

THE FOUNTAIN

TRINITY COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE

Mike Proctor

A Cuneiform
Discovery

Re-visiting Trinity

“Hoppy” Hopkins

Father and Daughter

New Fellows

An Olympian Task

A Journalist's
Education

Peter Locke

1967 Anniversary



Tetrathicon Dⁿⁱ Redman
in Fundatorem.



unus Masaj si quis sit conditor hospes
Scire cupis. Regum. toto clarissimus orbe
Henricus summa ad Terras. construxit honorem.
Octavius. Musisqz. sacrum. fundavit. Asylum.

EDITORIAL

The motto *Semper eadem*, conspicuous above the High Table in Hall, is often taken to be a comment on the food. In fact it refers to the resolute qualities of Queen Elizabeth I, and by extension to the society over which her arms preside. But although our famous buildings may seem “always the same”, change and progress continue. One big change this year will be the departure of Professor Mike Proctor for King’s College, where he is to be the next Provost (Master). In this issue he reflects on his 45 years in Trinity. Mike has been Vice-Master, Dean and Tutor as well as a long-serving Director of Studies in Mathematics, and many who read this will have fond memories of his supervisions. We wish him well in his challenging new role, which will begin on 1 October.

Three articles in this issue describe undergraduate or graduate careers in the College. Henry “Duke” Ryan provides an anthropological perspective. Arriving here from the USA in mid-life and sacrificing his income from the Foreign Service for three years, he compiled a thesis on Anglo-American relations while also studying the manners of Cambridge. In his retirement he is a successful playwright, a frequent visitor to the College, and a valued benefactor.

Robert Eddison came to Trinity by a more conventional route. An undergraduate in the mid 1950s, he studied Modern Languages and then Law as preparation for a career in journalism. In describing the historian and Tutor JMK Vyvyan he conveys the intimidatory character of dons of earlier times, to whom dry wit and

brusqueness came more easily than praise or encouragement. Perhaps the balance is better nowadays; we like to think so.

Mr Vyvyan makes a happier appearance in the piece by James Sutton (1960) and Camilla Roberts (1994), father and daughter, who each reflect on their time as undergraduates at Trinity. Vyvyan had had an interesting war and was widely known to guard many secrets. Like other modest undergraduates, the young James Sutton created an “I was only let in because...” story to account for his admission: his kayaking appealed to Vyvyan, a veteran of the Special Services. Maybe he was right. At any rate, by the time Camilla came to apply to the College, criteria for entry had become less whimsical.

Recently the British media became interested in Assyriology when it was announced that a new language had been discovered. Excavations at Ziyaret Tepe in south-eastern Turkey had unearthed a clay tablet of the eighth century BC which recorded names unassignable to any known language. John Macginnis (1982), one of the archaeologists who excavated the site, tells the story of the find and discusses its implications. Both the College and Trinity alumni have contributed towards the costs of this fieldwork.

The cover of our last issue celebrated the passing of the Olympic flame through Great Court. In Britain the year 2012 will be remembered above all for the summer’s inspirational and hugely successful Games. Overseeing the whole project was Paul Deighton (1975), whose previous career as an



investment banker can have prepared him only in part for the myriad demands on his ingenuity and patience during its conception, planning and execution. Interviewed by Avalon Lee-Bacon (2009), Lord Deighton KBE (as he now is) looks back on his achievement and forward to new challenges.

Edward Stourton (1976) describes the wartime exploits of JW Hopkins MC (1930), whose escape from his German captors and determination to find his way back to England are recorded in a diary which survived the war. Hopkins was one of many escapees whose ingenuity and daring deserve to be more widely known.

Dr Neil Hopkinson (e1983), Fellow, Editor

POSTSCRIPT

In the previous issue of *The Fountain* Catherine Suart reported on her charity cycle ride from Land’s End to John O’Groats on a folding Brompton bike. We have been reminded that the Brompton, a design classic, was the creation of a Trinity graduate, Andrew Ritchie (1965).



REFLECTIONS FROM GREAT COURT

By Mike Proctor

The first time I saw Great Court was on a summer evening in 1967, while I was still at school. Remarkably, even though I lived in Spalding, only 50 miles away, I had never visited Cambridge before. It was a summer evening and I walked through what is now called Windy Passage (when did that name come into use?) and saw the Court at its finest, bathed in soft golden light. I knew then that I had done the right thing to apply to Trinity, and was very gratified to be accepted later that year.

Now as I look out of my office window in December the light is not so good – in fact the rain is pouring down – but the view is still stunning. Not much has changed in 45 years, though the fabric is in much better shape. An exception is the row of flagstones running south from the Fountain, where until last year there were, curiously, only cobbles. I had always found this lacuna unsettling and am pleased it has now been rectified.

I was many years Dean of College, and had dealings with several students in Great Court, especially during the Great Court Run, which was then held at midnight and was a Health and Safety nightmare, with inebriated students, poor light and often slippery cobbles combining to produce many scrapes and injuries. On one occasion a fresher decided unwisely to bathe in the Fountain. I had the Porters haul him out and send him to me the next morning. He turned up in suit, gown, etc. looking rather pale. I gave him a lecture about the dangers of nocturnal bathing and told him to go away and sin no more. He looked astonished:



“You mean”, he said, “that you’re not going to send me down?” Nothing was further from my mind; but it was good to know I was feared...

Now as I contemplate leaving this office in the summer and moving to King’s I realise it’s not just Great Court I will miss. As a student I never properly looked at the Hall; now I am constantly uplifted by the sight of the great hammer-beam roof and the Jacobean carved panels, not to mention the luminously restored picture of our Founder. I also look out for the rubber ducks on the roof beams. There have been none for some time but they used to appear and move round regularly. I never worked out how they got there. Only this year did I learn that they were brought in through the roof lantern. So much for the Dean’s investigative powers!

Before I was Dean I was a Tutor, and I have been a Director of Studies for the last 35 years. During a career



there are three stages of interaction with students: to begin with one is only a little bit older and feels one is on the same wavelength, then they become quite incomprehensible and finally become the same age as one’s own children and – up to a point – understandable again. It’s hard to know which of one’s actions will resonate with one’s students. When I was a young lecturer I had a bright pink tie of which I was very fond. One day all my students appeared at a lecture wearing pink “ties” made of tissue paper. I really felt I had arrived!

So I leave Trinity with some regrets, exchanging a view of the Fountain for one of the Chapel at King’s. A fair exchange, I think; but it will take a long time for the new view to have the same resonance as the old.

Mike Proctor (1968), former Vice-Master, becomes Provost of King’s College in October 2013

A CUNEIFORM

By John MacGinnis

I was in my garden in Cambridge when the call came. It was Professor Timothy Matney, Director of the archaeological excavations at Ziyaret Tepe, a site on the river Tigris in south-eastern Turkey. Under its ancient name Tushan the site served as a provincial capital of the Assyrian empire, which in the ninth to seventh centuries BC had grown to be the largest empire the world had ever seen. Professor Matney's message was laconic. "John, we've got a tablet!" I didn't need any more encouragement than that. I was on a plane to Istanbul the following morning, on to Diyarbakir, and by the end of the day I was standing in the palace of the Assyrian governor. The discovery of cuneiform inscriptions is always exciting, and this was no exception. It would have been hard not to feel that this was what I had studied Assyriology to do.

Needless to say, the story begins at Trinity. I had only been at the College for three days when a mysterious note appeared under my door. The Senior Bursar invited me to sherry. It was followed by a second note. Dr. Bradfield confessed he had made a mistake, but true gentleman that he is, insisted I come anyway. We talked of ancient things, and when I learnt not just that it was possible to study Assyriology at Cambridge but that Trinity was home to J N Postgate, a world leader in the field, my defection from Classics was assured. One degree led to another, and then to fieldwork in countries across the Middle East. First site on the list was Nineveh, a fantastic start to a career in Assyrian fieldwork. We were fortunate to be there at



the time when Iraqi archaeologists found the royal tombs at Nimrud, another Assyrian capital further to the south. Going down into the tombs, deciphering the ancient curse slab, being invited to the museum vaults to view the breathtaking gold artefacts – these were once in a lifetime experiences. Next on the list was Tell Brak, the legendary site in northeastern Syria directed by the great David Oates (Trinity), a guru of excavating mud brick if there ever was one. It was at Brak that I found my first tablet. Having just received a master class from Professor Oates, I plucked up the courage to investigate an inconsistency in the mud brick of a wall in the Mittanni palace (second millennium BC), and was rewarded with the emergence of a clay tablet which had been used as packing to fill a hole. That tablet was written in Hurrian, one of the more enigmatic languages of the ancient near east, a status which did not change following this discovery! It was at Brak that

I met Professor Matney, sharing a suite in the expedition's luxurious accommodation. We had always said that one day one of us was going to find a site and that then it would just be a matter of a telephone call.

And so it proved. That conversation, too, was brief: "John, I've got a site". "Tim, I'm on my way". The site was Ziyaret Tepe, which brings us back to our tablet and how I came to be standing in the palace of a governor who ruled a province in the northern marches of this mighty empire all those centuries ago. We have in fact been extraordinarily lucky in our epigraphic finds at Ziyaret Tepe – earlier discoveries have included an archive spanning the years both before and after the fall of Nineveh in 612 BC and a letter written as the empire was in the very process of collapse. So this latest tablet has a hard act to follow. Fortunately, it is up to the task. Found on the floor of the palace, it had been partially baked in a conflagration which destroyed the palace, perhaps



DISCOVERY



around 700 BC. That's a good thing: normal sun-dried clay tablets are very susceptible to damage through the passage of time and also in the process of excavation. Baking tablets, whether through accident (occasionally design) in antiquity or by modern conservators, actually preserves them. The new find is a good size too – many tablets are rather modest in dimensions, the size of a match-box or even smaller, but this is the size of a paperback novel. It is inscribed on both sides in cuneiform, the system of writing invented in Mesopotamia around 3,000 BC and used right through to the time of Christ. The tablet lists women who must have been under the jurisdiction of the palace. But what makes this text exceptional – and why



it made headlines round the world – is that while the script and language are Assyrian, the names themselves are not. And they're not anything else either! After consultation with colleagues it emerged that the names of these women do not (with just a couple of exceptions) belong to any of the established languages of the ancient near east – Old Persian, Elamite, Egyptian, Hebrew, Aramaic, etc. Where then could these women have come from? There are two leading possibilities: either they were descended from the indigenous pre-Assyrian population of Tushan, or they were deportees uprooted by the Assyrian regime and transplanted to the region. In the latter case, a process of elimination suggests the Zagros mountains, on the border of Iran and Iraq, as being a good contender for

their original homeland. Either way, the conclusions will be important from both a historical and a linguistic point of view. While it is not true to say we have found a new language, it is fair to say that we have evidence that a previously unknown one must have existed.

You will gather from the above that Trinity has played a notable part in Assyriology and near eastern archaeology at Cambridge. It is a privilege to have benefited from this tradition, and both a pleasure and a duty to play a part in passing on the torch. As I write from the field we have been joined by Johanna Tudeau, a Trinity Assyriologist who is just finishing her PhD on Assyrian architecture and who has come out to help us match theory to practice. At the senior level the College has marked its continuing commitment to the field with the election of Dr Cameron Petrie to a Fellowship. It is also a pleasure to acknowledge the support which the fieldwork at Ziyaret Tepe has received from the College itself, and some very generous help and support from alumni.

I hope this gives some sense of the excitement and rewards of working in Assyriology and near eastern archaeology. It is a field where there will be a lot to discover for a long time to come. Once again, it is a privilege to be involved, something of which I am sure we are all continually aware. Of course there's more detail one could go into; but duty calls – we've just found another tablet...

John MacGinnis (1982)

TRINITY – A 37-YEAR WHY STOP NOW?

By Henry “Duke” Ryan

Last summer I had the marvellous experience of presenting a staged reading of a play of mine, *Madam*



Ambassador, in Trinity’s Winstanley Lecture Hall. Basically, the play is a satire on the bizarre way the United States staffs its main diplomatic posts. It tells the story of an ambitious, sophisticated woman dumped by circumstances in a small prairie town. She decides to be an ambassador, but from where she is starting that is a tricky business. I am pleased to say it was very well received. Furthermore, it was a memorable link in an association with Trinity that has extended over decades.

During the Jurassic age, 1975–78, I came to Trinity to work for a PhD in History. For me, in mid-life, it was a wonderful change – useful, challenging – and for an American at a college with medieval roots, a fascinating anthropological experience.

I dropped out of US Foreign Service, giving up my pay check for three years. I lived on Bentley Road, in a large, handsome Edwardian house Trinity had just acquired and turned into accommodation for married graduate students and their families. My wife Patty, my young son William and I lived there happily, with me spending hours working in the bay window of the old front parlor. A walk-in black cat slept beside me on

a night-storage heater. For younger readers, that was a box of wired bricks that heated up in the night when electricity was relatively inexpensive and in the morning gave off fierce but diminishing heat until it abandoned you completely in midafternoon.

Behind the house was a large, long-neglected box garden with scattered, broken statuary. It transported me to a dreamy Faulknerian world of elegant decay. In spring I looked out on a beautiful pink chestnut tree and a laburnum with glorious dangling golden blossoms. Our housemates, including graduate student Greg Winter, came from all over—Nigeria, France, Israel, Portugal, America and, of course, Great Britain...

Trinity helped me finance frequent trips to the Public Record Office (now the National Archives), then in central London. Occasionally Patty met me in the evening for dinner and a play. In Cambridge, I sometimes sat on the wide stone sills of the Wren Library arcade, reading and looking out at the Cam, or under the willows at the river’s edge. My tutor, Sir Harry Hinsley (St John’s), saw me weekly, and we chatted about my work, his writing, or his code-breaking duties during World War II. If it was afternoon, we paused mid-way and uncorked a bottle of amontillado. Surely, this was scholarship as God intended.

I had already started writing plays, and although Cambridge has no drama department, I discovered it is a hotbed of theatrical activity. I dove in. I did a one-act play for the Trinity Players, performed in a redundant

church with a youth of about twenty brilliantly portraying an eight-year-old boy.

Another group proposed a trilogy of one-acts on themes of Heaven, Hell and Purgatory, assigning Heaven to me. Unfortunately a flu epidemic caused the evening to be cancelled. (A few years later the play was done in Washington.) Later, the Mummers took two of my one-act plays to the Edinburgh Festival Fringe, and Selwyn College took another. Then, at the request of undergraduate Griff Rhys-Jones, I re-scripted *Cyrano de Bergerac* into a 1930s American gangster musical for the ADC.

How did all this mesh with my work on a PhD in Anglo-American relations in the mid-1940s? Well, let’s just say it didn’t derail it. I finished my dissertation in the three years the US Government allowed me, submitted it practically on the way to the airport, later defended it successfully, and put it on a shelf for six years. Then I updated it and CUP published it as *The Vision of Anglo-America*.

After Cambridge, the black cloud. Assigned to Washington, I received a desk job and was honored with an office with a window – looking out on an air shaft. Where was my beloved cat, the golden laburnum blossoms, the pink chestnut flowers, the Wren, the willows, the river? “Oh God,” I thought, “send me a thunderbolt.” But gradually life improved. I headed an office dealing with Congress and with Washington-based media and next went to Australia handling US cultural affairs, a delightful four years. An American cultural attaché



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with a Cambridge PhD was a real curiosity in Australia.

Retirement followed, early retirement to give me time to write, but first I reconnected with Cambridge – well no, first with Oxford (sorry about that). After a research term at St Antony's, I came to Clare Hall for nine months as a Visiting Fellow. Now, once you have been a Visiting Fellow at Clare Hall, you almost automatically become a Life Member, which means you can always come back for any amount of time. If accommodation is available, you can rent it. If not, you find your own, but you may still take part in all college activities, something I have done for nineteen years.

But after that year in Britain, hard-core retirement began, satisfying but lonely. The first day of writing was blissful; the next was great; and the third – well, by the end of the third day I began talking to the walls. I needed human beings, and worked

hard to arrange social occasions – lunch, coffee, drinks. Meanwhile, Oxford published my book, *The Fall of Che Guevara*, and a print-on-demand publisher in Maryland brought out a book of my short fiction, *Impure Thoughts*. Plays still occupied part of my time, including several ten-minute numbers, done on request for a local theatre.

My days eventually were filled with consulting and writing – op-eds and feature pieces for newspapers, magazines, and National Public Radio stations. I wrote studies on government operations for the Democratic Party and for Georgetown University, and served as consulting senior historian for a firm that did history for pay. Among other things, we supplied historical background for ecologically centered law cases with oceans of money at play. A trickle came to me.

Georgetown University asked me to get about a hundred books on diplomacy to each country that tumbled out of the grip of the defunct USSR, and an association loosely linked to the State Department commissioned me to write a booklet and a display on the history of American diplomacy. The display remains in the Foreign Service Institute, the Department's training establishment.

Then one day I was ready for an adventure. "Let's go to England." "Great," said Patty. "For three months." "WHAT?" she cried. But soon she came round. It was the first of many summers, associating with Clare Hall's scholars from around the

world studying in every field, some amazingly exotic. One said, "I never tell people what I'm researching; it's a guaranteed conversation killer." (He did tell me, and it was.)

For years, my contact with Trinity was slight. The College sent me occasional publications, and I could return once a term to High Table. But that privilege – bouncing in and eating with strangers – was less than compelling. I still knew several Fellows of Trinity, however, and a graduate or two in town, and by getting them and their wives to join Patty and me, my meals at High Table became a party and soon a tradition. The beautiful Combination Room upstairs, where we have after-dinner drinks, fruit, cheese – and snuff, if you please – has been the scene of excellent conversations among our small coterie, illuminated by candlelight at the end of an eighteenth-century banquet table.

In recent years my links to Trinity have increased, the result of the Alumni Office's good work. Invitations have drifted in to dinners in Washington, alumni days in Cambridge, meals for those who matriculated in my year, and recently a luncheon for benefactors. (I can hardly take seriously the designation "benefactor". I always imagine my contribution falling on the floor and rolling under the sideboard.) Finally, there are many reasons to be fond of Trinity, not the least that it provided me with an auditorium to produce a play 37 years after I matriculated.

Henry "Duke" Ryan (1975)

MAJOR J W “HO

By Edward Stourton

In the summer of 2011 I completed a trek across the Pyrenees known as the *Chemin de la Liberté*, or Freedom Trail.



It is walked each year (2013 marks its twentieth anniversary) to commemorate the thousands of people who escaped that way from Occupied Europe between 1940 and 1944, and my plan was to make a radio series about this relatively unknown chapter of World War II history.

It was extremely hard work; in the course of four days we climbed 15,000 feet and descended 11,000. The scenery was awe-inspiring and the experience was enormous fun. On the first night we slept on the floor of a gym in the town of Seix, which is pronounced with a silent “i”. You may imagine our delight (the BBC team consisted of three middle-aged men) when one of our young female guides told us, in charmingly accented English, that she was a native of the town and a keen mountaineer, and so had joined the “Seix Outdoors Club”.

As I researched the background I found such a rich bounty of stories of individual heroism and generosity that the radio programmes turned into a book. One of those stories concerns a Trinity man called John Wainwright Hopkins – or Hoppy, as he was apparently known to one and all. His niece, Geraldine Wimble, spotted a mention of the project in a piece I wrote for the *Financial Times*,

and she got in touch to ask whether I would like to see Hoppy’s papers.

In 1939 Hoppy was settling into life as a barrister with a place in a London set of chambers and a flat in Camden Hill Square. Concluding that war was inevitable he secured a commission as an artillery officer and was sent to France as part of the British Expeditionary Force. His battery was attached to the French 9th Army on the Belgian border, and in the rout that followed the German offensive of May and early June 1940 they were – to his disgust – driven all the way back to the Normandy coast.

The drama that unfolded at St-Valéry-en-Caux on June 12th 1940 was a sad postscript to the more celebrated evacuation of Dunkirk. Some 10,000 British troops were bottled up in this fishing port near Dieppe by General Rommel and forced to surrender. But the logistical challenge of managing so many prisoners was huge, and there were plenty of opportunities for escape. Hoppy simply ducked out of the line of march near the Belgian border and hid in a bush until the column had moved on.

With a small group of fellow escapers he set out to walk back to the French coast in the hope of finding a boat that would take them across the Channel to England. His diary from this period survives, and reflects the near-obsession with food that so many escapers and evaders recorded; Hoppy meticulously listed everything they were given to eat. He had good French (one would expect nothing less of a Trinity man) and was sent

to forage for the party. “Went out and found farmer”, he noted on June 22nd; “he took us to his cowshed in village (no Boche about) and gave us dinner of soup, fried eggs, bacon, fried potatoes, beer, coffee (oh! boy!) and a wash. Presented us with 8 lbs. potatoes, 8 tins bully, 6 packets biscuits; one dozen hard boiled eggs, salt, soap, a blanket, a loaf, 1 lb. butter. Payment refused!”

The hospitality shown by the ordinary people of rural France features prominently in most escapers’ diaries from this period. After a farmer gave Hoppy’s group clothes as well as food, he noted “The generosity and kindness of the French peasant almost makes up for their rotten army”. The note of exasperation is rare; for the most part Hoppy’s writing reflects the old-fashioned British virtues we have come to associate with the war years. On July 1st, after a night spent ducking through woods and sneaking across rural roads, he began his diary entry thus: “What a way to spend my birthday! I hope not any more like this. I know the old people will be drinking my health this evening. I wish they knew I was safe, but I’m afraid they’ll be horribly worried”.

Hoppy and his group reached the coast and made several abortive attempts to cross the Channel. They eventually gave up when a large party of Germans arrived in the area and started constructing an airfield. The diary ends at this point, but the adventure went on; the party headed south for Marseilles. On the way down they stopped off at a



PPY” HOPKINS

house where Hoppy had spent a long vacation improving his French during his time at Trinity, and his former hosts gave him 300 francs to help him on his way.

They split up to cross the Demarcation line between German occupied France and the Vichy zone, met at their agreed rendezvous and eventually reached Marseilles in late August. They had been on the run for two months, and for most of that time they had been moving through enemy-occupied territory. For the first month and a half they walked. Once they had crossed into Vichy France they felt sufficiently confident to take trains, but they changed frequently and travelled third class, disguised as French peasants.

Marseilles at this time was awash with British soldiers who had been left behind after the evacuation of Dunkirk. Many of them were interned in the old Foreign Legion fort at the mouth of the city's harbour, and some were given shelter by a Scottish clergyman called Donald Caskie, who turned the former British Seamen's Mission in the Vieux Port area into a refuge for escapers. Marseilles soon became the centre of the first proper Escape Line which ran people over the Pyrenees into neutral Spain.

But Hoppy clearly enjoyed doing things his own way. At a café near the port he had a chance encounter with an Englishwoman married to a Frenchman. She managed to arrange false discharge papers which identified Hoppy and his friends as Romanians who had fought with the French army and wanted to get back



to North Africa, where, according to the paperwork, they had families. They were duly put on a transport ship to Oran with a large number of African troops, and from there they took a train to Casablanca. In Casablanca they bribed the captain of a boat loaded with onions to let them join him on the journey to Lisbon, where they presented themselves to the British Legation. They were flown back to London the following day.

In November 1940 Hoppy was awarded the Military Cross for his escaping exploits. A little over a year later he was back in North Africa, and once again on the front line. He was killed not long after winning a bar

to his MC and the day after his promotion to major. His commanding officer described his death like this: "His battery was attacked by tanks and Hoppy was distracted with anxiety. We stayed just behind the lines together for some time, when suddenly I missed him. He had gone forward a couple of hundred yards to the guns and was shielding the gunners, who were clambering on to be rescued, because the gun position was hopeless. Unfortunately an armour piercing shot came through his car and severed his femoral artery. He died in two minutes and was the

only one on his car to be hit. It was a very gallant act". He added, "He was to my mind a quite exceptional leader. He had a very sound brain and his men loved him".

So many people had extraordinary experiences during the Second World War that the extraordinary almost became ordinary. That may be why some veterans have been reticent about what they went through. Researching stories like Hoppy's brought home to me just how remarkable those experiences were. We should record and keep alive as many of them as we can.

Edward Stourton (1976)

GETTING IN TO TRINITY

By Chris Sutton and Camilla Roberts (née Sutton)



Whenever I wander through the magnificent courts of Trinity I can scarcely believe that some of my education took place amidst such beautiful surroundings fifty years ago. I certainly had to struggle very hard to get here. Some of my fellow undergraduates seemed to feel it was a right, generations of their family having come here as a matter of course. Others were from schools where the majority were destined for Oxford or Cambridge; others had no doubt donated oil wells or generous bursaries to the College. For my tough, rugby-obsessed school in the north entry into these hallowed halls was very rare indeed, and the Cambridge Old Denstonian Club boasted only three members, one in each year.

I do not know why I had a yearning to come to Cambridge. None of my family had been to any university, and when I discussed the idea with my headmaster he rejected it with a dismissive wave of his hand and told me “I hadn’t a cat in Hell’s chance of getting in”. He refused to support my application to Gonville and Caius, which I had chosen as an aspiring

medic. I was so upset by his attitude that I studied incredibly hard to prove him wrong, a difficult thing to do in that environment; it meant sneaking out of the dormitory at six in the morning with my books and settling at the scorer’s table in the cricket pavilion for fear of being labeled an “inky swot” and risking persecution from the other boys. I surprised everyone, including myself, by achieving some spectacular A level results in four subjects. The headmaster reluctantly agreed to enter me, but using a strategy that I thought very risky indeed. He informed me that he was entering me for a scholarship to Trinity, which he considered by far the best college. He shattered my illusion by saying, “Of course you haven’t a hope of getting one, but most of the other candidates will be a mixture of genius and geek, so you might just scrape in on your personality if the Tutors want to assure the outside world they are not presiding over an asylum”.

My first impression of the University was miserable, since the interviews took place in December when Cambridge was damp, dark and bitterly cold. Some of my fellow candidates were indeed strange. My headmaster, a rather effete intellectual who had withdrawn from academic life at Cambridge, was more wily than I realised. He was clearly aware of my prowess in wild water canoe slalom; I had started a canoe club at school, and during the summer holiday had helped train a team from the Special Boat Services in sea kayaking techniques. He had

somehow arranged for me to be interviewed by Mr Vyvyan, who I discovered had played an active role in the daring Cockleshell Heroes raid on Bordeaux. We hit it off straightaway, and I am sure this was the reason I was admitted to Trinity. It was one of the proudest moments of my life.

My initial meeting with my Director of Studies proved to be my undoing. “Dear boy”, he said, “you have worked so hard to get here that you must learn to enjoy yourself. Take to the river and have fun”. Unfortunately I took his advice to heart and set about resurrecting the Canoe Club. I found a group of friends who would eskimo roll under the mill race every day whatever the weather. We were in training for the Cambridge Greenland Kayak Expedition, which I led in 1962; it was an ethnological study, and we lived and hunted seals with the eskimos. I also managed to resurrect a sunken punt and became a punter of distinction. This was in fact a way to attract the ladies. Men were outnumbered 40 to 1 in those days, and the punt was a convenient way to sneak guests into college after curfew rather than risk tearing their skirts on those mediaeval revolving spikes. It was a quite different world from the one my daughter entered.

Chris Sutton (1960), Professor of Gynaecological Surgery, University of Surrey. Director, Minimal Access Therapy Training Unit, Royal Surrey County Hospital, Guildford. Emeritus Consultant, Chelsea and Westminster Hospital, London



Y: THEN AND NOW



“Remember: All work and no play makes Jack a very dull boy, Camilla. Getting in was the difficult bit. Now enjoy yourself”. These were the words that were left ringing in my ears as my father and mother drove away leaving me, on my first day at Trinity, standing on the steps of Angel Court clutching the last box that needed to go upstairs to my room. Bloody hell. This was it. I’d got in. I’d grown up listening to wonderful tales of mischief caused in and around College by my father, his friends and contemporaries. What about when a group of students somehow managed to get a Mini on top of the Senate House... or when one of the balls of rock on Clare Bridge was pushed off by another prankster who had somehow replaced it with a polystyrene replica, causing a group of unsuspecting tourists to abandon punt? And as a family, we often visited Trinity when I was a little girl. I loved the daffodils along the Avenue. “Girls” my father would always say, “this college has more Nobel prize winners than any other

university in the land, and with the notable exceptions of the US and Russia, more than any other country”. Wow. Who wouldn’t want to have a crack at standing on the shoulders of some of those giants?

For my father my application to Trinity was a done deal. His face when my headmaster sent me on an open day to Trinity Hall was a picture. “The bike sheds? Surely not”, he said with horror. No. It was always going to be big, beautiful Trinity for me. I had the first morning slot for my interview. Great Court was breathtaking – eerily quiet and misty. Dad had come up with me the night before and we’d stayed in a hotel. He had snored so loudly I ended up sleeping in the bath. There were no attempts to wrong foot me – a friend of mine’s interviewer began by throwing her essay for discussion in the bin. No – I enjoyed my interviews. Dr Hilton raised an eyebrow when I described Sir Robert Peel as an apple short of a wheelbarrow load, and Dr Lonsdale was wonderfully patient with my blustering attempts to evaluate the merits of various pre-colonial African artefacts. Then, as so often now, I had no idea what I was talking about.

Was it so different from when my father was there? I’m not sure. The College is so steeped in tradition and history that the essence of it must have been the same – as I imagine it still is today. We probably had better facilities than he did – although I do recall being photographed by tourists when I was in my second year as I wandered across New Court in a dressing gown clutching my shampoo. I think they thought I was one of the

frighteningly bright, tenuous-grasp -on-reality types. The truth was that I was then resident in Bishop’s Hostel (great location, rubbish washing facilities) and was looking for a free bathroom having spent the morning on the river.

Did the admission of Wimmin change the college? More salad was probably offered in Hall. Oh, and I do remember one blissful afternoon the tranquillity of the Cam shattered as our cox screamed “1st and 3rd, get your eyes back in the boat. I said get your eyes back in the boat this instant” as Peterhouse 1st men’s glided by wearing nothing from the waist up, and to be honest very little from the waist down. That wouldn’t have happened in Dad’s day. I love the fact that my father and I were both lucky enough to attend Trinity. Dr Marrian, my father’s Director of Studies, invited me to join him for a glass of sherry at the end of my first term. His eyes twinkled as we read through my father’s reports. Had to repeat a year, eh? Who knew?!

Dad had clearly lived by the advice that he had left me with (and that I think Dr Marrian had given him). And, clichéd though it may be, I think as a result of those wise words our Trinity days were some of the best years of our lives. So many of the friendships made back then remain true and strong today.

Camilla Roberts (née Sutton) (1994), read History at Trinity, converted to Law and qualified as a barrister. She is now a freelance business journalist who specialises in the legal sector.

NEW FELLOWS AND VISITING FELLOWS



Adam Boies



Patrick Maxwell



Oliver Linton



Konrad Bajer



David Oxtoby



Denis Pelli



Thomas Silhavy

NEW FELLOWS

Adam Boies is a Lecturer in the Energy, Fluid Mechanics and Turbomachinery Engineering Division at the University of Cambridge. His research focuses on characterizing the evolution, dynamics and impacts of gas-phase nanoparticles. The applications of his research extend to air quality, transportation emissions and engineered nanoparticles for energy applications. He is a lead investigator of transportation energy and within the Energy Efficient Cities initiative (EECi) and the Centre for Sustainable Freight, which focus on developing analysis tools that demonstrate achievable reductions in energy use and emissions. He is principal investigator of the EPSRC-funded Airport Environmental Investment toolkit that has developed applications for evaluation of local air quality pollutants and greenhouse gases for UK airports. His laboratory activities include experimental studies in the area of gas-phase particle measurement with applications in emissions monitoring.

Patrick Maxwell is a Physician Scientist and was appointed Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge in October 2012. He was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford and

St Thomas's Hospital Medical School, University of London. He returned to Oxford as a Medical Research Council Clinical Training Fellow. His academic posts have included Reader in Nephrology at the University of Oxford, Professor of Nephrology at Imperial College London, and Professor of Medicine and Dean of Medical Sciences at University College London. His scientific work has centred on understanding how cells and organisms respond to changes in oxygen. The oxygen sensing mechanism that he was involved in discovering led rapidly to the development of small molecule inhibitors that are now being tested as therapies for anemia and ischemic conditions in humans. He was elected a Fellow of the UK's Academy of Medical Sciences in 2005, and was its Registrar from 2006 to 2012. He holds a National Health Service Silver Clinical Excellence Award, is a Senior Investigator of the National Institute for Health Research and has a Wellcome Trust Senior Investigator Award. He still works as a clinical nephrologist with a particular interest in genetic diseases.

Oliver Linton was admitted to a Title D Fellowship earlier in the year, and occupies the Chair of Political Economy in Cambridge. A

mathematician before switching to econometrics, he has moved back and forth between the UK and the USA, and until recently was at the LSE. His main research contributions have been in the area of non-parametric and semi-parametric statistical methods; in other words, the entire model or at least some components are not specified *a priori* but are determined from data. His research touches on market volatility, and may help provide a better understanding of how markets and economies function.

VISITING FELLOWS

Konrad Bajer, a theoretical physicist, is collaborating with Keith Moffat on a 6-month research programme on Topology in Physical and Biological Sciences at the Isaac Newton Institute.

David Oxtoby, a theoretical chemist, is collaborating with Dan Fraenkel on the theoretical description of multi-component protein solutions, such as the cytosol. **Denis Pelli**, a psychologist and neuroscientist, will be collaborating with Horace Barlow on feature detection, and with others on dyslexia. **Thomas Silhavy**, a molecular biologist who applies bacterial genetics to unravel complex problems, will be working with Colin Hughes.



AN OLYMPIAN TASK

“The thing that stays with me the strongest is walking through the arch and into Great Court. I just felt incredibly special, singled out and lucky to be a part of it”. So speaks Paul Deighton (1975) – former Goldman Sachs investment banker, Chief Executive of the London Organising Committee of the Olympic and Paralympic Games, designate Commercial Secretary to HM Treasury – and Trinity alumnus.



I expected a public figure of his stature, who has seen so much success this summer, to be smooth-talking and assured, offering rapid-fire corporate-speak. However, his replies were introspective and considered.

Deighton seems greatly indebted to the lessons he learnt at Trinity: “The reality of what was useful to me in later life was that if I could do OK at Trinity, I really ought to be able to do OK in any environment”.

He evidently spent much of his time at Trinity on the sports pitch: “At Trinity, my big thing was rugby. We had a good team and strong players”. Another memory which remains strong – partly because of a lingering bump on his knee – is the Great Court Run: “I did it on matriculation day. I fell and ripped a knee in the only suit I had. I clearly didn’t break any records”. This did not stop him from making a nostalgic trip back to Trinity for the procession of the Olympic torch.

And then we move on to the Olympics. He applied for the role of CEO of LOCOG after he saw an advertisement in *The Economist*, for which his wife assured him he would be perfect. His appointment by Lord Coe was described as “inspired”, his work in the private sector having equipped him with the skills necessary to raise £2 billion sponsorship and manage a complex logistical project. When I ask him about the transition, he says how he “moved right into very significant interactions with the public sector, at all government levels”. He still appears rather shocked by “the amount of scrutiny day in day out we got”. When I press him on how exactly he managed to cope with that level of intense scrutiny, he emphasises that, primarily, it was his team: “I was very focused on hiring great people. We were clear we wanted to put on an absolutely inspirational games because we knew that the power of the games could inspire other changes”. When I ask him what his proudest moment was, he refers to “the first morning of the torch relay in Cornwall back in May. We could barely fit the crowds into the town. When I saw that, it became clear to me the British people were going to embrace the Games with extraordinary passion in the way that only the Brits can do when they really love something”. I think we can all imagine what a special moment that must have been.

We then move on to the buzzword post-Olympics – “Legacy”. His mind springs right back to the Paralympics. He is endearingly proud of its success: “It’s terrific in terms



of recognition for elite Paralympic athletes, and forcing us to ensure that children with disability get equal access to playing sport”.

As Deighton looks back to the Olympics, he also looks forward to his next role – Commercial Secretary to HM Treasury. He was recently made a life peer, and when I inquire into how this felt, he is humble in claiming, “Quite a surprise! What they really want is that I should apply the lessons we learnt in delivering the games more broadly in delivering the country’s infrastructure.”.

However, he isn’t ready to abandon sport entirely, and has joined the Board of Directors for the Rugby World Cup 2015. It seems he couldn’t resist: “Rugby is actually my sport and it would be great to put something back into that”.

Has he a relaxing Christmas planned? He laughs, and confides, “I have a good couple of weeks off before embarking on my Whitehall challenge.”.

Avalon Lee-Bacon (2009) is currently studying for an MPhil in the History of Art & Architecture

A LAW UNTO ME

By Robert Eddison



“What are you reading, then?”
“MML.” “Languages?” “Why not? Is that so bad?” “No, no. It’s just that you *should* be reading Law”. “Why do you say that?” “Simply, because all these test results point to your love of debate, of argument. You have that sort of brain”. “My school thought I was very woolly, and the Law is very precise”. “Precisely”.

The local vocational guidance bureau had selected a few volunteers from us Trinity undergraduates to take a battery of (free) tests to establish *inter alia* whether we were reading the right subject.

“You want to switch subjects now?” asked my Tutor, J.M.K Vyvyan, incredulously. “You want to do Part II Law in a year? What do you know about the Law?” It was true; I was a legal virgin and didn’t know my *caveats* from my *obiter dicta*. I *did* have to concede him that. “And you’re coming to it quite cold”. “B-but at least I’d be starting with a fresh eye and an open mind,” I ventured. “Too open for the wind of knowledge to make much impact,” he snapped back.

Mercifully, my ace card provoked a U-turn. After reading the vocational guidance bureau’s very firm letter, Mr. Vyvyan had the good grace to relent. “Oh, very well,” he said, “I’ll let you switch *provided* you agree to do an introductory course during the long vac.”

“The first thing you need to know about the Law,” pronounced our course lecturer on the first day, “is that you don’t have to know any; you just need to know where to find it.” So that was all right, then; my Tutor had obviously got it wrong and I’d made the right choice.

I’d be able to live out my final year as normal, continuing with my CUCA committee work, my Union speeches, the French Society, my swimming and running and my unofficial trips to London (usually without an *exeat*) for dances, *Mensa* socials and theatre. If the Law was an ass, I’d consign its braying to the margins of my academic life...

That fantasy bubble I was living in was savagely punctured at my first Law supervision. My two co-supervisees included Philip Allott, now living above Great Gate as Emeritus Professor of International Public Law. He was, if memory serves, a major open scholar and had *already* been reading Law for two years. My law supervisor was none other than H.W.R. Wade (of *Megarry & Wade* fame), later to take up a professorship at Oxford.

“I’ve spoken to Gordon,” intoned Mr. Wade (Gordon Slynn, a future Law Lord, who also supervised me) “and we agree that your essays lack direction. You must learn to stand an argument

up, not leave it semi-recumbent...” and much more of the same ilk.

With my self-esteem in my boots, I realised that this fuel-drenched baptism of fire would either make or break me. I gave up all thought of London and the Union and made the Trinity Law Library my second home.

As a linguist, I had up to then been a bit of a butterfly, ever searching out the *mot juste* in a variety of languages, but unable to string all those verbal beads into a necklace. I felt like the builder who stores bricks but can’t use them to build a house.

Part 1 in French and Russian and a European scholarship may in the end have been a bit of a doddle, but my high marks did not reflect any expertise in literary criticism. “Very good, excellent in fact,” said my French Supervisor, R.A. Leigh, “but your critique of Pascal seems strangely familiar.” “I took it from the best critic I could find,” I responded helpfully. “You mean you’ve not read his *Pensées* in the original?” Er – no,” I countered, “there wasn’t time to do both.”

It was in the Trinity Law Library that I finally grew up, bathing in the intoxicating clarity of Lord Denning’s pellucid judgments. I revelled in the remorseless tide of his logic, in his felicitous use of language and genial powers of persuasion. It was while ingesting those Olympian judgments that I first experienced true intellectual excitement, and it wasn’t long before I wanted to build my *own* house with my new-found legal bricks.

Next year, with my degree safely in my pocket and with a heartfelt *thank you* to my Tutor, I took off. Was



MYSELF

I not Icarus and was not the world my oyster? What was to stop me becoming Editor of *The Times*, Director-General of the BBC or, while I was about it, Prime Minister?

However, it was a career in journalism, rather than the Law, that beckoned most strongly. Armed with a feature article or two, I would cycle down to Fleet Street and, like any student with an essay, pitch them in person to the various desk editors. Initial success, however, was followed by increasing resistance to my blandishments; the wax on my wings was again beginning to melt.

“Why? What’s wrong with it?” I asked the then features editor of the old *London Evening News*, his tone now verging on the dismissive. “Take that first quote – it comes *far* too late in the piece; you’ve lost the reader by then.” “I can bring it forward, put it in the first paragraph.” “It’s not just that; your writing is too academic, too

abstract; it reads too much like – well, like a university essay.”

My face creased in mortification. “But don’t worry. Virtually every article we get from non-journalists – from MPs, diplomats, lawyers – needs heavy subbing before we can use it. They’re not trained, you see.” “Trained? But I’ve got a university degree.” “Quite so,” he replied, “that’s the trouble.”

Another bubble punctured! There was nothing for it but to go back to the drawing board. It took a three-year stint on local newspapers to remove the y-a-w-n from my writing. In 1975, I joined *North London News* as a reporter. Ending up three years later as Group Features Editor, I was earning more money as a born-again Fleet Street freelance than I was in my paid job. It was time to leave.

My breakthrough as a national freelance finally came in 1978 with a major interview for *The Times* with

Mrs (now Lady) Thatcher. It appeared on their main features page, along with a piece from my second hero, the late Bernard Levin.

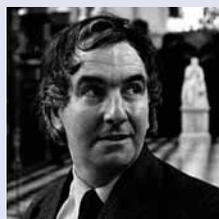
I had at last learnt my trade; the world really *was* my oyster now – with slightly more justification this time around – and all thanks to that single year of intensive study that I had pursued in the Law Library in Bishop’s Hostel. Only now was my tool set complete.

But the benefit of that pivotal year of Law reached far beyond journalism. In taking the woolliness out of my thought processes, it passported me out of my previous, somewhat flaccid, comfort zone into a new and exciting world of intellectual rigour, forensic questioning and analytic thinking.

Robert Eddison (1955) is a journalist and playwright and is the author of the aphorisms that have appeared in recent issues of The Fountain

PETER LOCKE

Peter Locke, who died on 18 October, aged eighty-three, was for many years the



leader of the team of conservation architects responsible for the long-term sustainability of our buildings. His first commission, in the late 1960s, concerned the Wren Library. He found that parts were structurally unsafe, and that it was in urgent need of repair. Between 1969 and

1971 the Library was restored, and the interior returned to the light airiness envisaged by Wren. But when he contemplated the rest of the College, he realized that he faced a huge task – stone, wood and plaster, quite apart from services, all demanded attention. Gradually, following a programme mostly guided by order of need, he and his team worked round the older parts of the College.

Peter came out of William Morris’s Arts and Crafts tradition. He was an innovator when necessary, but his first loyalties were to inherited building materials and structures. It

was impossible not to warm to his respect for the Ketton stone of the fountain and of the Wren Library, the Collyweston slates on the roofs of Great Court, even the water-absorbing clunch in the foundations of Nevile’s Court.

On his retirement, he left the buildings in better condition than they had been for generations. Appropriately, his face now looks down at us as a stone corbel in Whewell’s Court.

David McKitterick (e1986), Vice-Master and Librarian

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Tuesday 23 April 2013 Trinity in the City Association Dinner, Merchant Taylors' Hall, London

Thursday 25 April 2013 Trinity Engineers Association Talk and Dinner Trinity College

Saturday 18 May 2013 Trinity in the Arts & Media Association 'New Media' debate Trinity College

Sunday 19 May 2013 Trinity Garden Party Kew Gardens (by invitation only)

Friday 21 June 2013 Benefactors' Dinner & Concert Trinity College (by invitation only)

Saturday 22 June 2013 Great Court Circle Luncheon Trinity College

Sunday 14 July 2013 Family Day (for children aged 12–15) Trinity College

Friday 19 July 2013 Trinity College Choir Concert in Frankfurt, with a post-concert Reception for Trinity members

Sunday 29 September 2013 Ninth Annual Members' Luncheon Trinity College

ANNUAL GATHERINGS

Saturday 6 July 2013—(2002–03)

Friday 20 September 2013—(1992–93)

Wednesday 25 September 2013—(1962–64)

Choral Evensong: 6.30pm; Dinner: 8.00pm

Booking opens online 1st April.

For further information about Annual Gatherings or any of our other events, please contact the Alumni Relations & Development Office at alumni-events@trin.cam.ac.uk or on +44 (0)12223 761527.

45TH ANNIVERSARY OF 1967 CREW



Christopher Daws (3), Nick Blackford (5), Peter Conze (Henley coach), Paul Wilson (Lents and overall techniques coach), Tony Pooley (6 and captain), Martin Fitzgerald (cox), Jim Cobbe (4), Mike Tebay (7), Richard Church (bow) and Mike Smith (2). Sadly stroke, Jos Cadbury, is deceased.

First and Third's outstanding 1967 1st May and Henley crew celebrated its 45th anniversary last August with a Baitsbite outing, nostalgic dinner in college and relaxing punt to Grantchester.

In 1967, thanks to Paul Wilson, an American postgraduate, Trinity was the first Cambridge college to adopt the continental techniques then revolutionising rowing.

After going Head in the Lents, we stayed Head in the Mays by a massive margin (*The Times* estimated 8 lengths), beat the Blue Boat in the Elite VIIIs at Cambridge Regatta, and under Henley coach Peter Conze, another American, were the last Oxbridge college



to win the Ladies Plate (in 1968 only a raging stream in the final prevented Trinity winning again).

The first VIII's shell is traditionally named "Black Prince". In 1967 boatman Frank Welford decided we were fast enough for a black-bottomed boat, re-establishing the tradition of the 1839 Black Prince, first winner of the Grand.

Tony Pooley (1964)

2013 TELEPHONE APPEAL

The Alumni Relations & Development Office will be running the third annual telephone appeal in April in support of the Trinity Annual Fund.

The telephone appeal provides a wonderful opportunity to share stories of Trinity past and present. Our student callers will be phoning between 8th April and 22nd April 2013 and are looking forward to talking to many members during this two-week period.

If you would like any further information about the telephone appeal or our Annual Fund, please contact the Alumni Relations & Development Office by email at alumni@trin.cam.ac.uk, or by telephone on +44(0)1223 761527. If you would like to make a donation to the Annual Fund, you can do so online via our website <http://alumni.trin.cam.ac.uk>.

If you would prefer to read *The Fountain* and/or the Annual Record online, please let us know by email. Don't miss out on our regular email communications – make sure we have your email address.