Territorial AA Battery in March 1939 and left for France as an MT driver in October. Fortunately I came back to UK in February 1940. Most of my war service was in Scotland as part of “Fortitude North”, the deception plan to persuade Hitler we would invade Norway. As we had light guns, we were sent to the Rhine crossing on day 2 and helped the 1st Gordons eject the Germans from Rees and allow the bridge to be erected (for which I got my MC). It is odd that I remember more about this period than my later work as an accountant. My most interesting work was as a forensic accountant in restrictive practices cases, both for and against the government. I became a member of the Council of the Scottish Institute (which is older than the English) and chairman of their Post [illegible] Committee. I am now 87 and my wife 84. Both well.’

1946

Captain John Richard Thornhill Pollard sends ‘heartiest congratulations to Sir Roger Bannister on his anniversary. He may be interested to learn that last month [viz. April 2004] I ran both the Olympic and the Pythian stadia at the age of ninety and was duly crowned on the first occasion with a wreath of olives.



1947

Admiral Stansfield Turner, Honorary Fellow of the College, writes: '2003 has been a banner year for the Turners. It was Marion's and my first full year of marriage and a total success. We were involved in two Oxford-related activities. In February there was a Reunion of Rhodes Scholars in Capetown celebrating the 100th anniversary of the Scholarships. In July there was another Reunion in Oxford. It was wonderful to be back in College and to see that at the same time it is modernizing and improving but also staying very much the same.' Email: admturner@aol.com.

1948

Also from the nineteen-forties comes the voice of Geoffrey Hart: 'I retired ten years ago after thirty-four wonderful years in parochial ministry in Essex, Lancashire, and Cheltenham. Then after ten marvellous years in Devon we came to live near Oxford, my original home town, last year. We love being near Oxford again and were in College Chapel (where I was a choirboy over sixty years ago) for the Advent Carol Service. I am still in touch with several of my college contemporaries.'

1960

After leaving Oxford in 1963, Thomas Roger Winwood joined the 60th Rifles (2nd Bn Royal Green Jackets). 'Served in British Guiana, UK, Germany, Malaysia, and Australia. Emigrated to Australia as a £10 Pom in 1968. Started a teaching career in Victoria, first at Geelong Grammar School and then Scotch College. In 1977 moved to Perth, Western Australia, to join another Scotch College, where I am currently Director of Studies. To continue my love of mountains (sadly lacking in this part of Oz) I travel when I can to Tasmania or New Zealand. Since I left Oxford I have met many Oxonians but *never* anyone from Exeter. So if you are passing this way, please

Email: cwinwood@bigpond.net.au.

PS. He finds from family history that he had a number of ancestors, 'or so I believe,' at Exeter: Thomas Henry Ricketts Winwood, Henry Hoyte Winwood, Herbert George Parry-Okedon, Edmund Robert Parry-Okedon, William Okedon. 'I had no idea when I went up to Exeter!'

Tim Vanderver Jr (1965, Jurisprudence) hosts a BBQ in Washington DC. From left: Tony Cole (1960, Geography), Patsy Cole and Robert Sanson and Tim.



1962

David Faulkner reports in from his Oxford eminence; we see him now at Exeter, as a vital teaching resource for our young men and women. He does not mention that service, but he lists other appointments in his recent career: '1995-2003 Official Student [I'm sure you all know what that means: 'Fellow' in the language of other colleges] at Christ Church, and University Lecturer in Strategy; 2003 to date: Professor of Corporate Social Responsibility, Royal Holloway, University of London; Visiting Professor in Strategy, Warwick Business School; Visiting Research Professor, the Open University'. In 2003 he co-edited the *Oxford Handbook of Strategy* (Oxford University Press). Email: david.faulkner@rhul.ac.uk.

1974

Jeremy Holt is the co-editor of *A Manager's Guide to Computer Law*, published by the British Computer Society. Email: jeremyh@clarkholt.com.

1979

Brian Rimmer reports that he was remarried to Michele Deverall-Rimmer on 30 May 2004. He now (January 2004) has three children, Sean 16, Clara 12, and Richard 8. Email: brianrimmer1960@hotmail.com.

1980

It is good to hear from Gregory Clive. He has published *Teach Yourself Latin Grammar* for Hodder & Stoughton, 2002; reissued 2003.

1981

In 2003 Mark Gower Alford moved back to the USA to take up a position as Assistant Professor of Theoretical Physics at Washington University in St Louis. In October of that year 'my wife Mari and I had our first child, a boy, Francis. We are adjusting happily to our new life.'



1982

'Ian and I have been living in High Wycombe for seven years now,' writes Tessa McDonald. 'I work for GlaxoSmithKline in their UK Consumer Healthcare business and Ian is Marketing IT director for British American Tobacco. Our spare time is taken up looking after our two sons, James (5) and Andrew (3). Still in touch with Simon and Helen Pridmore, Carol Gay, Richard Appleyard, Clare and Rhidian Williams, Rachel Smith (Gee) and Mary Rogers (Wilkinson).'

**1987**

Rob Farquharson reports the birth of a son, George David Alan, on 30 October 2003. Email: rob.farquharson@bain.com.

Ian Threadgill has been back in Oxford for the last three years, after spending much of the 90s in Swansea, Philadelphia and Manchester. He is teaching classes in Taoist Energetic Arts, and working towards certification in Chi Nei Tsang (Advanced Massage Therapy). Email: threadgill@bigwig.net.

1989

Richard John Charles Major reports his email address as: email@richardmajor.com.

1990

It's a pleasure to your editor, out of touch as he is, to learn that Dr Philip Salmon and Katharina Ulmschneider are also Oxford-based. They give their news under 1991 below.

1991

Dr Katharina Ulmschneider writes that 'Philip [see 1990] and I got married at the Oxford Registry Office on 16 June 2001, and at the Bürgerspital Church, Würzburg, Germany on 14 September 2001. Birth of twins Theodor and Elisabeth Salmon on 6 January 2004 in Oxford.' Email: katharina.ulmschneider@worc.ox.ac.uk.

1994

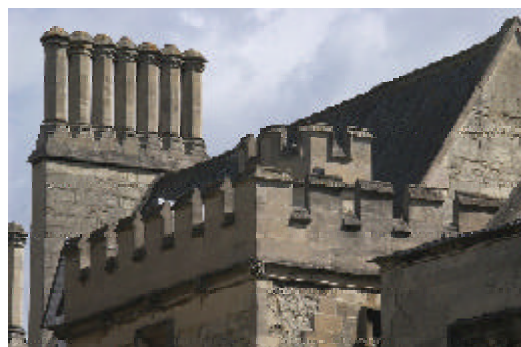
I can't read this one very well. It's from Victoria Palmer-Moore, who reports the good news that in February 2003 she was promoted to Director level at Merrill Lynch (seriously good news—congratulations Victoria). In September 2003 she became engaged to Crispin Fulle (that is, if I've read her writing correctly); they plan to marry in May 2005 'maybe at Exeter College!'. Email: victoria_palmer-moore@aol.com.

1998

Aaron Martin Resch spent the beginning of 2003 living in Los Angeles, working for Paramount Studios and later for a television production company, after which he went travelling in Central America with fellow Exonian Iain Matthews. Then he moved to New York City, where he has been working as a production assistant on a number of feature films. 'Look for my name,' he urges, 'in the credits of "The Forgotten" starring Julianne Moore, due out in October 2004 Stateside.' He is currently working on a new Will Smith film called "The Last First Kiss", in the locations department. Email: aaronreschl@yahoo.com

1999

Philip Hobday reports that 'having spent a year working in a south London parish', he has 'switched to the other place!' He is 'in the first of three years training for ordination in the Church of England at Ridley Hall, Cambridge. Fortunately the Varsity match was a draw—the Boat Race [future at the time of his December 2003 report] may prove a sterner test of allegiance!' Email: rivan_warder@hotmail.com.



Greatest Event

Those people still mourning Australia's dramatic loss to England in last year's Rugby World Cup should lament a more noteworthy and irredeemable loss. Today marks 50 years since English runner Roger Bannister broke four minutes for the mile. In doing so, he not only denied Australia's John Landy athletics immortality, he gave England first claim to the most significant individual sporting performance of the 20th century.

The recent level of media interest in the 50th anniversary demonstrates the significance of Bannister's run. Several commemorative events will be staged in Britain and Australia today, and two books on the subject have been published recently.

The race for the four-minute mile reached a crescendo in the 1950s. At the turn of the century, the world record stood at about 4 minutes and 10 seconds. By 1945 it had been eroded to within less than two seconds of the magical mark. But despite efforts around the globe, by 1952 the record remained intact. As Bannister later put it: "The four-minute mile seemed to stand as a barrier to future progress." The press were happy to fuel speculation that man had reached his athletic limits; that room for improvement was minimal. Each failed effort compounded the myth.

In 1953 Landy came tantalisingly close on numerous occasions. The ever-modest Victorian would never admit it, but a lack of competition and the poor facilities in Australia at least in part hampered his efforts. In 1954 he travelled to Scandinavia, where he tried to break the record in a more conducive environment.

As the northern summer approached, Bannister was given a window of opportunity to make an attempt in his beloved Oxford, where he had studied medicine, matriculating at Exeter College in 1946. On May 6, 1954, in a run carefully paced by his training partners, Bannister stopped the clock at 3 minutes 59.4 seconds. The athletics equivalent of Everest had been conquered. Shortly after, Landy lowered the Englishman's mark by more than a second, setting up the mile-of-the-century clash between the two in the Vancouver Empire Games - a dramatic race won by Bannister, with both men running under four minutes.

Why was the four-minute mile so significant, not just in athletics but across all sports? Few records have so captured the public's attention and provided an enduring benchmark. Public fascination partly reflected the seeming symmetry of the event - four laps in four minutes. Bannister believed that the mile seemed to present a perfect test of judgment, speed and stamina. But he noted: "Unless given a human touch, records have no life, no appeal." It was the competition, albeit in different continents, between Bannister, Landy and US miler Wes Santee that added the human element to the struggle.

Herb Elliot, the 1960 Olympic 1,500m champion, said that in a thoroughly amateur era "it was glamour and celebrity as well as sport - many of us were enchanted and inspired by the whole episode."

Comparing different sports across different eras is an imprecise exercise. But Bannister's performance has a legitimate claim to be the most significant individual

Simon Hollingsworth represented Australia in the 400 metres hurdles at the 1992 and 1996 Olympics



in World Sport

sporting achievement of the 20th century. Few performances can match it in terms of symbolism, public interest (the failure was as exciting as the success) and the ultimate charting of new territory.

Three performances emerge as possible challengers. First is Jesse Owens, the black US sprinter who won an unprecedented four gold medals at the Berlin Olympics. Owen's dominance before a Nazi audience and an infuriated Adolf Hitler stands as a powerful symbol of sport as the great leveller.

Second is the majesty of gymnast Nadia Comaneci at the 1976 Montreal Games. Her barrage of perfect-10 scores set a new benchmark for perfection which many still regard as the most complete of performances.

Finally, though less well known, is the stamina of Russian swimmer Vladimir Salnikov, who in 1980 became the first man to break 15 minutes for 1500m. Thirty consecutive laps in less than 30 seconds each was once regarded as impossible. Salnikov emphatically proved otherwise and paved the way for current distance swimmers.

These endeavours, however, struggle to outshine the four-minute mile. Owen's



1954 Vancouver Commonwealth Games beating John Landy. Supplied by Ian Christelow (1947, Music)

greatness lies more in a multitude of performances rather than a single groundbreaking effort. The subjectivity of gymnastics scoring remains a sticking point. And Salnikov's swim never captured the public's imagination to the extent of the mile - probably because it was so unexpected.

Part of the appeal of Bannister and Landy is linked to the amateur environment in which they competed. For both men, running was an aside to the real matters of life. The absence of monetary reward; the

striving for a time as an end in itself - Bannister described running as a perfect form of human expression - somehow gives their efforts a romantic edge. Contrast this with the almost all-consuming commercial dimensions of modern-day sport.

In the past 50 years, Bannister's record has been reduced by a further 17 seconds. The Englishman was always realistic about the temporal nature of records. But as he noted in 1954, he and his contemporaries "shared a place where no man had yet ventured - secure for all time, however fast men might run miles in the future".

This Article was first published in 'The Australian' newspaper on 6 May 2004. Reproduced here with permission.

He read PPE at Exeter as a Rhodes scholar, matriculating in 1997.



Fifty years and

To celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the first sub-4 minute mile, a dinner was held at Exeter College on Friday 14 May, 2004. The guest of honour, Sir Roger Bannister, addressed an invited audience which included his contemporaries at Exeter and members of the Exeter College Athletics Club. Professor Richard Vaughan-Jones (Fellow in Human Physiology) proposed the toast. Old Members had the opportunity to reminisce...

In October 1946 the Captain and Secretary of the Boat club had a meeting to discuss how to recruit new oarsmen for the latest intake. I was invited to join the meeting having been secretary in 1939 and had come back up for a short course

I remember the Captain of Boats saying "We must get on with it promptly. Made a mess of it last year." We missed Bannister and lost him to Iffley Road.

David Yonge
(1937, Literae Humaniores)

For most of the year I hadn't practiced swimming due to bronchitis. The doctor suggested a non-water sport so I started to practice for rugby, at the college athletic field. I noticed another Exeter man running the entire time, each day I practiced. He was a lanky six footer and often ran in stocking feet on the grass. He had a beautiful stride and ran smoothly and slowly for several laps and then would go flat-out, still smoothly. It was Roger Bannister – the first man to break four minutes in the mile. He did this soon after graduating from Oxford. Roger was a sterling man and college leader. Now it is Sir Roger, and he is back at Oxford heading one of the Colleges, after a noteworthy career as a neurosurgeon.

From 'Purple Hearts and Ancient Trees' by Jay Gruenfeld (1949, PPE)



Cross country race 1948. Donated by Michael Ball (1945, Chemistry). Michael Ball - No. 342, Roger Bannister - No. 343.

I have been "doing my homework" reading up the re-issue of Roger's book "The First Four Minutes". I was disappointed on buying it to find no mention in the index of one of my childhood heroes Len Eyre, who was Northern Counties 3AAA's mile champion about 1946/7 and died sadly when he was only about thirty.

At the tiny church of Beckwithshaw where I play the organ, Lilian Eyre - Len's widow - is still bossing people around in the so-called choir. She's a great character and is always reminding me how my father - very keen on all sports - gave Len his first pair of spikes. It turns out that Roger knew Len well and raced often with him, and this is in fact mentioned in the book.

When I told Lilian I might not be available to play the church organ if I extended my stay in Oxford, she said "Don't forget to remind Roger how he used to cradle my baby daughter Jane in his arms". What a small world it is!

Best wishes
Ian Christelow (1947, Music)



4 minutes ago

An excerpt from “The First Four Minutes” by Roger Bannister (1946, *Physiological Sciences*).
Sir Roger’s book may be obtained from Sutton on 01453 731117. www.suttonpublishing.co.uk

There was complete silence on the ground . . . a false start . . . I felt angry that precious moments during the lull in the wind might be slipping by. The gun fired a second time . . . Brasher went into the lead and I slipped in effortlessly behind him, feeling tremendously full of running. My legs seemed to meet no resistance at all, as if propelled by some unknown force. We seemed to be going so slowly! Impatiently I shouted ‘Faster!’ But Brasher kept his head and did not change the pace. I went on worrying until I heard the first lap time, 57.5 seconds. In the excitement my knowledge of pace had deserted me. Brasher could have run the first quarter in 55 seconds without my realising it, because I felt so full of running, but I should have had to pay for it later. Instead, he had made success possible.

At one and a half laps I was still worrying about the pace. A voice shouting ‘relax’ penetrated to me above the noise of the crowd. I learnt afterwards it was Stampfl’s. Unconsciously I obeyed. If the speed was wrong it was too late to do anything about it, so why worry? I was relaxing so much that my mind seemed almost detached from my body. There was no strain.

I barely noticed the half-mile, passed in 1 minute 58 seconds, nor when, round the next bend, Chataway went into the lead. At three-quarters of a mile the effort was still barely perceptible; the time was 3 minutes 0.7 seconds, and by now the crowd were roaring. Somehow I had to run that last lap in 59 seconds. Chataway led round the next bend and then I pounced past him at the beginning of the back straight, 300 yards from the finish.

I had a moment of mixed joy and anguish, when my mind took over. It raced well ahead of my body and drew my body compellingly forward. I felt that the moment of a lifetime had come. There was no pain, only a great unity of movement and aim. The world seemed to stand still, or did not exist. The only reality was the next 200 yards of track under my feet. The tape meant finality – extinction perhaps.

I felt at that moment that it was my chance to do one thing supremely well. I drove on, impelled by a combination of fear and pride. The air I breathed filled me with the spirit of the track where I had run my first race. The noise in my ears was that of the faithful Oxford crowd. Their hope and encouragement gave me greater strength. I had now turned the last bend and there was only 50 yards more. My body had long since exhausted all its energy, but it went on running just the same. The physical overdraft came only from greater willpower. This was the crucial moment when my legs were strong enough to carry me over the last few yards as they could never have done in previous years. With 5 yards to go the tape seemed almost to recede. Would I ever reach it?

Those last few seconds seemed never-ending. The faint line of the finishing tape stood ahead as a haven of peace, after the struggle. The arms of the world were waiting to receive me if only I reached the tape without slackening my speed. If I faltered, there would be no arms to hold me and the world would be a cold, forbidding place, because I had been so close. I leapt at the tape like a man taking his last spring to save himself from the chasm that threatens to engulf him. My effort was over and I collapsed almost unconscious, with an arm on either side of me. It was only then that real pain overtook me. I felt like an exploded flashlight with no will to live; I just went on existing in the most passive physical state without being quite unconscious. Blood surged from my muscles and seemed to fell me. It was as if all my limbs were caught in an ever-tightening vice. I knew that I had done it before I even heard the time. I was too close to have failed, unless my legs had played strange tricks at the finish by slowing me down and not telling my tiring brain that they had done so.

The stopwatches held the answer. The announcement came – ‘Result of one mile . . . time, 3 minutes’ – the rest lost in the roar of excitement. I grabbed Brasher and Chataway, and together we scampered round the track in a burst of spontaneous joy. We had done it – the three of us!



Sporting Exeter

RUGBY

What can you say about a season which consisted of a run of 12 undefeated games and two college league titles? The numbers speak for themselves! This year, Exeter RFC has enjoyed a resurgence under the inspirational leadership of Captain Fergal McLaughlin...

The start to the season boded well, as Exeter racked up a half century against a weak Merton/Mansfield side who seemed surprised to find themselves out of the library and playing sport. The hat-trick poached by Hugman in this first game was bettered in the next outing, with new number 8, and next year's captain, Luka Gacic picking

showed massive commitment by turning out for every college game despite a hectic Whippets XV training schedule.

With promotion back to division two guaranteed, Exeter found themselves playing St. Catz for the 3rd Division title. Despite being the underdogs, Exeter took a tough and not entirely gentlemanly game 11-7. In an effort to stay sharp during the interval between seasons, Exeter entertained both a

Glen Foxwell



Glen Foxwell

ECRFC UNBEATEN DOUBLE LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

Starting the season back in the third division for the first time in five years, there were strong hopes that we would be able to put together a run of form that had not been possible over the previous two years, when the team had struggled due to limited strength in depth. A core of experienced players, many going into their third (or fourth!) year of college rugby, were complemented by a brilliant influx of new players all committed to the cause (we even managed some training sessions) and were further aided by some excellent coaching from Jonathan Snicker (*I owe it all to Matt Preston. Ed.*).

up four tries. Not every game proved as easy, with Exeter almost throwing away a 35-point half time lead against University.

However, when it was needed most Exeter's not insubstantial pack proved too much for the opposition throughout the season: with a starting front row of Johnson, Hugman and Cooper weighing in at 50 stones, backed up by Hopkins, Gacic, Robinson, Warne, Bayliss and the ever influential Louis Eggar, who

team from the law firm Slaughter&May and an Old Boy's team in two "friendly" matches. Both games were fiercely fought, with Exeter beating Slaughters but going down narrowly to their Old Boy's team.

Now in the 2nd division, Exeter again found themselves too strong for their first opponent Worcester. The Exeter backs cut loose with 31 unanswered points, including a wonder-try from winger Steve Cook, who was easily the most improved player of the season, with outstanding running from deep saving Exeter on more than one occasion. Tom Pugh was again ever-present in the backs, he was joined by Parsons, Williams, Marks, Widdows and McLaughlin. Perhaps the biggest



contribution came from Joe Bailey, who made a one-season-only move from prop to centre to add some bulk to the defensive line – it will be good to see you back in the front row again next year Joe!

Once again, Exeter found themselves playing St. Catz, this time for the 2nd Division title. In another fierce game, Exeter managed to hold on to win 13-8 despite having only 14 men for most of the game; a massive display from Pete Warne in the back row was integral to the victory.

Cuppers started well, as Exeter demolished a strongly fancied Hertford team with several U21s players, 26-3. The inclusion of former Western Province and current Blues winger John Bradshaw having a huge impact, as his pace saw him land two break-away tries. In the quarter final Exeter came up against St. Peters, 1st Division Champions from Michaelmas, who were again contenders for the Cuppers title. Exeter fought hard, and were leading by a single point at half time. However, St. Peters were too well drilled and eventually ran out winners 20-10.

It has been three years since Exeter were last in the 1st Division, when they came within a try of winning the league title. This time, with the bulk of the squad remaining in Oxford, they are sure to make a big impact on the top teams: the future for Exeter rugby looks good!

Michael Hugman (2000, PPE)



Left: The Darts Team; Rhys Jenkins (Captain), Andy Mullin, Vinni O'Hora and James Robinson

EXETER COLLEGE DARTS

Exeter were crowned league and cuppers champions last year and went undefeated throughout. They were only the second team ever to win both in one season. They have now been promoted to Division 1 for next year where they look to continue their undefeated run of matches. To add to this achievement, the second team also won Division 4 in an epic final match of the year. From the Exeter team there were 5 players (Mike Cooper, Graham Stevenson, Robert Javin-Fisher, Ben Fox and Rhys Jenkins) selected to play for the University side: a great accomplishment.



WOMEN'S FIRST TORPID 2004: POWERED BY CAKE

L-R back row - Jo Condon, Kate Bugler, Rebecca Ting (captain), Joanna Lim, Amy Spare, Cassi Farthing, Michael Cornford (cox)

Front row Laura Morton, Rachel HNBC Harland, Sarah Dunstone.

Wednesday: Bumped Balliol; Thursday: Rowed Over;
Friday: Technical Row Over; Saturday : Bumped Univ
Started 11th in Division 2
Finished 9th in Division 2

*If you wish to sponsor Exeter Sport
please contact the Development Office*



EXETER COLLEGE CONTINUES TO DOMINATE THE GREEN BAIZE

Exeter College's broad participation in the inter-collegiate sports leagues is impressive, but rarely has any team dominated their discipline so much as the pool team has over the last decade. Whilst some would argue whether pool should really be referred to as a "sport", none can deny the fact that the college pool team has recently been the most successful in competition, and continues to be so. It now appears that our reputation precedes us amongst the pool fraternity: ideally, no-one wants to have to play Exeter.

The league takes place in Michaelmas term every year, with the cup competitions being fought out over Hilary and Trinity terms of the following calendar year. Every team consists of six players who each play one singles and one doubles frame with a partner in the league, or two singles frames in the cup.

In 2000, Exeter boasted the university's top-, second-, sixth-, and tenth-ranked players: Rob Sparkes, Dave Flowerdew, Ed Savory, and Jo Davis, respectively. That year, Exeter contributed a third of the Varsity team with these players. Many players across the university also compete in the local pub leagues, with some having even gone so far as to represent Oxfordshire or England, and Rob, Ed, and Dave secured impressive county rankings, as well as their numerous successes within the university, during their time at Exeter.

With such a strong background, it is hardly surprising that a new generation of keen and talented pool players have been nurtured in recent years. Fresh faces have duly stepped up to the challenge, with Tom Barkworth joining the Varsity team alongside Rob and Ed again in 2001 and, with the addition of Andrew Fadden to the team in 2002, four of the twelve Varsity players were again from Exeter. Henry Thorold gained a Varsity place in 2003 and, most recently, Alex La Via stepped straight into the Women's Varsity team upon their first fixture against Cambridge in 2003, and Michael Floyd played in the 2004 Varsity match, which produced a record scoreline of 68 frames to 22 in Oxford's favour. Each of these players has obviously been instrumental, with many of them captaining teams to well-deserved success, in the college arena.

Exeter were league champions for four consecutive years between 1995 and 1998. The title was swiftly regained in 2000 and Exeter are currently the reigning league champions after the 2003 competition. The cup has followed a similar vein, with Exeter proving worthy winners in 2000, 2002, and 2003.

This year has been an outstanding success not only for the 1st team but all the way down to the "grass roots" level. For the first time, Exeter sported two women's teams in the relatively new women's league and cup competitions, and no less than four men's teams competed, with both of Exeter's top two teams starting the league season in the top division.



Michael Floyd at the table in the Undercroft, the heart of Exeter College pool

It is vital that such improvement in strength and depth continues since the competition is stiffening and Exeter once again needs to stride forward in order to maintain its prosperity. The 2003 team cup final was a painful spectacle, with Exeter winning only after a fouled clearance in a sudden-death deciding frame. Likewise, this year's league was won by the team after approaching the final fixture knowing that only an 8-1 victory or better would be enough to seal the title - a tough result to achieve against even the weakest teams. However, steely nerve and a touch of arrogance on the table saw the all important eighth black potted to bring the trophy back home to Exeter once again.

Michael Floyd (1999, Earth Sciences)
Exeter College Pool Teams 1999-2004
Oxford University Varsity Pool Team 2004



BOAT CLUB SPONSORSHIP ~ CAN YOU HELP?

E CBC is one of the oldest boat clubs at Oxford (founded 1823) and has an active membership of around 60 students a year. The Boat Club has been continually rising in recent years and the men's crew is now among the top three crews at the two main races in the Oxford calendar. The Boat Club is organised by current students who co-ordinate the coaching, finances and social events. A team of alumni (the ECBC Association) is also actively involved in the Boat Club and organise an annual fund raising dinner as well as other adhoc events.

BENEFITS OF SPONSORSHIP

Many of the leading names in graduate recruitment sponsor an Oxford college boat club; these include Zurich Financial Services, UBS, Mercer Management Consulting and KPMG. Sponsorship offers vary significantly between clubs depending on the level of commitment required by the sponsor. A corporate sponsor frequently takes responsibility for the maintenance and renewal of equipment.

It is clear that in an era where the return on investment in mass advertising has stagnated, spending on support and sponsorships is increasingly worthy of consideration because:

- * Sponsorships can reach a more targeted audience
- * Sponsoring organisations can be precise about what they want to achieve and how they want to achieve it
- * Sponsors can measure results

The sponsorship should benefit both parties, in the following ways:

- * Your company would provide needed financial support to a group of highly motivated and ambitious individuals, a cause that reflects the values of the firm
- * Your company could use the sponsorship opportunity to achieve marketing and business development objectives
- * The sponsorship would offer your company the chance to become a high profile name among a body of high achieving individuals actively seeking employment

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES

The annual running cost of the boat club is currently just under £20,000, which includes the cost of coaching, boat racking fees, boat repairs and maintenance. For the past few years, ECBC has employed a professional coach, which has led to their meteoric rise to the topmost echelons of the first division. In addition, capital expenditure of around £10,000 per annum is required to invest in new boats and blades.

The boat club is currently funded through a mixture of donations from ECBCA, donations from old members, college funds and a significant burden is shouldered by the students themselves. External support would provide the tools by which Exeter could continue their success, and participate in more external regattas such as Henley Royal. If you are interested please contact the Boat Club Treasurer Jo Condon (2001, Mathematics)
joanna.condon@exeter.ox.ac.uk

INTER-COLLEGIATE GOLF TOURNAMENT

Last year it was Univ...this year it was New College's turn to organise, and then win the Inter-Collegiate Golf Tournament. Eric Auckland set the pace for New with 40 points, using past captaincy on his home course to his advantage.

It wasn't until the last group returned nearly 3 hours later that he found he had been pipped to the post on countback by last year's Blues captain, Adam Edwards of Corpus. Uniquely, the best three scores were by single-figure handicappers, with Bill Morris of Corpus scoring 37.

However, New College were the most consistent team, with three players all scoring 36—Nigel Rich, Ray Douse and Robin Christie. Nearest the pin on the 9th was Nick Rigg of Pembroke, and the longest drive on the 15th was by Philip Pardoe-Williams of Exeter. New College kept their winning ways with Geoffrey Moore partnering Teddy Hall's Ronnie Irving scoring 21 points to win the 9 hole Greensomes.

It was then on to New College. Drinks in the Founder's Library were followed by a splendid dinner in hall, which progressed into continued enjoyment and nostalgia in the Beer Cellar.



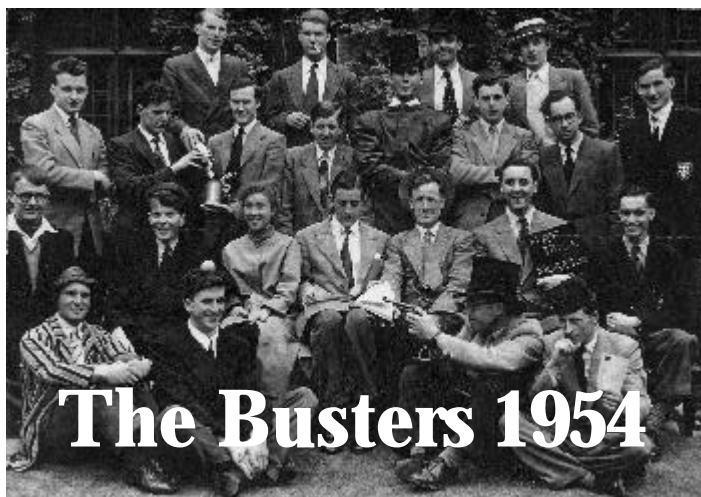
Exeter College Cricket

After a magnificent summer of cricket in Trinity 2003, those of us at ECCC were left feeling somewhat aggrieved at being passed over for promotion by the narrowest of margins. Despite having clinched a nail-biting victory from the jaws of defeat at Magdalen, we were consequently yorkeed by the mathematicians at League HQ. Believing a victory on the final day of the season would have made us League runners up and secured the final promotion berth, you can imagine our chagrin a few days later upon finding ourselves gazumped by Queens, and this despite having beaten them convincingly a week previously.

“The mathematicians were left to weep into their calculators”

One can understand such heartbreak shattering many a team’s spirit: not so Exeter. Refreshed after the winter break, we returned more determined than ever to fight our way into our rightful place in the highest echelon of college cricket. However the task would not prove easy. The large turnaround in personnel owing to arrivals, departures and exam commitments and the early season inclement weather left the team with little time to gel. Coming up against a St Hugh’s side with 3 fixtures already under their belts, our lack of consistency with the ball and resolve with the bat proved telling against such match fit opposition.

But it’s exactly when the chips are down that the Exeter spirit rears into life. A sublime run of form followed with 5 consecutive victories. After disposing of Somerville, Lincoln, Christchurch, and St Anne’s in swift succession, it’s no wonder Oriel cowered before the Exeter juggernaut and ceded their match. Highlights to look back on include the 9-man victory over Lincoln; an inspirational 70 from Ian Madden in his testimonial year; and an incredible ton on debut from Johnny Bradshaw against Christchurch: one time powerhouses of



College Cricket reduced to the humbling role of ball-gofers.

And so the stage was set for the decisive final match of the season: away to Magdalen with 4 teams vying for promotion – it was Trinity 2003 all over again, or so we thought. An Exeter innings of 166 on a good batting track left the scales tipped in the home side’s favour. It would need a heroic performance: a true day for heroes. Enter from the pavilion end the wily seam of Heston Orchard, sporting the peony and black for his 6th (though not quite final) season at ECCC. Variation mixed with vicious bounce furnished him with the final two wickets with less than twenty runs in hand. The mathematicians were left to weep into their calculators as Exeter College Cricket Club held aloft the Division Championship. Exon Floreat.



This picture of the 1960 Exeter College ‘Aunt Sally’ team was spotted recently in an Oxford paper. Who are the participants and where is the match taking place?





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THE FUTURE

A searchable Professional Services Network is planned, through which members can advertise their skills and professional services to other members and students. This should provide you with an excellent business networking, recruitment and advice giving capability. Comprehensive search facilities will mean that direct contact can be made in a matter of minutes. In the future we should be able to handle Classified Advertising.

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The Open Road

Thanks to an extremely generous anonymous Exonion, I was fortunate enough to follow in the footsteps of previous scholars and spend my summer travelling around America and Canada.

Due to the vocal nature of last year's scholar, Mike Hugman, who was excited and willing to share his experiences with members of the JCR, I had a rough idea of what the North American Travel Scholarship entailed. However nothing could have prepared me for the amazing opportunities that would await me and the interesting people that I would meet. I began to realise this before I even left the country as I was invited to the Rhodes Centurion celebrations at Exeter College, where I met many of the Old Members that I was planning to see in America. Not only did meeting these Exonions make me feel more comfortable about embarking on a lone five-week journey, but also their knowledge and advice was invaluable. With their direction I was able to make the most of the vast opportunities that were available once I arrived in North America. For instance, after speaking to Dennis Stanfil and Richard Fitzsimmonds (among others), my expectations of the trip altered as my

horizons expanded beyond the non-profit sector into further education.

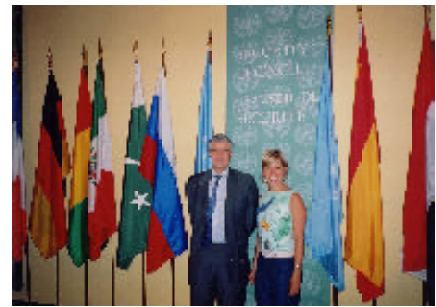
My itinerary was rather ambitious taking in seven cities in five weeks. I began on the East coast flying into Washington DC and then travelling up through Philadelphia to New York. I was wonderfully received in each city, staying with Chuck Anderson and Erika Jorgenson in Washington and Brian Firth in Philadelphia. In New York I had the opportunity to catch up and stay with Seth Rosenbaum, an English Student from Columbia who spent last year studying at Exeter. Within these first three weeks I met with a huge range of people from Erika at the World Bank to Thurston Bannister at Sakonnet Technology, Richard Bennet at Princeton and John Lawrence who showed me around the UN and the university of Columbia, opening my eyes to a whole new range of opportunities. Speaking to so many people about how they approached "life after Exeter" is a unique experience and one which I felt the benefit of within a matter of days, as I was able to take into Canada a much better idea of what I wanted to do after graduation, and could tailor my questions accordingly.

I had imagined that after New York I would have time to slow down and slacken the pace as I headed into Canada. However,



Hannah Green (2001, Modern History) was awarded the 2003 North American Travel Scholarship





there was no chance of that thanks to my fantastic hosts in Toronto. I was met off the plane by Garri Hendell, who whisked me off to the now legendary welcome dinner organised by Chisanga Puta-Chekwe. It was a great way to begin my time in Toronto as I met far more people than I could have otherwise packed into three days. The fact that many of the people that I met, did not know each other at Exeter, yet now had strong friendships, made me realise that if you so choose, Exeter College can support new and varied relationships long after graduation.

I stayed with three hosts in four nights, spanning almost the entire golden horseshoe and managed to visit Niagara Falls, spend an afternoon with Rev Guy Trudel and Rev James McConica at the university and explore the city by day and by night. I felt that my feet had barely touched the ground when I was back at the airport boarding a flight to Vancouver, just hours before the debilitating east coast blackout.

As I recounted my itinerary to almost every person I met, there were two, almost guaranteed reactions. First was to exclaim that I was covering a lot of miles and second was to comment on how beautiful Vancouver was. I wasn't disappointed. The city itself was clean and attractive with a friendly atmosphere; I had a couple of days to explore before I took a seaplane over to Vancouver Island. I stayed with Dorothy and Randy Kennedy for a few days, and they kindly introduced me to the native people and their anthropological work on the Island. It was a great contrast to my city based experience and gave me the chance to meet with Peter Hawker who recounted some of his experiences at Exeter in the early 1940s when it was a completely different place!

Although I felt that I hadn't spent enough time in Canada I was keen to head back over the border to my final destination, LA. Again, the Exonian community was pretty strong which made for a fun and rewardingly varied experience. My hosts, Richard and Jenny Sparks, made sure that I tasted every variety of food and danced to every type of music that LA had to offer. Dennis and Terry Stanfil took me to a fantastically "Old Hollywood" garden party and introduced me to some very interesting people at the Getty Museum. All in all it was a wonderful, slightly overwhelming week that left me feeling, when I finally boarded the plane back to London, that Beverly Hills was somewhere that I could definitely live.

Thinking back now to my expectations of the trip, I certainly hoped that I would learn more about non-profits and how they work in North America, and was looking forward to meeting lots of Old Members and perhaps returning to England with a better or more focused idea of what I wanted to do after I had graduated. I certainly achieved this aim, learning about non profit and non-governmental organisations from a variety of perspectives, from the UN to meeting with Walt and Elizabeth Bachman, who spent six weeks in six different continents working for six different non-profits. However, I was not expecting to come back wanting to study or even live and work there, a feeling that was confirmed when I met up with Ben Moxham, the first Exeter College travel scholar, who is now living and working in New York and having a fantastic time. I was overwhelmed by the sheer generosity of the people that I met, both in terms of their time and their thoughtful advice and I think that this scholarship is one of the most rewarding opportunities that Exeter College offers its current students.



One of the most welcome letters I have ever received was from Exeter College offering me a place to read for the graduate BCL law degree commencing Michaelmas Term 2002. I had been wanting to go back to College and to live in the United Kingdom for some time. To add to the experience, I began to consider the idea of piloting my own light aircraft across the Atlantic.

Aviation has always been significant part of my life, and in my legal work; I have practised law in Alaska for over 30 years, learning to fly when I was in law school. I have flown over much of Alaska and have made numerous journeys into Canada and the lower 48 states. Flying into Kidlington, Oxfordshire from Alaska was a different proposition. I had conflicting advice - do it, don't do it, or hire a ferry pilot. While the last suggestion had some appeal, it seemed a bit like hiring a surrogate for a wedding night.

In aviation preparation is crucial. You must avoid painting yourself into a corner - options are imperative. I resolved to learn as much as I could about the journey, prepare for the flights, then make the decision as to whether to go at the last minute. I made contingency airline reservations to preserve the option of flying commercially.

There was no shortage of reference material. Ed Carlson, author of *Flying the North Atlantic Safely*, has made the trip over 200 times in light aircraft. He identifies seven essential components to this adventurous journey: 1) Weather; 2) Pilot: experienced, instrument rated, and current; 3) Weather; 4) Aircraft: capable of making the journey safely with ample fuel reserves; 5) Weather; 6) Absence of time pressure; 7) Weather.

Ed is not exaggerating; it is virtually impossible to fly such long distances without encountering some adverse weather. Consequently, I allowed two weeks for a trip that can be done in three days. In the end, my trip took eight days. Because of careful planning and thoughtful preparation I was not pressured by weather, which made for an enjoyable, exotic adventure.

THE ROUTE: CHOICES

This is not a nonstop trip and there are several alternate routes. Two originate in Labrador, Canada and go to Greenland, Iceland, and Scotland with an optional inclusion of the Faeroe Islands between Iceland and Scotland. A third route goes from St. Johns, Newfoundland to the Azores and Portugal - distances beyond my range without auxiliary fuel

EXETER HEIGHTS



Robert Wagstaff (2002, MSt Law) flew his own aircraft from Alaska to Oxford



tanks. I initially selected the central route. The longest leg in this route is 675 nautical miles from Goose Bay, Labrador to Narsarsuaq on the southern tip of Greenland - almost all of which is over water. A nautical mile is 1.15 statute miles - same as knots - and is one minute of one degree of a great circle route on a globe.

The trip from Canada to the U.K. required two stops: Sondrestrom in Greenland and Reykjavik in Iceland. An aircraft must have sufficient range to fly the distances chosen with ample reserve for delays and weather. Ultimately, my longest leg would be 747 nautical miles between Greenland and Iceland. Ordinarily, flying commands a one hour reserve of fuel - a rule that is inviolate. Two hours is the rule under these conditions. Most significantly, there are no alternate airports. If an airport goes down because of weather - below instrument landing minimums - return to the departure airport is not an option. Weather and time are therefore critical. There can be no doubt.

THE AIRCRAFT: TWO'S COMPANY

I am frequently asked how many engines my aircraft has. It has two, and yes, it will fly on one engine. Some pilots do fly single engine aircraft across the Atlantic, like Charles Lindbergh, but I am not one of them. My faith is not that strong. My aircraft is a twin engine Beechcraft Baron which is turbocharged and pressurized, has retractable landing gear, a 40 foot wing span, and seats six persons. The engines are 520 cubic inch six cylinder, horizontally opposed, air cooled and turbocharged. Turbocharging is essential for maintaining power at altitude. The turbocharger is an exhaust driven turbine that compresses the induction air. Without it there is a dramatic loss of power with altitude.

Each engine develops 325 horse power at 39 inches of mercury manifold pressure and 2700 rpm. This aircraft has a gross weight of 6,200 pounds, a normal cruise speed of 230 knots at 19,000 to 21,000 feet, and five hours of range on 190 gallons of 100 octane avgas. It has a ceiling of 25,000 feet and will maintain 15,000 feet and 160 knots on one engine. In normal cruise both engines consume a combined 38 gallons of fuel per hour. At reduced power long range cruise the range is 1,250 nautical miles with reserve, which reduces the cruise speed at altitude to 195 knots.

At a given power setting the aircraft burns approximately the same amount of fuel regardless of the altitude. At the higher altitudes it gains significant speed. For example, at sea level standard cruise power airspeed is 180 knots, whereas at 20,000 feet the same power setting and the same fuel burn yields 229 knots. It is possible to carry extra fuel, but modifications to the aircraft are required and there are attendant safety concerns about carrying fuel in the cabin. With the longest leg under 800 nautical miles and the aircraft's range of 1,250 nautical miles, I felt reasonably secure, particularly as I would be traveling east bound and there is usually a prevailing wind from the west that would give an added boost, typically of 50+ knots. I was in for a surprise.

PREPARATION: THINK, SURVIVE

Part of the preparation prior to departure was to have an annual inspection, or relicensing, of the aircraft. The aircraft is partially disassembled, inspected, tested, discrepancies noted, and repairs and adjustments are made. Even though it is not required, I had all four engine magnetos rebuilt and all 24 spark plugs replaced. Anything questionable was replaced. I also took a supply of spare parts including magneto, alternator, spark plugs, fuel pump, vacuum pump, tires, and spare navigation and communication radios. In addition to the aircraft certificate of airworthiness and its registration, which are required to be in the aircraft at all times, I also carried my log books for the aircraft documenting all of its equipment and maintenance since its time of manufacture in 1978. Only licensed mechanics (engineers) can work on an aircraft and all the work must be logged. The engines had operated less than 500 hours since having been factory remanufactured by Continental Motors. I had owned this particular airplane since 1997 and had confidence in it as well as familiarity with its operation.

Securing insurance was time consuming. Most aviation insurance has geographic limitations and mine was limited to North America. I had to secure a new policy from Lloyds for the transatlantic crossing and a separate one for Europe. This is where many planned journeys terminate because the pilot cannot qualify. I was also carrying two large boxes of aviation navigation charts as I would be transiting the northern United States, northeastern Canada, the north



Atlantic, and then through the United Kingdom to Oxford.

THE TRIP: UP AND DOWN

My journey began in the western United States in Salt Lake City, Utah, where I had based my aircraft. I left Salt Lake City on September 14 2002, made stops in Wisconsin and New York, and then overnighted in the Boston area. The next day dawned clear and I proceeded to Sept Isles, Quebec, Canada on the St. Lawrence Seaway, and then to Goose Bay, Labrador. The plan for the next day was to fly the 675 nautical miles from Goose Bay to Narsarsuaq, Greenland.

The Narsarsuaq weather was below instrument minimums, which are actually quite high because the airport is a one way affair in mountains at the end of a fjord. It requires a minimum of 1,500 feet ceiling and 6,000 meters of visibility. Because of the terrain and the one-way nature of the airport it is strongly recommended that a landing should not be attempted unless the weather is significantly VFR (Visual Flight Rules) - 10,000+ feet of ceiling and unlimited visibility. A low pressure system was right over the southern tip of Greenland and was persisting. The ceilings were low. The forecast poor. An additional complicating factor was that the low pressure system was generating some 50+ knots of headwind - I had expected tail winds. All this was unwelcome news, which meant that I would be staying an extra day, at least, in Goose Bay.

The next day was a repeat of the first. The third day was worse. I decided to take the alternate northern route where the weather was excellent save for the headwinds. Even though it involved some apparent back tracking to the northwest, I flew to Iqaluit (formerly Frobisher Bay) on Baffin Island, Canada, a distance of 650 nautical miles. This is truly the far north - tundra with no trees, inhabited by the Inuit, very similar to northwest Alaska but still in North America.

I had been told to expect to be sitting on the edge of my seat as I travelled eastward over the last remaining continental North American coastline out into the Davis Straight and open ocean - a phenomenon known as the "pucker factor." As I began the first leg, 477 nautical miles from Iqaluit to Sondrestrom, Greenland, range was not an issue. The skies were essentially clear with some broken cloud below over

the ocean, and the headwinds were less than reported. I was now communicating with Gander Control en route over the Atlantic. This was indeed the real thing. I was committed.

I navigated principally by GPS - I carried three. The primary one was IFR (Instrument Flight Rules) certified, and built into the aircraft. IFR utilizes a specific route and altitude clearance to fly in clouds. I needed to change the ship's database departing Canada for the North Atlantic and Europe. I had earlier changed my two portable GPS's to the European data bases. GPS navigation is augmented by VHF and low and medium frequency radio navigation. Loran C can be used as a backup, as well as the ship's compass and the position of the sun. It is a good idea to use *everything* for confirmation.

Despite the preparation, knowledge of the aircraft, good weather, and the reassuring fact that everything was working well, nonetheless, I searched the horizon for landfall many miles before it was visible. I preferred not to look down. Eventually I was transferred by Gander Control to Sondrestrom Control, Greenland. Sondrestrom is a former joint use NATO base located halfway up the west coast at the end of a long fjord with a runway facing the Greenland Ice Cap. It has a very long runway, good instrument approach, radar, good support facilities, and a Danish weather office or Met. It also has the most expensive fuel I have ever encountered, over three times higher than Canada.

Sondrestrom is north of the Arctic Circle. The magnetic North Pole is north of Hudson Bay, Canada. The magnetic variation in this area is 50 degrees. That means there is a 50 degree compass error from true or chart along this route. In the days of dead reckoning extreme care had to be exercised as to whether to add or subtract this variation. The memory device is "east is least." The variation here is westerly; that is the magnetic North Pole is to the west of the true North Pole. Therefore, 50 degrees is *added* to the magnetic heading to give the true or map course. This can be readily visualized as the magnetic North Pole here is to the left, or west of the geographic North Pole. In order to fly to the geographic North Pole it is necessary to *add* 50 degrees to the magnetic heading. These isogonic lines of magnetic variation are marked on aviation charts. GPS automatically factors in the magnetic variation depending on position. The VHF and LF navigation routes are plotted





Bleak: Eastern Greenland

as magnetic on the charts so the calculation seldom actually has to be made. However, it is definitely to be kept in mind as it can add to confusion in times of stress.

Sondrestrom is the largest airport in Greenland. All international flights to Greenland, principally from Copenhagen, land there and passengers transfer to smaller aircraft going to other parts of Greenland. Because of its location and history it has a large and thankfully good hotel at the airport. All the basic essentials: en suite bathroom, direct dial telephone, cable television, and a decent wine list, which, as it turned out, I would get to know well.

Even though skies were clear, the ever deepening low persisted over the southern tip of Greenland. This caused counterclockwise or cyclonic flow in the winds aloft around its centre, translating to big headwinds of 80 to 90 knots. The leg from Greenland to Iceland would be the longest; 747 nautical miles, and a 80 knot headwind would cut significantly into the fuel reserves. I did not want to arrive in Iceland with less than two hours of reserves.

The weather in Iceland was acceptable but with lower levels of cloud to fly through and rain showers. The possibility of missing an approach was real. Fortunately Iceland has two major airports: Reykjavik and Keflavik, both of which have full instrument landing systems and radar. There are also smaller airports that have instrument approaches. Nonetheless, the winds were simply too strong. The next day's

weather was the same, so time for some touring - muskox and the Greenland Ice Cap. The Ice Cap, at 1.8 million square kilometres, covers most of Greenland. It is 3 kilometres thick at the centre and is estimated to represent 10% of the world's fresh water in solid state. Only the littoral areas of Greenland have vegetation and habitation.

The third day - same again. At this point I was particularly glad I had allowed two weeks. At last the winds dropped to 40 knots. The weather appeared unchanged in Iceland and the forecasts were favourable although not perfect. I set off, anticipating strong headwinds, particularly over the Ice Cap. If in fact it appeared that I would have less than two hours reserve I could simply return to Sondrestrom.

There is an airport on the east side of Greenland, Kulusuk, where fuel is available, 396 nautical miles from Reykjavik. It has a gravel runway which is reportedly somewhat rough. Airports are closed on Sunday except for a special call out fee. Why stop now? I called them out. It was fogged in. Not available, even in an emergency. An option gone. Over the Greenland Ice Cap the ground speed continued to drop, falling below 140 knots. I decided to proceed and see if the ground speed would pick up after passing over the Ice Cap. I would have plenty of fuel to return to Sondrestrom from the eastern shoreline of Greenland and at least the return trip would be quick as I would have a big tail wind.

The Greenland Ice Cap is immense. I have never seen anything quite like it, and this is from the perspective of having lived in and flown over Alaska for many years. There is much popular aviation writing about flying the Atlantic via Greenland and Iceland in propeller aircraft. Earnest Gann's *Fate Is The Hunter* is one of the most well known accounts of how the Greenland-Iceland route was used during WWII to transport aircraft, men, and material to the U.K. As I flew over the Ice Cap I thought of the squadron of World War II fighters who, while being ferried to England, ran out of fuel, weather, and ideas, and landed on the Ice Cap where they survived and were miraculously all rescued. Ten years ago a search party went to recover their aircraft, now extremely valuable. They were found covered and crushed in 200 feet of ice - all that in only 50 years!

At the altitudes I was flying radio communication is available throughout most of the route. Aircraft flying lower and on the southern route are required to have high frequency radios. Even if



out of range a transmission relay can be obtained from one of the 600 airliners that are pass overhead daily. In Canada, Gander Center was in communication until I was transferred to Sondrestrom Control. Sondrestrom Control remained until the east coast of Greenland where I was transferred to Icelandic Control. About halfway between Iceland and Scotland I would be in turn handed off to Scottish Control.

I was flying on an IFR flight plan, which requires specific clearances and communication. By international ICAO treaty (International Civil Aviation Organization) all aviation communication is in English with standardized phraseology. This treaty governs the operation of air traffic control throughout the world. With a few nuances it is standardized as to the hardware and procedures. All of the flying was under Instrument Flight Rules using all air traffic control services. This places an element of control over the flight that some object to. I find it perfectly satisfying.

Over the east coast of Greenland I needed to make a decision. My ground speed started improving, soon passing 170 knots. The weather in Iceland, while not the best, was good, stable, and holding. With the improved ground speed I would have more than two hours of reserve when I arrived at Reykjavik. Reykjavik has an instrument landing system (ILS) and radar. Keflavik, still a civilian and NATO base, has very large runways, radar, instrument landing system, very low IFR minimums, and even a military ground controlled approach (GCA) if needed. The weather was acceptable and holding. I continued eastward across the Denmark Strait. There were many large white objects in the sea below. A fleet of fishing boats? No, icebergs, reminders of the Titanic and the challenge of survival in the rough North Atlantic. Although I carried a life raft, provisions, a survival suit, and locator beacons, I was struck by the sheer immensity of the Ocean. Luck would be the principle factor in any rescue.

Everything continued to work perfectly. Engine pressures, temperatures, and fuel flows were all normal. All GPS, compass headings, and the sun were in agreement. LF/MF radio signals from Iceland started to come in at 250 miles. Everything looked good.

Approximately 200 nautical miles from Iceland an undercast started to form and the sea, at least from my perspective, disappeared.



Radar Landfall: West Coast of Greenland

At 120 miles the VHF navigational radios came alive and I started to look for landfall. I saw only clouds. Soon I was able to receive the automatic recorded weather information from Reykjavik and confirmed that the weather was still holding. Icelandic control informed "radar contact" and a positive confirmation of position. At 50 miles I was given a descent and asked to contact Reykjavik Control. I could see the mountains of Iceland breaking through some of the clouds. A welcome sight. The next moment I was in cloud being given radar vectors (directions) for the instrument approach at Reykjavik. At 4,000 feet I broke out of the clouds and Reykjavik was in sight in light rain as reported.

The customs and immigration were routine and the airport fixed base operator handles fueling and obtaining weather and flight plans - a very useful service which is quite common in Europe, at a price. The Hotel Loftleidir is on the airport and a very short walk. There were several other aircraft on the ramp that were coming from Europe en route to North America and from North American via Narsarsuaq where the weather had finally improved. There is an unspoken, albeit sometimes spoken later at the bar, camaraderie between pilots under these circumstances. The weather looked good for the next day to Scotland and the night's sleep was welcome.



There was a high pressure system over the entire U.K. with excellent weather. The weather in Iceland was much as the day before with ceilings at 2,000 feet, visibility 5 kilometres, and light rain. From the satellite photos and the weather depiction chart it appeared the clouds would break up halfway through the 575 nautical mile flight from Reykjavik to Stornoway, Scotland. That's exactly what happened; I was in the clear with brilliant sunshine over the Atlantic below. It was clear in Stornoway and clear in Glasgow where I would be spending the night.

As I got to within 120 miles of Stornoway I



Sondrestrom, Greenland

scanned the horizon looking for landfall. Stornoway is on the Isle of Lewis which is relatively flat. There are times when one feels very privileged to be enjoying flight and seeing things that very few get to see. This was one of those moments. The stunning mountains of the northern highlands came into view forming a magnificent backdrop to the Outer Hebrides.

A tour of the islands would have to wait for another day as I would go on to Glasgow for the night. I met my helpful insurance agent there, who seemed glad to see me for some reason. A good night in Scotland and then on to the Oxford Kidlington Airport (EGTK). I spent a total of 17 hours in the air from Goose Bay, Labrador to Oxford. Some professional ferry pilots will do this in two days, weather permitting. My trip took eight days, most of it waiting on the ground. The trip was done safely within my capabilities and that of my aircraft. At no time was a successful outcome in doubt. It is a journey I used to wish I *had* taken. I am now looking forward to doing it again.

WANT AN ADVENTURE? TRAVEL TO THE MAGNETIC NORTH POLE WITH TWO EXONIANS

Matt Coates (1998, Engineering) and Matt Hancock
(1996, PPE)

www.magneticnorth2005.com

The expedition will last 8 weeks, commencing on or around 12th March and finishing on or around 14th May 2005. It is our intention to undertake scientific work. Actual projects are to be finalised and we are open to further suggestion. The Expedition could form the basis of a fourth year project. Ideas so far suggested include magnetic and geographic survey, solar survey, diet and human (biological) function survey. The position of Scientific Officer could become open, depending on expertise level.

We will cover a total of 1600kms. The terrain will be challenging; with temperatures between -50C and -25C, not including wind chill. Participants will be required to show strong mental determination and a high level of endurance. Team play is absolute and prospective candidates would be required to demonstrate this through the build-up training.

Recommended reading includes David Hempleman Adams, 'Toughing it out' and 'Walking on Thin Ice'. Inspired reading can be found through the accounts of Captain Scott and Ernest Shackleton as well as Ranulph Fiennes.

The actual experience is entirely down to the individual. I think I summed up my own feelings of the previous expedition in Exon Magazine. Making the journey is undoubtedly a once in a lifetime experience. There will be opportunities to spot wildlife and I don't doubt there will be Polar Bear encounters as well as caribou, arctic fox, arctic hare and seals. I intend to take some good photographic equipment and use the time near Bathurst Island to produce a portfolio of wildlife images.

It would be great to make this an all Exeter expedition but I am not closing the door to anybody. If you can gel with a team, are strong, fit and healthy and think it's something you would enjoy then it would be wonderful to hear from you.

I have not really mentioned cost so far but there is a ceiling breakdown on the website. Interested parties should not be put off as there are obvious sponsorship opportunities.

MATT COATES



Without Fear ExVac 2004



Above: Andy Clark (2002, Jurisprudence) and Lucy Simmonds (2002, Physiology) with Simon

Chris Sumner (2003, PPE) reflects on this year's ExVac experience.

To donate please view www.exvac.co.uk

When people consider Oxford, they tend to think of the University or of the city centre with its magnificent buildings and the hustle and bustle along Cornmarket Street. Similarly, many of us who have lived out of College will have the impression that Oxford seems to be a friendly and safe area; you will rarely feel threatened walking down Broad Street in Black Tie or a ballgown. However, as with most major cities, there are those areas which are rather more grim, where children do not fear daunting exams and late night essay crises. Instead they face harsher realities at a far younger age: the local bully and his teasing accomplice; the gangs of older children; even, as one of our ExVac children in fact did, fearing everything! ...Or at least almost everything - the only thing that Emma told us she was not afraid of was sitting on a chair. ExVac offers us the chance to provide such children with a chance to experience a wide range of activities where they don't have to be afraid.

Every year ExVac takes two groups of 16 children away on a week's holiday, in search of a good time and an escape from an often grinding reality. These children are chosen with the help of Social Services and the cooperation of local family centres. Without ExVac, many of the children would not have had this opportunity. As such, we simply want to give the young kids (and of course the bigger kids - us!), an incredible and enjoyable experience that they are unlikely to forget. This year, as in previous years, we ventured to the Eton Dorney Centre near Windsor, and embarked on the daunting task of taking children that we had never met before and finding the balance between lots of fun, and some kind of control! - Not an easy task when you are faced with young children who already have a firm grasp of sarcasm and complex excuses!

The coach journey was our first chance to meet the youngsters and form some impressions. Perhaps, more importantly, it was the first chance for us to see what we had signed ourselves up for! There was a tremendous mix, from the up and coming Ali Gs to those who were much quieter, and reluctant to indulge in conversation. From our perspective, one of the most satisfying aspects of the week was seeing these quieter children come out of their shells, becoming more comfortable and more confident as a result of the safe and untroubled environment that the ExVac holiday provides. Despite their differences, the children immediately united in a shared pastime: using me as a punch bag! Nevertheless, this soon subsided and I got 'stuck into' the tricky business of remembering names. For woe betide me if I confused Emma with her twin sister Tara, or vice versa - the resulting glare could kill a man at twenty paces!



During the holiday, a lot of emphasis was placed on introducing the kids to having fun 'the old-fashioned way' - getting away from TV and video games to play together outside. Revisiting games from the school playground was certainly a 'blast from the past' for us adults, but it was surprising how many of the children didn't know the most basic games, such as 'It', 'stuck-in-the-mud', and 'duck, duck, goose', and were playing them now for the first time. However, they learnt quickly, and it was certainly fun to teach them!

Every day at breakfast, we would announce the day's activities to the children, and it was clear from the roar of 'Yeah!!!' that emerged from the dining area that our ideas had received approval from the children! The careful preparation and choice of events meant incredibly fun-packed days, and a good time for everyone. Indeed, the days were so action-packed that we bypassed the usual nine to five and opted for something more like eight to seven - with a working lunch! The effects of this soon became apparent in the tired looks plastered all over the adults' faces. Nevertheless, I expect the children slept better for it, as many would fall into dreamland well before we got home from the activities.

During the week we managed to visit Legoland, London Zoo, a fire station, and a swimming pool, as well as taking a tour round London - and much more! Each time it was difficult to tell who was enjoying the excursion the most, the children, or their 'responsible guardians' - who were always keen to go on all the rides, see all of the animals, and visit all the sights.

These excursions also brought to the forefront some of the fundamental differences between our childhood experiences, and those that these children had had. At London Zoo, one of the boys kept likening all of the animals to the characters in Disney films, because that was the only experience he had of these kinds of animals. It was truly gratifying to see his response to the real-life fish - "like 'Finding Nemo!'" - and awe at the lions - "just like in 'The Lion King!'" Now this child has a concrete experience of the real animal on which to

hang its cartoon counterpart, as opposed to the other way round.

It was a tremendous week for all involved with some hugely comical events and great memories. For example, at the fire station the kids made a cunning pretence of spraying the hose at the wall, before turning

it on us and the firemen instead! Yet as much as the week rests on a serious of exciting excursions, students and children alike gained a huge amount from the simpler experiences they shared: the careful investment of time and effort into traditional playground games and simple wholesome activities alongside trips out is what makes



ExVac so unique and so effective.

However, as with any charity, ExVac relies wholly on donations and fundraising in order to make every year special for every child. As well as receiving generous donations from college alumni and other external groups, ExVac has enjoyed a huge amount of fundraising support from within the college community. Throughout the year, bops and themed nights in the college bar have been held to raise money for the charity and to increase people's awareness of its aims.

The first of these events, held in Fresher's Week, transformed the JCR into a Twister competition, bringing out the inner child to an almost frightening degree! Students who were already participating in ExVac were able to enthuse the new students about the charity, and persuade them to get involved. Not only, therefore, is ExVac a worthwhile charity in its own right, but it is also a great way for students within Exeter to come together and focus their attentions away from College and University life in order to help the wider Oxford community.

We are truly privileged to be studying at Exeter College and to have the opportunity to experience the busy and hectic challenges of the academic and extra-curricular aspects of university life. Yet it is just as rewarding to take a little time out from this, and have the opportunity to provide a group of children with their own time out from their less-privileged lives, in a fun, safe and nurturing environment.



Lord Peter Truscott (1978, Modern History) gave his maiden speech to the House of Lords on 2 July 2004. An excerpt is reproduced here.

Lord Truscott of St. James



(above) From left to right: Prof A Cole, Ms J Anderson, Lady Truscott, Lord Tomlinson, Ms S Chernikova, Lord Truscott, Ms O Shvetsova, Baroness Billingham, Ms Irena Timofeyeva, Ms Irina Timofeyeva, Dr P Marsden (Physics, 1978), Ms C Cole, Dr J Snicker, Mr A Konoval.

My Lords, in rising to make my maiden speech in this House, I thank your Lordships and all the staff for being so welcoming in my first 10 days here. That sentiment will be shared by all new Peers in the House today. I also give a special mention in despatches to my noble friend Lady Thornton, who has been showing me the ropes in my first few days. It is a particular pleasure to have the noble Lord, Lord Williamson of Horton, open this important debate today, not least because he was a distinguished Secretary-General of the European Commission at a time that overlapped with my time as an MEP. He and I are also members of Exeter College, Oxford, and share Exeter College as our alma mater.

I commend him and the European Committee on the excellent report before us today. The Committee's work on European issues and its scrutinising role is rightly renowned both in the UK and abroad. This House includes many Members who have served with distinction in the institutions of the European Union, ranging from former commissioners and civil servants to ex-MEPs from all parties. On the Benches opposite, MEPs have included the noble Lord, Lord Plumb, still regarded as one of the finest chairs of the European Parliament; and the noble Baroness, Lady Hooper. The noble Baroness, Lady Nicholson, still serves in Brussels and Strasbourg.

I remind your Lordships that there is now a gang of five Labour MEPs on this side of the House who served with me in the European Parliament between 1994 and 1999. My noble friend Lord Harrison is a stalwart of the EU Social Policy and Consumer Affairs Subcommittee. He numbers among the gang of five, and he was well-respected as a highly diligent and knowledgeable MEP. As he said, four of us present in the House today were part of that group, including my noble friends Lady Billingham and Lord Tomlinson...





*William Pugh
(1968, Literae Humaniores)
reflects on his journey
from Greats and the
Exeter chapel to the opera
houses of Europe*

Operatic Odyssey

“**Y**ou must be the new alto.” This statement, delivered across the table in hall, constituted the first of many surprises on my first day as a Fresher at Exeter in 1968. “No, I’m a tenor,” I replied. “Oh no, you’re not: I’m the tenor!” came back. He was right. I’d sung tenor at the audition for a choral exhibition the previous December, while up for the frightening round of interviews that followed the Scholarship examination some weeks earlier, but, to display versatility and doubtless also to show off, I’d thrown in an alto aria too. When the choral exhibition was offered to me on the telephone by Sir Kenneth Wheare, neither of us thought to mention or to question the voice category.

I had come up to read *Literae Humaniores: Mods and Greats*. The latter excited me enormously, while the former filled me only with dread. I had been fascinated by Ancient History since about the age of 6 and had learned to appreciate and even love Latin, but I had never been able to work up the same feelings for Greek. Mods was an obstacle to be negotiated in order to be allowed to graze in the Elysian Fields of Greats. Singing had been a part of my life as long as I could remember. There was little music in our house but somehow I determined at the age of 8 to join the local church choir - Anglican of course, although my family was a mixture of lapsed Catholicism and atheism. With this choir and its organist, Ivor Davies, I even made several records as a boy soprano soloist. Weddings augmented my pocket-money. Highgate School in my time had reputedly the best boys’ choir in England, singing regularly at the Proms and performing Britten’s *War Requiem* with him in Coventry Cathedral and then recording it too.

When my voice broke I was in despair, not knowing if I would ever sing again. After several months I started tentatively singing again, first as a bass, with alto as a side-line, and then after a couple of years, as a tenor. From the start, however, singing had a rival for my affections in the lure of the greasepaint. My mother had been an actress and at the same time as I





joined the church choir I was chosen to play the title role in *Toad of Toad Hall*, progressing later to another title role in Brecht's *Life of Galileo*. At Oxford the dramatic side gained the upper hand with productions of *Richard III*, and *The Three Sisters with OUDS*. I also tried my hand as a producer. Although I had come to an agreement with the college that I should be permitted to sing tenor, reverting to alto only whenever some particularly juicy solo came along, my chapel duties clashed so frequently with play rehearsals - and also with my sporting activities - that I resigned my choral exhibition after two years. This pressure had been most marked in my second year when I was rehearsing the title role in *King Lear*. I missed the choir and particularly the voice on my left-hand side in the cantores, that of the present Lord Bishop of Durham.

By my fourth year the choices that I considered were those of further study in Ancient History, leading to a research degree, or treading the boards as a "legitimate" actor. I seriously contemplated the latter, auditioning for a number of the major drama schools. One of them did bite but I was faced with the problem of financing such a course. After supporting me to a classics degree my LEA didn't want to know about drama school. There then occurred a

fatal conversation with an old friend: "Why on earth don't you try opera? You're a frightfully hammy actor and you seem to be a tenor. Why not give it a go?" So lightly was my fate sealed. I've never forgiven him. It was a pretty long shot and would take time and singing lessons before I would have a notion whether there was really any future in it. I therefore decided to follow my other, academic, line and applied, very late, for a place at St. Andrews to work for a Ph.D. in Roman History, taking the triumvir Crassus as my subject. There was still no grant forthcoming but the fees were not great and I managed to accumulate some money during the summer of 1972 before going north. My plans

were enormously helped by my Exeter Ancient History tutor, John Richardson, who was taking up a lectureship at St. Andrews. I had begun my education in Scotland and thought it appropriate to conclude it there too.

I had hoped to find a suitable singing teacher in Scotland, if not in St Andrews, then in my old home town of Edinburgh. This did not happen and after a year I resolved to continue my studies at a remove in London, where I did quickly find my first and only teacher, a Spanish tenor of English extraction, one Eduardo Asquez. Helped by a bursary from the University I spent the next two years whizzing around London on a small motor-bike, between the Classical Institute in Gordon Square, Eduardo's flat in Islington and, after a while, innumerable venues in and around London where amateur and semi-professional opera productions were rehearsed and performed. I was augmenting my bursary by tutoring the Roman History course for the Open University and also teaching English to foreign businessmen. When the bursary came to an end my work on Crassus was almost but not quite finished. I reluctantly decided to put this side of my life on ice and to concentrate for a fixed period on becoming an opera singer. I therefore applied for a place at the London Opera Centre. Obviously short of tenor applicants, they took me on.

The Opera Centre itself didn't teach me much but did give me the chance to work with some of the best coaches in London. Unlike almost all the other students, who had already spent at least three years at one of the music colleges, I had virtually no musical background and the two years I spent at the Opera Centre were entirely necessary in that they enabled me for the first time to concentrate full-time on music and opera. I got to know London very well as I sped around on my motor-bike, visiting every public library in the city to borrow opera recordings by the dozen to help plug the gaps in my knowledge. As earlier at St. Andrews, I staggered through my first year unsubsidised save by my long-suffering wife. The second year was decidedly less uncomfortable as I was lucky enough to win a scholarship given by Peter Moores of the Littlewoods family. He was later to prove equally generous when I decided to look for work in Germany. He covered my expenses for the vital month of trekking around the agents and theatres.

Between leaving the Opera Centre in 1978 and trying my luck in Germany in 1980 I had a frustrating time not quite managing to break into the severely limited ranks of fully professional opera singers in the United Kingdom. I sang in opera and oratorio productions all over the country, and,



perhaps most importantly, for the first time came into the orbit of Gilbert and Sullivan, singing in Britain, Ireland, Holland, Germany and even Dallas, Texas, for the un-PC-ly named WOGS (The World of Gilbert and Sullivan). I had earlier turned my nose up at this “inferior” art-form but I came to love it and learned a deal of stage-craft from the experience. My failure to make the desired major break-through in Britain led me to the decision to make one last serious attempt, this time in Germany.

Even before the reunification, West Germany had more than ten times as many opera companies as Great Britain. If I couldn't get a job there I probably simply wasn't good enough and should cut my losses and find another profession. With Peter Moores' help I gave myself a month of auditioning. If nothing came of this I was to change tack completely and read for the bar, for which I had already made provisional preparations. The rest is (my) history. I did get a job, at the small Town Theatre in Hildesheim near Hanover, but was only due to start there the following autumn. It was now or never to make the final spurt to get my thesis finished and submitted. This I somehow managed, although it was at first immensely difficult to get my brain back into academic gear, and I was summoned up to St Andrews for an amazingly long

and gruelling viva, the upshot of which was that I was required to make a number of changes and improvements. By the time these were effected I was already in Germany singing my first big role, the Duke in Verdi's *Rigoletto*, and I actually had to make the last changes and emendations on the Theatre Secretary's typewriter, which luckily had the same typeface as the original. The secretary and I spent a whole night illicitly photocopying the finished product on the theatre's machine. Bound in London, this second version was at last accepted.

While it's not the done thing in Britain to make use of a Ph.D. title, unless engaged in an academic career, it's unquestionably jolly useful in Germany. You can hear them click their heels as they say, “Ja wohl, Herr Doktor!” I had intended to stay only a couple of years in Germany before returning to Blighty in triumph to take up my rightful place among the elite of the British opera establishment. This somehow never happened. I have been singing here with reasonable success in all but the very biggest opera houses for twenty-three years. I met my present, Irish, wife in Hildesheim, where she was dancing in the ballet company and we now run a very successful ballet school in the remote North-West corner of the country. I still sing opera, operetta and church music all over the country, ironically returning of late to my singing roots, performing a lot of Britten and, currently, Oberon in Purcell's *Fairy Queen*.



William Pugh (centre) in his matriculation picture in 1968



Lettera d'Italia

by
Dave Marler
(1973, PPE)



Mole Antonelliana, Turin

Life in Turin is frantic at the moment. The city's preparing to host the Winter Olympic Games in 2006. This means a permanent traffic nightmare as contractors rush to meet deadlines, set about paving new roads, laying the metro system, cleaning up the *palazzi* and generally getting things ready for the Games. I'm taking a 'well earned break' from organising training courses at Italy's second largest bank and now I'm driving the family down to our holiday home at Menton, just over the Italian border in the south of France.

Turin has plenty of nice things to see and do. It's home to Italy's first national parliament and you can still eat in the restaurant where Cavour plotted the reunification of Italy, often with the connivance of the British consul. But for the moment we're stuck in a traffic jam. Adrift in a cacophony of car horns, I gaze up at a poster of the Italian Prime Minister. Mr Berlusconi owns three TV stations, a clutch of national newspapers and gets plenty of air space on RAI, Italy's state broadcaster. He must still be worried his message is not getting across since he's bought up most of the billboard space in the run up to the European elections. I look up at the poster, which displays an odd number, in both senses of the word: Minus 17%. What's the take? Surely not a decline in Italian GNP or a welcome fall in unemployment? I scrutinise the smaller print. Minus 17% is the reduction in burglaries since his government took office. Well, that's a comforting thought. Or is it? Have we double-locked the doors of our flat? Should we go back and re-set the burglar alarm? Fortunately, my six year old daughter, Emma, decides the matter. 'Si va!' she proclaims impressively as we accelerate along the *autostrada* towards the sea.

Many English people have a romanticised picture of the Mediterranean climate. Lying on the beach in August with a cooling breeze overhead is great fun. But you miss the sheer unpredictable violence of Mediterranean weather: the flash floods that wipe away whole villages, the raging forest fires, the searing winds with mythical names - *Mistral*, *Scirocco*, *Bora* - winds that unnerve the mind for days on end. And today - would you believe it? - a blizzard on our way to the sea. The sun was shining half an hour ago. Now we're in the middle of a blustery snow storm and I haven't got my little red triangle (compulsory), the orange rescue jackets (compulsory) and the car's snow-chains (compulsory). No worries! Before leaving, I stuffed some maps into the glove compartment so I can find where we are and re-connect to the motorway. I open the glove compartment. To my horror, out drops Russell's *The Problems of Philosophy*! Not the most useful book at the best of times, but singularly inappropriate on a snowy mountain track in Italy. How did *that* get there! I'm sure I brought my maps. I always do. Well, nearly always.

Russell was a set book for PPE Prelims back in BG 1973. (Before Girls, in case you're wondering.) Could its sudden appearance be a portent of icy death at the hands of wolves and brigands or a prelude to being towed away by ski-clad *Carabinieri* for not having the right safety equipment, with a chance of being fined heavily for endangering a child's life? Momentarily, my thoughts drift back to the warm intimacy of philosophy tutorials, with Exeter's tutors trying to graft a slither of knowledge onto my adolescent brain states. As for what philosophers call the external world, my temperature display signals minus five outside the car. Could it drop to Minus 17?



But no, with her customary efficiency, Antonella has the maps on her lap and we're back on the *autostrada*. The snow turns to sleet, the sleet turns to rain and, quite out of the blue, shards of sunlight are spreading over the seas. We turn off the motorway into a rolling landscape with blue wisteria and vines and luscious flowering cacti. We plan to take dinner at a little *trattoria* in the fishing village of Riva Liguria. Riva's a nice place for the scent of wild thyme and rosemary and for watching palm trees smooch in the wind. A half-moon pops out from behind the clouds, illuminating a line of fishermen's boats. Yes, Byron did get it right. The Med *is* the place to be. I can see Achilles stomping down the shore, jabbing his fists in the air. And there's Thucydides putting the finishing touches to Pericles' speech to the Athenians: "No foreign constitution will ever play a part in our national life..." Sound familiar? I ask him whether he's written Nicias' speech yet, the one in Book VI where he warns Athens about invading Sicily in B.C. 415. He looks at me so hard that I can feel the words coming out of his mouth. "Let's freely admit we can smash the Sicilian army in battle, but what will be the cost of governing this distant and populous country?" His voice is choking with emotion. "It is political folly to invade and achieve military victory and yet be unable to impose our sovereignty and, if we fail in our enterprise, to leave without restoring the balance of power to what it was before the war began." Time-scales are long here and I sense that the inhabitants of these shores have an attitude, a blend of guile and sophistication, that is not easily understood in Northern climes.

I'm still wearing my snazzy Italian business suit so the waiter whisks us past German tourists, who are drinking red wine with fish, to the best table in the house. We have a short, technical discussion about white wine, as much to establish our credentials as non-tourists as anything else. Then the head waiter appears with live prawns squirming in a wicker-basket. *These* will be the basis for the pasta course, he declares. We agree. No food hypocrisy here. The locals on the next table are tucking into wild boar and calf brains fried in batter. Meanwhile, Antonella is involved in another technical discussion, this time about which olive oil to choose for our salad. My mind drifts back to one of the few negatives at Exeter College in the 1970s: the food. I recall the anaemic 'new' potatoes, the slimy at-



Dave Marler and family in Turin

tempts at Quiche Lorraine, the seedy melon, the sleazy husks of corn and the pellucid meats, all consumed under magnificent portraits of well-fed Rectors in Hall. Frequent visits to the Buttery, even across the road to Balliol, where they had an a la carte menu, were essential survival moves at the time.

In the *trattoria*, Emma is slyly thumbing through Russell's book. I sense a conversation in the offing. Yes, I used to study philosophy at Oxford. Well, it's about the existence of tables and chairs, actually. I mean, just how do you know that this table and the things on it really exist?

Emma stares at me, aware of her misfortune at having so stupid a parent. In an attempt to prove the reality of things, she has picked up a plate and is banging it down on the table, spilling a glass of wine in the process. A flutter of crying, fuss and embarrassment ensue! The German tourists turn round - and stare. The waiter is clearly thinking about moving us to another table, the one in the corner next to the loo.

"*Lui è inglese!*" explains Antonella in Italian, "He thinks he's a philosopher." The waiter nods accordingly. I decide to turn to Russell for assistance. Writing in 1911, Russell is in-

quiring as to the *nature of matter*. I read aloud from Chapter Three, translating into Italian as I go. "Different people see the same object as of different shapes, according to their point of view." Russell goes on: "A circular coin, for example, though we should always *judge* it to be circular, will *look* oval unless we are straight in front of it." Aha, now that's a proposition that can be verified by empirical observation. I take a one Euro coin out of my pocket and balance it on top of the wine bottle.

A brace of waiters has assembled to watch the result of British empiricism at work. Emma scrutinises the coin from every angle, getting up and scrambling around the table, pleased at being the centre of attention. Amazingly, the wine bottle hasn't fallen over - yet. The waiters are whispering *sotto voce* among themselves. The Germans are smiling mischievously; they're probably Hegelians with a secret metaphysical agenda. An eerie silence pervades until Emma tenders her verdict: "The coin is round," she pronounces in her elegant Italian voice. "Only a *cretino* would say it was oval." The waiters burst out laughing, and hug and praise her, their love of children palpable. Antonella, though, is not amused. "Philosophy is just the study of cleverness", she says archly, shovelling food into Emma's mouth. "It's got nothing to do with the real world." Now, where



have I heard that before? Memories of salad days at Exeter are whisked away by the arrival of aubergines cooked in the Arab style.

Back on the *autostrada* by night, I fix my sights on the painted white lines thrown up by the headlights. The lines pass by with hypnotic regularity, one after the other, one after the other, one after the other.... I'll be fifty this year. Where's it all gone? What have I done with my life? A blurred packet of ruddy *sense-data* draws up alongside and zooms off into the night. In reality, a red Ferrari with Monte Carlo plates is overtaking at 150 mph. What would Russell have made of the young, beautiful woman behind the wheel, her blond hair blown back by the wind, laughing gleefully into her mobile phone? I snatch a Beatles CD and stick it on: "Lucy in the sky with diamonds, Lucy in the sky ." As I slow down for the motorway pay-toll, I notice that the *Carabinieri* have pulled over the girl in the Ferrari. One of them is examining her driving licence, while the other stands with his sub-machine gun pointed low, impassive but alert, ready to thwart any flirtatious attempt at get away.

Waiting in line, I develop a variation of Wittgenstein's private language argument. Is it possible for two perfect strangers – a man and a woman with two different cars, you understand - to fall so passionately in love that they invent a language of their own, not just a few private words of endearment, but a vast lexicon of a hundred million words? (English has a mere half million.) There will be nouns denoting the magical specificity of things, verbs declining the eternal presence of love, with neither past nor future tenses, and adjectives that caress the mind and urge the senses to erotic wonder. A splendid proposition, to be sure, but my credit card won't fit into the slot and a mechanical voice is telling me to insert it the other way round. I poke it in sharply. The machine thinks for a moment, then spits it out. Get it together, man!

Ventimiglia is a frontier town. It's worth visiting for its marvellous cathedral which, by the bizarre terminology of English ecclesiastical architecture, I can describe as built in the 'Norman' and 'Early English' styles – terms that conveniently hide any hint of continental influence. It reminds me of Romsey Abbey, and of a time when Europe shared a common spiritual purpose. The city is also home to the marvellous gardens planted by Sir Thomas Hanbury, a nineteenth century City banker who retired to the Med, built his villa and landscaped

his garden with rare plants. It is now splendidly maintained by the local university. Garden lovers might also like to visit Lawrence Johnson's – of Hidcote fame - Mediterranean garden next door in Menton.

In Ventimiglia's city centre, Mr Berlusconi's posters loom large once more. Fortunately, I don't have to change my Lire into Francs any more, getting short-changed in the process. But there's a better reason for adopting the Euro. Without the anchor of a common European currency, this government's lack of credibility would have sparked a currency crisis far worse than Denis Healey's spat with the IMF in the 70s, and maybe a financial meltdown of South American proportions as well. I shudder at the thought of my savings going up in smoke and spin the car round into France. Another country, another language – and one less traffic queue for the border controls have been abolished. I read the quaint words of that alien idiolect - '*Dieu et mon droit*' - on the monument to Queen Victoria. The French built it to replace a former statue of Queen Victoria, which was thrown into the sea by Italian soldiers when they occupied Menton during the second world war.

Up and into our apartment at last, only to discover the terrace is covered with a fine layer of desert sand. It's that

Scirocco wind I spoke of before. Mediterranean coastal weather really is a tussle between the Sahara and the Atlantic. Tomorrow, a couple of mid-Atlantic depressions on the way to Oxford, via Cornwall, will turn right at Gibraltar and set off for Turkey instead, showering Menton on the way. But as summer approaches, the Sahara will get its revenge. Forest fires will begin in earnest and we'll watch pot-bellied flying boats swoop down over the hills, scooping up the sea water and spraying the flames from the air somewhere over Nice or Cap Ferrat, probably.

When the family are safe and sound in bed, I sit out on our terrace and pour myself a glass of *limoncello*. To the left, I cognise the various volcanic promontories jutting out into the sea like an old man's crippled fingers. On the right, I recognise the shrub environment so typical of the Mediterranean, which never quite attains the status of proper woodland. Man has been here for a very long time, so long that the pre-historic remains of cavemen are still there for all to see at the *Balzi Rossi*, now an exclusive beach cove for rich holiday-makers.

I've brought out that fateful copy of Russell's *Problems of Philosophy* onto the balcony. Perhaps we need to do no more than map the world to get about in life,



Palazzo Madama, Turin



perhaps it *is* a waste of time to inquire about whether the view from my terrace is real or merely the product of sense-data, and, if it is real, whether it is rational, and whether such a rational vision contains an accidental element, not quite devoid of sense, perhaps, but with no claims to external reference. I think back to PPE tutorials, to punting on the river, to friendships made and lost, to Schools Occupied (1974) and Schools Finals (1977), and to the spirit of indulgence and inquiry that make Oxford such a special place.

I consider Leibniz' on how one can be sure that an object perceived by different people, from different angles with different prospects at different times, is necessarily the same object rather than an arbitrary collection of different points of view. It is the 'coin' problem that Emma (and Russell) contemplated before. The object is real, suggested Leibniz, because all the different perceptions are synchronised in the mind of God. I see the same thing as you see because God is seeing it through us. The sum of His perceptions is the world. One world? I wonder.

I am still thumbing ruefully through *The Problems of Philosophy* when a very old scrap of paper falls out of the book, together with a bit of cardboard, possibly from a cigarette packet. The cardboard is green on one side and has two noughts scribbled on it. Zero-zero. Part of a private language game? No, just a old book mark, to be sure. Then I realise that the scrap of paper has the remains of an essay written for a philosophy tutorial at Exeter College over thirty years ago. Only the last few lines have been preserved for posterity. The paper has turned yellow and the ink is smudged. I recognise my student scrawl and read the lines with bated breath: '...so it must necessarily follow that we can sum up Russell's approach to the mind-body problem thus: a) What is matter? Never mind. b) What is mind? It doesn't matter.' Somebody else, probably my long suffering philosophy tutor, wrote the single, damning word in the margin: '*Pathetic!*'

I burst out laughing, confident in my knowledge of having received a first class education, and a second class degree.

It's been a long day. It's been a long journey.

But it's not over yet. The phone rings. It's the *Carabinieri*. They've arrested two men trying to break into our apartment in Turin. Nothing stolen, but they had to break down the back door to get into the flat to turn off the burglar alarm that was set off by the thieves' incompetent efforts at burglary, and which was driving the neighbours mad with its siren. Could I possibly drive back tomorrow to fill in some forms and see to the broken door?

Minus 18%, is it? Who says that politicians don't get things done!

Easter 2004

Paula Lerner



AN HONORARY FELLOW IN PROFILE

Joseph S. Nye, Jr. (1958, PPE)
Dean Emeritus, JFK School
of Government
Harvard University

Joe Nye received his bachelor's degree summa cum laude from Princeton University in 1958. He did postgraduate work at Exeter College on a Rhodes Scholarship and earned a Ph.D. in political science from Harvard University. He joined the Harvard Faculty in 1964. In December 1995, he became Dean of the Kennedy School. He is the Sultan of Oman Professor of International Relations.

From 1977 to 1979, Mr. Nye served as Deputy to the Under Secretary of State for Security Assistance, Science and Technology and chaired the National Security Council Group on Nonproliferation of Nuclear Weapons. In recognition of his service, he received the highest Department of State commendation, the Distinguished Honor Award. In 1993 and 1994, he was chairman of the National Intelligence Council, which coordinates intelligence estimates for the President. He was awarded the Intelligence Community's Distinguished Service Medal. In 1994 and 1995, he served as Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, where he also won the Distinguished Service Medal with an Oak Leaf Cluster.

A Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and of the Academy of Diplomacy, Mr. Nye has also been the American representative on the United Nations Advisory Committee on Disarmament Affairs.

He is the author of numerous books and more than a hundred and fifty articles in professional journals. His most recent publications are *Soft Power: The Means to Success in World Politics* (2004), and an anthology, *Power in the Global Information Age* (2004). In addition, he has published policy articles in *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *The International Herald Tribune*, *The Wall Street Journal*, and *The Financial Times*.

His hobbies include fly fishing, hiking, squash, skiing, gardening and working on his tree farm in New Hampshire. He is married to Molly Harding Nye, an art consultant and potter. They have three grown sons.





Total recall:

Laura Morton (2002, History and English), Rajiv Tanna (2003, Mathematics)

Laura Morton (2002, History and English) provides an insider's account of the Exeter College Telethon 2004

Hello, is that _____? My name is Laura Morton; I'm a current undergraduate at Exeter College, Oxford, reading History and English.' With such memorable words began many, perhaps the majority of my conversations over the ten days or so after the end of full term, Hilary. Despite the cumulative effect of daily three- or six-hour shifts taking its toll on our ability to sustain non-Exeter related conversation, I would say that the majority of the thirteen students who participated in this particular campaign enjoyed the experience. The telephone campaign provided a rare opportunity to help in Exeter College's fundraising efforts for the Old Members' Fund, whilst simultaneously allowing us to enjoy direct contact with those whose undergraduate days here were a fond, if distant, memory.

Over the course of the ten days, we formed a tight group, bonding during the training day and tea-breaks. One became rather familiar with others' individual idiosyncrasies, be it a particular tone of introduction, a phrase oft repeated, or a favoured topic of conversation - all this information was carefully stored up for the inevitable banter during the break. A



particular gem was George's unique exclamations of 'Super!'. The merriment was generally confined to after-hours, something ensured by Louise from McGregor-Jones, who was in charge of the group, and proved invaluable for her unfailing support and guidance with calls. As a so-called 'lazy Arts student', I found the idea of timetables and routine a challenge at first, but swiftly adjusted to the world of the temporary call-centre. There, in the converted Development Office in Palmer's Tower, I became used to the sometimes uncomfortable head-sets, the desk-dividers made of chipboard and the sudden fluctuations in noise-level, dependent on the number of callers on the telephone at any given time. By the end of the second week, I had (mostly) overcome my innate fear of calling complete strangers, encouraged by the almost unanimously friendly, often supportive recipients of my calls.



Claire Atkinson (2003, Biochemistry), Jenny King (2002, Music), George Anstey (2003, Economics and Management)

Indeed, I found myself curiously cheered by the conversations: hearing reminiscences of japes and escapades that I would have been proud of and expressions of unfailing warmth and gratitude towards the College made me realise more than previously how unique my time here is. It would appear that the camaraderie and sense of community amongst current students extends beyond the confines of Great Gate and the Fellows' Garden into the wider world, enduring in spite of the distance across continents and time. Such

strong links ensured that I would enjoy a very real sense of affinity with all those to whom I spoke. It was inevitable that I would have more in common with some than with others, but in one conversation I was surprised to discover that not only had I attended the same school as the person called but found her insights into career problems for women to have more personal relevance. In other conversations, common interests steered talk from Napoleon to family genealogies to contemporary events with only a passing reference to Exeter. Many of those called were interested in recent course developments and our own experiences here, some in their former tutors or in the current state of the buildings themselves and the Fellows' Garden. Others were happy to share their business experience with us, leading to offers of work experience in one or two cases, something eagerly accepted by the lucky caller.

I was touched by the later recognition of some of those to whom I had spoken. A few sent letters in response to our conversations, a gesture much appreciated by myself and others. Calling Old Members elicited unexpected reactions at times, but I was struck by the overwhelmingly positive response to hearing news of College and a general willingness to talk. All that is left is for me to extend my most sincere thanks to all those who took the time to speak to us and for pledging most generously to the Exeter College Old Members' Fund. We rely on such income for a number of causes; thank you for your help.



RECTOR'S RETIREMENT PARTY



An evening with Philip Pullman



The Wedding of Karen Broadbent (1990, Mathematics) to Rupert Fogden

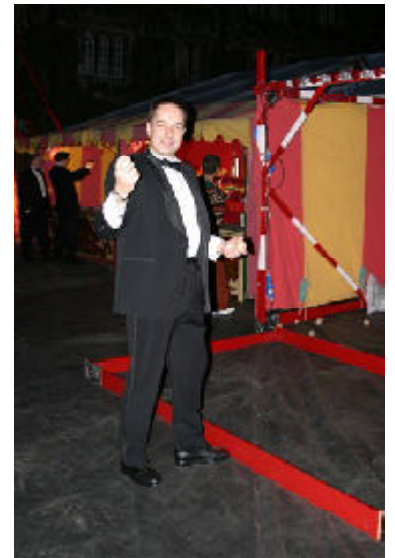
From left to right:

Tracy Northey (1990, Jurisprudence) & Silash Ruparell

Karen Fogden & Rupert Fogden

Cathy Fagg (nee Jones, 1990, Mathematics) & Andy Fagg





Exeter College Ball 2004



Left: Mike Frow (1970, Mathematics & Philosophy) discusses Exeter with Jonathan Snicker over lunch in Chicago



Top Right: With Chisanga Puta-Chekwe (1977, PPE) at the Rhodes Scholars Reunion. Right: Tony Cole (1960, Geography) in Washington DC (standing on left)



Exeter College dinner - Williams Club, New York



Forthcoming in the Register

College Notes by the Rector, From the President of the MCR, From the President of the JCR
Marilyn Butler by Jeri Johnson

Dermot Roaf by Brian Stewart
Dominic Donnelly by Dermot Roaf
Martin Le Quesne by Godfray Le Quesne and Peter Crill

Exeter College Chapel, 2003-4 by Mark Birch
Nearly a Hundred Years Ago: Letters from Abroad
Some Early Photographs of Exeter College by John Maddicott
The Eric A. Barber Archive by Lorise Topliffe
A Rare Trio of Elizabethan Alumni by Michael Wrench
Philip Thicknesse and the Nastier Side of the Eighteenth Century by Katherine Turner
Henry Maundrell's journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem in 1697 by Malcolm Todd
Kosovo 2001 by Chris Albiston
Reflections from Afghanistan by Andrew Harvey
The 'famous Mr. Norris, of Bemerton': John Norris, 1657-1712 by Liam Condon
Italian Karma by Matthew Lebus

The Governing Body, Honours and Appointments, Publications, Class List in Honour
Schools 2004, Graduate Freshers, Undergraduate Freshers, Deaths, Marriages, Births,
Notices



EXETER EVENTS



GAUDIES 2005

8 January
(1974-1977)
25 June (1990-1992)

OTHER EVENTS

November 2004
PPE Dinner

Sunday 14 November 2004
Evensong for Remembrance Day

Sunday 28 November 2004
Service of Lessons and Readings for
Advent

Friday 3 December 2004
Service of Lessons and Readings for
Christmas

Late February
Fortescue Dinner

End of February
Rugby Match

Friday 15 April
Inter-collegiate Golf Tournament
hosted by Merton College

Saturday 28 May
Exeter College Lunch & Garden Party
Families welcome

Friday 23 September
Exeter College Association Dinner

Unless otherwise stated invitations are
sent out automatically.
Gaudies are Black Tie.